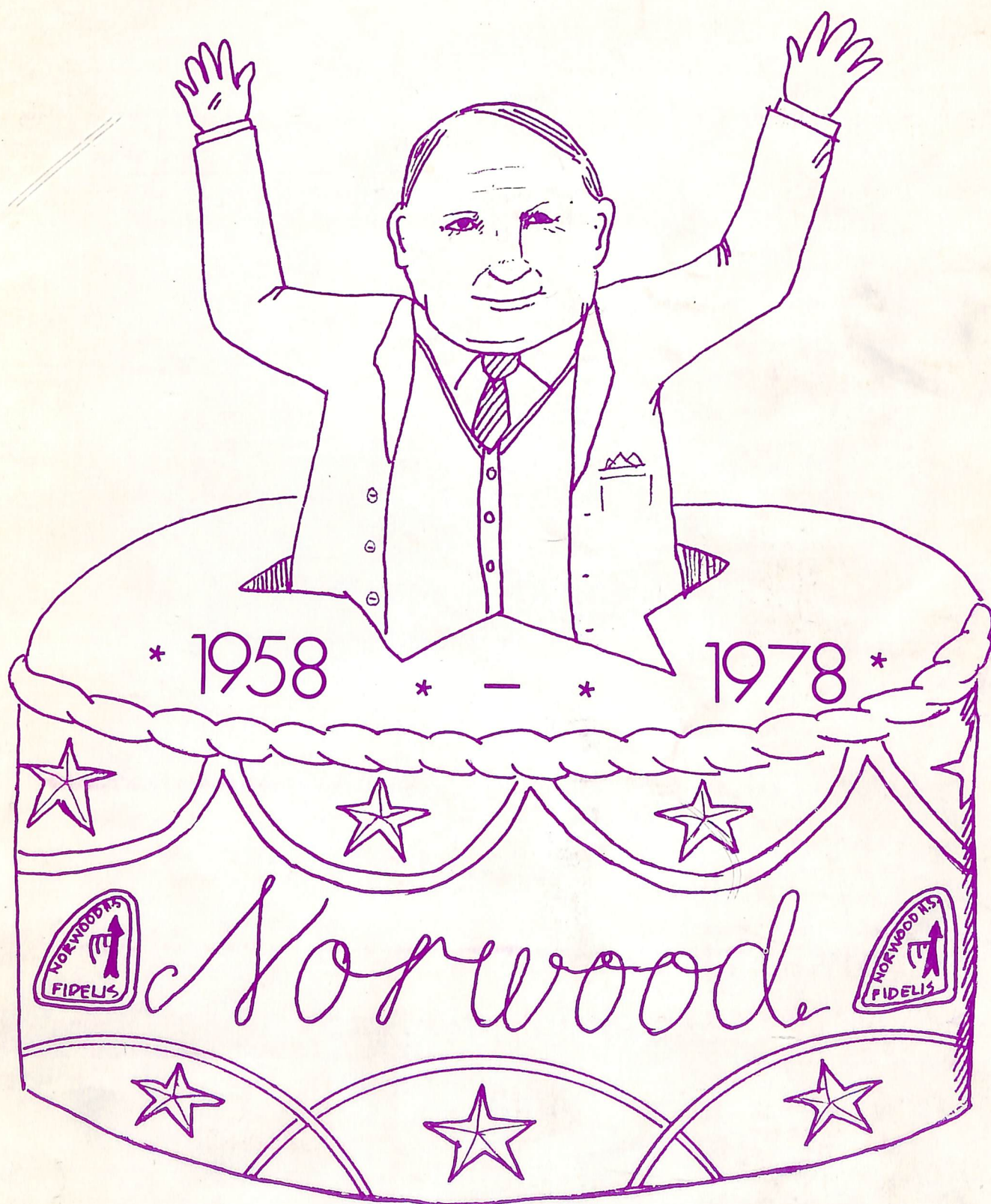


WEEMALA '78



happy birthday norwood !

Dedicated to all you wonderful possums!

*Special thanks to:
Mrs Phillips
Mr McCarthy
Neil Kennedy (photography)
Janelle Hoare (typing)
Oscar Ferrario
and all other contributors.
(Also Rob & Shirl!)*



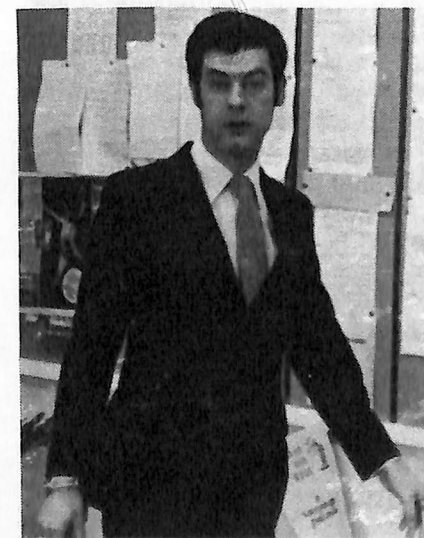
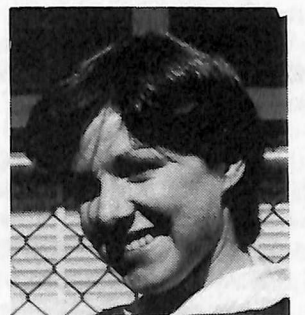
EDITOR'S REPORT

Dear kiddies,

Well another year has passed and once again it is time for you to feast your eager little eyes on our humble literary offering. I (Katrina) would like to make an apology to anyone I upset when I said we would do better than last year's magazine, I hadn't realised that the school could be so apathetic in its response to the production of a school magazine. So if this magazine may seem to be a 'Form 6' oriented publication you must realise that that is the area from which we received the most support. It really is amazing how quickly you pick up such skills as typing, photography and layout when the job is left up to you. Well, enough complaining. We hope that you really do enjoy this year's magazine, we have tried to make the approach a little more humorous than it has been in the last couple of years, and we hope that all concerned i.e. staff, take it well and are not offended.

Well, as they say in staff reports, here's hoping that next years effort is every bit as good, we've had an enjoyable time, the people who did help were great, and so all that's left to say is "read on, dear students, read on".

Lots of love,
Your friendly co-editors
Katrina and Alison.





SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

1978 has been an interesting and busy year for the School Council. Most students realize that the Council has representatives from the parents, teachers and students, together with a representative from each of the City Councils from whose areas our students are drawn.

The Council comes under the leadership of Mr. F. Hill, who is responsible for the welfare of the school and the students in it.

During 1978 Council has been interested in funding the Camp Committee so that the development of the Gooram Camp may proceed with pace. In addition it has contributed \$2000 to the Ringwood Chaplaincy Committee which supports the work of the Chaplain at Norwood.

Much of the equipment that has come into the school comes through the courtesy of the School Council. Looking through the account we find that \$600 was contributed for sound equipment in the English Department. \$100 for fish tanks; \$280 for table tennis tables; \$550 for the 'photos' of Charlie Girl; \$500 for the clay blender in the pottery room; \$692 for a Basoon; \$184 for a Camera Projector; \$400 to construct a Visual Box in the Video Room; \$305 for a Video mixer; \$258 for a micro viewer in the Careers Centre; \$467 for the Electric Typewriter in the Typing room; \$460 for the heater in the Form 6 area and \$500 towards a metal bending machine in the metal work room.

In addition Council has made numerous smaller donations towards developments around the school. All our sports equipment comes through the courtesy of the School Council.

Where does Council get this money to do all these things? Principally from two sources — the first is the annual donation each family gives at the beginning of each year and the second is from profit from the School Canteen.

We are indeed a very fortunate school to have such an active and considerate Council to care for our needs.

PRINCIPALS MESSAGE

Another year has passed and once again I sit to write a column for the magazine. This year the main thought in our minds must be the problem of unemployment, particularly unemployment amongst our Youth. So often people say to me 'Yes but you wouldn't understand the problem'. I wonder if I might.

I finished High School in 1934 when I passed my matriculation as it was then called. 1934 was during the great Depression and even with my pass I couldn't get work with the Education Department so it was back to school again to do my matriculation again, but with a different group of subjects. At the end of 1935 still no job, so at the beginning of 1936 it was back to school again with 13 subjects passed for my Matriculation and then in March 1936 I was able to get my job in the Education Department, so I guess I do know what it may be all about.

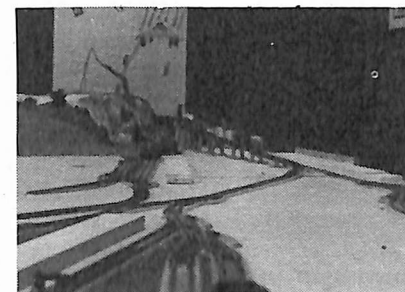
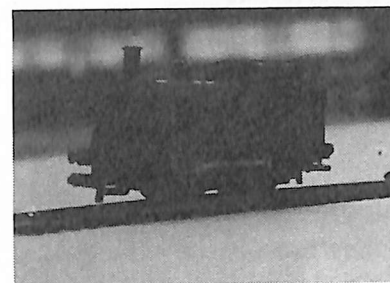
From my own experience I would say that there are several things that are essential in getting a job at a time of depression.

The first is not to quit school until you can get a job unless the financial situation at home makes it imperative to do so. The dreadful term 'drop out' that society gives to anyone leaving school without a job implies a person without sufficient will to pursue a task through to the end and no employer, particularly when he can pick and choose, will want a person such as that to work for him.

The second is not to take the Second Best, just because what you want is not available at the moment, particularly if you have the ability to qualify for your first job and you can carry it out efficiently. Remember you will spend between 40 to 50 years of your life working. There is nothing more soul destroying than having to spend all that time doing your 2nd best and wishing that you could be doing something else.

