

Page B.





DEDICATION:

We dedicate this edition of Weemala to those who said we HAD to have a magazine - then contributed nothing to its production. We fear that once again they have got better than they deserve.

PRINCIPALS REPORT

Monday October 20th was a red letter day for Norwood High School because on this day the school was host to the Premier, the Honourable R. J. Hamer, E.D., M.P., together with high ranking Civic, Parliamentary and Education Department dignitaries who came to the Official Opening of the new School Resource Centre.

It's good to have an Official Opening - when we sit down to compile an invitation list for an occasion such as this, it makes us realize how many people work for this school and the diverse ways they assist us. The Advisory Council, the Auxiliary, the Canteen Committee, the Chaplaincy Committee, the City Authorities, the Education Department, the Public Works Department, our Parliamentary Representatives, just to name a few, all take a very practical interest in us and our well being and for this we must be very grateful.

Then there was another interesting side light to the Official Opening. Norwood has had four School Principals guiding it and three of these Principals were present at the Opening. We are inclined to think that Norwood is so old, but it has only been established for 17 years. In that time it has grown to be one of the "large" High Schools in Victoria with a proud tradition developing rapidly. Tradition is such an important thing to any school - pride in ourselves and pride in our fellows. Have you looked at our photo gallery outside my office? have you ever counted the number of people who have had their photograph hung there over the past three years? have you ever counted our sports pennants in the entrance hall? - you can't do this without having that feeling of pride which breeds tradition.

In conclusion it is with a feeling of pride but with a tinge of sadness that I note that Mr. McCarthy, our Deputy Principal, has been selected as the new Principal at Donvale High School and Mr. Sherman, one of our Senior Teachers, has been appointed the



Deputy Principal at Croydon High School. Both Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Sherman have given Norwood long and valued service and they will be greatly missed. I will personally miss them because I valued their friendship over the past three years. However it is with pride and pleasure that I can tell you that Mr. Cousins, our present Senior Master, will be the new Deputy Principal at Norwood and Mr. Lee will be our new Senior Master.

To all of you, Staff or Student, who will leave us at the end of 1975, we wish you all good fortune and success. It has been good to know and work with you and I hope that we will see you again, at some future time, at Norwood.

THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

When we last wrote a column about the Advisory Council we indicated that a new form of Advisory Council was expected early in 1975 and that our present Advisory Council was a "Caretaker Council". However, the wheels of officialdom grind slowly and our Caretaker Council is still caretaking.

This year the Council under the leadership of Mr. Keith Irving, has been extremely active taking care of the school. The painting of the school, the new floor coverings, the new boilers, the new exterior lighting have all been due to the work of the School Council. Perhaps their main interest has been in supporting the teachers in the introduction of new ideas. The introduction of leatherwork and pottery into the school curriculum was made possible by a gift of \$500.00 from the Council to buy materials; the new Synthesiser in the Music department was bought following the loan of \$700 from the Council, while new Physical Education Equipment totalling \$500, dictaphones for the Commercial Department to the value of \$300, photographic equipment for the Photographic Club, carpets for the Remedial Centres, pictures for the History room and a new mower for the grounds were all purchased by Advisory Council funds, clearly indicating the wide range of their interest. The Advisory Council has continued in its support of the Chaplain with a gift of \$1,000 to the Chaplaincy Committee.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment for the Council has been the fact that the new school canteen has not been built. Matters beyond the control of the Council have frustrated their efforts in this area but they are still persisting and it is hoped that the building will start early in 1976. The Advisory Council has also arranged for the draining and resurfacing of the school oval and the construction of three basketball courts on the edge of the oval. Also they have joined with the Mullum School Committee in the development of the Pines area in the south-eastern corner of the school ground.





STUDENT POWER

As is the case with so many other institutions within the community, our school suffers from a scepticism towards change. It is extremely difficult to implement change in our school and therefore the replacement of the old Prefect System by a 'modified' S.R.C. must be considered as a major reform in the administration of the school. However, this is a mere stepping stone in obtaining equality within the school and student participation in the running of the school.

At the present time, we do not even have equality among the students, let alone equality between the administration and the student body. The elimination of the Prefect system has been a major development in removing inequalities between students. The role of the Prefects was to be one of liaison between staff and students, however this role has never been adequately fulfilled. The Prefects were either obsessed with their power and became an extended part of the staff and acted to enforce their rules with more 'vigour' than was necessary, or they completely rejected their responsibility and simply felt that their election to the position of Prefect was a vote of popularity and therefore spent the rest of the year enjoying the prestige of the position of Prefect. The new system of S.R.C. is at least an attempt to reduce the inequalities between various levels of the school (however unsuccessful it has been) and it is my hope that in the future the S.R.C. will be expanded to give the students some real power and responsibility.

There have also been moves to remove the discrimination between girls and boys in their choice of subjects. At present the girls are forced to learn Home Economics and Needlecraft in forms one and two and the boys must do Mechanical Drawing, Woodwork and Metalwork. It is not the fact that these subjects are compulsory which concerns me, but it is that the subjects are divided according to sex. The removal of this limitation and the equalising of the status of students at various levels throughout the school will bring about an equality among the students which is necessary before we can hope for equality within the school.



Our Editor.

I feel that there is a real need in the school for a School Council which has equal representation by students, staff and parents. It is time that students had some say in their education; they should not be treated as possessions, but as people who have some right to determine the way the rest of their lives will be lived. I realise this argument has probably been sounded time and time again and it may be discounted as that of an irate student who is yet to learn to listen to those who are older and more experienced; but I am not proposing total student control, however I hope that the viewpoint of the students will be given equal consideration in any decisions which are to be made.

Adults must begin to have a little more faith in the abilities of their children, for the way in which children act is a result of the expectations of the society in which they live. If children are expected to act in a foolhardy manner, they will do so. But, if they are given some responsibility they will usually rise to this responsibility and act in a mature manner in keeping with their position. The use of Worker Participation in industry is evidence of the success which can be achieved by involving the employees in the management of the firm. If this is applied to the school it is likely that there will be an increased understanding between staff and students, not only in the making of decisions within the school, but also in the staff/student relationships and will help the students to enjoy their schoolwork more by breaking down barriers between the two groups.

A School Council would make the students more aware and, hopefully, stir up a little more energy in the presently apathetic student body. However, I feel this apathy is due to the powerlessness of the student body. If they could see some results from their efforts they may be more inspired to do something. Those in the S.R.C. feel great frustration as they have no actual power to implement the recommendations which they make.

Equality within a school is an integral part of education — children will not learn to their capacity if people do not express their confidence in their capabilities.



S.R.C. REPORT

Primarily the Student Representative Council was introduced as a medium through which students could voice their opinions on current school issues and suggest changes and improvements they would like in the school. This year, however, with the abolition of the prefect system, the S.R.C. has had its range of activities extended, and has formed social service, magazine, duty, canteen and social committees.

The social committee was disbanded during the year as there was a lack of student interest in a school social. Students have been catered for in this field by the monthly dance, 'Vida Blue', which has close connections with the school. The other committees functioned very well and I would like to thank the student committee leaders, the staff representatives and the members of the various committees for their work.

The S.R.C., with its new responsibilities, could have had an exceptional year but for the apathy of the students in general, and particularly of those in Forms 3, 4, and 5. Some students complain about the ineffectiveness of the S.R.C., but in doing this they show their own ignorance. The S.R.C. will try to implement anything reasonable that is brought to it, but it can do nothing if the students give nothing to their Form representatives.

In closing, I would like to thank the people who have helped me and the S.R.C. this year, particularly the members of the executive: Gayle Hill (Vice President), Prue Waldron (Secretary), Colin McKenzie (Treasurer) and the assistant secretaries Joanna Waldron and Jenny Fitzgerald, who took over when Joanne left school. I would also like to thank all the members who regularly attended meetings, and Mr. Waterson for listening to our suggestions and implementing as many as he could.

A person who deserves a great deal of thanks is Mr. Sherman, who has received promotion to Croydon High school next year. For the past twelve years he has been the Staff representative to the S.R.C. and on behalf of all student representatives during those twelve years, I would like to sincerely thank him for his interest and guidance, over this period.

Robin Davey (President, S.R.C.)



S.R.C. — A FARCE?

This year has seen the most radical changes introduced into the S.R.C. Over the past six years that I have been associated with the S.R.C., Committees have been set up to look after various matters that are referred to them by the majority of the S.R.C. There are now Committees dealing with (i) Corridor Duty (ii) Food and Service at the Canteen (iii) Social (iv) Social Services (v) the School Magazine. In addition the S.R.C. was granted its first POWER to look after corridor duty.

Why the change? It was felt by staff, not students, that the Prefect System was no longer effective and that the S.R.C. could possibly fulfil this function if organised differently. The only Committee that the S.R.C. had anything to do with was the Canteen Committee. The state of play with the Committees is (i) Corridor Committee functioning adequately yet corridors are very rarely manned (ii) Canteen Committee has yet to hold a meeting (iii) Social Committee also yet to hold a meeting (iv) Social Services Committee, the most successful of all in raising funds (v) Magazine Committee suffers from 'over enthusiasm' from donors. Because of this inadequacy, the Committees with the exception of the Social Service and Magazine Committees should be abolished.

Mr Waterson has made the comment that he would not particularly care if the S.R.C. were abolished because it brings up the same motions year after year. To some extent I would agree, yet he fails to act on the motions that are brought up year after year. Other than abolition of the S.R.C. the only alternative is to alter the S.R.C. One possibility would be to reduce its size by half permitting only 3 members for each group of forms.

The fundamental problem with the S.R.C. is that there is general apathy and disinterest in its activities. But the reason for its inactivity is the Administration's fault not the students. If they listen more to the students we might get somewhere. Long live the S.R.C. not as a Student's Representative Council but as a Student's Revolutionary Council. . .

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

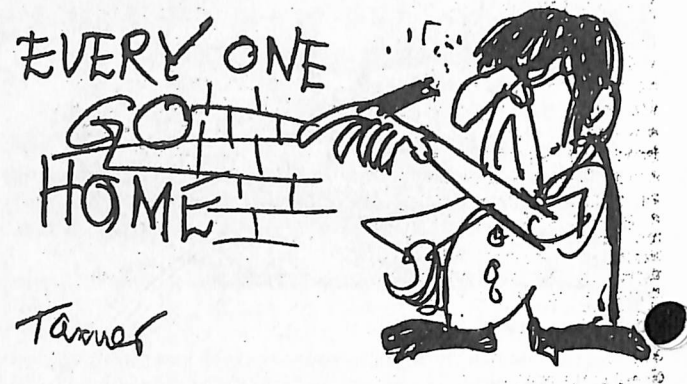
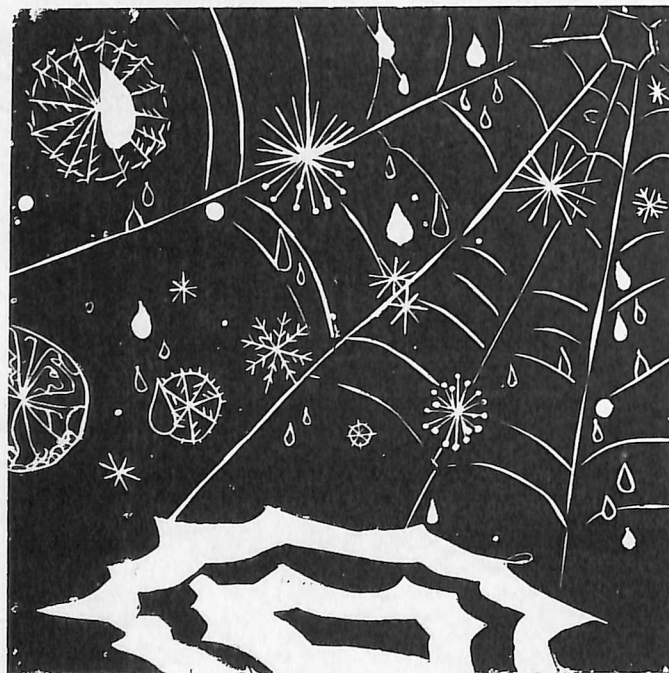
Our main mode of money-raising this year has been out-of-uniform days. Approximately six of these were held throughout the year and an average of \$150 was raised on each occasion. The money was contributed to the support of Timorese children, retarded children, Indonesian children and other such worthy causes.

Other functions of the Social Service Committee included distributing State School Relief envelopes, finding volunteer collectors for the Red Cross appeal, selling Monkami Shampoo and advertising for various other societies who sent information to us.

Another major event of the year will be our traditional walkathon which usually raises about \$1000 and this year will be organised by Mr. O'Connor.

Our great success can be attributed to the willing, eager attitude of the Social Service Committee members and the support of Mrs Reeman and Mr. O'Connor.

Much wealth and satisfaction to future committees,
Alexandra Blair,
(President, S.S. Committee)



S.R.C. - A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS?

While our Federal parliamentary counterparts have only just discovered a new 'toy', the constitutional crisis, our S.R.C. has suffered such crises meeting after meeting.

Rejection of Supply was threatened time and time again hence the reason why the bank balance has remained relatively unchanged. Motions of censure against the Treasurer by rebels in the S.R.C. esp. P. Davey fortunately failed. At least we had no loans crisis. Similar motions of censure were expected to be moved against the President, R. Davey who has taken a most impartial and unbiased position in the S.R.C. As 'leader' of the S.R.C. he has had to take the brunt of the workload generated by the S.R.C. (What workload one may ask when the S.R.C. has done nothing?)

As is the case in the Federal Parliament, Committees are used to diffuse such 'politically hot' matters as 'cakes in the Canteen'. An indication of the usefulness of these Committees is that out of six committees, three have yet to meet. If a matter is 'too hot to handle' the obvious thing is to bury it in a Committee.

One of our most major constitutional crises to arise was our lack of a Constitution. All matters were decided by 'traditions' most of which were unheard of and eventually broken during the course of the year. Convention after convention was broken. 'Vote rigging' has been tried by R. Davey to ensure there were enough Matrics to ensure only Matrics were elected to one Committee. A proposal to 'draw up a Constitution' was referred to a Constitutional Drafting Committee which has not yet met and is not likely to meet.

Our system 'of government' is a Federation of six forms instead of six states. Each form is as self interested and obstructionist as their real counterparts when they choose to be.

Much as some people would hope S.R.C. does not stand for Student Revolutionary Council.

An Anonymous S.R.C. Rep.



Football, meat pies, kangaroos, and Holden cars! Those are the ingredients that go into making up an American's first impressions of Australia. But the experience of living in this country for a year doesn't end at this. Over the last twelve months I have found Australia to be a land of the unusual, the different and the wonderful.

Australia: land of contrast. Since the first hair-raising ride down the left-hand side of an Australian highway, I've been continually impressed at what a contrast the Australian way of life makes to life as I have known it. It's been hard to imagine winter in July or summer in January, a Christmas without snow, or a steering wheel on the right-hand side of the car. Dressing up in uniforms to go to school is a new experience and I'm looking forward to the day when I can return to America and wear my school uniform for fancy dress.

