

# Weemala



DECEMBER, 1962





## a message from the headmaster

It has been my privilege to continue the work of guiding, for just this one year, the development of Norwood High School, founded less than five years ago under the same difficult but character-forming conditions that beset most of our new schools.

I hope that we all, as a team of teachers and pupils, can assure ourselves as 1962 draws to a close that we have striven to maintain and develop worthily the traditions of sound discipline and good scholastic attitudes which have been the aims in the past.

Surely, too, the school has made progress in other spheres. Courses have been extended to Leaving Certificate and, next year, full maturity will be attained with the introduction of classes of Matriculation standard. A stimulating part has been taken in outside activities with noteworthy achievements in the field of Saturday sport, while a successful Sportsmen's Night, an Art Show, our part in the Book Fair and the many night classes are evidence of the vitality that characterises Norwood.

In this column, I would like to take the opportunity to express appreciation of the wonderfully effective and practical interest of a fine body of parents and friends and of the Advisory Council for their support in dealing with the problems of a difficult year. The development of a sports ground of outstanding quality, the increase in equipment, the

improvement in library facilities and the continued successful operation of the canteen through the support of a score of the mothers in the form of voluntary labour, are all proof of parent interest in the school.

What makes a school fully successful as a centre of education? I would suggest to you, as a final message, that the prime factor is that co-operation between the school and the home, between parents and teachers, which brings about maximum effort on the part of the pupil, which ensures that he is fully extended in his studies and that he develops the purpose and skills which will enable him not only to pass examinations, but to develop a broad, educated and critically constructive attitude towards the problems of adult life.

In this way only can the boys and girls of to-day be fully equipped to face a technical world which is placing much higher demands upon the skill and resources of our youth than were demanded in the past.

In conclusion, I thank the Staff of the school for their genuine interest in the welfare of the pupils and for their loyal co-operation and support during 1962.

May all that you do in the future be commensurate with your own ideals and add lustre to the name of Norwood High School.

*J. H. Stuckbery*

Headmaster.



## 1962 STAFF . . .



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL STAFF 1962

From left to right, 1st row: Mrs. B. Steele, Mrs. R. Samatauskas, Mrs. N. McClean, Mr. L. Ingwersen, Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, Mrs. D. Lurajud, Mrs. M. Mackrell, Mr. M. Reeman, Miss B. Methven.

2nd row: Mrs. E. Bach, Miss H. Robieson, Mrs. K. Grainger, Miss R. Black, Mrs. J. Block, Mrs. D. Crofts, Mrs. J. Peel, Mrs. E. Jeavons, Mrs. A. Gill.

3rd row: Mr. J. Haddad, Mr. D. Jamieson, Mr. R. Avison, Mr. J. Bartels, Mr. K. Olsen, Mr. K. Bennett.

## PARENTS AND CITIZENS ASSOCIATION

As 1962 draws to a close we can look back on a year of considerable achievement. Highlights were the Fete and the Book Fair.

This year, on the suggestion of the Headmaster, the Fete was held in July and we were fortunate to pick a fine day. Parents, pupils and teachers combined in a magnificent effort which raised a record total of £709.

The Book Fair, held in October, proved an enormous success socially, culturally and financially. The sum of £700 was raised, which was most heartening to all concerned with this splendid achievement. It is hoped that a combined Book Fair and Art Show will become an annual event.

Funds raised this year have been used by the Advisory Council towards stocking the library and in the purchase of a film projector and other essential equipment not provided by

the Education Department, and also towards reducing our commitments on the school oval.

This year, at the bi-monthly meetings of the Parents' and Citizens' Association, a panel of interesting speakers addressed parents on a wide range of cultural and educational topics and some stimulating discussions followed these talks.

The Parents' and Citizens' Committee appreciates the loyal support of a small group of parents and hopes that many more will come forward next year to assist with functions and attend meetings.

On behalf of the Committee I wish you all a Happy Christmas and a happy New Year working together for Norwood High School.

PETER HICKINBOTHAM,  
President.

## EDITORIAL

Producing "Weemala" for 1962 has been a challenge for two reasons. With our own section of the Credit Squeeze squeezing most effectively, we have had to reduce our magazine expenditure by one-third. This was rather a depressing start for, as the school grows, one likes to have an annual magazine that keeps pace with that growth. However, we feel that carefulness rather than evident parsimony has enabled that restriction to be survived without destroying the character of "Weemala."

Our second problem was that 1962 was only half as long as a normal year. We returned to school in February full of plans to have progressive production of the raw materials for the magazine to avoid the end of the year rush. But, with the demands on our time caused by excursions, examinations, swimming and sports meeting and the thousand-and-one chores, it seems only yesterday since we said: "We'll get under way this week."

Those members of the club who have been so enthusiastic and regular in their attendance at meetings this year, especially while "Nornews" was being produced, are to be congratulated. I hope they will continue this interest if they return to Norwood next year.

On behalf of those producing the magazine, I would like to express our appreciation of the interest and co-operation shown by Mr. Stuchbery in the compilation of "Weemala." Coming to a school as Headmaster must be an exacting time, but, to come to a new school and know that the stay will be only for a year, must be rather frustrating and even more difficult with regards to school tradition, policies and long-range planning. Nevertheless, Mr. Stuchbery has maintained a keen interest in all that has been planned for the magazine and he was as disappointed as we were to find that the money available for the 1962 "Weemala" necessitated restrictions especially on photographs.

