

WEEMALA

# NORWOOD HIGH

DECEMBER, 1984 \*\$3

PHOTO SPECIAL:  
**zany people**

Extortion Threats

**ROLL THE CAMERAS~**  
*its Courtroom Drama*

**central  
scandal**

**GIANT  
PIN-UP**

**SPORT  
VIEW**

**travel** special

**Music '84**

*Norwood*  
**LETTERS from ABROAD**

**Shock** changes to **m.s.**

**TEACHERS' TELL:**

**Why I Left NORWOOD....**

**AMAAAZING ARTS**



## SCHOOL CAPTAINS REPORT

The year that was 1984 has quickly come to an end and with this an end to our prestigious positions as School Captains. Although, at times, it did prove to be quite nerve-wrecking, we will both be leaving Norwood with a great sense of achievement.

Norwood has been a major part of our lives for six years. Not only have we had the opportunity of receiving a high level of education, sport and music but we have also developed many friends within the student body and the teachers. It is a great honour for us to contribute our services back into the school that has given us so much. Thank-you to all those people who elected us to the positions.

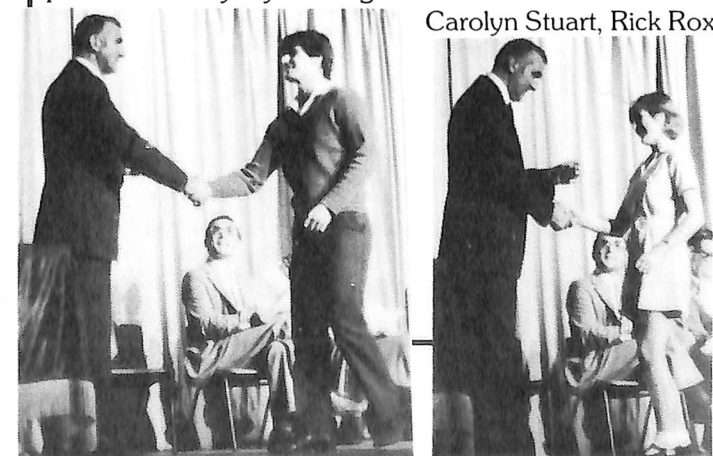
1984 brought with it the revival of the Prefect system and twenty-four Year 12 students were required to volunteer as "guinea-pigs". Unfortunately it took quite some time for things to start moving but with weekly meetings and a lot of help from Mrs Elgood, Mrs Protassow, Mr Wilson and Mr Gange we were able to plan our actions for the year.

Although this year's Prefect system was not as successful as we may have hoped, we do believe it has a great deal of potential if everyone involved is willing to fully contribute. This must derive not only from the prefects themselves but from teachers and the rest of the student body. As we were a trial year many people were not aware of what would be expected from them when nominating as prefects.

Being a prefect is not just the wearing of a badge. It involves the giving up of spare time, following all school rules while setting an example for the rest of the students and endeavouring to see school rules are followed no matter what abuse is given. The main aspect which we find beneficial is it gave us, and the prefects, the opportunity to develop leadership qualities.

We wish to thank those prefects who did contribute throughout the year and Good Luck for the 1985 prefects.

Special thanks must also be given to the S.R.C. who are another student body which sacrificed their fortnightly Tuesday mornings to discuss matters concerning the school. Zana Clarke did a tremendous job as S.R.C. secretary but unfortunately was forced to leave school due to illness. Paul Schroder did a wonderful job as S.R.C. President bringing laughter into those early Tuesday mornings. Our sincere thanks must also go to Mr Toscano who has given the students of Norwood a further opportunity to voice their opinions whilst actively taking part in the everyday running of the school.



Carolyn Stuart, Rick Rox

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T. Hall

## FROM THE EDITOR you have when you're not really having an Editor

Guess what? Last year a certain someone promised that there would not be a rush this year in producing the magazine — in fact they said that we would have the layout begun by April (Ha! Ha!). By June we had made GREAT progress — we obtained a quote from the printers. June faded in July, July into August, August in September — still nothing!

**DESPERATION** — it could not be put off any longer. Through the interest of Chriss Bushby and Janine Hansen of Year 11 submissions were chased up. Many thanks to these girls as well as Tom Hall, Iwan Winota, Rob Hammink and Tim Uden for photos. By mid November a miracle had occurred, the front cover had been decided on. With four weeks to go till the end of the year and forty pages of layout to complete I think tranquilizers might be in order.

Miss H.

P.S. For interested Year 11 readers the magazine committee next year will meet on Tuesday 29th January, one week before school starts. (only joking!!)

P.S.S. Also thanks to Mr Farnsworth for his initial help and organization of the Magazine Committee.





## FROM THE PRINCIPAL

I thank you for the opportunity to contribute to the school magazine. I hope that as you read these pages you will witness a rich and varied school year and recall the many experiences, and friendships established. The photographs will not reveal all, the articles will not conjure up the full meaning of the many memories. In among the names and photos, results and records, you will see so many who have demonstrated a willingness to participate and to contribute to the life of the school to make it a better place for us all.

Shared leadership provides staff, students and parents the opportunity of helping to enrich the school community. It is pleasing to see the involvement and commitment of such a large group of people at Norwood High School. Staff, through committees and a variety of activities provide an enormous contribution. School Council member, Ladies Auxiliary and Parent groups add strong support to the school and provide tremendous service for the students. The students themselves have responded marvellously and accepted leadership roles and responsibility. The S.R.C., prefects, form captains, house and team captains, social service committees and many others have performed admirably in their various duties.

I should like to think that every student at Norwood is both prepared and has the opportunity to accept some responsibility of playing a part for the common good. I am proud of the many achievements of students who through individual or group effort create and develop something of value for themselves and for others. By doing you learn to organise, to communicate, gain experience and accept responsibility. Can we encourage others to participate and record their achievements, in whatever field, in the pages of this booklet in the years ahead. I am sure that this would provide great personal satisfaction and be of great benefit and enjoyment both to ourselves and others.

*L.M. Toscano*



Arthur Dunger's brother.



## CAUGHT IN THE ACT



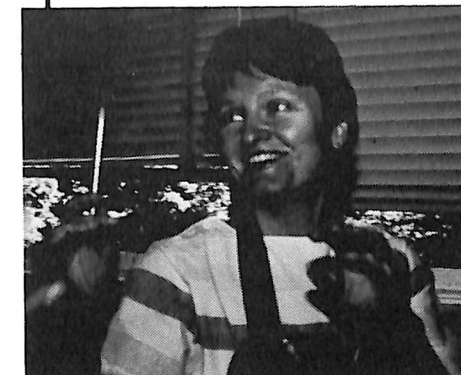
'Put it away.'



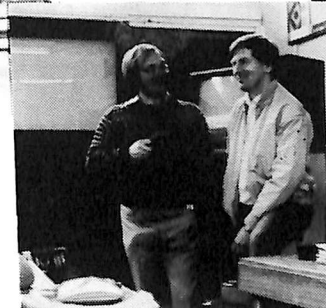
'I've just had a shocking experience.'



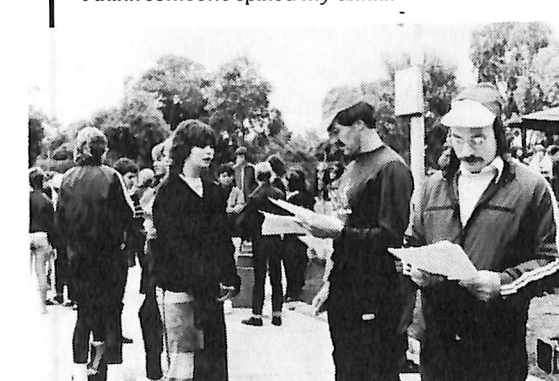
'I don't think you should become a Nun.'



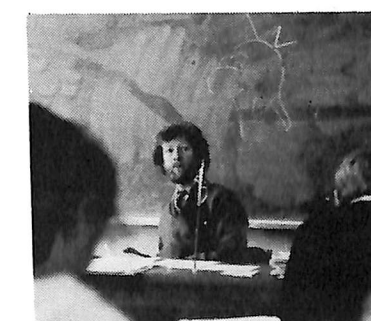
I think someone spiked my drink!!



'How many times do I have to tell you  $10 \times 0 = 10$ ?'



'Where have you hidden my bathers???'



'When I grow up I want to be a teacher'



'That's the one Jean-Micheal. Get him before he runs away.'



ZZZZzzz



'I want to break free ...'



'Oh God, where are my false teeth?'





# ARTS

Art. Be in it.



- GALLERY
- PAINTING
- SCULPTURE
- POTTERY
- GRAPHICS
- PHOTOGRAPHY
- PRINTMAKING
- TEXTILES
- CONJUGIES

Once again our students gained excellent results in the Royal Melbourne Show with their embroidery entries.

Rachel Watt of Year 10 gained a first prize for her Creative Embroidery.

Jill Johansson of Year 9 a first for her patchwork pram cover.

We are also particularly pleased with our 2 third prizes in the Open Section: Maria Raso, Year 12, for Creative Embroidery and Louise Thorp, Year 12, for Hardanger Embroidery.

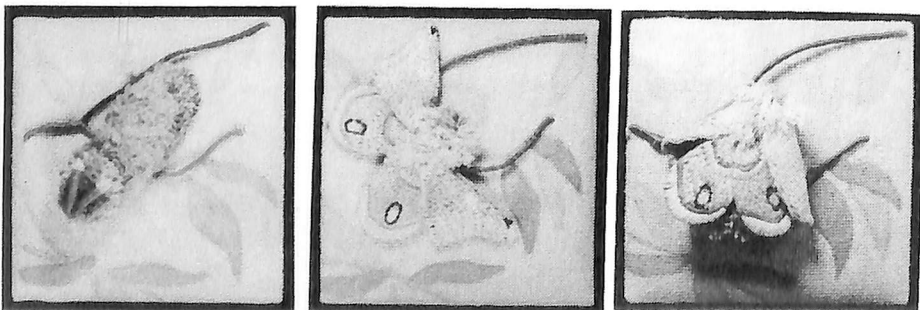
Mark Seaman and Diana Wilson of Year 7 were each awarded a 3rd prize.

Many other students were commended for their work and although they were not prize winners their work gained further recognition for the school. These students were — Susan Jones, H.S.C. 1983 for Creative Embroidery; Kerrie Jackson, Year 9 for Smocking; Kadek Branson, Year 10 for Blackwork; Erika Pravlik, Lee Anne Dunbar, Angela Charge, Narelle Collins and Steven Martin of Year 7 for Modern Embroidery.

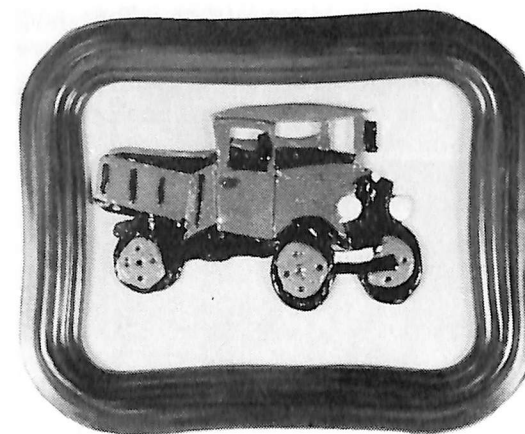
Art students were very successful this year at the Lilydale Show. They scooped 1st, 2nd and 3rd plus two Highly Commended awards in the Drawing section. In Craft 1st place was awarded to one of our Year 8 students. Congratulations to these students and all those who entered their work as it was of an excellent standard.

## PRIZE WINNERS

- 1st — Bob Bagaric, Junior Art-Drawing
- 2nd — Julie Tate, Junior Art-Drawing
- 3rd — Robyn Pritchard, Junior Art-Drawing
- Highly Commended — David Williams, Robyn Pritchard
- 1st — Darren Lee, Junior Craft
- 3rd — Karen Stevens, Junior Pottery
- Highly Commended — Sarah Palmer, Junior Print



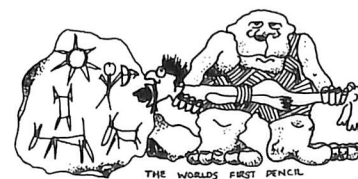
♦ Mario Raso, Year 12



Darren Lee, Year 8



Rachel Watts, Year 10



Bob Bagaric, Year 10  
— Self Portrait ♦

## CAKE DECORATING

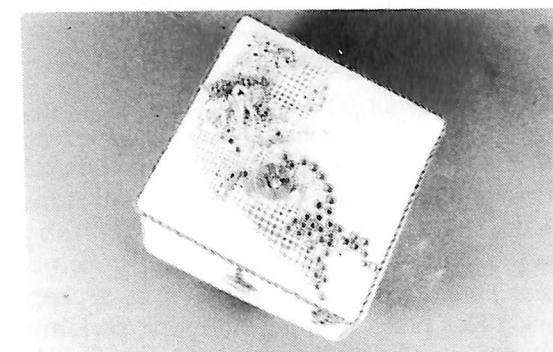
Once again the Middle School students have surprised and delighted us with their talents in cake decorating.

This year we submitted cakes to the Royal Agricultural Show, entering in the Student 14 to 18 year section.

Bronwen Foley, 10A, gained a "Highly Commended" award, and the following girls: Katrina McKenzie, 10E, Nichelle Davis, 10c, and Gillian Etherington, 10D "Commended" awards for their cakes.

These results are very pleasing as it is a broad age group, including Year 11 and S.I.C. students.

*Congratulations Girls!*



Jill Johansson, Year 9



Julie Tate, Year 9





# Music

After the death of Socrates in 399 B.C. Plato, in his dialogue 'The Republic', argues strongly for the importance of music to education when he states, in response to a question by Glaucon, that "... in education music is most sovereign ...". Although music education has not, particularly during this century, maintained such a high priority among educationalists and the community, it is never-the-less true that the last two decades have witnessed a rapidly growing awareness of the important contribution that music makes to the total education of a student. I acknowledged last year, with a great deal of pride, the encouraging response and support for music when 83% of parents, 94% of students and 97% of staff responded positively to the statement that the music programme was worthwhile.

This undeniable support for, and belief in, music as a necessary part of the curriculum was re-affirmed this year when the School Council allocated funds for the purchase of our magnificent Kawai Grand Piano and three new upright pianos for our teaching studios. This most generous contribution to music means that for years to come many hundreds, and even thousands, of people will receive joy and pleasure from the music performed on these instruments. The collective, and individual benefits hained from this is uncalculable.

That music has, and is, making an important and significant contribution to the lives of students and staff attending Norwood is unquestionable — but what of the future? The pervasiveness of music in our society has never been questioned but unfortunately the relevance, and importance, of music to the educative process is too frequently questioned and often for the wrong reasons. The argument, for example, often put forward that studying music will not lead to employment is not only inaccurate (for there is presently a growing demand for music teachers), but also demonstrates an incredibly narrow perception of the role of education. In a society that has an ever increasing periods of leisure available to its members it is, I believe, imperative that education focuses on those areas or subjects that can provide the skills and knowledge that can provide positive areas of pursuit during these leisure periods. Without a doubt, music is one of the disciplines vital to this area of education.