Australia: land of exquisite foods. Nowhere else will one come across the wide variety of foods that make up such a large part of Australian culture. After all, what would the football be like without a hot meat pie topped with ketchup (alias tomato sauce). With an American background, foods one would consider to be a luxury, such as lamb, become commonplace and since being in Australia I often wonder how I ever got through the first eighteen years of my life without fish and chips. When it comes to

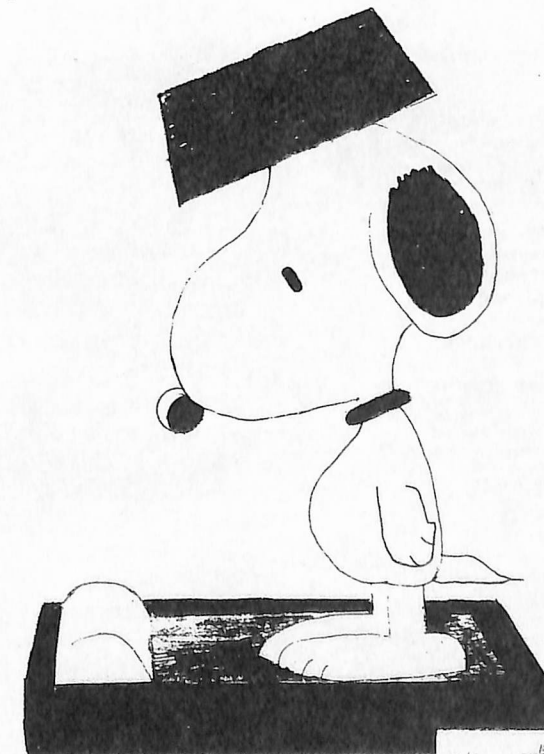
sweets, Australia's famous pavlovas run a close second to good old American pumpkin pie.

Australia: land of places to see. Who could ever forget the school trip to Central Australia? Arguing over who had the best bus (correction: best coach); the mouse plague at Ayers Rock; a tremendous group of teacher sponsors; and those beautiful salad lunches all make a collection of lasting memories. To those who topped Ayers Rock (even those of us who crawled): congratulations.

Australia: land of strange animals. For years my impression of Australia has been that of its unusual native animals. In the last twelve months I have seen, for the first time in my life, real kangaroos and koala bears as well as being led down the golden path to believing in the more unusual animals such as the killer kangaroos, bunyips, and man-eating goannas.

Australia: land of wonderful people. At first, the proposition of leaving home for a whole year was a bit frightening. But since coming to Australia, I can easily say I wouldn't trade the experience of these last twelve months for anything in the world. The teachers and students at Norwood have been terrific, but my fondest memories will always be with the sixth form. They have been friends to me when I have needed friends and they have accepted me as one of themselves. To them I say thank you for the greatest and most rewarding experience of my life.

John Harmonson, AFS Student, 1975.



THE GAP

Jenny walked into the kitchen where her mother was preparing tea. Her mother would soon have to get her father from the station. Jenny wanted to broach the subject before she went, as she wanted to sort it out before her father came home.

"Uh, Mum?" Jenny asked nervously.

"Mmmm?"

"Er, I've been asked to go out to see a film Saturday afternoon." she said a little incoherently.

"Oh . . . who with?"

"Mick."

"Mick?"

"Yeah. From the Club."

"I'll ask your father about it. I think we'll be going to the football.

What film will you be seeing?"

"I think 'The Eiger Sanction'."

"The ads to that are interesting aren't they?"

"Yeah."

"Oh look at the time! I've got to be going."

She hurriedly left. The door slammed after her.

Jenny walked into the bedroom slowly. It was easier than she thought it would be. But then they didn't know how old he was yet.

The evening passed uneventfully until Jenny was getting ready for bed, and her mother came in to see her.

"Jenny." Her mother's voice was thoughtful.

"Yes, Mum?"

"Isn't Mick one of the leaders?"

"Y-y-es." Jenny answered slowly.

"How old is he?"

This was the moment. Jenny had to tell her now. She took a deep breath. "He's twenty-three."

"Twenty-three!"

Jenny nodded.

"This puts another light on things. Jenny, you're a little young aren't you?"

"No, I'm not."

"But that's eight years. That's too big a gap."

"No it's not, Mum I want to go out with him!" Her voice took on a pleading note. "I like Mick."

"Can't you wait till you're sixteen? It sounds so much better than fifteen."

"Oh, Mum, that's ages away."

"It's only a few months."

"That's what I mean. That will take years to go. I can't wait that long."

"You really want to go?"

Jenny nodded vigorously. Her mother sighed. You're growing up too quickly, little Jenny. She can't go out with a man that age. He's far too old. Why she's just a little girl. Oh, well, her father won't let her as soon as he finds out how old he is. What's he want with our little Jenny, anyway?

Jenny was tense all over. Her nerves felt as if they were going to scream at her. Please, God, let her say yes. Please. What will I do if she doesn't? I've already told him I will. I can't back down. I don't want to back down. Say something, Mum, please! This silence is killing me.

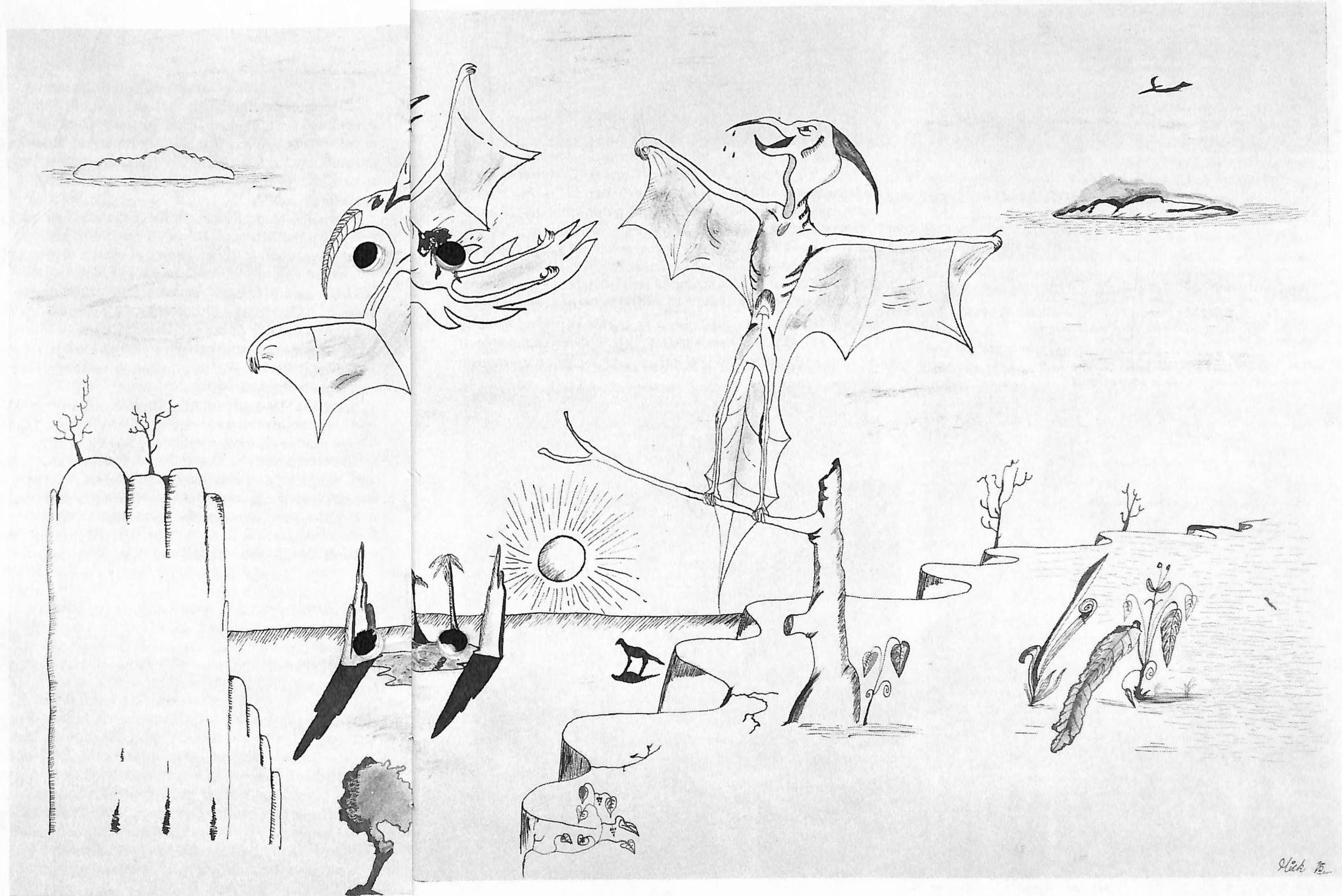
Unconsciously she crossed her fingers. She was waiting for the blow to fall. "Say something, Mum, please!"

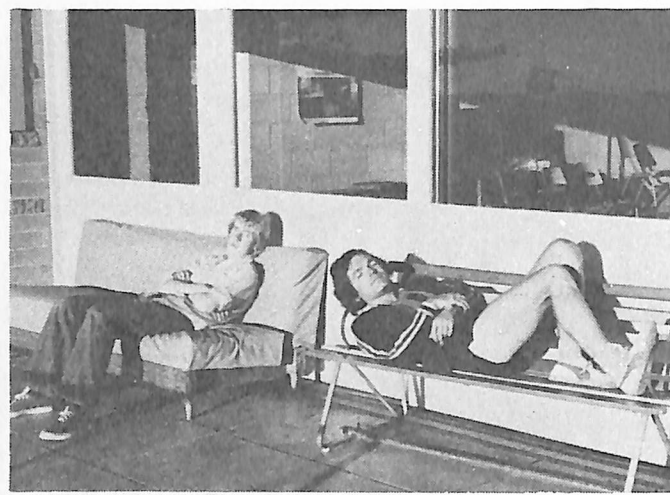
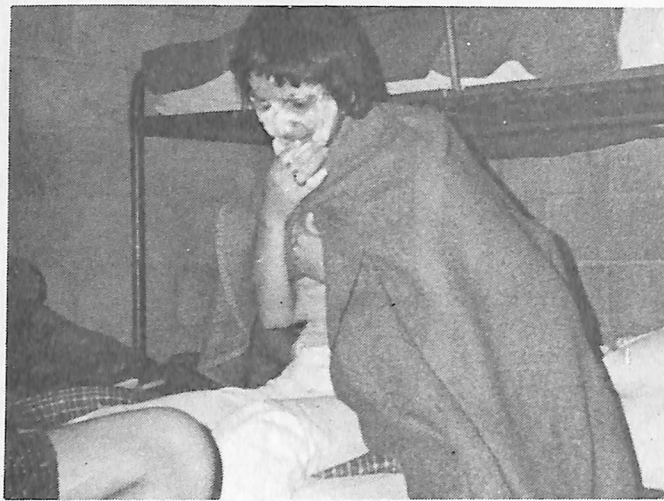
Her mother came back from her reverie a little reluctantly.

"What?" She sounded vague.

"Say something quickly, Yes or No!" Jenny rushed out.

Her mother sighed again. "I . . . I'll talk to your father about it."



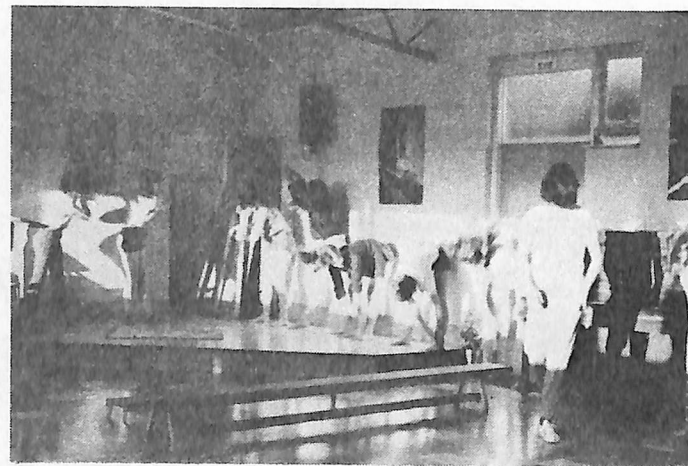


WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN
 or
HOLIDAYING IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, part 7:
When the Moor Looks Perfect (It's Time To Go)

When the girl walks, she slides in my mind.
 I'll come in her way, or stay behind.
 How will I choose? To rise up or stay?
 I know what I want: just let me lay.
 If left to myself, no thought can sting.
 This head, on strike, forgets everything.
 No need to tell me, "Feel your own pain."
 I'll dwell upon "Junk", never again,

But know that I won't; promise I will.
 Try to be worldly, drowning in swill.
 I don't mean to hurt, don't want to cry
 I don't want to live, can wait to die.
 (This doggerel does not in any way reflect my true feelings.
 I wrote it for the money.)

Geoffrey Fox, 6C.



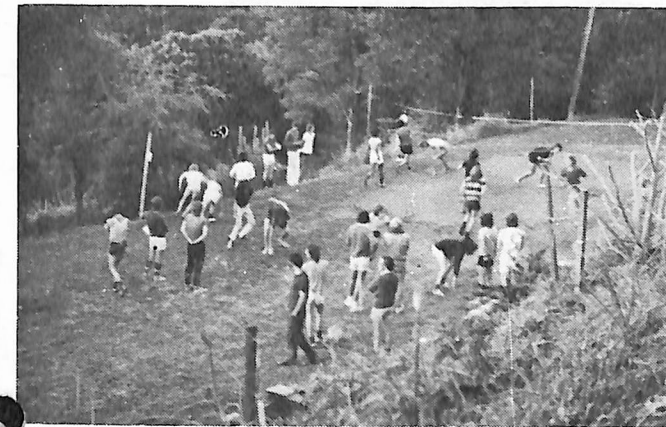
ERRATIC ERRATA (AT CAMP WATERMAN)

At this stage it seems that the Norwood H.S.C. students' visit to Camp Waterman has been worthwhile. There were a few unfortunate incidents (like classes) but overall the students enjoyed the week immensely. The good things about the camp have easily outweighed the bad.

One of the very popular things at the camp was table-tennis. Many players showed tremendous skill and ball control. Spectators enjoyed the slow and steady or spinning strokes, strong quick strokes or a combination of both. Some players relied on smashing the ball, but one member of staff maintains that placement and control are more important. He says "The table-tennis ball is an egg and I am extremely careful not to break the shell."

The Wombog was also very popular with students. This animal, otherwise known as "Zappy", is rumoured to be a cross between a dog and a wombat. Wombog is very playful. He often bares his teeth and pretends to bite, but doesn't. The only thing people ever suffer from the wombog is a light, affectionate nibbling, a wet shoe lace, or if he becomes really ferocious, a nip.

Another source of student enjoyment was the food. The cups of tea and coffee were like nectar from heaven, but the desserts won most praise. In particular, the blackberry pie was judged excellent. After he had eaten his serving, one ravenous student was heard to say "The soft sweetness penetrated my throat and tingled my lips."