In concluding this brief editorial, I would like to mention specifically the excellent work done by Mrs. Mackrell, who has done the really hard job of collecting the various reports, articles and art work. Only those who have helped produce a magazine will know just how much time that involves.

Finally, "Weemala" wishes all its readers a very happy Christmas and success in all their undertakings during 1963.

J. T. Bartels.

## LADIES' AUXILIARY

Our enthusiastic ladies have truly earned the "Busy Bee" award this year. The school has been a hive of activity, especially on Smorgasborg Luncheon days. On these days we have discovered that the Staff are just as good at eating as the pupils. Actually, the Ladies' Auxiliary seems to have spent a considerable amount of time preparing food for different functions this year.

We are also very good at sewing. We have it from an Official Historian that there were 1,253 aprons made for the Norwood Fete this year—anyway, it certainly seemed at least that number—besides many other articles which proved their attractiveness by immediate sale. Fetes represent work, but we had a tremendous amount of fun both planning and doing the work.

In case this gives you the impression that, "It's all work and no play"

For members of the Ladies' A,"

let me repeat the rumour, completely without foundation, that the Norwood Ladies are the uncrowned "Champion Talkers of the Ringwood District."

We have really enjoyed doing what we can to help the school. Norwood is a fine school, the reputation of which we may be justly proud. We are certainly proud of our excellent spirit and of the consistent job our ladies have done, and trust that, as Norwood grows, the Auxiliary will prove itself equal to the challenge, and the ready support of all its members suggests it will continue to do this.

J. Prior (President).

E. Blackmore (Secretary).

## HOWLERS!

"Pasteur scrubbed his nurses before starting each of his operations."

"The best example of the Byzantine architecture was Sophia Loren." (Hagia, Sophia.)

Firm 5, Art.

"The Episode of Sparrows gripped me."

4C, Literature.

Question: "What were some of the difficulties encountered while building the Panama Canal?"

Answer: "Ships kept using it during the week and they could only work at the week-ends."

"Because germs came in bread, a doctor during the 18th century said of the people: "Why can't they eat cake?"

3C, History.

"Macbeth was born immature."

4C, Literature.

"English highwaymen were not as bad as our bushrangers, because they only robbed people."

4B, Literature.

"A lady principal is a princessapal."

1D, Vocabulary.



## NIGHT CLASSES AT NORWOOD HIGH

"Man's mind is for maturing, not for remaining infantile or adolescent. When it does not grow up, there is havoc."

Overstreet—"The Mature Mind."

This year, over 140 adults and teenagers have attended night classes at Norwood High, covering a variety of subjects. There have been three Sewing classes, one Woodwork class, two English (Intermediate and Leaving), two Commercial and one Art.

There has been shown for their work an enthusiasm not always apparent in the attitudes of some of the day-students. This may be because they work without compulsion, or perhaps grey hairs DO bring some wisdom!

In order to make so many subjects available to the community, the school has had to open each night of the week, and, apart from the guardian of the establishment, faithful and genial Mr. Geddes, little contact has been made this year between group members.

In particular the Leaving English class has met in seeming isolation. This being the most "academic" subject, hard work has been required in order to cover the syllabus in the one evening per week. (Do children realise how undivided **can** be their attention towards their studies?)—whereas adults have to sandwich homework, quotations, and research, in

between their livelihood and their family duties. But, oh—how we have relished again, now with the "mature mind" (we hope), the glorious stanzas of Shelley, the soliloquies of Hopkins, and the religious convictions of Coleridge.

Some readers may well wonder why such interest and activity should be taking place. "How can adults be bothered!" is a catch remark. A little judicial screening revealed a variety of reasons—an opportunity of further serious education at little expense (£2 only per term); to another the chance of companionship with people of like interests and age groups. One charming woman who had not done anything outside of the home, apart from being a wonderful mother for 20 years, no longer felt like a piece of furniture, usefully and nicely preserved! A young couple, married on the proverbial shoe string, were learning to use tools and make simple pieces of furniture for their future home. All had the ability to laugh at their own mistakes, and not one but had an affectionate feeling towards each other and the member of staff in charge of them.

So, again our thanks for the experience, and to Headmaster, Staff, and fellow students, a joyful Christmas season, till we return for more in 1963.

E. V. Pullin.

## Impressions of a Teacher

### (Night Classes)

Came February and night classes were under way. Such a turn up to the Dressmaking class that it became necessary to obtain the competent help of Mrs. Methven. Three classes finally met the needs of a very interested group of would-be dressmakers.

First night, out came the tape measures—exclamations! Cries of surprise! Many red faces when tape went round hips. Rustle of paper patterns—cutting of calico, pin, pin!

Then sight of sights in the fitting rooms, calico clad figures emerging all shapes and sizes.

"We will have to let it out here."

Slash, slash with the scissors!

"We will have to take it in here."

Pin, Pin!! Pin!!!

More rustle of patterns, cutting out of first dress and finally sewing it together. Delight on faces when something which once proved difficult, now becomes easy, when shown how. Finished basic frocks in all colours and materials are shown off proudly, followed by much discussion on what to make next.

And so the year slips by, but Tuesday and Thursday nights, come freezing temperatures or rain, there has been a wonderful attendance throughout the year, proving there is a genuine desire amongst women, young and not so young, to learn how to sew; not only to beat the rising costs of clothing, but also to experience the thrill of creating themselves a garment which will fit and look professionally made. The three classes have been maintained during the year with an enrolment of between 12-15 pupils in each class.

