

WEEMALA '74

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We dedicate this magazine to Kath Peters who died earlier this year, and who, for the past three years, guided the production of "Weemala." Her loss is sorely felt by all those who knew her.

## A MEMORIAL TO MISS PETERS

Following the tragic death of Miss Katherine Peters early this year, it was decided to establish some kind of memorial to honour the memory of one who was loved by students and staff alike.

Contributions have been made to a Memorial Fund by school families, staff and relatives and friends of Miss Peters. Over \$1000 has been contributed and this money is to be invested and half the interest used to provide an annual prize for excellence and interest in English Literature to a student or students of Norwood High. The other half of the interest will be used to provide reference books in either English or History to be placed in the school library.

Trustees of the fund will be the Principal of Norwood High, a teacher of English nominated by the Principal, a member of the family of the late Katherine Peters and a representative of her friends.

In the new Commonwealth library a plaque will be placed in memory of Miss Peters, together with a photograph taken not long before her death. It is hoped that these measures will help to keep alive the memory of a keen and dedicated teacher.

E. R. S.



## THE ADVISORY COUNCIL OF TODAY AND TOMORROW

### The Council of Today

For the most part unseen by pupils, but essential nevertheless to the well-being of the school, the Advisory Council is from time to time represented by the President, Mr. K. Irving, at school functions. Serving with the President on the Council are sixteen other men and women.

Those buildings which seem to grow mysteriously out of the good Ringwood clay that underlies the asphalted areas of the school, those tractors and men that appear periodically to do something to those grounds, that interesting piece of new equipment that appears in the school — all these are results of many hours of work and planning by the Advisory Council.

### The Council of Tomorrow

Now the Education Department is about to give the Advisory Council greater powers and consequently more work. It is expected that the Council will control all the non-teaching staff in the school. They could even employ part-time teachers in the classroom for particular purposes; they could control the erection of new buildings and the spending of large sums of money.

While giving these powers the Department is also considering changing the structure of the Advisory Council. Besides the parents and municipal councillors who make up the Advisory Council at present, it is likely that teachers and even students will have their representatives on this body within the next twelve months. This is an exciting thought as it will bring the school and its management very close to all of us.

## PRINCIPAL'S COMMENT

*The request of the Magazine Committee for the script for the Principal's Column in the Magazine makes me realize that 1974 is rapidly coming to a close. Each year I try to think what has been the highlight and this year it must surely be the problem of inflation.*

*You might readily ask what inflation has to do with the School, and why I would want to write about it in the School Magazine.*

*I wonder what you think is the cause of inflation? If you ask someone in the street you'll get a variety of answers — the oil crisis is one, the drought is another, while the Australian Government is considered by many as a suitable scape-goat.*

*Have you ever thought that we might be the cause of inflation?*

*Over the past few decades the idea that you must get the greatest return for the least amount of work has become such a popular one and the fact that in the process someone might be hurt is of little concern to anyone, particularly if that person is coloured, or disadvantaged in some other way.*

*Even in school we try to see how little we can do in order to get by and if we can get someone else to do it for us so much the better. How often do we join the mob in persecuting some poor individual who has some impediment either physical or mental! Then we are deeply hurt if that one retaliates.*

*So many of us seem to have lost the art of doing something for someone else without expecting any return. Yet the people who practise this are probably the happiest people in our community. You see, if you expect nothing, even a thank you is a pleasant surprise.*

*No wonder the costs of goods and services are rising so rapidly when so many of us adopt the selfish attitude of trying to scrape the maximum monetary reward for everything we do.*

*I think the time is ripe for some of us to start the fight against inflation. What better way is there, than to see that each day we do some small service for someone without thought of reward?*

*There have been many things at school during 1974 that have been a source of pride and joy to me but I think I would have to rate amongst the top examples*



*the Sundays that some of our students give to the folk at Mont Park, the efforts of some of our students for the Deserted Children, Monkami and the Children's Hospital, the concert for the Elderly Citizens, the voluntary service in the Sports Room, Library and on the Lunch Baskets and the services to the Choir and Orchestra.*

*I hope that this ideal of service to others will spread further in the School and even to the outside world. If it can, we do not have to worry about inflation, unemployment and all the other kindred ills.*

*I finish by bidding farewell to those staff and students who are leaving us. It has been good knowing and working with you. To those who will be returning to Norwood in 1975 may I wish you a pleasant holiday and a safe return.*

S.L. Waterson

## FATHER CHRISTMAS – THE DEVIL – AND THE CHAPLAIN

Two small boys were discussing the existence or otherwise of the Devil. Finally one summed it up: "Aw, he's like Father Christmas – he's really just yer father!"

Faced with a being called 'a chaplain' most people think he is just another of those combinations of Father Christmas and the Devil: another boss like a parent, teacher, parson, priest or policeman. But the really different thing about a chaplain is that he has no power – and even less authority.

He works outside the church, and so has no limiting and compulsive need to maintain its power and numbers and status. He is in a school – but he is not part of the necessary structure of that school. So what he brings into Education for Living is not part of the essential skills or knowledge that people need to travel down the Great Highway of Education, so that they finally "get somewhere." Rather he can help in the exploration of some of the side roads, the places where, finally, people actually live and die.

While his is not to undermine the authority (and the responsibility that goes with it) of parents, teachers, church or law, neither is he committed to defending it, so what he hears or sees – or is told – goes no further. He tries not to take sides: not to be with anyone against anyone else, but wherever possible, tries to remain a friend of both, so the distance between them may be lessened.

He fails, not only because he is human but because the job is often too hard, the temptations too overwhelming, the barriers too high. But every success is real profit: something good which otherwise would have been missed.

*David McKechnie.*

# Norwood Comes of Age Musically

Over the years, a tradition has been built up around the name of Norwood for its interest in music. During 1974 a number of things have happened that highlight this tradition.

\* Mrs. Phyllis Rosewarne, who, over fifteen years, guided the development of music at Norwood, retired from her very active service in the school, her retirement being marked by a concert in her honour.

\* The music block, long a dream of Mrs. Rosewarne's mind, appeared (very slowly, admittedly) in bricks and mortar.

\* Mr. Douglas Heywood was appointed to the school to take Mrs. Rosewarne's place.

\* At the invitation of "Weemala" committee Mrs. Rosewarne has written recollections of her years at Norwood.

\* Mr. R.K. Cording, who was Principal at Norwood during the early years in which its musical tradition was being formed has also contributed an article covering those years.

## RECOLLECTIONS

I recall –

\* My first intimation of my appointment to N.H.S. I rang the school to see how many music periods I would have each week. The reply – "Seven!" My reply – "Then I'll stay where I am! I'm needed here." The number was quickly increased to fourteen. That was better, so I came – and stayed for fifteen years . . . .

\* I recall that I couldn't find the school – it was in the middle of nowhere – and so small. There were only 300 students and all new. Eventually found it, as you know! . . .

\* I recall 300 blazered, hatted/capped, gloved, suited, girls and boys, skirts half way to calves of legs; boys, short back and sides – all beautifully dressed, standing so still for four (4) assemblies a day (hats and caps were worn to two only), quietly, but clearly singing the National Anthem and one verse of the school song, on Monday mornings.

Times have changed! . . . .

\* The music room, so called, was opposite the bookstore – old Room 4, and next to the Woodwork room (now the Geography room). All went reasonably well – as well as could be, that is without any equipment until the electric saw began to whirl next door. The "Music" room was soon changed to the other end of the corridor . . . .

\* Did I mention equipment? The only equipment was a battered old radiogram that had travelled around the countryside on the pillion of a motor bike. Somehow that radiogram possessed magic qualities. It went reasonably well and also managed to move through locked doors of the steel cabinet, for five times out of ten it wasn't there when I wanted it . . . .

\* Are there 4 or 5 pianos in the school now? The first one really took some getting. I was desperate for a piano – just one! so was given the day off to go and ask the Department to give us one. Actually I had found the piano before I went in. I was told there was no money for at least 3

weeks. That was far too long, so I extracted a promise from the man concerned that if I could find a suitable piano whose owner would wait for payment, we could have it there and then. He agreed, feeling very glad to get rid of me, I'm sure. I went to a telephone downstairs, made sure the piano was still available and in under 10 minutes was back asking him to honour his promise.

Do you know he really was glad to see the last of me. Anyway, the piano was delivered – the one that was in the music room for so many years. It's been very good, too. None of the others was so hard to get . . . .

\* I recall our choir taking part in the ceremony of proclamation, when Ringwood became a City – my first year at Norwood.

\* I remember the first time our little school orchestra performed – before the Education Dept. began providing instrumental teachers . . . .

It consisted of several recorders, a few violins, a couple of clarinets, and a trumpet. It really wasn't very good, but people were very kind – they said they enjoyed it. Maybe they did! . . . .

\* And the day when Mr. Cording dashed down to the Music room, interrupted a choir rehearsal to say – "The Department is on the 'phone wanting to know if we'd like an instrumental teacher next year." You don't refuse anything offered for nothing, so I said "Yes." That was when Mr. Boone and Mr. Brookes made their appearance on our musical scene.

\* Before the Department's instrumental scheme started, I remember the generosity of the Advisory Council in giving money to buy a trumpet, trombone and two flutes. If it had not been for their faith in the music of the school in giving those instruments, Norwood would not have been able to offer Mr. Boone such a good start. I've lost count of the number of flautists who began their career on those flutes . . . .

\* And the days when we were starting instrumental music – Mr. Boone, they were exciting days. I remember being far too busy to leave the music room for any recess time or lunch. I took my birko and the music staff enjoyed morning coffee with students munching their morning snack.

They were extra busy days . . . .

\* I can't forget any of the concerts we gave at Box Hill, Blackburn, Ringwood Town Hall (until it became too small) before our own hall was built, but I recall many incidents. I remember that in one item one little boy played a different piece of music from everybody else – *at the same time* – and he didn't know.

\* I can't forget the first time Mr. Boone's orchestra performed – theme music from "Exodus" in the Ringwood Town Hall. The audience was electrified with excitement. . . .

\* I recall with a great deal of affection the girls who were part of a large choir – 50 in number. For so many years it was a joy and inspiration to work with them – they were always so keen . . . .

\* And the small, but very choice madrigal group (no, you are wrong, I'm afraid – it was before Mr. Jenkin's time), we had for so many years. They did work of very high standard. Just a small group, as a true madrigal group should be . . . .

\* Can I forget that memorable day one February when we received an excited call from the Education Department. We must be the first to know. The Minister, Mr. Thompson, has just put his signature to the document that will give Norwood the first music block in the State of Victoria. Headlines to this effect appeared in the local papers. Norwood was the envy of all schools, even Yarra Valley! It was a beautiful plan, designed by a young Asian Architect. Then it was discovered that the Public Works Department had overspent by \$2,000,000. Our lovely plan was pigeon-holed, then discarded because, falsely or otherwise, all schools had to share in the money it was said. Well, it was a lovely dream, just for a little while.

Then began that funny (?) game we indulged in for so many years at Norwood. It was somewhat like Chess where you keep moving people backwards and forwards and sideways – and sometimes somebody is knocked over. Anyway, we used instrumental teachers instead of pieces – and it wasn't funny or interesting for anybody. That was when we all needed a sense of humour and couldn't always find it . . . .

\* Enjoying music with Senior classes always gave me much pleasure. We always had the feeling of an experience shared. Probably through extra-curricular activities I did get to know some students very well. Of course there were the frustrations and disappointments, but these were always outweighed by the rewards.

As I have been scribbling these memories a veritable procession of young people has been passing through my mind. I know where many of them are and what they are doing. I wonder about others. Some I must surely have forgotten – others I could never forget . . . .

\* I recall with gratitude the "past" students who at the first call have always been willing to come to our aid when needed.

There have been many musically gifted – some elected to keep music as a hobby, others to make it a career.

I must mention an ever-changing staff who were for the most part interested and co-operative. I salute :-

all music students, who in the past and in the present have found something "special" in the "music room."

The future, I bequeath to Mr. Heywood and Miss Modra with all the music that is to be.

The past is mine – and I have a store-house of rich and wonderful memories to cheer me in my advancing old age.

P.S. Please do start saving *right now* for the extra storey you are going to need on the music block.

*Phyllis Rosewarne*

**AS SEEN BY THE PRINCIPAL**

*by R.K. Coraing*

For those interested in music, musical appreciation and learning to play a musical instrument must surely be among the most satisfying of school subjects. Many Norwood High students, whatever else they may have learnt at the

school, and probably forgotten, will retain their appreciation and love of music for the rest of their lives. To Mrs. Phyllis Rosewarne these students should be for ever grateful.

