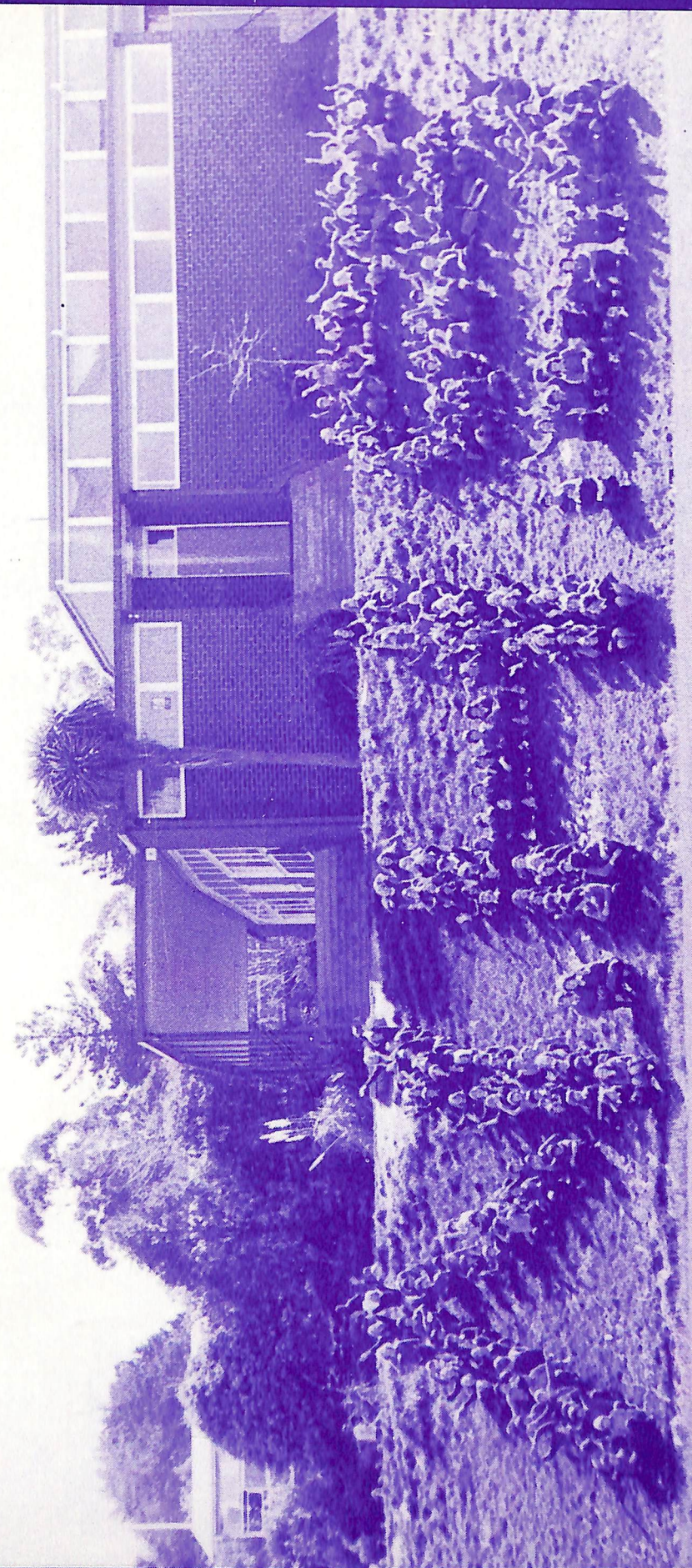


WEEMALA '79



WEEMALA '79



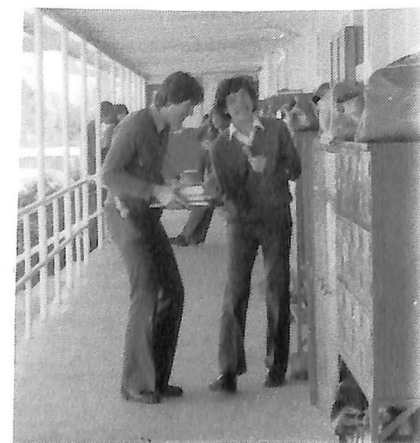
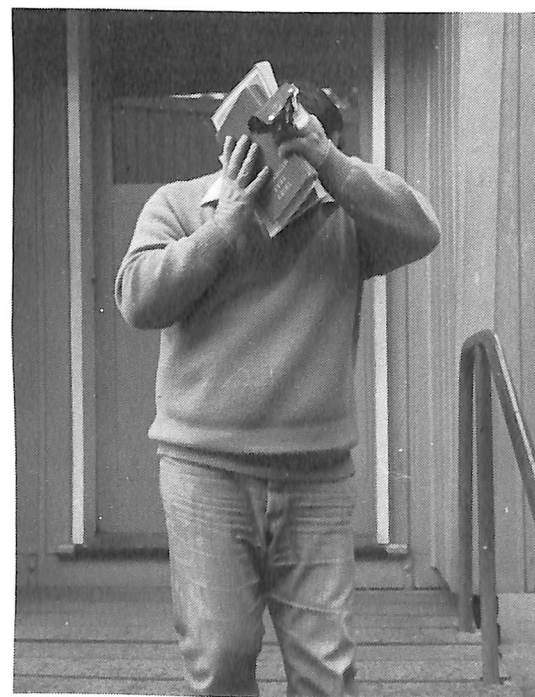
EDITORS' REPORT

A lot of water has flowed under the bridge since our secondary education started in 1974. Norwood has grown a lot, but then so have we (we hope). Norwood has changed, buildings, teachers, and students have come and gone but Norwood just keeps going. With time comes change and with change comes progress. One of the areas in which Norwood has progressed considerably is the cultural expansion of the school community and for that matter the Ringwood community as a whole. Norwood boasts its own cadet unit, two extremely professional productions, school orchestra, massive contributions to charity, and hopefully the magazine is able to come up to the standards of these major achievements.

We hope that you will enjoy the magazine. It hasn't been an easy task, but has still been most enjoyable.

Happy reading, and "may the day break"

Yours sincerely,
CO-EDITORS . . .
Raymond Barro
Paul Davey



PRINCIPAL'S COLUMN

During the last holidays I was in the office of a friend and during the course of the conversation I was taken to admire their latest acquisition — a large piece of complicated machinery reputed to be worth twenty thousand dollars. In answer to my query as to the use of such a gadget I was told that it would save the labour of twelve typists.

This reply started me thinking — what is the purpose of education today? When I went to school we went to learn reading, writing and arithmetic — we needed these to get a job. But we don't really need these so much nowadays — my transistor tells me the news as I eat my breakfast and the TV tells me my stories after tea — I really don't need to be able to write as my telephone at my elbow will put me quickly in touch with anywhere in the world often cheaper than a letter would and that little calculator will do my arithmetic for me more accurately than I can do it myself. And as to my getting a job — in many cases machines are doing my work for me.

I wonder how long it will be before we realize that the fact we have so much unemployment is due to these machines and that the only way we can deal with this is shorten the working week so that we can all enjoy the benefits of the "technological age". It will be quite possible that you will live to see a working week of twenty-five hours or even less and the question I would ask you is how will you fill in the other hours each day.

This is the reason I question our aim in education. Could it well be that the frightening rise in alcoholism and TV addiction in our community has been brought about because we have not given sufficient thought to the problem of education for leisure.

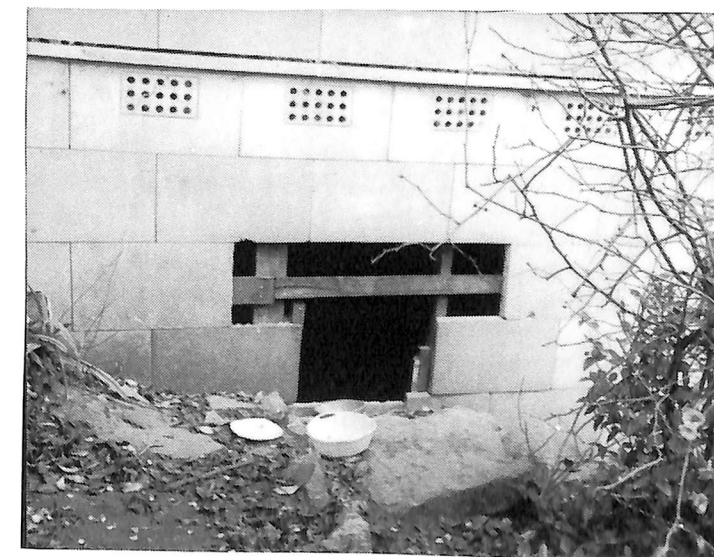
I believe that we at Norwood have looked at this problem in a realistic fashion and it gives me great satisfaction to see our singers, dancers and musicians taking part in our two school productions, to see the standard of the art and craft that comes out from workrooms and note the performance of our sports people in interschool competition.

I am pleased to note that many of our students are reading more particularly those students who work with Mrs Rutherford. Reading is an excellent leisure activity — you can do it anytime, anywhere, for as long as you like and you don't need others with you before you can do it.

However in educating people for leisure we must not let the pendulum swing too far in that direction. The study of our academic subjects, English, Maths, Sciences, Languages and Humanities are important even though we do not need them so much nowadays to earn our living. These are the disciplines that enable us to think, to appreciate the other person's point of view, to make us what is called a cultured person — a person who is nice to know.

This is why we teach a wide range of subjects at Norwood because we hope that when you leave us you'll be just that — a person who is nice to know — a person who can fill in their leisure hours profitably and well.

God bless,
The Principal.



SCHOOL COUNCIL

This year brought the election of a new School Council in July, and we said farewell to a number of School Councillors who had served the school faithfully and well over a number of years. Included in this number was Mr Fred Hill who had been President of Council, Mrs Musumeci and Mrs Moore, Cr Scott, and Mr J. Currey.

New members to Council included Mrs French, Cr N. Hamilton and Mr L. Sterling. Mr R. G. Anstee is the new President of Council and already they have started to bring about further improvements to the school.

Perhaps the most important work done this year by Council has been the construction of a lighting control bar in the Hall Foyer. This room built at the cost of \$4000 blends nicely into the Hall Foyer and fulfils a much needed facility for the school.

Council has also funded additions to the Art Room and Metal Work Room. These additions were built by the teachers in the Art Craft area and have greatly enhanced the facilities in this area.

Perhaps the greatest thrill for Council has been the developments at Gooram. To find that we have a camp for up to 30 students in relative comfort after two years reflects great credit on the Gooram Committee under Mr P. Elsbury as chairman and the "Friends of Gooram" — some 50 parents who were prepared to give at least a weekend a year to the development of the camp. Without the work of these two groups we would not have had an asset worth between \$25,000 and \$30,000 for an expenditure of about \$6000. Both the council and all connected with the school have been most grateful for their work.

Cadets. At a recent ceremonial parade films were shown of the Cadets at their first ceremonial parade and when this was compared with what was happening around us we realised how far the Norwood High School unit has come this year.

At the beginning of the year the unit under the command of Captain Irving assisted by Lieutenants Rankas, O'Malley and McLeod with Cadet Under Officers Irving and Quinlan prepared for the Anzac Day Parade. Their marching and military bearing on this occasion was noted with pleasure by all associated with the parade.

In August the unit as part of 3rd Cadet Brigade was camped in the Puckapunyal Forest near Seymour for a week. Although the weather was again not the best the Cadets settled down to quite hard work under canvas. Perhaps the highlight of this camp was the visit to the Puckapunyal firing range to see the Leopard Tanks in action. Another popular parade was for small arms firing. Here a number of cadets had their first opportunity to handle modern weapons and they were pleased to find that it was not as difficult as they first feared.

A highlight of the camp was the success of two of our unit, C.W.O. Michael Irving and Sgt Paul Wilson,

in obtaining their Duke of Edinburgh Adventure Awards. These awards, available only to members of a Cadet Unit, are obtained only after stringent testing by Warrant Officers from the permanent Army and we were thrilled to think that two of our unit could reach the high standards required.

These awards, together with certificates obtained by five cadets L/Cps. Cutts, O'Malley, Ashby, Porporis and Newport at a recent N.C.O.'s camp organised by Melbourne High School, were presented at a Ceremonial Parade held in the school hall on Thursday September 19th by Mr R. Anstee, the President of the School Council. This Parade attended by officers of the 7th Engineers, Mr Richards, Ringwood RSL and parents of the Cadets was most impressive and reflected credit on all concerned.