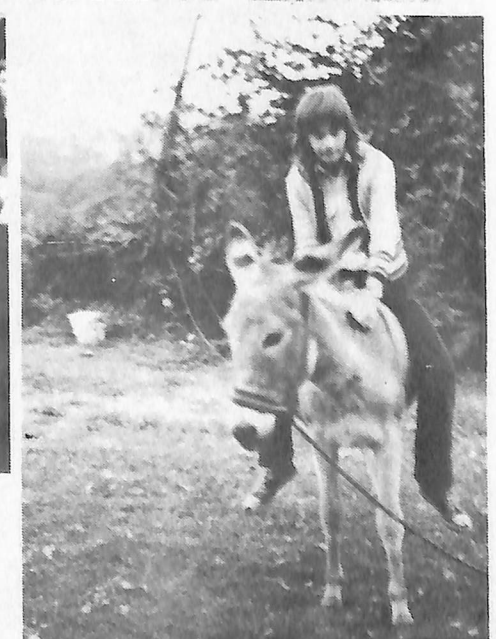
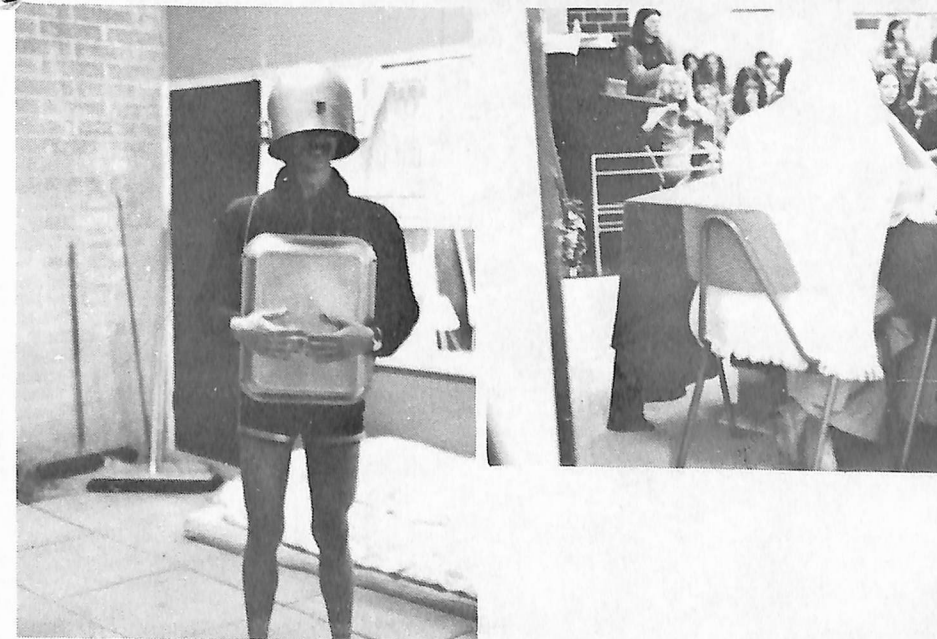
Even more enjoyable than wombog, table-tennis and food, was the trampoline. The exciting and pulsating gymnastics thereon were the centre of our universe for the week. Students could not stay indifferent, studying, with the trampoline tantalising and calling them. Up and Down. Up and down.

One thing which the staff disliked about the trampoline was that students answered its siren call not only at dawn, but also after dusk. This is a completely harmless, sensible pass time during the night, appealing more to the guys than the girls, as many otherwise sensible girls here deserted.

To mention a few other unfortunate aspects of the camp: The Lodge Boys' Choir obviously needs a concert pianist with fifty years experience to accompany them, and the camp could not supply this. Another problem was the fire hazard created by the smokers; some part of the camp always seemed to be in danger. Then of course, a fall from the flying fox was not an enjoyable short-term experience.

From the teachers' point of view it was regrettable that in general students failed to make their beds, with the exception of one lodger who boasted "I never, never, never let my hands be idle instead of bed-making."

The teachers were also disappointed that students do not always make use of the most delicate and polite expressions in the English Language. However, the students believe that this is a narrow-minded view of language: dam, rats, gosh, darn, etc. are not 'bad' words.





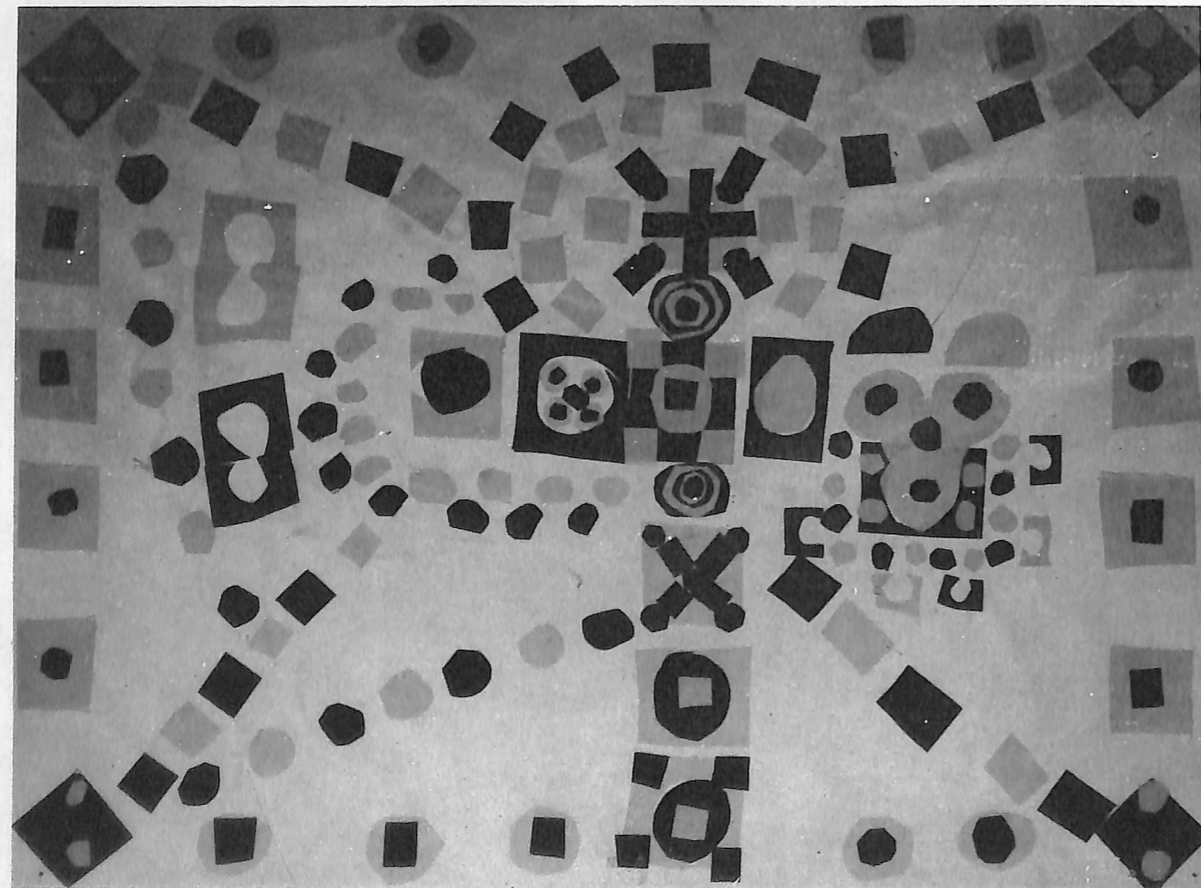
YUMIKO SUGIYAMA

— I've been here for 7 months. When I first came here, I couldn't speak English. Actually, we have to study English at school in Japan, so I knew some words like "Hello", "Thank-you" and very simple sentences. But first of all I had trouble with hearing. I couldn't understand what the teacher was talking about. So I was just sitting and doing nothing. It was not too bad, because I didn't have to do all the work. I like school here better than in Japan where we have to go to school 6 days a week. We have to do 13 or 14 subjects, which means we can't choose the subjects by ourselves. Of course we have got a lot of homework to do. In Japan I didn't like Maths, because it was too hard for me (and the Maths teacher was awful). But it is the only subject I can understand here and it's all right now.

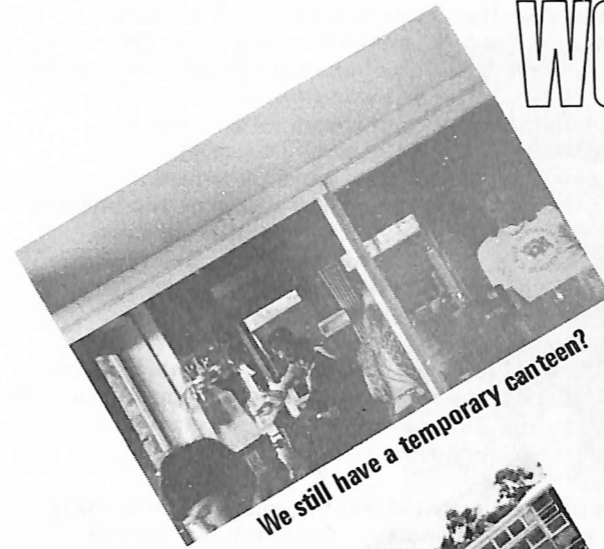
It is very funny for me to have free dress day. And I like to buy a pie for lunch. Usually, I get pie and sauce and chocolate doughnut. I eat doughnut first, then I eat pie. My friends

always say, you should eat pie first and then eat doughnut I don't have to eat pie first. They asked me if that is a Japanese way. I eat pie last just because I like pie best. It's not just about pie and doughnut, if I do something different they would think, all Japanese people act like me. It is very funny for me.

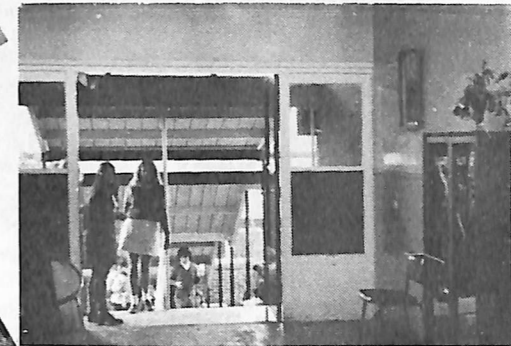
Many people ask me questions, and most of them ask me same things. They asked me "Where do you come from?" How many brothers and sisters have you got? These sort of questions millions of times. But sometimes they ask me about Japan, and there are many things I can't answer. . . customs, religion, history and things like that. I don't really know about them. Before I came here I didn't like Japan. Japanese people are too busy, parents are too strict. We've got too many things to do for school, and I'd forgotten all the good things in Japan. When Australian people asked me about Japan, I am reminded all these things. Now I like Japan and I like Australia, too.



WOULD YOU BELIEVE....



We still have a temporary canteen?



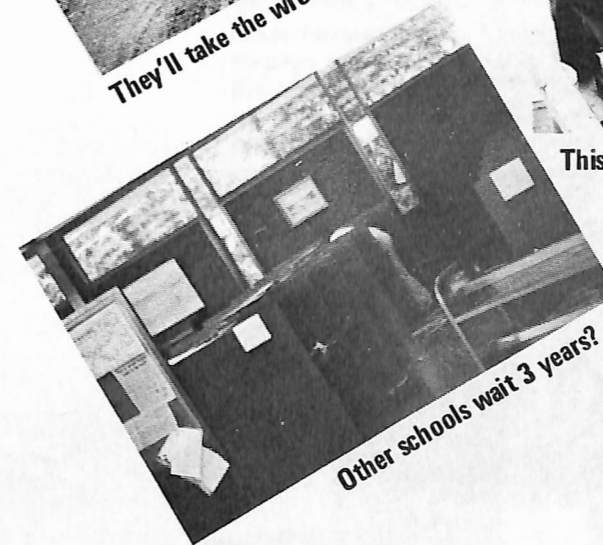
The Premier is coming?



They'll take the wrong box — with luck?



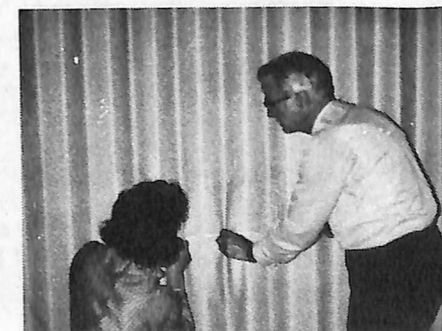
This place is a fire hazard?



Other schools wait 3 years?



A coat of paint will keep us together?



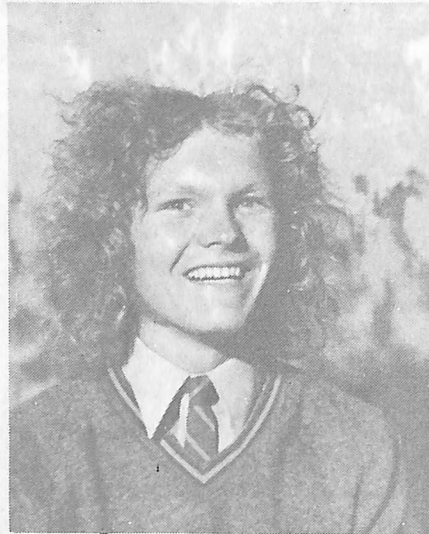
We're coming apart at the seams?

THE CASE FOR FEMINISM

In 1975 the women of the world were kindly allotted a year of their own — 'International Women's Year' — a token gesture or a move towards an understanding of the demands of the Women's movement? The Women's Liberation groups come in for a great deal of criticism from many sections of the community, the cause of which is the lack of understanding of so many people of the aims and objectives of the Movement. Well, just what do they want?

Feminism is the extension of the activities of women in social and political life and in this I feel we can find the essence of the women's movement. Women wish to be recognised as responsible and able members of the community who deserve a right to be heard. They are not asking to be better than men, they merely wish to be given equal opportunities in many areas of their lives.

One major area of discrimination is the media, and in particular advertising. Producers use women as a means of selling their products — they are sprawled across all manner of consumer goods in order to make these goods more attractive in appearance to the buyer. Women are portrayed as ignorant, scatter-brained dolly-birds whose sole purpose in life is to please the man of their dreams. This degradation of women in advertising carries through from the glossy magazine covers to real life where women feel they must maintain this standard in order to live up to the expectations of males.



A LONG (SHORT) STORY

The crowd went mad as Slick Sam kicked his hundredth goal for the game, and just after the umpire bounced the ball in the centre, Sam had it before it was on the way down and, as he had done again and again, he kicked another goal before the opposition could blink.

Sam had kicked his one-hundred and first goal before the first quarter was over. As the siren rang for the end of the quarter, Slick Sam sprinted to his coach while the opposition, weary from trying to keep up with him, trudged to their coach, who in his younger days used to be known as

Politics also offers a further area of discrimination — there are only five female representatives in the Federal Parliament (less than 2.7% of representatives). The structure of political parties prevents women from being given opportunities to run for Parliament, instead they are encouraged to help their husband by engaging in fund raising activities and organising social gatherings.

The education system also offers a form of discrimination against women, particularly in the formation of early attitudes in the primary level of education. Children are placed in roles by teachers who consider that the old way is the best way and who refuse to allow equal opportunities for the child's development. I can recall that at the State School I attended separate 'monkey-bars' for girls and boys were provided, the boys' 'monkey-bar' being much larger and more challenging. In many High Schools there is discrimination in the choice of subjects for girls and boys.