After being in about fifteen schools where music teaching was either a joke or non-existent, it was a pleasure to come to Norwood High School and find music not only being taught throughout the school, but being taught by such an inspirational teacher as Mrs. Rosewarne. Music, for the first time in my experience, was being taken seriously by most boys in all forms. Girls, of course, generally liked and appreciated music, but uninterested boys had often diverted their interests elsewhere.

As Principal, I feel that the music department deserved every support, both financially and academically, because of Mrs. Rosewarne's interest. The Advisory Council fully supported this view. Many people would not know that it was through Mrs. Rosewarne's development of music that the Education Department offered, for the first time, to supply instrumental teachers paid by the Education Department. The appointment of Mr. N. Boone and others led to a great musical development throughout the school. But when at times this development wavered Mrs. Rosewarne was always there, with her exceptional ability to overcome obstacles, to smooth out the difficulties and provide new inspiration. Norwood High School students have been offered for years, in music and art, teaching of enduring quality.

Do they realise how fortunate they have been?



Mrs. P. Rosewarne



Chris Jameson



Junior Orchestra



The Music Room

## WHAT IS MUSIC?

Norwood's new music master, Mr. Doug Heywood, discusses the role of music education.

To understand what is meant by the term "music education", it is necessary to define that all important word, "music."

As some of you know, I have often asked for a definition and received many varied answers. One first-former said "Music is the impression of thoughts in sound." Although this excellent answer does not give a complete definition of what is meant by the term "music," it does indicate two very important aspects: music involves sound and its organisation.

Having read this much you may be wondering what all this has to do with music education. It is this. Many combinations of sound are used to create a wide variety of musical styles ranging from heavy rock to the music of Bach, Beethoven or Brahms, from electronic music to the simplest folk song, and music education, if it is to continue to flourish, must consider all styles worthy of attention.

Obviously, not all rock music is good, neither is all classical music; therefore one of the important tasks of the music educator is to cultivate students' ability to discriminate between the good and the bad. This can only be achieved when we familiarize ourselves with these many styles.

Too often, people will say, "I hate heavy rock", or "I hate opera", without understanding what is meant by heavy rock or opera. Too often, older people will be biased against the music of some modern rock group not because the music is necessarily of a poor quality, (often the reverse is true) but because members of the group have long hair and may look untidy.

Also, many young people are biased against classical music, because they do not understand the style of the music, or the thoughts the composer is endeavouring to express — there is no communication. Again, this type of music may be dismissed on the grounds that it is music belonging to the old people.

It seems to me that this lack of understanding can only be overcome through music education. This means, of course, that the task of the music educator is to cultivate students' awareness of the variety of musical styles that exist. Such cultivation should involve project work, discussion, listening and creating, and active participation. At present we have an orchestra, instrumental ensembles, and choir. It is my hope that the future will also witness the emergence of rock groups, jazz groups, and folk groups so that we can all enjoy that music which we like and learn to accept the existence of other kinds.

plea - sures we bor - row; E - lis - sa bleeds — to - night, E -

## A MUSICAL PRODUCTION IN 1974 "DIDO AND AENEAS"

Earlier this year a very enthusiastic conductor, together with a student choir and "outsiders" as soloists, presented a production of Henry Purcell's opera "Dido and Aeneas." The choir had spent much time rehearsing and re-rehearsing their parts and, to the delight of all, the production was a huge success. "Dido" brought together people from throughout the school (including Messrs Lennie and Lee in their mini-skirts) to unite as one body and the production has paved the way for future successes.

Many students and teachers displayed hidden talents as soloists (Debbi Lawrance, Sue Jones, Jeni Aldor, Debbie Jantz, Miss Modra and Mr. Lennie) and in all thoroughly enjoyable time was had by the cast, especially at the dress rehearsals. "Dido" could not have gone ahead without the leadership and assistance of Mr. Heywood, and the choir would, I am sure, like to give him a special thank-you. The invaluable assistance of Mr. Silberberg and the stage crew and Mr. Lee must also be acknowledged.

Neil Stafford

## I.S.M.E. CONFERENCE, PERTH, AUGUST, 1974

In August the Melbourne Youth Orchestra attended the International Society for Music Education Conference that was held for the first time in the Southern Hemisphere. The Conference brought together distinguished musicologists, university music professors, performing groups and eminent musicians from all over the world to meet together to discuss the problems of musical education. Lectures were given, study groups were held in the form of master classes for each instrument and many fine musicians performed.

The highlight of the conference was the performance of Kabalevsky's Symphony No. 2 by the Western Australian Symphony Orchestra with Prof. Kabalevsky present in the audience. The members of the M.Y.O. did not miss out on the opportunity of hearing this momentous performance by the "bush" orchestra and were agreeably surprised by the competent performance. The M.Y.O. did not miss out on the opportunity to perform, playing at the University Hall to a packed audience.

The conference came to an end and we had to say good-bye to our Perth friends and travel back to Melbourne. That was easier said than done as the plane pilots were on strike and we were delayed for a while. The M.Y.O. arrived home safely, tired but rejuvenated from the education we had received from the conference.

Neil Stafford, Form 6.



The ladies were shy . . . .

Assembling the male chorus . . . .



These photographs were taken at the presentation of "Dido and Aeneas", described by Neil Stafford on page 8.

## ON DISHARMONY IN THE SCHOOL



Clare Corbet, Editor

The most loudly voiced catch-cries of reformers today are 'democracy' and 'power for minority groups.' Both are often ill-defined and emotionally used. However, they are indicative of the need most people feel to be in some way in control of their environment. This sense of powerlessness and despair in the face of a remote authority is particularly evident in big institutions and organisations such as the Armed Forces, large industries, and schools. In large state-run schools this sense of powerlessness is very keenly felt in both the staff and student body. From the point of view of the staff of a state school the Education Department seems a distant, lumbering organism, through which, with only the greatest difficulty, fundamental necessities such as new desks and new buildings are achieved. Within the school itself students suffer a similar sense of impotence as regards the authority of the school. Regulations often seem unrealistic and there is no sense of purpose in obeying them. Thus develops the eternal struggle between the authorities and the student, with the authorities trying to impose regulations on a student who simply opposes or evades those regulations.

There are many things that aggravate this strain in a school, but perhaps the most basic cause is a lack of understanding of the real implications of being part of a community. This lack applies to both staff and students for rules and regulations must be *both* enforced and obeyed with full realisation of how they benefit the community as a whole. As well as this sort of awareness, real co-operation must exist through the school community. People ranging from eleven years old to adulthood are thrown together in a school and are expected to work cheek by jowl in an intensely closed social situation.

There is no real attempt to explain the demands of the community and the position and status of each individual with relation to the authority in that community. This absence of understanding causes aversion and indifference to the school as a whole and severely hampers its educational aims.

A deeper sense of responsibility, and so an easing of the strain between the student and the authorities, could be achieved through a system of 'internal democracy.' A gesture towards the sort of system I envisage at Norwood exists at the moment in the persons of Form Captains, S.R.C. Representatives, and Prefects. However this is no more than a gesture because the duties and powers of these positions in no way complement each other, and are far from being truly understood and realised. If, instead of being isolated positions with no real place in the administration of the school, the Form Captains, the S.R.C., and the Prefects were a closely linked chain of increasingly powerful bodies, they could form an official administrative bridge between the students and the staff. Under this scheme each form would elect a form captain as now; then the Form Captains would come together as one body forming the first step in the hierarchy. The Form Captains, as well as being responsible for electing the S.R.C. The S.R.C. would then elect the S.R.C. Executive. Next, as a whole body, it would elect the Prefects from among the sixth Form students. Then the Prefects themselves would elect their own Head Prefects. Every person elected to a position must go back to his 'electorate' for a consensus of opinion on who he is to elect as a member of the next body up in the hierarchy. The electoral system throughout this hierarchy must be run under the same methods and conditions. Each student must be conscious of the implication of his vote. In addition, and most importantly, each representative must be instilled with the notion that he *is* a representative and actually represents a group of people. The most serious downfall of present student committees and representative bodies is that no student really appreciates that he is speaking for the group he represents and not himself. This system would work as a filter for the requests of students. Problems which would be dealt with by the Form Captains would not need to be passed on to the S.R.C., and so on. To establish exactly what each level may deal with, a thoroughly detailed constitution must be drawn up annually, stating the exact extent of the powers and duties of each level.

If a structure similar to this one exists in a school it could be a way to deeper understanding and tolerance between staff and students. Some of the frustrations of being part of a big institution would be eased if each student could see that he is linked, with all other students, by this chain of committees to the administration. In this way the difficult concept of being truly part of a community would be a reality, not merely a theory. Finally, it could perhaps bring schools closer to their most important aim; helping people to develop a social awareness and the ability to function creatively within a society.

(You may recognise a streak of Bertrand Russell's "Authority and the Individual" in this editorial. I have freely used some of his basic ideas because I think that they are especially applicable to the school situation.)

## Norwood Social Notes '74

Darlings,

Yet another glittering year on the Norwood Social Circuit! The '74 season was highlighted by numerous concerts, gatherings and trips to far-off regions.

The season was shot off to a flying start with a gay "back to" party on Tuesday 5th February. Old friends were reunited and new friendships initiated in the happy chat over champagne and caviar. New lights on the senior social horizon were Janette Mach, Dale McLaughlin, Sue Jellet and the dazzling Lee McDonald.

The first formal occasion was the sparkling Prefect's Investiture and afternoon tea, held in the school hall and cookery centre on Friday 15th March. Simply marvellous! Head Prefects sworn in were the gorgeous Clare Corbet and spectacular Warwick Blair. The afternoon tea was a real social success.

The investiture was followed on Thursday 18th April by the gay, gay, House Athletic Sports. Simply everybody in the sporting world was present — a happy (if somewhat physical) day. Our old favorite, Mullum, naturally took the honours.

Strenuous things, however, were forgotten on the next day in favour of more cultural pursuits — the Schools' Choir Competition at Dandenong. The Norwood ensemble took third place.

An invigorating start was given to May with the Inter-school Athletic Sports, held on Wednesday 1st and Thursday 2nd May. Our school achieved a convincing ? in the contest.

The following Saturday, May 4th, saw the departure of a happy band of fifth formers for the centre of our glorious continent. Although the journey was somewhat troubled by floods, a happy time was had by all the children.

A brief, though well-deserved rest was enjoyed by all students from the 10th to 27th May.

Just two weeks into the second term, our sixth form had yet another bonus — an enjoyable study camp in the hills of scenic Monbulk. Many good things were accomplished in the sedate working atmosphere.

A rather distasteful incident occurred at Norwood on Thursday 6th June. The crane used by some of the workers tumbled onto the construction site. Fortunately no-one was injured, although the library was damaged a little I'm afraid.

The kiddies in fifth form certainly had a happy year! On Sunday June 9th, yet another joyful journey was begun. A group of young ladies travelled to Heron Island, in sunny, sunny Queensland. Indeed a happy holiday.

A more sombre note was struck on June 19th, with the commencement of fifth and sixth form exams.

A high spot on an otherwise plane horizon was the first concert of the season — the special concert for Mrs. Rosewarne, attended by Mrs. Rosewarne, Mr. Cording and Mr. Waterson.

The first half of the year was brought to a close with the Chaplain's Induction Ceremony, held at Scot's Church Ringwood on Sunday June 30th.

Wednesday, July 10th ushered in the second half of the '74 season with two exciting events. Firstly a group of vivacious sixth form girls acted as hostesses at the Premiers' Conference held in Melbourne and the second part of the festivities was the evening performance of "Dido and Aeneas", with accompanying recitals. Visiting soloists were complemented by a polished Norwood Choir, under the direction of Mr. Heywood, the new shining light on the music scene.

Yet another journey! How pleasant! This time a group of students visited some of Victoria's alpine resorts, from 5th to 9th August.

On Monday, 12th August, the Norwood senior class presented a lively variety show, well attended by a discriminating school audience. As well as being intellectually stimulating, I am assured that the performance received ample pecuniary rewards.

The summit of Norwood's cultural achievement, in the form of the House Choral and Drama Festival, just managed to take place on Friday 16th August, Mullum taking all dramatic honours, and all Houses being active musically.

After an active second term, the September holidays were welcomed by all — a valued rest from Norwood's hectic social life.

Third term, as is the tradition at Norwood, was devoted to reasoned study and intensive work by all students, especially our studious sixth form.

Friday, November the 1st, saw the junior school saddened by the imminent departure of their beloved leaders in the fifth and sixth forms. The sixth form was reunited once more before their swotvac for the H.S.C. picnic. A jolly day before that final study for their exams! After their exams the Sixth Form Dinner was a chance for a last meeting for young people on the threshold of possibly exciting lives. A touching final contact with those teachers who had shaped their lives. A sad farewell.

