

WEEEMALLA 26



Dedication:

*.. to those who,
once again, said
that we had to
have a magazine...*

SPECIAL THANKS

To Mike McCarthy,
Rob Buchanan,
and of course Mrs. Phillips.

EDITORIAL

Being whisked off on Saturdays to various football grounds in the eastern districts tends to have a disheartening effect. Not because of where you're sent but because of what you see. One could almost say that the dregs and the 'Clark Kents' of society show their faces. However, there is more to it than this.

The dregs of course are the spectators, not all, mind you, but just enough to make one feel uncomfortable. These all round sportsmen shout expletives at the men in white and the opposition that make many less inclined walk away disgusted. These people, men and women, usually more often than not, have the great Australian beverage in one hand, the million seller 'Best Bets' in the other and are chomping on the nourishment of a meat pie. If they're eating a pie and it becomes distasteful this usually ends up on the ground or on the poor boundary umpire.

The 'Clark Kents' of football are the players. These warriors perform instant changes. Once they step onto the field they become 'supermen', upholding the 'good' name of the team or some other pre-formal ideal. Perhaps it is this that leads to the games strategy. For example, 'We'll rub their faces into the dirt', which is generally what happens.

These brawls show the great fighting spirit of these sportsmen (unpaid mostly), they either 'clout' their opponent over the skull while he is not looking or 'hang' around waiting to trip the unsuspecting opponent.

I may sound extremely pessimistic but when one sees blood inter-twined with the teeth dribbling from a player's mouth one begins to think this way, especially when it's always an incident concerning the triviality of a football game.

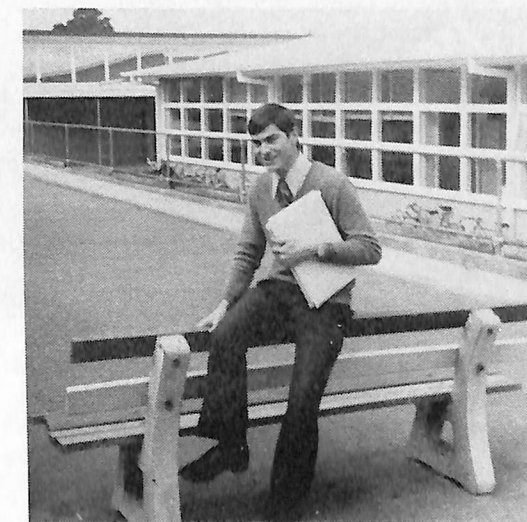
You may ask what has this got to do with the school situation which invariably the editor talks about. The answer is quite simply this, everything school is basically like a football match, as certain parallels can be drawn between both.

Firstly school is in some respects as trivial as a football match. Many say it is the most important thing in your life, (referring to HSC year). However this is not true unless you are a true consumer, and after all who isn't? The true consumer is the only person who regards HSC as important as it is at this stage he realizes all his materialistic dreams are at his grasp. If he passes with high enough marks he will become a doctor, politician or take on any other number of 'penny pinching' careers.

Or is it the competitive spirit of our species that brings us to this year? The strategy of this being more complex than that of our football match. It is a place where mind competes against mind, and failing does not mean physical pain but rather mental pain of knowing you have failed yourself.

In other respects the school situation is important. It teaches you the game of life, it is where you learn, not through lessons but through experience, that many of your supposed friends are just waiting to 'stab you in the back' while you're not looking, (not unlike our football match). School is also a place where you learn that bashing your enemy over the head is not always the only way to override his suppression (football take heed).

Our schooling also teaches us, or it should, that one should not accept people for what they seem, but for what they are. In our football match we are the 'Clark Kents', (the changeable people), on the ground seem someone entirely different to what they seem off it. Of the other example, the dregs, are they really this way or are they different?



We should learn from what we experience and not from what we see.

Or in the words of Patrick Henry an American politician (1736-99)

'I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience'.

Bruce Rhodes

PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

Another year has come and almost gone, so I must once again write my column for the Magazine. I wonder what has been the main feature of 1976 - perhaps the Olympic Games in Montreal? These could have been the cause of the upsurge of interest in sport which we noted around the school. It is good to see our students out playing instead of standing around; we in Australia have always prided ourselves on the bronzed, muscular sportsman image and it has been a pity that over the last decade we have tended to lose this. Of course, this upsurge of sporting interest has brought with it more than our fair share of success in interschool sport and in this we take great pride.

What has pleased me further is that our success has not only been in sport. The performance of our choirs at the Dandenong Festival, the success of Calamity Jane and the performance of the Junior Concert Band and the School Orchestra at the Ringwood Festival show that the musical side of the school is also flourishing.

Then too, the success of our team in 'It's Academic' gave me great satisfaction and pride; as has the success of the Gymnast Club and the Fencing Group, while some of the beautiful craft work being done by our students gives great pleasure. As I think further about this I realise that it is perhaps not the Olympic Games after all. It has been due rather to a spirit of co-operation that has grown in our school - the idea of students and teachers working together on a particular project to their mutual enjoyment and satisfaction. I wonder where else you might find senior students acting as coaches for junior sports teams, where else staff members prepared to come hours before school and stay hours after school to assist and coach students in occupations of mutual interest? This year we have had a large number of co-operative students, particularly in the senior school and a large number of dedicated staff who don't seem to count the cost of what they do - I have greatly appreciated these people, both staff and students, and I hope you do too.

In conclusion, can I wish those students and staff who might be leaving us the best of everything - it has been great working with you over the past few years. I wish those who will be returning in 1977 a happy holiday and I look forward to working with you again next year.

ADVISORY COUNCIL REPORT

December 1976 will see the end of the current Advisory Council and from January 1977, the controlling body of the school will be a School Council with a membership composed not only of parents and interested citizens, but also teachers and students. A colleague the other day remarked to me on the changes that have taken place in our school system - not only could a lady now become Principal of Melbourne Boys High but a Form I boy could now become the President of the School Council.

This current School Council has been an excellent one. Under the leadership of Mr. Keith Irving, it has overseen the erection of the Commonwealth Resource Centre, the new Canteen, the P.J. Rosewarne Music Centre and the Home Economics conversion. It has planned a new development in the Typing area which we hope will come to fruition in 1977. It has arranged the construction of three netball courts on the edge of the oval and in conjunction with Mullum Primary Committee it is planning further ground developments.

The Council has always been conscious of the equipment needed in this school and during 1976 it has either purchased or assisted in the purchase of tape recorders, stereo for the Music Department, a jeweller's lathe for the Art Department, a coloured video tape recorder, safety mats and beat board for the gym club, together with numerous small items for other faculties - approximately \$3,000 worth all told.

The School would like to thank the Advisory Council for the work it has done for the school; we hope to see many of its members back on the new School Council in 1977.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

True to tradition, one of the groups most concerned for your welfare in the school, is the Ladies' Auxiliary, i.e. your MOTHERS!

Meeting monthly, chiefly for the purpose of becoming informed on school affairs, we do assist from time to time in supplying some necessary items in the school. Although our funds are not large, this year members have made and supplied ten hostess aprons for use at special school functions, made curtains for the Home Eco. Dept. and Laundry, supplied curtains, cupboards, pillows and a bed for the Sick Bay, and pictures and vases for the Remedial Centre. In the past our main source of income has been the HSC dinner. However, this year outside catering arrangements were made for the dinner, which enabled the ladies of the Auxiliary to conduct a Book Exchange. This of course involved a lot of time and effort, but we felt it would be of considerable benefit to both students and parents, and hopefully should also prove a satisfactory venture financially. We appreciate your support in this effort.



This year we held two evening meetings for the benefit of mothers unable to attend in the mornings, and these were highly successful. One of our most enjoyable evenings was in September, when we had a block booking for the first night of the School's production of 'Calamity Jane'. Congratulations go to all who assisted in any way in this first class entertainment.

Frequent opportunity is made at meetings to meet staff informally, and we all benefited in May when the Careers Advisor at Norwood, Mrs. Lorraine Murphy, told us of her work in advising students on subject selection and job opportunity, and frequently even placement in permanent employment. Another staff member, Mrs. Alison Phillips, entertained us with her vivid recollections of her trip down the Nile, with slides to illustrate.

A privilege we enjoy is the opportunity of meeting Exchange Students to the school, or similarly, as in the case this year, meeting one of our own students who has returned. Michael McCarthy delighted us with his impressions and highlights of his sojourn in Japan as a Rotary Club Exchange Student.

In mid-winter a Theatre Night, in the comfortable surrounds at Nunawading High School, proved an enjoyable outing, and it was particularly pleasing to have a goodly number of students with us, sharing this worthy presentation of 'The Shifting Heart'. A visit to Tesselaar's Tulip Farm in October which proved truly delightful, a Fashion Parade, and several most interesting speakers, completed our year's syllabus.

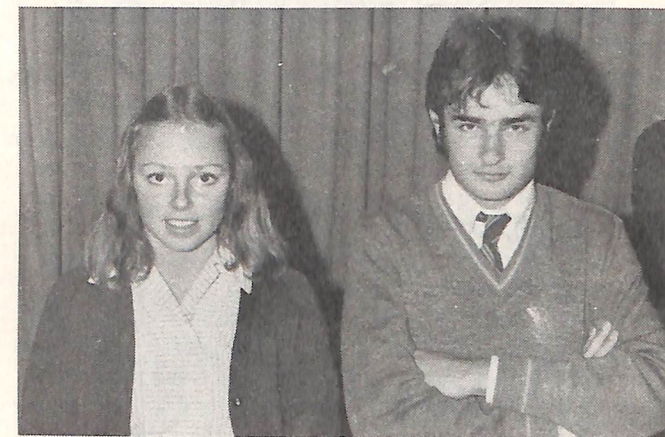
Most of our members are also 'Canteen Mothers', and so we can share with all other Canteen helpers in the satisfaction given in the continuing service and financial assistance being brought to the school by voluntary efforts in this sphere.

We feel Norwood is a school you can be proud of, we like to feel we are associated in some ways in your progress, and assure you of our support and interest in all your many activities.

S.R.C. REPORT — 1976

In my address to the school at the induction ceremony at the beginning of this year I stated that I felt we had a 'responsible and enthusiastic cross-section of the student body represented on the S.R.C.' During the first term in particular many of the suggestions were very constructive and did point out various aspects of the school where there was room for improvement which may otherwise have gone unnoticed by the powers-that-be, whilst others were merely repetitious — most noticeably the recurrent calls for the abolition of the school uniform. However, in all fairness it should also be noted that ensuing discussions on some of these repetitious suggestions helped to clarify the school's policies on matters such as uniform — much to the annoyance of some students who could no longer plead ignorance when 'sprung'.

As the year progressed however, these suggestions suffered a marked decline in numbers, despite the high rate of success of motions brought forward, whilst those which were unsuccessful were often rejected by the student's representatives themselves, which presents two possible explanations for the decline. Firstly, that Norwood has developed into a student's utopia or secondly, that the students had become apathetic about introducing innovations within the school. I feel that a combination of these two factors has been responsible for the lack of suggestions brought before the S.R.C. in the second half of the year. I also feel that criticism of the S.R.C. by some students is only what the students themselves make of it through their own initiative. From what I can gather through reading the S.R.C.'s minutes the same pattern occurs each year — a flood followed by a famine.



The only criticism which I wish to make of the S.R.C. system is the appointment of School Captain. As the people who fill the offices of President and Vice-President of the S.R.C. automatically become the two School Captains. I cannot see why the titles of President and Vice-President of the S.R.C. are not adequate for the two students in carrying out the few, though important tasks they presently perform as School Captains. This extra title seems merely to add another recommendation, or otherwise, to the references of these office bearers.

In conclusion my thanks go to the S.R.C. members for their efforts throughout the year, Mr. Griffin and Mr. Gange for their guidance and Mr. Waterson, Mr. Cousins and Mrs. Fuher for their sympathetic attention to our requests.

I wish the S.R.C. of next year good luck, and hope that they can maintain their enthusiasm throughout the entire year.

Michael McCarthy

Three days in Luxor : a joyous profusion of temples — some dedicated to deified Kings, some to the Gods with whom they merged. Carved pylons, statues and columned halls, colossal in scale but with a balance of line and proportion which creates a sense of exultation and delight; records of human achievement and gratitude for Divine inspiration or assistance, sometimes revealing very human failings — the rival's statue defaced, the shrine usurped.