Laws offer a substantial area for improvement as many present laws are discriminatory towards both men and women. However the recent passing of the Family Law Bill has been a milestone in obtaining a better position and protection for married women.

However, these formal acknowledgements of the increased status of women are not of any real use unless attitudes can be changed and it is the hope of many feminists that it will be the young who implement these changes in attitude.

Jenny Fitzgerald, 6A.

Hurricane Harry. At the end of the game "Slick" had kicked his thousandth goal, while the other team had yet to score.

Slick Sam was only fifteen years old and he could run faster than a racehorse, jump as high as footballers, and could kick a football and, he could outdodge anyone. Everyone was after him; some teams were even offering twelve million dollars for him.

Ever since he joined the current football club he is in, they have never lost a premiership and if you're ever asked to play football, make sure it isn't in the same competition that Slick Sam plays in, but if it is refuse immediately without giving it a second thought.

Edward Pearce, 4D.

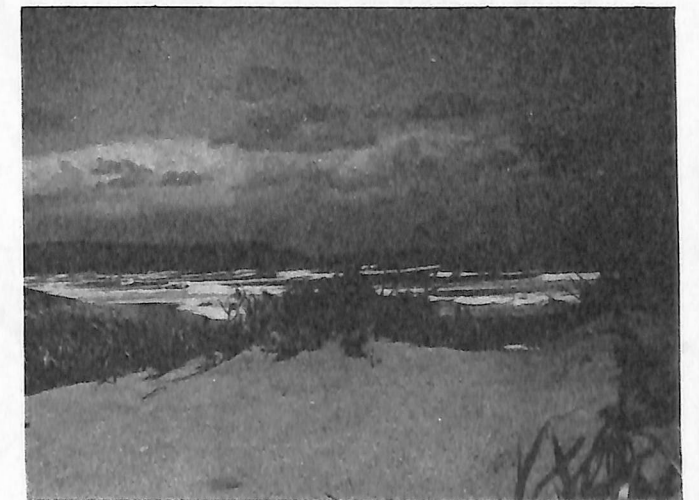


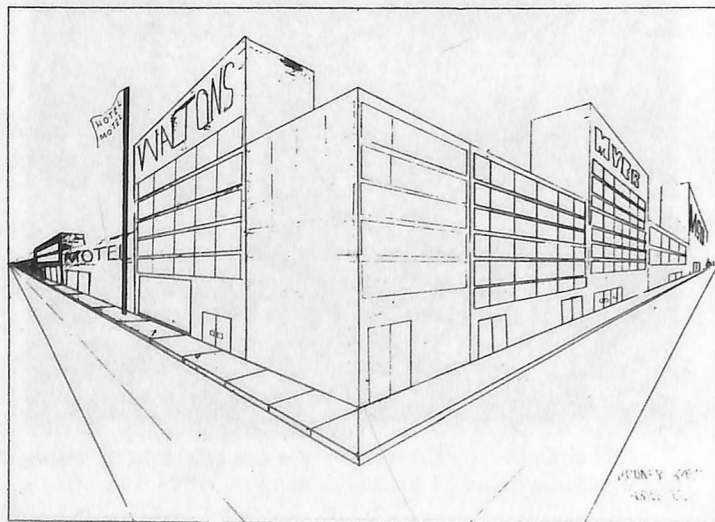
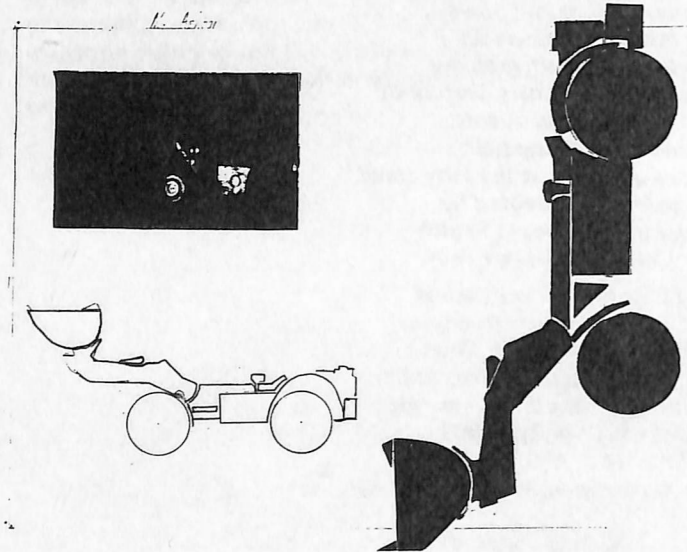
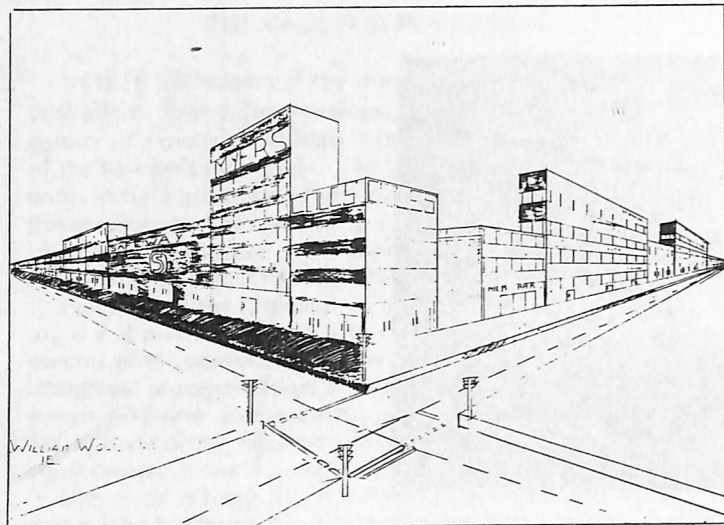
LIQUID REWARDS

The sun creeps through the bamboo blinds and plays on my eyelids until I wake. Easing out of my hammock I sleepily climb out of my secure little tree hut, grab my board and head for the beach. Luscious greenery surrounds me, leading to the palm-fringed golden sands. A soft, welcoming, off-shore breeze flows through my hair, then whispers out to sea. My pace quickens as the salty smell tingles my nose. Rounding the point, I am greeted by perfection; the early morning rise usually means I catch some of the cream that Mother Ocean pumps out daily.

Never fast enough can I reach the water: a lively paddle through the stimulating cool of Balinese waters hypes up the senses. The first swell draws closer, adrenalin flows freely, then I am sucked back by a crystal shaft, feet touch board, a lifeless freefall into semi-transparent, shimmering dome which supremely surrounds me. Infinity seems captured in a few seconds until reality breaks through as I glide across an aqua mirror, onwards to more liquid rewards.

Murray Jones, 4F.





Jackson looked over his shoulder. The machine seemed to be closer, but he couldn't be sure. He increased his pace, running quite fast now, until he reached the cover of an old, broken-down fence. He was breathing heavily, his heart throbbing with overwhelming fear.

This great metal monster had come to destroy him! Those smart office men with their executive clothes and fancy way of talking had said that if he didn't move out of his home, they would move him.

Jackson had disregarded this warning as a bluff, had not been disturbed.

He watched the monster as it belched smoke, knocked down trees and scrub with ease. He knew that if it caught him it would surely flatten him with the same ease.

He breathed harshly, his body drenched with sweat.

When he had first come to Smithtown his aim had been to get a place where he could be alone; his youth had departed, he was now a retired teen-age idol. At the age of thirty-four he had turned his back on the expensive, luxurious life, the glamorous times, and walked out into the cold, empty night, hoping to find an escape from it all. Within a short time he had settled in Smithtown, having purchased a few acres and built a small but comfortable shack.

These few years had been so peaceful . . . No-one to bother him; no-one to question him; no-one to answer to; he could come and go as he pleased . . . He seldom left his property, except to buy supplies once a month. It seemed that all he had wanted in life was suddenly happening for him.

When the council men had come along one day, saying that they wanted to buy him out so that they could extend the town, the anger had built up inside him. He had stubbornly refused to be bought out of his hard won freedom.

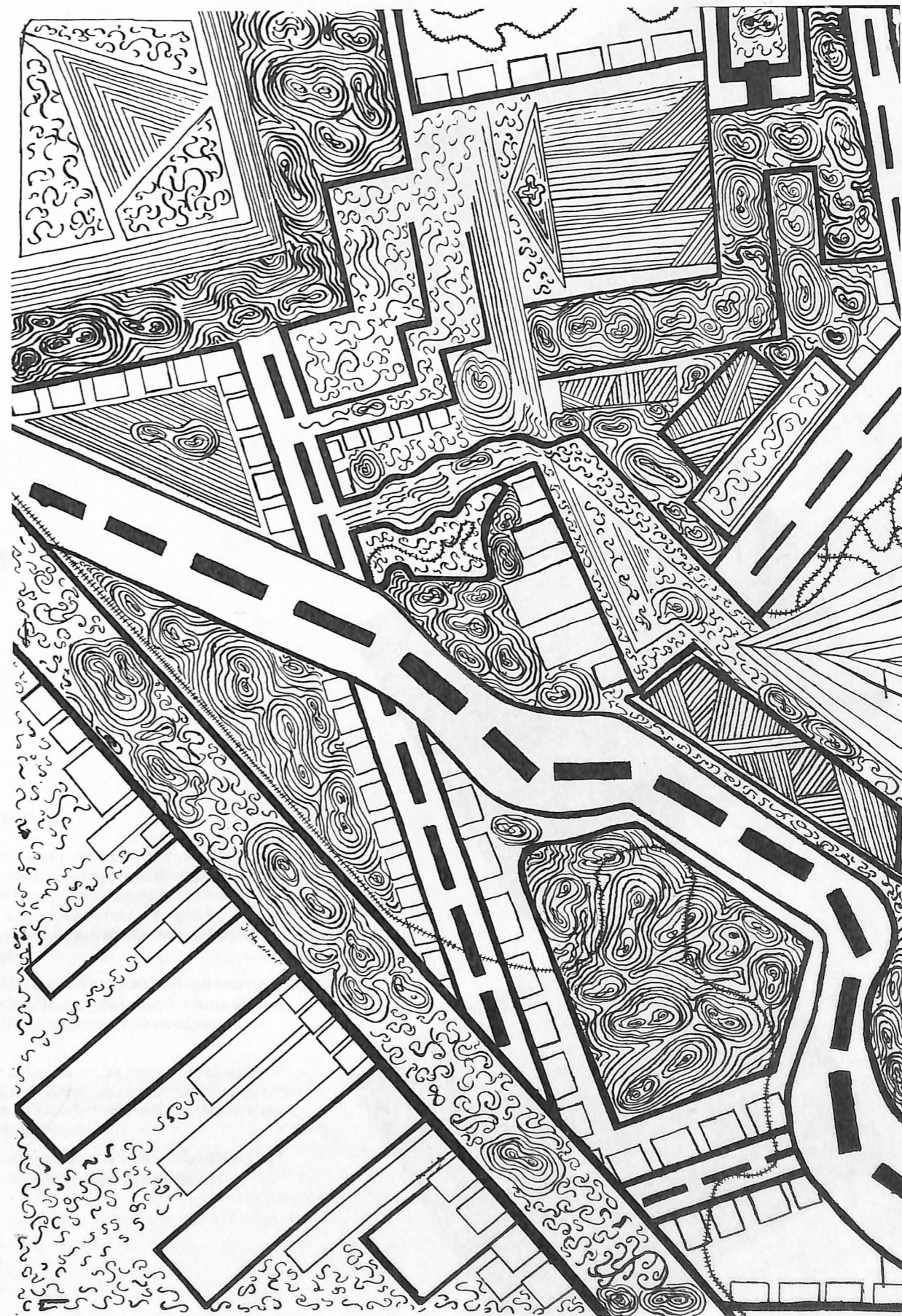
Then they had pressured him, told him he must eventually sell; continued to prepare the surrounding acres for their city . . . How dear it was to him! The tears rolled down his face, he clasped his arms around his head, to keep out the noise of the monster.

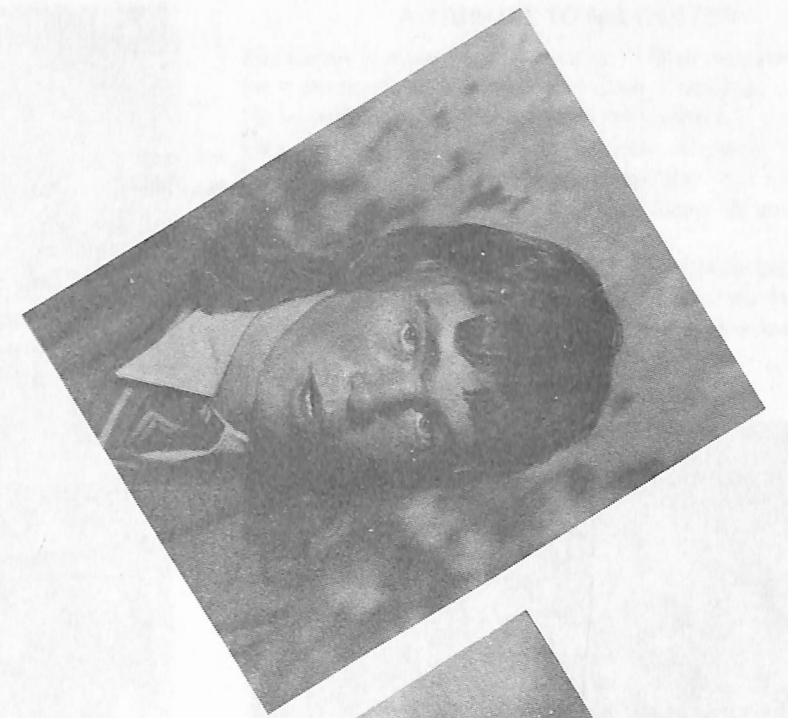
Cautiously he looked up: he could see the machine, heaving itself towards him. He tried to run but his feet would not move, his heart leapt to his throat, his breathing was uneven, like that of a dying man . . .

His arms thrashed madly against his damp pillow. Suddenly he woke, his tear-stained face reflecting in the mirror. It had been one hell of a nightmare! He was drenched with sweat, hot and sticky. The fear of this dream would follow him until he had done what he now knew he must.

Tomorrow he would visit the council men, sell his property for whatever they wanted to pay; it wasn't money he wanted, but freedom. He would collect his few small possessions and continue his journey in search of this.

Lily Francis, 3C.