Presentation afternoon, almost the final event in the Norwood '74 social calendar, provided a pleasant summing up to an enjoyable, wonderful year.

Thursday, December the 19th was the last day of school. For some it was the end of a school year, with more to follow, but for others a day of memories of past happiness at Norwood.



Our hostesses at the Premiers' Conference.



The office staff — genial — efficient

**MRS. GEDDES**

Over a period of years Mrs. Geddes has been a familiar figure around the school and her great interest in flowers has been seen in the flowers lovingly arranged around the school.

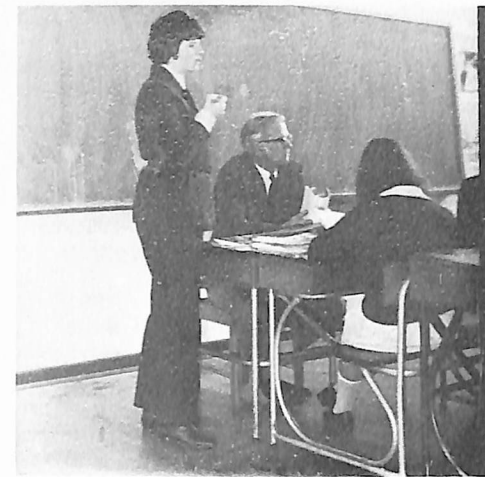
Examples of her arrangements can be seen in the foyer as well as in the office and the Principal's room.

The photograph shows Mrs. Geddes caring for some of the flowers on display in the foyer.

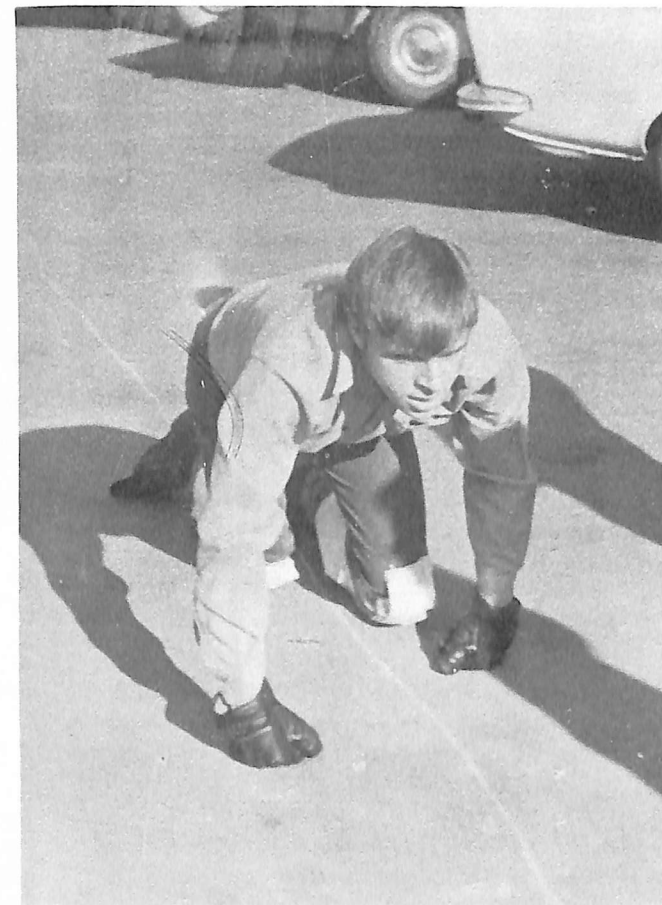


Mark Heyning at Hall switchboard.

**THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE AT WORK**



**THE CRAWL FOR R.A.A.V. (Rheumatism Arthritis Association of Victoria) and MONKAMI**



John Worley crawled around the school 14 times and raised \$35



# PREFECTS

## Girls

Clare Corbet (Senior)  
 Anne Challender (Deputy)  
 Judith Aird  
 Pam Cleary  
 Sue Deed  
 Beverlie de Jong  
 Karen Francis  
 Kristine Guiheneuf  
 Janet Holmes  
 Michelle James  
 Julie Perry  
 Kerry Puddephatt

## Boys

Warwick Blair (Senior)  
 Bradley Stokes (Deputy)  
 Graeme Duke  
 Mark Emerson  
 Dallas Hawes  
 Lee Gray  
 Robert Holmes  
 Chris Jameson  
 Andrew Macainsh  
 Wayne Markley  
 Peter Newfield  
 Martyn Tindal  
 Martin Golding

Honorary Prefect: Janette Mach

## HOUSE CAPTAINS

<b>Kalinda</b>	Wendy Graf	Peter Bentley
<b>Maroondah</b>	Anne Davey	Gary Broome
<b>Mullum</b>	Prudence Waldron	Paul Jones
<b>Yarra</b>	Fiona Nightingale	Ken Orr

## PREFECT NOTES

**Clare Bear:** Our beloved leader. Where would we be without her? Is there a wild gypsy streak detected in that violin playing; Avid Indonesian student. (An Indonesian gypsy?)

**Janette:** Miss American Dream Girl 1974. From America with love. Grand Founder of the Form 6 Variety Show. Thank you!

**Michele:** Tres musicale. Cuts up bullocks' eyes among other dastardly deeds. Such a quiet lass, but she sure thumps a mean tune on the ivories.

**Pam:** Our 6 foot wonder girl. Is there an Afghan in the house? Is it the dog who looks like Pam or Pam who looks like the dog?

**Judy:** Is she as dumb as she thinks she is? (Anyone for tennis?) Watch the roads for Judy, Jack Brabham!

**Bev:** Avid basketball player. Is that all she does at the weekends?

**Julie:** Seen cha-chaing with Bev on occasions. Basketball and Ballroom dancing. (What would Freud have said?)

**Sue:** A wonder girl brainwise. Does she study while dancing? Florence Nightingale of Norwood.

**Jan the Man:** The other Andrews sister. Beware the slipping shoulder pad, Jan!

**Karen (Kazz):** Miss Cutie Pie 1912. Did Little Richard teach her to Rock 'n Roll?

**Kris:** Kandy Kate from Coles. "She" said she had glandular fever . . . BUT!! Lady Godiva plus.

**Kerry (Kez):** Marilyn Monroe. Eyonne Goolagong gone wrong. Has giggled her way from Form 1 to Form 6. Giggle on!

**Anne:** "Ooh, I don't know my scales!" An invisible orchestra member.

**Warwick:** Why don't you brush your hair? Head Prefect (Ha Ha). Where was he at those Friday morning Prefect meetings? Our resident train expert. Where were you Monday nights?

**Andrew:** Our favorite part-time student. All groovers invited to his 21st in December. No prezzies — he won't mind. Court Jester of Form 6. Sky Hooks wouldn't have made it without him.

**Dallas:** Piker of 1974. A deserter in mid-stream. Where are you, Dalby?

**Chris:** Streaker extraordinaire. Didn't think anyone was that proud of himself! Comes up well in black paint. The variety show brought on a bad attack of appendicitis — appendix now lost and gone forever.

**Martyn:** Favourite Eco student. No, I'm not driving to Ringwood, Martyn!

**Wayne:** Managed to stick it for another year. What fortitude! One for I-o-o-n-n-g romances.

**Bradley:** What can you say about a form 1 sex idol? (Yerk??) Such a sweetie, especially with his hair in pigtails. Dylan maniac.

**Lee:** Habit of removing his trousers in English — a suppressed streaker? We all loved the view anyway. Prone to outbursts of touching affection in form assembly.

**Graeme:** No. 1 wit of Norwood High. Did he ever find that poem?? Red hair and a beautiful smile! What more do you need?

**Martin:** A connoisseur of hot Indonesian food. Like a little pepper? An illustrious example of Norwiddian manhood. Latecomer to our ranks but we love him just the same.

**Peter:** Makes a fetish of yellow jumpers. President of the Mr. Bird Fan Club. Cut his own finger when trimming a hedge — sado-masochistic tendencies?

**Robert H:** A hidden talent. The gorgeous guy with those sexy legs in the Variety Show.

**Mark (Bear):** Quiet, silent . . . but deadly. "The Corridor Strangler."



Martyn, Chris, Wayne, Warwick



Graeme, Pam, Judy, Janette



Bev & Julie



Prefect Investiture



Mark, Andrew, Bradley, Dallas, Karen, Jan, Kerry, Kris



Clare, Anne, Sue, Bev

## NORWOOD'S LINKS WITH OVERSEAS

During 1974, Norwood has been pleased to have an American Field Service exchange student for the whole year. (Most of our exchange students have been with us for a few weeks only.)

Janette Mach came to us from Shelton in Washington State, U.S.A. She has entered freely into the life of the school and has been well received by the staff and students. In the variety show of which she writes she was a very active organiser and its main inspiration.



## AN AMERICAN SHARES OUR LIFE

This past year has come to mean much more to me than I could ever have anticipated. Not only have I had the good times, travel and excitement of being an A.F.S. student in Australia, halfway round the world from my home, but through the personal experiences with people who have shared their homes and lives with me, my friends and the school, I have gained much more.

They have helped me to come to know what the words 'life-sharing' actually mean. Not only is this the mutual understanding, patience and acceptance upon which human relationships are built, but it is the actual give and take, the sharing of my life, beliefs and feelings with people with whom I have come in contact through the year, in the hope that they might gain a further understanding of another country and way of life. For me it has meant accepting a new and different way of life, a different social system, learning new customs and ideas, and gaining a further outlook into life itself.

Through living in Australia I have not only experienced the more relaxed Aussie life-style and the close family unity which goes along with it, but I have witnessed the true uniqueness of this land. The diversity and beauty of this country itself, from the Great Barrier Reef to Central Australia and Ayers Rock is amazing. This is also the land of wallabies, koalas, school uniforms, "footy", and the meat pie and sauce which seem to go together with cricket, jam donuts, snags and lovely pavlovas. Of course there is the unforgettable 'Milky' and his beautiful horses making his rounds in the early morning.

I've also come to know and appreciate the Australian school system and I am grateful to the staff and students of Norwood High who have not only showed me patience and understanding, but have included me in so much and opened so many opportunities to me: to travel, to meet people, to make new friends, to be a prefect, to wear a uniform, to share some of my ideas with my classmates and to work alongside them in both class and extra-curricular activities. I hope that some of these activities, such as the Variety Show, continue for years to come, for it's great to get together, combining talent and fun, to produce something special for your school.

I must also say a special 'thank you' to the school and form 5's for including me in the Central Australia and Heron Island excursions, both of which created so many great and wonderful memories for me.

Going to Central Australia was a May holiday full of experiences, as I'm sure all will agree. Climbing Ayers Rock,

Janette's article below tells of her reactions to Norwood and to Australia.

We have also been happy to have another traveller in this year's Matriculation class. She is Sue Jellett, an Australian who recently spent a year in America as an A.F.S. exchange student. Previously she attended Monbulk High School.

Her contribution on page 17 tells of the home-away-from-home she found in the U.S.A. She is eager to make a second visit after tertiary training in the fine arts. We have been glad indeed to have Sue with us in '74.

seeing 'The Alice', the unique experience of seeing the normally dry, red desert in flood, which turned the roads into rivers and the sand into red mud. An 'extra' was pushing our bus through that beautiful red mud. All-in-all, Central Australia was truly good fun, and with the aid of my fellow campers I learned how to pronounce Aus-tralia 'proply' to sing Waltzing Matilda and Tie-Me-Kangaroo Down Sport (too bad no one knew Advance Australia Fair), and to cook snags.

Heron Island was a really beautiful experience also. The island itself was so beautiful with its white sandy beaches, lush green bush, wildlife and lovely sunshine! but to see the Great Barrier Reef was breathtaking. There were so many colourful fish of various sizes and species, which swim around you as if you weren't even there. There was everything from tiny neon-tetras to huge manta rays, sea turtles and angel fish.

In a very short time I'll be saying goodbye for the last time. Though my year here, in Australia, will have ended, I'll still have the memories which this experience has brought me.

Both the good times and the bad (like exams) have combined to help me grow as an individual and to enlarge my outlook on life.

I can never say "Thank you" enough to the people who have shared their lives with me, have taught me how to live another way of life, and who have helped me to gain so much and have so many unforgettable experiences.

Janette Mach,  
American Field Service Student,  
1974 from Shelton,  
Washington State.



Sue Jellett (left), Australian in America and Janette Mach, American at Norwood

## A VIEW FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Being an exchange student is a very exciting and challenging experience. I was most fortunate to win an American Field Service Scholarship to the U.S.A. for a period of twelve months, from July, 1972 to July, 1973.