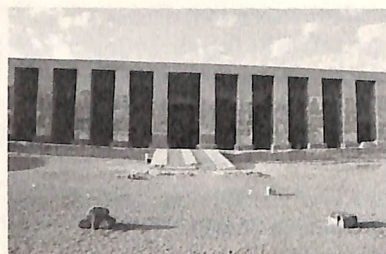


The rose-pink dawn glow of the Theban hills becomes a harsh yellow-white glare at sunrise. The familiar sense (to Australians) of light and space emphasises the different worlds concealed in the dark, dusty tombs cut into the cliffs. While Kings were buried in the presence of the Gods, to whose company they were elevated by the rituals painted on the walls, lesser mortals sought to perpetuate the light and colour, laughter, sorrow, ceaseless activity of daily life, for their eternal enjoyment.

Next morning we are briskly conducted through the remains of a Coptic church and a Roman bath before turning to the Ptolemaic temple of Hathor at Dendera. Not just the usual columned halls surrounding the sanctuary this time, but crypts (complete with bats), their walls carved with the sacred treasures originally stored there; then follow the procession of Gods up the staircase to the roof, to the star observatory located there. Down another stair, still escorted by the Gods, then round to the back wall of the temple. We have not come to see the remains of the sacred lake, but the portrait of Cleopatra! THE Cleopatra!?? I know that orientals like their women plump, but . . . Her shoulders would do credit to a Russian weightlifter and the rest of her figure has strange bulges . . . the living model must have been as wide as she was tall. Maybe GBS was right — brains, not beauty, were her secret.



Egyptian taxi drivers always have one hand on the horn, the other making threatening gestures out the window. As we charge the thick of the market, donkeys flee, a pile of oranges tumbles, (our driver roars abuse at the unfortunate stall owner) and we shoot into the network of lanes which constitute the main road. Today we are to be disappointed; we cannot see the most ancient tombs in Egypt. They were mined during the recent war and no maps were kept. We are cheerfully informed that two children and seven goats have since been blown up; but tourists are too precious to risk. We must be content with the Royal cenotaphs of the New Kingdom. And, some consolation, we will be guided round by Umm Seti: a Genuine English Eccentric! She lived in an old tomb near the Giza pyramids for years, before coming to Abydos. She knows every inch of the temples built by and to Seti I and Ramesses II and takes better care of them than do the official guardians — which she believes is only her duty as the reincarnation of the mother of Seti I. She is quite sure that her 'grandson' Ramesses II has been reincarnated as Mahommed Ali (Cassius Clay) and says a little prayer in his temple before each fight. If self advertisement is any indication, she's right about reincarnation!



Amarna is a tragic dream — destroyed tombs, a tumble of shattered mud brick, scores of avaricious villagers anxious to sell 'genuine' busts of Nefertiti, or rob you if they can separate you from the group.

Further downstream the interest is more for the transport than the tombs. Tourists and donkey boys eye each other as the lines shuffle forward — which donkey will bite? kick? gallop? which tourist is too heavy? too old? will give best baksheesh? When all are finally mounted, the race begins. It is best to be first; then the others must suffer your dust. My donkey and I are thoroughly agreed — we both want to walk! But the 'boy' has other ideas. He says gaily "You ride very good." then shouts "Hoosh"! We lead for 2½ of the 3 miles. I barely have the strength to see the tombs before facing the return journey. Our guide meanly encourages my boy, saying "She has ridden before." The sun is higher, the dust is thicker, in the scramble to lead I'm sure my boy tripped the ass in front. Unkindly I rock with laughter as a professor descends in a most undignified manner. My boy is so proud of his "Good, fast donkey" that I have to give him baksheesh — otherwise he mightn't let me off.

We admire the Nile and Cairo from our 22nd floor balcony (the best place to see it from, we found later). Then the house 'phone goes beserk. "Come to our room — you can see Pyramids!" Pyramids! Not just the ten at Giza, but the three at Sakharra, the five at Abu Sir, the two at Dashur! Then the dust cloud rolls in, and we retreat, choking.

The pyramid Son et Lumière (English and French twice each week, German once, Japanese planned) is hilarious; coloured spotlights (not always synchronised) over all and the Sphinx does the talking! Sound effects melodramatic! Perhaps the starlight will be better . . . The northern sky is a shock to those used to the Milky Way — where ARE the stars? So few of them . . . so little light . . . and this in summer, even though I shiver under two jumpers. "Jumper? Oh, you mean a sweater." Not really . . .



Standing beside the glorious mounds, golden in the sun, the nocturnal obscenity vanishes from the mind. Scramble, crawling, through the sloping passages, pass broken granite gates, stand awed before the towering gallery, the hieroglyph covered walls; the plain black sacophagus is curiously touching.

Outside, the broken columns — pink, black, red granite, brown sandstone, golden limestone — shatter our sense of dignity in death. Here, with the pyramid rising behind, one becomes aware of the futility of human aspirations to immortality.

The final heartbreak : Cairo Museum.

Take your own torch if you want to see anything clearly. So many beautiful historical things, all crammed together, unprotected, many unlabelled, most decaying — paint flaking, wood rotting, metals tarnished, dust over all. — Even the Museum's pride, the Tutankhamen exhibits, are gradually disintegrating, some already unrecognisable when compared with the photos taken fifty years ago. Why doesn't the world give Egypt a proper museum to house our heritage?

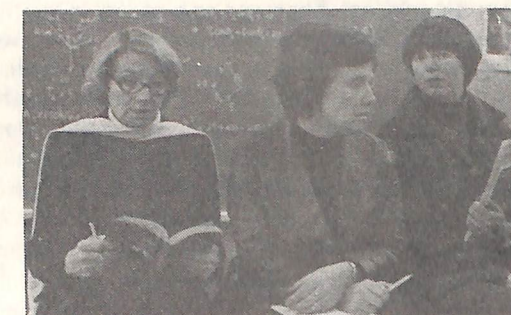
It's just as hard to leave from Cairo Airport as to arrive.

A. Phillips.

A NOTICE

*If you notice this notice
You will notice that this
notice is not worth noticing
But if you notice
This notice you will notice
It is about noticing notices
And it's noticing notices that are
Very noticeable and if I notice
You noticing this notice
I will notice that you are
Reading a notice about
Noticing notices on notice boards.*

Written by Elaine and Jenny



*Hear nothing, say nothing,
see nothing*

And, said too much!

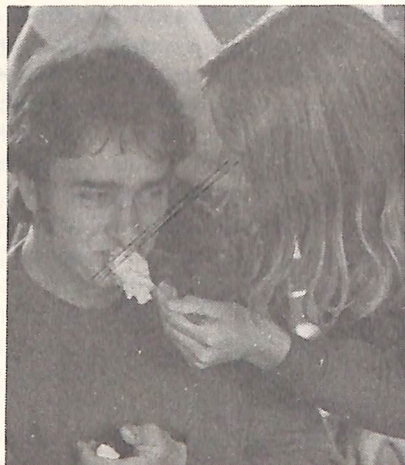


A STUDENT'S JAPAN

In writing an essay on Japan it is very difficult to know where to begin, however the one aspect of any country which seems to interest everybody is people - so it's there that I shall begin.

Obviously the people whom I was closest to were the members of my two host families. My first family consisted of my two parents, a brother aged twenty-one who had spent a year in Australia as an exchange student and my sister Yumiko, who left two months after I arrived to spend a year 'studying at Norwood'. I spent a total of eight months with this family and grew extremely close to them during that time. My parents spoke very little English and as I spoke very little Japanese, at first, it led to some interesting situations. In my second day at school, there was a snow storm and the whole school was dismissed at lunch time - it took my friends half an hour to explain that to me - so when I arrived home my mother was the only one there. As I was only beginning to get to know my family I naturally wanted to spend some time talking to her but the only problem was that we couldn't understand each other; The only way to overcome that problem was by using Japanese-English, English-Japanese dictionaries which we did for three hours until my brother arrived home and began interpreting for us. That was one of the most difficult - yet most enjoyable conversations I have ever had. This may seem somewhat inconsequential to you, but for me it is the perfect example of the attitude which was taken to me by anyone I met in Japan - they were always ready to give their time to help me and listen to me, even when they couldn't understand me, which is a tremendous feeling when you are a foreigner who can't speak the language.

School in Japan is vastly different from the type of education which we receive here in Australia. In Japan, they use a system of entrance examinations when moving from primary to junior high (forms 1-3), from junior to senior high (4-6) and from senior high to university. Once you have passed an entrance examination all of your study time is devoted to passing the next entrance exam which is three years away. In the case of someone at senior high school say, who is not planning to go to University then that person will do practically no study at all to pass each of these three years at senior high. If by some mistake he does happen to fail a test then chances are he will take it again and again until he passes it. Once a student has obtained a place at University his study days are practically over - for example my brother who was studying engineering did about two hours homework a week, if that, and spent much of time at Uni playing cards or just talking to his friends. In Japan you study to get into an institution, here we study to get out, which then assures us of getting into the next level.



Eat up!

AUSTRALIAN EXCHANGE

I am George Hambour. For the first time this year an Australian Cultural Exchange was operated.

I came from Kapunda in South Australia. Kapunda is approximately 50 miles north of Adelaide on the border of the Barossa Valley. The town began when copper was discovered in 1842. During the 1880's Kapunda was the largest town in South Australia not including Adelaide. However, the mines began to fail and lots of people left. Now Kapunda is a small country town of about 2,000 people.

In South Australia there are only 5 forms of High Schools, therefore we are usually ahead of the same form in Victoria.

Kapunda High School is the third smallest school in the state, having only about 170 students. Being such a small school it only takes the first 4 forms of High School. This means we have to go to Nuriootpa in the Barossa Valley to do Matriculation.

Our main building is a National Trust Home. It once belonged to Sir Sidney Kidman who owned over 100,000 square miles of land and was known as the 'Cattle King'. Today the house is one of the many tourist attractions of Kapunda.

I have had a great stay. Thank you to all the kids and teachers who helped me. For those who are interested I shall return.

A GENERAL ASSEMBLY



Scene: a typical general assembly. Usual activity, rows of heads, with a few stragglers coming in late, teachers at appointed positions around the hall. A bonfire blazing brightly.

Mr. Lee steps forward, fresh from having eaten form 1C, three form 5 students, four chairs, a table, and an entire cast of Oliver. A hush falls over the hall, faces motionless, expressionless, dumbfounded. Suddenly there is a thud, followed by a high-pitched scream. Necks crane, activity resumes. Mr. Lee leans forward into his microphone: 'Well done Mr. Webb - School, stand for the Principal.' Slap of seats as students stand one and all, except for those crippled in the recent spate of form four Economics bombings. Mr. Waterson enters, stage left, followed by four or five teachers and students. They sit. Mr. Lee once again addresses the microphone (a silent sentinel on a million hall stages). 'School, be seated'. Murmur as students go back to their discussions. 'SCHOOL STAND!!' Mr. Lee glares, angry now. 'Sit. Stand. Sit. Stand. Sit. Stand.' - a machine gun staccato - 'Up. Down. Up. Down. Up. Down.' - on until the students, half of them standing half of them seated, begin looking in a puzzled fashion at one another. Mr. Lee retreats, his anger giving way, laughing hysterically, pulling his hair out in tufts. He is aided off - stage left. Mr. Waterson, 250 pounds of Murder Incorporated, takes the microphone. 'Don't worry students' - loud laughter from form six - 'Mr. Lee will be fine' - (Boo! Hiss!) - 'Now school,' he goes on,

'while I have your attention, I have one or two teeny weeny grizzles. Firstly concerning the canteen. This protection racket has got to stop. I am adamant about this. Mrs. Wilkins' nerves are in shreds, especially after she refused to pay and the canteen refrigerator exploded. Now please, can something be done about this? Secondly, concerning writing on the toilet walls. I have looked in vain, but to no avail. There have been no new scrawlings over the past week. What's wrong with you kids? Can something please be done about this also. Thirdly, I'm a teensy bit concerned about goings on in the library.' (Mrs. Rocniak walks out in a huff.) - sorry, Resource Centre. The other day we found the body of a junior student lying between the bookshelves. Now we don't mind you dying, as long as your parents give permission, but please, not in the library, and not in school uniform. It's alright for those louts down at Eastland. If they want to die in public, that's their business, but I don't want to see anyone in Norwood uniform participating in this activity. I think that is all, Mr. Lee?' Mr. Lee grabs the microphone. He is now partially bald, but fully recovered after having been threatened with the treatment. 'School stand.' Students rise, Waterson and friends leave, stage left. Lee returns to students. 'Right, school. Don't forget to use only the openings already in the walls. You may dismiss, except for the boy three along from Wayne Farquar. Webby, gettim!!' Loud screams as students, free again, burst out into their native element, the concrete jungle.