The third point is the fact that when you are being interviewed for a position you must really try to sell yourself. Several weeks ago I had to do a task which required me to be on a panel to interview 12 University Graduates for a position. Several were so untidily dressed and so lacking in manners that they started the interview at a decided disadvantage.

In conclusion, to those who will leave us at the end of the year, can I wish you every happiness and success in your new venture. To those who will be coming back to us, a happy and safe holiday and to every one a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Blessed New Year.



ON THE INSIDE, LOOKING ON AT STUDENT COUNCIL

All members of this school have the opportunity of making suggestions for activities which will assist and improve the School Community.

As the member of Staff assisting student Council, I have experienced admiration for those who willingly devote their time and energies in the interests of our Community. Regular attendance at meetings, backed by a reasonable and responsible approach to school problems have been attributes of most students councillors. Many have worked on various committees to provide socials, school magazine etc.

The executive always have a difficult task and none more difficult than those of President, who chairs each meeting, striving for fairness. The President has to deal with 'revolutionaries' who want immediate and sweeping changes, and who like to 'Act the Part' in the Presentation of their Demands.

In most organizations changes evolve slowly, and considerable patience is required so as not to become disillusioned. If you genuinely feel that some proposal is for the benefit of the school as a whole; then stay with it; Don't give up; But there are no guarantees of success. At least you will have played your part.

It's been nice to know you in '78.

All the best for '79.

'Keep those suggestions Coming In'.

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

I have much pleasure in writing another annual report on Social Service activities at Norwood. This report includes events of 1977 and most of 1978.

In 1977 Norwood's students and staff were able to raise the colossal amount of \$10,153.64 for the 33 charities that the school supported for that year.

During 1977 the school received a number of certificates of appreciation from charities for the school efforts on their behalf.

Awards of note were the Community Service Award received from his Excellency, Sir Henry Winneke, Governor of Victoria, and the International Citizens Award given to us for the school's effort for the World Vision organisation.

In December, 1977, Norwoods students and staff conducted the first charity concert to be held at the school. This function was highly successful and I would like to especially thank Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Gasking and Mr. Silberberg for their invaluable assistance with the concert. Also special thanks to Jon Sidney from Channel 6 Melbourne who compered the concert with extreme efficiency.

So far this year the school has raised \$7,200 for 12 Charities.

Once again we have received the Community Service Award, for our efforts for the Victorian Association for Deserted Children. This time the school was the highest money raiser for Co-educational schools in Victoria.

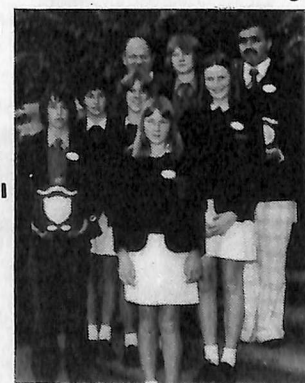
Mark McGregor, Kerri Stuart and a loyal Committee staged a highly successful 24 hour dance-a-thon in aid of the Monkami Day Centre for the Mentally Handicapped. (Details of the Dance-a-thon in a separate article). This activity provided a large amount towards the \$1000 target which the students were asked to raise for Hostel Extensions.

All in all it was a very successful 1½ years work.

L. Sterling

STOP PRESS

I HATE FORM SIX
by Fiona Lockhart 6c





CAMP GOORAM

WEDNESDAY, 28th of June — 9.30 a.m. our party of 11 girls, 2 boys and 2 teachers, left for Gooram. After a brief stop to pick up groceries and replenish supplies of lollies, etc., we travelled to Yea, where we made yet another stop. Five minutes and several sighs of relief later, we continued on our way.

We arrived at Gooram at 12.30 p.m. and immediately ate our lunches, (beauty, soggy sangas). We then proceeded to have a fight over who was to sleep where; the girls won the bunk house whilst the boys got the school house.

After this we hiked to Mr Conner's property, and had our first encounter with nature. During this walk, Gibez, imitating a dead Koala, fell out of a tree.

Upon returning back to the camp, we were welcomed by a gourmet meal of meat pies and later played games such as 'Moriarity, where are you?' And running around chairs blind-folded which was Murder on the chairs not to mention our shins and knees.

When we'd gone to bed and supposedly snug in bed a voice was heard in the wilderness to say "Desma, shut the door!" Yes, the bunk door had been opened, but witnesses say that Desma was 'snug' in bed at the time it opened.

THURSDAY 29th JUNE — We all awoke, except Fudge who needed a little assistance, i.e. a glass of water.

After breakie, we returned to our beds to make them. However this event was interrupted by yet another scream, this time by Sue. She claimed she had been eaten by a spider. Armed with Mark and Mick, everyone went into the bunk house to kill the monster. It took 2 shoes and an awful lot of courage to massacre it.

The next highlight was a shopping trip to Euroa. On returning we sat down to a lunch of 'burnt snags', and then set off yet again for Mr. Conner's property. On arrival there we discovered it to be a regular zoo.

Back at Gooram, we had tea, and then proceeded to play some more of those games.

FRIDAY 30th of June — Waking up, we discovered that Jodi was no longer with us, but in her place they had left us Phyllis Diller.

After breakfast, we sat around, talking and playing 'Trust' and other assortment of games. We then had lunch, packed up, said a fond farewell to the place and headed for home.

It had been a great 3 days and we really did appreciate it. Thank you Mrs Boothey and Mr McKechnie for putting up with us. Also thanks to the group because there was no troubles and an awful lot of consideration to others. And a special thanks to Mr Waterson.



AFS REPORT — Julie Coenan

"Australia — You're Kidding!" I couldn't believe I was actually coming "down under". When I applied for AFS Short Term Exchange I had no idea that I'd be leaving my summer vacation to come to winter and to attend school. Many people ask me if I regret this choice and I immediately say "NO!"

I get the impression that most Australians think that Americans are very gullible when it comes to Australia. They feel that all of us 'Yanks' think that Kangaroos roam around Melbourne and that everyone has a pet Koala. I had much exposure to Australia, thanks to an AFS student from Tasmania who stayed with my family; so I knew pretty much what to expect.

Basically I've found that lifestyles are pretty much the same. The School Systems are probably the biggest difference that I've noticed. I've really enjoyed school while I have been here in Australia, although I'm not there a lot. The students have been just great to me and I feel that this is why I have found school so enjoyable. I noticed that the students in my form (6), treat each other so much nicer than the students at home. Maybe it's because there are not as many students compared to home, but I did detect a certain closeness.

The people in general have been terrific to me. It is as though they cannot do enough. Many different families and friends offer to take me places and it really makes me feel good to know that everyone is so interested. There are just so many fascinating things about Australia, and everyone wants to show me things so I will go home with good memories. They want to be a part of my trip, and I will always remember these people for the kindness they have shown.

Leaving Australia is something I hate to think about, but I must face it sooner or later; it will be so sad going because I'll leave knowing I may never see some of the people I have gotten to know again.

When people ask me if I plan on returning to Australia, I can only say: "SOMEDAY!"

MICHELLE

Michelle Redelinghuys has been with us for nearly a year now. She is nineteen and she comes from Pretoria in South Africa. She has fitted in very well with the form six students here at Norwood and she has made many friends. Michelle has tasted all the delights that we young suburban kids-about-town have come to know and love. Traditional birthday parties in the gourmet's place to go, MacDonalds, seen all the movies that they won't show in South Africa, become an avid fan of the Young Doctors, strolled along the Yarra and become a true Melburnian in every sense of the word. She also showed us how to play hockey, and also proved her athletic prowess was not limited. She swam for Maroondah and ran in the 800 metres at the sports. We only hope Michelle has enjoyed being here as much as we have enjoyed having her.

A THANK-YOU NOTE TO NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL

A year ago, if someone told me that in 12 months time I would be living half-way around the world I would have told him he was crazy. In January, I left North Andover, Massachusetts for the experience of a lifetime. I left my senior year in high school to become one of Norwood's Sixth Formers.

Discovering another country was new, exciting and adventurous. Here I was, 'Down Under', trying to get by without my Mum. At the beginning of the year, I learned a lot through 'trial and error' and at first things were a bit turbulent. With the help of new and understanding friends, I managed to get on the right track.

After settling in at school, and feeling a part of the Barry household, I often forgot that I was a 'foreigner'. What I really love about Norwood is the closeness and friendliness within each form. There are many differences between Australia and the U.S.A., but these differences are overcome by the similarities. I have finally come to realise that it's not where you go but who you are with that is important.

As the year rolled on, I began to do and see quite a bit. The trip to Central Australia was absolutely fantastic! Not only did I get to see the outback, play poker with the Aborigines and climb Ayers Rock, but I got to know the fifth formers and make new friends, which meant a great deal to me. I also got to know the members of the orchestra and although my part was minor I felt a part of the school production.

During my stay here, I have been able to travel a lot. Although Central was my favourite trip, I really enjoyed Sydney and beautiful parts of Victoria, such as Hanging Rock, Gippsland and of course Melbourne. Australia is a fabulous country but the spontaneity and beauty of the 'down-to-earth' Australian is by far the best feature of this unique country.

People often ask me what I've gained from this A.F.S. experience. Besides about two stone, I've learned to love the Aussie way. I've grown emotionally and matured through school friendships and from the love of my Australian family, The Barrys. No doubt, the saddest part of this year will be having to leave. I want to thank you all for what you have done. A very special thanks to the teachers and form sixers that have helped me through the year. As the saying goes 'I get by with a little help from my friends'. Most of all, thanks to Mrs Howarth for having me over and, of course, the Barrys for opening their home to me. You'll never know how much I appreciate everything you've done for me.

Love always,
Debbie Birch.



STOP PRESS

Purple windcheaters and yellow desert boots with purple laces are the latest craze.