I lived in the city of Bexley, Ohio (a mid-west State), which is basically a small residential area completely surrounded by Columbus, the State's capital city.

Bexley is a very charming area in which to live. Her flat streets, many still brick-paved, are lined with large, old deciduous trees, which provide homes for numerous squirrels, and several of her homes are old mansions or smaller three-storey stone houses. Front fences are an uncommon sight because of council regulations, and consequently the streets seem as friendly and willing to accept you as the people are.

My family was a perfect match; they were warm, generous, and loving. The five children ranged in age from twenty-one years down to eight years — three girls and two boys, who from the first minute treated me as another sister.

School life was very different from that in Australia. Uniforms are only seen in some private schools; otherwise students dressed in smart, casual clothes. Student activities and clubs in the school were many and varied and took place after dismissal.

Not every school is the same though, for they are not run by a common education board but each is controlled by its community. Consequently, a wealthy community would have a well-equipped school with good teachers, and a poor community would not be so well equipped.

Bexley Senior High (Forms 3-6) was well provided for. A good deal many of the community were Jewish, and many of them were extremely wealthy.

The subjects I studied at Bexley were: English, American History, Personal Typing, Speech, Gym, Art and Band. During the football season the Band was a 'marching band' and following the season the Band was a concert band.

Senior High football games were played every Friday night and the cheerleaders, drill team, and marching band really added to the colour and excitement of the games.

My year was full of assortments of fun, learning, and just about everything you can think of. Everyone delighted in teasing me about my accent, the same being true when I returned home with an American 'twang.'

During my year I saw a good deal of Ohio, as well as visiting Kentucky for the family's summer vacation, and my American grandfather paid for my Mom and me to fly to New York City for a weekend, with an eight-hour bus tour of all the sights, as a graduation present.

At the end of the year A.F.S. arranged three-week bus tours for the 2,600 1972-73 A.F.S. exchange students, with stops at three or four towns.

I stayed in Pennsylvania, Woodstock, New York, and Maryland — close enough to visit Washington D.C., and then I flew to San Francisco where I stayed for six days before flying home.

Perhaps my biggest surprise about the U.S.A. was the amount of open space and lovely parklands, for I tended to associate the U.S.A. with large, crowded cities.

Having visited the U.S.A. certainly opens up a very different and much more pleasant picture than our newspapers present.

I could write so much about my experiences, but what is more important is the reason why exchange studentships are made possible, and that is to promote understanding and care between nations. A.F.S. is one of the best opportunities for students to help them to understand people from other countries as well as being an opportunity to travel and enjoy a new way of life and learning.

Sue Jellett.



From Yoshi, the Japanese exchange student, who spent an all too short a week with us.

The first thing that I noticed when I came to Norwood was that the students are really friendly compared with those at Melbourne High and my Japanese school. I think this is because there are girls in the school, and for that reason I like co-education schools.

At home, I go to a school in Tokyo which has about 1600 students. My school is a good school, like Norwood High, but not co-educational. As I told the senior assembly, the method of teaching in Japan is quite different from that in Australia. We have to do 14 subjects until fifth form. Those subjects are all compulsory, so we learn a lot of things, but not deeply in any subject, and we mostly just memorize whatever the teacher tells us.

In sixth form we finally start to choose subjects. But even then, if you want to get into the university, you have to do about 9 subjects. To get into the university is very difficult in Japan. You have to pass not only matriculation but also the exam set by the university. I think it is a bad system and should be changed.

After living in Australia for about nine months I think I have learned a lot of things; the differences in life-style between Australia and Japan, the differences in humour, etc., But the biggest thing that I've learned in Australia is to know myself and my own country. I am really glad that I came here.

Yoshiyuki Mitsuhashi.

N.B. The editors feel that Yoshi's command of English is not the least of his achievements!



# EXCURSIONS

## THE SKI TRIP 1974 5th to 9th August

Accompanied by four teachers we departed from Norwood and headed towards Harrietville. We travelled all day, stopping in some towns such as Glenrowan. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Harrietville and we were kicking a football around when Mr. Webb kicked it into a creek and he had to chase it half a mile before he could get it. We were fitted with skis and boots and after tea we beat the teachers at table tennis and billiards.

We left early the next morning for Mt. Buffalo, but we didn't quite make it for our bus broke down not far from home, and we had to go the rest of the way with the other schools. We didn't ski until after lunch, but tobogganing was fun. One or two stars hit the slopes but the rest of us had to put up with the falls.

A new bus took us to Mt. Buffalo again and more stars hit the slopes, but a group led by Mr. Webb couldn't get up out of the snow. Lunch led to a catastrophe — A Snow Fight. We were accurate shots but there was one school in front, one behind, and some Norwood traitors to the side.

The next day took us to Falls Creek. It was a long, slow pull and there were a few sick people on board, but we eventually made it. With snow falling we went up on the chairlift and skied down a road.

The day of leaving came quickly and soon we were on our way home. We stopped at a few more interesting places and at 5 p.m. we were at the gates of Norwood.

Linda Vincent, 4A.

## HERON ISLAND

The week of June 9-16th, 1974, will long be remembered by the group of twenty-five from five biology students who spent this time on Heron Island. After an eventful trip from Melbourne, a tour of Gladstone, and an uncomfortable night on the launch, all landed safely on the Monday morning and settled into a working routine.

Heron Island is one mile in circumference, 42 acres in area and 45 miles off the coast from Gladstone. It is surrounded by twelve square miles of reef, with Wistari Reef nearby. The island has been divided into two main sections; one half for research and sanctuary, and the other for tourists, but as a whole, the island has been classed as a sanctuary. This means that nothing can be taken from the island alive, unless it is for biological research purposes.

The vegetation is quite thick in the sanctuary part, and there are many trees, mostly Pandanus palms, Casuarina trees, Pisonia trees and some Tournefortia trees. The island has many birds, some of which breed there, like the mutton bird, the Banded Rails, the Noddy Terns and of course the Herons, black and white. The peacocks and guinea fowl have been introduced to the island by Man.

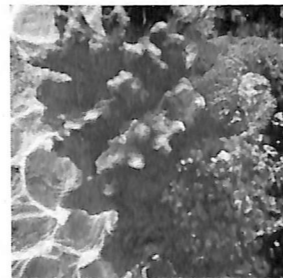
One interesting animal which breeds on the island is the turtle. Their hatching season had just finished when we there, but we were lucky and saved a few baby turtles which had been caught under large clumps of dead coral on Wilson Island. The recreation centre, in the tourist resort, was originally a turtle soup factory, but because the turtles nearly became extinct, the factory had to close down. The turtles are now protected, and they come to the island to lay their eggs in January and February, having mated between October and November the year before. The eggs hatch from about April to June:

The island's underwater life is also fascinating, as there are many species of fish living in the surrounding waters, for example, trumpet, bat, coral and parrot fishes, sharks, crabs and rays. The coral in the reef is mainly of the staghorn, brain and soft varieties, some of which is commonly known as 'organpipe' coral, and changes colour when touched. Also underwater are many colourful clams, turtle grass, star fish, featherstars, beche-de-mers, otherwise known as sea cucumbers, and nudibranches. The sand is very white, but coarse, as it mainly consists of crushed shells and coral.

On Tuesday we went out in a glass bottomed boat and watched scuba divers feeding the fish, then out to the Bomme for a close look at the coral. That night Dr. Rhode showed us some slides of the many features of the island, which greatly helped our studies on Wednesday and Thursday when we were snorkelling on the reefs around Heron and Wilson Islands. Reef studies continued with a walk on Friday, and then we caught up on our other school work, at last. We spent Saturday quietly, in preparation for an early start on Sunday. Being forewarned, we found the return launch trip less eventful, and were prepared to change from wet clothes on arrival in Gladstone.

We want to thank, very much, Dr. and Mrs. Geering and Mrs. Reid for a wonderful and rewarding trip, for without them it would not have been possible.

We have been made very much aware of how important it is to do everything possible to save this wonder of the world, the "Great Barrier Reef."



## CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

**Saturday 4th May:** 39 excited kids, 3 adults 'in charge' and 2 bus drivers left Ringwood at seven a.m. We stopped first at Ballarat, then for lunch at Horsham, where the grass in the park is 'fantastically' springy. We saw Adelaide at its best as we descended in darkness to the problem of assembling the tents, and to tea at the railway station.

**Sunday 5th:** A walking tour of Adelaide while the first of the bus repairs took place, then off to Port Augusta. En route we passed a Cactus farm, established over 25 years, and had a quick glimpse of Port Pirie. Arriving at Port Augusta at 6 p.m. we established our first 'proper' camp quite easily in daylight. The area was sandy and desolate despite the recent rain.

**Monday 6th:** We awoke to wind and rain. A rainless breakfast, and then north to Pimla for lunch. Security precautions satisfied, we moved on to Woomera. Here we were told that the roads were cut by floods, and accommodated in empty huts. By that evening there were 17 buses at Woomera and several at Pimla.

**7-12th May:** Our unexpectedly lengthened stay was enlivened by Biology excursions after the local reptiles and plants, organised by Mr. Fuhrer; football matches against other stranded schools, picture shows, both these organised by our bus drivers; and learning to cope with 'all the comforts of home'. Our stay here consolidated our group, and although at the time we got 'fed up', now we all agree that it was good for us, and the rest of the trip.

**Sunday 12th:** Left Woomera early, to be held for 6 hours at Pimla, where many groups gave up. Eventually we got our introduction to "Everybody out — more volunteers to push the bus!" and reached Kingoonya, where we slept in the bus — Boys to the front; girls to the back; Mrs. Beecroft in between.

**Monday 13th:** We should have been home today! The road was closed in the morning, probably a plot by the store owner, whose profits soared. In the afternoon some cars came through from Coober Pedy, so spent another night in the bus, then moved on.

**Tuesday 14th:** Coober Pedy is not an attractive town as it concentrates on its industry of producing 97% of the world's opals. After removing some of the caked mud and setting up camp, we toured the opal cave.

**Wednesday, 15th:** We should have been home today! A morning tour of the town including an underground house and church and lovely fresh bread, was followed by a day and night driving, in an attempt to make up some of the lost time.

**Thursday 16th:** Arriving at Ayers Rock at 2 p.m. we had a hasty lunch, then climbed to the summit. The view was amazing, as the surrounding country was the greenest it had been for 27 years. We had to leave almost immediately, to reach Alice Springs for our flight home on Friday.

**Friday 17th:** We should have been flying home today, but they forgot to book us on the 'plane.' Out to Standley Chasm for the day.

**Saturday 18th:** The 5.20 p.m. 'plane to Melbourne was delayed by a bomb scare on the outward flight and

returned to Melbourne. We filled in time at the William Rickett's Museum, 'Pitchy Ritchy' and left by the 7.20 p.m. 'plane reaching Melbourne at 10.20 p.m. to be told 'Melbourne is having floods.'

All the students who went on this tour wish to thank Mrs. Beecroft and Mr. and Mrs. Fuhrer for the fabulous job they did in organizing us and ensuring that we got through to Ayers Rock. I am sure that everyone who went on the trip will agree that it was a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Wendy Graf, 5F.

## CENTRALIAN EXCURSION — "FLORA & FAUNA"

The arid land systems of South Australia and Northern Territory have experienced unusually wet conditions over the last three years, resulting in a cover of vegetation so lush that it is difficult to realise that the average rainfall of the route of our excursion varies between only 12.5 and 20 cm. Those of us interested in plant life were able to take advantage of the otherwise poor conditions throughout the trip. The usually dry and barren gibber, salt and sand plains appeared like rich agricultural land.

Vegetation formations seen as the excursion travelled north from Port Augusta included "Mallee", a eucalyptus association of small, dry climate-adapted species, with wattles and low undershrubs. Further north "Mallee" gave way to Salt bush — Blue bush plains with occasional "Mulga" thickets, and species of Cassia. As we progressed further northwards, the soils became poorer and trees fewer and smaller. (See photo 1.)