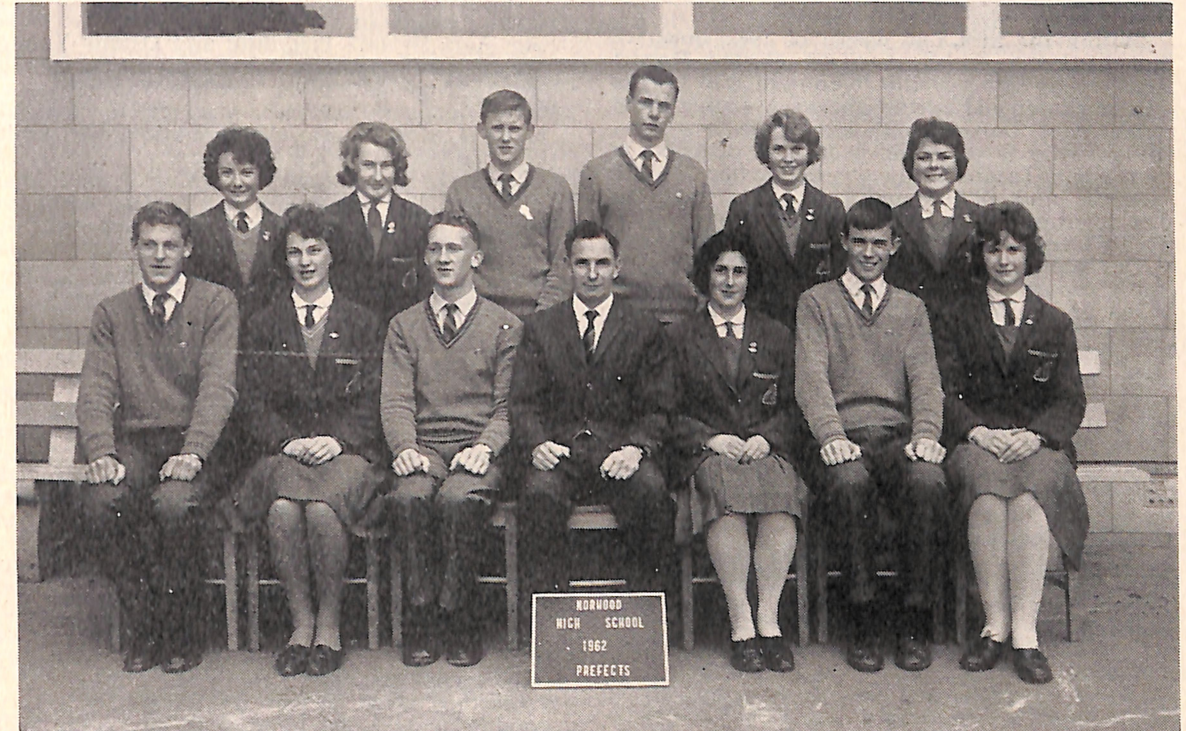
B. Steele.

### DEFINITE LEARNING

Question: "Why does Argentine lead Australia in the export of beef?"

Answer: "They have unfenced fences and colder refrigeration."

## our prefects . . .



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL PREFECTS 1962

From left to right, 1st row: I. Weist, D. Thompson, A. Haemmerle, Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, P. Northausen, J. Kerr, N. Leslie.

2nd row: B. Rimmer, M. Robertson, B. Young, B. Fitzgerald, A. Luscombe, A. Couch.

## PREFECTS' PARLANCE

Although 1962 seems to have passed too quickly, it has been a most enjoyable year for us, your Norwood Prefects. Two new girl prefects were elected to our ranks at the beginning of the year, but, unfortunately, we lost Dianne Whitehead. This left a fighting force of twelve and a really harmonious body that twelve formed, for all worked well together.

We have enjoyed working with Mr. Stuchbery and the members of the Staff and we trust that we have been of assistance to them. We have, I feel sure, learnt much and acquired valuable experience in management and in citizenship through endeavouring to help and through our efforts to obtain the maximum co-operation from the pupils.

There have been occasional formal meetings between ourselves and Mr. Stuchbery but, more

frequently, the pace of life meant that problems, as they arose, were discussed with the Senior Master or the Senior Mistress in informal and often too short conferences.

Towards the end of third term, the prefects challenged the staff to a game of ten-pin bowling. As the prefects had youth, skill, drive, versatility and keen eyesight on their side, the staff were soundly thrashed; still, not victory but to have competed is the more important thing!

With a Matriculation maturity next year, we look forward to being of greater assistance to the Staff and to the new Headmaster, and trust that we will be able to contribute something of permanent value to the growing traditions of Norwood High School.

Pam Northausen.



# FORM REPORTS

## 1A

Within the first few weeks of 1962, once we got to know each other, we elected Robert Bradley as our boy Form Captain and Glenys Miller as our girl Form Captain. Assisting them were Paul Dobson and Linda Whelan. Mrs. Block, who is also our geography teacher, is our Form Teacher, and we thank her for the interest and understanding, not to mention her tolerance, with which she has looked after us this year.

Our representatives in the inter-school swimming sports were Peter Roberts, Roderick Allen and Ann Hare, who swam in the relays. Later in the year we had three representatives in the athletics sports at Olympic Park: Malcolm Moore, Robert Bradley and Nick Crofts.

Two of the most enjoyable days of the year were the trips to Healesville and to Maroondah Dam. We thank the teachers who spent their time organising and supervising those trips.