Argggg !

MUSIC 1976

Since this magazine was printed last year, many exciting events have occurred in the area of music. During the Christmas vacation, some of the students helped to set up Room 28 as an audio studio. Obviously this is a long-term project but it has at least been started by the installation of four ceiling-mounted microphones which have been wired into a small room which is at present used as a temporary recording room. Eventually we hope to build an 8-channel equalized audio mixer and build a control room next to room 28. It will then be possible to do first rated recordings of choirs, orchestra, concert band as well as small ensembles and individual performers. Even without this many of the music classes have composed performed and recorded their own compositions. The synthesizer has proved to be very popular in this area. The imagination and sensitivity of some of these works has been first rate.

CHORAL MUSIC

We are thrilled with the response in this area. At Christmas a combined choir of 75 singers gave a performance of the traditional 9 lesson carol service. This was extremely well received. We hope to repeat a similar concert this year. During first term this year we were able to enter three choirs in the Dandenong Eisteddfod. For many of the singers this was a first. They were a credit to themselves and the school and one of the choirs achieved a second place. Well done! This activity would not have been possible without the unselfish support given by Miss Modra. At present our Senior Girls Choir are preparing for a concert in September when they will join with the Camberwell Philharmonic Society to give a performance of a Vaughan Williams cantata at the Camberwell Civic Centre.

PRODUCTION

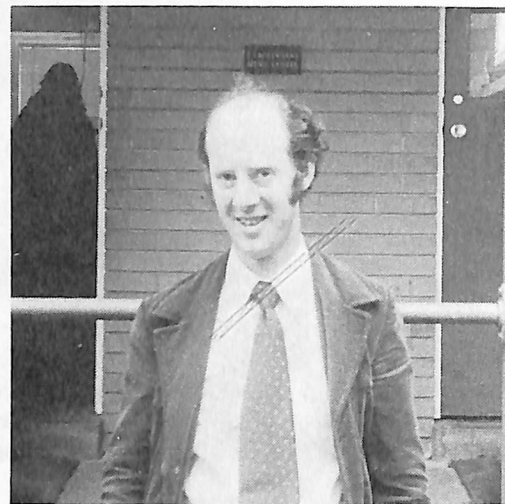
At present the school is involved in a performance of Calamity Jane. This has been a sparkling success because of the unselfish support given by staff and students. A record 170 students have been actively involved including many 4F boys plus others. These boys have helped to 'break the ice' as far as male involvement in our cast. Next year we look forward to many more joining. My thanks to all those who have helped in this production.

ORCHESTRA

They have worked exceedingly hard this year and have been rewarded by giving a first rate performance in Calamity. This is a fine body of musicians who have the right amount of dedication that is so necessary if one is to take instrumental music seriously. We look forward to some more fine work from this group.

JUNIOR CONCERT BAND

Under the very enthusiastic direction of Mr. Webster, this band is fast becoming a very good performing group. They have been working extremely well and this is reflected in their performances.



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Many of our instrumental students have achieved fine results in their A.M.E.B. instrumental examinations. The quality of their work is a reflection of the quality and dedication of their teachers, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Barby, Mr. Davis, Mr. Webster, Mr. Williams. Thanks must be given to an ex-student, Jenni Aldor who was able to continue with the string students while Mrs. Barton, our resident teacher, was overseas during second term.

Last year, I finished by writing that the world of music at Norwood during '76 looked to be very inviting. Well it has been an exciting and eventful year because of the enthusiasm of students and staff in curricula as well as extra-curricula activities. Musically, the world is ours — let us continue to make the best of it.

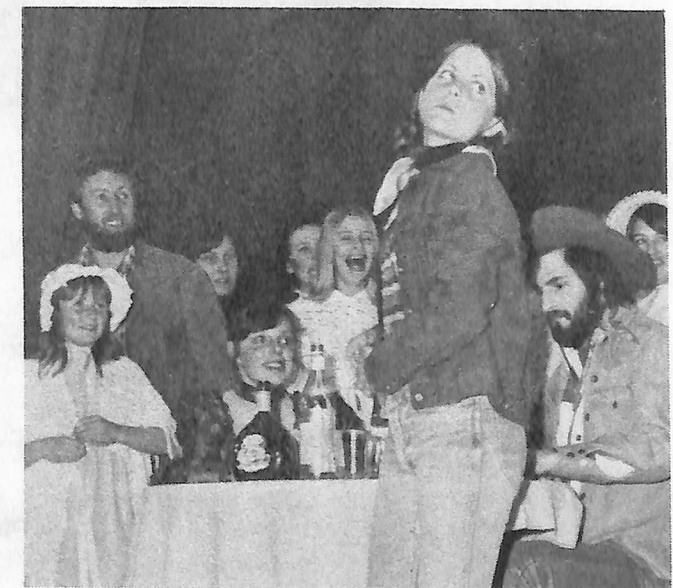
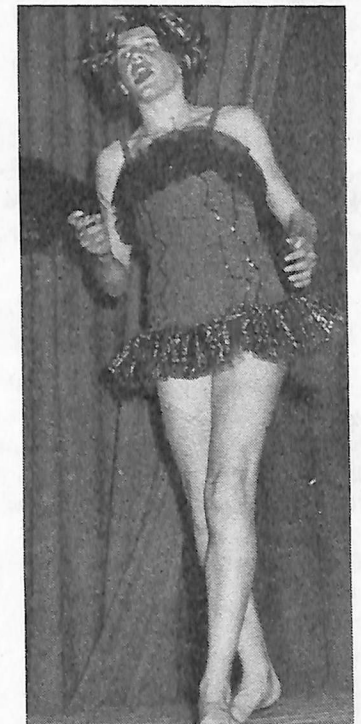
D. Heywood



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL PRESENTS

CALAMITY JANE

September 8, 9, 10, 11 at 8:00 p.m. Also a matinee - 2:30 p.m., Sunday, September 12



CAMP WATERMAN DIARY

MONDAY: We boarded our astral rocket ship and headed along the golden winged express-way to heaven — Camp Waterman.

We were greeted by his and her Royal Highnesses, King of Monbulk and Queen of Spades, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher.

After lunch and two periods of English, we watched 400 flies die outside the kitchen, (and they thought the food tasted bad). After tucker (box) time, we listened with enthusiasm to Mrs. Murphy's indepth oration concerning exams and employment (dole).

TUESDAY: We sat down to a Royal breakfast before listening to Mrs. Beecroft read on speed talking, speed talking, speed talking. Tuesday flowed until dinner, when it solidified in front of us on the table. After eats, 'Summer of 42' was interrupted by the arrival of Police Surgeon, Dr. Birrell.

Mrs. Beecroft's talk ended.



WEDNESDAY: The Royal breakfast atmosphere increased with the addition of the refugees from Heron Island. Brekky preceded 'Facts and Figures' with K. Silverberg.

Lunch guided us through the day until dinner really threw us off the path. That night Mr. St. Ledger took our minds off our stomachs by talking about that subject people don't like to talk about because when we talk about it they don't like it! Sex Education or Interpersonal Relationships.

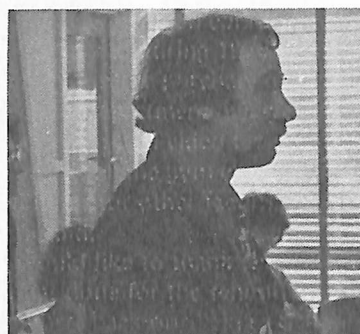


THURSDAY: This morning Mr. A. Toole, (had a spanner for a brain and a monkey wrench for an arm,) gave us a talk on communications. He featured on illiteracy! We missed half the lecture though, because he couldn't read his notes.

We went orienteering after lunch to various swimming pools, returning the same evening to barbecued donkey.

That night featured the Gala Performance of the year, the Royal Concert performed by the students. Master of Ceremonies introduced noble guests, including 'staff' of N.H.S., film stars, Fonz and the Fonzettes, assorted footballers, (1), Roman Islanders, caterpillars, babies, Hitler and a pack of rollies which included a 5'8" joint. Also featured were pirates, teachers and Uncle Stan, (No Sweat).

All guests lost face after 'Art for All' presented by Leonardo Gange.



FRIDAY: Yes, as regular as breakfast and as inconvenient as diarrhoea, morning came. Sad at the thought of leaving our luxurious royal palace, complete with rock beds and ventilation, i.e. no walls, we swam through tears of toil to breakfast and finally packed up. We finished the week off with a right royal lunch — hot dogs. (Corgies between bread). We wasted no time taking the golden winged express-way back to hell.



HERON ISLAND REPORT (1976)

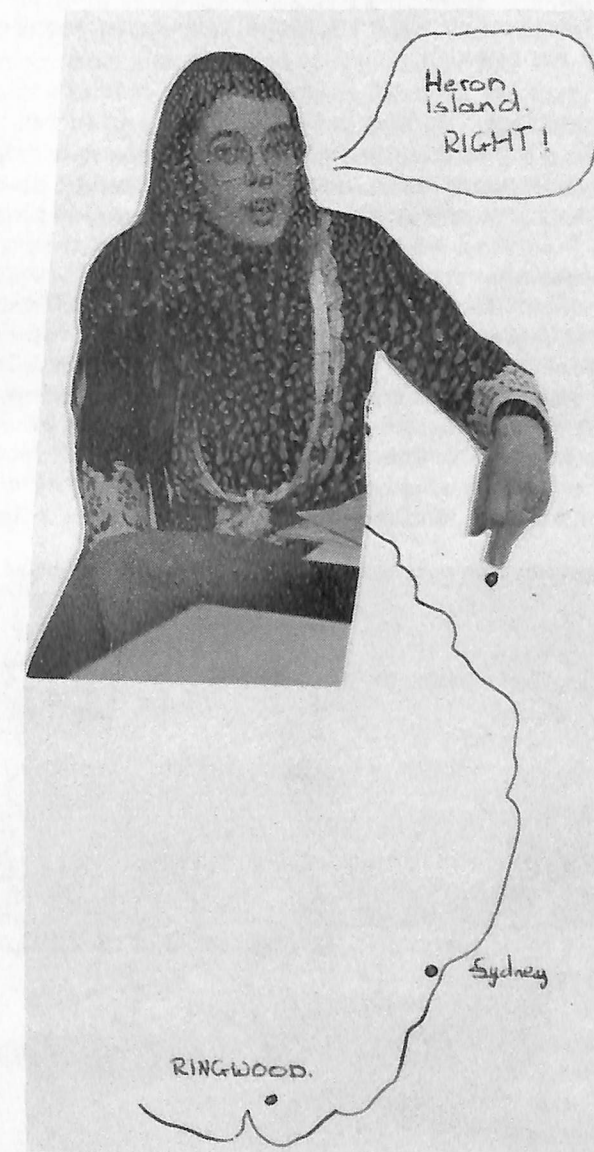
Tullamarine was brought to life at 7 a.m. on Saturday 13th March, by 23 Norwood 'kiddies' and 2 wary teachers, Barry and Margo. Despite Mrs. G's. predictions that we would get breakfast on the plane, we arrived in Brisbane starving with only a few seconds to board our next plane. The Fokker Friendship was more eventful with the turbulent winds, resulting with three sick 'fellows'. (Weakies. At a girl Lyn!!) Lyn gained her revenge on the boat over to Heron Island, when all but 8 were sick. Their excuse was more valid than a mere 'plain' trip, as cyclone 'Fred' (for want of a better name!) literally 'ripped our guts out'. The musical talents of the 8 gallant maestros kept us in tune, and retained their gastro-intestinal tract. We were given up for dead by our handsome, concerned helicopter pilot, but after 7½ hours, 8 healthy kids, 11 not so healthy kids, and 1 even worse teacher, set foot on our 'red-carpeted' welcoming island. Soaked to the skin by the 20 foot waves, we tumbled into bed, miserable and cold, "coz we ain't got no 'ot water." Half of our cases arrived, and the rest spent the night on our 'boat' under the tender guidance of Danielle, Mark and Gangie. They were greeted by fellow students the next morning and we all settled in on the 14th.