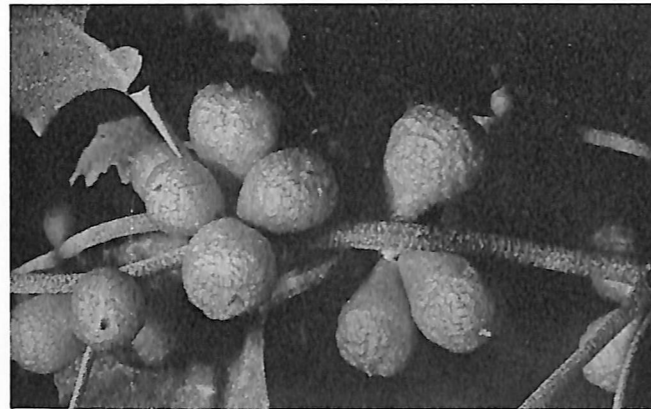


**Isotoma petraea (rock isotome)**

The soils of inland Australia are extremely ancient, and the underlying limestone formation has assisted in a leaching process over millions of years rendering the soil extremely poor in the usual plant nutrients, particularly phosphorus. Sodium — in the form of salt — is, however, abundant, so we find salt-adapted and salt-tolerant plants thriving. These plants mostly belong to the Spinach and Beet family, and have evolved in various ways to conserve the small amounts of water usually available to them. MOST have

succulent leaves, which are clad with reflecting and insulating hairs or scales. The common plant genera in this group included *Atriplex* (Salt bush) and *Kochias* and *Bassias* (Blue bushes). The wet conditions have produced a spectacular crop of annuals on the plains including many varieties of grasses, peas and daisies.

Nearer Alice Springs, the famous red sands of the "Centre" carried a distinctive, rich flora of their own. These sands are able to retain water much better than the surrounding plains and, being relatively free of salt, are able to support a characteristic vegetation. Species of *Eremophila* (Emu bush), *Acacia* (wattles) and members of the *Hibiscus* family are plentiful here, also *Grevillea* and *Hakea* species. (See photo 2.)



**Bladder Saltbush (*Atriplex sporgiosa*)**

The rocky areas of the inland efficiently conserve water, and provide specialised habitats for other contrasting plant communities including the well known Ghost Gum (*Eucalyptus papuana*), while the rocky slopes and ridges have their own fascinating flora and fauna. The pestiferous introduced "Wild Hops" (*Rumex roseus*) is rapidly gaining a hold in the rocky areas, and although colorful when in fruit, it is choking out much of the native vegetation. (See photo 3.)

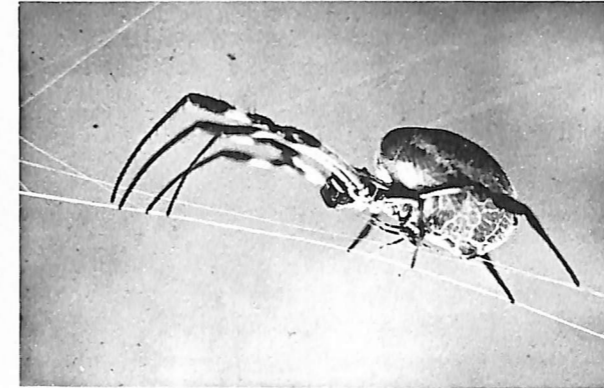


**Long spined Bassia (*Bassia longicuspis*)**

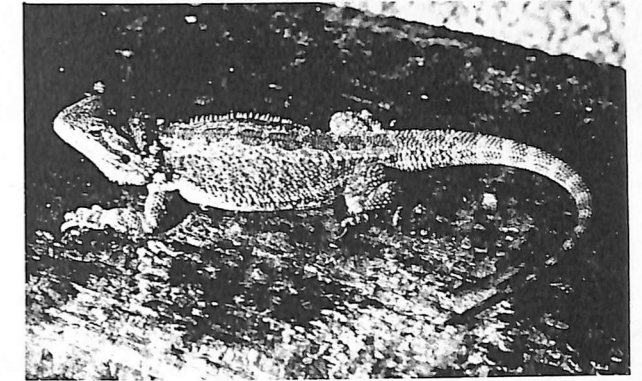
Reptiles seen included numerous types of Geckos, a stumpy tail lizard, bearded dragons and one snake, a desert Myall. The mammals sighted were Kangaroos, Wallabies, one beautifully marked Marsupial Mouse, and near Woomera and Coober Pedy, numbers of domestic mice. (See photo 4.)

A large species of *Nephila* (Golden orb weaving spider) occurred in vast numbers throughout the trip, and other species of spiders were common under rocks along with centipedes, cockroaches and other crawlies. (See photo 5.)

**Gold Orb-weaving Spider (*Nephila ornata*)**



**The Bearded Dragon (*Amphibolurus barbatus*)**



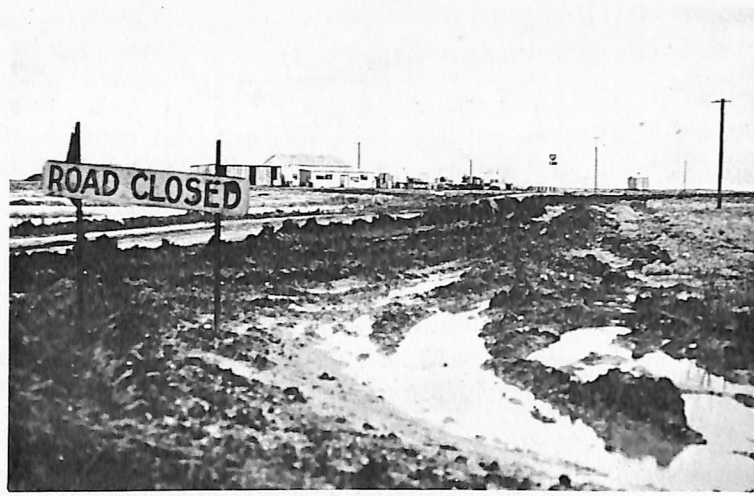
**A Desert Gecko**



A plant list made around Woomera totalled 79 different species of plants native to the area.

Members of the excursion climbing Ayers Rock were surprised to find a small species of fish fairly numerous in the rock pools on top, and numbers of Shield shrimp (*Triops* species), a primitive green crustacean about one inch long sometimes found in quantity after rains on the floor plains of the Centre.

*Bruce Fuhrer.*



The Dead Heart!



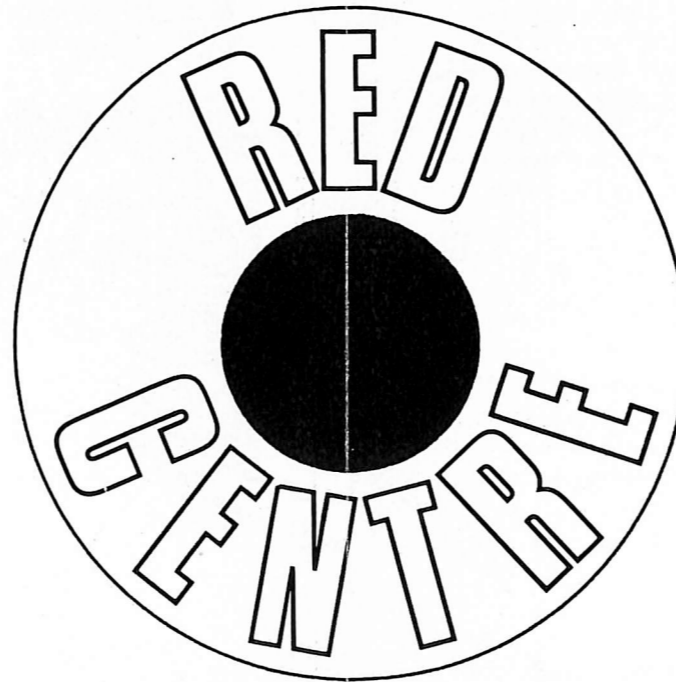
Where do we spend the night?



Heave ho, m'hearties!



Snakes Alive!



Creepy crawlies!



Prospecting



Up, up and away!

## THE CAMPERS LET THEIR HAIR DOWN?

It is without regret that I inform the public of a superb concert which was, regrettably, enjoyed by a minimal audience of 'select' staff and students. The cast was more star-studded than the sky: it was a cloudy night? Many of the audience felt a pang of "Opera House Nostalgia" as soon as the Magnificent Master of Ceremonies, Mr. W. Blair, was dragged on stage.

One of the many highlights was the "Lodge Choir", comprising a number of the lads who camped in The Lodge, and they made the Vienna Boy's Choir look like a bunch of fleas with laryngitis — never mind the sound! This choir was ably conducted by none other than the famous Albert von FLasher, and accompanied (on harmonica and keyboard) by Maestro G. Robinson. They sang such unremembered numbers as 'Tie Me Kangaroo Down,' 'Botany Bay' and 'The Pub With No (censored) Beer', to mention just a few of their unsolicited encores. They finished with a rendition (rending?) of 'God Save the Queen' — did Gough ever find out?

"Andy and the Sneezers" formed an instant group — of the just needs (a bucket of) water type — for the concert, and the words of Andy's song, "Camp Waterman Blues," gave us all that Special Camp home sickness.

The author apologises for the fact that all the star guests cannot be mentioned here and that no superlatives can aptly describe their performance (we have to pass the censors) — you may see them on T.V. sometime, but we hope not. Overall it was a tremendously enjoyable evening, the supper afterwards was great, and the many spontaneous performances were indeed highlights. In conclusion, I can only say that concerts will never be the same again. Did I hear a sigh of relief?

*Graeme Duke.*

**P.S.** Just as the evening was drawing to a merciful close, an unknown comedian sprang to his feet and began cracking joke after joke. The "Sixth Form Blues" was soon forgotten as people rolled around the floor holding their stomachs and wiping away their tears; as explosions of laughter echoed from every corner of the concert hall. Sniggers and giggles were heard for the rest of the night as joke after joke by the unknowing comedian — later identified as Sir Graeme Duke — was recalled.

*Mark Emerson.*



**A Study Camp?**



## THE SIXTH FORM CAMP

The following piece of lyrical genius took a startling ten minutes to create and owes its fantastic success to all the numerous musicians and vocalists that took part in its once only public performance. The particular piece is a deliberate tongue-in-cheek appraisal of the first (highly successful) Matriculation camp which for some unknown reason, was a great success and I believe was thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part. Special thanks must go to Mr. Sherman and Mrs. Phillips for inspiring the creation of the following ode dedicated to all future students who may experience sixth form at Norwood High School.

### Camp Waterman Blues

You've got to get the Camp Waterman Blues,  
'Cause babe it's just out to get you.  
It's so cold you just can't believe.  
And there's no way good food you'll receive.

It's on the steepest hill in the countryside,  
Don't look down or your stomach will ride.  
It's just like a home away from home,  
Nothing we have done is not known.

It's a real great place to visit soon,  
But if your smart you'll be home by noon.  
The place is run like an army camp,  
And there isn't a place that isn't damp.

The whole place starts before the sun;  
'Fore breakfast most of us are really done.  
The light is lost about half past ten;  
God knows what happens towards the end.

Chorus:  
It is just so true,  
It has got to get to you,  
Yeah . . . . the Camp Waterman Blues!

*Andrew J. Macainsh*

The above song is played in a twelve bar pattern. It is in common 4/4 time. It must be performed in the key of E major and incorporates the chorus in each twelve bars immediately following the eight bar verse.

Note: All rights to public or private performance are reserved. (What a joke!)

*Andrew Macainsh*

## FORM SIX VARIETY SHOW

During one of our typical prefect meetings in mid-July, we were discussing ways of raising money for our various funds.

No one seemed very inspired, until our A.F.S. student Janette put forward the idea of a variety show. This had a very unenthusiastic response from the meeting, and the idea was soon forgotten.

About a fortnight later, however, Janette was running about with lists of names and possible items. She had decided to go ahead with her idea. Volunteers were recruited for items while pikers were captured from the carrels and the dusty corners of the Chem Room, and added to the list. The date was set at Monday, August 12.

The idea was not taken very well, by staff and students. The staff's argument was that too much class time would be lost through preparations and rehearsals. This was quite justified. For this reason, only one rehearsal was run, on a Saturday morning.

The students' argument was that the admittance fee was set at twenty cents (an insignificant amount when one considers the Talent being set before them). In answer to this, we agreed to donate half of our profits to a local charity, after which most of the opposition died away. The hall was filled to capacity in any case.

The "rehearsal", for want of a better name, was perhaps funnier than the actual performance itself. An hour was wasted by the cast amusing themselves in their various costumes. We finally got the opening correct at least, with everyone kicking his legs in the right direction, and Jeni Sutherland Cleavers performing the splits centre stage.

The show consisted of numerous acts, namely several mimes, a cooking segment ("What were you cooking Doug?") some sketches — in particular Blind Date (comperess Jude), in which Father Macainsh was matched with the voluptuous Lindsay Nicholson. Both were happy with their "prizes", and had a lovely time.

A budding poet, Zac recited his opening poem, entitled "Poem with which to open a variety show" or "Ocker poem." We also had the services of ERNEST THE UNBELIEVABLE, who brought the house down with his "Story with a Moral."