A TALL STORY

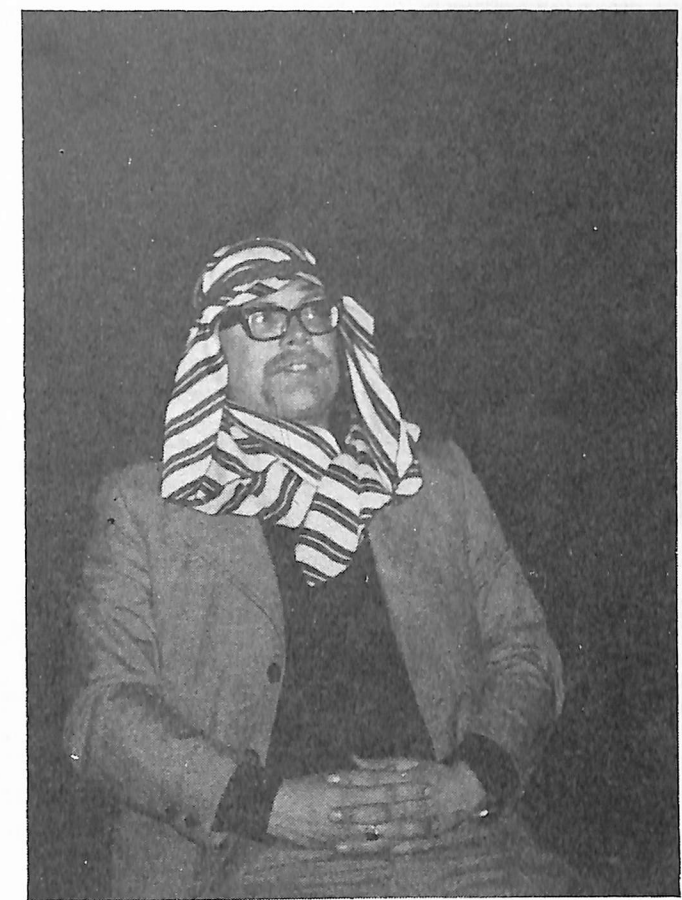
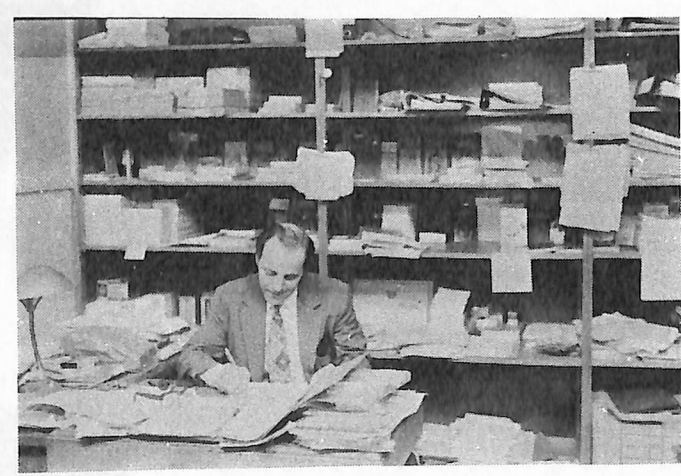
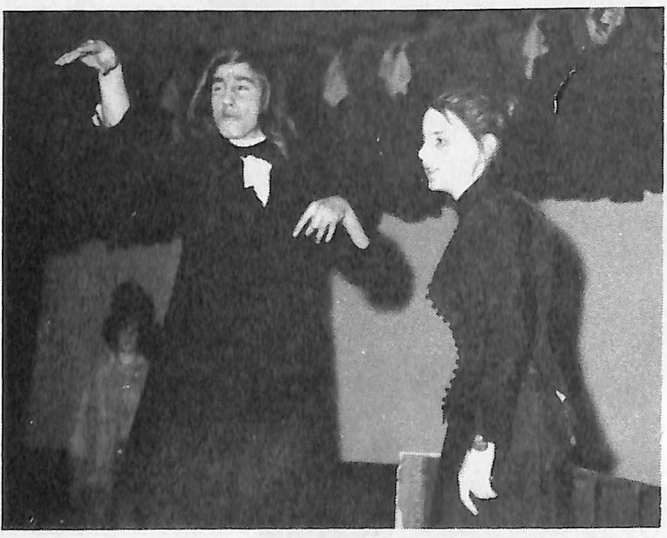
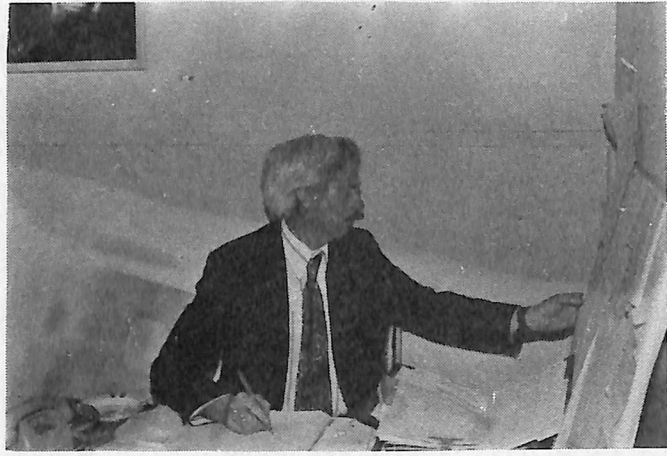
A TALL STORY by David Edwards, 4D

"Go", bellowed the judge and the fishermen shot off in various directions carrying their fishing rods and tackle as though they had gold fever. One clumsy enthusiast in his eagerness to get to the river, lost his footing and caught ~~his~~ ~~rod~~ in the ground in front of him and as a consequence jumped so high that he equalled the pole vault record. His pursuers fell like dominoes behind him. Joe Blunder, the village simpleton, neatly stepped aside and was the only participant to reach the bank of the river in one piece.

On opening his bait box he found, to his horror, that the maggots he caught three months before had turned into flies. Before Joe Blunder could recite the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner", they were up and away. Thanks to his lightning reactions he caught one and proceeded to attach it to his bent pin.

No one could say that Joe Blunder was an experienced fisherman, but the way he pulled out the river's population suggested that he could fish before he could see. The fish swooped for the bait river's population suggested that he could fish before he could see. The fish swooped for the bait afternoon two lorries were overloaded with fish.

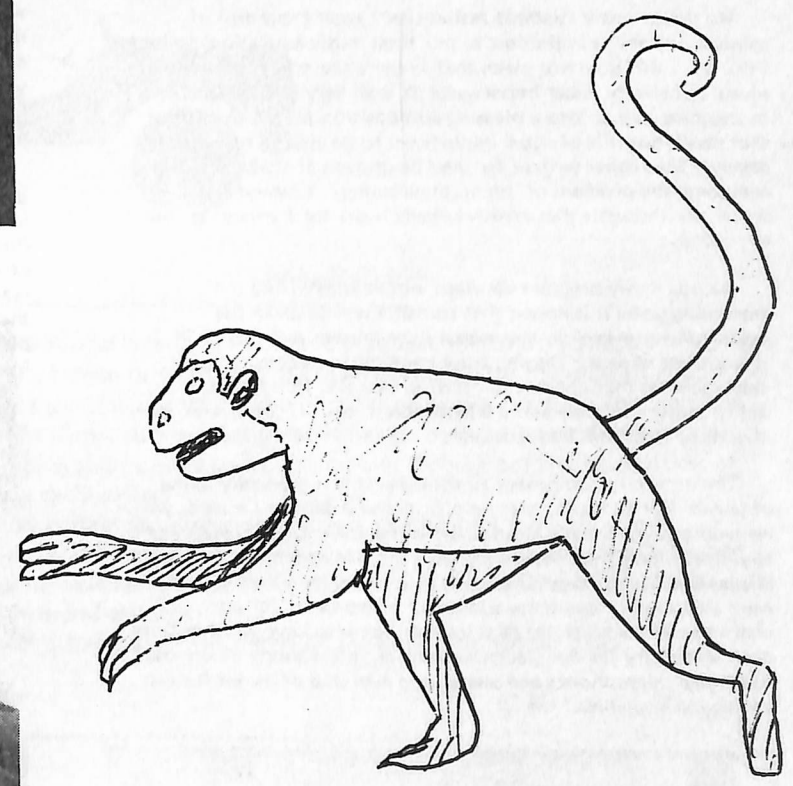
The competition came to an end and the scales were not needed to decide the victor. Joe Blunder tottered home, not only with his ten dollars bur with the esteem of the whole town.



A TRIBUTE TO MR CARTER

Mr. Carter is mine English Teacher, I shall not work,
He maketh me to do Precis and Clear Thinking,
He leadeth me towards the brink of insanity,
He restoreth mine faith in the dinkum language, "Orstralian",
He guideth me towards repeating my fifth year again.
Yea, though I'd like to ram Macbeth down his neck,
I shall contain myself,
For I fear I shall receive even more Brave New World essays.
Thou preparrest two exams which have revolted mine stomach.
Thou anointest mine brains with Under Milkwood,
And I do fear it hast all overflowed.
Surely you shall not follow me
All my school life,
And I beg of you Mr. Carter
Will you please let thy future sixth form student
complete Matric without thou dwelling in the classroom.
again.

With love from a
**CONSCIENTIOUS FIFTH-
FORM ENGLISH STUDENT.**



POUND

We know that you don't want to look,
For your long lost school book
You always have that excuse
You book is lost thus not in use
But have you considered poor ol' pound.
Which has your property, if it's been found
**COME AND SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY!!
IS YOUR BOOK HERE? JUST MIGHT BE!**

By a Poetic Pound Monitor.

MUSIC



1975

1975 has witnessed some important and exciting changes in music of Norwood. Gradually room 28 is being equipped with some of the basic materials necessary for our music program which is deeply involved in 'creative music'.

No doubt many students realise that I regard this area of musical activity as important to our total music education. Indeed I do. But this does not mean that I regard the academic side of music as being of lesser importance. It is all very well to be able to organise sounds into a pleasing composition (a task that is not that easy), but it is of equal importance to be able to research and discover how other writers, be they Beethoven or Wakeman, have overcome the problem of 'sound organisation'. I mention this to dispel any thoughts that creative music is the total answer to music education.

As our music program develops and adjusts during the oncoming years it is hoped that students will be given the opportunity to explore and widen their musical experience in many areas of music ranging from contemporary electronic and tape recorder music; film music; rock, jazz and folk music; and get to know and understand a little about 'the hit composers' of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries.

The necessary equipment to allow for this is gradually being obtained. For example, with help from the Advisory Council, we were able to purchase a Synthesiser and amplifier. Both pieces of equipment have been constantly used by many enthusiasts since this equipment has been at school. Also, through a Karmal grant, we were able to purchase some additional instruments for our instrumental students. By next year we hope to have another tape deck (necessary for our electronic music), microphone mixer and additional microphones and also a long over due drum kit for our percussion students.



We can look forward to an exciting year. Not that this year has not had its moments of happy and occasionally tense, excitements. Early in the year a group of 30 first formers braved the stage of the Camberwell Civic Centre to perform some contemporary music which was well received. Then we had a group of second formers who had the privilege of taking part in a Pilot recording of a new Music Program to be presented by the A.B.C. next year. They had a 'wow' of a time in at the studio discussing and playing music on a wide range of instruments including three synthesiers. There were no restrictions placed on the amount of sound they could produce. This pleased them immensely.

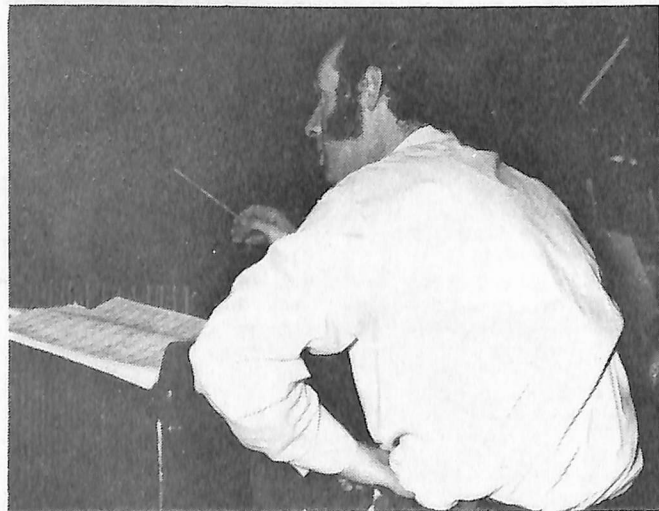
Perhaps the highlight of the year (up to this point in time) was the performance of 'Scenes from Dickenson London' which involved over 120 students from forms 1-4. Not only was this a financial success, the production produced a wonderful spirit of co-operation between staff and students. Many students and teachers displayed hidden talents and should feel very proud of their achievement. Of course, we must not forget the patience and pianistic ability of the other important member of our music staff Miss Modra.

Unfortunately, our instrumental students had little opportunity to display their talent this year. Time was against us. Never-the-less, now that we have Mr. D. Webster on our music staff we can look forward to some fine concerts next year. Also with rock groups being formed and guitar lessons starting, we will be able to cater for all musical tastes - a fine thought.

The instrumental music results are just at hand and congratulations must go to the students (who had to overcome many difficulties) and their teachers Mrs. Barton, Mrs Brown, Mr Barby, Mr Davis and Mr Williams.

With what we have learnt this year and our enthusiasm for what is ahead of us - the world of music looks very inviting.

D.H.



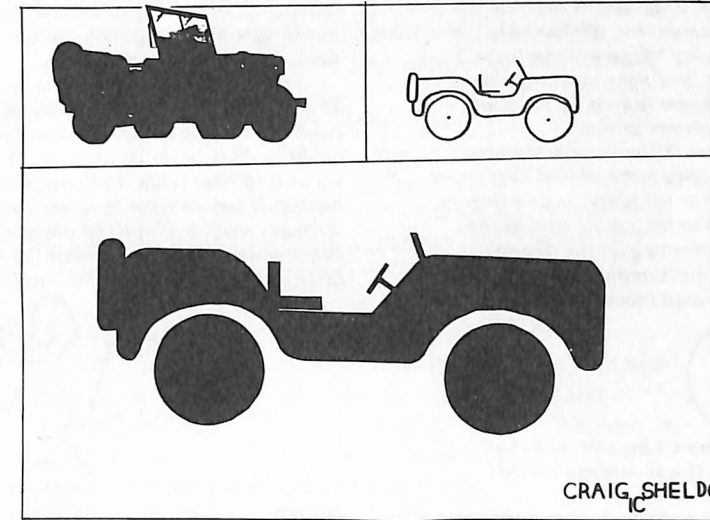
REVOLUTION - WHAT IS IT?

Revolutions (attempted or successful) have recently occurred in the following countries: Angola, Portuguese Timor, Portugal, Greece, Cambodia, Vietnam, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, and Bangladeish. Why revolution in these countries? What is the meaning and purpose of revolution.

"Freedom, that terrible word inscribed on the chariot of the storm, is the motivating principle of all revolutions. Without it, Justice seems inconceivable to the rebel's mind. There comes a time however when justice demands the suspension of freedom." - A. Camus.

The quote typifies the problems of all revolutions in that it is always true that a conflict will arise between the people's desire for the freedom and participation in politics for which they fought and the revolutionary government's preoccupation with the holding of power. Hence the truth in the statement that 'absolute power corrupts absolutely!'

Revolutions are nearly always achieved by extra-constitutional force. It is a universally accepted truth that in order to seize power it is necessary to use force. Existing power structures will not give way voluntarily so it is always necessary to destroy them through the use of force.