Reid Steven's persuasive speech and our own open hearts made our weekly contributions to Social Service amount to almost £20 so far.

All together, our first year at Norwood High School has been an experience we have all enjoyed.

Robert Bradley.  
Glenys Miller.

## 1B

In 1B there are 26 girls and 16 boys, who are captained by Sue McAuley and Glen Hardwood, with Sally Miller and Robert Thomas as vice-captains.

Once again 1B has been lucky in having Mrs. Flentje as Form Teacher and, besides the Form Assemblies, she teaches us Mathematics and Arithmetic.

Our best swimmers are Robyn Mahony and Marion Kaighan, who came third in the diving event at the Inter-school Sports at Olympic Park. In addition to being our outstanding swimmer, Marion is the best artist in the form. Our runners are Julie Dickson and Michael Bradley, who was also in the junior football team for the school. Our best student is Ross Williams.

Within our members, we can point to students from all over the world, from many countries including Germany, England, Holland, Japan, Switzerland and, of course, Australia. We have all enjoyed our first year at High School and look forward to several more.

Sue McAuley.  
David Mitchell.

## 1C

Although we might be a naughty lot, we are a happy bunch. Our Form Captains are Ali Vanderbeek and Neville Lee Archer, with Vice-captains, Sabine Zimmerling and Glen Mackay.

Our Form Teacher, Miss Robieson, who is our science teacher as well, has finally put us on the right road and we are really a reformed group.

Susan Power came top of the form in both terms, while, in the athletic sphere, we have our stars Brenda Pridmore and Dennis Young. We also have some good swimmers in Dennis Young, Neil McConville and Ali Vanderbeek.

Our teachers are Mrs. Mackrell for English and Art, Mrs. Flentje (Mathematics), Mr. Stolk (French), Mrs. Block (Geography), Mrs. Bach (History), Mrs. Rosewarne (Music), and Miss Robieson (Science). We thank all of them for the hard work they have done this year to try and bring us up to the mark in our studies.

Neville Lee Archer.  
Ali Vanderbeek.

## 2G

I'm sure that the pupils in our form will agree that we have spent a very pleasant year in 2G. We all owe a lot to our Form Teacher, Mrs. Samatouskas, who takes us for English and who has helped us raise money for Social Service and has helped us out of trouble when it was necessary.

At the beginning of the year we picked our Form Captains, Marilyn Mathews and Michael Hanrahan, with vice-captains, Glenda Powell and John Cole. We have some very nice teachers and we thank them for the way they have taught us during the year.

On the whole, I feel we have had a very good year and we hope that next year will be as pleasant and as enjoyable as this one has been.

A feature of our year's activities has been the raising of money for the Social Service funds; our contributions have gone to the blind. The social service representatives are Maureen Beaver and Peter Kavathas, and they have done a wonderful job.

Marilyn Mathews.

## 2P

Our form, 2P, is a pretty swell grade. We try to get on well together and I think we have made out all right.

We have done our utmost to please all our teachers, including those with whom our first efforts to please were not so successful.

The first term this year was a very hectic time. Our room was like a tree with no branches; we had no flowers and, of course, we had no vases in which to put them. The display board at the back of the room was absolutely bare. Now, our room is perfect from wall to wall and from ceiling to floor.

On the way to the Olympic Pool for our Annual School Swimming Sports, I think we were the best behaved of all the groups and, when we arrived at the ground, we were the best cheerers—we were quite hoarse at the end of the day.

Our Form Captains, Glenda Pullar and Stephen Pascoe, have done an excellent job throughout the year. The Vice-captains, John Gierczyk and Roslyn Allen have helped very successfully, too.

Well, as I said before, our form, 2P, is a PRETTY SWELL GRADE. What do you think?

Peter Jones.

## 2S

2S may be the top second form, but we are certainly not all model pupils as the following incidents will prove.

Most days some unfortunate pupils are kidnapped from their form while waiting for the teacher and they are detained (usually by force) until everyone has gone inside, then the "victim" is let go into the classroom to answer the questions of their surprised teacher.

We are sometimes provided with a good laugh: our teachers issue us ammunition such as soap and plasticine, which are supposed to be used for modelling or carving, but are invaluable during outbreaks of "civil war." One day, some harmless gas was "accidentally" released in the science room making our teacher and several pupils feel rather sick. Then there are the occasions when a door gets "jammed" and the teacher is locked out and we most concernedly and very industriously try to help open the door.

2S has also gained a reputation for hard work at times and we all hope to come back next year and following years to complete our studies and be a credit to our teachers and to Norwood. We thank all the teachers who have been driven "up the wall" during the year, specially our Form Teacher, Mrs. Bach, for her untiring efforts.

## 2R

At the beginning of the year, our Form Teacher, Mrs. Mackrell, helped us elect two Form Captains, Maureen Mases and Robert Le Guier. However, Robert resigned in third term and Barry Falconer took his place.

We have some very good athletes and scholars in our form. David Hunt is an athlete and a scholar, Jill Young came top in the first term, Barry Falconer topped second term, and the best artists are Angelo Mafri, Kevin Parratt, Robert Le Guier and Peter Wood. One of the most humorous people in the form is John Detheridge, although the whole form could be called funny. Graeme Bryant won the award for "the best football clubman" for the Saturday Junior team; he is also Mullum House Junior House Captain. Other junior captains for their house are Jill Young of Mullum and Faye Glendenning of Maroondah.