We were honoured to have the Andrews Sisters to sing a couple of numbers, and also the notable Mr. Jolson, who had to discard his new white shirt shortly after his act.

We had to cradle-snatch for one item (Goo-Goo Robinson, the six foot nappy-wetter). Sue N. looked rather cute in her nappy. (The strain must have proved too great for these unfortunate victims of H.S.C.)

The actual performance was a great success. After a few cases of stage-fright, the show ran pretty smoothly. The Fashion Show, compered by Pam Cleary, gave the other students an opportunity to see some of their seniors in their natural attire. The closing act was "They Go Wild", A, followed by the rather distorted B. Those who saw the show will remember it well. No attempt was made to restrict the obvious talents of the actors concerned.

*Chris Jameson.*



**Get out there and entertain them!**



**Watch that safety pin!**



**What was Doug cooking?**



**Miss Lovely Legs, 1974!**

# SPORTS '74

Reported by Mr. David Webb

## Swimming

1974 saw the emergence of Norwood High as the top swimming school in the Maroondah group. The new discoveries came mainly from the new first form pupils.



These water beds aren't what they're cracked up to be!

The anchor of the school team was Steven Anstee who won four events including the Open 400m and one event at the 'All High' carnival. Several relay teams won at the area sports and two teams, the U13 Boys and the U13 Girls, became All High Champions.

Other swimmers to compete at the All high were the Boys U14 Medley Relay, the Girls U15 Relay, Boys U14 Relay, Kerrie Reid, Beth Tacey, Gayle Hill and Greg Hocking. Congratulations to all these representatives.

How much more do they expect me to drink?



## Athletics

The Athletics team surrendered the Championship Shield for the first time in three years. However, our athletes were far from disgraced and finished a close third in the Carnival. Many of the relay teams will have to improve greatly on this year's performance if we are to regain the Shield.



A little bit of twist; a little bit of this!

One of the many successes on Carnival Day who progresses to 'All High' finals was our most outstanding athlete for 1974, Elspeth Pollard, who competed in three events. Other individuals who starred during the year were: Mark Venables - U13 800 m. - Pam Morgan - 13 high jump -

Janine McFadzean - U16 400m - Lynette Scotchmoor - U16 Javelin - Ian Goodochkin - U16 high jump - Debbie Wardrope - U17 hurdles - Sue Orr - U17 javelin - and the boys U17 relay.

Who put that there?



Many other individual athletes contributed a great deal to a fine effort and all competitors are congratulated by everyone concerned with sport at Norwood. 1975 should be a comeback year in Athletics, provided all members of the team make a concerted effort.



I thought I heard the bell!

## Cross-Country

We finished third in the overall aggregate in this year's Cross Country, which was held over a difficult course at Churchill Park. Fortunately all our runners completed the course, and one, Janine McFadzean, went on to finish third in her division at the 'All High' run held at Wattle Park.



## FOOTBALL IN 1974

Reported by Mr. Rod Austin

Norwood High School's Senior Football team completed a very successful season in 1974. They played five other teams from the Maroondah Group and emerged undefeated, winning the only Senior pennant for the year. The next stage was to go on to the Eastern Division Finals, played on a round-robin basis over one day. Norwood lost only one game in four, resulting in the side finishing second on the day; that is, second in the whole Division, 36 schools.

Overall, it was an extremely good effort. There was a blend of experienced footballers and enthusiasm, which augers well for the future.

Best players over the nine games were: Warwick Blair, Geoff Laird, Brad Stokes (capt.), Wayne Farquhar, Paul Jones and Gary Broome. It is hard to single out individual players, but these six were the most consistent, and when combined with the others they made up an extremely skilful team.

## PONDERABLES

### 'Lord of the Flies' by William Golding

An aeroplane crash-lands on a coral island and the only survivors are a party of school boys, who find themselves cast away in ideal surroundings.

Piggy, is a short, fat boy who wears specs and can't run or swim on account of his asthma. He helps Ralph, who is voted chief by all the other boys except the Choir.

Jack is the head boy of The Choir, and he turns The Choir into hunters. The hunters soon turn into savages: they hunt like savages and dress like savages. When they hunt they chant: "Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!" The hunters kill a pig, and the other boys join them and turn against Piggy and Ralph, who will not be savages.

The hunters have a cave in the rocks. Ralph and Piggy go there as they want to call a meeting. All the hunters were standing on top of the rocks, Ralph was standing half-way up, and Piggy was standing at the bottom.

One of the hunters pushed a huge boulder down, Piggy fell forty feet and landed on a rock in the sea. His head opened and stuff came out. The sea sucked back and he was gone. Ralph turned, said nothing and ran.

The next morning when Ralph awoke the island was on fire, the savages were after him, to kill. He ran for his life, he panted. They were not far off, he could hear their familiar chant.

He ran along the beach. They were only a few feet behind when he fell. Ralph looked up. The hunters had halted. Before them stood a respectable looking sailor, on the beach was a rowing boat. The smoke had been seen.

This is a thrilling story and is really explicit. You can really imagine the characters. I think it is one of the best-written books that I have ever read.

Ariane Burton, 2C.

### 'One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich' by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

First published in the Soviet Union, 1962; translated by Ralph Parker for Penguin Book, 1963.

I liked and enjoyed reading this book very much. It is about one man in particular during his ten years sentence in a Stalinist Labour Camp. The book also talks about other men in Ivan Denisovich Shukov's team, the 104th, and other teams, as well as guards. Most of the men in these camps were in for only minor offences. Shukhov had served eight of his ten years when this book was written

We don't know whether Shukhov was a real person or not, he could have been another name for Solzhenitsyn.

At the camp they lived in little huts and were fed cabbage soup, swill and a bit of bread. In winter the normal temperature was -25 degrees, and in really bad weather it was -40 degrees. At one point in the story a man carried a bucket of water about one hundred yards and the water was frozen solid.

When reading this book you have to concentrate very hard to understand fully, but as you read on things start

to fit together and the book becomes much clearer to you. I still find some of those long Russian names difficult. There are no chapters - the story just goes on, which I think is a lot better.

I think it is an outstanding, well written book. It tells of how people still live in this type of hardship today, which is very hard to imagine in our society - especially working in -40degrees.

John Phillips, 2C.

## FORM IV ENGLISH

Of all the books set for the fourth from English syllabus, the best one, I think, was 'Great Expectations'; however, many will disagree. I think it is the best because of the wonderful way in which it has been written by Charles Dickens. On reading it, one is immediately drawn into the surroundings and made to feel very closely connected to the characters. Dickens has used numerous coincidences in the novel so that the reader can follow the story more easily. When the reader pieces these coincidences together he feels a sense of achievement and the story makes a smooth-flowing picture. There are very few confusing or 'intellectual' words in this novel, thus the average reader has very little difficulty in understanding the story, unlike 'Julius Caesar', where ever five lines the reader is interrupted by having to read a foot note to understand Shakespeare's meaning or word usage.

'To Kill A Mockingbird' must surely be next to 'Great Expectations' in interest and enjoyment. This book makes the reader aware of many of the barriers separating the black and white races, which continues today. Again, the language is easy for a fourth former to understand.

'Midwich Cuckoos', as well as 'Great Expectations' and 'To Kill a Mockingbird', was an involving and interesting book which probably would have appealed to most of form four. This book has suspense, which would influence many readers' enjoyment. When I asked a friend why he thought it was a good book he said "It's the only one I've read." I wonder if many would have given the same answer?

In all, I feel that the books chosen could have more action and excitement in them, but they surely are not among the worst books I have read.

Nigel Morrison, 4D.

## BURSTALL BEWARE!

The new form 4 elective subject, film-making, attracted many students this year. Mrs. Geering introduced us to many interesting aspects of the subject, and taught us to use projectors, editors, splicers and cameras.

During the year, apart from making cartoons and learning about different camera angles and shots, each student made his own film, using a small camera and choosing his own subject. The actual production was aided and abetted by other class members.

In addition to these projects, many of the school shows and sporting events were recorded on video tape, thanks to the help we received from Mr. Silberberg, who taught us to operate this equipment.

I feel that this course has greatly benefited those students who anticipate making careers in television, and for the rest it has supplied the rudiments for making their home movies better than the average. It is good to see a variety of subjects becoming available in the electives and I feel

that these will give students much new experience and enjoyment in future and alleviate the boredom of school for many pupils.

Laurie Fish, 4D.

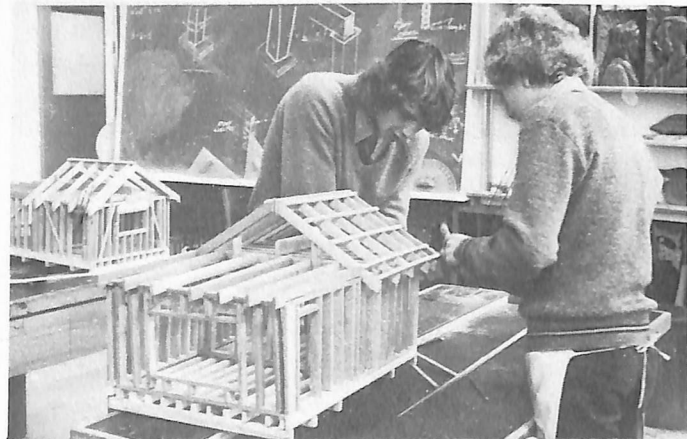
EXAMPLES OF  
WOODCARVING



David Harris, V.

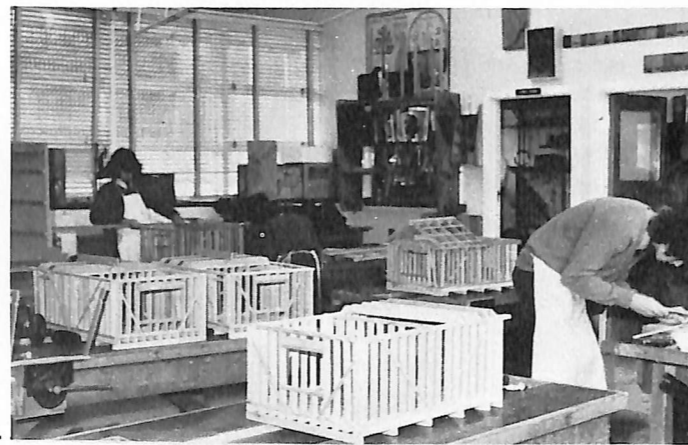


From R-L, Mark Stuart, M. Willard-Turton, G. Broome  
M. Pettit, B. Foulkes.



Steven Harper, IIID, Michael Clarkson, IIIC.

THE HOUSE BUILDERS



COOKERY CLASS

— complete with chopsticks



INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW WITH ROGER BURNETT

**Interviewer:** Hello Roger! As you know a photograph was taken of you and the model eagle which you made. Would you like to tell us something about it?

**Roger:** I made it because an eagle appealed to me and I liked it. I used chicken wire for the framework and applied cold solder to it.

**Interviewer:** What particular tools did you use?

**Roger:** I used pliers for the wire but applied the solder with my hands.

**Interviewer:** Was this part of your elective subject? Is it something you wish to continue with?

**Roger:** Yes, it was a part of the elective subject and I chose it because I like sculpture and want to continue with it as a further elective.

**Interviewer:** Having completed it and made a good job of it, what are you going to do with it?

**Roger:** I am displaying it at home on the top of the piano.

**Interviewer:** Are you making any further models?

**Roger:** Not at the moment, but would like to make more as I like sculpture.

**Interviewer:** Did it cost you very much?

**Roger:** I used five tubes of solder which cost 48c per tube.

**Interviewer:** Thank you very much, Roger.



Roger Burnett and his "Eagle"





**INTERVIEW WITH TONY PHILLIPS AND KEN MCGREGOR**

**Interviewer:** Hello, Tony and Ken. As you see photos have been taken of you both busy in the Cookery Centre. Can you tell me why you chose cooking as an elective subject?

**Tony:** Oh well, to learn how to cook properly.

**Ken:** I like cooking but did it just for fun.

**Interviewer:** Did you enjoy it?

**Tony & Ken:** Yes.

**Interviewer:** Were you embarrassed by being the only boys in what is generally regarded as a girls' field of activity?