## CALENDER OF EVENTS

### Sunday Concert Series

This year the Music Department organised a series of four Sunday evening concerts with the aim of providing the opportunity for students to participate in individual and ensemble performances. The success of these concerts has ensured that 1985 will witness a similar series. In many ways, the highlight of this series was the third concert when the highly acclaimed pianist and teacher Nehama Patkin gave a superb and inspired performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor supported by the Camerata Orchestra which included some of our senior players, and four staff members. At the personal level I was deeply grateful that a musician of her calibre, and an orchestra of the quality of the Camerata would give so willingly of their time and expertise.



### School Production

The unqualified success of our three night Variety Show with supper dispelled any doubts that some may have had about the practicability of such an event. Much of the credit must go to Mrs Fuhrer, Miss Snowden, Mrs Dower, Miss Henderson, Mrs Irving, Mrs Barringer and members of the Ladies Auxiliary for their most excellent work with the catering. Of course Mrs Brand's expertise with costumes added the right amount of colour to the evening, the waitresses looked particularly charming, and Miss Barrow's impeccable organization of the seating meant that all present could sit back and enjoy a relaxing evening of entertainment.

All the performers richly deserved the applause they received for they had undoubtedly put hours of work into the preparation of their acts. Congratulations must also go to the stage band for their playing was highly professional and unquestionably entertaining. Special thanks must go to Mrs Merry and Mr Williams for their help with the band.

To the boys in the bio-box, the backstage crew, our comperes Paul and Alex and all other who contributes — thanks for presenting such an outstanding production.

## Staff News

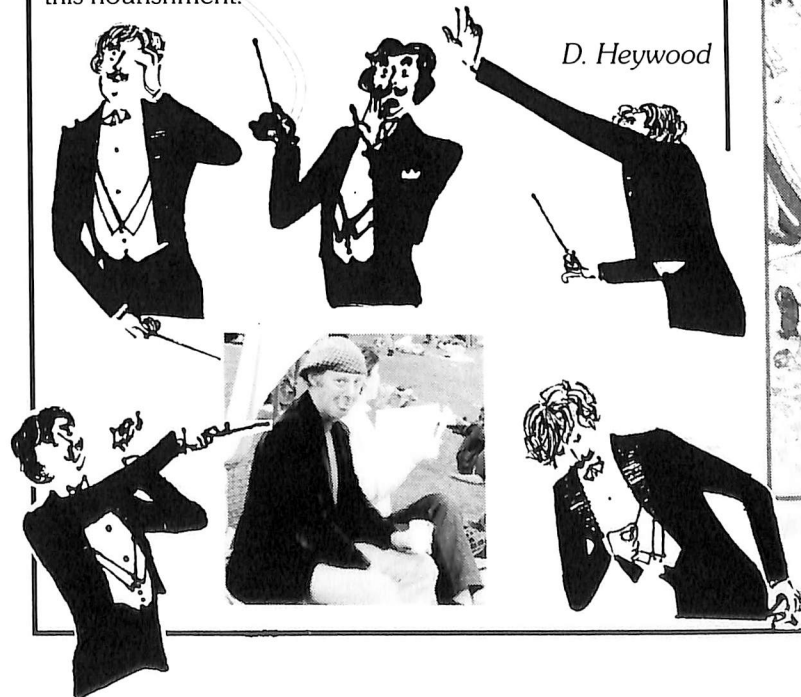
Once again it is time to recognise the contribution of our dedicated music staff. Mr Barby's untiring work with the woodwind students, Mr Mouy's expertise with the percussion students (congratulations on the birth of your young daughter in October), Miss Dacy's care with the young violinists, Mr Jones' dedication to his cellists, Mr Webster's fine work with the Concert Band and his saxophone and french horn devotees, and Mr William's (who was unfortunately quite sick during second term) undoubted devotion to his brass students has made a positive and worthwhile contribution to the musical education of their students.

We were pleased to welcome Mrs Merry (formerly Miss Skinner) back to Norwood and her pleasant, warm manner coupled with her ability at the keyboard has endeared her to staff and students. Mrs Conlon returned also this year and we again thank her for her contribution and wish her well as she leaves to give birth to her second child. Miss Barrow, who came to us in 1983, has travelled every day from Sunshine to Norwood and is seeking a transfer to a school closer to where she lives. I know that Miss Barrow will be greatly missed by staff and students alike. The contribution that this young lady has made to Norwood has been quite outstanding, and I know that her students have benefitted significantly from her knowledge and her friendship. Undoubtedly our loss will be the next school's gain. We wish her every success for her future.

Unfortunately our guitar teacher Mr Davies had to leave us this year to further his studies but we are very grateful that Mr Chambers was able to step in and continue the fine tradition of guitar at this school.

In this report I have unashamedly placed some emphasis on the value of music in education. I would like to conclude 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



## SOME DEFINITIONS

Accord —	Piece of string belonging to the Prime Minister.
Anglophile —	Instrument for taking the rough edges off Poms.
Arsonist —	Specialist in treatment of the buttocks area.
Autobahn —	German shed for the storage VW's.
Catatonic —	Medicine for a sick cat.
Claptrap —	Notifiable diseases clinic.
Coup de grace —	French lawnmower.
Diligent —	Refined male idiot.
Effluent —	Filthy rich.
Erotic —	A lovesick parasite.
Innuendo —	Where the doctor puts the injection.
Locomotive —	Plea of diminished responsibility.
Medieval —	Bulk billing.
Module —	Two trendies fighting.



Hot dog ... it's summer!



## NOUMEA 1984

### Day 1, 20th April

I awoke at 8.00 a.m., after a night of restless sleep and, despite intending to lie in bed for a while, I was abruptly interrupted and practically dragged out of bed. Two hours later I found myself sitting at Tullamarine eating breakfast. About half an hour later the rest of the group had arrived and we sat around cultivating activity. Finally, after organising and re-organising ourselves, having our tickets stamped and loading our baggage, we said our good-byes to our families and friends; "Yes Mum, I've got my toothbrush. No Mum, I don't want anymore books to read", and watched them disappear behind the doors to customs. After having the necessary papers stamped, given to us and checked, we all went and sat in the departure lounge. The first of our memorable experiences occurred here. Fiona, anxious to find someone seated near her, was given rather a shock to find that she was not seated near but rather on Lachlan's knee. Mrs. Bennett to the rescue and, thanks to her rather persuasive (??!!) manner, the problem was quickly rectified and we had the same amount of seats as we did members of the group. We left Tullamarine at about 12.45. Our long awaited trip was now underway. The first part of the flight offered us no view whatsoever but gradually the clouds thinned and we could see more. As we progressed over the ocean the view became more extensive and more spectacular. The movement of the plane must have been less bumpy to some than others but I still can't see how anyone could think that we were flying backwards. Eh, Stacey? We put that down to the excitement, but there was that French wine going around the plane . . . ?? Our descent to the airport in New Caledonia offered a breath taking view but some of us were suffering from air pressure on the ear drums and didn't feel like enjoying them. The tropical heat hit us as soon as we were out of the plane. It was warm, not hot, but very humid. After spending an hour or so waiting to change our money, we finally left at about six (or seven Melbourne time). Apart from the time and temperature, New Caledonia had many other differences from Australia. The sunset occurred at about 6 p.m. and there was no dusk or twilight. The sun just went straight down in about five minutes. The vegetation was composed of large palms, deep green coloured plants and other typically-tropical looking plants. One change which was especially hard to cope with was driving on the opposite side of the road. You'd swear that the lights approaching out of the darkness were going to run into you. The Southern Cross was visible in the night sky too which gave a feeling of being at home. We arrived at our hotel, Noumea Village, at about 7 p.m. to find we were late for a dinner booking. It was postponed which gave us a little time to settle in but soon we were all tramping down Rue de Sebastapol to "Chez Nicolas" for tea. I'm not sure whether it was physical or psychological but walking along the streets of Noumea at night didn't have a very desirable atmosphere. Our dinner of seafood and spaghetti was delicious but, for our first meal

in a French speaking country, it wasn't quite what we expected. After returning to the hotel we all went down for a swim. As we were standing around the pool, dripping wet, Jacques, the cute hotel manager, calmly walked past us and threw Lachlan, towel and all, flying through the air into the pool. We then went upstairs to pack for our trip to 'L'Ile de Pins'. Another difference we had to get used to was that Noumean light switches are upside down compared to Australian ones.



### Day 2, 21st April

We were woken up at 6 a.m. to rush down our first continental breakfast of croissants, hot chocolate, tea or coffee, and baguette (French Sticks) with butter and jam. The bus took us to the airport at 7.30 a.m. and we had our first real chance to show off our French to Jean, the bus driver. At the airport, while trying to buy some postcards, Natt discovered from a non-English speaking sales girl that some of her money was worthless, as it was in 100 franc notes not the new coins. We then boarded our small 20-seater plane that was to take us to the Isle de Pins. The trip was definitely different to the one in the 747 but the view made up for it 'C'etait magnifique.' After landing we made our way to 'Gite Kodjeve' where we were to stay in small huts, all named after Parisian stations. The beach on the island was the most beautiful thing one could imagine. The sky was a deep blue, the water was like transparent turquoise — coloured crystal and the sand was a very pale cream, almost white, and as fine as dust. It was just like stepping into a travel brochure. We spent the entire glorious morning lazing on the beach then after a dinner of freshly caught seafoods, we took a short trip to the other end of the island. For those of us who had thought the first beach astounding, the second was beyond belief. It was the type of beach you'd see on the television and find hard to believe. We stayed on the beach for about five hours and returned home, lobster red and ready for tea. While trying to get to sleep that night the girls in 'Station Bastille'

had a slight accident. One person, who shall remain nameless, was trying to bounce someone else off the above bunk when the bunk suddenly displayed its qualities of dividing into two single beds it half fell onto the person on the bottom and the next five minutes were spent in panic trying to get the bed back together without letting the whole population of the island hear what was happening.



### Day 3, 22nd April

Sunday morning was brought to our attention by Lachlan drumming along the windows. It wasn't appreciated but at least it got us up. Breakfast was had and then the morning was spent walking along the beach, collecting shells or just soaking up the sun. After lunch we spent every possible minute on the beach until about 4 p.m. when the bus took us from our little patch of paradise and back to the airport. After a sunset flight back to the mainland, the bus dropped us off at l'Anse Vata, a beach front shopping area, where we browsed, while the Bennetts took our overnight luggage back to the hotel. We brought our own tea and about an hour and a half later, decided we were sick of walking up and down the shops so we invaded the Athertons and the Bennetts, claiming to be their thirteen children. The poor manager didn't know what had hit him and he ended up in hysterics. When we finally decided to leave 'Dad A' and 'Dad B' ended up having to hunt him down to pay the bill. We then set off on our four-mile walk home and as soon as we arrived, we all fell into bed.



### Day 4, 23rd April

Monday morning was met early as well in order to go to the docks and catch a boat to the light-house island. On arrival, after Tina fell out of the boat, we sunbaked until lunchtime. The lunch was a beautiful three-coursed meal including a raw, salted fish salad with diced tomato and cucumber. After lunch we watched and participated in native dancing and a sarong tying parade. We then went cowrie hunting before the trip back. During the trip back the sea was rather rough and, with the captain steering into the waves, Mrs. Bennett was seasick. Some of the men from the island came back on the boat with us and amid the waves hitting us on deck and the boat rolling from one side to the other, we managed to have a bi-lingual sing-a-long. That night for tea we went to a small cafe where we met a French man who was prepared to talk to us despite the fact that he couldn't speak English. We spent most of the night talking with him, in French, about everything from kangaroos to the good ol' meat pie.

### Day 5, 24th April

On Tuesday morning we had the first of our French lessons with Charlene, which consisted of General Knowledge details about Noumea and after that we were set loose to go shopping. We returned with shell earrings and necklaces, 'Mr. Men' books written in French, newspapers, magazines, french birthday cards, French cigarettes and, the highlight of our afternoon, sarongs which everyone bought. We came home and displayed our purchases, had a sarong-tying parade and then went to tea in a Chinese restaurant.

### Day 6, 25th April

Wednesday morning, before breakfast, we went to the town's market. Here we were able to buy a great range of fresh tropical fruits and vegetables for our breakfast at very cheap prices. After breakfast we went to the 'patisserie' where we saw them making epi, a loaf shaped like an ear of wheat, and bagette. Next we watched them making meringues and had a try ourselves. We tasted everything we could and left feeling full. After lunch we went on a guided tour of the town and had all points of interest brought to our attention, including the aquarium. On our return we went to tea at a small restaurant called 'La poulet aupaot'.





### Day 7, 26th April

Thursday morning and we were all lead, or should I say dragged off to the local technical school to join in the morning's lessons. The first class was a remedial class during which we all gradually lost our embarrassment. Next we moved on to the cooking class, and then, during recess, we went into the metal work and wood work room. The students which learnt mechanical and panel-beating skills practiced, as we discovered, on their teachers cars!!?? After recess we were split into small groups and taken into some more classes. We mainly visited English classes which were amazingly advanced for ten year olds. Some other classes visited were French and Maths. We had a three-coursed lunch in the canteen, which was a huge hall set out as a dining room, and the meal tasted quite nice. We went into the yard and mingled amongst the other kids for the rest of the lunch hour. By the time we had to leave we almost had to be dragged out! On returning we were given the rest of the afternoon to shop. At 4.30 p.m. we had our last French lesson with Charlene. For tea we were allowed to go our own different ways and our group ended up eating spaghetti at the 'Cafe du Paris'. We came home and had water fights in the pool before going to bed.

### Day 8, 27th April

Friday was the day we left the city behind to see some of the more central country-land and we took a bus trip up to Saramaya. The drive took about three hours and to reach our destination we had a pleasant 15 minute walk. It was absolutely beautiful. A huge, bottomless, natural swimming pool with a small waterfall above it and a rocky creek below. It was a pleasant change from chlorinated water. Here we had lunch, swam and sunbaked. During the trip back every one fell asleep and the journey passed more quickly than on the way out. Tea was had at 'St. Hubert' and and we all relished it as it was our last tea in New Caledonia.