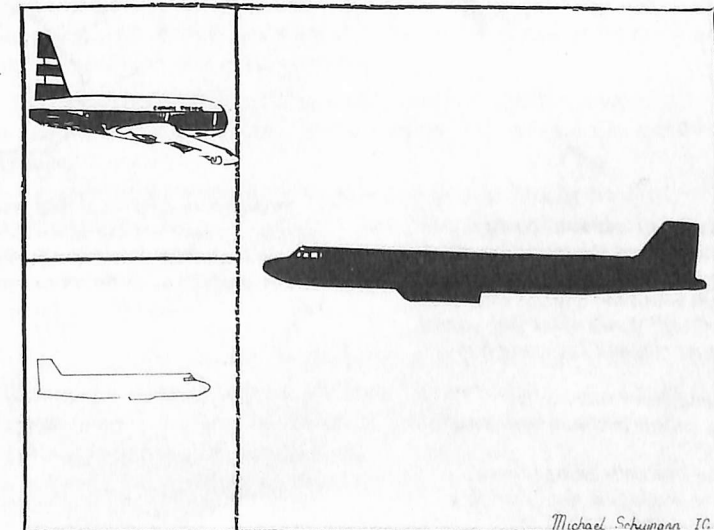
CRAIG_SHELDON
IC

The purposes of revolution are many: Liberty, equality, political freedom, economic freedom, protection of the workers and peasants or socialism. But a major problem in achieving any of these reforms is to maintain contact with the mass of supporters. The non-fulfillment of objectives will lead to criticism of the government which it will see as an attack on the revolution and hence try to suppress any opposition. Opposition represents a threat to a revolution so it has to be quashed at all costs as it will prevent revolutionaries from maintaining and consolidating their power bases. Ultimately throughout the eradication of opposition the revolution will destroy more freedom than it can achieve.

Revolutionaries face many problems once they have successfully attained power. But is revolutionary means more effective than democratic means? For those who wish to achieve dramatic reforms and basic changes to society the only way is through revolution. The overthrow of the Allende government is an illustration of where a left wing government which was democratically elected was unable to achieve all of its reforms and changes.

Long Live the Revolution! Mao's words: "Political power grows out of the barrel of the gun," are indeed true.

C. McKenzie, 6C.



Michael Schumann IC

TINTINNABULUM

Far away in the midst of my dreams I could hear the incessant clamour of bells. They seemed to be playing a familiar tune, and as my family and I walked out of Australia House, London, there were all the bells of the church of St. Clemens peeling out that old and very familiar tune, "Orange and Lemons". We walked along, hand in hand, singing the words, and wondering if we would have any regrets about leaving the "old country".



Risking our lives, we ran across the road and boarded a red London bus. "Ding-dong!" went the bell, and we bounced and swayed up the stairs to the front seat of the bus, leaving the sounds of St. Clemens behind us.

What was that insistent ringing then, something like the monotonous whine which accompanies bagpipes? It must be the bagpipes at the "Baron of Beef". Yes, there it is, all flood-lit, standing on the roof of the porch, playing "Scotland the Brave". Later he will pipe in the "Baron" itself, but right now something else has attracted my attention: a Beefeater is holding the door open for us, a young dark-skinned Beefeater at that.

The only Beefeaters I ever saw at the Tower were middle-aged to elderly, semi-retired, military men. They were all well spoken, were delighted to answer questions about the place, and its history, and liked to have their photos taken with their arms around the young ladies. Their smiles and their uniforms gave the Tower such a friendly festive air that it was almost impossible to imagine all the ghastly deeds which were performed there in the past.



Admittedly the "Traitor's Gate", looks a bit grim and that bell doesn't help matters — I wonder if it was ringing like that when Anne Booleyn was there?

My sleeping body tosses around and curls up in a new position.

"Turn again Wittington, thou worthy citizen, Lord Mayor of London!" Of course it is the sound of Bow Bells, and there is Dick Wittington sitting on the milestone looking down on London Town. This is the London that belonged to the Cockney, the Pearlies, and the Costemongers with their rhyming slang. I'll just ask this man the way to Petticoat Lane.

"Yeah, Well, Yer take a ball o' chalk down this 'ere frog an' toad, yer turns left at the rub a dub, and yet follers yer I suppose. Yer can't miss it."

Can't I? I think I will stay here with Dick and his cat. It is nice and restful with puss purring on my knee.

Puss is not purring; it is that incessant bell and it is louder now. It is getting on my nerves, like the hum of the television set when it is not quite tuned in; or when the aerial needs to be turned around; or that television advertisement when the woman rings the bell on the door, Ding dong, "Avon calling". I will never buy a door bell with those chimes; they really annoy me, and I am sure it is only because of the advertisement.

With the clamour of the bells growing ever louder in my still half-sleeping brain, I plump up my pillow and bury my head beneath it.

That is much better. It sounds more like bells being played on an organ now. Perhaps it is the organist playing the "Wedding March".



Here I am, about to go down the aisle on my father's arm. I am so nervous that they could be playing "It's a long way to Tipperary". I would not be able to tell the difference. I am dimly aware of passers-by stopping to look; and all the people, our relations. What a lot of them, standing in their pews with their heads screwed around!

Dare I giggle; or shall I trip over, so that we can all have a good laugh and break the tension! Too late: my husband-to-be is taking my hand; the vicar is smiling and taking us through the wedding service; the register is signed, and as the sound of bells and organ music resound through the church, relatives on both sides are smiling and blowing their noses.

We kept the top layer of the cake for the christening of our first-born. The only bells we heard that day were the little tin ones on his reins. We had postponed the christening until a certain person could be back in the country, to be godfather, and our son had reached toddler stage. The jingling of his bells accompanied the baptismal service until they were drowned by the screams of an outraged small boy with an aversion to having water on his face. Peace was not fully restored until he was busily munching the sugar bells, which had decorated the wedding-christening cake.



I am dimly aware of being too hot. The air is very close, because of the pillow on my face, and it is filled with the buzzing of bells or of flies.

Now I am on my way to Mecca with Winifred Steggar, recalling vivid scenes from her book, "Always Bells". Her husband is an Indian camel driver in Australia; he is also a Moslem who wishes to journey to Mecca. Winifred, although not a Moslem herself, is determined to risk her life and go with him.

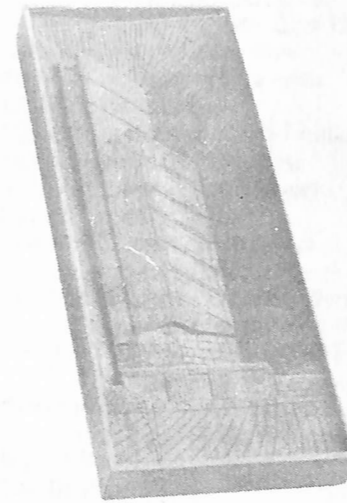
We get into some terrifying and some funny situations on the way, especially in the Mosques where we do not know the procedures and have to copy everyone around us. On the way home from Mecca we see the crew dump many things overboard before we realise there is cholera on board, and that these are the dead victims. I watch one sheet-clad corpse splash down into the water and feel myself sinking down, down, into the greeny blue sea. The ship's bell is clanging all the while.

I come out from under the pillow, gasping and gulping for air, fully awake now, with the alarm still jangling away beside me.



Thankful to be alive in bed instead of dead at the bottom of the ocean, I turn off the alarm and prepare myself to meet yet another alarm bell — not the telephone, or the bicycle bell, not yet the cow bell; but one far more regular and domineering — the school bell.

by Daphne Smith, 6A.



Why is it that we do not feel sympathy for the characters of 'Brighton Rock' by G. Greene, even though we see them as imperfect human beings?

Hale, a character worth examining, is a scared and frightened person who is running away from 'the whole mob who he had met in the dark. Hale is eventually killed by this cruel vindictive mob. Hale has no relatives but Ida attempts to discover exactly how Hale dies. Left as it is Hale may have received our sympathy yet we realise that his killing must have had a reason. We become aware that Kolly Kibbler was 'in with Colleoni and got Kite killed'. Knowing this we feel Hale may have received his just desert thus we feel no sympathy for him.

Rose seems to only have one side — a good side. On closer examination we discover that her character is not entirely good. Her total love and admiration for Pinkie is often made painfully obvious. Despite her devotion, Rose is not totally subservient to Pinkie she is prepared to use blackmail to obtain her way. But she is to be damned or die with Pinkie. Rose's apparent "goody" appearance is deceptive in that she does have her faults as is shown when she hurts unintentionally her friend Dasie. Our sympathy is not forthcoming for Rose since we are able to see that Pinkie could just as soon kill Rose or entice her to commit suicide. While Ida is able to realise that Rose is in love with Pinkie, that Rose would be killed by Pinkie if necessary, Rose is unable to see this . . .

Rose is not totally naive about Pinkie but is still prepared, to live with him, to live in damnation with Pinkie and to bear Pinkie's children. Rose saw it as an honour. We have no sympathy for Rose because we can see she was not conned but lived with the facts as she knew them.

Ida is promiscuous, loving and enjoying life to the fullest because she believed that once dead there is no heaven or hell but a certain spiritual plane. Ida tracks down Hale's killers because it was 'a bit of fun' not because it was her sympathy . . . Her 'noble' interfering causes her to destroy Pinkie in her passion for revenge for Hale, she also endangers Rose's life by continuous questioning. Her very happiness prevents us from being sympathetic for Rose.

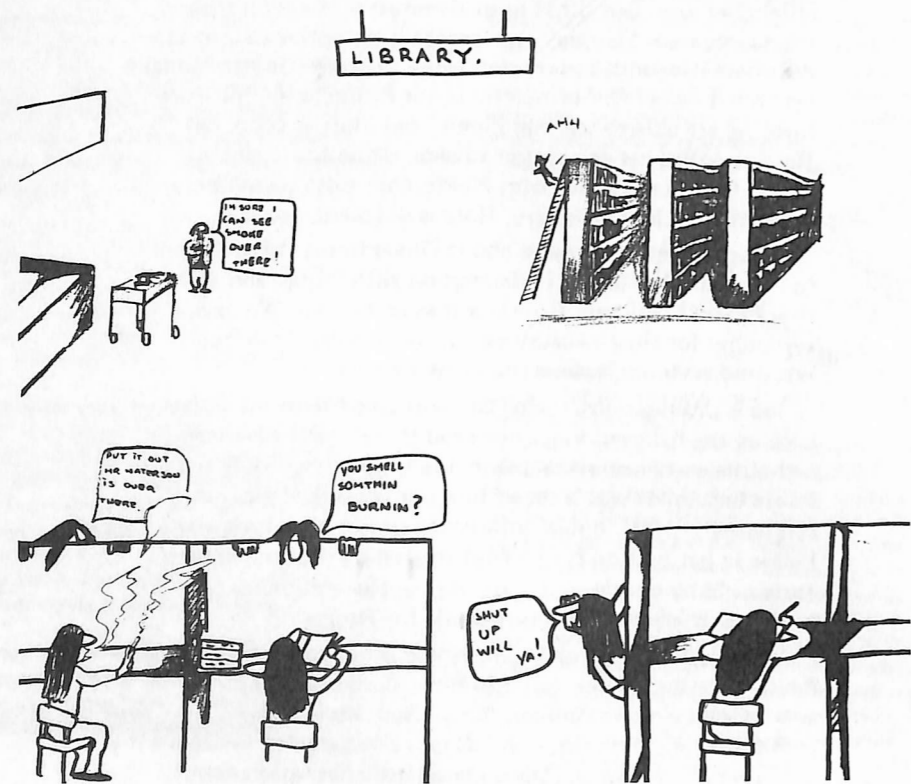
While appearing totally evil, Pinkie is not totally evil. Pinkie brought up in a world of razor slashes is a Catholic and believes only in damnation and Hell. He is very embittered and ambitious and cannot trust anyone consequently liking very few people. Pinkie shows little hesitation about killing anyone. In addition he is rarely tired and unsure, had these characteristics been more highlighted we may feel sympathy for Pinkie but we don't. His evilness and enjoyment of evil are beyond our comprehension.

The closeness of the Dallow-Pinkie relationship shows us a great deal about Pinkie — Dallow shows that Pinkie can exhibit trust and favour.

Other minor characters include Spicer and Cubitt both of whom turn yellow. We reject Spicer's cowardice because he cannot take what he dishes out. Cubitt on the other hand is a coward but wallows in self-pity eventually falling victim to Ida's scheming.

It is perhaps because of the failings of the human characters that we have no sympathy for them. Greene is able to highlight these failings and also the pride of the characters in their own failings which faintly disgusts us.

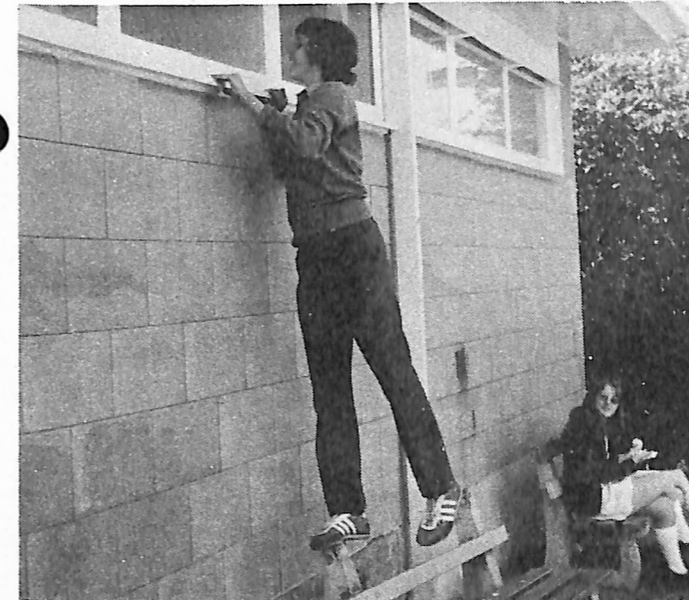
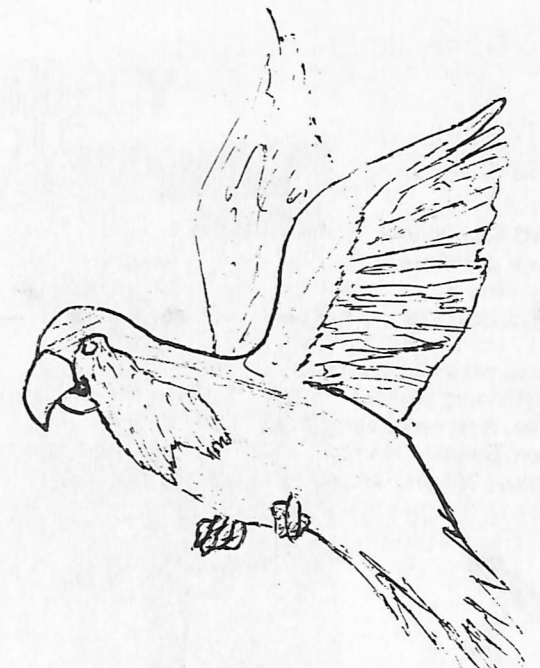




FOUR REQUESTS: THE EPITAPH OF TWO OVERWORKED FORM FIVERS

Now I lay me down to sleep
 With my homework in a heap.
 If I die before I wake,
 Grant these four requests I make,
 Put my English by my feet,
 Tell Mr. Carter it got me beat.
 Put my art upon my chest,
 Tell Mr. Gange I did my best.
 Put my history by my hand,
 Tell Mrs. Enright I didn't understand.
 Put my Chemistry by my side,
 And tell Mrs. Elgood I'm GLAD I died.