**Tony:** No, I don't think so.

**Ken:** Mrs. Fuhrer picked on the girls and not on us.

**Interviewer:** Have you ever done any cooking before this?

**Tony:** Yes at home.

**Ken:** Only now and then.

**Interviewer:** Are you intending to make it a career, that is to become a chef or a hotelier?

**Tony:** I am not sure, but I would like to own a restaurant.

**Ken:** No, not really.

**Interviewer:** What does your mother think of it?

**Tony:** She doesn't mind, she takes advantage of it.

**Ken:** She says that everyone should learn how to cook.

**Interviewer:** Do you do any cooking at home?

**Tony:** Yes, once a week, when mother is not at home.

**Ken:** When no one else is at home.

**Interviewer:** Have you any further comments?

**Tony:** We would like to thank Mrs. Fuhrer for making it possible.

**Ken:** We learnt a fair bit from it.

**Interviewer:** Thank you very much, Tony and Ken.



**THE CHESS CLUB IN SESSION**



**Robert Dunnett makes a winning move!**

**BALLROOM DANCING**

Ballroom Dancing as an extra curricula activity, has been held in the school over the past two years for the Senior students of Forms 4-6.

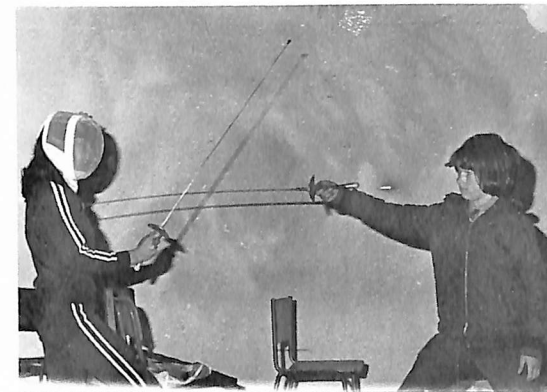
Under the leadership of Mrs. Jacob the results have been very satisfying and the proficiency reached has been of a high standard.

All the students have enjoyed the activity which has assisted them in their poise and relationships with each other. As one student said, "It has been a help in that when you go out you are able to participate in the dancing."



**THE FENCING CLASS**

**En garde!**



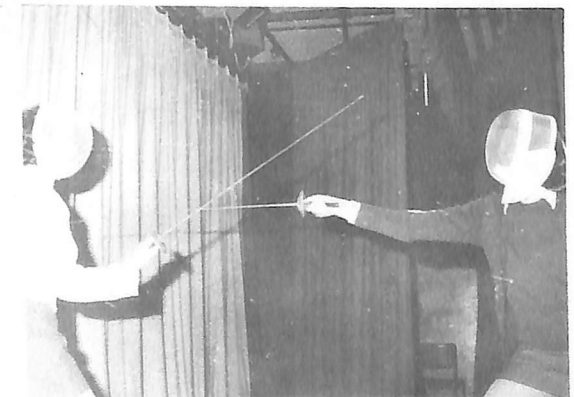
**Ross Crawford and Mrs. Adams.**

**FENCING CLASS**

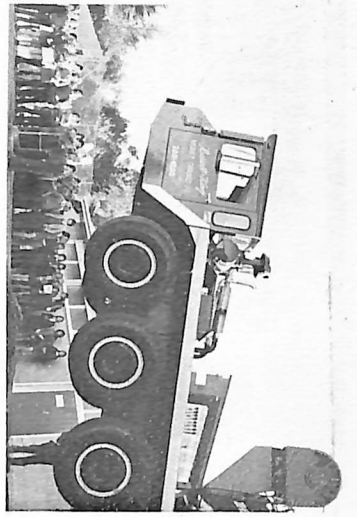
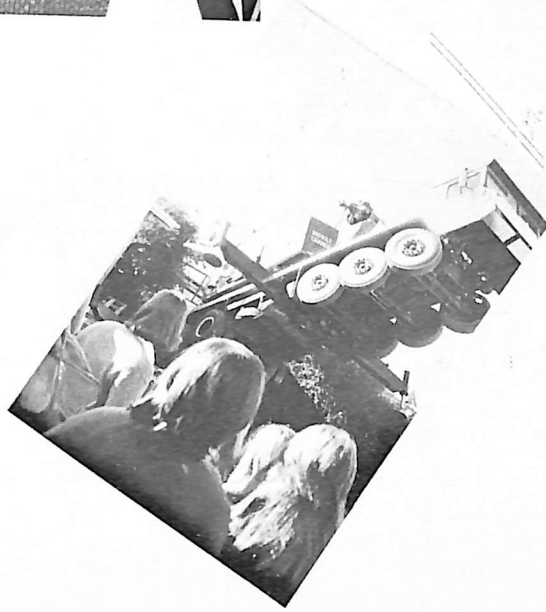
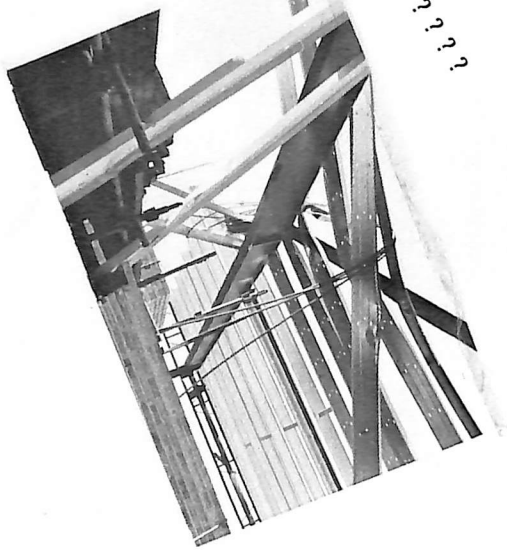
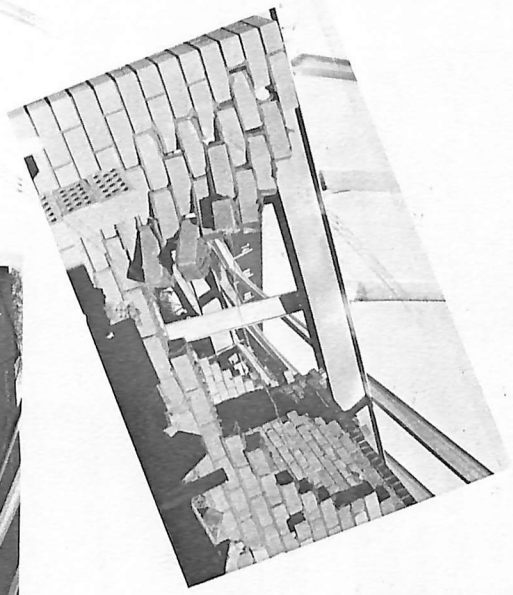
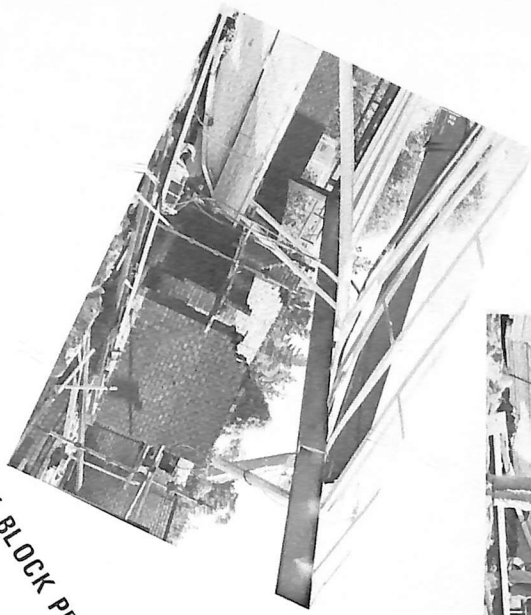
Fencing classes were commenced this year for interested students, under the leadership of Mrs. Adams.

Unfortunately, numbers have been small but those who have attended have reached a high standard of proficiency.

If sufficient numbers are interested next year classes will again be held when it is hoped to enter teams in Fencing Competitions.



COMMONWEALTH LIBRARY BLOCK PROGRESSES ???



**A TRIBUTE FROM 4F.**

He rumbles down the corridor,  
The boards crack on the floor,  
A right-hand turn at Room 54,  
The pupils stand and stare in awe.

It is the teacher we know so well,  
He's every Maths victim's greatest pal,  
His name spells terror throughout Ringwood Hills,  
Our bearded Maths teacher, Mr -----

In his friendly way you'll hear him say,  
"The Hyperbola graph will go this way:  
It weaves under here and three inches in, no doubt,  
You'll do it for homework if you don't watch out!"

Keep your heads down; here he comes  
To give us more mathematical sums.  
Eyes on the clock, pens on the paper,  
What is this variation caper?

He emphasises with his wit  
The need to work or simply quit.  
From all the students he's given 'hell',  
We all rejoice as we say, "Farewell."

*This has been begged, borrowed and stolen  
from Bob's Uncle.*

## THE PERFECT SYSTEM

Look up at the top of the corridor. Is it a human being? Is it a student. Is it a teacher? No, it's a Prefect. Faster than a speeding Form-oner. More powerful than that stray Labrador in the corridor. Those staunch defenders of truth, justice and the teacher's way. Symbolized in the tall figure wearing a white shirt, off colour grey pants and with a magic badge planted on their ties which gives them powers far beyond those of ordinary students. Often a wrongdoer is stopped in his tracks as those golden words ring out "Ang on there. Where do you think you're goin'?" These strike fear to the heart of the wrong-doer and he turns around and heads back out the door. Unfortunately these badges prevent them from seeing all smokers, other prefects and Form Sixers. This is a great disadvantage as these forces of evil go utterly unchecked.

The badge enables them to do amazing things: Walk through tall hedges without a single word from a teacher, push into canteen lines without protest.

These then are the defenders of justice at Norwood.

*Scott Lewis.*



**"A policeman's lot is not a happy one"**  
Taken at H.S.C. Study Camp.

## THE OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG

The Old English Sheepdog is a very handsome and lovable breed that originated in England where the dogs were used for herding sheep and for farm work. In Victoria there are many of the breed, some still being used as farm dogs in country areas.

My interest in them stems from the fact that our family owns several Old English Sheepdogs, which have brought home many show awards.

To keep these dogs looking their best it is necessary to groom them three times a week. Because their hair falls over their eyes you would think they could not see, but in fact they are able, with the aid of eye-lashes, to have a vision of about 85%. Occasionally they do bump into things.

It is a great honour to own one of these dogs, and although they are expensive to keep, they are worth every cent spent on them.

The dog pictured is Australian Champion Applegate Ribald SAM which is owned by Mrs. Effie Moore.

*Christopher Moore, 4E.*



## CARPETED FLOORS

I have never been wild with enthusiasm for carpeted floors. To me, carpets are more of a curse than they are worth.

I still remember well a former bedroom of mine, which had no carpet on the floor. If ever I spilt something there, or otherwise deposited a grubby mess, it just seemed to go away if left to itself long enough; I suspect it seeped down through the cracks between the floorboards. I do not have such luck with carpets.

Indeed, to this very day, the tar I once carried in from the newly-surfaced road, and ground in to the living room carpet with my unclean shoes, can still be seen, whereas similar marks, which I made on the more practical surface of the kitchen linoleum, have vanished.

Nor can I erase from my tortured mind the memory of the last of the once frequent visits I paid to a good friend when I was barely seven. For on that fateful day, during one of the not infrequent respites from our innocent but tiring play, I collapsed, in exhaustion, against the arm of a long, low, white couch, and, as I panted and heaved, I inadvertently knocked, to the carpeted floor, the cup of coffee, which, unknown to myself, had been left, resting beside me. I am afraid I cannot say whether the ugly brown stain remains on their flawed carpet, for I must confess that my former host, then six years old, has never again invited me to his home.

It may appear from all this that my unfortunate experiences with carpets are due only to clumsiness. I would dispute that; indeed, when I consider my many attributes, I am afraid that I am unable to count careless co-ordination among them.

For instance, although I have never been formally trained to do so, I am able to type, employing all fingers, at a remarkable self-taught rate, which I would guess probably approaches fifteen words a minute; and I would also estimate that the rate of mistakes would not be much higher.

Furthermore, in deciding that I am not clumsy, I can bring to mind my skill with the guitar. (It is only a passionate desire not to appear to be showing off that makes me restrict myself to no more than one string simultaneously). In addition, I can think of my tape recorder: I have had it for five years, yet it has only been in the past year that the controls have been rendered useless by my occasionally pressing the wrong button. How many other people can make a claim like that? I do not think that these things would be true, if I were a clumsy person. On the contrary, it is my contention that events, things and people seem to conspire to make me appear clumsy, when I am not.

Why else does the sliding door in our living jolt out of its groove, or jam and refuse to move, whenever I am the one who is trying to open it?

To make me appear clumsy, that is why.

Why do old, dilapidated, out-of-print book disintegrate faster when they are leant to me?

It is only to make me look clumsy.

Why does the ring impudently snap off all the cans of drink I buy?

For the same reason as before.