The next couple of days were spent exploring the island which has been left in its natural state apart from the pub, whose business mysteriously thrived while we were there. Shark Bay, the local swimming hole, had one particular tree, which was decorated by Linda's bathers. (See Mark Reid for prints!) The mornings were our own (free choice), afternoons educations (diving) and the evenings (well . . . ???). The pub provided the much-needed entertainment with slides of the island, a scary film, a cabaret which could have left Lyn \$50 richer but most of us \$2 poorer, and Saturday night, the 'Bingo' was called off so we resorted to our own entertainment. For example, 'our dorm' V the boys, 'our dorm' V the girls, (incidentally 'our dorm' won) and Lyn finding her new occupation of her true talent, 'Sherlock'. Two unintentional streakers left the kitchen unaware of the ambush awaiting them, and one lad is still to receive his reward for the early waking he gave to 11 sleeping beauties. Despite his third degree burns, Alex and Gangie outwitted the masters of string tying. Mrs. Geering could be heard to mutter Michael Cole's cliché of 'oh . . . ?' as the coral gave way beneath her. An excited tourist mistook Kathy and friend for green turtles (???), and Jenny Rob found her 'casanova' who invited half a dozen greedy, gullible gourmets for breakfast, but unfortunately we were unexpected and left rather embarrassed with last night's left-overs. Our walking reference book, Graham the research director, was loved by all and even came to see us off and wish us bon voyage at 5 a.m. Sunday morning.

The trip back to Gladstone was boring except for the guided tour by the dolphins and 'Knitting Nancy' finishing the back of 'Mum's' cardigan. The best meal yet, was devoured by the deprived ex-islanders. We stopped at Sydney to change planes, where we were grabbed by customs, but they didn't get our cowries! The bare-footed, sun-tanned, short-sleeved overseas travellers were greeted with embarrassed looks by disowning parents at Tullamarine on Sunday 21st March, at 4.30 p.m.

Friday, 7th May at Mrs. Geering's, gave us the opportunity to thank her and Mr. Gange for a fantastic time.

Marion and Debbie



SPORTS REPORT 1976

As in the past years this school has fared extremely well in all areas of sport. Perhaps the success is due to the natural individual ability, perhaps to the work put in by members of staff and students themselves.

Following is a brief report of the three major areas of school sport:-

SWIMMING

1976 began well with a convincing win in the Maroondah Group carnival. Our swimmers won three out of four cups, including the aggregate. Individual stars like Stephen, Karen, Kerrie, Lorene, Andrew S, Andrew P, Lyn and others were extremely well backed up by our very good relay teams. This year even saw training for the house sports, something unheard of several years ago.

The strength of our swimmers was evident by the fact that twenty-three students from Norwood competed at the 'All High' carnival, more than any other school in the Metropolitan area.

Next year we will try to make it one better and win four out of four.

ATHLETICS

At the time of writing the school team has not competed in the Maroondah Group sports. Besides the old regulars like Farquhar, Goodochkin, Linger, McFadzean and Francis the Athletics team has been bolstered by the appearance of promising juniors like Frank Grandi, Fiona Henderson, Kerrie Nichols, Claire Richards, Phillip Ross and Matthew Condello. There are of course many other names not mentioned but the entire athletics team must put in a little extra especially the relays. It has been two years since Norwood held the aggregate trophy but I am quietly confident that this year will be our year. However all our team must remember that Athletics doesn't give second chances, and dropped batons will cost vital points.



WINTER SPORT

Norwood remains the school to beat in most sports conducted in the Maroondah Group. Mr. Waterson is fast running out of space to hang the winners pennants.

This year, for the first time, winter sport was conducted at three levels.

Junior (form 1) — our promising group of juniors continued on their winning way with victories in girls netball and hockey, and boys soccer and volleyball. Most teams finished in the top three but only the girls hockey won through to 'All High'.



Intermediate (forms 2 & 3) — won exactly 50% of all sports conducted by the Maroondah Group with victories in the girls softball, hockey, volleyball and tennis, and boys football, soccer, squash and table tennis. Of these teams the girls softball have delighted their coach by winning through to 'All High'.

Seniors (forms 4, 5, & 6) — won their fair share with victories in the girls tennis and boys football and volleyball. The girls tennis team are trying for the third successive 'All High' championship.

Many thanks to all members of staff who have spent many hours of their own time coaching. I hope we don't lose these invaluable people from the school, as the students will be poorer for the loss. Many thanks also to those students who have shown a great deal of responsibility and capability in coaching the junior teams.

CROSS-COUNTRY MAROONDAL DIVISION

The '100-acre' reserve in Park Orchards became the venue for the Maroondah Division cross country on July 1. The fog lifted about lunch-time and allowed athletes an 'enjoyable' sunny run, with only a little mud from the previous week's rain.

Norwood performed well to take second place in the senior and intermediate groups, and first in the juniors. Overall, fourteen Norwood athletes finished in the first ten of their division. Most prominent being Marilyn Orr and Matthew Condello, winners of their respective divisions in excellent times.

IGNORANCE, INTOLERANCE OR JUST PLAIN JEALOUSY?

Whichever description you choose, none paint a pretty picture of two members of this school who, immediately following the mens 1500 m. freestyle event at Montreal on July 21st this year, were heard to utter, 'Just like that big mouth' and 'Typical of Australians they collapse under pressure'.

After 14 minutes of gut-breaking effort in which Stephen Holland broke a world record but failed in his attempt to win a gold medal, these comments must be among the most cruel and heartless ever heard.

It wasn't just these 14 minutes, it was the 4 years of training and dedication prior to the Games. After all this, he has been attacked for his 'lack of success'.

KALINDA HOUSE REPORT

This year was a fairly successful year as we came runner up in both the swimming and athletic sports. We would like to thank the four house teachers, Mrs. Morello, Mr. Innes, Mr. Wilson and Mrs. Geering who gave up much of their time to come along to the sessions, held every morning before the sports, as well as the athletic training.

This was the main reason for our success and we would like to congratulate all the people who trained and competed, especially the juniors who were really keen and improved their performances in all events considerably. Every junior tried out for at least 3 or 4 events.

The house play that we put on 'The Odyssey of Runyon Jones' was fairly successful and a job, was well done by those helping in the production, acting and backstage. Rounding up the participants was an extremely hard task but those who took part and turned up to the play practices, receive our congratulations.

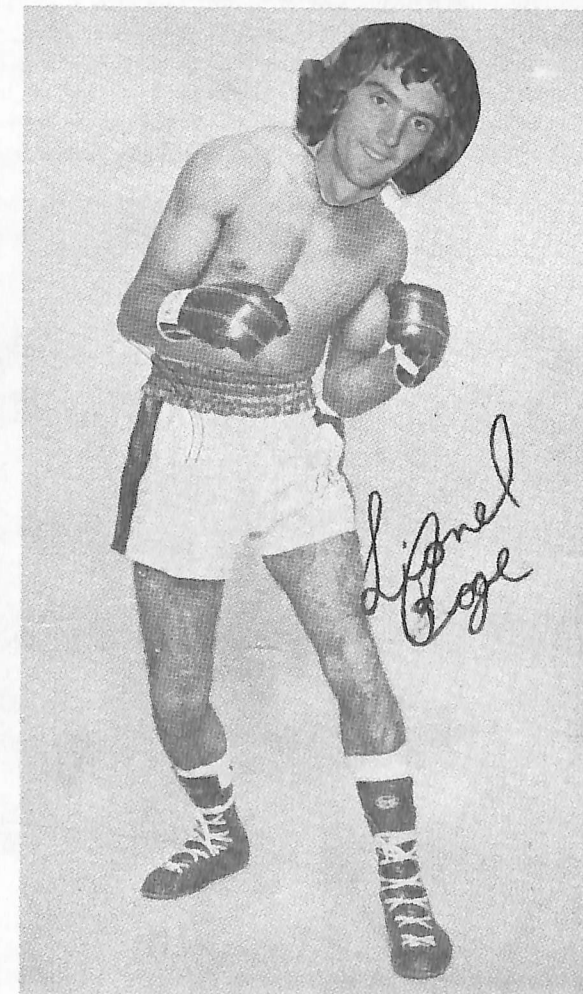
Ian Goodochkin



MULLUM HOUSE REPORT

For the past three years Mullum has won both the swimming and the athletic competitions, even though we just got there in the swimming this year, in the last race to win by two points over Kalinda. Our success has stemmed from a lot of effort contributed by all organizers and competitors. For the last three years we have had training sessions at the request of the students, they then gave up their own time for training, this enthusiasm is evident in our results. Like the other houses we also have problems with some house members. Being the winning house we tend to attract more house-swappers than other houses, unfortunately for us, these people are the ones who sit on the fence or those who don't turn up at all. These people seem to forget that a lot of the success could depend on their support and that the competitors are not able to do all the work. Apart from these people, Mullum is full of triers, and for the sake of the house we hope this enthusiasm doesn't cease in future years.

Linda & Keith



VISION OF RICHARD

*with his proud,
celestial movement
across the marble floors
his dark eyes
silhouetted against
his soft-mellow beauty.
his silver-white strands
and waves
flowing from behind his fine,
tinted-golden features,
like rippling waves
of the sun-strewn ocean
before nightfall
his subtle-liquid form
surrounds my thoughts
as the darkness surrounds
my sleep.*

*i look to you for meaning,
but i am broken again
by your shattering indecision
of how you feel
about life,
and death,
and the trivialities that
parasitically attach themselves to
the reel of days,
and years,
and years to come.*

*you, i look to,
for meaning.
but i am shattered
by the broken mirror
that has fallen from my walls*

Marg Wetsteyn



MARG
WETSTEYN.

*A pretty young teacher was once,
By her class thought a terrible dunce,
'Til she stood on her chair
When they gave her the air
And said 'To detention thou com'st.'*

SOLITUDE

*Alone
Tranquil
And with nothing*

*Time and Light tear themselves apart.
And crash silently . . .
Tearing away from the sun.*

*I am here
Alone
Tranquil
And with nothing
Like flutes in a vacuum.
Flowers and earth and wind and death.
Like flutes in a vacuum.*

*And the world continues and man lives and the World
Loves and man hates and the Whale crashes
Through the blue Ocean.
Tearing away from the Sun.*

*Alone
Tranquil
But with everything.
Time and Light bring us closer together.
Coming together . . .
Nous sommes du Soleil*

*Yet, still alone and tranquil
Flowers and win and Life.
Like flutes in a vacuum . . .
Ready for the player.*

Declan Hyde



VISIONS OF NORWOOD

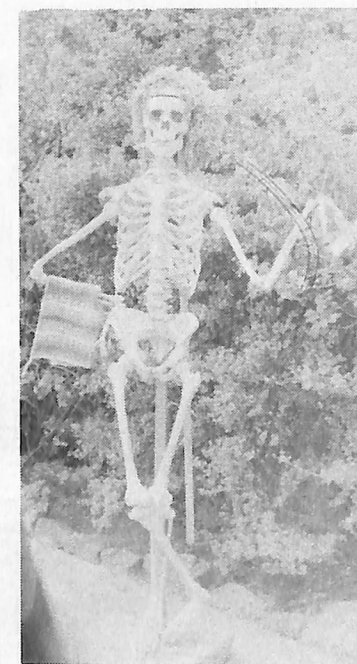
'I HOPE I SHALL NEVER GO THERE AGAIN . . .'

A man's mind is like the sea. On the top it is buffeted by the wind, can be whipped up into mountainous angry waves. There is light, and you can see what lies below. Further down the light fades, the sea becomes a menacing, frightening, Hell. In the blindest, deepest depths of the unconscious dwell the phantoms; monstrous apparitions and disgusting creatures lurking and crawling in the vaults of the subconscious. I have been there, and worse, and I hope I shall never go there again. Thirty others went with me, and I think they are still there.

The atmosphere was ammonia-methane and thick and soupy; some of the effects though were quite beautiful. Along one hemisphere a giant red streak extended and the mixture of colours made it look like a sky filled with thick billowing clouds each of a different colour, each fading into the other.

We hit the land right at the bottom, about three miles down. What was beautiful and colourful from above was dark and gloomy below, where no sun reached. We crawled outside.

It is frightening really, in a ship like that. Inside you feel crushed and threatened; and crawling out from the ship like ants from a bottle you feel absolutely terrified. The first thing we noticed was that we were moving, or at least it felt that way. What actually was happening was that thermal currents were shifting the cloud layers around us, and they drifted upward and faded, like a memory does from your own mind. It was fascinating, watching the effect. After a while I found the gloom lifting; a cloud had travelled over us that was red and full of glowing light. In the light we could see many sparkling forms, dazzling as diamonds. We each went our own separate ways. It was so beautiful.