Altered version from "Keynote".
 Alterations magnificently executed by:
 Nina Jurkow, 5A
 Sue Gibson, 5B

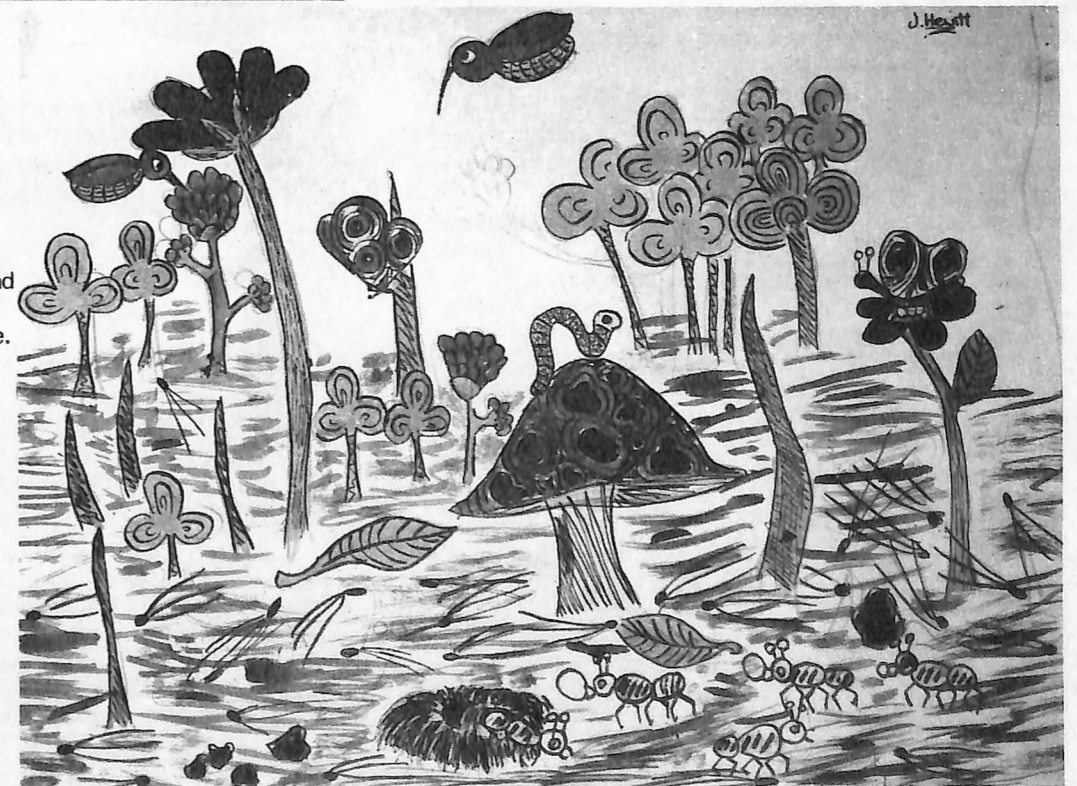


LAMENT OF THE TERRIBLE FOUR

Someone who shouldn't is up on the roof
 And someone's been pushed down the steps;
 The glass has been smashed in a window or door —
 Some one has spat, and somebody swore
 And THEY'RE looking for someone to catch.
 Now, who'll get the blame,
 And who'll pay the score?
 Well — US,
 Yes — US — the Terrible Four,
 Willie and Bazza and Micko and Claw,
 We'll be the ones — you can bet.
 We're ALWAYS the ones to get lumbered.
 So we'll have to watch out to escape Mr. Mills
 And Mr. Moore's pretty tough, too,
 And one or two others aren't too good as well —
 But Mr. McCarthy —
 OH BOY!

A wall of everlasting hope
 your heart unfolds like green
 grass slopes
 and like passing waters running
 by
 and like the calmness of the
 sky
 with movements gentle, soft and
 free
 you are giving your heart to me.
 With the warmth of live and
 laughter
 the world could live for
 everafter,
 but for now we must admit
 that it is content to sit
 and allow itself to become
 as bad as others, worse than
 some
 but for some consolation
 you may leap and with elation
 declare quite certainly
 my heart will live eternally

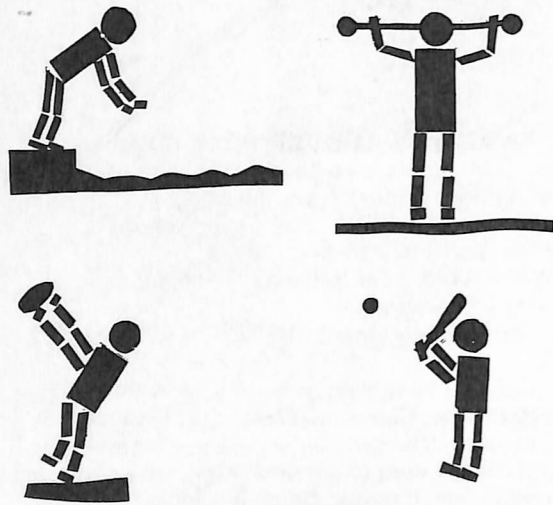
Julie Tasker, 4F



SPORTS

ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

Although our athletes finished third in the overall result they were by no means disgraced. The only disappointing aspect was the failure of our relay teams, at all levels, to train together. I am sure Donvale High, the winners, will get a surprise next year if our relay teams train. Outstanding athletes for 1975 were Chrissie Robinson, Phillip Ross, Anthony Bayne, Mark Venables, Derek Summerton, Stephen Harrison, Murray Steart, Mark Linger, Peter Bentley, Wayne Farquhar and Ian Goodochkin.



WINTER SPORT

Only four teams managed to win Group championships this year. This was a disappointing result because many teams put in a lot of hard work. Winning teams included the senior girls tennis, senior boys badminton, junior girls softball and junior girls volleyball. The senior girls tennis team members of Fiona and Sandra Nightingale, Janine Miller and Lynette Scotchmoore showed that their win was no fluke by winning the All High Schools Championship in Term III.

1975 saw an influx of staff members enthusiastic about sport and the benefits and rewards it brings. Many thanks to these people for their assistance to the sporting students — Mrs Morello, Mrs Wilson, Mrs Greenfield, Mrs Enright, Miss Lilburn, Mr Johnson, Mr Mills, Mr Bowden and Mr McCarthy. My sincere thanks for a job well done are also extended to all those senior students who assisted by coaching junior teams.



SWIMMING CARNIVAL

For the second time running Norwood won the Maroondah Group Swimming Sports held at Ringwood Pool. Amongst the stars were the new fish in form 1. Karen Anstee led the Under-13 girls to the ultimate prize — the All High Relay championship. Harry Frenkin and Stefan Morgan were two senior boys who led the whole team very capably. Norwood students in fact earned more points at the Eastern Zone finals than any of the other 36 schools. Other students to shine in the water were our regulars Kerri Reid, Gayle Hill, Steven Anstee. If the keen team spirit remains with the swimmers Norwood should win for many years to come.



CROSS COUNTRY

During the year Mr Barry Johnson began to get together a team of cross country runners for future years. I think that Norwood will have the basis of a strong team. Two outstanding performers this year were Janine McFadzean who became the Australian junior champion at the championships held in Perth and Anthony Bayne who shows great promise for the future.

D. Webb

NUCLEAR ENERGY



The development of nuclear technology during the twentieth century has seen the invention of atomic and hydrogen bombs in addition to atomic and breeder reactors. The world has welcomed with open arms these 'great' developments of science. How great are they really?

Atomic bombs were used in the pretence to end World War II. The result, catastrophic. In Hiroshima 70,000 were killed while at Nagasaki 36,000. In addition to deaths the possibility of mutations among the Japanese people living in these areas has been increased dramatically.

The Australian Government proposes to export Uranium to countries such as Japan, France, Iran, Germany and Italy. What is wrong with this policy? On the outside it would appear that Australia will gain millions if the deals go through. Estimates of revenue are in excess of \$10,000m. But what is the cost of such a venture?

There are three reasons for which the mining and sale of Uranium should be prohibited. Uranium is a known ingredient in all atomic warheads (it is used in hydrogen bombs) and as such can be used by any country with the technology to produce weapons. The point is illustrated

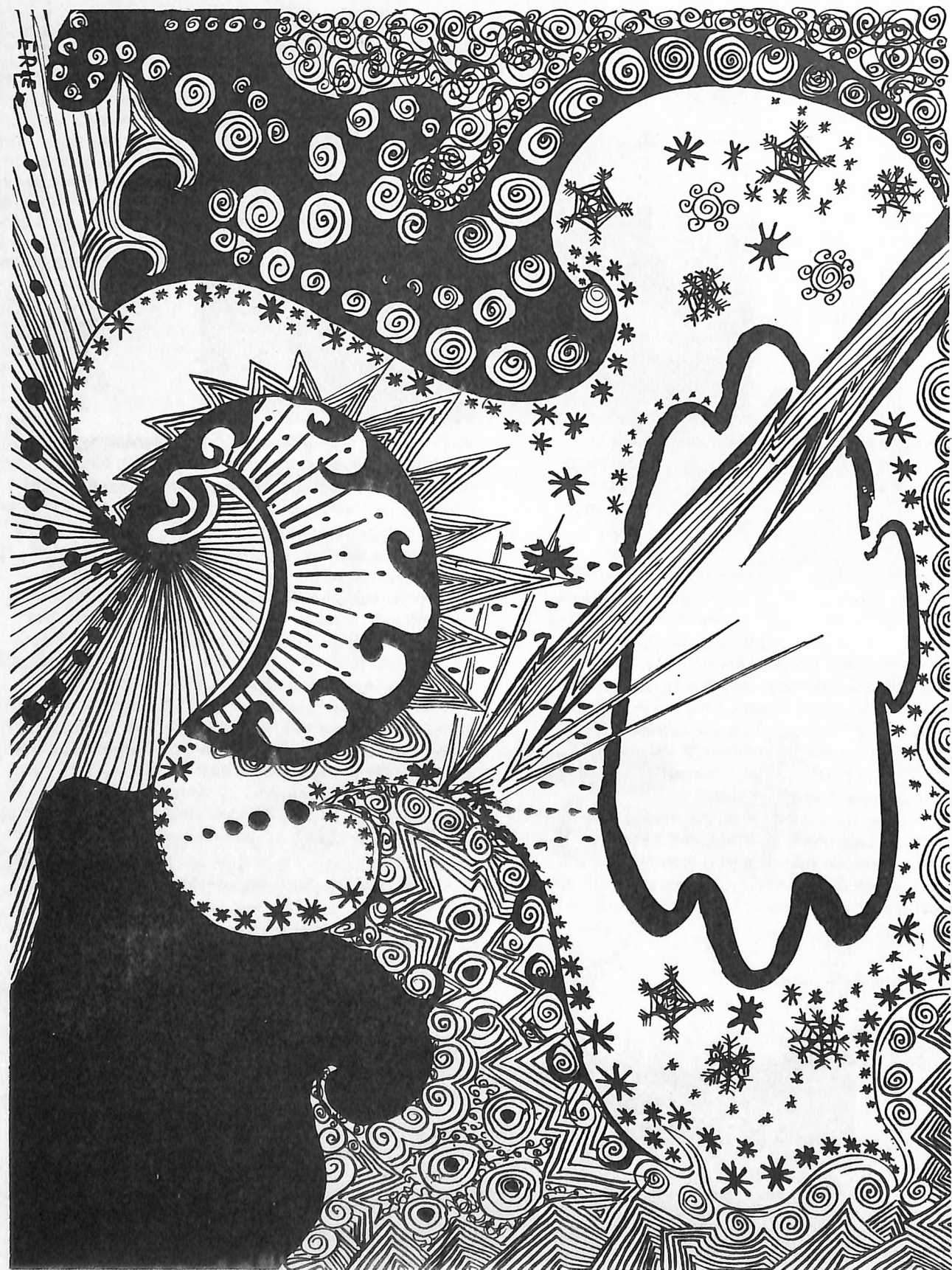
by the case of India where the Government was able to develop and detonate successfully an atomic bomb. Hence the sale of Uranium can only increase the temptation of countries to develop weapons. The proliferation of nuclear weapons should be stopped.

There are now operating many terrorist organisations throughout the world, e.g. I.R.A., or P.L.O. Many of these organisations will stop at nothing to achieve their political ends. Uranium and its derivatives because they are radio-active can be used as an extremely lethal form of blackmail to which any country would have to submit or face the extermination of some of its inhabitants.

Present storage methods as used for disposing of radioactive products are totally inadequate. The containers last for up to one hundred years while the waste is potent for hundreds of thousands of years.

While Nuclear Energy can bring many benefits to mankind it also has many disadvantages. Would not research on nuclear technology be better spent developing solar energy technology? The cost of using nuclear technology is very great. How much are you prepared to put up with?

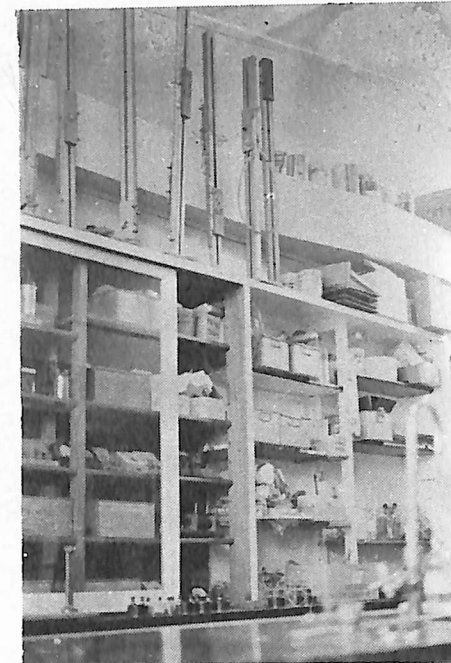




**THAT SCIENCE CONTRIBUTES MORE
TO THE COMMUNITY THAN ART**

No person can adequately judge how true this statement is, for the community is always made up of different sorts of people. Therefore it seems only reasonable that if you asked an artist about the statement he would, no doubt, refute it. On the other hand, if you asked a scientist, emphatic agreement would most probably occur. It is my personal contention, then, that science is what makes life comfortably livable but it is art that makes life worth living.