To Peter Hudson, who is leaving to become an apprentice jockey at Mentone Stables, we wish a successful racing life; we will watch the papers in a few years. To Lorraine Adams and Sheila Young we say, "Good-bye" and good luck."

Barry Falconer.

## 3B

Richard Anderson's never here;  
We wish Bresnakowski would cut his hair;  
Greenwood is such a gallant lad—  
Tries to get money, but oh, so sad.

Form Captain Horrigan does a 'pound',  
While McIntyre's a natural clown.  
Kirby and Lloyd will wreck cars.  
Tomlinson and Wilson are the cricket stars.  
Koller and Woods, always fight,  
But Morgan has that bit of height.  
Kidgell is the brain of the form,  
But Hook is trying to reform.  
Murray is the boxing champ,  
Still Owen is making a lamp.  
Parsons has been a sick old chap  
And, for Taylor's jokes we give a clap.  
Carr, he is a new boy here  
And Gates thrives on ginger beer.  
At golf, Blackmore shows the way,  
And Gridley's fairly good at plays,  
While Rimmer always has last say.

B. Murray. J. Kidgell.  
R. Gridley. M. Greenwood.

## 3C

We're the 42 girls of merry 3C.  
Mrs. Peel is our form teacher,  
And she "twists" with glee.  
Yvonne and Elena rule over the form.  
Avis bankrupts us and leaves us forlorn.  
Our treasures kept up at the office are safe,  
Until they are sent to the "Japanese Waifs."  
Perhaps you would like to meet some of our personalities?

A is for Anne, who is comely and fair.  
B is for Barbara, who came late in the year.  
C is for Carol, who talks quite a lot.  
D is for Dianne, who won't be forgot.  
E is for Elaine, who likes to dance.  
F is for Fun, we all take a chance.  
G is for Girls, for that's what we are.  
H is for Heather, who goes just too far.  
I is for Isobel, who reads very clear.  
J is for Jill, who bashes your ear.  
K is for Katrin, whose hobby is boys.  
L is for Lesley, who makes lots of noise.  
M is for Margaret, who's quite good at sport.  
N is for Nancye, who always gets caught.  
O is for Oodles of work we must learn.  
P is for Pat, whose books we will burn.  
Q is for Queens of beauty we are.  
R is for Roselyn, whose mind is so far.  
S is for Sue, who has a sweet kiss.  
T is for Tops, for that's what this is.  
U is for Ulcers, the teachers have some.  
V is for Vices, of course we have none.  
W is for Wieslawa, whose nickname is "Fish."  
X is for Xmas, which none will miss.  
Y is for Yvonne, whose job is well done.  
Z is for Zero, of course we get NONE.

## 3R

The year, 1962, has witnessed many world-shaking events not the least of which was the formation last February of 3R. Although possibly not the apple of every teacher's watchful eye, 3R is a happy form comprised of fifteen girls and nineteen boys.

3R was fortunate in having Miss Methven as Form Teacher, and on behalf of the form, we would like to express our gratitude for all the help she has given us in running our democratic form council and the "Credit Squeeze" officially known as Social Service.



The form council consisted of a chairman, Gary Wilkins, two Form Captains, Frances Fryer and Kelvin Aldred, who were ably assisted by the two Vice-captains, Virginia Sezanov and Robert Bisset. Social Service representative was Robin Cole and the Honorary Secretary of the form was Edward Lawrence, with Max Rademacher as Form Treasurer.

To name the individual achievements of each member of the form would take more space than is permissible. However, 3R has produced amongst other feats a budding scientist, more than a few athletes and sportsmen of inter-school fame and high standard and a record in scholastic results that would shame no form.

Frances Fryer, Gary Wilkins,  
Kelvin Aldred.

### 3P

We, 3P, would like to present these, our Form notes, for 1962:

Our Form Captains are Bruce Frazer and Margaret King. They are assisted by Vice-captains, Peter Pridmore and Helen Clark. Our two Social Service representatives are Wendy Buchanan and Geoff Northausen.

The music room, to which we have made many improvements during the year, is our form room. We were very kindly given pot plants by the parents of one of our form members, and a stand was made by one of our teachers.

Two of our girls, Helen Clark and Maxine Cheel, made the curtains, the material having been chosen by the boys. A team of boys capably handled the hanging of the curtains. Three fine pictures have been added to the room, and from the window a beautiful view of the Dandenongs can be seen. This tends to distract our attention from school work, but we have become accustomed to the view.

During the year we went on three excursions, which were all enjoyable. One was to the Kiewa Valley and the other two were to orchestral concerts.

In the sporting field we were well represented at the Athletic and Swimming sports.

For our Social Service effort we have set the sum of £25 as our target, which we have unanimously decided is to be given to the United Nations' Children's Fund, to help provide food and medical supplies for underprivileged children, but, to show that charity begins at home, a portion is to be set aside to help needy Aboriginal children.

#### SPEAKING PERSONALLY!

Linda Taylor is leaving us to join Croydon High School in 1963, otherwise our ranks for next year should be the same as for this.

We would all like to thank Mrs. Rosewarne, our Form Mistress, for her guiding influence during the year. Many thanks also to all our teachers who have managed to put up with us. We think that, considering everything, we have had an enjoyable and progressive year, and approach 1963 with high hopes for academic success and the desire to make our contribution toward making our school "the best school of all."

### 4A

Form 4A has completed a successful year's work in both academic and social activities around the school, regardless of the teachers' open or unexpressed opinions.