The school is greatly indebted to the officers of Cadets and W.O. Price 3rd Cadet Brigade who have worked unselfishly to bring our unit up to the high standard of efficiency that it now enjoys.

"BEEN HUNG IN 79"

Along with the custom of 100 years ago Norwood has been "hanging" the best people during the past five years. Not with a rope silly — their photos are hung outside the Principal's office in a place of honour because we are proud of their achievements.

Well who has been hung in 79 and why —

1. **Stephen Hyde** who won a general distinction for his results at H.S.C. (5As)
2. **Steven Anstee** Victorian Swimming Champion 100 metres and 200 metres breaststroke
3. **Lynn Anstee** Victorian Swimming Champion under 14 100 metres breaststroke champion
4. **Kerrie Stuart** Girl Youth of the Year Eastern Victorian Section, Lions Youth of the Year Award
5. **Kevin Williamson** All High Champion, under 14 100 metres breaststroke champion
6. **Intermediate Net Ball Team** All High Champions 1979. Kerrie Dick (captain), Kerry Brimmer, Julie Cuthbert, Maree Jennings, Sue Nye, Debbie Prior, Sue Wright, Penny Younger.
7. **The Social Service Group** who went with Mr Waterson and Mr Sterling to Government House to receive the Community Service Award for work on behalf of the Deserted Children. N. Mendes, E. Strecker, K. Goodall, L. Hamelman, G. Salisbury and Kong Chan
8. **Michelle Unsworth** winner of the ANZ Bank Under 16 Statewide Essay Competition
9. **Bernie Dick** Victorian Junior Netball team
10. **Simon Lew** Victorian Under 19 Hockey Team
11. **Michael Irving** Cadet Under Officer, winner Duke of Edinburgh Adventure Award
12. **Paul Wilson** Cadet Sergeant, winner Duke of Edinburgh Adventure Award
13. **Paul Davey** Queen Scout, 7th Ringwood Venturers
14. **Neil Howlett** Open Victorian Champion in Orienteering

SOCIAL SERVICE REPORT

The students' response to the various appeals during the year is always astounding.

In 1978 Norwood students and staff were able to raise \$12,240-08 for the 29 charities that the school supported, and once again the school received a number of certificates of appreciation from various charities in appreciation of the school's efforts on their behalf.

Among these certificates was another Community Service Award for our efforts to assist The Victorian Association for Deserted Children. For the second consecutive year Norwood High was the highest money raiser of all co-educational schools in Victoria, and we were proud to receive our award from His Excellency, Sir Henry Winneke, Governor of Victoria.

Johnny Farnham visited the school in December to thank the students for their efforts for Social Service and to present awards to those students who had made outstanding contributions during the year.

Later that month we held our Annual Charity Concert, which was highly successful thanks to the efforts of students and staff, in particular Mr. Allan Carter, who compered the show with great expertise, and Geoff Lockhart and Tony Coulson who exercised their talents assisting Mr. Silberberg in the technical aspects of the show.

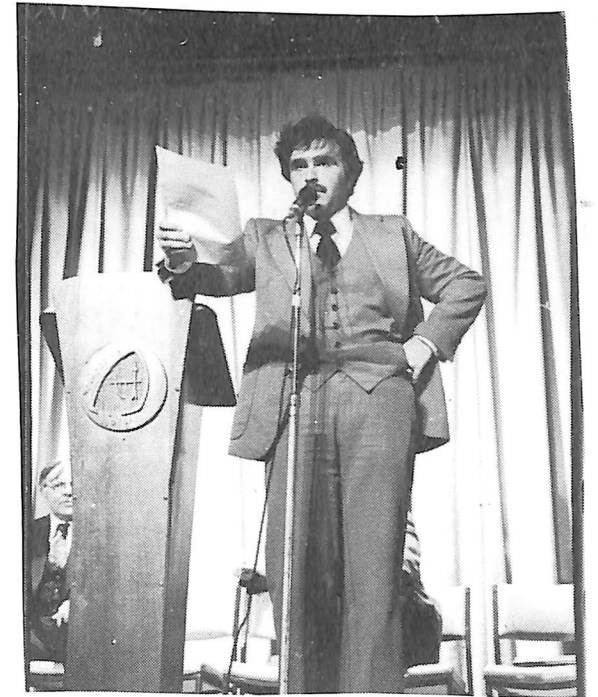
So far this year the school has raised approximately \$9000 for various charities.

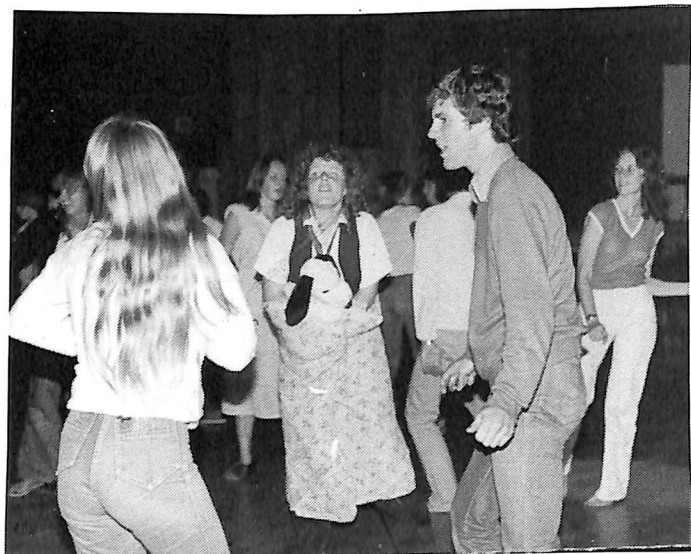
Mark McGregor, Kerri Stuart and their committee once again organised a 24 hour Danceathon in aid of UNICEF, which raised \$928.

Norwood also entered five teams in the billy-cart race at Eastland to raise funds for the casualty department at Maroondah Hospital. We estimate that they should raise more than \$2000 between them.

Our junior students participated in a Readathon to raise money for research into Multiple Sclerosis most successfully, as they earned in excess of \$600; while our senior students raised \$1002 for the World Vision Organisation in the Annual 40 hour Famine.

All in all, the parents of students at Norwood should be proud of the support that they and their children give to many charities during the course of each year. Thank you very much, L. Sterling.





DANCEATHON '79

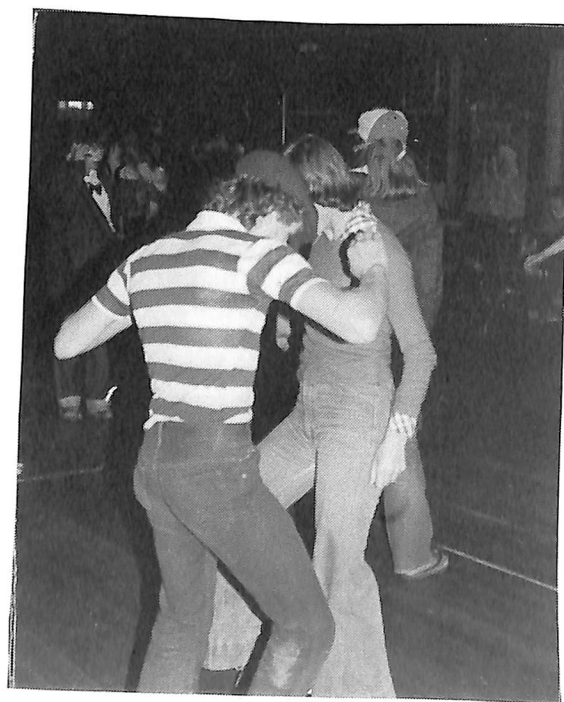
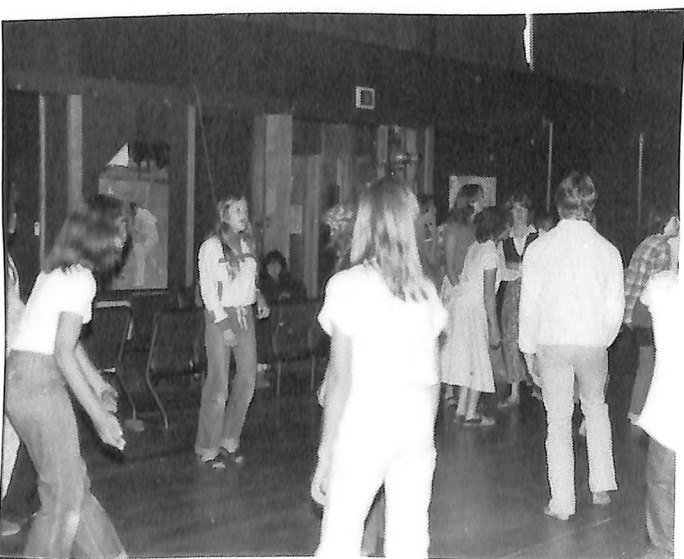
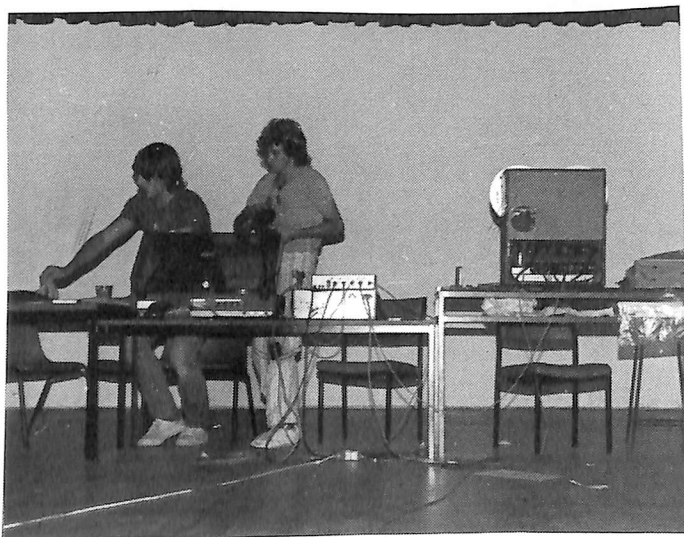
On Saturday March 31, 1979, at 7 pm, forty-eight students risked their lives in the most gruelling and spectacular feat known to man since Adam discovered the apple. Yes, the 24 hour Danceathon was about to commence!

The contestants started out with great enthusiasm but this sadly lapsed as the night wore on. And who knows, it could have been all a dead loss but for the efforts of our talented disc jockeys, who, with their undying enthusiasm and musical talent really kept the ball rolling. Ask any of the students about the performances of "Raymond's and Stu's Punk Show", Mick's (Mr Wilson's) Mouldy Ouldies", "Uncle Ted's Request Hour" and others, and I bet you won't be able to shut them up for days. Then there's the unforgettable (unrememberable) one minute debut of the "Bed Brothers" (sorry fellows, keep practising, they mightn't boo you off next year).

But despite these minor distractions, the students still kept "punking" and "boogying along" to such classics as "I see Red", "Jet Boy Jet Girl", and "I like to Boogy", till 8 pm Sunday night.

In concluding we would like to thank all the people who helped make this Danceathon a success, with particular thanks to Mr Sterling, whose help and efforts made the Danceathon possible.

Kerri Stuart
Mark McGregor



H.S.C. MATURE ECONOMICS CAMP

What have all these things got in common?

CHOCOLATE CAKE

BOXER SHORTS (with the fly sewn up by a worried mother in law)

SOCK SUSPENDERS

PUS

BATMAN

BLOOTO'S

LITTLE RIVER BAND

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, and JOHN

Mr MELWAYS

and A WELL TRAINED (domesticated)

COLLINGWOOD SUPPORTER

Yes, you guessed it, these and much more are the ingredients needed to make up an H.S.C. MATURE ECONOMICS STUDY CAMP. Held in the mardigras atmosphere of Victoria's very own Gold Coast, sunny, tropical Rosebud.

Sure some people didn't get there till one o'clock in the morning (Mr Melways or the Red Headed Kid as he is commonly known, had to go via Hastings "Well that's the way Mrs McLellen goes" was his only reply). Some got there just in time to catch that fast moving musical spectacular Countdown. Others even got there in time to see the sun rise over the sleepy little bayside hamlet (Mr McGregor did have to play golf). But everyone arrived and the study began.