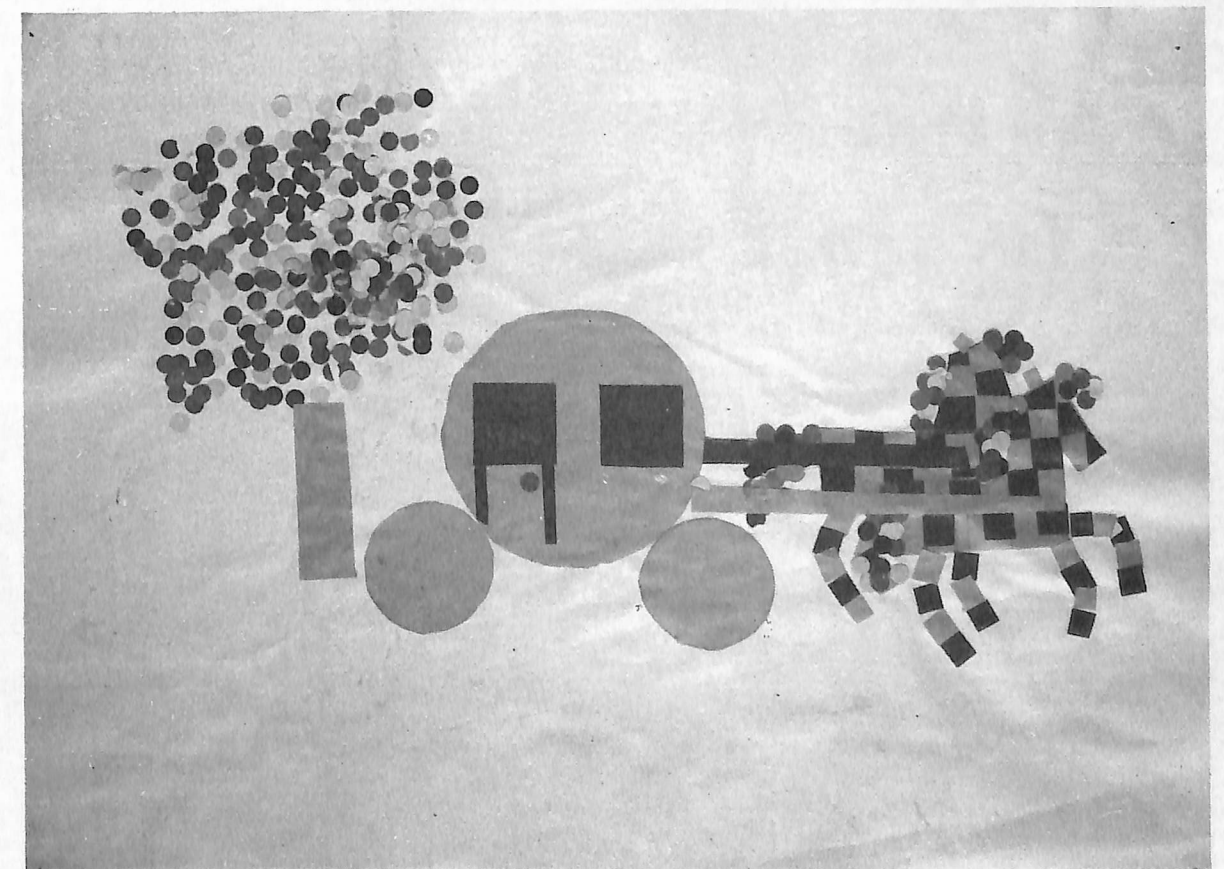
Take, for instance, the sanity-sustaining occupation of relaxation that everyone must indulge in in one form or another. Any sort of relaxation for the average man would involve more art than science if it involved the latter at all. To name a few: reading literature, going to films, plays, concerts, the art gallery — even television. Admittedly science is the factor that makes these possible, but it is the art in each and every one of them that attracts the individual to them. Even things that aren't built on a material artistic foundation such as gardening, fishing or hunting involve the most supremely gratifying of artistic creations — nature.



When one turns to nature as the supreme artistic achievement one cannot help but notice at the same time the scientifically amazing quality in nature. We come then to the concept of the science of every art. Each art form has a scientific foundation from which the artist may at his discretion deviate: the factor that makes all art personal.

We cannot help but see, then, a fact that is only TOO apparent: that, it is not that one contributes more to the community than the other, but that each contributes something different. They both are, too, in a way dependent upon each other. It is not at all that one adds more than the other, but that both add something unique and essential to Man's existence.

Doug Kneehans, 6A.





IT'S A LONG WAY

CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN TRIP

Bus (2) Nina Jurkow
Bus (1) Bruce Rhodes

Friday, 2nd May

Two bus loads of Norwoodians embarked on a memorable trip to the wild outback.

After lunch at Horsham, where Mr Mills' "unique" beach hat was the subject of endless marvelling, we headed to Murray Bridge for camp "numero uno".

"Playboy" centrefolds were pasted on the windows to provide passing drivers with eye exercises.

Due to our inability to erect tents, Mr (Bruce) Johnson lent an expert hand and thus managed to belt a tent peg into a water main, "Oh well we didn't really want a shower".

Saturday, 3rd May

Those up early enough saw Sue Biessel streak to the showers in a small, revealing pink towel.

After saying goodbye to Murray-Bridge we travelled to Adelaide for two free hours shopping.

We moved on to Mallalla (where) for a salad lunch, prepared by Jenny Robinson and Dianne Trengove.

Some complimentary person was quoted as saying:

"Hey how am I supposed to have a salad sandwich, when the 'camp-pie' is still in the tin?"

Camp was set up in the "scrub" outside Port Augusta by a railroad track. It was here we needed to take trips into the bush to relieve ourselves. A passing train received an interesting view of the countryside.



TO THE TOP

Sunday, 4th May

Travelled to Kingoonya (the main street being a cricket ground), where we had a "salad" lunch. After lunch it was off to Coober Pedy, where we were greeted by the "town thug", a thirteen year old, with six inch platforms, and an "ace-of-spades" taped to his back.

After visiting the tourist "haunts" we had a shower which cost 30c for three minutes.

Entertainment that night was provided by a local who rode up and down the main street on a motorbike holding a torch for light.

Monday, 5th May

Mrs Wilson's Birthday! After searching for opals, we set off, bus "one" holding celebrations while travelling.

After a salad lunch, Mrs Wilson, Miss Lillburn and "Bruce" were thrown into a stagnant water tank, which was near. Mr Mills wasn't thrown in as he made an offer that everyone refused.

After crossing the N.T. and S.A. border we camped at Victory Downs, where there was two busloads of celebration for Mrs Wilson.

We parked our bodies under the stars for an uneventful night, the only thing happening being a bus almost parking itself upon some of the "female folk".



BUT WE

Tuesday, 6th May

Visited Aborigines before leaving, then moved on to the "Rock".

After arriving we saw the points of interest, we were "dropped off", "somewhere" and told to walk back.

On reaching a forked road someone pulled out a coin and flipped it to see which way we should go.

As there was a mice plague, most of the night was spent getting mice out of your tent or spotlighting them. Mr Johnson (Bruce) managed with some effort to kill the first mouse, this resulted in a mouse killing rampage by some blood-thirsty students.

Wednesday 7th May

We saw the sun rise, and then after breakfast made the "climb". Because of high winds, we were forced to stagger up or as one resourceful student did, crawl up (I wonder who?).

Salad lunch was at the Olgas, then back to the "Rock" for "Joy" flights. Some day flight! There were many "green" people with jelly legs after it.

No-one was where they should have been that night, as another "Co-ed" school parked next to us.

Thursday, 8th May

We kissed the mice goodbye and moved on to the "Alice", stopping for morning tea with the aborigines and Mr Ebenezer, and for, yes, you guessed a salad lunch.

After arriving at Alice Springs, it was off to the local pool for our weekly wash.

Night entertainment was a court case convicting "Bruce" with murdering a mouse and "Bat" Walker for disobeying Mrs Wilson's orders.



MADE IT!!

Friday, 9th May

Morning was spent on foot, buying presents, and touring Alice Springs.

When most were back from this expedition, we were entertained by the construction of a "thirty-man" pyramid.

After a salad lunch and another trip to the pool, we slept through Billy Jack at the Drive (sit)-in.

Saturday, 10th May

Visited the attractions further afield, including Standley Chasm, where twenty-one buses were counted.

After a salad lunch it was off the Hermansburg-Mission.

The aborigines supposed to be there, heard we were coming so they went walk-about. However, we saw their water tank so it wasn't a complete waste of time.

Sunday 11th May

After a morning shopping and an afternoon at the pool we found out our flight left at 4.30 a.m.

Most stayed up all night, and to pass time a variety show was held.

Oscars were given to acts varying from the most courageous feats of acrobatics to the subtlety of bad drama, e.g. (Silly Jack - send up of Billy Jack).

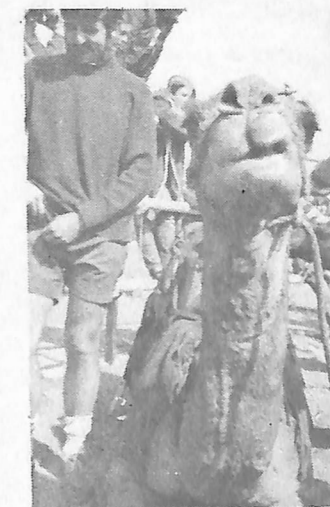
Monday, 12th May

At 4.30 we invaded the airport and hijacked the plane to Melbourne. Cups of tea were given to those still conscious.

After landing at Tullamarine we were herded off into "cattle trucks" and driven back to our old stamping grounds.

On behalf of all those on the trip we would like to thank Mrs Wilson, Miss Libburn, Mr Johnson and Mr Mills; whose bank managing proved that he was in the wrong line.

We would also like to thank Mr Waterson for making the trip possible.



THE ASHES FOR REAL!

The crowd of one hundred and fifty thousand odd gazed towards the oval as the captain of the local eleven placed his field for the all-important match. The opening bowler, an unknown quantity, paced out his run-up. It was an extremely long one, for not only did he stride to the boundary, but he actually jumped the pickets. And as if that were not enough, Drewer even went as far as the stand.

The umpire gave the signal for the game to start as the opener confidently peered

towards Drewer, who had already bounded over the fence. Gracefully he ran past the umpire and then like a demon he unleashed all his strength, sending the ball hurtling towards the wickets. Wilson tried desperately to play the ball but it simply eluded the bat and thundered onto the stumps. These shattered into a million pieces, as if made of glass. Wilson immediately left the ground.

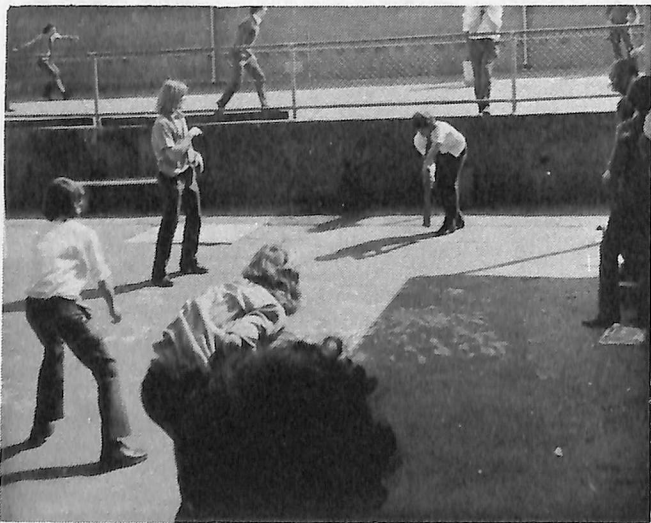
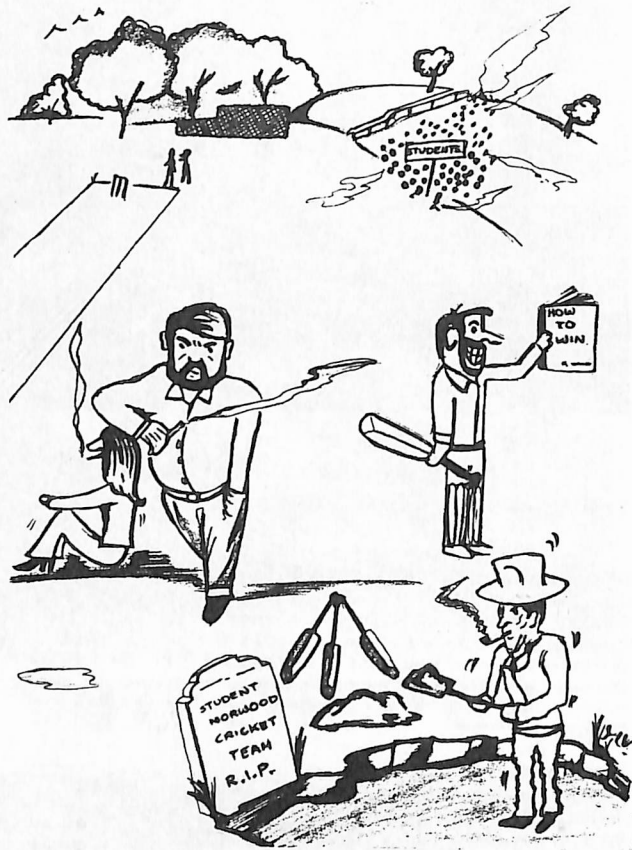
The second batsman padded up and pale-faced, reluctantly stood in the path of Drewer as once again he passed the man in white. On this occasion he sent down a full toss at such speed that we thought that it would break the sound barrier. The result? L.B.W.!! This batsman was less lucky than the first, and was assisted to the local hospital (which was

in for a busy afternoon) with a broken leg.

Each following ball in the over claimed a wicket — and three stumps! You may ask how such a thing could occur? During the dismissal of each batsman it was seen that the stumps were slowly but surely burning. The only explanation being that Drewer's sizzling speed was the cause of the conflagration.

It was then discovered that the last two batsmen were unable to take their places, as one had died of fright at the thought, and the other was stuck in the down pipe up which he had attempted to hide. The opposition had been dismissed for NOUGHT! Victory to the local team! Demon Drewer had indeed won them the Ashes.

— Brendan Rahn, 4D.



"Owzat!?" roared the fieldsmen, as another batsman turned to watch his stumps cartwheel over the wicket keeper's head. They did not stop until they crashed into the fence. It was the last game of the season; the Grand Final; and Upper Naragoona North sensed victory as their demon place bowler, Archillies Jones was completely outclassing the opposition.

This great new recruit from up Upwey way stood seven feet tall if he stood a centimeter! His run-up was so long that the batsmen used binoculars to watch him approach. He ran so fast that spectators, umpires and players

alike wore earmuffs to protect themselves from the sonic boom which came as he thundered in to bowl.

Crash! Another wicket! With only one over to go Lower Naragoona South needed forty-nine runs to win. A pale-faced batsman was pushed to the wicket, his knees constantly folding beneath him. He turned to face Archillies.

A cloud of dust in the distance heralded the bowler's arrival. Skinny Wormhole shut his eyes and swung his bat as the ball rocketed towards him. Crack! The ball flew through the keeper's gloves and

runs! A glance showed that half the blade had gone with the ball—another six runs! Three more balls, three more bats, and each time Skinny showed the same reckless abandon of life and limb, scoring wildly. Archillies was getting annoyed, and resolved to bowl a ball which no batsman could ever hit. In he came, pitching his delivery short. Up it leapt, higher? higher; and higher still! Indeed the batsman had no chance of hitting it; even the wicket keeper, back on the fence, had no chance of catching it. Straight over the fence it flew for six byes. Lower Naragoona South had won, thanks to their arch rival!

— Gary Goldsmith, 4D.