### Day 9, 28th April

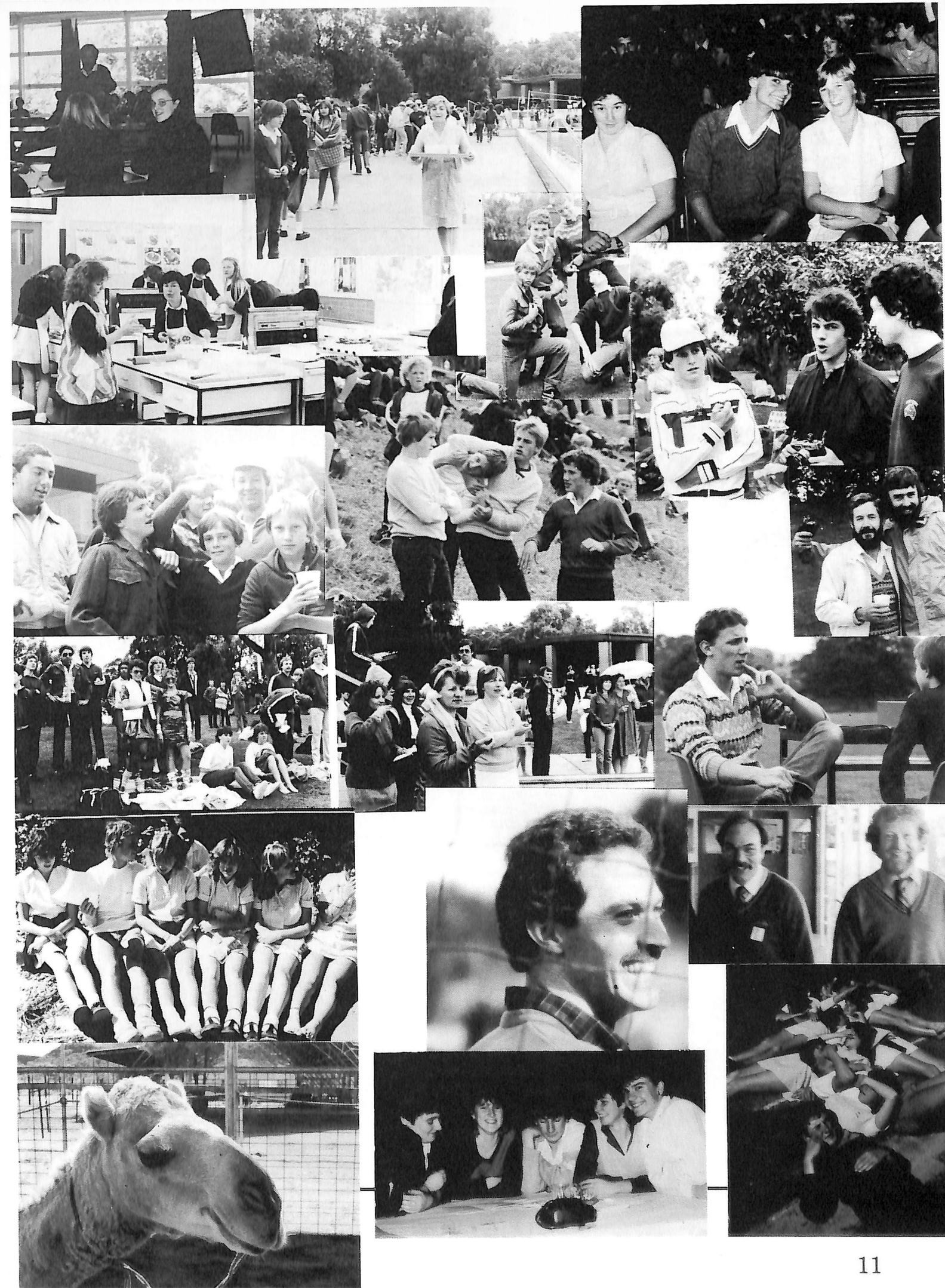
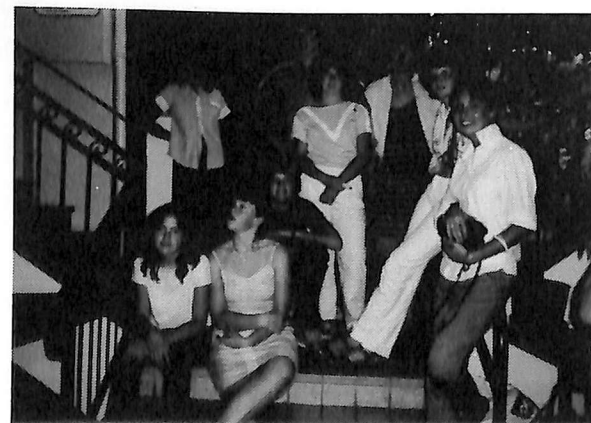
Saturday morning we all got up early to get some last minute shopping done. By lunch time we had all our baggage packed and moved out. We still had a few hours left so we spent them using up our films around the hotel. Finally we set off to the airport all wanting to go home but not wanting to leave. On arrival at Tontouta airport we had our baggage taken in and our passports checked then we



had about an hour to spend doing nothing in the departure lounge. As soon as we were allowed, we boarded the plane and, in doing so, took our last step from New Caledonian soil. During the flight back we saw an inflight movie so we didn't have much of a chance to take in the view. One sight that some of us did see was the Harbour Bridge as we crossed Sydney. About half an hour before we landed the plane became level with the cloud layer and, with the the setting sun behind it, those of us who were looking saw a breath-taking sight of pink, orange and yellow cloud. Unfortunately we had to sit down for the descent into Melbourne before we cut through the cloud layer, a sight we were all looking forward to. When we got off the plane the difference in temperature almost knocked us over. Going through customs, about half of the group we singled out to have their bags checked the first of us and let the rest go through. After we came through customs we were allowed to go into the waiting area where our families and friends awaited us eagerly. Our trip was officially over. We said our thanks and goodbyes then went our own separate ways.

On behalf of the group, I would like to thank Mrs. Bennett and Mrs. Atherton for all the time and effort which they put into making the trip a success, and also ask them to pass our thanks on to their husbands, as it was a success both enjoyable and educationally.

Megan Buntine, 10D





# central scandal

## STOP PRESS!

The scandal of this year's Central Trip was that nobody submitted an article about it. Not to worry. Fortunately there are plenty of photos.



## GOSSIP

Where does Mrs A. buy her wonderfully, amazingly, fashionable clothes . . . obviously the same place as Mr C.!

Does Mrs M. buy her clothes from 'Ready Hang Curtains'?!

Does Mr F. shave his legs?!!

Does our ever loving principal wear a hair piece?

Is Mrs W. a Mister Milk Character?

And does Mrs S. keep a noose in her top draw for all the year 8 girls?

Does our principal wear suspenders . . . to hold up his socks!!

Does Mr C. wear a cardigan made of sheeps wool off 2 sheeps backs?

Did you know Mr H. has the biggest collection of garden gnomes in Australia.

Where does Mr H. get that fungus which grows on his face (obviously from the garden gnomes he keeps).

And does Miss Barrow like Rodney Rude (who knows, could be her brother).

Did you know Mr Heyward has every album Iron Maiden produced.

Did you know Mr Mills dresses up as Divine and rages at all the latest night clubs.

At night Mr Budd goes outside and pretends to see UFO's.

On a full moon Mr Gaulke pretends he's Ned Kelly and he tries to break into Norwood's canteen.

Meanwhile our trusty ladies in the office go and rob Parkwood's safe.







# Roll the Cameras



A splendid performance of the mock court case BARLOW vs HAWKINS occurred in Room 42 on Friday 19th October. Mrs Hassett's Year 11 Legal Studies class organized under the capable direction of Miss Thompson took part in a video-taping of a Civil Case involving a car accident between Mrs Barlow (Debbie Taylor) and Mr Hawkins (Simon McKenzie).

Our actors were:

Mrs Barlow  
Mr Hawkins  
Judge  
Counsel  
Counsel  
Tipstaff  
Constable Snow

Debbie Taylor  
Simon McKenzie  
Wesley Mann  
Amanda Williams  
Louise Potter  
Glenn Hunter  
Neil Pask

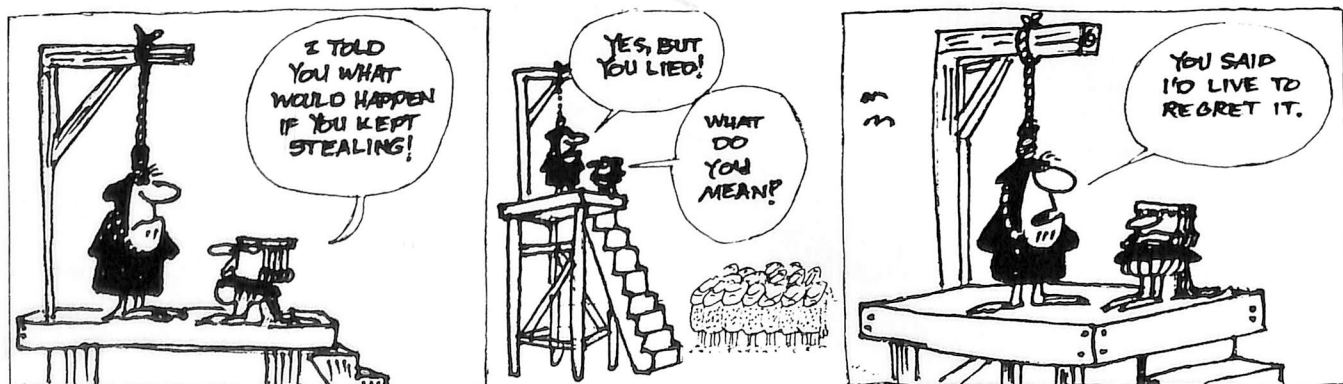
Counsel for the plaintiff was played by Amanda Williams, while Counsel for the defendant was played by Louise Potter. While Mrs Hassett gained the best camera angles, both Louise and Amanda performed their roles with true court room pomp and grandeur — perhaps they should consider legal careers?

We managed to set up the room to represent a court room and to utilise other members of the class as the jury. The case involved the Tort of Negligence and considered contributory negligence, remoteness of damage, apportioning liability and the assessment of damages.

Our Tipstaff (Glenn Hunter) conducted his duties well, even though he was "sprung" with some last minute duties! While our pistol-packing Constable (Neil Pask) convincingly portrayed the authoritarian role of the police, and thus, reinforced the gravity and seriousness of the police role in such matters. Wesley Mann left no doubt as to the Judge's role in such matters — he presided over proceedings and apportioned liability on the basis that the defendant (Simon) was 85% responsible and the plaintiff (Debbie) was 15% responsible. Simon received \$30,000 in damages and Debbie \$17,000 — what a MERRY XMAS those two will have!!!

Anyway, the whole event was highly successful and the video-tape will be used to illustrate CIVIL PROCEEDINGS.

Congratulations on a good production Year 11!!



## SKI CAMP

### DAY 1

On Monday the 13th of August, forty-five bleary-eyed year nine students and three teachers plus Debbie and Janine somehow managed to get themselves out of their cosy beds and make their way to school on time although the bus decided to come an hour late. By this time most people were sopping wet for it had been raining steadily all morning. In a complete daze, we all managed to load our gear onto the bus and make our way to Mansfield. By the time we arrived in Mansfield most of us were itching to get our gear fitted and take to the slopes.

There was chaos in the hire shop as our school and other schools anxiously waited in line to fit our gear. I don't know how but finally everyone had managed to get their gear onto the bus and we were ready to head up the mountain. There was excitement at the first bit of snow on the road.

Once at the top of the mountain we were given our lift tickets plus a long lecture that clearly explained that if we lost them we were in deep . . . ! We set off for our days skiing expedition in high spirits. For most it was their first.

No sooner were we on the slopes than we were hearing the famous words of "benz see neez" from the French ski instructors.

For most it was a piece of cake riding the pomas but for some people (Jacqui, Vicki and Kelly) pomas were definitely not acceptable. They much preferred the chairlifts and went to great lengths to avoid pomas.

After our exhilarating days skiing we piled onto the bus and made our way back to Mansfield.

We organised ourselves into our bunkrooms and prepared ourselves for a night raging. Our night raging was somewhat different than what we expected. Some took to a hard game of tennis (Jacqui and Lisa) which was very humiliating for certain people (William and Lucy) who were defeated 6:1. Others (Claire, Meg, Pru, Chris, Laura, Wendy and Vicki) found some young males to get to know and entertained them for a few hours. Others just preferred to relax in the spa or sauna. Lights out was 11 p.m. but room thirteen had other ideas and were consequently told they would be sent home if the noise didn't stop.

### DAY 2

At 6 a.m. promptly there were moans and groans as we were woken up by a large cow bell. Most preferred to bury their heads under their pillows rather than think about getting up. However, we were told we had to present ourselves at the breakfast table at 6.30 a.m. As we climbed on to the bus we were all ready for another adventurous day skiing. Some of us were very wary of the chairlifts but most of us managed them quite well. Once having reached the top of 'Burnt Hut Spur' there was a slight problem. Certain people decided they did not want to tackle this slope and refused to be moved from the top. With a bit of persuasion Mr. Wilson and a few other people managed to

reach the bottom without any major catastrophies. No sooner had we arrived there than we had to make our way through thick fog to "Bourke Street" where we had our daily ski lesson. Most of us were starting to master our snow ploughs and turns fairly well with the exception of Kelly Gellatly who found herself hopelessly tangled up in a fence with an impossible task of getting herself untangled. From then on Kelly was very cautious and steered well clear of fences.

After a hard lessons skiing most people headed for 'Malones' where we could fill our hungry stomachs.

For some it was time for their daily lesson and they headed off up the pomas with Richard, their French ski instructor. The sounds of "Just a little snow plough lift'd inside ski and plant d inside stock" filled the air. This may sound easy but doing it is a different matter. Doing this was a slight problem for some people, especially Mr. Halliday who muttered the odd word of french under his breath!

We all managed to get to the top of 'Burnt Hut Spur' where we caught the chairlift whilst on the chairlift most of us were just happy to sit and relax, tired from our days skiing. There was hardly a sound on the bus on the way down the mountain. Some of us were trying to catch up on some lost sleep and try and get some of our lost energy back.

That night we mysteriously gained all our energy and joined in on the nightlife. Again people took to the tennis courts, spa or sauna. Some of us spent the night getting to know some gentlemen from Yarram (Melissa, Julie A., Nicki, and Gianalee). However bed time came quickly and we weren't quite prepared to settle down. Consequently we had a teacher at our door giving us a long lecture. That was the second for the night. Earlier we had been given a lecture on our eating habits! However, we all finally drifted into a peaceful sleep.

### DAY 3

After another morning of being woken up by the cow bell we dragged ourselves out of bed and made our way to breakfast.

Once everybody had gathered their gear we discovered a slight problem. A few ski boots had mysteriously gone walkabouts. However, in the end everything was sorted out and once again we made our way up the mountain.

Luckily for us we ended up with a beautiful day without a cloud in the sky. We made our way to the top of 'Burnt Hut Spur' and for some it was their first time down. Although it may have taken a while in the end they eventually got there.

Down at the bottom of 'Burnt Hut Spur' Lucy sat not feeling very well at all. Nick C. decided to try and cheer her up by attempting to rapp dance on his skis which was really quite hilarious.



Lucy decided after this she had had enough skiing for the day and headed off towards the 'Albery Inn' where she could sit and relax. Whilst trying to board the chairlift she had a slight slip and narrowly missed being hit on the head by the chair.

At this stage Janine was very enthusiastic and very confident and thought she could tackle anything even 'Federation'. Most of us had our ski lessons on 'Burnt Hut Spur' that day, however, that afternoon a group of us (Larissa, Lisa, David N., Spaz and Mr. Halliday) decided with their ski instructor they would attempt to conquer the 'summit' and 'grimus'. Most of us went well with the exception of Spaz who rolled half way down 'grimus' almost taking the ski instructor and half the lesson with him. Then, to top it all off he bent his stock when he didn't lift it up whilst boarding the chair.

Again, the bus trip home to Mansfield was very quiet. Almost everyone was dead beat and almost ready to hit the sack.