KALINDA HOUSE REPORT

1978 can be seen as a most successful year for Kalinda House with most students showing enthusiasm in early morning swimming and athletics training. The records to all those who participated in the trials and sports, gave rise to our house attaining a creditable 2nd place in swimming and a 3rd place in the athletic sports. Success comes only from those who work hard.

LET'S MAKE '79 KALINDA'S COLOSSAL YEAR!

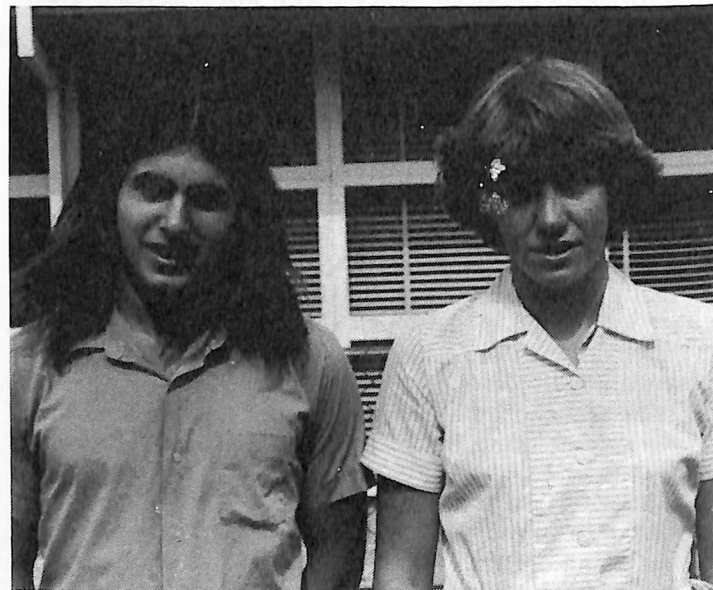
Special thanks is given to house teachers, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Morrello, Mr. Innes and Mrs. Brehney; the junior captains, Frank Grandi and Fiona Henderson whose constant support resulted in the unified spirit of Kalinda.

Congratulations must also be given to the enemy (Mullum, Yarra and Marroondah).

Frank Lombardo
Kerri Reid

MULLUM HOUSE REPORT

What a year! A close second in the aths. sports and a brilliant victory in the swimming sports, thanks to the Anstees and all the others who competed. Although we lost Lil Francis in the middle of the year due to marriage (Nov. 25 at Our Ladies) she was amply replaced by Jenny MacFarlane. Their male counterpart was Big Bruce Kane (UUGGHH!) who gallantly drowned in the 50 metres free style. Let's hope that we do it again next year. Also thanks to Mrs Jurey, Mrs Greenfield, Mrs McCarthy and Mr McCarthy, Mr Bowden.



Maroondah — House Captain Report

Last year, I remember thinking that by February of 1978, I'd be sitting relaxing in a lecture theatre in some exotic, luxurious, radical university, just biding my time until I become successful and knowledgeable. But on January 1978, I realised that that dream would never come to be, and I had to return to Norwood to make sure that dream would come to be a reality in '79. I didn't really mind returning as a student — a veteran of 6th form, but when Walshie told me I was House Captain — AGAIN, I didn't quite know what to say — Yes words failed me for the first time this year.

But once I had realised that I was the only experienced, athletic, and businessman like person in the house, I got down to my work and did a terrific job.

No really it was good to get the job for a second time, and at least we had a better year this than last, after all we did win the athletics, and we even won against Yarra.

Firstly for their help, I'd like to thank Mr. Walsh, Mr. McCabe and Mrs. Webb, for their ability; Katie and David Peeart, Lyn Tracey, Richard Muurling, Kevin Musmec, Perry Proger, and everyone else who competed in the sports took part in the free swim without competing (sorry Leanne, but I had to end it with a Joke).

Ken M
Zinkas



YARRA HOUSE REPORT

Reminiscing (or looking back on the year), I wonder why YARRA yet again plummeted to the depths of irrelevance in the scope of school sports. I wonder why with great athletes as G. O'Donnel, R. Gardiner, R. Carvel, K. Nicholls, S. Reilly that we constantly drag ourselves to the two main sporting events: swimming and athletics. Why PESSIMISTS? Optimism should rule in the Yarra house!

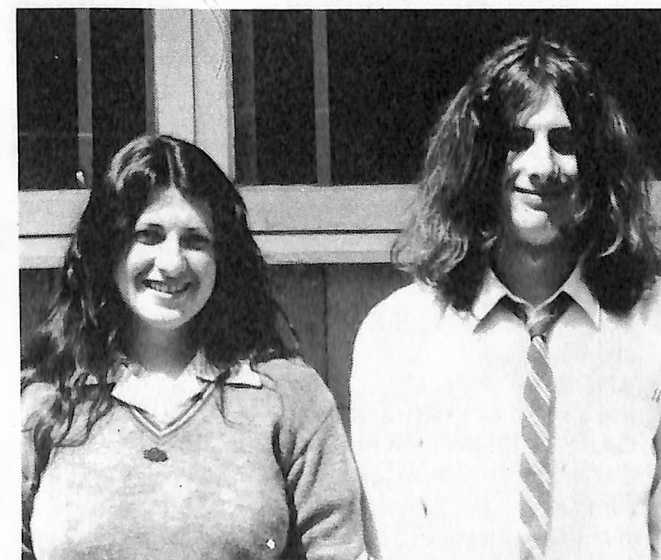
In the swimming it was defeat from beginning to end, so we were looking forward to the athletic sports to redeem ourselves and reign in victory. The day started off well, firsts and seconds coming in fast! Are we going to at last be recognised as a force within the school!

... NO! We came last again ... SPEWIN! But then again, how can we win with superb athletes such as Leanne Gillies*.

Although it was not a good year, many thanks to Mr Tipping, Ms Martin, Mr Stirling, and Ms Shears; and all the others who helped make losing fun.

*(see Maroondah House Report).

Phillip Helisma
Vivian Smith



STOP PRESS

K-Tel presents automatic teacher mutilator! You can shred them, dice them, mash them, fry them, disembowel them, or just serve them as they are. Your meals will never be the same. Available at: Myer, MacEwans, 1/2 caste warehouse and all good record stores.

1978 SWIMMING REPORT

The Maroondah Group Carnival saw Norwood win all four trophies; this was the first time this had been achieved. Probably the most pleasing aspect was the support given to the stronger swimmers, by the many people who made up the relay teams. As well as the fantastic individual performances of the Anstee's Company Ltd. (Andrew, Perry, Kerrie, Chlorene and Eddie), we saw some very good swimming from Geoff Dancer, Kevin Williamson, Mark Norris, Glenn Anderson and a very welcome addition to the team in Katie and David. Added to this list we had 4 medley wins and 7 freestyle relay wins. In fact our swimmers rarely finished out of a place and everyone can be justifiably proud of the result.

The 'All High' carnival held at Olympic Pool on Tuesday, 18th of April saw a record number of 31 swimmers from here. The school council provided all who went with a bus.

All swimmers acquitted themselves very well and most finished in places. The highlights of the night were Steve's wins, and the 3 relay wins. The senior boys teams of Simmo, Pez, Richard and Steve proved too strong for the opposition and the junior girls medley team of Penny, Katie, Lyn and Sue gave a top class display. Kerrie Reid's great last leg in the U17 relay was the eye catching highlight of the night.

Next year becomes even harder, because of the success this year. However the entire swimming team has a standard to maintain. If our swimmers have pride in themselves and in their teammates, then we shall improve even further.

1977 'ALL HIGH ATHLETICS'

D. WEBB

Because of the lateness of this Carnival last year it was not possible to include any results in last year's magazine. Norwood had a record number of 30 competitors last year (It promises to be more this year) and everyone did exceptionally well. The individual winners were:

— **FIONA HENDERSON** who turned the tables on her eastern zone rival.

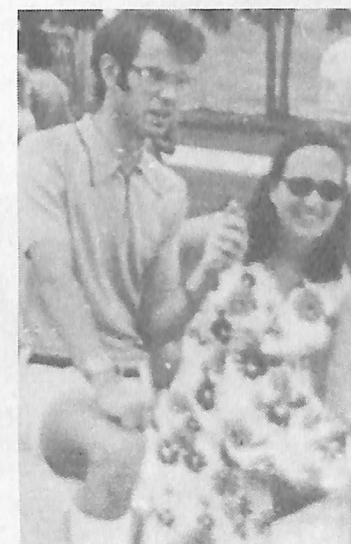
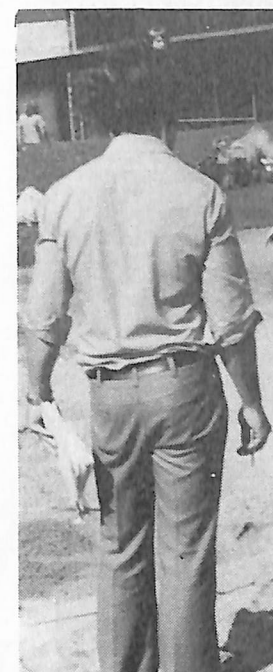
— FRANK GRANDI with an 'All High Record' in the triple jump.

— JANINE McFADZEAN with a fantastic run in the 800m.

— ANDREW 'BULLDOG' BARTLETT, who won by the length of the straight in the 400m.

- GARY O'DONELL who won a re-run after it was discovered he had given other runners up to a 20m start in the 800m.

All these athletes are still with us and hopefully will be competing at 'All High' level this year 1978.



LOOK INTO THE MIRROR

by Ellen Hundley 6D

Look into the mirror at a portrait life imbues
with classical, Romantic or just koda colour hues
That's the side your friends see, and your mother and
dad

But what you see is a Dali or Picasso, good or bad.

The years of close inspection have peeled off the
mirror sheen,
And the core of all your hopes or fears lies just
beyond that screen.

There is more than just an image or the cover of a
book

And you know the world would read you if they'd
take a closer look.