Highlights of the camp included: Relative Scarcity (Having infinite wants and only finite resources), the exciting trip down Arthurs out on Monday night (14 lemon squashes and hit me with 4 Claytons and Coke), of course the communal showers and the walks along the beautiful beach. There was only one emergency, but the local chemist soon put it right with a very adequate boil dressing.

Who was there? I hear you say. Well there was:

Helen B (Blooto)

Andre V (Mr Melway)

Mark Mc (Don't you mean Ken)

Leanne G (with her new lobotomy)

Raymond B (our representative from Italy)

Joanne J (Koala, the chocolate cake thief)

Tino B (the 5.8 litre fuel head)

Ross G (just call me "BLOWAVE")

Steve Q (The young liberal)

Allison S (the tourist)

Kerri S (Y.O.T.Y.)

Terry F (next train stopping all stations)

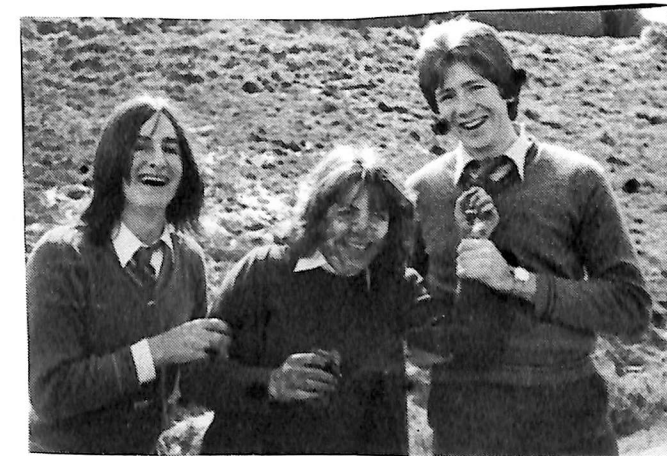
Jenny Mc (the form 6 , slim Macca)

Stuart Mc (pick up the soap yourself teddy)

Paul D (the insignificant pleb, is that a batman suit?)

Summaries were done with much excitement. Thanks a lot to Walshie and Gail, and we'll probably see you same time in 1980.

Paul Davey



MATURE PROFILE '79

Jenny "Macca" MacFarlane

Head girl for 1979. Loves Mighty Mellows and fast cars. Teachers' pet. Favorite subject, Australian History of course.

AMBITION: To own her own Mighty Mellow factory and get an easy job as a P.E. teacher.

Paul "Be In It" Davey

Our captain—revolves social life around school and study. Is a good driver who always uses indicators??? Can right an essay on the significance of black pus in the "Invisible Man" in five minutes.

AMBITION: To meet Batman eye to eye and write "his" own school magazine.

Raymond "Ethnic Affairs" Barro

Norwood's Godfather. If you want concrete shoes Raymond's the one to ci. Best dressed and well spoken, one of Mr Cousin's favorite students. Norwood's hope for duck's of the state.

AMBITION: To return to the home country and have dinner with the Pope.

Martin Holmes

Head of treasury (how much money have we got this week). Mr Average of 1979, known to have hidden talents.

AMBITION: To learn to play the guitar and to become a "spunky" rock 'n' roll idol.

Roger "Better Way" Williams

Has record for attendance at S.R.C. Enjoys his weekly whipping by Mrs Elgood. Eats everything with tomato sauce, nothing else but Red Baron.

AMBITION: To do "do-nuts" in his hot car.

Kerri "Y.O.T.Y." Stuart

Youth of the year, been quoted as a leading feminist in a Melbourne weekly.

AMBITION: To meet Germaine Greer in person.

Theresa "Green" Walsh

Known to have long love affairs and to talk excessively in Applied Maths.

AMBITION: Who knows.

Mark McGregor

Loves dance-a-thons and girls with long blonde hair. Craves for baked beans. Last of Norwood's slowly dying "long hairs".

AMBITION: To be just like Ken and find his true love.

Kelvin "C.F." Price

Our hard working secretary, known to enjoy whacky games and the occasional raisin bread munch. Known also to be a junior heart throb.

AMBITION: To be a teacher just like dad and to feed one thousands juniors with one loaf of raisin bread.

Dianne Hobday

Very mystic, known to be about during full moons, must have some gypsy blood, able to tell fortunes using the "cards."

AMBITION: To meet Kevin Arnet and Doris Stokes in person. And to bend a spoon.



Sue Harris

Assistant secretary to the hard working student outhpiece Sue takes the honour of being the first (mature) to really hook a guy. She looks so nice in white.

AMBITION: To get married and have thousands of children.

Sue Anne Albers

The quiet "unseen" member of the S.R.C. Only person known to beat Roger Williams for non attendance. Park Orchards is a long way from Room 10.

AMBITION: To live closer to where the action is, and to get a perm that looks natural.

David "Willy" Williams

Voted this year's biggest disturbance in class. Known to be "keen" on a certain form five woman. Loves maths, applied physics and collecting Armadillos.

AMBITION: Have a forty piece "Ludwig" drum kit and play a drum solo at the Edinburgh Tattoo.



?

This short statement is merely to advise the various cults and identities of Form 5 not to tackle the oncoming year. It will also include a résumé of a Form 6 week.

MONDAY

/£\$☆●□#, there's a whole week ahead of having to face those classes of boredom, dreary teachers, and loads of *☆#●! It's a drag.

TUESDAY

and there's four days to go. Double Politics doesn't help matters with Breheny, and her radical, revolutionary, extremists, Maoist, questioning of Australian "democracy" and political field.

WEDNESDAY

morning and we have taken Mrs Murphy's advice and have risen at 4 am in the morning to revise, memorize, study, and swot, all that */£*●☆□ unnecessary rot. Recess is time for the pep pills, to revitalize your depressed and near suicidal mind. □☆●£/* there's a whole arvo to go which includes double Legal, which goes so s-l-o-w. Mrs Stevenson is a very lovely person but . . . the pain and agony of Wednesday arvos is insufferable. Politics is next but I'm going home for a peanut butter sanga and a cuppa.

THURSDAY

the depression is still there, but there's only 2 to go. Aaaaagh, Loony Bin in the arvo. The poor teachers think they're helping us so much, but ha, ha, heh, heh, wait till they see the exam results . . . (this is another period which enables the women [some of us] to destroy and decapitate those dastardly split ends . . .)

FRIDAY

morning is Raymond's sleep-in time. None of us are really there. Poor Mrs Stevenson turns up every Friday, last period. It's a pity that the students can't follow this practice.

I myself, am forced to leave at lunchtime. The excitement of the weekend is all too much, and Friday arvos are much too long.

In conclusion Form 6 is very little fun. One's life would be much happier spent in Safeway, or having one's bottom pinched by the boss.

!£☆□●/* represents a form of gutter language not commonly expressed.

SIAN and FRED
(2 girls who have managed
to remove all split ends,
thanks to Form 6)





MAROONDAH HOUSE REPORT

1979 proved to be quite an average year for Maroondah. With a 2nd in the athletics and a third in the swimming sports, we didn't really have the team spirit (or the Anstee's) that was required to win. Once again we were beaten by the lack of attendance of both Maroondah competitors and supporters. However, we would like to thank those who helped throughout the year, who without the help of such people Maroondah would never have got on the road; thank you Mr Walsh, Miss Liddy, Mrs Webb, and Mr Needham. Also, thank you very much to all Maroondah people who competed and supported us especially those outstanding — (Lorraine Bevat, Penny Younger, David and Katie Peart, Brad Murphy, and Brett Shiels). Best of luck to Maroondah captains of next year and all team members.

Tino Bettiol
Jenny Lisle.

MULLUM HOUSE REPORT

This year, under the watchful eye of the mighty "Pheasant", Mullum was most successful. We romped in the swimming sports (and came third in the athletics — but we'll forget about that). On the day of the swimming sports we all arrived down at the pool (our old stamping ground from many exhausting morning trainings), in our newly acquired, glowing-green tee shirts. The opposition looked in awe, frightened out of their wits, who were these Amazons, these towers of strength, these tanned fitness fanatics? They didn't have a chance. (The Pheasant wasn't feeling well, or the novelty had worn off by the time the athletics were on). Thank you to all the "Cocks", "Gobbles", "Giblets", and "Feathers" amongst our flock for your participation and support throughout this year. Thank you also to our loyal and ever helpful teachers: Mrs Jurey, Mr McCarthy, Mrs McCarthy, and Mr Bowden.

Jenny MacFarlane
Stuart McRoy

Note from an aspiring vice captain

Due to the fantastic sporting abilities we seem to cultivate here in Mullum, Steve Anstee had to leave our "nest" and his post as House Captain to compete in swimming competitions in Perth and America. But as we are always prepared, we had another sportsman to take his place: Stu McRoy, and a fine job he did too. The all round sportswoman and cult leader, Miss Jenny MacFarlane, took the position, again this year as our house captain, and she "done good".

Karen Anstee (although an immature) was voted in house captain (they didn't believe me when I told them I'd bash them up if they didn't vote for me). Our Jnr House Captains were Lynn Anstee (another one) and Paul Salmon. They were ace.

Michelle Thomas



KALINDA HOUSE REPORT

1979 was a mediocre year for Kalinda House, attaining only minor places in both the athletic and swimming sports. But the year for Kalinda did have some successful points. The rise of vast talent and enthusiasm shown in the junior ranks indicated some great success for the future, so don't give up yet Mr Wilson!!

Of course we must thank those four superb athletes; Mrs Morrello, Mr Wilson, Miss Turner and Mr Innes. This incredible team won the main event of the athletic sports: — The 'Teachers Relay'.

1979 was also the year of the house 'T' shirt each house having its own emblem. Of course we were the first to come up with such an idea way back in 1978. Besides the Mullum 'Pheasant', Yarra 'dragon' or Maroondah 'Muscle Man' did not compare to our 'Walt Disney Rabbit'!!!

On the whole it was a most enjoyable year with enthusiasm shown by most students. Thanks to all those who participated or helped.

A special thanks to the house teachers, Mr Innes, Miss Turner, Mr Wilson and Mrs Morrello.

Chris Gange,
Kerri Reid

YARRA HOUSE REPORT

Well this was certainly Yarra's year! The year we won our first ever sports shield, namely the Athletics Shield, from the other three houses.

In these sports we ended up winning the Open and Junior boys sections, and found great age group champions in David Williams (Open), Gary O'Donnell (Under 15), Gavin Carroll (Under 14), and Kerri Nichols (Under 17). Other excellent efforts were made by Janelle Wooding, Anthony Bayne, Belinda Bayne, Andrew Bartlett, Ross Carroll, David Rowell and Peter Young.

Another great highlight of these sports was the teacher's relay race. Yarra's Teachers: "Tornado Tipping," "Speedy Sterling," "Pacy Pendergast" and "Majestic Martin," put up excellent efforts (considering their age and body conditions), but unfortunately they were just pipped at the post and came fourth.

Unfortunately, our swimming efforts left a lot to be desired, but it was great to learn that we have some good swimmers in our junior ranks. Our age-group champions were Angela Wooles (under 14), and Eric Guelen and Peter Wright (under 13) and we congratulate them on their efforts. Other worthy swimmers were Sue Rielly, Mark Beecroft, Leanne, and Debbie Eade, Fay Talbert, and "Blow-wave" (had to put him in somewhere!!)

The teachers once again, displayed their loyal support to the house by showing us (willingly of course) that the water wasn't that cold, and in fact Mr Sterling went to great lengths to show it again and again and AGAIN.

However, on a more serious note we (Graeme and Kerri) would like to thank Mr Tipping, Mr Sterling, Mrs Martin, and Mrs Pendergast for all the work they have put in to the House during the year. We would also like to thank all the Yarra people who competed and helped in both sports, and particularly those who trained either at school or individually. A special thank you to Leanne Eade for designing our T-shirts and also a thanks to our enthusiastic cheer squad.

HOUSE CAPTAINS: Kerri Stuart
Graeme Ewart



TEAM SPORTS REPORT 1979

This year the team sports were broken up into two sections: summer and winter sports.

The summer sports included tennis, softball, and cricket. The successful teams in tennis were the girls and boys intermediate teams. The only successful softball team was the junior team who did quite well at Eastern Zone level. The only remaining cricket team at the time of printing is the junior boys team.

The winter season saw our school successful in several sports although not quite as many as past years.

The really bright spot was the intermediate girls netball team which won an "All High" flag. It was a very good team effort by all the girls.