We all learned that ski boots are definitely very painful after wearing them for three days. That night we discovered blisters and bruisers where the tops of our boots rested. We said that night we would pile the bandaides on the next morning to relieve some of the pain.

That night a lot of us relaxed in the spas and sauna which really helped to sooth our sore muscles.

However, a large percentage of us decided the best way to unwind was in the games room and the pinnies. Money disappeared rapidly down the slots of these machines. As soon as the lights went out that night there was not a sound and we all fell into a blissful sleep.

#### DAY 4

As we were accustomed to getting up at 6 a.m. in the morning we found that there were no hassels to be ready on time. Today everone was very sad because Lucy had finally decided it was time for her to go home because she had had enough of being sick.

Once at the snow it was a day for injuries, first of all Kate had a terrible accident with a stock coliding with her tooth and chipped it in half, and secondly Kerrie Aist was skiing along and suddenly fell on her thumb and was taken to the doctors to have it bandaged up which all added up to an outrageous price. The weather on that day turned out somewhat different to Wednesday's weather, it was foggy and you couldn't see a thing. It was a fairly good day for skiing apart from all those injuries it was really good.

After most of our ski lessons we all went back to 'Malones' for a quick bite then spent the rest of the day skiing by ourselves. Once we all gathered back to the bus and piled in we had a very quick journey back to the 'Alzburg'. Most people just sat quietly but others decided to sleep. Then when we were back suddenly everyone was full of energy again. Some girls (Julie T., Sharon, Kerrie, Kerry, Larissa, Narelle and Karen) found some more fine looking young gentlemen from Mitcham Tech., and spent some of the night being entertained with them. But another person

(Nick Bronson) decided he would like to spend the night dressed up as a girl and parade around the campsite looking like a real fool. But there were still the others (David Gillon, Paul and Allan) who found it better to waste their money on the pinnies. There were still some left who the odd game of tennis (Chris Carter, Chris Smith and various others). There was a disco on this night but it was somewhat different to our local blue light discos. There was plenty of flashing lights and things like that but there was only one major problem and that was that there was no music or people.

We also had to spend the last minute of the night to pack some of our things so we will be ready when we got back from another day skiing.

After everyone had had enough of the nightlife it was time for bed so we all piled into our cabins and then into our beds, we didn't waste a second and all jumped into our beds and fell into an unwakeable sleep.

#### DAY 5

After having packed up most of our gear the night before there wasn't much to do that morning. All we had to do was put all our gear in the hall and then get to breakfast which was going to be our last meal there. Thank goodness! I think all of us must have lost some weight that week, we didn't eat half the meals served up.

To our despair, it was our last day and I think we could all have survived another week if we didn't have to get up so early.

We headed up the mountain and much to our disappointment it was an absolutely terrible day. It was foggy, blowing a gale and was snowing heavily. Most of us decided to brave the conditions seeing as it was our last day but some decided they would rather stay dry and warm in the bus. Anyone who saw them in the bus must have thought they were a bit luney for they decided to occupy themselves by doing aerobics.

That morning was really quite crazy. A certain person (Larissa) insisted chasing someone and in the end didn't even find them.

At 1 p.m. everyone met back at the bus. The teachers somehow managed to chase up our lunches and we all sat in the bus enjoying our hot fish and chips.

As we preceeded down the mountain we found we had to put chains on because it had been snowing so heavily. We then headed back to Mansfield, loaded all our gear onto the bus and sadly said our goodbyes.

On the way home the snow that had collected on the bus started to melt. The bus we thought would be water proof wasn't and water came running down the windows and into the bus. Many seats were abandoned and instead of there being only two to a seat there were suddenly three of four!

We finally arrived back in Ringwood at around 6 p.m., earlier than we had expected and had to phone up parents to come and get us.

I think everyone had a terrific time and many thanks of appreciation must go to the teachers. Without them the camp wouldn't have been the success it was!

THANK-YOU Mr. Wilson

Mr. Halliday

Mrs. Howard

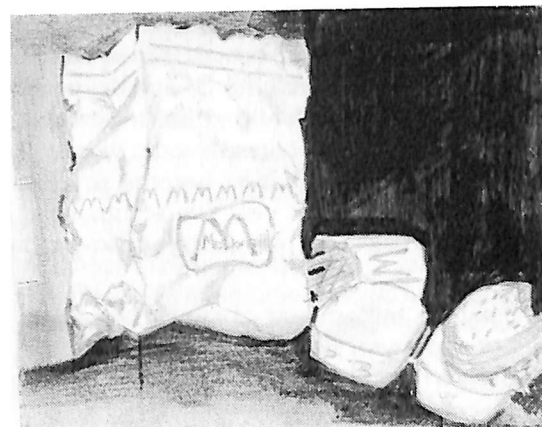
Debbie and

Janine

Written by: Lisa Wilson

Lucy Race

Jacqui Gysberts



#### ODE TO McDONALDS

*I went to McDonalds,  
I was sick of a roast,  
I went for a cool drink,  
And the Burgers they boast.*

*I pulled up in my car,  
And walked inside,  
Saw what they were cooking,  
I nearly died.*

*When I sat down,  
A Burger I received,  
I took a large bite,  
And then I heaved.*

*I ran to the toilet,  
And slipped on a chip,  
I started to fall backwards,  
And fell on my hip.*

*It was five hours later,  
When the Ambulance arrived,  
They strapped me so tight,  
It brought tears to my eyes.*

*They hung me in Traction,  
Six weeks I lay,  
It cost me a fortune,  
Forever I'll pay.*

*So to McDonalds,  
I will go no more,  
For if I eat a Big Mac,  
I'll be found dead on the floor.*

By Rowan Barlow.

## Extortion Threats





## LETTERS from Abroad

Hello Everyone!

I am spending a year in South Africa as a Rotary Exchange Student, hosted by the Rotary Club of Germiston North which is a suburb of Johannesburg, the largest city in South Africa.

I received this Exchange Student scholarship from the Rotary Club of Ringwood. So, I left Australia on January 19th, 1984, full of excitement at the thought of coming to South Africa for a year.

I have found South Africa to be such a learning experience, you become so independent, grow up so much and you learn about yourself.

It is wonderful to meet people and have great friends particularly fellow Exchange Students from all over the World.

My host Rotary Club is so friendly and loving that I feel like their "Communal Daughter".

I have certainly learnt a lot about politics this year as South Africa has such controversial laws regarding Blacks and Whites, known as *Apartheid*. All the different racial groups are segregated and live in their separate townships — like Blacks, Coloureds, Indians and Whites.

This year I'm a student at *St. Andrew's School for Girls*, which is a very traditional English Girls School. I'm doing their final year of school and also writing the South African Matric Exams. *St. Andrew's* is so very different to Norwood High School as we only have 280 students. The school has many traditions and as I was made a prefect in term 1 I've had to perform these traditional duties.

Every morning the girls are lined up in their standards (forms) and we all march into the school chapel for a chapel service. At break we are served with a cup of tea and the Matric girls have our own personal lawn and garden. School begins at 8.05 a.m. and finishes at 4.30 p.m., except on Thursdays when Matrics remain for classes until 6 p.m.

As *St. Andrew's* is a private school we have nice long holidays throughout the year. The school has 14 tennis courts, 2 hockey fields and a 25 metre Swimming Pool. I became a part of the Swimming Team, which is very serious business as we trained 4 nights and 2 mornings a week plus an Inter-school competition on Saturdays. The school hockey and running teams have been a lot of fun and I have made many friends that I'll always treasure.

Throughout the year I've done a lot of speeches and slide shows, mostly about my family, school and AUSTRALIA. Speaking at many different functions one becomes very patriotic.

As a Rotary Exchange Student you move to different host families every three months. I have been so lucky as all of my families are really wonderful. I have been very spoiled because all my families have had Black Servants, some who cook all our meals, butlers, laundry women, garden boys and even a GUARD. You become so attached to each family that during the year I've accumulated lots of brothers (3) and sisters (6) plus caring and loving parents.

It's certainly the busiest year of my life as people are so anxious to show you the sights of their country. South Africa is truly a magnificent country and I've been to many areas of the country.

The highlight of the year was the time I spent in *Kruger National Park*. It is a game reserve and it is so exciting to see wild animals in their natural habitat — elephants, zebras, lions, giraffes, baboons, buffalo, buck, wilderbeast and warthogs, etc. . . .

I've been on trips to the picturesque *Brakensburg Mountains* where we explored them by hiking and going on horse riding trails.

— *The Eastern Transvaal* with its scenic beauty of forests and large river canyons.

— *Capetown*, which is a beautiful city with *Table Mountain* as the focal point.

I have certainly been a real "AUSSIE" tourist as I've travelled all over South Africa and to some of the Independent Black States and Homelands — Bophutswand, Botsurana, Leboursa, Zululand and Transkei.

The most enjoyable trip is our Exchange Student Tour of *Kimberley, Capetown, Transkei* and a region known as the *Garden Route*.

Now I can truly say "Ek hoe van suid-Afrika" — which is Afrikaans for "I love South Africa". Afrikaans is the second official language of South Africa. Everything in the Republic of South Africa uses both English and Afrikaans and all the people are completely bi-lingual.

I return to Australia in January 1985 after being a "South African" for a year. It has certainly been the "YEAR OF MY LIFE", as an Australian.

Rotary Exchange Student  
With best wishes to all from  
Tikki Wooles

## A LETTER FROM AN IRISH MOTHER

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know I'm still alive. I'm writing this slowly because I know you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you get home — cos we've moved.

Your father has a lovely new job with 700 men under him — he cuts grass at the cemetery.

There was a washing machine at the new house but its not working too good. Last week I put in 12 shirts pulled the chain and I haven't seen the shirts since.

Your sister Colleen had a baby this morning but haven't found out if its a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you're an uncle or an aunt.

Your uncle Mick drowned last week in a vat of whisky at the Dublin Distillery. His mates tried to save him but he fought them off bravely. He was cremated and it took four days to put the fire out.

I saw the doctor last week and your Father went with me. Doc put a glass tube in my mouth and told me not to talk for 5 min. Your Father wanted to buy it from him.

It only rained twice last week, first for 4 days and then for 3 days.

We had a letter from the undertaker. He said if the final payment on your Grandmother's grave was not paid in 7 days — up she comes.

Your loving Mother.xxx

P.S. I was going to send you 10 dollars but I had already sealed the envelope.

As far as the Australian lifestyle and culture are concerned I'm convinced I could never be a full blooded Aussie. Before I came I'd never seen meat pies, milk bars, or Fish and Chip shops. Vegemite was my first horror and it took me hours to figure out what a "Loo" was. I had made a terrible misconception because I thought since people in the United States and people in Australia both spoke English there wouldn't be a language gap. I was quite wrong because when I went to buy something people would always reply with a 'Ta' when I gave them one of these funny colored bills. I never knew what trendy was until I went into the city. I know it was rude of me to stare but a person simply couldn't walk the streets with bright pink spiked hair or a 4 inch mohawk at home (without getting arrested that is!). That was the first thing about Australian people that really appealed to me. People do their own thing, dress, talk, and act the way they want without worrying about what anyone else thinks of them. Another cultural shock was the difference in music. However now I'm well acquainted with Australian Crawl, Split Enz, Redgum, Inxs, Midnight Oil, Skyhooks and even Ted Egan.

Ted Egan? That puts me on to the subject of school and our unforgettable central '84 trip. The most difficult things about school to adjust to were wearing a uniform and trying to learn how to read that bleedin' time-table! The highlight of my school year was without a doubt the Central Australia trip. At first I was a bit hesitant about going because I didn't know many people. Then I thought to myself, "Hey, you're here to meet people. That's what being an Exchange Student is all about." So sure enough at 5.30 a.m. on May 1st I was ready and waiting by the hall for bus No. 1 and 10 days of fun and excitement. Normally Lennie gets all the publicity about the trip but I'm not even going to mention that he got his ear pierced. I will however remind everybody of the great fun we had eating our "Bush Stew" and presenting the first annual "Norwood New Faces". It certainly was a trip I'll never forget. Know why? Because I took slides of absolutely EVERYTHING!

Now my time here in Australia is running out and I'm finding it extremely difficult to go back. This country, this state, and the people I've met all make me feel as though I belong here. I no longer feel like an American who's touring Australia. Rather I feel like an Aussie who's taken a trip to America. I consider myself very lucky to be given the chance to have such a wonderful experience and to visit this marvelous country. I feel as though Australia is my second home and it truly is "The Land of Oz".

I'll Be Back!  
Take Care,  
Natalie

## EXCHANGE STUDENTS

HELLO EVERYONE! (That's American for "G'day all"). Not here, your 'Yank' for 1984. I'm an AFS Exchange Student here at good ole' Norwood High but to many of my friends and teachers I'm more commonly known as the "Phantom" exchange student. For those of you who don't know me, I'll 'prop'ly introduce myself. My name is Natalie Mager, I'm 18 years old, and I come from a small village in the north eastern corner of Illinois called Winthrop Harbor. I'm doing Form 5 here (as are most other AFS students) but I've already completed my senior year (or the equivalent to H.S.C.) back home.

My first impressions of Australia? Grouse! Beauty Mate! Actually, I went a bit spastic because not only did these Aussies seem to speak a different language (Fair Dinkum) but they also drove on the wrong side of the road. I couldn't believe that it could be *hot* in January because when I left home, only 3 days earlier, Chicago had 3 feet of snow on the ground. It took me nearly 5 days before it hit me that I'd actually arrived in AUSTRALIA.



Shining stars flicker in the sky.  
The air is light the moon is high  
The streets are silent and dark but one  
where stands a girl and her soldiers son.  
The last farewell must now be said  
her eyes are filled with fear and dread.  
A whistle blows as a train draws near  
and brought on is her first single tear.  
He draws away and walks on down  
the street without a sound.  
Not to know where he is bound.  
Without a trace of normality  
she is left to face reality.

Ruth Sanders, 8I

## GYMNASTICS

I feel the tension grow as the time draws near  
I grip the bars and swing  
twirling and stretching practising for  
the big moment.

Flipping and somersaulting to finish  
jumping and balancing  
leaping and bending on mats  
perfecting the routine.

Finally the time arrives,  
they call my name and country  
I gently grip the bars  
and I'm off.

Swinging and twirling to the end  
then onto the mats  
prancing and somersaulting.

My points are announced and it's all over  
tension slips away and I finally relax.

Robyn Pritchard, 8F

The holidays are over,  
It's back to school for me.  
I really am excited though,  
'Cause I'll be in Form 3

Jill Arendse, 8I

Felicity and Lucy  
Both such great friends  
If anything was ever wrong  
They'd help you to the end.  
But this isn't going to last much longer  
Off to Camberwell Girls they'll go  
And make plenty of new friends  
This, we all know.  
But will it kill our friendship  
That's lasted for nearly a year  
From that very first "Hello"  
Till that unforgettable last tear  
We'll keep in touch of course  
I'll ring them every week  
This should keep our life from being  
So horrible and bleak.  
I've never had two friends like them  
and I never will again  
For there's no two alike them  
They have won this great fame.  
We will all miss you forever  
Our days will never be the same.  
But Lucy and Felicity  
Who is there to blame?