They'll never really understand — they try each time
they pass

But every time they reach out there's a solid wall of
glass

Though you've had to eat the whole fruit with the
stones and pith and rind,

It's hard to tell the world of the acquired taste you
find.

GUIDE TO A HERMIT

Feeble dreams drift on forever,
love turns sour
no one wants to be alone
But I don't want to join the flock
Or be a wall flower

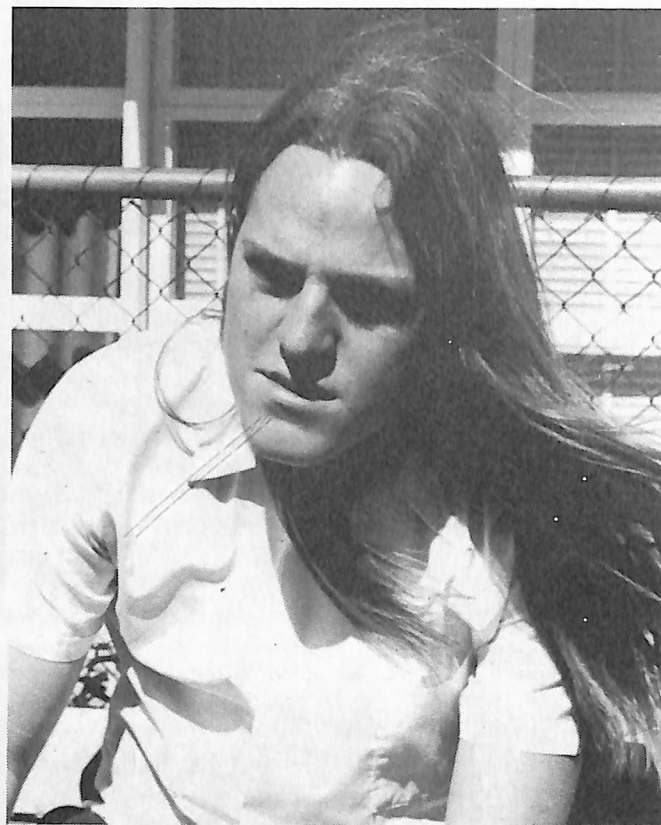
Sin is for the lucky mob
Who talk in low tones
About their friends disastrous romance
Hazy in their gossip spreading
Clones on clones on clones

Heaven is a long way off,
The womb's behind you, now,
But you can be like embryos
And live your life in isolation,
Some of us do you know.

Switch on at 9 and off at 5
That's all you need to do
Don't worry that you fall beind,
In making friends like all the rest,
There's always the next life too.

Never waste your energy on social life.
Marry a fool if you must marry,
Then sit back to enjoy his folly
Safe from any strife

Now you've made a little egg
From which to view the world,
Taken care of major problems
Tied up all the looser ends,
Its safe now to grow old.



There was a fat cat,
Who lived under the school,
We fed him milk.
That was cool.
We gave him biscuits and cheese,
That made him sneeze,
Then he got on his knees
And said "More please".

Anonymous, form 1F



VAGUE?

The rain fell down.
I was in my dressing gown.
As I looked over the town.
I saw a clown.
He took my frown.
He had a crown.
The end.

by Anonymous, 1B

STOP PRESS

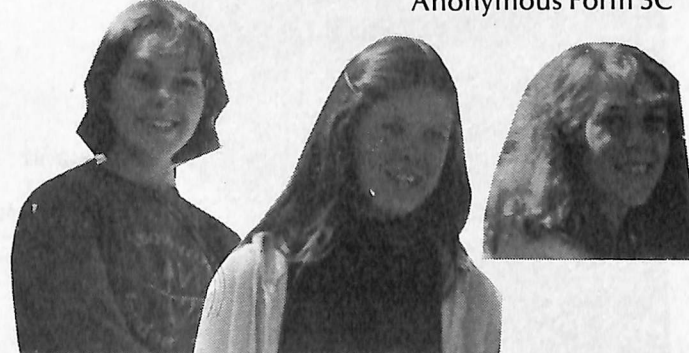
The Ringwood Women's Hockey Club needs you! (If
you're female that is!) 1979 teams needed! Contact
secretary Sandra Brown 876 3602. If you like a good
social life join! 1978 runners up in **Grand Final!**



(A contribution)

There once was a maiden from Ringwood,
And she could sing real good,
One day while out strolling,
her tongue she was rolling
When hit by a truck full of wood!

Anonymous Form 3C



OWR LANGWIJ

Wunse upon a time, wen peepl wer first
invented it was thawt to be a good ideah if tha
kood tawk to eech uther. So sumwun started this
thing cawled langwij and bruther, wot a lode of
trubl that has cawsed us awl.

We bekame awl soshal and komunikativ. Boys
kood now tawk to grls; instead of klubs, boys now
use hunied werds. Just think of all the trubl that
leeds to — luv, romans, marij, seks, muthers,
fathers, kids, unkles, ahnts — the hole blooming
lot — familez, their rites and their fites.

Comunikation exposed different vues within
societee witch no-wun had befor suspekted. Yur
best frend be-kam yur wurst enemee. Partees we
furmed, politiks bekam a power in the land and
parliament rained supreme. Now we hav to choos
owr leeders; Bill aw Mal, Dug aw Don? Desisions,
desisions!! Wot a baw!

Langwij kreated a need faw edukation. Skools
wer bilt so that kids kood lern. Sum thawtless peepl
not seeing the harm tha wer dooing bekam
teechers; (wot sum peepl will do faw muneey!)

Kids now hav to lern abowt gramah, nowns,
adjektives, and how to rite — A lode of tripe!

Then along kam awl thos uther subjekts to get in
the akt — matematiks, geografee, siense,
historee, ekonomiks, etsetera. It's awl a plot to
keep kids dizzee; a diabolikal skeem to blite yung
lives — Bludee langwij!

Anonymous
(GR)



'Great Gatsby!' What a day I've had,
It's been full of Pride and Prejudice.
I've just met a man of the People,
Who insisted on telling me about some
Kid called Huck Finn and his Slave Jim,
They were supposed to have had The Plague,
and died off like a couple of Salesmen.
Oh well! Must run 'cause I have to write a
letter to my Aunt — Igone.

See Ya
Anonymous Form 6
English lover.

20 EXPLOSIVE TEACHERS

WOW All you cool dudes and spunky students get into this incredible new album which is guaranteed to keep you bopping through a School Year.

FEATURING:

1. Mr Mills and the Incredible thrills: "Live and dangerous"
2. Ms. Startlin Martin: Wuthering Heights.
3. Mrs Rozniok and her Raukus references: Witchy Woman.
4. Mr Spider Webb: Everyone's a winner.
5. Mrs Smoothey Boothey: The kick inside.
6. Mr Lee and his lovely leeches: Heart of stone.
7. Mrs Kelk and her killers: Remedies.
8. Mrs Beecroft's Blockbusters: "Words are not enough"
9. Mrs Molonaar: "Needle in a Haystack"
10. Mr Skinner's Dinner: "American Pie"
11. Mr Carter's Startler's: "Sing 'I'd like to get you on a Slow boat to China.'"
12. Spider Griffen: "Walk on the wild side"
13. Mr Moore's Bores: "Diamantina Cocktail"
15. Mr Powell's Pussies: "Daddy Cool"
16. The Sensational Staff, OR As WE know them the VILLAGE IDIOTS: Norwood High School Song
17. Teddy and Bimbo Sing: "The Teddy Bears Picnic"
18. Sterling's Silver Socialites Sing: "You're such a fabulous Dancer"
19. Tipping's Tantalizing Titbits: "Her name was Jo-anne"
20. Mrs Phillip's and her passive pro-nouns Sing: "Women in Uniform"



BEAUTY SPOT

Dear B,

I heard the other day that we were allowed to wear purple mascara and yellow eyeshadow, if accompanied by a beauty spot resembling the Norwood High 'Fidelis' emblem.

Is this only a rumour?

Form Twoer

Dear Form Twoer,

If I can't see it from 500 yards in a crowded corridor without my glasses, I won't cause a fuss. (We really are reasonable!)



"MR. DISCO"

'QUOTEABLE QUOTES'

DIANE HANGER: (Asian History 21/7/78)

On the Kennedy Assassinations:

"I wish they'd have got Graham too, I can't stand him!"

STEPHEN HYDE: (English '78)

"An aphrodisiac is a pain killer."

CYNTHIA TRAVIS: (Asian History)

"Bruce, you fornicator."

DALE GOLDSMITH: (English '78)

When deciding when to show the film 'Pride and Prejudice'

"Have it in the morning and B.Y.O. Crispies!"

A quote from the Past:

ANDREW BRIANT: (English '76)

When asked for Questions to students acting in the play 'The Merchant of Venice'

"Hey Horse, are you riding your bike down to Eastland tonight?"

Visiting speaker on camps — general assembly

"For breakfast we give you a cereal made from boot polish and yeast — to make you rise and shine."

KATRINA VALKENBERG (English '78)

"I thought the theme of the books was pre-judism!"

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM?

Dear D,

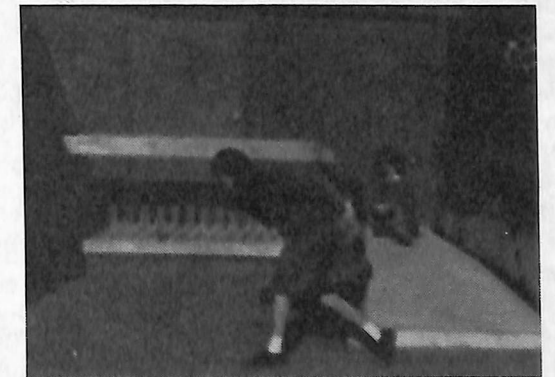
A few days ago I ran into a form one student in the corridor. At first I didn't know whether I had killed him, but luckily he only suffered from 2 broken legs, a fractured skull and four broken ribs.