Other successful teams were the junior boys football, soccer, and volleyball, the intermediate girls table tennis, the intermediate boys' badminton, the senior girls' archery team and the senior boys' football, squash, and volleyball teams.

I would like to thank all members of staff who assisted in coaching teams — notably Mrs Webb, Mesdames Phys. Ed., Mr Bowden, Mr Walsh, and Mr Wilson. The school would also like to thank those senior students who ably coached junior teams — Daryl Court, John Davey, Trevor Pask, Ian Douglas, David Weeks, and Paul Jevtovic.

I would also like to thank the outside clubs who assisted the school by loaning us jumpers for team games. This gesture was greatly appreciated.

D. Webb



SWIMMING REPORT 1979

Norwood again dominated the Maroondah Group swimming carnival winning all sections plus the aggregate trophy. It was pleasing to note the depth of interest and talent within the school. The success of the relay teams was indicative of the effort and training put in by so many students; the team spirit was really high this year.

New swimmers who contributed to a very good team effort were Angela Wooles, Leslie Craig, Eric Gvelen and Robert Novak.

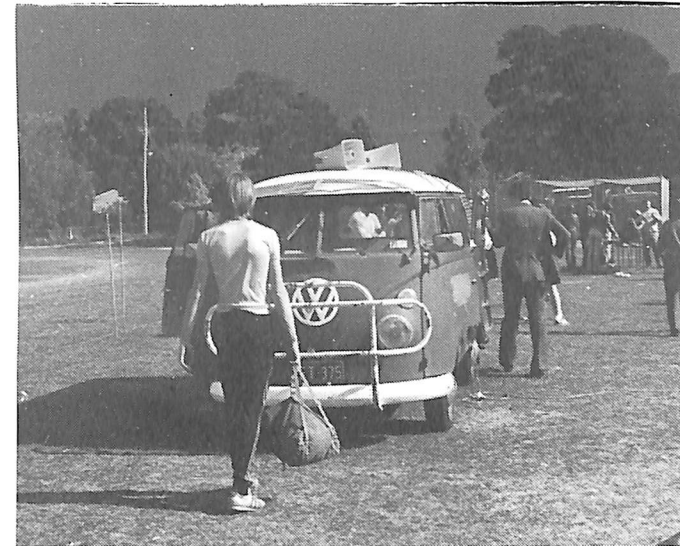
Oldtimers who again did very well were the Anstee Co Ltd, Lorene, Kerrie, Simmo, Brad, Kevin Williamson, Geoff Daucer, Steffan, Katie, David.

Congratulations to all members of the school team, particularly members of the relay teams who did not finish below third place.

Let's hope that the house swimming carnival is as keen and enthusiastic as last year and everybody attends early morning training next swimming season. This is where our school success stems from.

"All High" competitors again did very well with Steve Anstee and Kevin Williamson winning events. Everyone who competed at "All High" deserves special credit for making it there.

D. Webb



ATHLETICS REPORT 1979

After a successful house athletics competition which saw Yarra House successful for the very first time, Norwood faced a close challenge from other schools to again win all three sections and the aggregate at the Maroondah Groups Sports. One of the reasons for having a very strong athletics team is the fact that the school house competition is treated seriously and competition for places in the school team is very tough.

The immature section of the school was well led by Gavin Carroll (1st), Debbie Dann (3rd), Michelle Burrows (1st), Brett Shiel (1st), John Alderdice (1st). Three of the four junior relays also won and the under 14 boys finished second.

The intermediate section of the school did extremely well overall winning easily. Individual winners were Penny Younger (3rd), Andrew Bartlett (2nd), Gary O'Donnell (2nd), Laurene Bevaart (1st), Claire Richards (2nd), Carol Sak (1st), Karina Prentic (1st), Michael Holian (1st). All four intermediate relays won easily.

The senior section of the school team had the closest shave of the three sections, winning by only a few points. It was pleasing to see so many senior students involved. Individual winners were David Williams (2nd), Kerri Nichols (3rd), Patricia McShane (1st), Derek Summerton (1st), Darren Rogers (1st), Jenny Lisle (1st), Phillip Ross (2nd). The Under 17 girls also won their relays.

All winners at Maroondah Group level will go further and compete at Eastern Zone level and then All High level.

Good luck!
D. Webb

SENIOR BOYS FOOTBALL

The siren sounded for yet another start of the N.H.S. Senior footy teams' campaign for the All High Championships. Luck, however, wasn't with us in the second round and even though we won the Maroondah Group Pennant we were knocked out in the Eastern Zone division.

Thanks to our coach again this year, Ted Walsh, (the poor man's TOM HAFEY) who, even though he pulled off some brilliant tactical moves did not have the depth of players required to take off the big one!!!! (THAT'S HIS EXCUSE, ANYWAY)

Also a word of thanks to the umpires who put in their usual appalling display as well as to our key players who happened to obtain injuries before the second round, as this was the big factor in our elimination.

Congratulations must go to Tino Bettiol, Graeme Ewart and Martin Stewart for winning awards as well as Stuart McRoy and Steven Quartermain for adding that extra bit of solidarity to the backline. A special mention must also go to "BLOWAVE" (or PERCY PERM as he is known to his teammates) as his blistering pace and huge leap up forward provided the spectators with immaculate entertainment from start to finish!!!!

Stephen Quartermain



INTERMEDIATE CRICKET REPORT

Those players who participated in the games, (K. Musumeci [C], P. McKenzie, G. O'Donnell [V.C.], G. Tweedie, J. Warner, P. McClure, C. Meadows, B. Tomazic, S. Mutsaers, G. Rutherford, P. Salmon, R. McCusker, C. Hunter, M. Price) were exemplary of the fine talent shown at Friday evenings' cricket practices during first term. Those cricketers chosen to represent no doubt performed very creditably owing to the pressure applied by the many keen participants who attended training, especially those who did so on a regular basis.

The first game in which we were tested, was played against Maroondah. Of those who performed well, Gary O'Donnell excelled with his spinners and Branco Tomazic was a real wizard with the willow. The game was decided on the last ball of the day which was an omen as to how close the competition was to be.

We were at "home" to Ringwood in our next encounter. Having been defeated by Ringwood in the previous season all were keen to do well. Simon Mutsaers and Branco Tomazic gave us a great start in our endeavour to surpass 90 runs and we did just that with a magnificent straight drive by Craig Meadows on the 3rd last ball of the day.

Having made the Maroondah Group Final we were pitted against Mitcham at their home ground. As in the previous two games the final over was to decide the winner. Unfortunately we just failed to overtake Mitcham's rather low score; the deficit being two runs. However a fine fighting performance was displayed, especially by Grant Tweedie, Phil McKenzie and Kev Musumeci.

Best players were: S. Mutsaers, B. Tomazic, G. Tweedie, G. O'Donnell, and K. Musumeci.

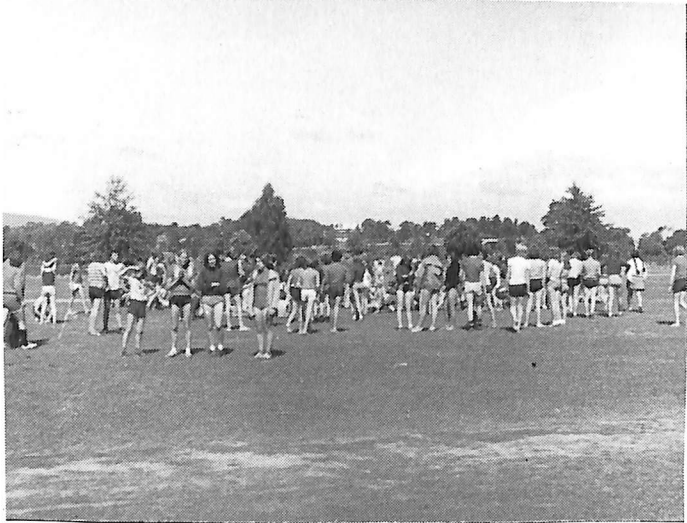
K. Musumeci, (C),
M. Wilson



INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL REPORT

What assuredly should be considered as a successful season was experienced by an enthusiastic and in many instances talented team of second and third formers.

From the first weeks of training at the beginning of second term, a dedication and determination was displayed by a very large group of contenders for the final twenty. As nearly all trained twice weekly, it was indeed a difficult decision for the selectors to determine the representatives for the cut throat round robin. We would like to thank and congratulate people of the ilk of Peter McClure and Andrew Cornwall et al who, although not chosen, never gave up trying, and willingly offered their assistance to officiate.



The Day We Had Been Waiting For:

Playing against Maroondah and Ringwood in the qualifying rounds at Maroondah's school oval, we showed skill combined with good teamwork which had resulted from long pre-match training. Having had success against our first two opponents we felt quite confident of defeating Doncaster East to qualify for the Eastern Zone final. We played well for three quarters and held a handy lead of three goals at the final break. Unfortunately we just failed to hold the advantage and were gallant in our 5 point defeat.

Best Players for the day:

Michael Holliand (V.C.)
Ross Nicholls
Ross Carroll
Shane Anderson
Phil McKenzie

It was a good effort by all the boys and playing as well as we did this year, the senior football of Norwood High is looking to a bright future.

G. O'Donnell (C)
M. Wilson

SPORTS REPORT

1978 Students vs. Teachers Sport Series

Volleyball

In this, the opening sporting encounter of the year, the teachers put in their strongest team with immortal names like Webb, Walsh, Wilson, Tipping, Bowden, and McCarthy gracing the court. The students, coached by Brian Jennings, were keen to win but found the serving of Webb and the spiking of Tipping too much in the first set as it went to the teachers 15-11. Surprisingly, the students came back to take the second set 15-12, due mainly to the steady play of Graeme Ewert and Tino Bettiol. But this was to no avail as the teachers stormed home in the final set 15-10.

Students	Teachers
0	1

Soccer

In a short action-packed lunchtime encounter the teachers went to an unbeatable 2-0 lead in the best of three series with a 3-1 victory in soccer. Aided by the services of senior student Santo Raso the teachers led from the start with star recruit, Mr. Needham, dominating the centre, and Santo Raso playing a great game in defence. At 0-2 the students retaliated with their only goal but the nail was driven into the coffin when "Twinkle-Toes" Sterling raced down the wing to open his forward line where Needham put through his second goal.

Students	Teachers
0	2

Cricket

Tuesday, 5th of December, dawned a humid sunny day, the perfect setting for the long awaited cricket match between the Teachers XI, led by Mr. McCarthy, and the Students XI, captained by Geoff Lisle. Trouble was already brewing in the Teachers' camp with the controversial dropping of sport-teacher, Mr. Webb, in favour of up-and-coming-youngster, Mr. McCarthy, for the position of captain. The teams were (in batting order):

TEACHERS	STUDENTS
B. Moore	G. Lisle (capt.)
D. O'Connor	D. Goldsmith
R. Morrell	G. Ewert
D. Webb	A. Brush
M. McCarthy (capt.)	P. Bistrup
T. Walsh	T. Bettiol
J. Tipping	K. McGregor
M. Wilson	G. Parker
P. Bowden	P. Coates
B. Gange	S. O'Rielly
L. Burnie	B. Jennings

At 12.00 midday the two teams made their way down to the Norwood Oval in Mullum Road, the

teachers generously not offering to drive their students to the destination.

The toss was made and it was decided that the students would open the batting. Lisle and Goldsmith opened the innings and set about carving up the teachers' opening attack. At 0-49, after five overs, Walsh came into the attack and had immediate success. Goldsmith tried to lift him over mid-on only to see his shot land safely into the seven-and-a-half fingers of Burnie. The opener's 23 included 4 boundaries. Ewert came to the crease, but lost his partner in the next over. Lisle, on 27, straight-drove Moore but was caught by Wilson at mid-on. At 2-54 the students looked vulnerable, but a consolidating stand by Ewert and Brush took the score to 83 before Ewert fell victim to the wily spin of O'Connor for 15. At 86 O'Connor struck again when he had Brush well caught by Walsh for 14. At 4-94 O'Connor claimed his third wicket when Burnie took a great catch in the outfield to dismiss Bettiol for 2. But then Bistrup and McGregor came together and quickly added 47 before Walsh snared Bistrup for 23. In the last over, McGregor slammed Walsh for 4, but lost his middle stump when he tried to repeat the dose off the next delivery. Rumour has it that McGregor was so tired from chasing the "Old Timer's" wides that he wanted to have a rest.