By Forget-Me-Not

## THE BABY SEALS

People are travelling far and wide,  
To stop the killing of the seals outside.  
They hear a screech they run outside,  
But only to find a seal has died.  
They see a killer lift a club with a gleam in his eye,  
They all cry "don't", but another has died.  
The killers bring the club with all their might,  
They do this from morning to night.  
The killers go out and know they have seen,  
That the animal protection people have painted them  
green.  
The seals have no choice they cannot hide,  
All the killers want is their hide,  
Now all the seals are chopped up dead,  
The killers have gone and the ice is all red.

Someone who Cares

Is school here for our learning?  
Is school here for our fun?  
For learning or for pleasure  
school is here for everyone!  
For eleven long years we come to school  
to try and learn a lot  
For some of us it's easy  
for some of us it's not  
We do a lot of subjects  
Some of us do them well  
Whether we do well or not  
our reports will surely tell  
When we leave the school ground  
you'd think our work would end  
but no, they give us homework  
to drive us 'round the bend.

Mark M., Year 8

## ATLANTIS

Atlantis, the fairest city of them all  
As it stood so brave and stood so tall  
There upon a cliff for all.

There tall kings ruled throughout the year  
so wise and strong and free from fear  
that great men came from far and near.

And through the years their power grew,  
A mighty people, strong but few  
Till at last the gods them slew.

With power grew envy, side by side,  
The gods they challenged in their pride  
and so were sunk beneath the tide.

Tall towers slide beneath the wave,  
And drowned were king, lord and slave,  
For angry gods no man would save.

Atlantis fairest city of them all,  
Twas pride that brought about your fall  
And left no trace of towers tall.

P. Adams, 8B

## A TEACHER

A teacher in this school  
Is one you ought to know.  
His name is spread afar  
From the highest to the low.  
If from this poem you guess him,  
Praise is surely yours.  
As his name is kept a secret  
For a hidden cause.

He wears the strangest shirts  
That come from Eastern lands  
With weirdest patterns on them,  
Like palm trees on the sands.  
His glasses are quite different,  
Instead of being round  
They're ablong shaped with golden rims,  
The most interesting I've found.

He teaches many subjects  
English in the main  
But History and Indo,  
Are also of his claims.  
His phrases are reknown,  
Throughout this wondrous school.  
He's held in greatest awe  
By skillful word he rules.

Everybody knows him,  
From Junior to Form Six.  
With all types of people  
He's been found to mix.  
So if you think you know him,  
Just say so to a friend.  
It might be me you say it to,  
Full praises I will send.

## TOM

The disco was great,  
But now I'm depressed,  
His name is Tom,  
But what's his address?  
What's his last name,  
I do not know,  
I won't see him again,  
How he hurt me so,  
He told me he'd ring,  
If only he would,  
The happiness he'd bring,  
If only he could,  
Sometimes I even,  
Forget his name,  
But I still love him,  
All the same.

Anonymous

## ONE NIGHT

A dark and windy night it is,  
With lightening bright as fire  
'tis with pleasure I watch the night,  
as wind and rain blow out of sight,  
Waves pound upon the shore  
Ocean with a wrath too sore.  
I stand upon my terrace for,  
the ocean spray to reach  
'tis with a happy heart I watch  
as mother nature takes her course  
as all mankind watch her source  
as She ventures forth  
to keep the earth a pleasant place  
for all mankind to live.

Dominique Toone, 8E



# gymnastic

Right to Left: Lisa Honey, Robyn, Debbie Todd, Joanne Griffing, Helen Puckey and Samantha.



Club



Robin shows her style with the Ribbon — an apparatus in Rhythmic Gymnastics.

Well after a spell of three years the Norwood Gymnastics Club is back in swing thanks to Mrs Holley.

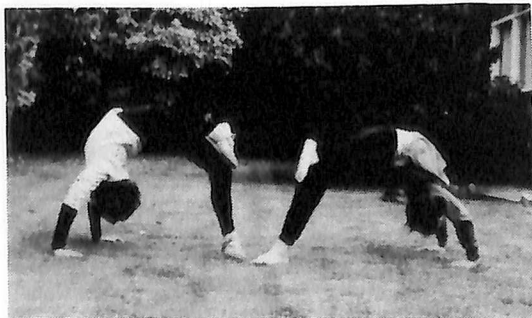
It all started earlier this year when a school team was formed to compete at Maroondah level competition. As the girls only had two weeks to learn their routines everyone was shocked when we came in an incredible 3rd.

The biggest thrill was when Debbie Todd and Jenny Browning both made it through to eastern zone in the individual events (beam for Debbie and bars for Jenny).

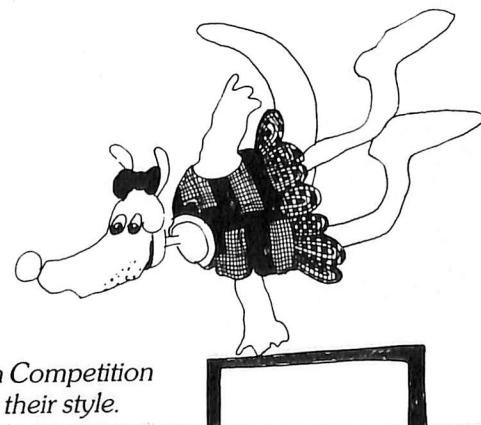
The team was made up of Samantha, Debbie Todd, Robin, Helen Puckey, Lisa Honey and Joanne Griffin.

After some negotiation a Gym club was formed and our first meeting was the second week of term three, on a Wednesday after school. With a large turn up the club has been firmly set. The Girls are split into three groups according to ability and participation on several apparatuses such as beam, floor, bars and vault concentrating on strength and gracefulness. It is with highest hopes that the club will continue next year and with larger time to prepare for next year's Maroondah competition. We are hoping to do better than this year and try and bring home a first. Thanks to everyone who has helped make this gym club possible and a big thanks to the girls for their participation.

Chriss Bushby



After a successful Maroondah Competition Samantha and Debbie show their style.



The club was only possible with the help of Mrs Holly, caught at one of her better moments.



# SPORT



## KALINDA HOUSE REPORT

The Kalinda Kids started off the year with a magnificent win in the swimming sports, using our Kalinda charisma to mutilate the Maroondah Morons, massacre the Mullum Morale and turned the Yarra Yobos yelping.

Congratulations to all the kids who swam for Kalinda and also those few loyal supporters who helped cheer us to victory.

Unfortunately, the Kalinda charisma faded during the athletic sports and we were only able to manage an overall third. We were very disappointed in many of our fellow team members who showed little enthusiasm in competing for their house, especially the senior girls who selfishly left all the athletic events to a few specific girls.

Thank-you to all the Kalinda teachers, especially Miss Henderson, Mr & Mrs Holston, Mr Harmes and Mr Wilson, who spent much of their spare time doing a magnificent task of organising teams for all of the sports.

We wish Kalinda luck in '85 and hope that all the members will realize that sports day is a lot of fun if everyone makes an effort of contributing, whether it be through competing or spectating.

Brad Court  
Carolyn Stuart



Mr Harmes, Mrs Holston, Mr Gange, Mr Wilson, Miss Henderson. House Captains Brad Court, Carolyn Stuart. Absent from Photo Mr Holston, Miss Holmes.



Mrs Pendergast, Mrs Bower, Mr Horgan, Mrs Williams, Mrs Elgood, Mr Heywood, Miss barrow, Miss Hughan.

## 1984 YARRA HOUSE REPORT

This year Yarra performed rather well in both the pool and track and field events. Unfortunately we were unsuccessful in taking out the events, but we thank all of the participants who were willing to try their best for the house. Many thanks must also go to the loyal Yarra supporters who came along, armed with yellow "teddies" and flags to cheer their team-mates on. It was very encouraging.

In the swimming events we managed to come third and were, unfortunately, over powered by the "Kalinda Kids" and "Maroondah Muscles". Nevertheless, we did have a starter in all events (even the senior girls! Thank-you to Sharon Ashley for participating in the open girls butterfly and getting a place at the finish line). We were very unlucky to be missing one of our key swimmers in Tikki Woolles, who is presently in South Africa as a rotary exchange students. However, her good wishes were with all the participants and we thank Tikki for this.

In the athletics we ran second and it was a good, solid performance overall. Unfortunately, a few of our senior boys had "other commitments" and therefore did not participate. But, as usual, our junior Yarra girls and boys were keen and enthusiastic and attended all training sessions. Their results showed how often they had trained. Thank-you to all those who were willing to participate for Yarra and a special thank-you must go to the forever loyal Yarra teachers in Mrs Howard, Mrs Marshall, Mr Horgen, Mrs Hughan, Mrs Comben, Mr Henderson (Hendo), Mrs Pendergast and all of the other teachers who contributed. Well Yarra, better luck next year, let's see the mighty dragon flying high in '85. Thanks again.

Karen Weybury & Peter Young  
(Yarra Senior House-Captains)



## MAROONDAH THE GREAT

"UNDER THE BLOOD RED SKY" on April 19th, 1984 you "COULDN'T SLOW DOWN" the "MAROONDAH 'A' TEAM". The inspiration from winning the cross country made them "GO GO". Our "LEGS" in the cross country were: Debbie McKay (Jun), Grant Kennaway (Int), Celia Massie and Paul Browning (Sen). The "ELIMINATORS" in the Athletics were: Burke Renouf and Jacky Austin U13, Melissa Cain U14, Grant Kennaway U15, Sheryl McKeon U16, Debbie Sheil U17, Celia Massie and Brett Sheil OPEN. The "RED UNFORGETTABLE FIRE" put the "PASSENGERS" in a "STATE OF SHOCK" as they leaped "FOOTLOOSE" to win with an all time record of 1,006 points (RUN AWAY).

By the pool the "RED RAIN" poured with more "MAROONDAH STARS" "BREAKING HEARTS", Jacky Austin U13, Gaven Ackerley U14, Graig Williamson U16, Megan Mackieson U17 and Ingrid Geering OPEN. However, despite considerable outstanding efforts we were 2nd on the day. To rectify this one of our senior house teachers is taking time off to produce some "WEBB" footed swimmers.

*We would like to extend our best wishes to Mr and Mrs Webb and take this opportunity to thank Mrs Webb for her constant support and inspiration and endless hours spent at early morning training.*

While the "RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET" prepare for next years demolition derby, a big thanks goes to the "MEN & WOMEN IN RED" who help make "MAROONDAH" a wonderful team: Mrs Weston, Mrs Webb, Miss Liddy, Mr Walsh, Mr Needham, and Mr Colarossi, who along with your "BURNING RED" house captains Celia Massie and Dean Bailey would like to congratulate the WHOLE "MAROONDAH TEAM" for an excellent year's effort.

We have listed the age group winners already but the spirit of MAROONDAH goes deeper than that — to all MAROONDAH competitors and spectators who have supported one another through out 1984 (Frank) in the pool, on the track and field in house assembly and other sports, congratulations on matching our MUSCLES with SPIRIT.

IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE!



## MULLUM HOUSE REPORT

Well, the saying does go, 'It's not easy being Green', and that just about sums up the year for Mullum: but at least the spirit was there. Even though Mullum is presently lacking it's fair share of Robert De Castella's and Raylene Boyle's, we do have some up and coming talent in the junior department: Sarah Billings, Jodie Bilston, Cettina La Spina, Aaron Bowie: all the juniors must be congratulated for their participation and enthusiasm.

In the seniors, Heather Cook, Sean Kennaway and Darren Roe were amongst our top athletic performers with Kevin Williamson putting in a particularly good effort in the water and won the best senior category on the day. We were also very proud of our girls cross-country teams winning two of the sections this year.

We'd like to extend a special thank-you to all house-captains, teachers and competitors for their generous support throughout the season. Looking forward to seeing you all again next year in 1985 the year of the turkey.

Thanks again,  
Jackie Grenfell  
Andrea Lawrence



## YEAR 8 UNIHOC COMPETITION

The latest rage to hit the school, not only interests the Year 8's, but the higher year levels as well, plus the so-called invincible 'STAFF STOMPERS'

The Year 8 competition is played every Tuesday lunchtime with all the Year 8's (8A-Animals, 8B-Bruisers, 8C-Crushers, 8D-Demons, 8E-Eagles, 8F-Fowlers, 8G-Gorillas, 8H-Horribles) plus a staff team, participating in seven minute games. Teams of five players use plastic hockey sticks and a plastic ball, taped up so it won't fall apart. It is played in the school hall, and the object of the game is to score more goals than your opposing team, by hitting the ball past the goalie onto the goal mat.

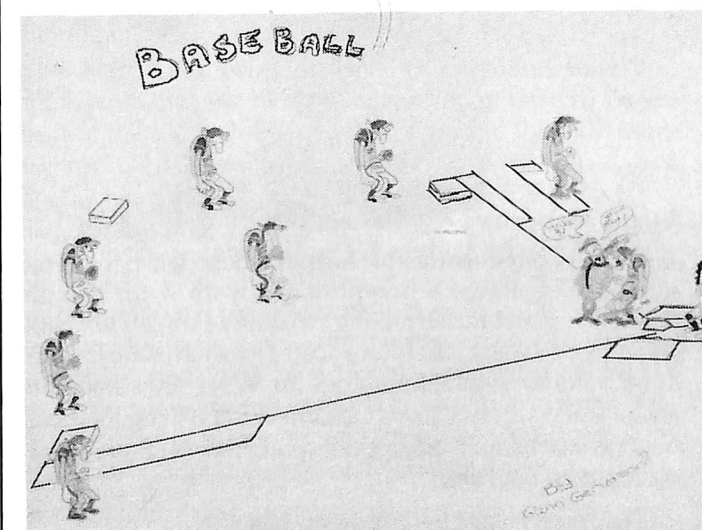
After ten weeks of hard competition, it is now finals time, and finals fever has hit the Year 8 camp. The five teams to compete in the finals for the Trophy are 8G (Gorillas) who finished on top of the competition (only because the undefeated STAFF STOMPERS are not contesting the finals), 8D (Demons), 8H (Horribles), 8F (Fowlers) and 8A (Animals).

The competition in the finals will be fierce, and big crowds are expected to watch their forms representatives battle it out for the premiership.

## UNIHOC CHALLENGE COMPETITION

The undefeated and seemingly invincible STAFF STOMPERS have called for challenges from any five member team, from any Year level. The STOMPERS to date have humiliated all of the other sides that they have played, including an H.S.C. side, a Year 11 side, numerous Year 10 sides and some Year 8 Allstars sides. The unbeatable STAFF STOMPERS consists of 'Wizard' Wilson, 'Elbows' Walsh, 'Hungry' Halliday, 'Basher' Burnie, 'Hateful' Harmes and 'Gutsy' Gange.

The secret to the STOMPERS success comes from their skill, fitness and strength, and they have treated the large spectator crowds to some brilliant displays. The STOMPERS will remain *KINGS* of UNIHOC.



Grant Kennaway  
David Jenkins



## SENIOR GIRLS CRICKET — ALL HIGH FINALISTS and PREMIERS of EASTERN ZONE 1984

### PLAYER PROFILE

#### Amanda Williams (Captain):

Top of the Bill for capable leadership and unselfishness, our captain always led the team well, often standing aside to allow her team mates to bat or bowl. A vigorous batsman, handy bowler and gulley specialist, Amanda's steady batting and brilliant return in the Eastern Zone Final ensured the flag.