We were sorry to see Bill Barton leave to go to England and to lose Claire Hickinbotham, who is employed now. However, the addition of Bill Emmett and Anne Smith compensated for these losses.

Form 4A possesses a variety of talent ranging from scientist, Andrew Robert Giles-Peters, who tops the form with disgusting regularity, to Bob Bryant, the sportsman. In Martin Brennan and Peter Marjason we have two very versatile entertainers who let their hair down and donned "butterflies" at the Senior Social. The award for the best talker has not yet been decided as Barbara Beissel and Martin Brennan have not stopped for breath yet, but the contest is only in its first year so far, so time will tell. Of further talent we have none, though our claim to having claim to having all the good-looking girls in the school in our form is so well substantiated that it has never been even queried.

We congratulate Bill Emmett on winning a scholarship to Haileybury College and wish him success at his new school next year. To the very few who are not returning next year go our farewells and our good wishes that they will be happy and successful in the employment they choose.

Our Form Captains were Lynette Woodhouse and Martin Brennan, who were ably assisted in doing the work so efficiently by the Vice-captains, Judith Brown and Ted Jennings. Miss Black was our Form Teacher. We thank her for her efforts to keep us from straying from the "straight and narrow path" of scholastic virtue and we thank her also for her toleration when we were not as co-operative as we should have been.

We all look forward to being one form in 1963, when we shall prove we are not so dumb as we fear our 1962 results might lead you to suppose.

4A Report Quorum Hon. Secretaries,  
Lynette Woodhouse,  
Janice Rackham.

### 4B

Our form started the year, comprised of two distinct and violently opposed groups: 19 boys officially 4B and nine "ring-ins" from 4A.

As this report is put together, it is pleasing to be able to say that our form is now a harmonious group.

Brian Girvan was Form Captain during the first term and, on his retirement at the end of the term, Roger Daniel was elected and has carried out the duties of the office since.

Second term also saw us settle down to work with the Intermediate Certificate as our goal. We feel we work hard, though it seems some of the teachers do not hold the same opinion. We thank all the teachers who have put up with us so patiently during the year,

especially Mr. Ball, our Form Master, who is very tolerant and understanding should he notice anything which could be considered a fault.

Several of the boys are leaving at the end of the year and we wish them success in their employment; those who are staying we hope will succeed in gaining good marks in Leaving next year. We hope all will be as happy as we have been this year in 4B.

Roger Daniel.

### 4C

What a wonderful year it has been! What have we done? Nothing! We have been helped through our trials and tribulations by the capable Mrs. Binns, who has tried to force into our befuddled minds the intricacies of Science. As you can see, we are not a conceited lot.

During the year various functions have been held to aid social service: a "jazzed-up" version of Cinderella, a floor show featuring The Drones, and a successful twist competition. All our shows were organised by Beryl Sparks, Lydia Kalmakow and Dianne Rogers, our Form Captain.

We gained three new girls, Pam Mahony, Ingrid Olga Radzic and Margaret Fry, while a fourth, Helen Powlowski stayed for two terms before leaving for business college. During the battle for survival, five old members of the form fell by the wayside; they are Val Wilson, Pat McKenzie, Judy Beattie, Monica Weirner-oide and Flora Van Gelderen. We wish them all luck in their future, and we do not think any confidences are being betrayed when we say that quite a few of us hope to join them in the "outside world" once the exams are over.

To the teachers who were fortunate enough to be allotted to 4C this year, we say a sincere "Thank you" for the constant efforts you expended and for the overall enjoyment we have experienced as we learnt.

Hazel Collins.  
Jenny Protheroe.

### FORM 5

Allocated to Room 31, the end of the world, as a form room, because, being the oldest group we were supposed to be the most mature, the quietest. However, we were frequently far from model pupils, and frequently had to be reprimanded. The real cause of our noise at times was that we concentrated so hard during lessons that, during breaks, the pent-up steam just blew off our lids.

The noise was nevertheless a good sign, for it proved that we were a happy group. Though last year, in Form 4, we were split into three groups, this harmony was easy, because it was obvious from the first day that the teachers had collaborated—conspired might give a better impression of their scheming—to pressurise us into working. The first evidence of this plot was that an enormous Form Master was appointed to terrorise us, and soon he was reinforced by another in the shape of Mr. Jamieson. Rather than wear us down, or

even divide and rule, we became more united.

Do not get the idea, please, that we are loafers. Actually we are quite "conchie." Within the first fortnight we realised what a big jump it was from Intermediate to Leaving Certificate, and we reasoned that the jump to Matriculation might be even greater, so we have set about preparing ourselves to make that jump, and to get our Leaving Certificates on the way.

Our Form Captains were Anne Couche and Tim Donovan, both of whom we congratulate on doing an excellent job in circumstances which were far from easy, as it was only at Form Assemblies and our other English lesson that we were one group. Kathy Lane and Jim Wilson, our Social Service representatives, were most assiduous in their jobs, but they, too, deserve a word of praise for making the extraction of our quota as painless as possible. When we looked like being in the "red," Mr. Jamieson used his most persuasive tones to extract the proverbial mite, and on one occasion we held a show of the slides taken during our trip to Tasmania.

The highlight of the year was an Educational Tour of Tasmania. As the full report of this tour can be read elsewhere, I will not dwell on it here, except to say how much we enjoyed ourselves, how much we look forward to: similar escape—I mean Educational Tour—next year, and how much we appreciate the efforts of Mrs. Crofts and Mr. Bartels for taking us.