Just as a black-angry cloud can come up over the horizon and appear to darken the whole world quite suddenly, a dead cloud settled over us. I had an irrational fear of the dark, of gloomy places, of the things I might find there. I guess I was still a child, or at least the child had never subsided in me, and I was still afraid of dark, thundery nights. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something move. A green, ropey coil came slithering out to me. I screamed. It seemed the scream filled my whole helmet, my whole world. It was not my scream, but thirty others I heard. Like a man in a dream, I ran. A thick tentacle shot out, and I swerved away. I saw what looked like a human skeleton, and it danced at me, pointed at me. I could see its skull opening, its mandible clattering back and forth, and it was laughing. A head floated into view and stared at me. Within the eye-sockets was a blackness so deep that it looked as if the universe had gone out. I felt the absolute cold of that place rush through me. I saw the slime around me rise up as if time had suddenly reversed and all the mouldering dead had collected their far-flung constituent molecules and risen again. I saw monsters and phantoms no guilt-tortured soul could ever imagine. I saw a world swallowed up by a sun, the sun flare into a super nova, the super nova cool, the galaxy explode and fall into the bottomlessness of a black hole. I saw the universe collapse like a deck of cards and blow like dust into infinity. I fell into something soft, like jelly and crashed into something hard, like metal. It rang as if it was hollow, it turned, it writhed, I could see the lamps of its mouth. I could smell death. I fell into its maw. Stillness.

It was deathly quiet. I could have been deaf. Then it became light and I saw where I was. It had been so black outside that when I had been hit by the dazzling lights of the ship I had been blinded.

If you think I waited, searched and finally gave up in despair of my comrades then you are wrong — as difficult as it was to lift a ship like that single-handed, I did it. It takes exactly thirty minutes to safely ensure the ship is fit for a take-off. You can stretch the rules a bit and do it in twenty-five. Anything less than fifteen is suicide. I did it in five.

I was picked up, alone on the ship. I was put in a mental institution, recovered; tried, acquitted. Ever since, I have never been able to go into a dark room, or a large building. Even though acquitted, I was still sentenced. Sometimes I wake up at nights, sweating, screaming, blinded by the lights. I think of the person trapped in my subconscious, with the thirty other eternally undead.

Rod Hall

MR. McCABE QUESTION TIME

Question: *Who sent thirteen out of a class of fifteen Form 6 Maths students for a late ticket?*

Answer: *Mr. McCabe.*

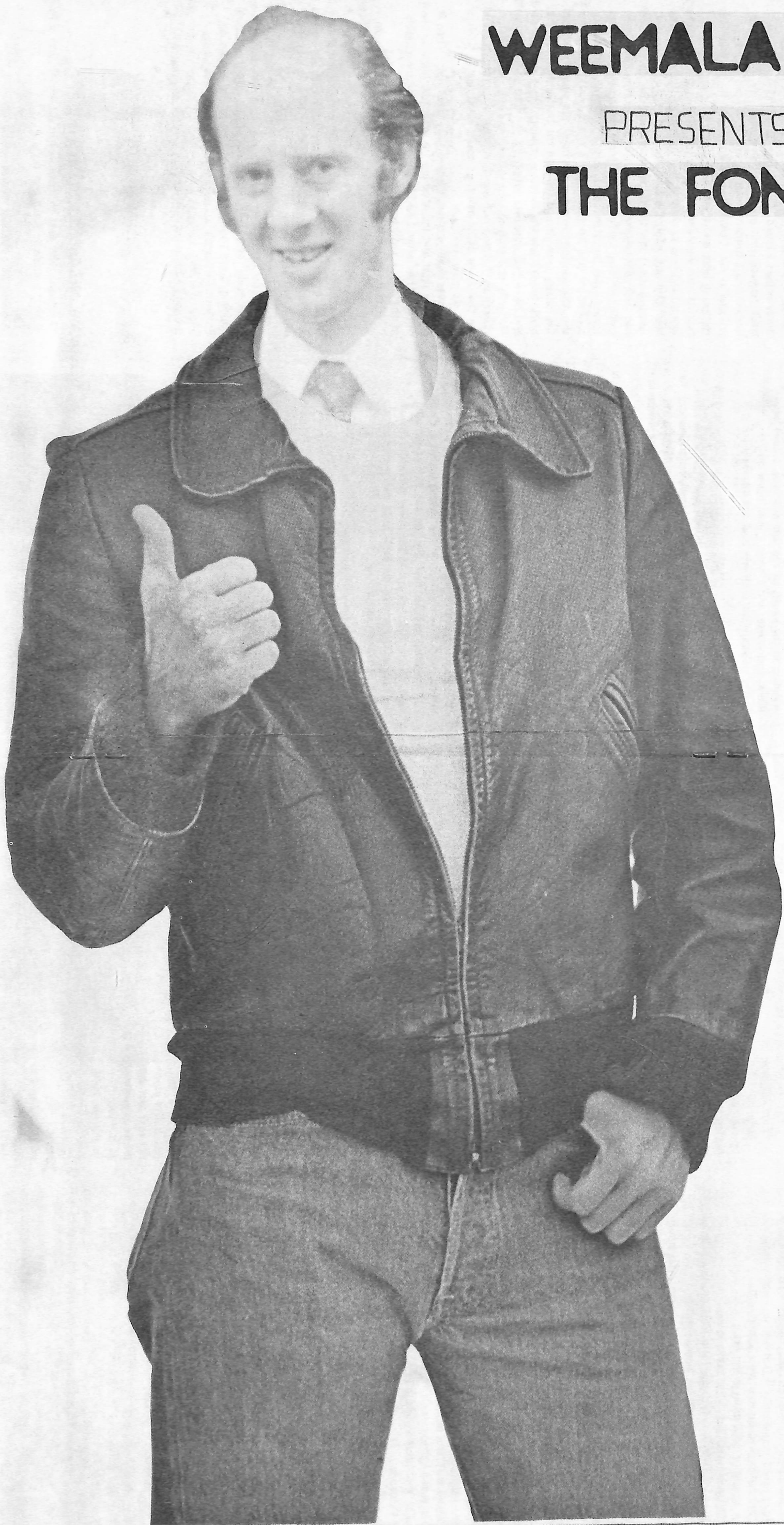
Question: *Which Form 6 teacher writes notes on the board then proceeds to rub them off?*

Answer: *You guessed it. Mr. McCabe.*

WEEMALA 7L

PRESENTS

THE FONZ



WINTER REFLECTIONS

SHADOWS

Bruce was happily dreaming of a golden tropical island where a native girl lavished attention on him, when Brianna landed unceremoniously on his waist.

‘Wake up sleepy-head! Tonight’s the night!’ she cried gaily.

Still half-asleep he muttered ‘Chris?’

A spasm of pain crossed her face.

‘Brianna, not Chris,’ she said gently.

Bruce turned slowly, now fully awake, and swallowed with difficulty. He held her arms.

‘Bree . . . I’m sorry. Sometimes . . . ’ he passed his hand over his eyes. ‘ . . . It’s the place and the snow and . . . ’

Brianna pressed her fingers to his lips. ‘Shhh,’ she told him even though it was a shot through the heart. His wife always seemed to be there.

‘I understand.’

‘I hope so,’ he whispered fervently. He shivered.

‘Brr, it’s so cold!’

She smiled but she knew it wasn’t the cold. It was the memories. The past intruding upon the present. He was making an effort to be gay. ‘Anyway, scat, you little minx, while I get dressed, seeing as you woke me up.’ He smacked her lightly. ‘And you’d better, too,’ he called as she reached the door.

‘Make me!’ she laughed.

He stood staring unseeingly out of the frosty pane of glass to the dazzling white of the snow. It had been a day like today. The sun shining coldly, the sky a depthless blue, the air crisp, the snow like carpet. And they had been racing. Racing to death. And Chris had been in front. She had almost reached the end, when he remembered the drop, the abrupt stop. He was yelling, yelling. But she hadn’t heard. Had gone straight over.

He closed his eyes at the memory.

The broken body thrown in a huddled heap like a dark bloodspot against the icy white snow. He shuddered uncontrollably.

He had to forget.

‘Bruce. Bruce?’

He started and turned abruptly.

‘Breakfast.’

‘Yeah, sure.’

Brianna sipped her coffee. ‘Tonight’s the night. Remember?’

‘No. What’s tonight?’

‘The dance, darling, the dance. I can’t wait, I really can’t. I think I’ll die before tonight.’

‘Don’t do that.’

‘Miss me?’

‘More than you’d know,’ Bruce answered.

There was silence.

‘Let’s go for a run.’

They tramped out into the raw air and skied for some time.

‘Bruce, have a race.’

‘You’d like a race?’

‘I’d love a race.’

‘Really and truly?’ he teased.

‘Really and truly.’

‘Okay. A head start of two hundred yards. Okay?’

‘Fine.’

Brianna skied into the wind, feeling its exhilarating breath rushing into her face. There had been a fall during the night and the snow was silken-smooth. It disappeared between her skis with dizzying speed. Bruce started out behind her. He was in his element.

God, she looks like Chris, he thought suddenly. I can’t live in the past, I must live in the present, he told himself fiercely.

Bree skied on and on — and over. She was in midair, flying. He heard her scream as she descended from sight. Reaching the embankment, he was afraid to look over. But he must.

She was still, white, her leg twisted unnaturally. He took a deep breath before clamouring down the eight feet to her. He crouched beside her.

He waited patiently beside her, but it was some time before she regained consciousness.

She groaned. ‘Bruce? My head, it’s killing me.’

‘I hope not,’ he smiled.

She made a movement. ‘God, my leg!’

‘It’s broken,’ he told her.

‘It’s what? Broken? It can’t be!’

‘But it is.’

‘Oh hell!’ she said with frustration.

‘Hey Bree?’

‘Yes?’ she looked up attentively.

He stared at her. ‘You’re not Chris.’

Silence.

‘I know.’

WINTER

*Harsh and gloomy
Yet soft and white
White is everywhere;
In the snow: — blanketing the earth
In the ice, cold, harsh invitations to Deaths winter dance
And in Death himself.
Cruel.
Hard.
With no heart to warm the soul
And in life;
White, frozen still until Spring obliterates Death
And yellow comes to warm the world
With her loving touch.*

Lisa Jenkins

RUN

Paul didn’t know where to run next. He had already covered two miles through thick scrub and now he could hear the sea coming nearer. Would he be trapped on some cliff or would this be the end?

All he thought was run, run and run fast, he stopped, thought and then ran on, away from the noise of the sea. He hurried on and on, dodging stones, trees and plants of some description. ‘Oww!’ the prickly, black berrybush caught his leg. ‘Darn those things’ he thought.

Hurry, hurry, his brain pumped. The sea was well behind, he had done well. He sat down on a stone to think for a moment which way now, left? right? He chose left. A twig snapped under his foot.

Now he seemed to be seeing larger trees, spread further apart. He passed a shack made of tin, he jumped a creek and pebbles crumbled under his foot. He was still going fast but so was she.

He turned and saw she was crossing the same creek he had just crossed.

She was still on his trail, still steady.

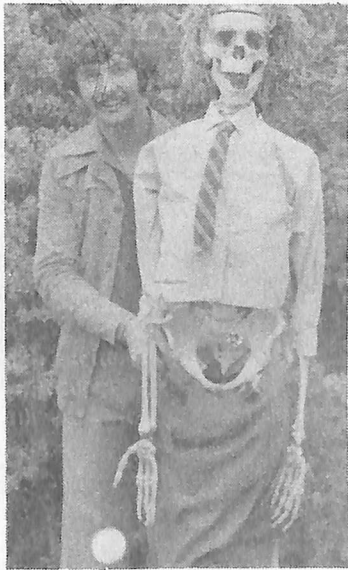
He noticed the horrible smile on her face, he turned and ran with a great burst of speed.

Soon he found himself running in an open field. He leapt in it then he sat down. He blended in with the tall yellow grass, he was camouflaged, he was glad he had sandy hair and a light shirt and jeans.

She shaded her eyes and looked, she looked for him for a while then shrugged her shoulders and walked off for several metres then Paul got up and ran in the opposite direction and the chase was on.

He looked around to the sky and then he dropped exhausted. She came up to him her black hair blowing in the breeze. She took her knife, held it to his heart and said ‘Good bye Paul’.

Laura Van Meurs



Visions of Norwood !