— Peter Garrett award for Universal Concern.

#### Timne Ballment:

Although missing two innings, Timne has the distinction of being the 2nd highest in the run aggregate and having the best average. An occasional and proficient bowler, Jumping Timiney Cricket was always reliable and most desperate in the field, especially when her Gran. was watching.

— The Barry Cable award for determination.

#### Robyn Fuhrer:

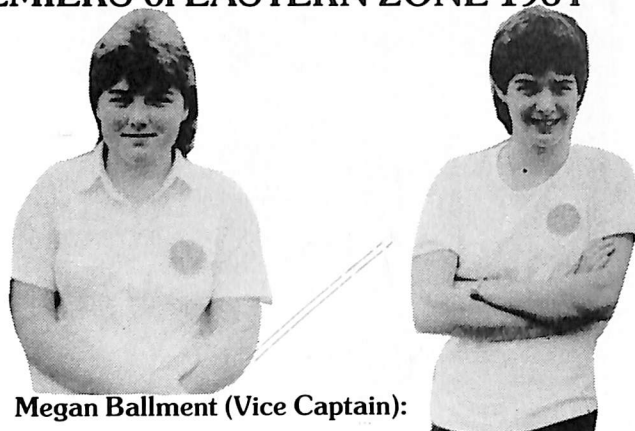
Combining style, elegance and power, Robyn possesses a wide range of shots, specializing in off and cover dives and the hook. She was 3rd in the run aggregate and always showed a magnificent arm from square leg (her throwing wasn't bad either).

— The B.P. award for the quiet achiever.

#### Kim Malkiewicz:

Having taken up javelin throwing to improve her spear-like deliveries, Kim had many opposition batsmen ducking for cover and lamenting their lost wickets. She can pull a ball to the mid wicket boundary as soon as look at it and this year spread her talents by assisting in coaching the Year 7 girls cricket.

— The Ray Slug Jordan award for Junior development.



#### Megan Ballment (Vice Captain):

A demon opening bowler and aggressive opening bat, Megan topped the ton this year, amassing the most runs for the team and coming second in the averages. One swashbuckling performance against Doncaster was awe-inspiring.

A most economical bowler, Megan as well often captured a bag of wickets — 5 in the All High Semi was no exception. These strengths, coupled with her excellent fielding (greatest number of catches and numerous run-outs) have earned her the...

— Leigh Matthews award for the most valuable player.

#### Sonja Ellis:

Sonja's garrulous nature, which often was advantageous early in an innings as a steadier, certainly paid dividends in the All High Semi which realised for her the team's top score. Sonja has a good eye (the other's not bad as well) and will be striving to improve her footwork during her forthcoming beach cricket tour of Surfer's Paradise.

— Bob Hawke award for Keeping Your Eye on the Ball whilst talking simultaneously.

#### Janine McBurnie:

Janine was our ever reliable keeper whose skill behind the stumps was always a boom for the team — in fact the difference in the Eastern Zone Final was Janine's allowing fewer byes. Janine also took a splendid catch in the Eastern Zone Semi to dismiss for a duck Mt. Waverley's state rep. and she showed vast improvement in her batting this year. A great competitor and good sport, her only weakness seems to be hayfever!

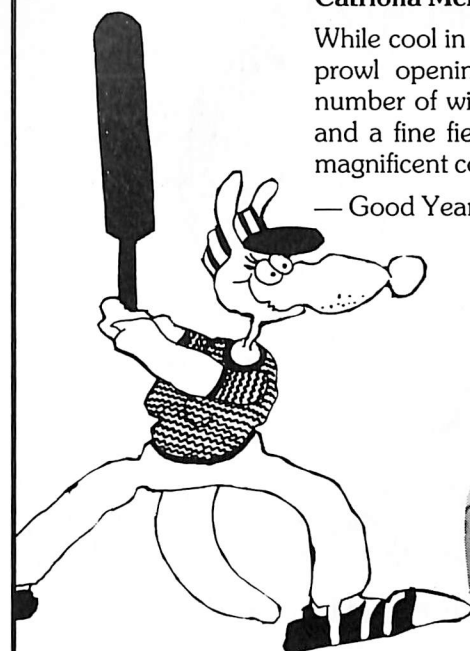
— The Mum award for indispensability.



#### Catriona McRoy

While cool in a crisis, Puss was a real fire cat when on the prowl opening the bowling. She captured the highest number of wickets, was a reliable batsman (No. 5 times) and a fine fielder at mid-off. Undoubtedly Catriona is a magnificent competitor and genuine all-rounder.

— Good Year award for the Steel Cat.



#### Louise Potter:

Definitely having a touch of Malcolm Marshall about her when pinging a ball at her opponents (whether she was bowling or fielding!). Louise batted at No. 3 most fiercely and was 4th top in the aggregate. She fielded superbly at mid wicket and always gave her aggressive best.

— ZZ Top award for Eliminator.



#### Chris Wintle:

Our steady opening bat, especially strong on the on side, Chris never failed to score runs, delighted in whittling down the effectiveness of opening bowlers and was invaluable support for Janine behind the wicket.

— Everready award for dependability.

#### Tracey Cunningham:

Having adapted well to her new batting grip, Tracey was a tower of strength at No. 4 or 5, second only in runs at All High to her friend Sonja. Tracey's most dedicated approach, excellent attitude at training and sound on field performances no doubt reflect the experience of big brother Brett's bowling to her in their backyard.

— Yves Saint Laurent award for coolest outfit at All High.



#### Jodi Doorey:

Having an interrupted season owing to an operation on her foot prevented Jodi from bowling the amount of overs which surely would have realised her potential. Although only facing one ball for the year (!), Jodi never shirked a hard ball in the field and learned a lot — especially the effect of the sun on white legs.

— Le Tan award for the best lobster.

#### Tina Richards:

1984 was a big year for Tina — Essendon won the premiership and she hit the winning run at Eastern Zone. For 5 of the 8 matches she unselfishly filled the 12th man position and deservedly receives the...

— Alan Jeans award for true team spirit.

Liz Jenkins (one catch), Prue Edwards, Andrea Lawrence and Imelda Coll also fielded for various games and contributed to the team's success. Reaching All High two years running is certainly a great achievement. To all who contributed (including Mrs. Howard, scorer at All High, Mrs McBurnie, transport at All High, Mrs Ballment and Mrs Williams, regular supporters and Anne MacKay, scorer in Term One, *Congratulations* on a job well done!

M. Wilson



	BOWLING					BATTING					Catches	No of Games including 12th Man
	No of Overs	No of Wickets	No of Runs from Overs	Average	No of Runs per Wicket	No of Runs	No of Innings	Run Average	No of Innings	Run Average		
M Ballment (VC)	52	16	88	5	2	8	108	2	18	7	8	
T Ballment	4	1	9	9	2	6	74	2	19	2	7	
T Cunningham						7	46	1	8	7		
J Doorey	2	1	12	12	6	1	0	0	0	5		
S Ellis						6	34	2	9	2	7	
R Fuhrer						8	53	2	9	8		
K Malkiewicz	35	12	69	6	2	3	8	1	4	1	8	
J McBurnie						4	18	2	9	2	8	
C McRoy	42	22	88	4	2	8	21	5	7	4	8	
L Potter	37	11	83	7	2	8	49	1	7	4	8	
T Richards						2	8	1	8	7		
A Williams (C)	3	3	2	1	1	3	16	1	8	8		
C Wintle						7	38	5	8	8		



## STC REPORT FOR 1984

During this year, something different has been happening at the H.S.C. level at Norwood. For the first time in Norwood's history, an alternative to the standard H.S.C. Group 1 course was offered for those students not wishing to do the standard course.

And so, at the beginning of the year, 18 Year 12 students formed the first ever S.T.C. course at Norwood. On the teaching side there were five teachers and a sixth teacher came along to fill in for Mrs Elgood when she went on Long Service Leave.

The students who started off the course were as follows:

Robert Buruma, Rob Westlake, Paul Browning, Duncan Moorhouse, Kay Rawson, Paula Batson, Maria Raso, Louise Thorp, Steven Todd, Chris Baxter, Kathy Martin (Rockhead), Karen Stevens, Brad Court, Cameron Davey, Mark Stevenson, Antony La-Spina, Darren Foxwell, Denise Groenland.

On the teaching side of the course were:

Mrs Marshall (Big M), Miss Henderson, Mrs Elgood, Mrs Protassow (Worn our Steelo Soap-Pad), Mr Laird (Fertilizer Mouth), Mr Reid.

The course was designed by the students and teachers and was tailored to suit each student's interest and strengths. The course helped improve everyone's weaknesses by the teachers outlining on work handed back what went wrong and how to improve on it.

Each student at the end of each term had to write a piece of work outlining what he or she had achieved and whether or not they had stuck to the plan that was set at the beginning of the term. The teacher would then write their report on the student using the self-assessment and their own reports on the student. The students would then read their reports and sign on the bottom of the report that they agreed with everything and then hand them back to the teacher.

The subjects that were offered in the course were:

HISTORY  
SOCIAL STUDIES  
ENGLISH (compulsory)  
SCIENCE  
ART  
HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

Each student had to choose 5 of these subjects one of which had to be English and each individual subject was then negotiated by the students doing the subject and the teacher to find out what they wanted to do in the subject.

The course was far from "slack" and there was a fair amount of work done in each subject.



## STC QUOTABLE QUOTES

"Stick this pen down your trousers, Rob" Mrs Marshall  
 "You don't mow your lawn everyday" Cameron  
 "It takes about 3 hours to mow a room!" Darren  
 (He's Early!)  
 "It depends on whether your banana is ripe or not" Mrs Elgood  
 "I couldn't see what they were doing in the motel room" Cameron  
 "Paul, stop rustling your jolly" Mrs Protassow  
 "Stop fiddling with your end cause you're stuffing up mine" Steven  
 "Mark, how are you puddling along?" Mr. Reid  
 "\*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*!!!" Cameron  
 "Are you sure it won't affect his performance" Mrs Marshall  
 "Can you hold my (Clue: Short for Richard) Mr Laird" Cameron  
 "You've already seen by coconuts" Maria  
 "What bug bit Budd's Bum" Paula  
 "You've gotta flick when you pick, you can't pull when you pick." Maria  
 "It took God six days to create the earth and on the seventh he had a hang-over" Cameron  
 "Is yours soggy?" Kay  
 "I need help!!" Kay  
 "Response to above "Your beyond Help!!" Rob W.

## SIGHTS OF THE YEAR!!

Who was seen molesting a nude Barbie doll in the library carrels. It was given to him by one of the librarians.

Who was seen climbing out of a window at Luke after locking himself in the toilets.

## BEST SPONTANEOUS REMARKS

A fly came buzzing into class and Darren turned to Duncan and said "Didn't you wipe your \*\*\* this morning?"

## THE SCHOOL BODY

A school is a living breathing being, pulsating with life. Each part of the school is like a part of a human body, all essential and necessary to provide a living, healthy person or, in this case, a school.

First, of course, there is the brain of the body, in the school this is represented by the library. Here we have all those fountains of knowledge, the books. The books are like a memory and the thirst for knowledge. Every topic is in these books and through their pages many a student has read, memorized, copied, photocopied, traced, scribbled over with such rude little things, laughed at, dozed over . . . (Yawn) . . . and, oh yes, some people use the pages as tissues. Also in our brain are our helpful, generous thoughts and feelings represented of course by our esteemed librarians. Through their kind helpfulness many a student has been saved from endless searching and any problem that may occur in the library. Let's hear it for the librarians! The hardworking thoughts and constant sweating is seen in our earnest H.S.C. and any other Year 12 student. How often the strings of our guilty conscience are plucked by the sight of these wretched members slogging away over the books (supposedly). The urge to work is immediately fortified thanks to these illustrious beings. And then there are the headaches and nasty thoughts which in our body is naturally presented in the noisy little boys and girls of the Junior (and sometimes not so Junior) forms. These thoughtless little people creep in, and with no regard for our hardworking intentions create annoying disturbances. Of course the nasty feeling invoked by them in other students, are not sated except by the advent of the Disprin (the teacher on duty) which sends these monsters out in disgrace.

After the brain comes the heart which in this body is the offices of Messers, Cousins and Toscano. Mrs. Fuhrer and Mrs. Beecroft and the office ladies in particular. Here, the body of the school is provided with all the messages and is pumped with all sorts of things. The pumping machine pumps out newsletters, notices and fascinating etc.'s all so necessary to the school. The oxygen vital to every body is generated by the worthy Heads, whose decisions have such momentous importance to the healthy functioning of our school. The decent well-balanced sending out of our lovely Senior Mistress and her deputy. These people ensure that good, pure blood is maintained by the dismissal of such evil foreign bodies, incorporated in jewellery, short skirts and horror of horrors GREY SOCKS!!! A short note to our heart is in the form of a question — 'Did Cathy Williams ever come to the office?'

The internal organs, so very important are in the persons of the staff. These famous people with names that are legends are some of the most important parts of our body. They aid digestion with a kindly word and purge from our body such evils as swearing; thinking the world is flat, and Hitler was a sweetie; phrases such as I ain't, I were there and he dunnit; flats in C major; and thinking that pi is something that one eats. They efficiently work our system and help

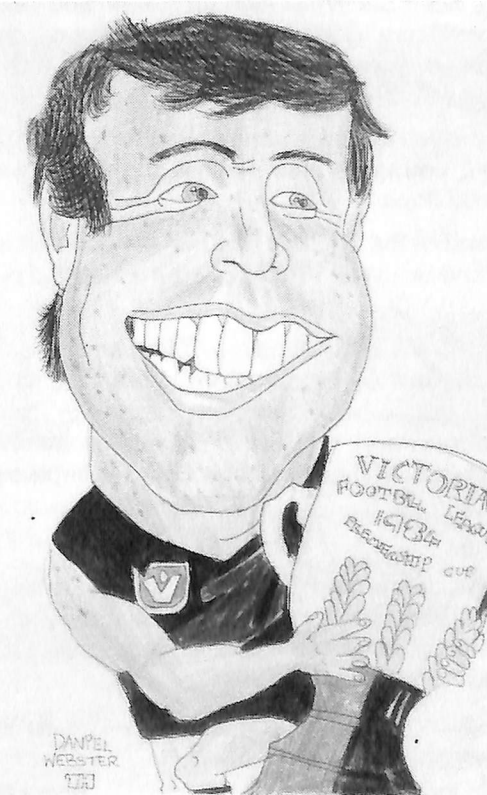
maintain the healthy body. Thank you internal organs.

Next comes the blood. Yes, you guessed it, this is our darling students. Such fresh eager adolescents, simply begging to have oxygen (knowledge) added to them. So innocent and pure, what excellent products of their kind. The body pulsates with vigor and life due to the darlings of this school. Through every arm, leg, hand and foot (the buildings), pumps the beautiful blood of our body. In our body, of course, we are lucky in being able to live with all blood types. All kinds are found in our school which makes it a very rare sort of body.