I have been having trouble sleeping and I feel rather guilty! What should I do?

Corridor Commando
(name supplied)

Dear Corridor Commando,

As long as it was a form one student, don't worry. If anything, congratulations are in order.



DANCE-a-THON

By K. Devenish, O. Ferreiro, J. Halliday, D. Lang

All of the contestants had to meet on Saturday, 22nd July, at 6.30 p.m. at the hall, to receive their numbers and check over every possible thing!

At 7.00 p.m. the marathon began. With smiling faces, eager and clean, we were soon to experience the most painful and horrid 24 hours in our life.

The first 2-3 hours were a breeze, most of us saved up our breaks, (breaks lasting for 5 minutes each hour), to look forward to a 10 or 15 minute break.

We were now starting to realise that this wasn't exactly everything we had made it out to be! Even though we started out as 'budding Olivia Newton John's and John Travolta's' we wouldn't have survived without ... Nana Sterlings home made burgers'.

Soon we were back on our feet (which we couldn't feel), while Uncle Ted and his DJ's (local) got us jiving to his number 1 hit on HIS top 40 request show, Glenn Miller and his "you asked for it, You've got it!!" Chattanooga Choo Choo.

During the day and into the night, your friends and ours, 'Wobbles' and 'Old Timer' really showed us what they were made of and how they got their names.

The end was drawing near, — 'THANK GOODNESS'. For once we were relieved to hear the Gong, to tell us our ordeal was now over.

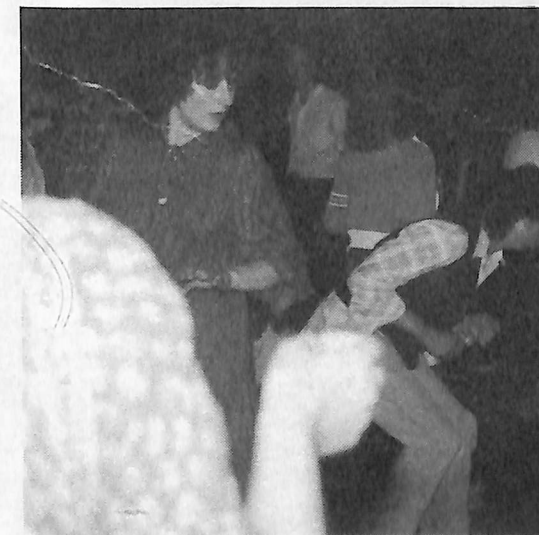
Many thanks Disco Duck Sterling and to everybody that helped, (especially us competitors, thanks to lack of brains).

Special thanks to the organisers, Mark and Kerrie.

I'm in love with my teacher

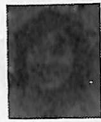
My teacher is so tall and nice,
He reminds me of sugar and spice,
He always says hello to me,
When I come into Geography.

by a form 1 boy.



dear diary

SCHOOL DIARY — '78



Feb. 1

With the squeaking of new school shoes, new and old students came through the gates for another fun year. Why is everyone Crying?

March 9

School house sports, (swimming). Any bets on the Anstees? What was that suspicious fin seen circulating the Ringwood Baths? A few staff tried to get in for a quick dip, with the aid of a few helpful students.

April 6

Athletic Sports. Only 6 fatalities. 'Why did I ever go in for the 1500?' Janine showed what jet powered runners will do.

April 26

S.R.C. investiture — the S.R.C. reps of Norwood got to shake hands with the Mayor. The reps also showed their talent at clearing a table of food in five minutes flat.

April 29

4, 5, 6, got to groove with the music at the school social. Lee Jennings made his dance debut — Speedy Gonzalez the second with a mixture of John Travolta and Fred Astaire. The event was also graced by such flamboyant figures as Wonder Woman and an assortment of Punk Rockers.

May 3rd-13th

Form 5 Central Australia Tour. 78 Form fives, four teachers and 2 overloaded coaches set off on a safari to the outback. A serious challenge to the Mal and Mike Leyland, (So I'm Told).

May 9

Rocky Horror Picture Show is shown to the Form 5 and 6's and friends. Black corsets and 'The Time Warp' have since enjoyed a great uplift in popularity.

May 12

End of Term! Amazing how everyone smiles when they leave and cries when they return.

May 30

Sob! Back to school! 2nd Term. Exams come nearer and the form 6 population dwindles.

June 17

Form 5 & 6 exams! — 'I didn't want to pass anyway!' Somehow we managed to concentrate in exams to the tune of Mullum State School and the echoes of daily announcements.

June 29-31

Junior production of 'Joseph'. Jill (or Judy?) Waterson whooped us all with a repeat of her raunchy little 'doo-wop' number about the seven cows and the girls showed us that disco dancing is not as hard as we thought.

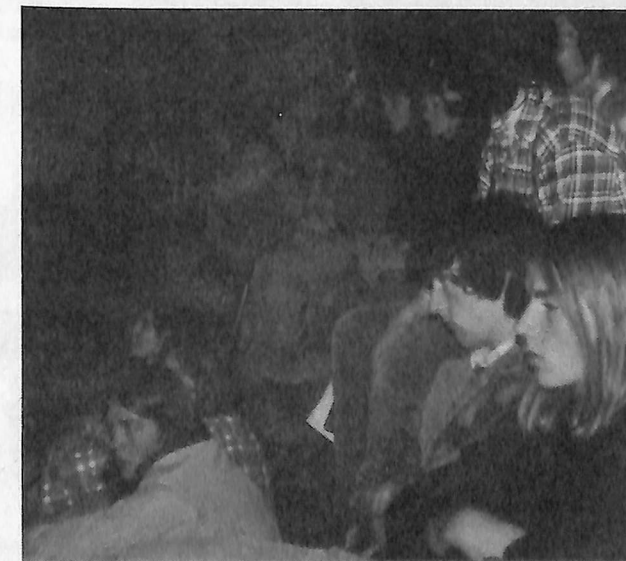
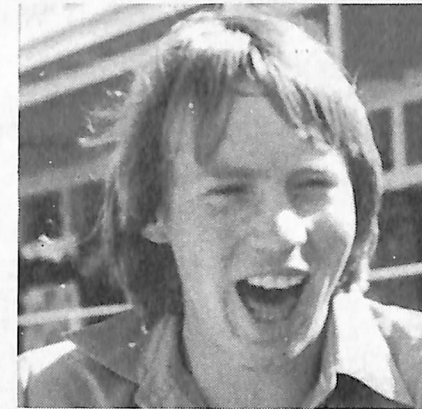


July 6

Senior Sports. Norwood lost a Volley Ball at Doncaster East, and gained 3! Whilst Bruce showed Maroondah what he is really like.

July 11

H.S.C. were put to an embarrassing situation when baby photos were discovered. We met young Choc and the notorious Teddy and Bimbo.



July 13

Assembly line procedure as we line up for reports. Irate mothers fill the Assembly Hall, whilst the all too often used phrase is heard drift from the innocent lips of students: "But Mum, I did those assignments! It's just that she's mislaid them!"

July 14

Meryn Fairfull (Merv) leaves Australia to charter the big wide world. i.e. the USA for a year of study with A.F.S.

July 21

Free Dress Day — everyone changed from one uniform into another.

July 22

Dance-a-thon. 24 hours of toe-tapping and freaking to raise money for Monkami. A really good effort to everyone who made it. Most form 6's left their dancing shoes at home (excuses, excuses).

August 11-20

Charlie Girl. School production. Why all the shakes in class that day? Hey, where's my glasses? However did they teach those guys to waltz? Is that really Janelle Wooding, she looks so Old?"

August 28

Holidays again! Well in actual fact a 2 week home-work break, but a change is as good as a holiday.

September 11

Groan! 3rd term, what only 8 weeks till exams. But they can't, I haven't finished my term 2 work yet.

October 30-Nov. 3

Last week of school for form 6 (Hopefully). Military takeover, practical jokes and continual pranks on junior students. HA. HA.

Nov. 3-13

Swat vac. Lots of studying and worry. "I'm going to fail! I just know it".

Nov. 13-30

Exams! Ssh! The days of decision. Will the form 6'ers pass? Course! 80% pass remember?

December

Clean ups, reports, concerts, presentations, farewells! Another year has passed, and to all coming back next year; good luck! A final message:

HAPPY XMAS AND A SAFE AND RAGING NEW YEAR!



DAY 1

The scene in the carpark was an emotional one; the atmosphere in the bus was pulsatingly electric. Parents everywhere were weeping, some were physically sick. You could see the tension on their faces as they watched their offspring embark on the provocative, controversial "Central Australian Trip '78". The trip was eventful right from the start. At 7.35 we spotted our first Aborigine. Living in the desert fringe (East St Kilda). Later on, Graham had his blow-out — it surpassed our wildest expectations. We were soon moving again (thanks to our chief mechanic Stephen "Exhaust-brake" Ritchie), and on our way to Murray Bridge.

DAY 2

As we proceeded through Adelaide, the awe on some of the students' faces was quite amazing; they had never seen such a well groomed mall in captivity before. Red Cross Fossils were stationed at each and every street corner, eager to sell their wares. Young Porky, the entrepreneur among us, set about opening a bank account. Raymond tried to follow his example, but being a shady character at the best of times, the manager distrusted him from the first. After an extensive interrogation, Raymond cracked under pressure, broke down and confessed: his parent's weren't really moving to Adelaide, his mother was not really an Italian Goddess, and his father was a pseudo ethnic of unknown origin. Later on at "Spud's Roadhouse" Kelvin Price (accompanied by a female contortionist) stole the limelight. They opened with an extraordinary dance of the seven veils and then it was straight into a rousing chorus of "Dinah, Dinah Show Us Your Leg". They retired after a standing ovation and set the mood for a splendidly exotic, kinky extravaganza.