Although we hope that we will all pass this year, and that as many as possibly can will return, we know that quite a few of our 25 girls and 22 boys are not returning for Matriculation year. To those who are leaving we say "Good-bye, it has been good to know you, and we hope you are happy in the positions you obtain." To the others, "See you next year—I hope."

All our teachers we thank sincerely for the efforts they have made to try and get us through. Very often we take for granted what they do for us, and do not appreciate what they do over and above the minimum—the assignment sheets which are typed out after hours of correction at night, the extra tuition outside usual class hours, and those "little chats" which may make us feel annoyed at the loss of a bit of recess, but which help to form our characters as we remember later what was said.

Mr. Stuchbery, who has been at Norwood for only one year, we thank for the interest he has shown in us, and we wish him well at Mitcham. Some of us he may see again, as several of the Form Fives intend to become teachers.

Our Form Masters, Mr. Bartels and Mr. Jamieson, we thank for their efforts to help us. They certainly made our assemblies interesting, though they often set our heads in a whirl that lasted almost till the end of the week. One would start a very profound speech, which would be followed by an indoctrination session by the other.

Katy Green.





## TASMANIAN TRIP, 1962

5th Form,  
Norwood High School.

### Friday Night

There was an air of excitement on the Friday afternoon towards the close of school, and Mrs. Crofts had a difficult task on her hands to get Form 5 to take in any history during the last period. A sigh of relief went up at 3.50, as everyone rushed out of school, to be home in time to pack those last few items and be back at school by 5 p.m. The busload of happy Fifth-formers arrived at Port Melbourne at 6 p.m., where we all had our baggage checked and we boarded the "P.O.T."

To most of the party, this journey was a novelty, and we looked around us with joy at the prospect of sailing, but at the same time, a little apprehensive about our seamanship. A last minute alarm was caused by Mr. Bartels, who at 7.50 was still ashore saying good-bye to a friend. At 7.30 we sailed, and everyone stood on the deck watching the lights of Melbourne move into the distance. We all eagerly explored the ship, sat on deck, enjoying the feeling of being free for four days. At 10 p.m. we all were summoned to the lounge in which Norwood was to spend the night, sleeping or otherwise, in lay-back airliner seats. I suppose it must have been almost midnight before there was enough quiet for the more tired members of our party to doze off for a few hours, for the boys thought it was huge fun to sing sea shanties, and make jokes and bets as to who would be the first to be sea-sick.

By 3.30 a.m. everyone was sleeping peacefully until one of the smaller members of the party decided to open the door which turned on the lounge lights. The groans and complaints lasted for another half-hour, when for the third time we all attempted to get some sleep.

### Saturday

The lights went on at 7 a.m., and a group of very untidy, dishevelled, travel-worn girls made their way along the corridor to take a shower. To those who have not showered in a ship, it was a new and never before felt experience. The boat was rocking slightly, and the water in the shower washed against, first one side of the shower then the other, while the occupant clasped the sides of the shower for support.

At 8 a.m. we assembled for breakfast, which we all enjoyed. 10 o'clock saw us coming slowly into Devonport, drenched in pouring rain, which rather dulled our spirits.

The Pioneer bus was waiting at the docks, and our bus driver, Jeff, introduced himself to us. From Devonport we drove to Deloraine, where we met a party of Burwood Tech. boys on their way home. We jokingly warned them of the rough seas forecast for their crossing, to prove only too true. We drove through the hills and lake country, while the steady down-pour of rain made the dense bush a very morbid scene.

At Miena Dam, we stopped for our lunch, which we all agreed was very different, but nevertheless was enjoyed greatly by all. Jeff, our driver, was very well keyed on the districts we passed, and we learnt and wrote a great deal. The road from Miena to Hobart passed through very lovely country, and the enjoyment of the scenery was added to by the sweet harmonious voices of Jim Wilson and Stuart Dickson, singing that well known and loved ballad, "Halleluyah, I'm a bum!"

The bus drove through one country town known as Jericho, which had begun with a small settlement of Jews, and the town was full of Jewish biblical names. I couldn't help smiling when we crossed a small stream bearing a large notice, which read, "River Jordan!"

It was almost dark as we approached Hobart, but light enough to see that Hobart was indeed a beautiful city. The river was very picturesque with dozens of small boats anchored a little way out, and towering over the city was Mount Wellington.

We arrived at Hotel Russell in time to be allotted our rooms and get changed in time for dinner, which was a welcome change, and what a relief to be out of our uniforms, which we had been wearing since Friday morning!

After dinner we split into two parties; those who wished, joined Mrs. Crofts in a visit to the cinema, while the remainder of us went with Mr. Bartels ice-skating. We had a wonderful evening and were tired enough to come home at 10 p.m. Mr. Bartels suggested that we take another road from the one we had taken coming, which he was sure was much quicker. I don't know quite how far we walked, but I do know that it took us twenty minutes to get to the rink and one and a quarter hours to get home, on top of which it started raining a mile from the hotel.

**Sunday morning** dawned bright and clear, and after an early breakfast, Jeff picked us up and drove to Eaglehawk Neck. The road we took wound along the coast and at various

points we all descended from the bus to photograph the old and the new bridges across Hobart, the Cadbury's factory in the distance, some quietly grazing cows, and many other sights. After letting the Hotel Lufra at Eaglehawk Neck know that we were there, we drove down to see the massive sights of the old treacherous blowhole, through which many a convict had tried to escape, only to be smashed by the waves against the rocks. We then moved on to Tasman's Arch and the Devil's Kitchen, both spectacular, breathtaking sights, and perfect subjects for those members of the party with colour films.