The canteen is the one organ not by the staff. Here many hunger pains are sated and many mouths filled. The food of this body is stored here under the watchful eyes of our wonderful digestive juices (the beateous canteen ladies), so much appreciated. What a necessary part of our body!

At last we come to the skin, being our gardens. Such a complexion, so soft and tender! And yet like a teenager it is sadly marred by acne (the litter). What we could do for our skin by the simple method of cleaning it well. We could avoid the use of Topex (yard duty monitors) with sensible care! Alas our skin is sadly neglected, like a teenager who eats too many sweets. What a pity, it could be such a lovely skin! The only part of our body that doesn't come up to standard.

Here we are at the end of our exciting tour of our body. Do not cry sweet, all good things must come to an end, but I hope I leave with you such knowledge as I wish. Your mind now filled with such worldly facts as have been given here, can now look at the world and say I too know THE SCHOOL BODY!





## SCHRODER WHITE & THE S105 DWARVES GO LANDSCAPING

"Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we..."  
 "Watch where you put that spade Sandra. I do want to keep my head intact!"  
 "go. With a..."  
 "Stop!"  
 "Stop... stop... stop"  
 "Aw come on, I wanna go home, I'm tired," whined Gavan. He curled up and went to sleep.  
 "No," said Schroder White. "We must landscape this patch of barren land."  
 "Gee Wiz," giggled Pru, "what fun!"

On this day, the 1st April the ground was rotary hoed, Schroder White did this because she had the know how, but, little did the innocent dwarves know that Schroder White was going to turn them into slaves, making them break their backs and turning their lovely smooth hands into a playground for blisters and sores.

Once the area was rotary hoed Schroder White got in the soil and on the 4th April put the dwarves to work. At first the boy dwarves were put to work, straining their muscles under the hot rays of the Sun. A lot of them fell down through pure exhaustion, but Schroder White had no pity. After the last dwarf fell the dwarfettes took over, led by Sandra. The 4th April turned into the 5th and still they worked. By now some of the dwarves had recovered and they were working with the dwarfettes, raking and digging. The wheelbarrowing was left to Sandra, for she was an expert.

After many days of hard work, the area was ready for planting. Schroder White held up Hansel and Gretel, who lived near by and got the plants. When she returned each of the slaves, sorry dwarves, were assigned with a plant, and told to plant them.

"No Dean, you leave the plant's leaves above the ground."  
 "Andrew, you've put the plant in the wrong way, roots down, silly dope."

By the end of the 9th they had half the plants stuck in the ground and Schroder White gave the exhausted dwarves a rest.

On the 11th Schroder White put them back to work, they planted the rest of the plants and spread the woodchips. Sandra, the wheel barrowist expertly drove the wheelbarrow and the other dwarves berserk. She delivered most of the woodchips to the right places.

"That's my foot you've covered!"  
 "Oh sorry."

Pru, Inga, Chris and Lisa drowned the plants whilst Schroder White got the dwarves to clear the area, rake it, and define the edge of the plot. They all collected up their tools and...

"Hey Gavan, wake up sleepy head we've finished and we're going home."

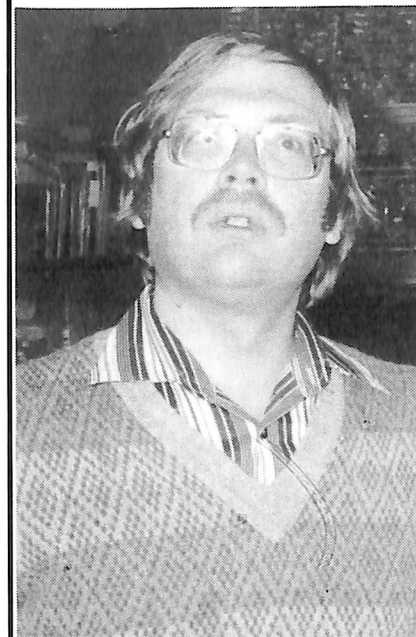
Beth McGechie



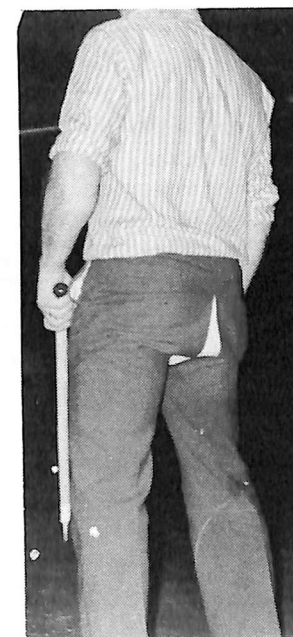
Stuart McDonald — I'm going to report you to the R.S.P.C.A.  
 Mr Burnie — I don't care.



Don't smoke with your ears!



Am I in the right room, Mr Carter?



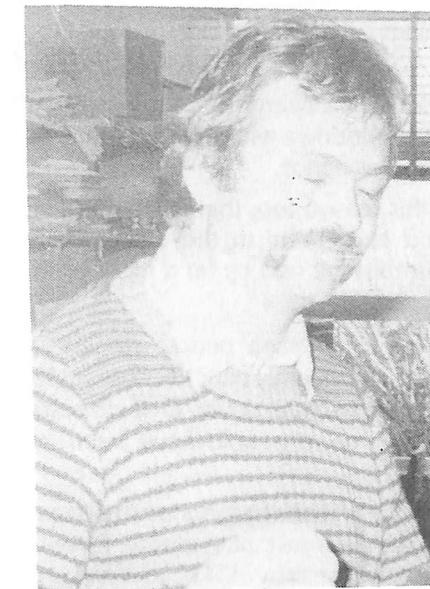
Mr Gange's  
 new air conditioner.



Don't sing too high, or you'll break the glass.



Mrs Brand — Oh hell, I haven't done my hair!  
 Mrs Daveys — Total surprise and shock.



Mr Booth — Sleeping on the job — pretty cool baby.



I want to break free,  
 I want to break free,  
 I want to break free from your life,  
 You're so self satisfied, I don't need you,  
 I want to break free,  
 God knows, God knows, I want to break free.

Photos by: Tim Uden  
 Rob Hammink  
 Michael King



## ATTACK OF THE KILLER WASHING POWDER

It was a very normal, boring day at Norwood High School. Everyone had struggled to keep awake throughout the morning and the market for amphetamines was running hot.

However, today was a very special day, for when students had looked at the daily notices, there, right at the top was a passage which spelt a great moment in the life of all human beings on Earth! It read:

*"HOUSE ASSEMBLIES — After Period 6 today."*

Many students had been rushed to hospital after they had smashed the windows with their bare hands (and heads) just to touch this notice.

It was for this reason too, that there was such a feeling of tension and excitement in the air. Students longed for house assemblies; it was by far a highlight of school, and perhaps even of life.

By halfway through sixth period, students and teachers were standing impatiently near the doors at the rooms they were in, ready to race down to their respective house rooms. Sadly, many people have been killed in these stampedes.

However, before describing what happens once house assemblies start, I must pay tribute to senior staff and administrators of the school. They have the terrible job of turning away people from all over the world who come just to get a glimpse of the excitement at Norwood on a house assembly day. This, although an apparently cruel and sadistic job, must be done by somebody. I must say that the army occasionally do this job, which is very nice of them.

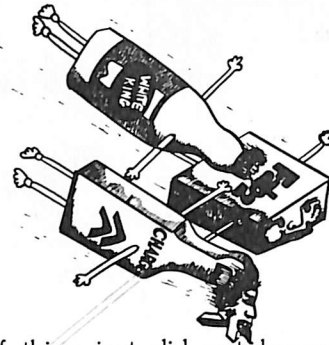
Right, back to business. Students, by now had already assembled in their house rooms and the teachers, who were jumping up and down hysterically, started to announce the teams for the athletics day. With this the students went wild, and the noise created was said to have been heard in such far away places as England and Africa.

After house assemblies many students were seriously considering committing suicide, for many did not feel they could stand the long wait of up to several days to another house assembly.

But this day must not be remembered solely for the house assemblies that took place and what effects they had; in fact, far from it.

The day must be remembered for what happened only about five minutes after house assemblies when students were suffering the let-down of having to attend another class. Suddenly there was a whirling noise high above the school. It sounded very similar to the beginnings of a tornado, although it had a much higher pitch.

Everyone looked up, including me. Wow! Far out man! There were hundreds of packets of washing powders and various washing aids such as bleach and softener.



This sort of thing just did not happen, I thought. I headbutted the wall to try to wake myself up from the dream, but when I looked up again, the same sight confronted me. What could I do??? I dived under a portable and tried to calm myself down and work out a way to ward off this attack.

Another boy who was a big hero among the school (because he was Marilyn's brother) decided we should try to gun the washing powder with the fire hydrants.

"NO!!!" I shouted, but no one listened and everyone pulled out the hoses and started squirting them around into the air. Well, you can predict what happened. Suds fell everywhere and started swarming towards anyone they could find. Many people drowned in this, but I managed to survive under my trusty old portable.

Then it came to me, the way to stop this attack. My idea was brilliant (in my opinion!) but would be terribly hard to carry out. The plan was to get hundreds of washing machines and place them all around the school. The washing powder would then, on instinct, head for these and once inside, could be trapped inside them. The hardest part would be getting all the washing machines.

I crawled out of the portable and, dodging packets dive-bombing me, and swarms of suds I ran to the school office where there was a phone and, sitting right next to it, a phone book.

Ring up all the washing machine sellers around the state, I was amazed to find how many of them were prepared to help me in my terrible predicament.

My plan worked as predicted and all the washing powder was incinerated after being trapped in the washing machines. But I looked around the school and the carnage surrounding me was a terrible reminder of what had happened. Many bodies with bleached hair and clean clothes were strewn around the place. (Shock! Horror! Clean Clothes!!!)

Later on that night, I thought of a possible motive for the attack. I have a suspicion that these washing powders had heard about the fun of house assemblies at Norwood High School and had tried to put a stop to it, as they felt human beings did not have the right to this much fun.

But never fear, house assemblies will live on . . .

Tim Fletcher, 9A

## THE FED UP FAMILY ALBUM

*Why do photographers, good at their jobs,  
Like to take family snaps  
Of people at tea shoving food in their gobs  
Or dropping it into their laps?*

*Our family album is quite a disgrace.  
It's bulging with pictures like these —  
A portrait of grandmother stuffing her face  
And dad with his mouth full of peas.*

*A shot of my mother with egg on her chin  
And sister attacking a steak  
And dear Auntie Sue who has just shovelled in  
An abundance of jelly and cake.*

*And there's baby Sam throwing food from his pram  
And Bernie with sauce on his tie  
While Bradley, my brother, is flicking some jam  
In poor cousin Andrea's eye.*

*But worst of them all is a picture of me  
A nasty photographer took,  
And if this affront you desire to see  
Then turn to the back of this book.*

DANIEL WEBSTER





## HOW TO FOOL A TEACHER! The Case of the Disappearing Option

Students use many excuses for not handing in homework on time — including:

left it at home,  
forgot to take the book home,  
the dog chewed it up,  
Mum thought it was rubbish and put it in the garbage,  
had to go out,  
had too much other work,  
baby brother/sister ripped it up  
and of course the most popular — I tried to do it but couldn't understand it.

Well, wait to you read this one and as Ripley says "Believe it or Not".

H.S.C. Economics Option was due on a Wednesday afternoon and this particular student who I shall call Pixie, was on his way to school.

As he walked in the spring sunshine along the path near Mullum Creek with bag in one hand and folder in the other Pixie started "mucking around" by balancing on the rocks overlooking the creek.

Next thing — he overbalances falling into the creek. Fortunately his bag landed safely on one side of the creek, his folder on the other bank.

He decides to return home for some dry clothes but no-one is home so he takes his jeans off and belts them against bricks in an effort to dry them (good thinking Pixie).

Pixie checks his folder to see if everything is O.K. — to his dismay the option is not there. There were some notes but not the Economics Option.

What must have happened is that as he fell into the creek and the folder flew through the air to the other bank the option had fallen out into the water.

Pixie decides to tackle the raging Mullum Creek again in an effort to find his option. But as he paddles his way (shades of Humphrey Bogart in African Queen) through icy water a swarm of bees attack and he is stung painfully three times.

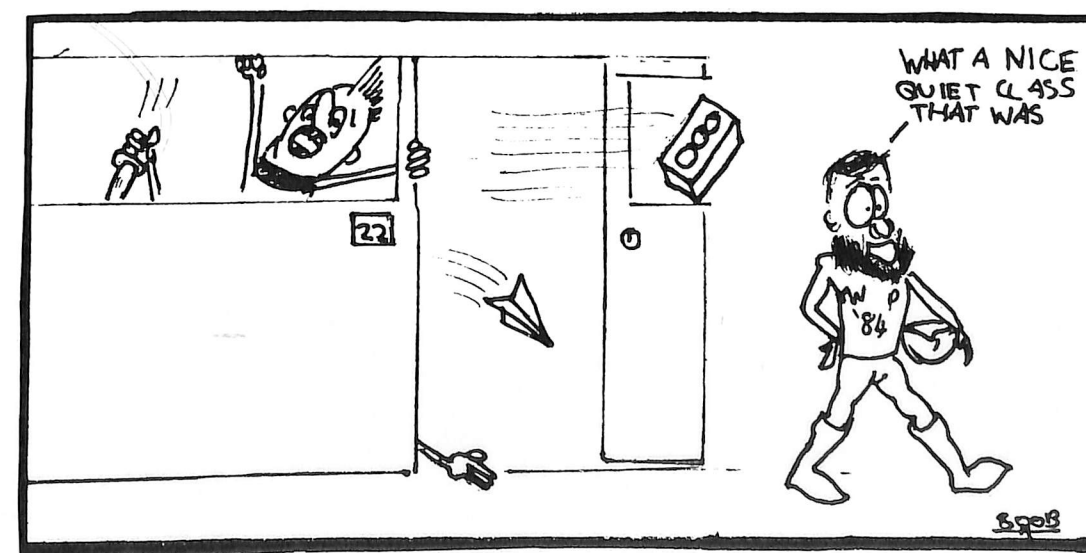
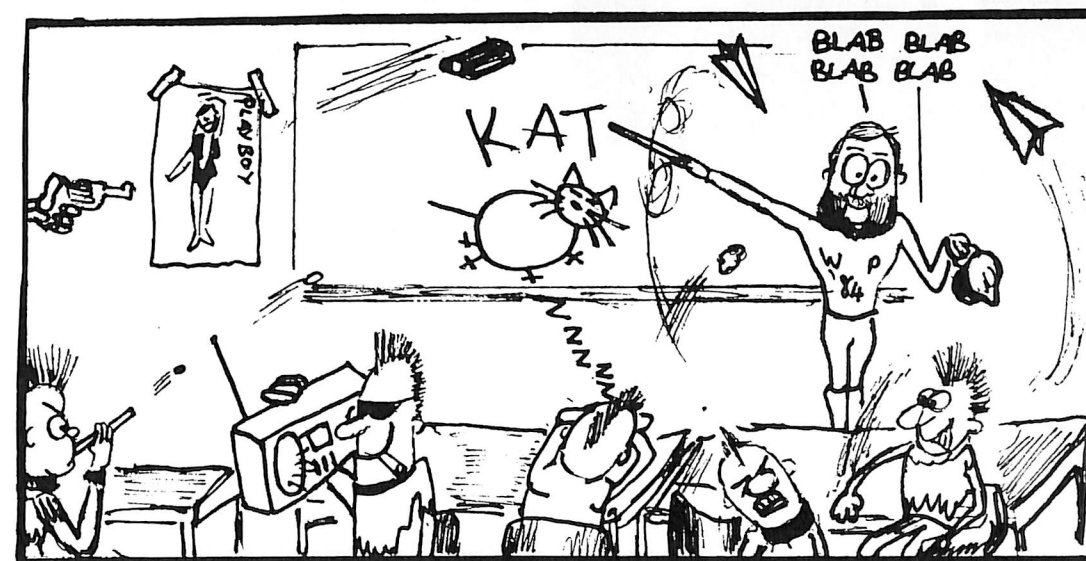
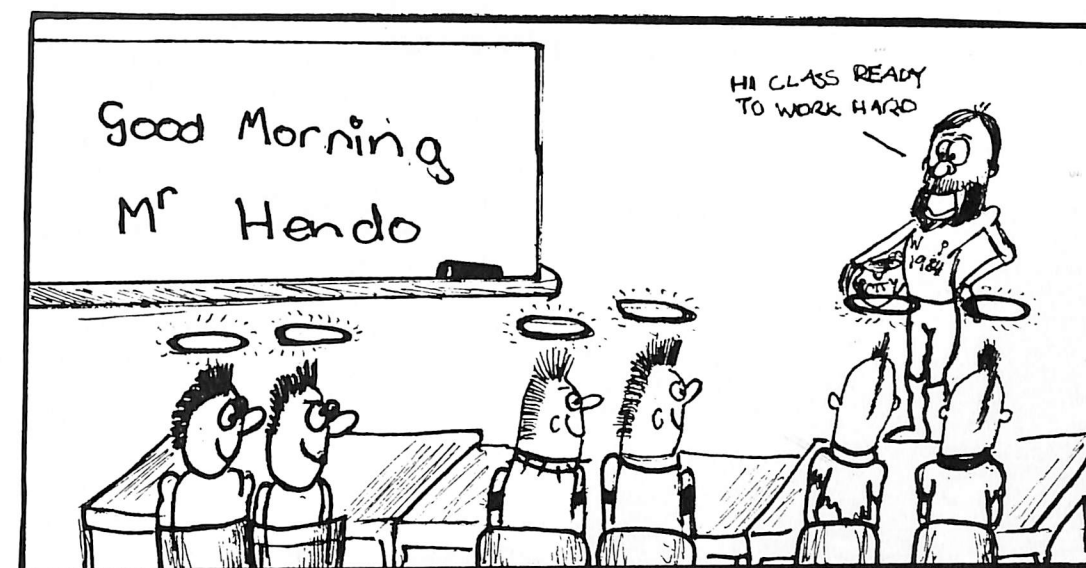
He rushes to school to explain his misfortune to the teacher. Kindly the teacher allows Pixie to return to the creek (hoping the bees had gone) for one final look.