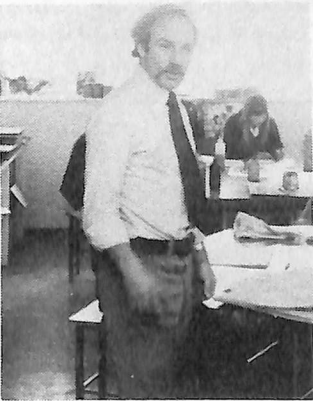
IGNORANCE IS OUR STUMBLING BLOCK

In this modern era we are becoming increasingly concerned with the threat of an invasion by the ‘Yellow Peril’. This may seem a mythical invasion as it was predicted to happen since World War Two. But beware! Those who scoff at this have only to look closer to home to detect elements of a Chinese takeover. One only has to look at Norwood High School to detect subversive Communist activities. Little known to the main student body is the fact that we are being taught Chinese Communist principles by the N.C.F. (Norwood Communist Force) disguised as docile teachers. Comrades who join the N.C.F. receive a full colour poster of Mao, a ‘Mao is Wow’ badge, a chin pimple and a copyright version of the little red school book.

Under further investigation by the S.R.C. (Students Resistance against Communism) it was found that there was an undercover network of espionage involving the whole teaching staff. It was found that the Art Department led by Comrade Gange was in charge of the propaganda division, which is known to use Chinese reds and oranges extensively in its paraphernalia. Also the production of Chinese pottery by Comrade Da-Vee is further evidence of Chinese infiltration. On looking at the Domestic Science Department we find that with the help of an East German defector, Comrade Fuhrer, the brainwashing of students to produce a Chinese-Aussie super race is proceeding with the pace of a cavorting Chinese dragon. Also in the Science Department there is believed to be a secret project underway concerning the production of microphones in Chinese coloured chalk.

It is also believed that Sports Department under the guidance of Comrade Wub is introducing a rigorous exercise routine in the basic skills of Chinese martial arts.

The daily detention in room 27 run by Comrade Quang Lee is further evidence of brainwashing, where the students write out a paragraph from Quotations of Mao Tse-tung. After extensive research by a handful of dedicated S.R.C. members it was found that the announcements by Comrade Quang Lee were in fact a complicated and ingenuously devised code. When Comrade Quang Lee said ‘Please excuse this announcement’ this meant ‘the usual meeting place’, which after an exhausting search was found to be a Chinese Laundry disguised as the Home Economics Department. If this announcement was followed by ‘Class dismissed after second bell’ decoded



this meant 'The meeting is urgent'.

Male teachers supporting a moustache are further evidence of creeping Chinese culture.



Comrade Wal-is who departed recently to the U.S.A. under the transparent disguise of observing the Presidential Elections is really going to China to attend a seminar on Communist developments in the production of fire crackers.

Comrade Har-wood disguised as the mad musician is in fact the leader of the N.C.F. choir who are reputed to chant Chinese yibberish at choir festivals on Mao's birthday.

In the Commercial Department it has been noticed that students are now typing on rice paper. This provides another outlet for Communist manufactures.

We also have in our midst a Russian defector, Comrade Wil-sun who in her spare time sings in Chinese operas. There is Comrade Cow-sin known to us as Mr. Cousins who is vice chairman of N.C.F. and in charge of timetabling Communist activities.

The head of this vast unbelievable Communist takeover is Chairman Wat-a-sun, affectionately known to his comrades as B.B. (Blotus Blossum). It is no wonder that Comrade Wat-a-sun is Chairman when you consider his sheer inventive skill. At lunchtime you will find him pretending to be gardening. He is in fact listening to the micro-mini-microphones that have been planted in the rose buds to find out his latest mission. Notice that if you stare long enough at the rose buds you will see self destructing roses. And on taking a second look at the teachers you'll find them to be somewhat oriental around the eyes. And to a trained ear you cannot miss that Cantonese accent skimpily disguised by a tinny Australian accent.

Unaware of these Chinese activities the students do not know that the standing to attention when the Principle enters the General Assembly is in fact an undercover salute to Mao, and that the form captain's badge is an anti-Capitalist slogan. The papier mache statue (typically Chinese) in front of the school is really a tribute to the first of many of Mao's five year plans for Norwood.

There is also a meeting of the Red Guard headed by the zealous Comrado Ock-Con-nor who is noted for his crafty Chinese jokes. The Red Guard holds its meetings every Friday night in the Barrel Bar of the Croydon Pub.

All members of the Red Guard are noted for their beer swilling capacities which makes them excellent undercover guards. They are all awarded the Red Guard arm band which cannot be worn at such subversive meetings.

To most students the school motto 'Fidelis' is known as loyal and faithful. But to what? The N.C.F. slogan 'Fid-del-us Mao' means loyal and faithful to Mao.

This undercover diabolical infiltration of Norwood is indeed a great step forward for Communism but a great setback for China. This distressing news can only be summed up in the words of the great Chinese philosopher Confucius who said 'Man who lies down with red dogs rises with red fleas'. Who knows, today Norwood, tomorrow the world!



P.S. The writer of this article wishes to remain anonymous for obvious reasons.

QUOTES NORWOOD STYLE

'Surprise! Surprise! Not Surprisingly!'

'Show me another Matric kid and I'll spew . . .'



'Oooops, I've put a minus sign in the wrong direction.'

'You can tell if it is going to be a boy or a girl by the change in the color of the mothers face.'

'They can't find their socks, how do you expect them to find subtleness.'

'Doesn't your brain get bigger with the more you learn.'

AMBUSH

Water parted; my body was sliding into the embrace of the cosmos of the ocean. Suspended like a small balloon high in the sky. I gazed around in my new environment. The blue water spread as far as I could see, and under me the abyss of the deep yawned open, hiding unseen spectacles from my view.

Slowly, and imperceptibly, the warm currents tugged me into deeper water, I dived quickly plunging through the thin skin of the blue here and there. As I dived, I looked behind me at the many hundreds of bubbles, gurgling wildly up to the surface, ruptured water.

From the surface, I had only been able to make out dark blurs in the water, but the deeper I dived, the more these shadows became crystal clear; huge rock reefs that stretched for miles, innumerable studded with rich, wild vegetation.

Coming to rest on a rock ledge I nestled among the chocolate kelp that swayed like trees in an autumn breeze. Everything was quiet, except for the sigh of my own regulator, and the clicks of crabs and other crustaceans.

Moving again, I wedged myself into a round fissure in the rock surface, a hollow formed millions of years ago when lava, spewing into the sea cooled quickly, forming great round holes where the molten bubbles had formed, waiting.

Before me, like a panorama, schools of fish swam past, all oblivious of my presence. I waited fingering my weapon in nervousness. I felt the restrained power in the rubbers and the smoothness of the barbless spear, housed in the gun's groove it too, waited.

He came out of the depths like a demon from hell, his grey body shivering through the water. I poised, ready for the strike. For days I had awaited his return, and he had come. His evil black eyes darted murderously around him, his mouth open, ready for a kill.

In front of, and slightly below my perch, the shark swam. I sprang. For one blurred moment, I was out of the shark's line of sight. That was all I needed. The spear arched from the gun, rocketing through the water. It entered his head slightly behind his eyes and came out through his jaw, killing him instantly.

He rolled over in the water, his eyes vacant of their fierce fires. I swam triumphantly to my kill to begin the heavy climb back to the surface.

R. Dawson



TO MY DEAREST MOTHER

*The kiss you landed on my lips
was my latest treasure*

And as the days crawl by

I in them seconds measure

But as it is I miss you so

and I wish the days would faster go

I hope you're having a nice time

as nothing will with this rhyme

I'll end my verse here

goodbye my mother dear

and remember

that a kiss is to me like gold

And it will never be bought or sold.

Dominique Jensen



CUDDLES !

*WHOEVER wants to know a thing
Has no way of doing so
Except by coming into contact with it
That is by living in its environment.*

*IF you want knowledge
You must take part
In the practice
Of changing reality.*

*IF you want to know the taste
Of a pear
You must change the pear
By eating it yourself.*

*IF you want to know the theory
And methods of revolution
You must take part in revolution
For all genuine knowledge originates
From direct experience.*

Mao

ALADINS LAMP

The onboard computer confirmed, Frontier ship 2 was now entering into orbit around Macedonia, the planet for the proposed colony. In reaction to this announcement a tremor of joy resounded through the craft as every member of the crew realised that the three year journey was finally completed without mishap. Though there still remained a shadow of doubt, due to the first Frontier ship sent to Macedonia which had failed to reach its destination and since vanished, the crew of Frontier 2 were in a general state of happiness, well being and satisfaction.

Unexpectedly an object appears on the trans-stellar radar unit and it is established that a craft similar in form to Frontier 2 is approaching. The crew, having been trained was prepared for defensive action at the threat of an unidentified craft, however this time it was unnecessary. For difficult to believe as it seemed, the craft in question now observed on the viz-screens was apparently Frontier 1, the lost sister ship.

Radio communications were established and the commander of Frontier 1 came aboard his sister command when the two vehicles docked in orbit. The commander of Frontier 1 told a fantastic story of how a freak cosmic storm had drained most of the drive energy from the plasmatic generators leaving a crippled ship drifting in space just short of its destination. Miraculously the crew had managed to repair and reconstitute the energy system, the lifeline of the ship.

So basically, Frontier 1 had been floating just near Macedonia, undetected, and by some incredible coincidence, having effected repairs, got under way at the same instant that the sister ship Frontier 2 arrived.

Close range surface and sub-surface scanning showed the planet Macedonia to possess features strikingly similar to Origia (Earth), the ice caps, the trees, the minerals, the great oceans and most important, an almost duplicate atmosphere.

Slowly all the precious life sustaining cargoes were shuttled down to the new home, where once unloaded the components would provide shelter and security for the colony. Strangely Frontier 1 seemed to have more sophisticated equipment than that carried by Frontier 2. Resulting from this the colony was assembled in one quarter of the calculated time, with comfortable and secure shelters, hydroponic gardens which in two days flourished bearing fruit and exploration vehicles assembled and sent out on advance scouting parties. Incredibly the colony was self sufficient due to the advanced technology that the Frontier 1 crew had at their disposal.

Noon, on the third day, the commander of Frontier 1, who had assumed charge of the colony, informed the crew of Frontier 2 that upon arrival he had received 'sealed orders' from the computer, and a further exploratory mission was assigned for a neighbouring and uncharted star system.

Leaving only a skeleton crew behind, the combined commands in Frontier 1 headed into the awaiting galaxy. Seemingly, for a particular reason, the craft B-lined for a selected planet. No questions were asked as it was believed this action was part of the orders.

Finally in orbit around the unnamed planet it was observed that it had once been inhabited as its surface was adorned with majestic structures, reflections of a brilliantly creative being.

The crew of Frontier 2 were immediately assembled and shuttled to the surface of the intriguing planet where they were to explore, carry out specific tests and observe.

The moment they touched down each person was frozen or suspended by some invisible force which produced a feeling of draining and searching through the body. A booming mechanical voice resounded 'I know your intentions of exploration, this being a dead planet I see no reason to stop you, I am all that is left of this civilisation and my function is to ensure the safeguard of this planet and all who trespass. I am a machine, my decision is final, you have the right to proceed.'

The astonished group, now feeling quite secure on the strange world, divided into scouting parties and proceeded to explore. They could see readily that once there had been been an incredible civilisation existing: proud, mindful and beautifully creative. Yet they could not discern any obvious reasons for the race's termination.

Further orders from the orbiting ship, 'find the transparent building and remove the device from the top level', the ground crew questioned these orders for without prior knowledge of the planet how was it possible to know of such things?

The masquerade was over, the crew of Frontier 1 were programmed clones created by a race who desired control of the device in the transparent building. The clones then ordered the crew on the planet to abide by their commands lest they be left to perish.

Instantly two missiles were launched from amidst the dead city. The Guardian machine had discovered the scheme of the clone aliens and was replying with defensive action.

The clone ship broke orbit and fled, the missiles failing to find their target.

The crew of Frontier 2 were abandoned and almost helpless in the awe inspiring shadow of the strange city. Questioning why the clones had shown so much interest in the device located within the transparent building, the group sought, found and investigated the allusive building. It revealed many forms of machinery and on its highest level was what appeared to be simply a programmable computer unit with solar cells, about the size of the inboard computer on Frontier 2.

An operator stepped forward and began to programme the machine by the singular key board. Deciphering the coded input system, it was discovered to their dismay, that this device was in fact a Solar Synthesiser capable of converting energy into matter of any shape or form.

Instructed to create a phaser molecule transporter there was a brilliant flash of light as the machine obeyed. The transporter appeared on a platform within metres of the synthesiser.