The students' innings closed at 7-151. Best of the bowlers were O'Connor, with 3-14, and Walsh, with 3-27.

The teachers' innings began with Moore and O'Connor, but when the score was 11, O'Connor was run out. It was a controversial decision given by umpire Darryl Court, who wasn't too popular with O'Connor for months afterwards. Next in was Robert Morrell, a fifth form student who aided the teachers in their quest. When he was on 6, he was clean bowled by Brian Jennings with the score at 37. Moore was on 14 at this stage, but as Phillip Coates came on he was caught behind by Bistrup. This made it 3 for 37. Deposed captain Webb then came to the crease to show the "Selectors" that he was still number one. When he was stumped by O'Rielly off his first ball (again a dubious decision from Court) the words he uttered were not Oxford English. Coates was on a hat-trick but Walsh stuck it out, only to be caught by Bettiol off Coates five runs later. Tipping came out, but, after making 8, fell to a brilliant catch by Coates at mid-off, off the bowling of Ewert. With the score at 6-56, McCarthy and Wilson started slowly but quickly opened up. Their 50 partnership soon came up, but although both were batting well, with a few overs to go, it became obvious that they would not reach the students' score. With the last over to be bowled all interest was on McCarthy to see if he could reach his half-century. He made it off the 12th ball of the over, and earned the "Man-of-the-Match" award for his effort. Wilson's 26 was also a fine effort, and their 81 partnership was the highest of the match. Coates was the students' best bowler with 3-10.

HOCKEY REPORT '79

STUDENTS		
G. Lisle (capt.)	c Wilson b Moore	27
D. Goldsmith	c Burnie b Walsh	23
G. Ewert	c Webb b O'Connor	15
A. Brush	c Walsh b O'Connor	14
P. Bistrup	c O'Connor b Walsh	23
T. Bettiol	c Burnie b O'Connor	2
K. McGregor	b Walsh	35
G. Parker	not out	1
P. Coates		
S. O'Rielly	not out	2
B. Jennings		
Byes: 6. Leg-Byes: 0. Wides: 3. No-Balls: 0.		
Fall of wickets: 1-52, 2-54, 3-83, 4-86, 5-94, 6-141, 7-149.		
7 wickets (c.c.) 151.		
Bowling: B. Moore 4-0-1-28, T. Walsh 4-0-3-27, D. O'Connor 4-1-3-14, D. Webb 4-0-0-36, J. Tipping 2-0-0-11, M. Wilson 2-0-0-26.		

TEACHERS		
B. Moore	c Bistrup b Coates	14
D. O'Connor	run out	4
R. Morrell	b Jennings	6
D. Webb	stpd. O'Rielly b Coates	0
M. McCarthy		
(capt.)	not out	50
T. Walsh	c Bettiol b Coates	1
J. Tipping	c Coates b Ewert	8
M. Wilson	not out	26
P. Bowden		
B. Gange		
L. Burnie	Services not required	

Byes: 12. Leg-Byes: 3. Wides: 1. No-Balls: 12. 28
Fall of wickets: 1-11, 2-37, 3-37, 4-37, 5-42, 6-56.
6 wickets (c.c.) 137.
Bowling: A. Brush 2-1-0-2, P. Bistrup 2-0-0-13, G. Parker 3-0-0-25, S. O'Rielly 2-0-0-5, B. Jennings 2-0-1-9, K. McGregor 1-0-0-4, D. Goldsmith 1-0-0-17, T. Bettiol 3-0-0-19, P. Coates 2-0-3-10, G. Ewert 1-0-1-2, G. Lisle 1-0-0-3.
Reporter S. Field 4F.

Students	Teachers
1	2



'Shadow Boxer' was too fast
We were getting a case of the defeaties
We could see ourselves coming last
And we'd have to eat the 'weeties'
The sticks were swinging and the balls were rolling
As we came onto the field
The injuries were many
Some could not be healed
The opposition were all excited
They hoped that they would win
As they approached the final climax
They just couldn't get it in.

We all got back onto the bus,
Two down, one up wasn't bad
We had known that they would beat us,
Still what a day we had.

Better Way, Grease, Sherlock,
Psycho, Looie, Granger
(Form 6 boys).

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP (C.F.) REPORT

Wacky Games — Life after Death — Boy-Girl Relationships — Raisin Bread Munch — Our Private Lives — Hassles and Problems — The Occult. These are just a few of the catch phrases that have appeared on those numerous C.F. posters this year.

This Christian group has set out to provide interesting and relevant activities for juniors and seniors. At the junior level, the "Raisin Bread Munch" proved that school jumpers provide more than just warmth; they are ideal places to hide extra slices of raisin bread. As well as fun and games, the juniors had many times of serious talking. The senior C.F. enjoyed visiting speakers and frank discussions amongst themselves. The discussion on "Our Private Lives", will be remembered by those who attended.

The most significant event this year was when Robert Coyle from "Youth Dimension" visited us. The film "Sunseekers" was seen by about half the school. For the rest of the week, the Christian point of view was presented in many issues which concern young people. That Jesus Christ can give a person's life full meaning, was the theme running through the topics that were dealt with.

1979 brings to an end the school life of a number of active "C.F.-ers" at Norwood and the challenge to continue the C.F. group passes to those remaining. We wish them success.

Kelvin Price, Form 6

MUSIC 79

This year has seen some changes in the staffing of music at Norwood. Miss Turner, later to become Mrs Conlon, joined our music staff at the beginning of first term and has proved to be a very capable teacher who has won the affection of many students and staff. Mrs Barton, our devoted violin teacher for many years was forced to retire due to ill health. Mrs Barton was a devoted teacher and many students have had the opportunity to work with this wonderful person and I know that they will share with me a sense of sorrow that she has retired. However, on the positive side, Mrs Barton has been replaced by Miss Dacy and I am certain that with her talent and enthusiasm this area of music education will continue to develop. Mr. Chalkiadakis came to us this year as a teacher of classical guitar and it is pleasing to note that this aspect of instrumental music, when under the control of an experienced teacher and musician, can be highly successful.

Mr. Barby, our woodwind teacher has unfortunately been quite ill this year and it is hoped that he will soon be able to once again return to teaching. In his absence his students were able to continue under the guidance of Miss Modra and Mrs Conlon. These teachers gave unselfishly of their time and were able to present a large number of students for the A.M.E.B. examinations. Mrs Brown, Mr Webster and Mr Williams continued with their fine work this year and under the direction of such people, music at Norwood must continue to flourish.

In "Weemala '78" I listed several reasons why I believe music is important to education. Among these it was stated that music provided a resource for leisure time activities, it could help to promote and discover talent, and it could assist in social development through involvement in large group activities. Our Nine Lesson Carol Service, the Concert in the Round, the junior production of the Wizard of Oz, the senior production of Oklahoma, participation in local area Music Festivals as well as the Victorian Music Festival held at the Camberwell Civic Centre indicate the degree to which this school is committed to music in education. This commitment is reflected in the number of staff and students who are prepared to participate in these activities.

The Wizard of Oz, under the direction of Mrs Cahir and Miss Annois was an undoubted success. Miss Modra gave her usual fine performance at the piano, the costuming by Mrs Brand and Mrs Brown was quite excellent, Michael Coates, Geoff Nicholson, deserve recognition for all the work they did in preparing the sets and Tony Coulson for all the work he put into lighting the production. All the students involved demonstrated talent, patience, and a sense of total commitment to the production. This meant that it was, in all aspects, a team effort. Mrs Cahir and Miss Annois excelled in the way that they organised and produced this show and deserve a round of applause for a job well done, especially

when it is remembered that this was their first attempt at producing a musical.

Oklahoma, under the talented direction of Mr Powell, was one of the highlights of the year. As with the junior production this was also a team effort and all those involved should feel very proud of their achievement. Mrs Brand again costumed the show superbly, the ballet sequences were beautifully choreographed by Mrs Morello and some senior students, and the orchestra must be congratulated for its excellent work. Each year has brought forth new talent and this year was no exception with Julie Cuthbert as Laurie, Matthew Campbell as Curly, and Geoff Nicholson as Jud. These three students gave very fine performances as did the other members of the cast. With all productions those who help backstage and front of house are of paramount importance for without them the show could not go on. Special thanks must therefore go to Mr. Silberberg and Tony Coulson for lighting, Peter Smith on audio, Mr Brouillette as stage manager, Mr Stirling on properties and all others involved. My thanks go to Mrs Conlon (Turner) for her support as rehearsal pianist and keyboard player in the orchestra.

It is a wonderful thing when over 250 members of this school have become actively associated with these two productions. May their support continue in the coming years, and may music always be given the opportunity to play an active role in education.

D. Heywood.



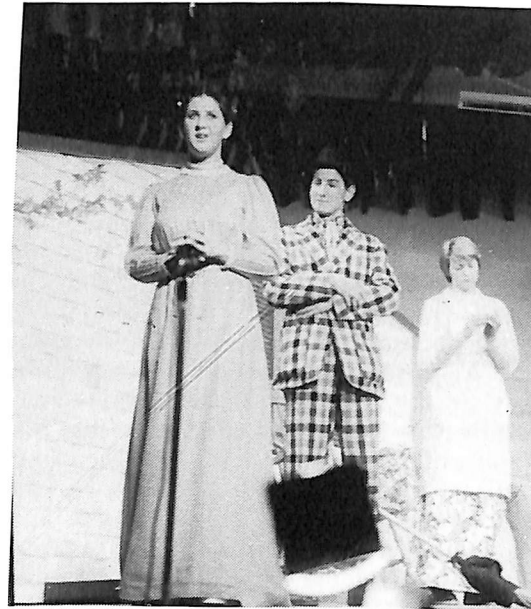
"Shake the farmer's . . . HAND"

Well it certainly looked as if OKLAHOMA wasn't going to get off the ground, but thankfully after the wind came sweeping down the plain and a concerted effort on the part of everyone concerned, the curtain opened and then closed on tumultuous applause.

It is a tradition in this school to do a musical each year and the demand put on staff by students certainly warrants us keeping this tradition for a long while to come.

From a lot of areas comes the feeling that the musical is unjustified due to the amount of time and involvement required from students, particularly those at higher levels. After taking all the factors against this involvement into account, the way in which the show was received by all who saw it, the learning experience and friendship experienced by the cast, the former objections are overwhelmed into insignificance.

All those involved in the show really produced a magnificent effort in getting it off the ground in such a short time. The normal inevitable hassles occurred but luckily they were ironed out and the show ran in an extremely smooth manner.



The show certainly had its moments: eg Paul Davey's "He must have had a heart attack!" when he's just stabbed Jud (Mr Moore) in no uncertain manner. And who could forget the magnificent and recurring faux-pas of Ken McGregor; no more needs to be said than — look to the heading of this article.

All in all I was extremely pleased by the professional way in which (in the end) people approached the play and other members of the cast. Considering a lot of amateur productions I have seen, I would have to say the musicals at this school are of an extremely high standard and deserving of the accolade they receive.

Thanks to all concerned, and in particular to Mr Heywood and Mrs Conlon, music; Mr Silberberg and Tony Coulson, audio and lighting; Mr Sterling and Miss Annois, props; Mrs Brand, costumes; and the ladies who organised make-up, F.O.M. and refreshments.

J. Powell



SENSUAL AUSTRALIA TRIP '79

DAY 1

As the sun dabbled over the 'DANDIES', the grief and sorrow dripped from the parents' faces. At approx. 7.30 am we embarked on a trip which meant that for the first time many people would venture into another world outside of Ringwood.

After crossing the border and on to Murray Bridge we were welcomed by the world's largest chook shed, where we would spend one glorious night together! It was here at Murray Bridge where bus driver Ian made his big appearance along with John and his luminous P.J.'s, and Mr B's lovely legs that went right up to his chesty bonds.

DAY 2

After observing the uniqueness of the German village, Handorf, where somebody bought a nice home-made apple cake, we moved on to Adelaide. Most of the travellers decided to assert their own individualism by purchasing pairs of plastic 48c shades from Coles.

With our new 48c look we joined a friendly busker and went through a couple of songs, where we soon found the loyalty of our teachers as they just strolled past us.

After picking up Ted from the airport we set off for Port Augusta and were to set up tents for the first time. We spent the night at the caravan park, milk-bar cum local hangout where Janelle and Meredith had an attempt at breaking the record for the shortest game of pool.