DAY 3

By now the stench was unbearable, people preferred the company of the camel to the smelly humans. Onward to Kingoonya. Alas, alack, the toilets were locked. They had us just where they wanted us, it was five cents a go over at the service station. Coober Pedy loomed in the distance, and when we arrived and the guide clambored aboard the bus, U.F.O.'s were had by a number of the students. Was she sixteen or was she receiving hormone treatment? After the pleasant tour of the panoramic vistas of the "Pedy", as we affectionately came to know it, we returned to shower only to find they were \$1.00 for five minutes. Everyone forked



out their money, except for Smelly Chris, no amount of coaxing, pleading, begging or threatening would make her have one. That night we cruised the town, tightening our hold on the pool joints and getting rid of the dreaded Kingswood students.

DAY 4

Breakfast on this day was an auspicious occasion, Fred's letter was digested along with our weeties and everyone was put into a jocular mood for the journey ahead. Lunch was of special significance, it was quite an organic experience. Many of us ate while perched up the trees with the koalas and the little possums. Here at least we were offered some protection from the three quarter size fibre glass replica armadillos that were savaging the continent. We proceeded on to Victory Downs like the brave pioneers we were.

DAY 5

Our first contact with the friendly natives of this harsh land proved to be enlightening and good for the hip pocket. Our departure was slightly delayed due to the unforeseen rupture of the bus radiator pipe, but good guy, Len Burnie, soon saw to that. We all eagerly mounted the buses, anxious to reach the centre, the big red rock. It was a long day's trip; Mrs Martin kept us on our toes when she took to entering the frequent "beat the buzzer" competitions, we were astounded by her endless supply of information, dumbfounded by her knowledge; and Mr Moore helped to relieve the

tension by telling a few East Ringwood Football Club jokes. Then it happened, the moment we had all been looking for was here. It was without a doubt the high point of the trip. There on the horizon glowed the magnificent monolith, in such a vision of barren beauty that we had three minutes silence in its honour.

DAY 6

After a sacrificial Bob Marley dance conducted by our resident dance instructor Stewy McRoy, we went for the big climb. Some students were quite amazed that Malcolm hadn't sold the rock to the Americans, but life wasn't meant to be predictable. The trek up Ayers Rock was exhilarating to say the least. After it had been successfully conquered there was still plenty of action to be had (for the more affluent of our little group at least). The plane ride. Simmo was overjoyed and flashed his credentials to the pilot in the cockpit. They were impressive but he still wasn't allowed to solo. Then it was back to the camp to do a spot of washing, or venture to the nearby shop to buy some nourishment or artifacts (or be entertained by the topless dancer).

DAY 7

Now it was time to penetrate the elusive Olgas. The teachers made quite an impressive party, resembling the Biblical shepherds of days gone by, lovingly tending their flock. A few hours later the last of the "lost" had been located and we headed back to the comparative safety of the canvas. There was a surprise waiting for us after tea that night. The bushmen amongst us did themselves proud by preparing damper and billy-tea. By this stage an air of sadness was beginning to creep into our closely knit family (as we liked to think of ourselves). Most realised that our gallivanting days would soon be at an end, but we rallied bravely and carried on in spite of our growing sorrow.



DAY 8

Many tears were shed as the rock sank slowly in the west. Mrs Greenfield tried to cheer us up and help ease the pain of our departure by handing out "Castlemaine Rock", but it was a poor substitute for the real thing. Before the rock was out of sight forever more we made one last stop: one last chance to buy rare, authentic, mass-produced, Taiwanese-made, aboriginal artifacts. The buses waited patiently as Phillip Price had one last worship, and then we drove on unrelentingly. It was late afternoon when we finally hit Alice Springs. (We should have arrived earlier if it hadn't been for Paska's frequent requests for stops.) In town, for many it was straight to the Pizza place, for some the newsagency was where it was at, others headed for the souvenir shops. It had been a long, strenuous, and emotionally exhausting day and we were all very tired.





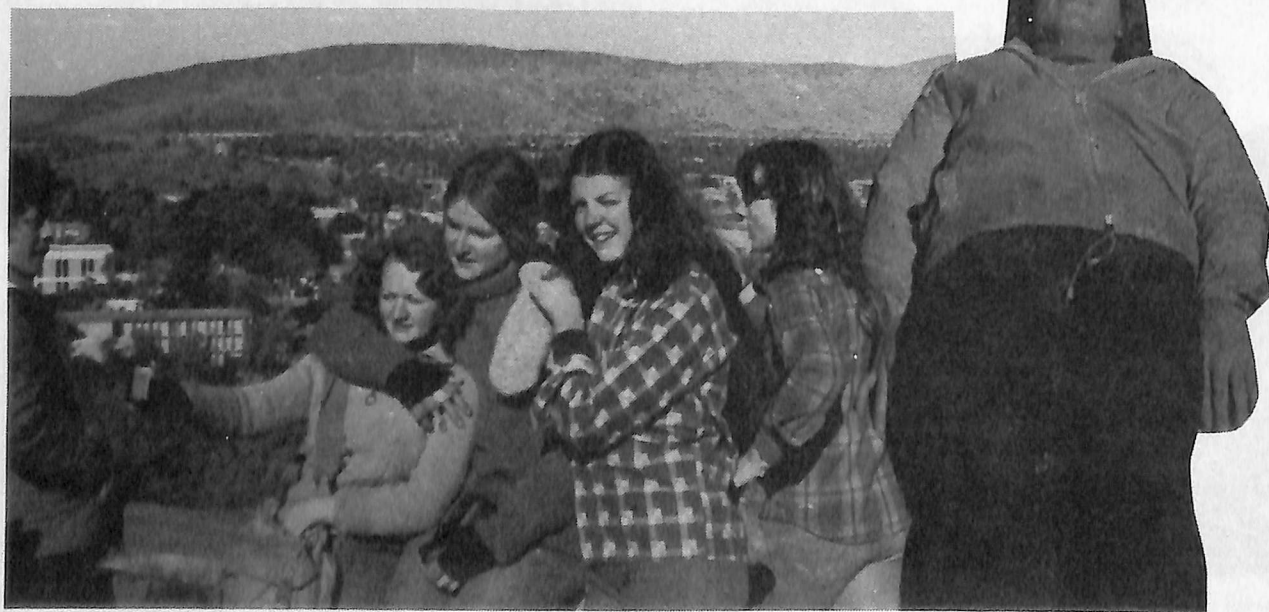
DAY 9

Sightseeing in the morning was very informative and added to our general knowledge of our rugged continent. The camel farm in the afternoon was an experience not to be missed. It kicked off with an inspiring and intellectually stimulating lecture on the locals, the camels, their part in history together. Once outside again we were all finding it hard to restrain ourselves, those camels looked so tempting. Paul (the lucky devil) got to ride with Mrs Martin, the rest of us had to slum it with the other mere infants. Macca and Michelle however were the fortunate ones in the end. A free ride bareback isn't to be sneezed at. We then meandered back to camp. It was like the calm before the storm, mass hysteria was just around the corner. Most were in uncontrollable frenzies and some had to be restrained by force. It was our last night. There was some consolation though, in that we were to go to the drive-in.



STOP PRESS

False teeth are in. The gummy look is out. Break out in your dentures today.



DAY 10

The morning after the night before. We spent the morning visiting our favourite haunts of that fine city of the far north. We bought our last authentic red centre artifacts, boarded our eagerly awaiting coaches and sped to Alice Springs International Airport. After a hearty lunch and many fond farewells we walked towards the awaiting jet clipper. With our Kodak Instamatics 'round our necks, towelling hats perched on our brows, sunglasses in hand, bermuda shorts proudly worn, (and American Express travellers cheques in our wallets of course), we stood at the top of the boarding platform and took one last look. The trip back was uneventful, except when the Bruces read their favourite bed time story "Snowshiela and the Six Bruces". After successfully collecting our baggage at Tullamarine we were soon on our way to be reunited with our parental supervisors who we had missed so. Then just as we were entering the gates of our old stamping ground, we were taken in once again by little Bazza. He's a heartless man at the best of times.

Music

Education

Historically music has always been an integral part of man's complete education. During Plato's life it was commonly accepted that music was extremely important in education if man was to be fully educated.

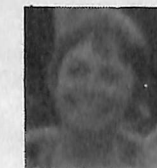
Unfortunately this century has, until recent years, witnessed a decline in the importance placed on music in our education system. It is only during these last twenty years that strong music programs have been firmly established in many of our secondary schools. It would be a pity if such programs ceased or were reduced because of lack of support from the community or the Education department. In an attempt to prevent restrictive attitudes developing I have listed six reasons why I consider music should be maintained and developed in our secondary system.

1. Music is an essential part of our society.
2. It helps to create a sense of aesthetic awareness in the individual.
3. It provides a resource for leisure time activities.
4. It provides the opportunity for the discovery of talent and can assist in the development of that talent.
5. Music assists in social development. It can promote a corporate spirit through large group activities e.g. a school production. For the individual it can provide the opportunity for self expression.
6. It can lead to job opportunities in many areas e.g. performing, composing, teaching privately or in an institution.

Obviously if music is going to play an important part in the education of our youth it must a) afford every student the opportunity of experiencing music through creativity, through literature, through group and individual performance, and also through discriminative listening and b) provide a suitable environment for the potentially talented child as well as instrumental tuition for those who wish to learn.

In conclusion I leave you with the following thought: man cannot live by bread alone, the intellect as well as the body must be adequately nourished — music is one of the substances required for this nourishment.

D. Heywood.





WARWICK: (Choc) — Pseudo-dictator; possibly the next Adolph Hitler, has managed to successfully do what Napoleon, Caesar, Idi Amin have tried and failed; that is to finally kill democracy for good.
Ambition: To win 'Its Academic' Singlehandedly.