The booming voice again, 'I see you plan to take one of the machines, the synthesiser, and being the type of people you are, I see that it will be put to a useful purpose, go now and beware!'

The synthesiser and the crew were transported to Macedonia in seconds, and wasting little time the synthesiser was put to use to create a human city on a parallel to the city of its origins.

After an assembly of the entire crew the decision was made to journey, through the time saving device of the transporter, to the nearest planet which had an Origia Pro-consulate residing and make known the existence and function of the synthesiser.

A delegate was transported to Palistine, the closest pro-consul planet. Sooner than expected the delegate returned with instructions to remove the synthesiser to Palistine where it would be under the supervision of the pro-consulate. The delegate departed once more and moments later returned also. Treachery! The evil Frontier 1 appeared in the skies, the delegate had been the clone's and the synthesiser was now in their hands.

As well as creating matter from energy equally the synthesiser could reverse the process. Within minutes of being under the clones control, the incredible structure of the newly created human city was wiped from the surface of Macedonia leaving just the original colony structure.

The devastated humans swore revenge on the controllers of the clones. A selected squad was then sent to the dead planet for the key to their vengeance.

Arriving at the dead planet the squad once more experienced the mind and body searching of the Guardian machine.

'I have knowledge of your situation also the solution. Do not fret away your energies on worthless missions of revenge. Advance to the asteroid which orbits the ninth planet of your solar system. You will find the controllers of the clones destroyed, as the corruption and greed within them has emerged through the synthesiser and destroyed these outlaws of a race. Return to Macedonia with the synthesiser and be mindful of your own existence.'

The squad with complete confidence in the Guardian proceeded as directed to the asteroid finding every detail precisely as the Guardian had outlined.

Upon returning to Macedonia several objectives were established: firstly to restore the beautifully functional city created by the synthesiser, this was done; secondly to return the synthesiser to its origins, this was done.

For a fourth time the Guardian machine spoke 'You have done well humans, you may have averted your end.'

A. Clarke.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

As transcribed from a desk top in room 27.

'There is no point in reading this notice, however, despite this warning, we know you'll read it in the end. Thank you.'

Form five maths students were puzzled by the following remark: *'Maths is easy, it's just a case of working it out.'*

'Doesn't man have a breeding season?'



MONDAY MORNING

*The bell rings
and we shuffle in,
locker doors crash,
and people push each other
trying to get in first.
I never do,
I'm down the bottom.
We go to class,
talking about football
'We won by 40 goals',
'We lost by 3 points',
and so on.
We wait for the teacher,
It's cold in the room and
She's always late Monday morning.
She comes at last
We slave away for 40 minutes,
sorting Debits from Credits,
and Ledgers and Journals.
We rush out,
when the bell goes.
Squeezing through the door,
into the corridor of freedom.
We run to our lockers,
to get to mechanical drawing quickly.
We work all period.
Adding this to that,
putting in windows
drawing perspectives,
listening to the teacher,
telling us to do it,
that and this way.
We walk out,
into recess,
Have a great game of soccer,
and when finished,
walk dejectedly,
into a double period of English,
you know the feeling,
writing all the time,
reading Shakespeare,
and about a trial in Southern North America,
writing essays etc.
We love it (Ha Ha)
The bell rings again.
We walk out
Not too fast,
so not to give a false impression.
Into a glorious 50 minutes
OF LUNCH.*

Patrick Newman

SYDNEY

*Bustling and big,
Full of life;
But yet
Cold and hard:
Colder than death itself
Is the city.*

*Near the sea,
Washing waves
And glistening sands,
But how many
Of these beaches
Are not Hell itself
With pollution filling the gut
Of the people.*

*A haven for the perverted mind;
The filth and horror of woman,
The exploited sex,
Fill the streets,
Of the place they call
King's Cross.*

*Come and see the Bridge
They say,
Another of man's creations
Filling earth's rich land,
The Utopia once.
Before mans twisted mind
Came to plant himself
Upon the land
And build a place
Called Sydneytown.*

Lisa Jenkins

WAVES

*First there is a stretch of golden sand
Then the rocks not far from land
Later the sea with sand not soil
Far beneath the endless toil
The swish of the waves endlessly
Upon the rocks with a bang or a crash
Sometimes the sea is calm without a care
Sometimes it's rough but it's always there
Some waves are big some are small
Some are short and some are tall
The waves of the sea turn with the tide
Whether it's high or low they swim side by side
The sand, the rocks, the waves, the sea
Will always be there to eternity.*

Dominique Jensen

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FORM SIXER

The day begins with the enthusiastic student running into class. (This is usually because the second bell has gone or is about to go. For those uninitiated in the school system, the result of such tardiness is a late-ticket. The word 'late ticket' strikes fear in the hearts of all because it results in a visit, by the FELON to the 'dreaded' late detention class, where you receive a severe punishment of ten words and meanings.) Supposing the student 'makes it', that is he is earlier than the teacher, after approximately ten minutes of general conversation and chair shuffling to the accompaniment of the desperate pleadings for attention by the teacher, the lesson begins. (Please note that in the case of Applied Mathematics students you nick off because he probably won't come anyway.) Included in the general rabble of a lesson is usually a little theory after which the student is told to finish the chapter; this will probably amount to about four hours per night per subject per student. (For the mathematically slow among our readers this does leave you somewhat short of free time since there are only 24 hours in a day.)

At the end of the first two periods, after listening to those vitally interesting pieces of propaganda, the daily notices (these are for the benefit of those who cannot or will not read the printed notices — the general feeling is that cannot is the applicable term) you are dismissed for recess.

This pleasant little interlude entails leaning on the rails outside rooms 6, 7 & 8 or sitting on the heaters outside them. During recess one says the remainder of the general conversation attempted in the first two periods. To all would be sixth-formers please note that working through recess is 'taboo' among sixth-formers and those who do are regarded as mentally unbalanced.

Following recess you wait another ten minutes for your teacher and then obtain the right to do more homework, to catch up on what you should have done whilst you sat doing nothing waiting for the teacher.

After the third and fourth periods comes the only worthwhile event for the day (besides going home) LUNCH. Lunch is usually indicated by a massive surge of students towards the canteen. At lunch time, you now have the opportunity to wait half an hour in the canteen queues to get a 'hot dog' in a dry roll or whatever you fancy, provided you don't fancy too much. Notice to all 'hot dog' buyers of 1977, always ask for sauce; it warms up the sausage. If you are fortunate enough to be served before the food supply is depleted to nothing, you then eat and indulge in the various lunchtime entertainments such as volleyball, table tennis, or for the more athletic, sitting in the chemistry room drinking coffee or smoking behind the science block.

One of the consolations of being in form six is the right to evict juniors from the hall (table tennis stadium). This is usually done by one of two methods (1) polite verbal means ('get out you brats') or (2) the more labourious but satisfying means of physical 'persuasion' (kick 'em out on their heads). Several such evictions give one the strength to face the rest of the day.

Class begins again after lunch with a staggered start because 'you can't hear the bell on the volley ball courts'. (The general opinion is that the first bell is a



phenomena existing telepathically among the staff.) One period after lunch and then it's form assembly, a formality observed only because you can't pass form six without a 90% attendance. Following form assembly is another recess. This seems an excessively generous gesture on the part of the staff, but it is not really, it is to enable the caffeine addicts to get another 'fix'.

Two further periods of 'intensive study' are next on the agenda, one of which is nearly always English (just to irk us). Our task in English is to learn how to spell the words we should have learnt in fourth form, of course the ones you get wrong are written out five times. This is a wonderful but ineffectual method of learning them. Having used up the first fifteen minutes of the period the remainder can be used for 'discussion'. Discussion is, however, a nice way of saying that you sit and talk to your mates about topics totally remote from English, while the teacher sits and reads a book, smiling occasionally just to keep up the image.

The following event's popularity exceeds that of lunch, it is, of course dismissal. Upon dismissal the form six student proceeds home and watches 'telly' all night. However, if you are keen enough you can fit in a bit of study during the commercials.

Ian Rutherford

ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY

The long lost tomb of King Tut was recently discovered in a canteen pie.



DRUGS

Undercover drug ring uncovered in a pie from the canteen.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .

Passing the smoke to the next bloke and finding out it's a teacher?

Coming home first in the cross-country and finding out you went the wrong way?

Going to school and finding it's a holiday?

Wearing full uniform on a non-uniform day?

Meeting a teacher whose class you wagged that morning?

Staying up all night doing an assignment then finding out it's not due till next week?

Rationalizing for excuses while getting a late ticket?

Coming to class late and finding it's the wrong room?

Eating a salad sandwich and finding beetroot all over your jumper?

Helping someone in an exam and finding out he got a better mark than you?

Waiting for the bell to go for lunch, then finding you've forgotten it, or have no money?

Cheating off someone in an exam and finding out he failed?

Swearing blue-murder and then finding a teacher behind you?

Shouting while loud music is being played then suddenly finding it has stopped?

Falling asleep in class then being woken by a teacher?

Hurrying home from school in pouring rain and finding you've forgotten the house key?

Contributed by an Unfortunate Student



A TRAVELOGUE

EGYPT — Land of the pyramids, (ghastly green and purple in the lights of the Son et Lumière); the mysterious Sphinx, (a chunk of decaying sandstone, patched with crumbling Roman concrete); glamorous, beautiful Cleopatra, (more of her later) and the Nile: the longest river in Africa, one of the Cradles of Civilisation, the gift of the Gods to Man; a shallow, muddy, smelly stream, replete with local garbage and various strange and malefic germs! Strange how one's romantic vision is always undercut by sordid reality; — not a completely fair assessment in this case, as Ancient Egypt is all that one could wish for, but modern Egypt will intrude.

Cairo Airport; an experience in itself. Not yet repaired after being bombed by the Israelis in 1973 (or maybe the Germans in 1941); mind the hole in the floor; miles of forms to be filled in, in Arabic, in triplicate; carry your luggage for miles round and through various buildings; a quick scramble for a bus, an even quicker dash for a seat on the plane (no seat allocation and overbooking a matter of course); finally, off to Aswan.

Aswan seems more military than civil. Onto a bus, then off again for a lengthy haggle over the luggage. Finally it is loaded. And we move along the gravel road, over the old Aswan Dam (bitumen road now) with its manned gun ports, through the welcoming arches left over from the last State Visitor, through the town, then at last, the boat. A pleasant afternoon drifting in a felucca among the rocks of the First Cataract — little did we know that that would be our only chance to relax for the next two weeks.

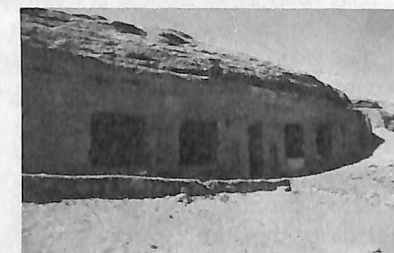
Early next morning, the return trip to the airport, the long wait in the (freezing cold) building, again the scramble for seats, then Abu Simbel — an architectural wonder both ancient and modern. Warm, dark, rock-hewn aisles, vainglorious paintings, huge statues; an aloofness and dignity both human and divine, which ignores the thronging tourists, even silences most of the Americans, causes the Japanese to pause in their picture taking —. Up a flight of stairs to view the modern wonder — a concrete dome, the busy clutter of girders and cement blocks, framed blueprints, a souvenir stall selling warm 'coke' — perhaps one should stick to the past?



Our afternoon excitement is Sadd el Ali — the High Dam. Plans; models; photographs of the work during construction; a view of the power station at the outlet of the diversion tunnel; twelve enormous gates below the turbines; the incredible sweep of the earth wall, dwarfing the triumphal pylon on top; the spreading waters of Lake Nasser, mirroring two 'saved' temples — here the water is deep to the edge, the increasing salinity problem is concealed from the eye. Sadly, one must not take photos — these are regarded as a security risk.

On to Philae, the Pearl of Egypt, but even golden afternoon sunlight cannot disguise the damage done by the waters behind the old dam; hide the scaffolding around the partially dismantled temple; heal the scars gouged by bulldozers on the nearby island where Philae is to be rebuilt. Guides blare through megaphones; boatmen scream and haggle over each tourist party; Ptolemy IX looks disdainful.

The paddlesteamer moves downstream until dark — the river is low, many mudbanks are exposed. At dawn a double temple floats above pink mist, perfect, its fallen pillars restored by distance. We invade the parallel aisles, floors rising, ceilings coming lower in each succeeding hall. On one side, hawk-headed men, on the other, crocodiles, loom from the walls. Behind the sanctuaries, a complex of stairs and narrow passages, eternally dark — the workings of the ancient oracle?