DAY 3

Liz, Patsy and Alison obviously hadn't heard about having to stay another night because of the roads ahead for we were woken to see them packing up their tent. Not having anything planned we filled up the morning with a stunning tour of B.H.P. steel works in the friendly town of Whyalla, the most informative, interesting, knowledgeable fun packed morning of our lives. (If you're up this way don't miss this once in a life time opportunity.)

This was the night in which we would all show our talent in a concert that would begin where the others finished and where Gibez would make her debut — as the 'Plains of Spain'. Hosted by Bert Wilson we were to spend an evening packed with tremendous talent, performed before us by our companions. Among many other potential stars we saw Oscar with his pink shorts that complemented his legs perfectly. Gibez, well we didn't see much of her. Moira with the spitting problem and Kerryn, Ros and Leanne with something a little extra in their pants!

Overall we saw a good show from those who will be even extra mature next year.

DAY 4

Now came the real excitement, off on to the beaten track and on our way to Coober Pedy, stopping at Pimba, the truckies' thriving metropolis, with exquisite toilet facilities. (A place where we would all love to revisit.)

Driving out of spud Murphy's bus driver Alan had to be cunning by detouring and bogging the bus, but between women power and B.D. (Idol) Ian, it wasn't long till we were back on the road. Travelling all day we arrived at Coober Pedy, a "GEM" of a place. We were to stay the night in most luxurious suites, (wall to wall carpet and air conditioners). Then off to the showers, where we nearly spent all night feeding the meters with 20c coins for water that was to last 3 minutes. (Cooper Pedy may be rich in supply with opals, but the water is treasured much more.) After the showers everybody was waiting for their tucker (the savoury rice and cat's food went down well that night). To be 'discreet' was the word going round that night and a pleasant evening and a most comfortable night was spent by all.

DAY 5

A tour of Coober Pedy, by a lady who really enjoyed herself on Ian's bus, for she commented on what a lovely bunch of kiddies they all were!!

With a few games of 'Spot the Tree', and 'S House Built on Land,' we went on our own way with a way through this 'busting' little town.

A day of cruising through South Australia between potholes and 'discreet' stops we arrived at a camping ground on the side of the road where we were formally invited to John Davey's dance 'entrance only with formal dress,' so after putting on our cleanest socks and airing out Thursday's shirt we dressed and went. Cheezle, Mrs Mac and Mrs Martin got things going in style as they displayed some dances from their youth back in the 30's.

After a sing song around the fire it was off to bed amongst the icicles.

DAY 6

After waking up early we soon learnt that we were unable to leave as the truckie convoy which had been bogged in front was blocking us in. After helping them out we left at about 1.00 pm and hopefully to Ayers Rock; Alan's bus travelling for only a couple of hours before breaking down. The petrol head had left Alan for dead. This is when 'Tea Cup' first met eyes with Chris. During this time Ian's bus was in N.T. Kulgara while the convoy of truckies were helping Alan get back on the road.

At about 9.00 pm we reached Kulgara pub to see the others playing guitars and fitting the Northern Territory scene perfectly.

(Tea Cup still following Chris.) Finally at about 11.00 pm we left Kulgara and on to Curtain Springs. A restless night on the bus with bodies sprawled out everywhere. Between holey, bumpy roads and bus drivers who liked to make noise we all had a solid sleep of at least one hour!

DAY 7

At about 6.30 am we went into the store to buy our 'breakie'. Back onto the bus again, and off to the 'Rock'. After setting up our tents we then went for a walk around the mammoth pebble, to be back in time to take our photos of the 'Rock' at sunset. But the 'Rock' wasn't all that we saw. Gibez wasn't at all modest, parading herself for the photos in her underwear!!

After another superb dinner, we went off on our way to 'check' out the aborigines living near the rock. That night we were all sent off to bed nice and early and those 'sickies' (1/2 of Alan's bus) were taken care of by Florence Martin and Steve Welby. An early and restful night, went down well.

DAY 8

Awoke early and everyone was eager to jump into their shorts and we all viewed many lovely tanned winter legs. Off for the big climb unfortunately Tracey and Chris along with others couldn't climb due to illness.

Many scared faces could be seen half way up the 'rock'. After a rest on top we endeavoured to return to the bottom. Later on that day a few students were flown by flying doc to Alice Springs. A short tour of the Olgas then lunch, packing up again. Off now for 'Alice'. Alan's bus was practically a mobile hospital with a handful of ragers at the front of the bus, a long bumpy road and annoyed bodies trying to sleep. Then 'Alice' and a warm welcome from happy Mr Wilson. Cheezle got a 'run' for her money when she got lost at the toilets.

DAY 9

The morning was spent touring 'Alice', Simpson's Gap and Stanley Chasm where we met Harry Cathy Butler. In 'Alice', most spent their last remaining pennies, and then it was off to the camel rides, (a day Jane will never forget, and neither will her jeans) where we comfortably rode camels (an easy task).

Dinner was waiting for us back at camp; after, some went to see a country and western singer in 'Alice' and came back in 'High Spirits.' Others spent a relaxing night around the campfire and Glen, well he took up another activity. The last night and a late one, where we all were very reluctant to go to bed.

DAY 10

A painful and early morning, for those with tired, sore bodies. Off to the airport; tears, laughs and at last a chance to show emotions to Ian, alias Idol, petrol-head and guitarist. But Cheeze, why didn't you kiss Alan good-bye? It was a disappointment not to see Mick kiss Pauline as well as Cheeze kiss Alan. Good-bye!!

Now the plane trip back to Melbourne. Excited little faces, with hungry little stomachs and 'agro' air-hostesses went down well. We arrived at 'Tulla', Melbourne, rain and school. What a perfect way to end a trip.

Written by,
Kerryn Devenish,
Jodi Gardiner,

with help from Mr Wilson, Ross McCully,
Oscar Ferrerio and Cathy Crawford's diary.

"Mrs McCarthy,
Central students at her feet,
She wonders how we managed to
be so DISCREET!!"





NOUMÉA — French Exchange Visits — 1979

In January 1979 as a result of our earlier excursions to Nouméa from Norwood, a number of students acted as hosts for 4 weeks to French-speaking students from high schools in Nouméa. In return for this hospitality Listy Brand, Lisa Beecroft, John Nilson and the French assistant, M. Laurence Dupuis were guests in French homes in Nouméa for three weeks at the end of Term 2. It was felt that living in a totally French situation, with families who had no English apart from what their children were learning at school, would be an excellent experience for our students. In addition to tours of Nouvelle Calédonie the students were able to attend High School with their hosts during their final week. The generosity and interest of the host families was exceptional and we are very fortunate to have such excellent contacts.



Student Comment

It was an early start for us all from Ringwood to catch the 7.00 am plane at Tullamarine for Sydney. From there by UTA to New Caledonia (after going through Customs and an almost fatal hassle when we neglected to collect boarding passes). The flight itself was incredible. We had been compelled by restricted booking to fly first class on the outward journey and soon decided it was the "only way" to travel. Champagne, excellent French cuisine, sleeping masks, slippers and numerous other 'essentials' for our comfort in flight were all part of the service. We arrived all too soon in Nouméa. Greeted and adopted by our new families at Tontouta Airport, at this stage we parted company to make the hour's drive to Nouméa and our new temporary homes. Each family had devised a different programme for us and our experiences included camping tours, beach trips, social outings and school. At intervals we got together to swap experiences and recover from our efforts in French. Surprisingly enough the "noises" became increasingly intelligible as the days went by and we only struck problems with unknown vocab. We became aware of differences in culture and not only learned to accept them but even to miss them when we returned home. The whole thing was an exciting and valuable experience and we are all planning (and saving!) for a trip to France when our host families return there after their service in Noumea.

We would like to thank the French Department at Norwood for making this trip possible.

WOULD I GO AGAIN? TOMORROW!

What goes 'gdunk-gdunk; gdunk-gdunk' for 8540 km, with 75 scheduled stops (and almost as many unscheduled ones)?

The Trans Siberian Express of course.

Actually, we cheated. By the time our group joined the Trans Siberian in Moscow we had already travelled some 1536 km by rail from London, as well as a few sidetrips on underground railways in Stockholm, Leningrad and Moscow.

From London to Harwick is 116 km, followed by a 720 km ferry trip which provided us with an 18 hour view of North Sea fog. Then came 304 km by train across Denmark, including a ferry trip where the train went on board the ferry. In Copenhagen, for a change, we saw the sights by bus. Then back to the train, on to 'Hamlet's Castle' at Helsingor, and across by train-ferry to Sweden. By the time we reached Stockholm that night we had covered a further 656 km by rail.

The next day we discovered that the various attractions in Stockholm are widely spaced, and the best way to get around? by train (underground) or ferry. Our overnight ferry trip to Helsinki was 'interesting' as we shared a deck — without bathroom facilities — with an assortment of pet dogs, and a school folk song and dance group, who felt in need of exercise!

420 km later we reached Helsinki and spent a happy two hours riding round on a tram, passing the Olympic Stadiums, an open air market and the local Luna Park. We also managed a few bus rides, as our hotel was 30 km out of town.

Lunch time Sunday gave us our first experience of a Russian train, complete with samovar, as we headed for Leningrad. At the border Customs and Immigration officials came on board, so we went through the formalities in comfort, although the first glimpse of our visas for the USSR was a bit of a shock — worse than passport photos!

Leningrad is a beautiful city, and we were sorry to leave after only a day and a half, but it was on to Moscow. This time we had recliner seats complete with lace antimacassars, and a picnic lunch provided by Intourist in case the buffet car should prove inadequate.

There are some 132 stations at present in the Moscow underground system, and each one is unique in its decoration: stained glass, sculptures, mosaics, abstract, ancient, socialist realist: all absolutely fascinating, as is the system itself — fast, efficient and CLEAN!

Then came THE moment, 9.50 Friday! We settled in to our hard class berths (4 per cabin) some of us with other members of the group, some with other tourists, and some with locals. At exactly 10.00 am, without even a whistle, the train glided out.

16.30 Moscow time, 2½ days and millions of hectares of cereal crops later we arrived at Novosibirsk — the first through train to arrive on time in over a month. 25 hours later we were back admiring the station architecture (the station is built to resemble a steam train) and 1 hr 40 min after that we were on our way again, only 2½ hours late. By the time we reached Irkutsk, in theory 2½ **nights**, actually 3 nights later, we were 8 hours late, having taken 3 hours to cover the last 6 km! But we did have lovely views of rivers and forests. We had breakfast at 11.00 local time and lunch at 13.00, before driving out to Lake Baikal, more like an inland sea than a lake, where we were given dinner at 19.00, just in case we were hungry.

and retired, as we had to turn out bright? and early at 4.00 local time to catch the train. At 4.00 we were sent back to bed 'til 7.00. At 9.00 we assembled and were cautioned 'Not to go too far'. At 10.30 our Intourist guide went downtown with us. At 12.00 we were taken by bus to the station where we waited, and waited, and waited. At 14.00 the bus driver got agitated as he was supposed to be somewhere else. At 14.30 we moved to the platform, and finally, at 15.00, just 10 hours late, the train left. After all the waiting, we only just got our luggage on board in time! Sunset over Lake Baikal made up for the delay though.

Three nights later we arrived at Khabarovsk, only to find that hot showers were not on — after three days, we had cold ones. Then suddenly that night, we realised that it was nearly over, our guide who had been with us since Leningrad, saw us into our compartments, told us what time we were to go to dinner AND WAVED GOODBYE!

The train was different — a little bit plusher — the atmosphere was different — we were all foreign tourists — leaving Khabarovsk was really the end of the trip. We transferred from the train to the ferry at Nahodka next morning, but it wasn't the same even though the next three days were spent on a Russian boat en route to Yokohama.

What did we do on our first night in Tokyo? We went out to dinner — by train.

A. Phillips



ALL ABOUT INDIA

It is Monday afternoon — about 3.10 pm and I have just been asked to write something about India for the magazine. Since I have just spent period 7 with 3E I am at least in the appropriate mood to do so. Noise and chaos is as much part of bustling Indian cities as it is of English classes with 3E.

Imagine huge Brahma bulls pulling carts, vying with taxis and crowded double-decker buses in the narrow side streets of Calcutta. Then see it actually played out before your eyes as 3E rushes for the door when you finally dismiss them.

Picture to yourself one of those sprawling Indian bazaars with acre upon acre of humanity, arguing, borrowing, pushing, selling, buying or just shouting for the hell of it because there is no reason to whisper. Now sit in upon a class discussion with 3E for that authentic Indian bazaar atmosphere.