YVONNE: — Head girl and we do mean 'HEAD'. Don't let that quiet exterior fool you; well, let it fool you on second thoughts. Who said the art of conversation is dying?
Ambition: To get a word in before Choc.



KATRINA: & give me a 'K', give me an 'A' ... — not only our secretary of the year, but also our favourite Suzanne Johnston graduate and European jetsetter. What was that name they gave her at Phillip Island?
Ambition: To make an announcement in General Assembly without making a mistake.

S.R.C. REPRESENTATIVES FORM 6 1978 (A YEAR TO REMEMBER)



STEPHEN: — Stop laughing, the meeting is not that funny! Where are you going? Come back! You can't walk out of this meeting! Okay, if the S.R.C. manages to get a new rubbish bin, you can't take all the credit.
Ambition: — To win a gold logie. (Keep those votes coming in!)



KERRY: — Where has that money for the S.R.C. gone? Just because you're treasurer doesn't entitle you to all those fringe benefits we see.
Ambition: — To take the money and run.



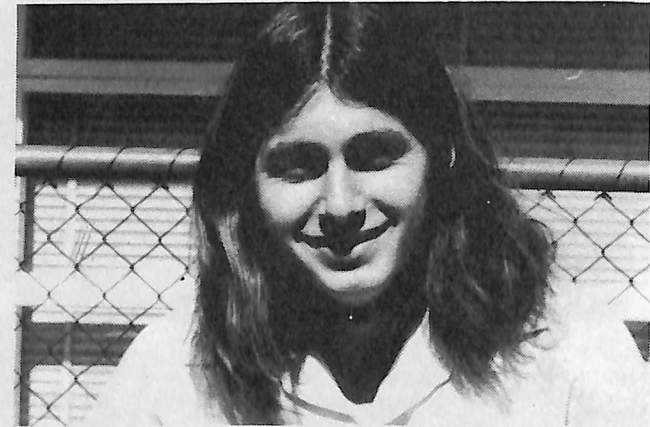
ALISON: — Managed to sing her way through the whole of Form 6 without going flat. None of those ... blues for Ali. Keep singing TC.
Ambition: — To take over Countdown with a little help from her friends.





ROBYN: — (Big Rob tha Skin) — Says quite a bit. Wants to become a policewoman, but could fail her physical if they check her mouth. 'Haven't you seen her eating those Butter Menthols, Steamrollers, Lifesavers, Cocktailfruits, Milkbottles . . . Known to practice her commando tactics on the Form 1's.

Ambition: To sell lollies at World Championship Wrestling.



FRANK: — Favourite ethnic at Norwood. Hangs it on White women and gives lectures in Italian swearing. Ever see a luminous green beanie anywhere? It's Frank.

Ambition: To win an argument against anyone.



BRUCE: — Uugg! Whats that Bruce! Uugg! Wake up Bruce we're still in the S.R.C. meeting. Known to be one of the Form 4 Idols. Has a habit of going crazy after his Friday afternoon Biology lesson. Haven't you seen the dents in Form 6 lockers?

Ambition: To become a desert rat fighting his crabs.



CATHIE: — Keep dropping those subjects Cath! Only person to be over heard above Mr. Mills 'I DON'T TALK LOUD, DO I?' says Cathy as others pull cotton wool from their ears.

Ambition: Who knows?



ELLEN: — Norwood's answer to Liberace! (Sorry Ellen). No piano is safe from those twinkling pinkies of Ellen. Also known to be a suicidal maniac obviously pressures of life began early.

Ambition: To swallow a gun.



PATRICK: — 'Who'd like a game of tennis, chaps?' Nice guy; rumoured to be taking a degree in 10 ways to hit a ping pong ball, and how to waste your private study periods without being caught.

Ambition: To buy a farm and feed the chooks!



IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT STUDENT

FILL IN THEN CHECK OUT.

- 1 Your Favourite Subject:
 - (a) English
 - (b) All of them
 - (c) Lunchtime
 - (d) Any-one that Mr Walsh takes
 - (e) P.E., i.e. Hitting juniors
- 2 You're just lighting up a cig when a friendly hand dislocates your neck with a rabbit chop. Turning around (as best you can with a dislocated neck) you find it's . . . a teacher; What do you do?
 - (a) Put on a silly grin and say: 'What Cigarette?'
 - (b) You wouldn't smoke at school anyway.
 - (c) Eat the cigarette then try to look innocent, as your nose breathes smoke
 - (d) Putting on your sweetest smile you'd say: 'Oh, it was only one little cigarette!'
 - (e) Give a rabbit chop back.
- 3 YOU ACHIEVE MEDIA RECOGNITION, I.E. Your name is read out over the announcements, it is most likely that you're called up because:
 - (a) Hmm. Gulp? Have I forgotten my lunch or is it (Phew) just detention
 - (b) Your photo to be taken for the wall of fame?
 - (c) Leaving vegemite sanga stains on the Encyclopaedia Britannica
 - (d) The love letters you sent Mr Mills last week
 - (e) Practising Tae-Kwondo on the form one boys, and the model railway club.
- 4 You're walking down the corridor and you hear your name called out. You turn around because you know:
 - (a) You've yet to hand in your essay
 - (b) The teacher wants to thank-you for that brilliant essay
 - (c) You realise you've eaten the last essay
 - (d) The teacher told you about those perfume pens
 - (e) The essay was not about 'The History of Samurai Fighting'
- 5 Your idea of a new uniform:
 - (a) Well desert boots would be cool
 - (b) I like the uniform 'just the way it is'
 - (c) Chocolate coated jumpers with licorice shoe-laces
 - (d) Purple and white negligee, of course!
 - (e) 'Fidelis' knuckle dusters and numerous chains on your blazer.
- 6 You're invited to the school social. What do you look forward to most?
 - (a) The groovy bands
 - (b) A school social? In my homework time?
 - (c) Those cheap drinks
 - (d) A dance with Mr Walsh
 - (e) Providing your own earplugs.
- 7 General Assemblies. What do they mean to you?
 - (a) Ten minutes of utter boredom
 - (b) An informative tete-a-tete with the staff
 - (c) Twisties in the back row behind Mrs Phillips



- (d) Trying for that seat next to Mr Walsh.
- (e) Seeing how many ponytails you can pull whilst Mr Waterson is speaking.
- 8 It's the Last Day of Term 3 Are You
 - (a) Happy?
 - (b) Sad?
 - (c) Hungry?
 - (d) Is Mr Walsh coming back next year?
 - (e) Saying Good-bye to everyone, i.e. locking juniors into the coat lockers for the summer holidays.



"HEAVY"



"TO SIR WITH LOVE"



HOW YOU RATE!

MOSTLY A's:

You're obviously one of those every-day run-of-the-mill students. How boring! You'll probably end up writing quizzes on a magazine committee.

MOSTLY B's:

Top class crawler! Yuk (slurp). How many A's was that? You really ought to be expelled!!

MOSTLY C's:

Canteen Hungry! Takes both Junior and Senior Lunchtimes; Reserved spot in the Canteen queue.

MOSTLY D's:

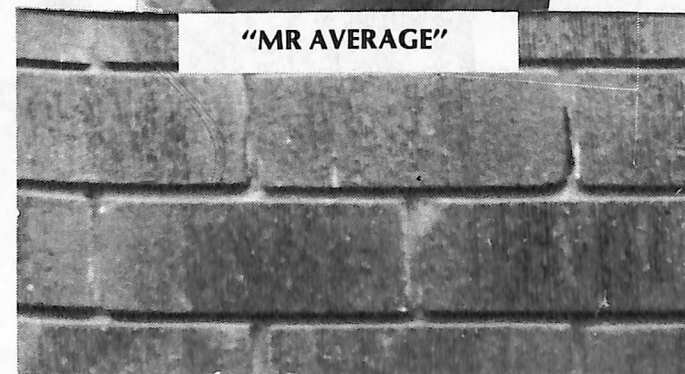
Can be seen carrying Male Teacher's books from class. To Sir with Love. Able to recite Mr Walsh's life history, back to front.

MOSTLY E's:

Heavy. Are you in the Cadets? Take on Robyn Vincent next time you see her.



"MR AVERAGE"



"CANTEEN HUNGRY"



"TOP CLASS CRAWLER"



STOP PRESS

Mrs Phillips sent 15 form 6 students for a late ticket on 21/8/78.



THANK YOU SO MUCH — FISHFACE

It is becoming a tradition at Norwood to stage a musical which does precisely what it is intended to do; that is (apart from giving everyone involved ulcers, grey hair and dandruff from worry) bring together many areas of talent within the school. I refer not only to the two casts of very talented students, but to the generosity and expertise of the staff who help to put the show together. Worthy of special mention are:

Mr. Stirling: Best scrounger in the business;
Mr Heywood: If you don't have an orchestra, he'll make one;
Miss Modra: Ivory Fingers;
Mrs Brand, Mrs Boothey: Born with needle and thread in hand;
Mrs Morello: Dose legs weren't made for just walkin';
Mr Silberberg: I know someone who can help out here;
Mr Grange, Miss Graf: Leonardo da who?
Mr Carter: He's heading in the right direction.

I can't go any further before thanking the cast. I was really stunned by the extremely professional approach they all adopted. It was for me a most pleasurable and memorable time, which I will not forget. The performances they produced were outstanding, in particular those of Ian Webb who did a tremendous job as Wainwright, Phillip Helisma for his portrayal of Joe and all the other principals of both casts who were so professional in their attitudes and acting.

The whole cast really did a magnificent job; who could forget the chorus scenes at the start of the play? the bumbling, fat, Yankee tourist with cameras and nephew by his side (alias Phillip Price and Phillip Helisma); the Scottish "Where's the original?" of Mark McGregor and 'Mum and Dad' (alias Dianne Hanger and Bruce Kane)?