Who do people let go more quickly when handing things to me? Simply for the pleasure of making me drop something, and, if we happen to be indoors at the time, they can make me doubly embarrassed, if what I have been caused to drop soils one of those troublesome carpeted floors.

*Geoff Fox, 6A.*



**Geoff Fox**

Darkness  
On the wings of time  
Spread her cloak  
Across the sky  
The moon, her crown  
The stars, her eyes  
Watching  
Flowing  
In the folds  
Of her midnight gown.  
She moves,  
With dignity and grace  
And greets the morning sun  
With fire on the edge of the world.

*Christine Smith, 6B.*



**Christine Smith**

## THE STREAM

The stream gurgles and splutters over the rocks,  
Exploring over and under everything.  
Swirling round rocks and surging on,  
On, on, cascading down, but forever on,  
Murmuring and babbling and whirling about.

Now it is resting and slowing down,  
Lying in pools as still as mirrors;  
Trickling slowly between the rocks;  
Lingering amid the reeds and rushes;  
Sighing and whispering to itself.

The rain starts pattering down  
Making rings on the stream's smooth surface,  
Widening the stream and soaking everything.  
The stream feels stronger and gushes on,  
Tearing at everything in its path.

It reached up the bank and tore up the trees,  
Threw pebbles and sand from its path,  
And the torrent swept by, rushing and gushing.  
But now it's a big river, that's wide and strong,  
Searching, forever searching, for the sea.

*Lyndell Brown, 2F.*

## SAY GOODBYE

At first they swam down the river together, happy, contented. Then the river pushed cold little trickles between them that chilled their bones. Then the river grew icier, and was insistent, pushing between them harder, more determinedly. The river broke through suddenly, gushing between them, taking their breath away, ducking them. They clung to each other, but the river was stronger, and cruel, and with a triumphant sweep, separated them completely.

They were swept apart, insistently, and they fought to get together again. But the river was cold, and strong, and wild. They saw that it was no good and started swimming — one to one bank, the other to the other bank. As they each reached the banks, the long weeping willows bent down to help pull them out of the mire. They stood, chilled, watching each other, and the friendship floated down the middle of the river. It came to the waterfall, and plummeting over, dashed to minute pieces in the frothing pool at the bottom then floated on to the next pool which was peace and solitude; only a fraction now of what it had been.

Say goodbye!

*Form 3.*

## BUSH NIGHT SOUNDS

Tall grey gums reflect the moon's eerie light.  
Flocks of birds on their nightly flight.  
An owl hoots now,  
With a mournful sound,  
While a lyre bird dances and prepares his mound —  
The moon now glides behind a fragmented cloud,  
And a mopoke calls soft then loud;  
A trout flicks its tail in the mountain stream,  
Mercurial silver in the pale moon's gleam.

*Roderick Francis, 2E.*

## POLLUTION

The smog hangs low,  
Dimming the outlines of the city  
The river flows brown  
and turgid  
The fishes lie with  
Vacant eye upon the surface  
The trees and flowers  
Droop, with soot  
The people pass, pale and  
sad and apathetic  
Pollution is come upon  
the earth.

*Katrina Valkenburg, 2A.*

## LAZY AFTERNOON

At lazy noon, nothing stirs  
My father slumps, hat on his face  
He lounges in his deck chair.  
Book falls from his hand.  
Insects hum. Dog twitches ears.  
In the shade we rest.  
Cool drinks nearby, but no-one stirs  
To even stretch out to pick them up.  
Beyond the shade the heat's blaze  
Glistening off leaves and shed.  
But in the shade, nothing stirs.

The sun's golden flame,  
Burns the dry discolored grass.  
Heat haze shimmers.  
Heat becomes unbearable.  
Flowers droop.  
Birds sip from drip of tap.  
My eyelids grow heavy, in the drowsy heat.  
Here in the shade, nothing stirs.

*Rosemary Neville, 2F.*

## FENCES

Marching off across the hills  
Soldiers  
Heads held high  
Pointing to the sky  
Feet buried in the dust  
No rifles on their shoulders  
Cold fingers left to rust  
Pointed arrows,  
Through the heart  
Rotting uniforms, fall apart  
Turn to dust  
On the ground  
And all around  
The grass grows tall.

*Christine Smith, 6B.*



*I wonder if arsenic would work?*



Now that the Sixth Form is running the school . . .

### ANECDOTE

A form-oner with the face of a Botticelli cherub appeared at the staff-room door.

"Please sir, a cricket ball has exploded on the oval and several students have been bowled over."

"What does it say on this door? 'Don't knock except in an emergency!' Go AWAY!"

Three minutes later loud knocks, punctuated by heavy breathing, were heard at the same door. The music teacher opened it to find a child with three wickets sticking in its right foot.

"Go away and find a perfect pitch!"

A blonde curdle-curlled Miss headed for the infamous door. It opened before she had a chance to place her pretty knuckles on the ancient paint.

"Excuse me, but I want to hand in an assignment a month early."

"Bless you, my child."

The door closed to the sound of rejoicing.

*A. Carter.*



Cherub

The following poem is an appreciation of Miss K. Peters, written by a friend, on the occasion of Miss Peters' death earlier this year.

### REQUIEM FOR A FRIEND

What art thou then?  
 A gentle, loving soul  
 Shot through with quickening fire,  
 An active mind,  
 Where common-sense and imagery  
 Run side by side,  
 An innate truthfulness —  
 No matter what the cost.  
 Aye, these thou ART — not wert —  
 For none of these is lost to us  
 Thy friends.  
 Thy body's lost its usefulness,  
 But thou, the real, immortal thee,  
 Stays on with us forever.

*A.M. Gill.*

### TIME

Contemplating and thoughtful  
 The young lad watches, waiting . . . .  
 For what? He is not really sure;  
 Perched on top of the long thin pole he picked up  
 On his way to this place  
 He waits on, pondering deeply  
 The vast ocean of untamed water facing  
 Him,  
 Pounding the beach with merciless regularity.  
 What is he doing here?  
 Just sitting, watching, waiting . . .  
 Still not sure, he turns to the sand  
 And contemplates that.  
 Something indefinable stirs his mind  
 The patterns on the sand remind him  
 Of days gone past — slipping into oblivion  
 On the foggy path of yester-year.  
 Slowly  
 He rises, taking with him  
 The pole which acted as a chair.  
 Slowly he walks,  
 Retracing his steps; his thoughts blurring;  
 The imprints of his feet  
 Fading, become lost and  
 Distorted with  
 TIME!

*Stephanie Burnett, 5E.*



The hungry hordes!  
 Students line up at the canteen which during 1974 has been located in the foyer of the school hall.

## A PROMISING CAREER?

### Intended Occupation: Archeologist

"That's nice, of course you will have to go to London or Sydney to train . . . ."

"I need student volunteers for a 'dig' in the long vacation." "I NEVER take females on a long-term digs!"  
PRAC. CLASS WILL ASSEMBLE AT 7.30 a.m. ON 'X' ROAD, 5 ML. PAST FRANKSTON ON SATURDAY. BRING LUNCH AND TROWEL.

9.00 a.m. Saturday: Lecturer is recognised as car speeds past; we start running . . . .

3 miles further on, 10.30 a.m. "Where have you been, you're late!"

"Today we are to excavate a lime kiln which is believed to have been built here early last century. We have two contemporary records which are totally incompatible.

Follow the line of that brick embankment (3 roughly aligned bricks) 100 feet, then start digging."

"Why did you bring trowels? You need pickaxes!"

"Who has the measuring tapes? Why not?"

"Here, one of you girls take those kids of mine for a swim."

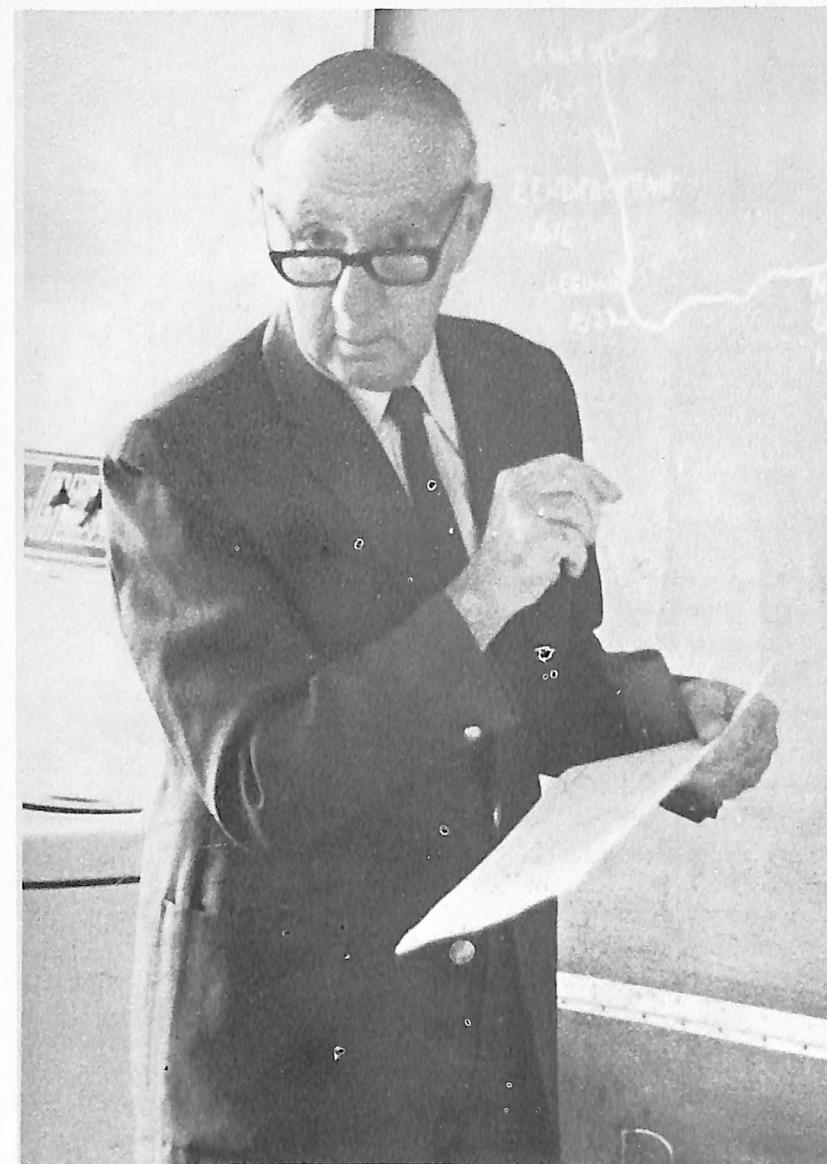
8 children, 12 dogs fall out of car, race screaming into water, fully clothed . . . .

I think I'll be a teacher.

A.P.



"I do believe in listening to the student point of view"



What! Replace me with a computer!

## PORTABLES: PERIOD 7

Languid fumes from the incinerator  
Come to rest in the column of concrete nouns;  
Burnt banana peel  
Sends an acrid message in agreement with  
Student sentiments on grammar.  
From the hall comes the beat of a lonely drummer,  
(Contrast to the morning orchestral 'Bonanza')  
Thoughts are lost somewhere in the centre of the oval:  
Not for now the exercise of the mind.  
Bell goes, books close,  
Dismissal.

A piece of ash floats through the open window to  
nuzzle the empty blackboard.

A. Carter.

## OUR HERITAGE

- *How many of Norwood's students of 1974 know why the name "Weemala" was chosen for this magazine? We have asked Mrs. Gill to remind us of its significance.*

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills  
From whence cometh my strength."*

So sang man in earliest days, and from then until now, hills have remained a symbol of strength.

We, at Norwood, look to the hills every day. We see them in all their moods — brilliant in the sunshine, dark with storm, patched with racing cloud-shadows. Even when they disappear behind the fog, we know they will re-appear before long.

Our first Norwood people understood the importance of hills to us, for they named our magazine "Weemala", an aboriginal word which means "distant hills."

Our school songs spoke of the hills, the wattle and the countryside, and our badge and motto remind us also of steadfastness. The badge shows us the unwavering compass needle, pointing ever upwards, and with the motto "Fidelis", reminds us once again of loyalty and faithfulness.

Lastly, our uniform of purple and gold represents the purple of the hills and the gold of the wattle.

*A.M. Gill.*

*The editor would like to thank the editorial committee for their invaluable assistance, especially Mr. Sherman who has co-ordinated our efforts.*

*We would like, on behalf of the school, to thank our wonderful office staff and Mrs. Geddes who leaves this year.*

*We gratefully acknowledge donations made towards the cost of producing this magazine by the following firms:*

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