Arrive at Hourah station in Calcutta after 26 hours on the train from Madras to find your already overcrowded express(?) train inundated with red coated porters snatching your bags out of your hands. Then find yourself besieged by 3E students as you walk to class along the corridor: "Mr Fazakas I forgot my pen! English! I thought we had PE! ... I left my assignment at home! Mr Fazakas ...?"

Stand in an Indian ticket queue — a fluctuating, milling, raucous mass of bodies guaranteed to leave your body soft, pliable and limp. Then witness 3E taking it in turns to use a book in short supply.

Oh yes, beggars are a part of the scene too although only a very small part and they are often highly professional. They could learn a lot from 3E: "Please Mr Fazakas I've just got to have an extra week for my assignment ... I cannot exist for another moment without going to my locker ... I must get an A — I've got two parents to placate ..."

Indians speak some 250 languages and dialects. The dominant religious groups are the Hindus and the Moslems. There aren't any Hindus or Moslems in 3E far as I know, but there are a few barbarians ... And there aren't 250 languages or dialects either, although the way 3E speaks and writes English you could easily believe that there are.

So you see, it is not really all that difficult to understand what India is like.

It happens that 3E is going off on a camp tomorrow. They will be away for four days.

So I leave you with this final image. Picture for yourself the serene transcendence of the Himalayas, the vast silence of the highest mountain range in the world. Then imagine the next four days ... back here at school.

A. Fazakas



IF I WERE ...

If I were a pebble on a beach I would see the sunrise in the morning appearing as a shimmer across the sea at first, then the flaming colours merging with each other like rainbows forming patterns, then disappearing as gradually as they came.

In the heat of the day I would enjoy the sun and the sea lapping against rocks and pounding over the reef when the wind started blowing.

Children would run along the beach splashing through the water and chasing minnows. People of all ages would be in the water and others on the sand with zinc cream and sun tan lotion on. Seagulls would be flying overhead and land on the sand to pick up some food that someone had thrown to them. They would fight over what they could get.

A bit further away fishermen would stand on the rocks casting their lines out to sea in the hope of catching something to take home and eat.

Up on the cliffs one or two people would be standing with binoculars, looking out to sea or watching the ships dock at the harbour or cast off to go to another part of Australia or even to another country. One of the ships might be in the process of being loaded with wheat or sheep.

Young children would busy themselves collecting shells and seaweed. Then slowly, one by one, families would recall their children and start packing up to go home.

In the evening all quietens, with all the land animals settling down for the night. There remains the soft sound of the water lapping the sand and a shimmering reflection of the moon on the water.

Carol Daldy 4B

IF I WERE

If I were a hawk I would fly to eternity, away from all the troubles of the world. I would live in the mountains on a high rocky edge, watching for prey below; stalking for rabbits and field mice would fill in the day.

Other hawks would pass by, trying to see what I had captured and killed for my daily meal. I would not let them get near my home; it would be my territory, I would be ready to defend it if any invaders would come near.

People would shoot at me, trying to kill me just because they thought I was a nuisance to the human race, who are really a nuisance to themselves — but they can't see themselves running around like hens who have had their heads cut off. If only I could be a hawk to get out of the worry of the world. Being a hawk is to be free of the problems we have.

Jenine Farley, 4B

SPRUNG BAD!!!

Righteo, you've D.B.s on
And Mrs Fuhrer's down ya back,
The Devil made ya light a smoke
Even though you did the act!
So what if ya eyes are smudged
In pretty black mascara,
And ya cheeks are aglow with red rouge,
That brightens by the hour.

Well, you're standing there just waitin',
Like a convict with ball and chain,
When in she walks, is seated and says:
"Oh dear, not you again!"
Well ya palms, they start to sweat,
Ya're nervous that's quite clear
And then she says in that dreaded voice:
"You know just why you're here!"

By now ya vocab's left ya,
Ya're standin' on ya own;
That hot dog ya ate is a swimmin' inside,
And ya'd much rather be at home.
"Oh gawd, please help, why me again?
I'm in another mess!"

Yet Mrs Fuhrer is still standin' there and quietly she says:

"I sentence you to one day
Of hard work, at yard-duty,
And don't let me catch you once again
Smoking, or wearing a desert bootie —"
Silently you thank her
As she says: "You are dismissed,"
You find ya friends, are greeted,
Then loyally are blessed.

Linda Chapman
Form 3F

THE LAST TWO SECONDS

You're on the Mitchell Highway
On a screaming Kwaka 9
Sitting on a ton and ten
She's really going fine.
The scenery is flashing by
White posts, too quick to see
The tacho says eleven grand
And it's really revving free.
Suddenly you see a bend,
It looks a little tough.
It isn't quite a hairpin,
But isn't it enough?
You go to hit the skids;
It's far too late for that
You're really hanging ten there now,
Almost laid out flat.
The left side foot peg worn away
The rubber starting to squeal —
Over a hundred sideways
It's all really big deal.
Now, bouncing through the gutter,
Hanging on with all your strength.
Your heart is all a flutter
As it's time to leave the bike
And go flying through the air.

You're headed for a restrainer post,
But can you really care?
Only seven feet to impact now
So soon you will be dead.
Usually, you wake just now
and find you're still in bed.

Sorry buddy, not this time.
This time it's for real.
And it wouldn't make much difference
If your stack hat was plate steel.
Better enjoy your little flight
'Cause it doesn't really matter ...
The sudden stop's what does the damage,
That's what causes the splatter.

You'll do your share for nature,
You'll feed a hungry fox ...
While your relatives will do their bit
And bury the rest in a box.

Richard McNerney, 2E



THE SPINNING WHEEL

The innocence of a child
Is but a tightly closed bud,
Waiting to be opened by
The light and warmth of
Knowledge.

The whiteness of the chalk
Against the Black Board,
Unfolding the world of
Wonder and Amaze.

Slowly, the petals unfold;
Their colours deepen —
The fullness, the extent
Of their beauty
Unknown.

Eventually, in the darkness
Of the night, with
Lack of Warmth and Light
— it withers.

Deprived of vigour —
Replenishing the growth
of the new.

Lisa Hazelden 4F

AIR RAID

One early summer's morning,
The day I do regret,
A plane came soaring from the sky,
From Crete, I do suspect,
It had a bent propeller,
A gash along its side,
Smoking from its tail,
It fell, it didn't glide.
A German plane came close behind,
Drilling bullets through the town,
Screams and yells rose from the street,
As it mowed the people down.
Tanks lined up along the road,
Crushing pavements as they went.
A sniper fired with deadly aim,
At the enemy's slow descent.
A bullet must have hit it,
For the next thing that I saw,
It crashed horribly into a bank,
Half a mile from my front door.
I ran.

Those spitting monsters,
One thing had done for me,
They changed my life forever,
I would never again be free.

Christopher Lennard 1D



THE TITANIC 14 April 1912 (As an Immigrant)

Me go on Titanic. Very big like Eastland.
Even bigger. Me on bottom of ship.
All the richie bichies go on top.
Me, Loraine, me Robyn, we are in BIG room on
bottom.

We in bed and all of sudden we hear and felt
K-A-P-O-W, (crash-bang)
We on botty so we hear biggest noise.
We fall "BANG" on floor and run around like mad.
We hear frenzie in boiler room, below and captain
on top.

We panick "AAGH".
WE hear voice say "Get life-boats. life-boats".
We run to door.
It locked, we hear splash as life boats in water.
Now water come under door
"OOH cold, so cold" we shiver and it keep coming
in

We feel ship going down we scared.

Now we on bottom of ocean.
Now cold water get to me, me a bit in head.

THE END

By Kathy MacFarlane 1

WHAT SCHOOL IS —

An enclosed building
With busy corridors full of people
Of lockers opening
And bags swinging.

The ringing of the bells
The shuffle of feet
The order of announcements.

A vocal point
the gathering of people of all identities
The murmur of voices like the buzz of a bee.

To achieve honour
To participate in mischief and devilry

Subjects to enjoy
And subjects to loathe

To gain a friend
To gain an enemy

All in all to learn about
Other people before us,
Around us and against us.

M. E. Form 4.

MORNING

Blankets of darkness envelop the earth,
Chilling veins of nature's breath clear
The stagnant sky from days before.

Bright eyes from on-lookers cover the sky,
A shiny silver disc beams over its mother,
Sometimes with bursting pride, but
More often with half minded interest.

Shadows of the day are sleeping while
Their brothers of the night come and
Go with the movement of the clouds.
But evening shadows must sleep some time,
And the morning shadows must see their power.

Strings of pale at first, but soon
after the endless arms of god's beams
are thrust forward to greet the rising
of his children.

Evening shadows and beings are dormant,
while creatures of the light, by instinct,
are brought to life.
Remnants of darkness are swept away
with the dominating glory of day.

Blankets of light envelop the earth,
Warm veins of nature's breath clear
the stagnant sky from nights before.
A bright blue heaven covers the sky.

A shiny yellow disc beams over its daughter,
sometimes with bursting pride, but
more often with glowing brilliance.

Shadows of the night are sleeping
while their sisters of the day come
and go with the movement of the clouds.

Infinity rules this cycle of life,
With all its pattern of beauty,
Whether it be the swinging of a pendulum,
of the climax of the tide,
So is the rising of the morn.

Odette Wells 4F



THE RESTAURANT

I was feeling hungry
so I went in for a bite
little knowing I was in for a fright.
I asked for the menu
it was delivered in haste
apparently they had no time to waste.

I ordered my meal
it was served piping hot
was I happy?
no I certainly was not!

I had ordered a salad
green and cold
this my stomach just couldn't hold.

I was distressed
so I ordered the chef
and complained I might suffer a cardiac arrest.

He didn't seem to worry
about what I had to say
so I promptly stormed out
neglecting to pay.

The End

Just to show what can be done, Carter that creative
chef, concocted this captivating creation whilst
supervising a Home Economics exam.

EXAMINATION SOUFFLÉ

Ingredients:

1 brain pre-warmed
about 10 pre-tested ideas
1 handful of facts seasoned to personal taste
writing implements (blue)
½ teaspoon native cunning
2 tablespoons bluff
1 set examination questions
several sheets lined foolscap
1 large room preheated to 35 degrees Celsius

Method:

It must be stressed that this is a delicate dish and
should not be rushed.

Take the set of examination questions. Read
thoroughly. Mix with the pre-warmed brain. Slowly
add the pre-tested ideas together with as many facts
as necessary to enrich the mixture. Siphon this
mixture through a blue writing implement onto as
many sheets of lined foolscap as the mixture will
cover. If the mixture appears too thin add the native
cunning and bluff and beat frenetically until the facts
and ideas work their way to the surface.

Cook slowly in a preheated room for 2 hours.

Serving Suggestion:

Fold foolscap in half. Cover with brown paper bag
for two to three days then serve garnished with red
ink and caustic comments.

Allan B. Carter

NORWOOD HIGH

Norwood High is a number of things,

Classes
fails and passes,
Work
A frown or a smirk,
Sweat
A LOT more yet,
Trouble
A constant bubble,
Teachers
Perpetual speeches,
Tears
Pour freely with years,
Study
Cheat with a buddy,
And
many, many more
NORWOOD —
Ah! What can you say!?

NOTE: Something to cheer you up.
These are the best years of your life

Anonymous 4F



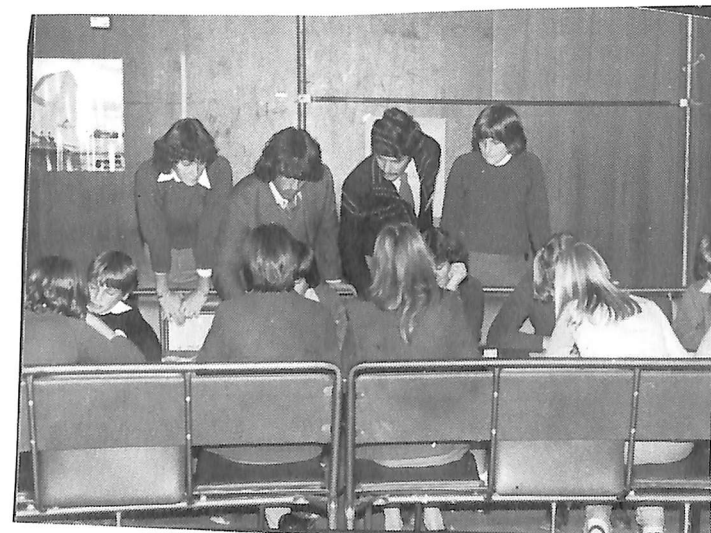
MATHS GAMES AT NORWOOD

On Thursday 26th April 1979 Norwood was host school for what is becoming an Annual Maths Game Day. This year, for the first time, we invited year 9 (Form 3) students, a departure from the normal routine of Year 10 (Form 4).