One thing which must never be forgotten is that it doesn't matter how good your principals are, if you've a 'dead' chorus, you've a 'dead' show. That can't be said of Charlie Girl '78. All the chorus and dancing segments were totally enjoyable and a delight to behold. I was really pleased to see originality come to the fore in these scenes, the company members really thought about the types of people they would portray as tourists. The results were excellent and in some cases hysterical, for example the scouts and guides, the boys smoking scene and the hippy scene — congratulations chorus.

I must also thank and congratulate the orchestra under the direction of Mr Heywood (he really wanted that Triumph motor bike), for a job very well done. You played magnificently and really made the show a Musical. This show will certainly go down in the memory of the school, and so it should; lets hope next year's will be as good if not better. Thanks to all concerned and remember one thing — SMILE!!
J. Powell



PROGRAMME

CAST

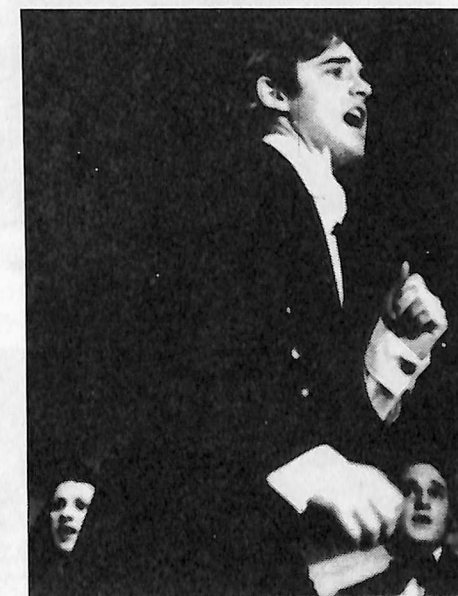
Charlie
Lady Hadwell
Fiona
Penelope
Mrs. Connor
Jack Connor
Joe
Wainwright
Fred
Jerry
Samantha
Pete
Sasaki
Chauffeur
Dresser

Cathy Crawford
Janelle Wooding
Liz Murray
Kathy Jones
Christine Robinson
David Stafford
David Williams
Patrick Newman
David Lawrence
Ken McGregor
Geraldine Anderson
Mark McGregor
Sue Beilby
Phillip Price
Jenny Helisma

Alison McRoy

Kim Rhodes
Vicki Marshall
Ellen Hundley
Mark Thompson
Phillip Helisma
Ian Webb

Zinka Simunkovic



Guests and Tourists at Hadwell Hall

Susan McCarthy
Kerri Nichols
Michelle Batson
Jane Bowman
Michelle Conroy
Rosemary Neville
Frank Lombardo

Karen Gates
Linda Halliday
Marilyn Orr
Jane Leduc
Roslyn McCully
Trevor Pask
Diana Hanger

Lisa Beecroft
Judy Halliday
Sue Lawson
Denise Lang
Shirley Steele
Bruce Kane
Patricia McShane



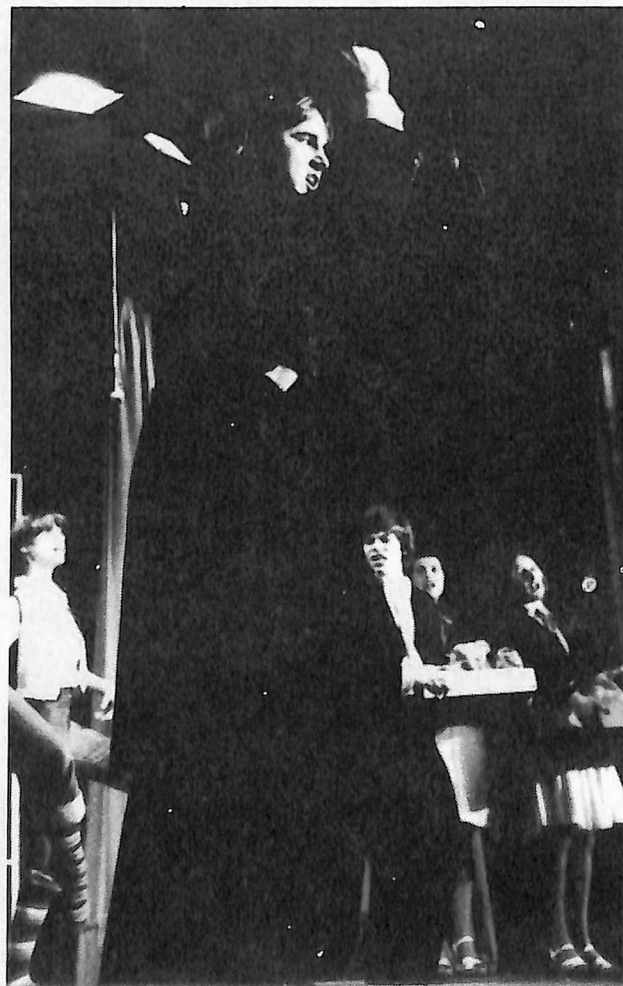
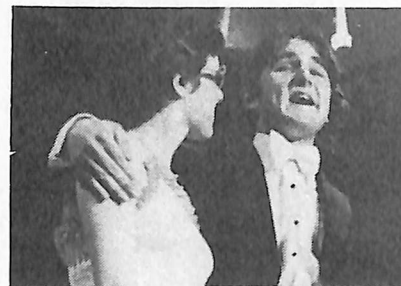
Ballet

Natalie Gunsburg
Elissa Brand
Tania Nosiara

Kim Williams
Elizabeth Ney
Anna Brodzinski

Jackie Wright
Sue Thomas

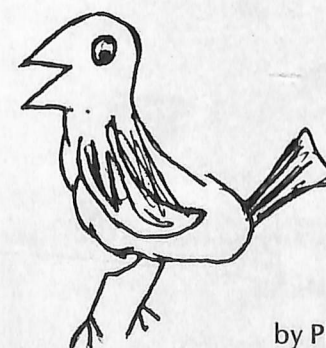




THE FOG

by M. Jennings and D. Prior. 2F

Fog, like a veil of persisting evil,
Mercilessly cutting off the sun's rays,
A cold moisture settles on the grass, cold as a
glacier of ice.
The air is still, the fog gains thickness,
Nothing to be seen or heard.
I feel cold, my body is numb,
Cold and hungry like the beggar on the street,
Muffled voices and stuffy surroundings give me an
eerie feeling
Every movement I hear made by nature around me,
Lets me know I'm not alone
Few people are stirring under this thick blanket of
fog
Slowly, silently the fog starts to clear
A strange, but mysterious wind approaches to take its
captive.
Come wind, come and blow this fog away.
The fog has gone, the earth revives.



by Philip Coats (Form 5)

STOP PRESS

20 EXPLOSIVE TEACHERS has gone platinum and a
tour of America is to follow. Number 5 with a bullet.

THE CRAZED MOB

i.e. Form 6

We sit and watch one eyebrow,
the ——— with speed and flare.
Whose ——— classes entangle
the brains of all who care.
——— exam technique lecture
is all we hear today.
The furrowed brows of the studious,
And the laughs of those who play.
Do they not know the pain?
The drag of their classes!
But on we go struggling
just hoping for those passes.

Sitting in the back seats.
Covered by looming disaster.
Looking and feeling like dead beats.
We're pushed on ever faster.

* Due to outcries of discrimination
we have left appropriate spaces blank.
by another form 6 student



When deciding what career to pick,
Make sure you ignore form six,
If having fun is your idea,
Make sure form six is kept well clear,
It's not the teachers that make it hard,
It's the fact you'll come out a retard,
Miming "periodic tables" and "diachotomous keys"
Latin grammar and recipes,
History dates and book reviews,
It's enough to make you spew.
Where's your belt, and what's that ring?
They seem to pick at everything,
You've probably heard the sixes groan,
As they drag their 15 ton bags home.
Weekends really don't exist,
They're occupied by a homework list
Period one and two and three,
They just all seem the same you see,
All those special reforms you hear,
Are all a game I fear,
If you think we are allowed to smoke,
You'll find out that it's a joke,
But if you do THE year, don't worry,
It seems to go in such a hurry,
Soon we come to those exams,
But with a year like ours who gives a damn?
So all you future H.S.C.'ers
We'll probably see you here next year.

by two magazine contributors.

DEGENERATE WORLD

By P. Newman
Form 6

In this day of
Never ending,
Always changing
World of
Undesirable things.
We think of the future,
and the greatness that will be.

The rivers flow like
streams of oil.
The air thickens,
and even the soil
Has no escape,
From pollution.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

Banks are robbed,
Property stolen,
women raped,
children beaten,
Men bashed,
and belongings broken.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

Abortions are taken,
poor children.
Murder is evident,
Manslaughter common place.
Terrorists kill,
For peaceful causes.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

Crowds gather,
For a demonstration.
Or can maim and bash, just for elation.
The riots of the sixties,
Reminiscent of the future nineties.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .



Derelicts fill the parks,
Alcoholics the homes.
Drugs are prevalent,
and hash is good.
Have a fix,
and your good for kicks.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

South Africa, Rhodesia,
Peaceful, co-existence?
Apartheid to the Tories,
Segregation to the blacks.
Race can't live with race,
Nor color with color.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

The Government's aren't free,
Nor are the people.
Taxation for the masses,
Corruption for the elite,
Restriction here and there,
and freedom not in sight.
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

Kill them,
put them out of their misery,
A mind is blotted out,
Like a fly.
How do we know they don't think —
Or Cry?
In the meantime we dream of Utopia . . .

Why do we think and stand?
Do nothing to improve our life.
Is the world getting smashed?
Or is it on an overdose?
Who will go first?
What can we do?
Where can we start?
Why should we try?
When will it all end?
And in the meantime dream of Utopia . . . ?



STOP PRESS

Dino Anderson did her Latin homework.

Lovely Legs