Time, and the banks, slip by. Cliffs scarred with tombs and quarries, mudflats green with sugar cane and broad beans. Horse carriages race us across the bridge to the temple of Edfu, best preserved of all the temples. Giant stone hawks guard the doors, a naos, centuries older than the sanctuary in which it rests, the flare of kerosene lamps gleams on the restored sacred barque in its shrine, the ritual, the processions, flicker on as light sweeps across the walls; Gods and Kings, worshippers and worshipped, sacred symbols, mythological tales of the mysteries of creation, revenge. Outside, the late sunlight warms the bargaining in the market, souvenir sellers cluster, drivers demand 'baksheesh'; all is noise and flurry.

Thump! against the quay repaired with ancient stones. A quick walk through the town, escorted by the police. Are they there to protect us, or the locals? Not the old temple, as they wait above, watching us edge forty feet down a flight of rusty iron steps, to where a pillared hall has been freed from the town rubbish which overwhelmed it. Goats join the crowd peering down at us. Romans decorated this one, not really understanding the traditional scenes they carved. These shine softly in the torch light and a strange odour lingers — until recently this temple was used as a wool store, bats are still in residence.

The crew leap ashore to work the lock gates. The Army lounges on its gun, sends small boys to demand "American cigarette"; five bundles of sugar cane lurch and sway across the barrage, the haughty nose of a camel protrudes from each.

NORWOOD'S VISITORS.

M.N.A.E.S.

I am Marie Esthar Saavadre a 17 year old student from Bolivia (South America). I am here with the Multinational Program of American Fields Service.

Many people ask me, where is Bolivia? Now, I want to explain a little bit about Bolivia.

Bolivia is in the middle of South America, being about 1,100,000 square kilometers in area with a population of 6,500,000. Geography presents a variety of aspects, having high mountains, picturesque valleys, with prairies and immense woods, innumerable rivers and lakes. The most important lake is TITIKAKA. It is situated in the top of the mountains and is the highest lake in the world. It is 4,200 metres above sea level.

The country is divided into nine states. These nine states have three different climates. The first three states always have a cold climate because they are situated along the chain of mountains 'The Andes'. The second three states (The Valleys) have a moderate climate and the last three are always hot.

The folklore in Bolivia is wealthy, varied and very interesting because it is different in each state.

The main economic activity is the export of minerals, because Bolivia is a country rich in mining and is also a cattle country.

I would like to explain everything about Bolivia but I can't because to learn very good English in four months is impossible. In Bolivia we speak Spanish.

I never thought I would come to Australia, and the first indication I received was the publicity notice saying,

'Australia is a country with many Kangaroos and a lot of insects, and life like American Life'.

But now I am really happy, because for me Australia is a beautiful country.

The Bolivian life and Australian life is very different, because I think each country has its own typical characteristics and customs.

I arrived in Australia in the last half of January and it was very difficult for me especially the English because we learn English in Bolivia but it is not very good; like this:

'Hello! How are you?'

and simple things which are not really necessary.

I am going back to Bolivia next January and I never will forget Australia. In four months I learned many things, but I want to learn a lot more because I love Australia, its people, the life, the Kangaroo and pies. (We haven't pies in Bolivia).

I want to say to everybody, especially the young people,

'It is a big experience, to know another country, to live with new people and to learn new customs'.

Maria Esther Saavedra



MARIA

A.F.S. (AUSTRALIA FEELS STRANGE)

Everybody always asks exchange students 'What's different?' and 'How do you like it here?' so I'll try to tell you how I feel.

Everybody knows the obvious differences between America and Australia, like kangaroos, and cars on the left side of the road. But there are lots of little differences most people wouldn't think about. For example, did you know that water goes down the drain in the opposite direction here? 'Fair dinkum', the little whirlpool goes counter-clockwise here. The light switches are backwards, and the doorknobs are higher. I learned the hard way that power points have to be turned on. (I kept forgetting to flip the switch and then wondering why the toast never popped out of the toaster.) The telephone booths and letter boxes look funny to me, until I came to Australia. I had never seen a gum tree, a skinhead, or a panel van.

Now I'd like to clear up a few misconceptions about America. All Americans do not drink coffee. There are fifty states in America (not 48, 51 or 52). And since I'm from the South, technically I'm not a Yankee, but a Rebel.

I love the Australian accent and the different expressions. I still say 'y all' and I can't pronounce 'water' 'tomato' or 'banana'. But I have learned some interesting swear words, and now I know I should ask for the toilet or the lu instead of the bathroom. My very, very favourite Australian phrase is 'Nudge, nudge .. wink, wink, .. SAY NO MORE!!'

There are lots of things I like about Australia, such as Tea, Pavlova, and (of course!) Meat Pies! I'm a fan of Aussie Rules football. (I barrack for the best - Carlton!). I like Benny Hill and I adore 'The Goodies'.

There are a few things I don't like too: the cold weather, rain, school uniforms, having to wear a seat belt, and 'Abba'. I'm still undecided about Norman Gunston and Vegemite. (Nothing can replace good old peanut butter and jam!)

I really think this is a beautiful country, in every way. My visit has been a great experience! I take back to America memories of good times and wonderful friends. To everyone at Norwood, Thank you!! Norwood will always be special to me.

Dianne Hubbard

A.F.S. INVOLVED

Hi! I'm Roben Partridge from San Diego, California, U.S.A. San Diego is situated on the Western coast and on the southern tip of California. I live near the beach, mountains and desert. I've come to Ringwood on the summer program of A.F.S. so my stay here was quite short.

Through the past few years, Norwood has become greatly involved with the A.F.S. Scheme. Through long and hard work the kids at Norwood and the A.F.S. Yarra Valley Chapter both worked towards bringing students from different lands together at Norwood High and the surrounding various schools.

A.F.S. - American Field Service has been cropping up since 1914. A.F.S. began during World War I, as a volunteer ambulance corps with the Allied Forces and continued on during World War II. It was definitely a very useful service, and from it began the A.F.S. foreign exchange student program. Many countries were wary of this program at first, but eventually as years passed, more countries slowly became involved in A.F.S.

From the beginning the goal of this organisation was to bring better relations between different countries. The personal relationships grow very deep between individuals of different cultures and this adds to the fostering of international understanding and friendship.

The program of actually sending students to live and study in a foreign country began in 1947. Eventually several programs have sprung from the idea. Right now there are six programs in full use:-

- A.A. Program - Americans Abroad
- S.P. - Summer Program 2½ months
- S.C. - School Program
- M.N.P. - Multi-national Program (country other than U.S.)
- D.P. - Domestic Program (exploration of differences within boundaries of own country)
- E.P. - Educators program (U.S.S.R.-U.S. Teacher exchange)



DIANNE & ROBEN



CJENG

The screening for the A.F.S. program is not for the 'ideal' person who will have an 'ideal experience'. There are no such ideals. A.F.S. selects a student for his individual qualities and expects him to be human, with a balance of strengths and weaknesses. It is to have an experience along with excitements, plus the daily routine and adjustment situations. Each A.F.S. experience is unique and shaped by the qualities of the student and host family involved.

I have had a great time here at Norwood and I've learned a lot through all the special friendships I've made with both classmates and staff members. Thankyou so much for the fond memories. You're all FANTASTIC!

Rob. Partridge

AS I WAS PASSING

One of the first things the overseas student is bombarded viciously with is, 'How do you like Australia?' It can get boring after answering that question more than 10 times. A few weeks ago I was asked to write a report. Since the good people concerned did not define 'report', and they forgot to bring a dictionary, I shall take the liberty to write what I please. One way to do this report is to do 'extensive research' in the 'resource centre' in the library comparing the geographical and historical aspects of my own country with that of Australia. But I think that would hardly interest my well read Australian friends.

Firstly I come from Malaysia, one of the South-East Asian nations. Just like in Australia, Malaysia is divided into states. Penang, (Malay name is Pulau Pinang) some 500 miles north-west by road from Singapore is my hometown. Historically, Captain Francis Light (father of Colonel William Light who later founded Adelaide) first set foot on the island in 1786.

Whenever I try to explain where Penang is geographically, I run into a lot of trouble and give up after having acute tonsillitis. Next I try to tell my patient Australian friends that there is an Australian Air Base not far off on the mainland from Penang Island. It is a pity most are uninformed of that. (Maybe the present generation of Australians are not militarily inclined.)

The majority of the Australians live inside the airbase or rent houses along the northern side of the island. (Their houses are next to the beach.) On weekends the pleasure loving 'Aussies' go swimming, play cricket or go 'scrambling' with trail-bikes.

Well I hope this short account will interest my readers. It is indeed very difficult to write without being given definite topics (my good editors have conveniently forgotten to tell me) to write on. Thank you for bearing with me. Just forget them.

Cjeng Toh

HOW TO EARN THE EVERLASTING RESPECT OF YOUR 6TH FORM MATES

You must be some kind of a freak, creep, nut or weirdo to be reading this. This article aims at showing the intrigued reader what it is like to be a sixth former. The characters are entirely fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. No offence is intended and if the scatter-brained reader finds any, it is purely coincidental. Now, I shall introduce you to some of the most unpopular characters who have gained the everlasting respect of their sixth form mates.

Always present in every form, is the 'class joker'. (At least it calls itself that even if others disagree). Most of the time it sits at the back of the class waiting eagerly (like a mongrel hoping to lick his master's dirty shoes) to crack its corney jokes. In all fairness the jokes are more 'fishy' than 'corney'. When the fishy jokes are cracked, much stereophonic laughter and uproar is audible. Much laughter however, comes from the joker itself as it thinks that the jokes are very funny. It is a real pity that the rest of the class fail to appreciate the jokes. Before I end the discussion on jokers, I would like to introduce 'the karate joker'. It is typically seen whispering softly (it has a first-class built in amplifier in the larynx) comments like, 'Oh! it's so stupid! I am not going to do it!!' (Very helpful and constructive comments). This is followed by vicious banging on the desk (it is a black-belt holder) and diabolical laughter. Luckily for the desk, it is made of good old Australian timber and the joker had left its black-belt at home.

In order to 'keep up with the Joneses', some sixth formers have picked up strange habits. Smoking is one of the many cultivated by them. Briefly, there are two hybrids of smokers. The first hybrid, consisting of the elegant, chivalrous, country squires use the finest quality king-sized school chalks. The squires claim that the refined chalk dust that is inhaled causes chivalry and refinement in one's behaviour. However, the health authorities, having wasted public funds in their extensive research have been unable to disprove the squire's statement.

The second hybrid uses the most pungent of Castro's Havana Cigars available. Exhaustive and extensive research done by Cuban scientists have shown that these cigars increase one's virility and life expectancy by 50%. No wonder, and increasing number of sixth formers (they are very health conscious) have taken up cigar smoking.

Meet the Cassanova of Norwood! He is a very shy and reserved person by nature. Quite often he leaves his dictionaries containing addresses and telephone numbers of all the 'cool chicks' in Ringwood lying around. He is a very good preacher (he goes to Sunday School) when it comes to the latest in girlie magazines. A very modest and humble person, he tells people of his experiences as the world's most famous Welch's boyfriend. Actually he is not; his mother would not let him talk to strangers.

So, by now you would have had a good insight into the ways sixth formers gain their respect. Before I forget, one gains more respect by bathing in listerine if one has bad breath.

(Acknowledgements: inspirations from Swift and Orwell.)

PLAYERS

*You are the eyes of the reader
I am the hands of the writer
Together we can fill the page.*

*You are the ears of the listener
I am the voice that's the picture
Together we can act out the age.*

*All the world is a stage
All the people are players
Turn on the spotlight, it's yours.*

*All the world is a stage
All the people are players
Bring up the curtain, applause.
One thing for certain it's yours.*

*You are the shining example
I am the one to portray it
To measure the storm that follows the cloud*

*You are the mind of the rebel
I am the strength of all freedom
Together we can break from the cage*

*You are the brain of the thinker
And I am the face of expression
Together we can act out the age*

*All the world is a stage
All the people are players
Turn on the spotlight, it's yours.*

*All the world is a stage
All the people are players
Bring up the curtain, applause.
One thing for certain it's yours.*

*A star you're born to be
A star you became
What happened in between
You have yourself to blame
In the end it makes no difference at all
You can't take any when you fall.*

*All the world is a stage
All the people are players
This world is yours.*

'S' Form 6.



One and one make two, see?





Autographs