Poor Pixie, he returns to class, feet wet, shoes in one hand socks in the other but no option.

### ★ Believe it or Not !

The teacher ponders whether the Sweeney/Remington Steele, Ellery Queen or even Minder should be called in but finally decides that anyone with such misfortune should be believed. (Well Jennifer Carson would) and gave him that evening to complete the option again.

from a generous teacher who has been fooled again.





## NORWOOD'S FAME



Over the years, Norwood has produced many people who have gone on to greater things, and many of these "achievers" can be seen hanging (their pictures that is!) in our 'Hall of Fame' — outside the D.P.'s office.

There are two important omissions from those photos, two people who went to Norwood and later became almost household names to Australia's teenagers. Two people from one of Australia's most famous, original and memorable rock bands. A band that with their first album quadrupled the previous highest record sales for a locally produced rock album in Australia.

The people are drummer Fred Strauks, and songwriter and bass guitarist, Greg Maccinsh. The band is Skyhooks.

It was while at Norwood that Fred and Greg made friends and started their first bands. They played at the annual fete that Norwood used to have, and in their last year at the form 6 dinner.

Fred and Greg always had very different personalities from one another. On the one hand, Fred was the polite, diligent Maths/Science student, and was dux of his year in both form one and form 2. Greg, however, was an out and out rebel, and had hair down to his shoulders. Considering this was the sixties, in a school where hair down to your collar was forbidden, this was outrageous, and Greg had various stern letters home about it. He was one of the tough Warrandyte boys, and so perhaps not surprisingly, his favourite band was (and still is) the Rolling Stones.

Although Greg and Fred had started their first band at school in form four, most of their teachers didn't know about their rock band. Mr Gange said that he had known both Fred and Greg, but not heard about their band. So he was quite surprised to see them at their Matriculation (H.S.C.) dinner, playing, and eight years later Greg and Fred were both in a band together, but this time it was Skyhooks, along with the fame (or notoriety?) and money that came along with it.

After Skyhooks broke up, Fred played in other well known bands. He immediately joined The Sports, after an offer from the band's lead singer, Stephen Cummings. However, The Sports soon broke up, and so Fred was again left without a band. Incidentally, Stephen Cummings, as many would know, is now doing very well for himself with his first solo album, "senso" and the single from it, "Gymnasium".

Fred played in Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons briefly, then opted for a more relaxed, traditional band; none other than the Bushwackers. He was attracted to the band because of their image of being a "good time fun band". Fred has enjoyed his time with the Bushwackers, who now, also, have announced their breakup, and played their farewell concerts. However, they are still obliged (by their record contract) to put out several more records.

As many who went will remember, Skyhooks put on excellent "farewell" concerts in February of last year, and although that was supposedly the end of it all for the band, this may not be so. You can take it from Freddy Strauks himself that there is a strong possibility of a new Skyhooks album by the end of the year, and there are also rumours of more live shows.

Whenever you next hear a Skyhooks song, remember, "It all started at Norwood . . ."

Tom Hall (12A) interviewed Fred Strauks on the seventh of May, 1984, at his Belgrave home.



## VITAL SCHOOL MAG. MATERIAL

Well, folks, another year is glowing to a close. Another year for you and me, another year for Norwood, another year for Australia, another year for the world, and another year for Silent Shout.

Silent Shout? What's Silent Shout? Well, if you're one of the unfortunate persons around Norwood who hasn't heard Silent Shout, or even heard of Silent Shout, then you've missed out on something. No, really, you have.

Silent Shout is a "fabulous, absolutely fantastic" rock/pop/synth. band, and most of it's "intelligent, handsome and sexy, 100% ace" members have been hanging around Norwood for nearly six years, you might know some or even all of them. They are:

Paul Schroder — vocals, rhythm guitar

Tom Hall — lead guitar, vocals

Mark Renouf — bass, vocals

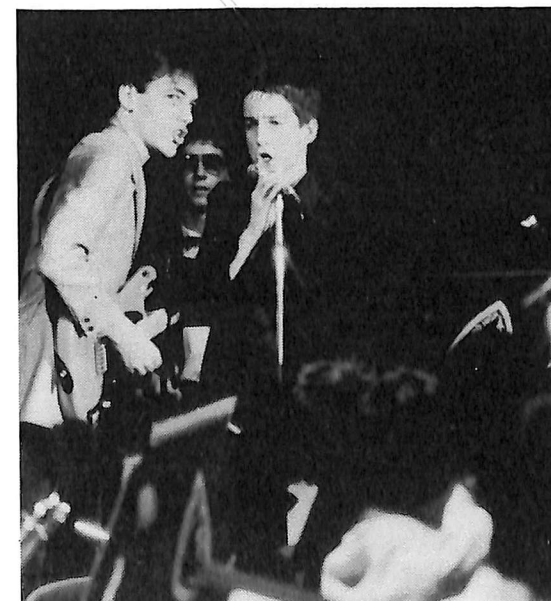
Peter Wright — drums

David Porter — synthesiser

Michael Jackson — occasional guest appearances with the band.

Boy George — never been involved with the band in any way.

Silent Shout won't be seen around Norwood anymore, because, being in form six, none of its members hope to have to return next year! However, that doesn't mean you've seen the last of the band. Silent Shout has had a busy year (did you go to their disco on the 28th of April?), and will undoubtedly go on to bigger and better things. They already play many of their own songs (mostly by Mark), and you just never know. One day, when you lazily switch on the T.V. at 6 p.m. Sunday for Countdown, or when you wonder into your local record shop . . . don't be surprised if you see or hear from Silent Shout. Remember, life is for living, so keep (or start?) smiling and don't forget that Jesus (if you're into religion) and Silent Shout loves you!



## A SPORT'S DAY REFLECTION

On Eton's hallowed fields it's 'Play up and play the game',

On Norwood's hollowed fields it's 'Play up and feel the shame'

The winner's syndrome is alive and well, but what of the also rans? The Athletics Day (one without much visible means of support — perhaps it needs a truss more than trust) held in Term 1 saw the extra ordinary spectacle of competitors being ordered out of a race for being too slow. Such attitudes have all kinds of implications. What, for instance, would happen to the fable of 'The Hare and the Tortoise' if the tortoise had been eliminated for lack of speed? The race is not always to the swift. A tortoise-type bard has been inspired by these events to pen the following lines:

In days of old 'fore sport had gained such prominence,  
On telly and in papers, passed all sense,  
Then Norwood's youth on sportsfield tried their strength,  
And rallied to the call to "Run a Length!"

In friendly competition they all grew,  
And teachers gave encouragement and knew  
That this was why they chose to be with kids:  
To keep them off the streets and off the skids.

We had our stars, and loved them as we cheered,  
And they in turn their skills they volunteered,  
So all joined in the fun, as you'd expect,  
And on the school new honour did reflect.

But now alas, such talents seem all gone,  
And those who can prefer to stay at home,  
Most coaches say, "You slow ones — out, out, out!"  
I ask you, Now what's participation all about?

Carolyn Unsworth (With a little help from her friends).



# Teachers Photo



TEACHERS PHOTOGRAPH (left to right)

Back Row D. Gaulke, E. Horgan, D. Holston, R. Needham, F. Colarossi, L. Wilson, C. Coleman, L. Burnie, I. Reid, K. Holloway, M. Wilson, P. Dudley, J. Booth, P. Budd  
 4th Row B. Pergl, D. Stavrinides, G. Bower, J. Shroder, H. Walter, C. Donis, D. Allen, D. Liddy, P. Webb, S. Jurey, M. Pendergast, F. Barrow, M. Hasset, L. Woo, R. Merry  
 3rd Row A. Carter, M. Farnsworth, G. Field, J. Davey, Y. Hugan, C. Snowdon, C. Philactides, K. Weston, J. Holston, H. Henderson, L. Mills, W. McBurnie, J. Schoonderbeek, I. Shears, L. Protassow  
 2nd Row A. Fazakas, S. Atherton, L. Gasking, J. Smith, J. Laird, D. Hansen, D. Holmes, A. Comben, J. Rutherford, D. Jolly, D. McKechnie, R. Van, J. Howard, T. Walsh, W. Halliday  
 Front Row A. Stephenson, J. Marshall, B. Gange, M. Elgood, T. Hirst, I. Fuhrer, L. Toscano, S. Cousins, K. Griffin, J. Henderson, T. Harms, G. Bennett, L. Affif, A. Heard, E. Mills  
 Absent H. Jack, T. Holley, F. Atwell, D. Brand, M. Hamer, Hassan, D. Heywood, D. Dower, J. Kloeden, D. Taylor, R. Williams, B. Beecroft

## TEACHERS TELL — WHY I LEFT NORWOOD

1984 saw the retirement of two members of staff — Mrs Audrey Stephenson and Mr Keith Griffen. Both had been long serving members at Norwood and their departures have been felt in many spheres of school life. We wish them well in their retirement.

Another reason for staff departures has been the 'Baby Brigade'. Recent additions to the families of staff members are:

Kate Nerida to Mrs Greenfield  
 Samuel Thomas to Mrs Pendergast  
 Daniel Liam to Mrs Martin  
 Marcus Kagan to Mrs Jurey  
 James Stuart to Mrs Kondarovskis  
 Natalie to Mrs Van  
 Brigitte to Mrs McCarthy  
 Patrick to Mrs and Mr Horgan



— 12 S —

Back Darren Foxwell, Bradley Court, Paul Browning, Christopher Baxter, Duncan Moorhouse, Mark Stevenson  
 Middle Karen Stevens, Robert Buruma, Steven Todd, Robert Westlake, Cameron Davey, Anthony La Spina, Kath Martin  
 Front Louise Thorp, Kay Rawson, Denise Groenland, Paula Batson, Aya Kinoshita, Maria Raso

# YEAR 12 PHOTOS



— 12 A —

Back Frank Bertei, Tom Hall, Gregor Gamble, Chris Lennerd, David Porter, Stephen Wright, Rob Hyndman, Douglas Clay  
 Middle Kathy Wooding, Jason Boyce, Paul Schroder, Alan Jones, Iwan Winoto, Jareck Gazecki, Ashley Lawrence, John O'Brien, Gavin Walker, Alex Nye  
 Front Susie Vergers, Danielle Grieve, Leanne Hamilton, Zana Clarke, Shirley Masters, Lynda Hamilton, Lorraine Clarke, Lucy Malyszko

— 12 B —

Back James Hyde, Mark Renouf, Robin White, Peter Wright, Rick Fox, Peter Colebrook  
 Middle Carolyn Unsworth, Lynne Shandley, Max Hadzidemetriou, Duncan Caldwell, Walter Albert, Dean Bailey, Liz Trigg, Pauline Dollard  
 Front Andrea Dwyer, Carla Mattiossi, Natalie Rose, Karen Thompson, Susana Pravlik, Ramona Gunn, Jenny Nye, Jarmille Rogers



— 12 D —

Back Victor Nosiara, Richard Gange, Peter Young, Brett Shields, Phillip Allen, Paul May  
 Middle Julie Nethercote, Celia Massey, Alex Kyle, Pierre Drijfhout, Daniel James, Nick Watkins, Carol Wilson, Lisa Rusticelli  
 Front Karen Weybury, Elizabeth Ryan, Francie Dioguardi, Karen Cooper, Jane Stanbury, Linda King, Tarnie Holland, Kelly Wallace, Leanne Henderson

— 12 E —

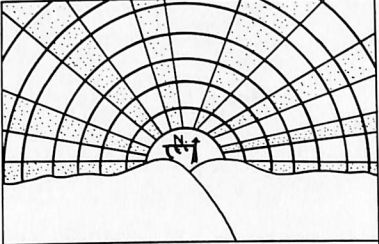

Back Andrew Griffiths, Paul Wendt, Matthew Perry, Anthony Woolcock  
 Middle Len Bettess, Stephen Morehouse, Bill Lawrey, Ian Pang, Steven Weekes, George Polites  
 Front Carolyn Stuart, Ingrid Geerling, Debbie Carter, Julia Blandford, Sharyn Bryan, Cathy MacFarlane (left), Laura Chimenton







# Autographs

	
AS THE SUN SETS OVER 1984	
THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE WISHES	
YOU A SAFE AND HAPPY	
	CHRISTMAS 