Altogether 96 students from 63 High, Independent and Technical Schools each played 4 different games of strategy against 4 different apponents from any team other than their own. The day was an unqualified success with the eventual winners (Highvale H.S.) being presented with a trophy for the school and gold medallions for each team member by Mr David Ind (Maths Consultant for Knox Region).

The success of the day was only made possible by the assistance of the dozen or so Form Five students and staff members, LS, LD, KH, JT who gave up their time to help the day run smoothly.

R. C. McCabe



AN UNUSUAL CHARACTER

With immense discretion I studied his slovenly appearance, trying my utmost not to make any rash deductions in regard to his character. Upon his head rested a cap that could only be described as filthy, with a tattered peak sewn on the front. His clothes consisted of a bluey-grey pair of torn trousers, that were held against his body by a thin leather belt, accompanied by a most distasteful striped shirt, that was obviously several years old. In a bid to conceal his atrocious attire, he wore a dark blue trench coat that covered his body from head to toe. From beneath his coat protruded two small, withered, bare feet, which obviously provided a contrast to his scrawny, prune-like face, that surrounded his evil features. I could not help but stare at such a sight.

His face flushed with embarrassment when he caught a glimpse of my inquisitive expression. He slowly slid from the wall he lazed upon, and cautiously gazed about, his deceitful eyes wandering from side to side. It was then that he moved toward the pavement, dragging himself along like a clumsy bear; a bear who spent his time harming members of the human race. I was scared, not of him, but of what my next action would be.

Deep down I knew I shouldn't follow him, but a nagging voice from within aroused my curiosity. I couldn't resist the temptation of trailing him, and perhaps discovering where he lived, or where he hid from the law, if he was the evil character I suspected him to be. He led me down lanes lined with houses that had been derelict for many decades. All of them were dingy, and had either been vandalised or neglected by their many inhabitants over the years. It was the clearest example of poverty I had ever seen.

After some time he turned left into an old but quaint lane that appeared to be inhabited by elderly people, who could not afford a luxurious home on the other side of town. I began to think that my judgment had been wrong, although all suspicion was not yet erased from my overactive mind. It was then that an old woman, dressed in scruffy clothes, emerged from a house, and delicately kissed him on the cheek. I was horrified. Never had I felt so guilty as I did when I realised that this poor old man, who I thought was a criminal, turned out to be a victim of the untimely bus service. It just goes to show that you can't judge a book by its cover.

4D



EDUCATIONAL REFORMS AT NORWOOD

1979 has been a year of progress for the below average mature student. With the discovery of the mid-year results (which were quite startling to say the least), the staff members, in their panic-stricken state, leapt forth with brilliant ideas, in a vague hope to salvage the masses.

Thus came the advent of "Loony-bin". An amazing invention, designed to bring the most decayed brain to heights of unperceivable profundity.

The "Matures" would like to take this opportunity to thank the Carter, Gasking, Henderson, Marshall, McLellan clique for their enlightening sessions. Also thanks to Mr Sterling and the Librarian ladies for their time and help during and after hours.

Jenny Pearce
Carolyn Boyd
Form 6

The Cootamundra Railway Disaster

by Christopher Lennard
Form ID

The smoke from the early morning freight trains gave the goodsyard an eerie appearance. A rusty shed stood in the middle of the early morning gloom. In this shed slept some of the railway gangers and the inside of the shelter was just as dismal as the outside except for a fairly new train standing in the far corner.

The train had just been off-loaded from a ship carrying it from Scotland and was to be used to haul passenger carriages from Sydney to Albury. At Albury the passengers would disembark to board another train which would take them to Melbourne (trains couldn't, at that time, go from Sydney to Melbourne because of different gauges).

It was an R Class locomotive, one of the best Scottish engines of this time. The 30th January 1885. At 4 am the train engine was steaming up for the long run while the moving parts were smeared with grease. Soon after the engine had been greased it chugged out of the shed for the first time. It waited up a side line till the station clock struck 5 and then it rolled backwards towards the carriages. There was a crunch and a rattle as the iron couplings clamped together and the chains were fitted into place. Steam hissed out from between the driving wheels and there was a shout of "All Aboard" as the train slowly puffed away from the station.

One man, Hardy Maclure, just grabbed the last carriage as it clattered passed the platform. He heaved himself into an uncomfortably hard seat as the train thundered through the goodsyard.

As it is mainly uphill to Albury the train was starting to slow down. In another five minutes it had ground to a halt to build up more steam. Mr Hardy saw a horse and rider galloping towards the engine. He soon learned why. About one mile further on a tree had fallen across the track and had broken one of the rails. If they had kept going they would probably hit the bush and it might have set off the dynamite which was to be used to make a tunnel. This would have caused a massive loss of life.

Fixing the rails took about two hours. The carriages were hot and stuffy for the hot summer sun was shining directly into the windows. At last, to the passengers' relief, the train began to move forward. As the carriages picked up speed Mr Hardy saw a kangaroo hop in front of the engine. He was thrown out of his seat as the brakes were suddenly applied. He watched the animal as it sprang quickly into the forest where it found safety from the monsters with smoke pouring out of their mouths.

After what seemed ages they arrived at Cootamundra, nearly half way to Albury. People strolled along the station to cool off and to smell the sweet country air.

The fireman's clothes were grubby and his soot blackened face glistened with sweat.

"No wonder some train drivers faint when 'ere drivin' an engine in the summer. Its flamin' well hot. I'm lucky I haven't passed out in the heat. Even those blasted crows couldn't stan' this heat!"

The hard working driver looked at him with a worried expression. "It's hot, I must agree, but some of those freight locomotives get as hot as this in the winter."

The whistle blew and everybody climbed aboard. Mr Hardy took a last minute look at the old station as the train clattered into the distance. He noticed the bridge near Cootamundra was loose and sagging. He thought the supports had rotted with age.

There were two more holdups in the rest of the journey. One was at Junee and one was at Wagga Wagga. The one at Junee was a coal-truck train pulled by two engines. It was so long that people lost count of the trucks. The fireman said "It was so long that I got through a whole pipe waitin' for train to pass. I reckon there was enough coal on that train to run this engine for eternity!"

The one at Wagga Wagga was a runaway carriage that found its way into the Murrumbidgee River. Because of these holdups the train arrived at Albury two hours off schedule.

The driver was greeted by a trainload of angry passengers and the station-master had the hard job of separating the driver from the people. The fireman watched as the train pulled out of the goodsyard.

"They were a vicious lot," he said to the driver.

They found to their horror that they had to drive the train back as the other driver had a fever. Rain was pouring down and to make it worse they found that one of their best carriage's wheels had broken. At last the train running from Melbourne arrived, one hour late, which was the last straw.

A fog had risen from the Murray and was so thick that all the gas lamps that could be found had to be attached to the engine. At last they were on their way.

"More coal!" yelled the driver as they sped out of the station. "We're not going fast enough!"

"Not fast enough? I've never gone faster, anyway, it'll be Pancake Tuesday before I can shovel faster!"

Back in carriage number 6 Mr Hardy was sitting. He was resting from a few hours' work deciding new laws for the Railways Board at Albury when suddenly steam was released from the boiler and the train skidded along the tracks.

Hardy Maclure awoke to find himself lying on an embankment with a splitting pain in his head. Lifting his head painfully he noticed steam rising a little way away. Staggering to the river over which the sagging bridge was, an awesome sight met his eyes. The engine was in the middle of the river with mud and grass plastered along its sides. The steam engine buckled as the cold water splashed along its boiler and a rooster sat on its chimney crowing. He noticed

the bodies of the driver, fireman and two passengers lying on the river bank. High pitched screams echoed in the stillness as people clung to the wreckage that lay around the engine. A baby sat in a carriage crying with fear. A luggage car lay half a mile down the river with cases hanging from its roof and bulging out its doors. Open mail bags spilt letters into the muddy water like schools of strange fish.

Mr Hardy took his hand off his head and saw it was red with blood. The sight of blood made his head reel and he fell to the ground unconscious. "Big" Joe Thompson, a book maker at the Melbourne horse races, later boasted of how he "swam against the current to escape." Guard O'Dwyer drowned in his cabin. Regaining consciousness Mr Hardy clambered across the rails towards the town.

Mr Hardy lurched into the Cootamundra Railway Station.

"The train . . . it's in . . . river." He crumpled on the floor.

"Get the gangers down the river an' get this man to hospital!" said a linesman.

Half an hour later the gangers reached the river.

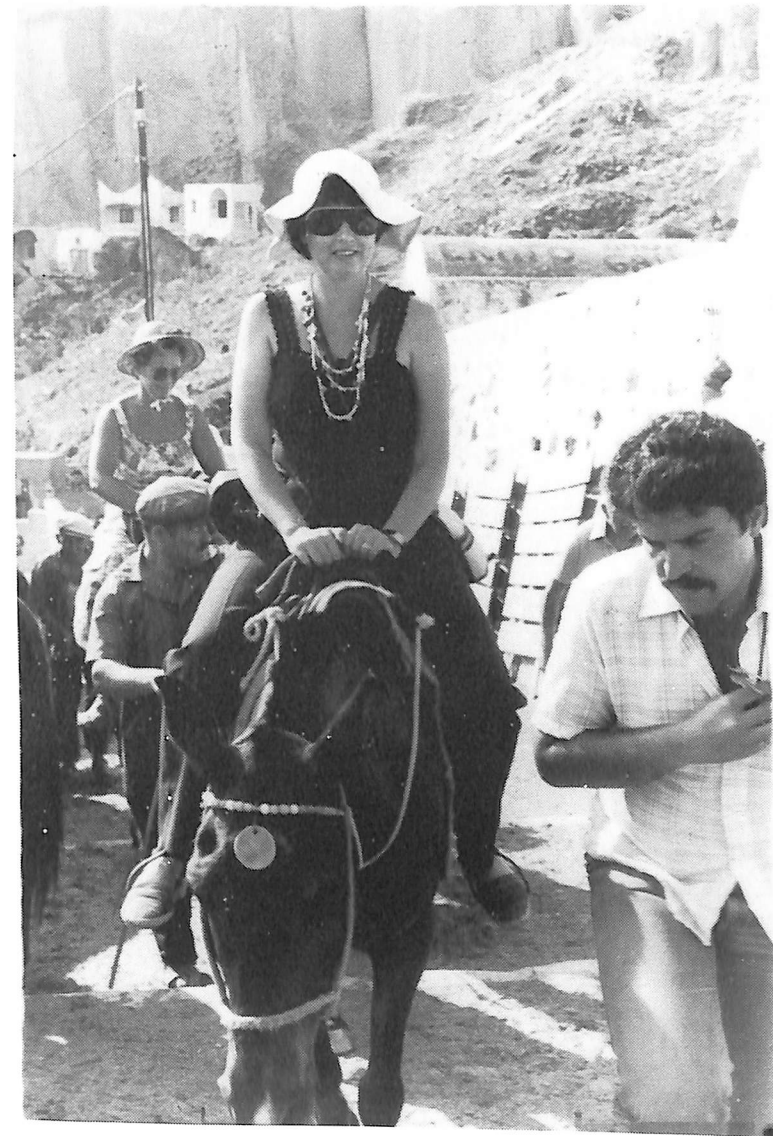
"Cripes, she sure is in a bit of a mess. It'll take a while to get that out."

"You bet. The river probably swelled with all the rain."

"Well, if we're going to get it out we'd have to get started."

It took three days to clear the wreckage. Mr Hardy was treated for shock and a severe head injury.

The railway bridge was rebuilt in concrete but the Cootamundra Railway Disaster was talked about for years later.



WEEMALA '79 could not have eventuated without

Mandy Shearn
Karina Groenland
Santo Raso
Stu McRay
Tino Bettiol
Jenny Pearce (coco)
Grant Salmon
Carolyn Boyd (cac)
Rod Cox
Mike Cox

Mr Marty McCarthy (photographer)
The "Mature Poster" Company Ltd
and anyone else we have forgotten

Autographs

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11

11

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