We had a beautiful meal at Hotel Lufra, and then assembled back in the bus, and drove on to Port Arthur. To describe everything we saw at Port Arthur would take me nearly a book.

The settlement was founded in 1830 and abandoned forty-seven years later. Many of the buildings were bought by private contractors, pulled down and removed. All that remained were the Church, Penitentiary, hospital, lunatic asylum, model prison and a few cottages.

The church was designed by James Blackburn, a convict transported for forgery, and who later became the city surveyor of Melbourne, being one of the very few to receive a free pardon. The church was never consecrated, due to the fact that it was not built for any particular denomination, and during its construction two convicts lost their lives. The design was unusual as it incorporated thirteen spires which crown the church, representing Jesus Christ and the twelve apostles. The guide made everyone laugh when he said that one of the bell ringers was John Bartels, transported for bigamy.

The Model Prison, fashioned as an exact replica of the Pentonville prison in England, was the greatest attraction. The whole system of the prison was one of solitary confinement. The solitary confinement cells, known as the dumb cells, were for punishing the desperate criminals. The walls were tremendously thick, and there were no windows, and no sound made in the cell could be heard outside, which greatly alarmed a party of us girls when the boys closed the door on us.

In the entrance to Port Arthur, we stopped to buy souvenirs and refreshment, arriving back in Hobart in time to dress, dine and get ready for church. When we returned from church, it being a Sunday, and the lounge empty, we listened to a juke box and danced until bedtime.

### Monday

The Cadbury's factory at Claremont was our goal for Monday morning. Arriving at the factory we were divided into four parties, and ushered into a luxurious dining lounge to wait for our guides. We were all overcome with the smell of chocolate during the first ten minutes, and by the end of the tour we had had quite enough.

The start of the tour was in the shed where the cocoa beans were being unloaded into a pipe which took them to be crushed. We watched the whole process in the manufacturing of the 2/- bars of milk chocolate, and saw the boiled fruit sweets, caramels, toffees from

their beginning to end. We ate our share of free samples, and finished the tour back in the lounge, being served with hot or cold drinking chocolate, and a sample box of sweets. We returned to Hotel Russell for lunch, to be collected at 2 p.m. by Jeff and driven to the Electrolytic Zinc Plant.

At the entrance to the Zinc Plant our watches were collected from us and taken into custody by an attendant at the gates, for they could be harmed by the various processes which take place at the Zinc Works. Divided into small parties we examined the various stages of the manufacture of electrolytic zinc, superphosphate and sulphuric acid, which all found very educational.

Monday evening, after tea, we divided into two groups. Mr. Bartels took the keen ice-skaters for an enjoyable evening at the rink, during which Mr. Bartel knocked over three pretty girls (quite by accident), while Jim Wilson and Brian Horswall provided the entire rink with an amazing and highly amusing feat on skates, and sometimes not on skates. In fact, watching them, we feared greatly for the safety of those unfortunate people who happened to be skating within a ten-yard radius of either of those two boys. This time returning to the hotel on the correct road, we arrived at the hotel to hear that the party who remained with Mrs. Crofts, had short-sheeted Mr. Bartels' bed, and sewn up his pyjamas.

I often wonder how we could manage a holiday without Mrs. Crofts and Mr. Bartels, for if it had not been for them, no one would ever have gone to bed and, except that Mr. Bartels went around every morning banging on bedroom doors, exclaiming that there were ten minutes before breakfast, no one would have got up before about 10 o'clock.

It was a sad party who assembled for breakfast on Tuesday morning, for although we had still a whole day before us, the fact that we were packed and dressed in uniform, and saying good-bye to the Hotel Russell, signified to us the end of a beautiful holiday.

We boarded the bus at eight-thirty and drove through Hobart, passed the Botanical Gardens and the monument, the magnificent new bridge and saw the sun shining through the rain on the Cadbury's factory in the hills. Also the beautiful Mount Wellington, no longer snow peaked, but shrouded in mist, then past a school with the children filing to assembly, which brought us smartly back to earth.

We passed through mostly grazing land, from Hobart to Launceston, and wherever we looked, there were sheep. At one spot we passed a table-top hill, with a completely flat top. The rain stopped shortly before we reached Launceston, where we had our last lunch at the Hotel Imperial. Time was short, but we were allowed half-an-hour to sightsee in Launceston, before saying good-bye to Jeff, who had made our tour a very interesting one.

We boarded the bus and our new driver, Jack Hardman, drove us to the Waverly Woolen Mills, just outside Launceston proper. There we watched the varied processes, which produced from a mass of dirty, odorous sheep wool, a beautiful multi-coloured, cellophane wrapped blanket.



After a fish tea at a cafe in Devonport, we once again boarded the "P.O.T." Gate warnings were announced and orders were that we could stay on deck for fifteen minutes after the ship sailed, and then report to Mr. Bartels in the lounge. There were quite a few onlookers as we threw the last of our streamers to the children on the wharf and said good-bye to Tasmania.

Mr. Bartels gained permission for us to remain on deck, provided we stayed either with Mrs. Crofts or him, and we all sat on the funnel deck talking and laughing, so that nobody noticed the motion of the ship, and luckily no one was sick.

#### Wednesday

After a welcome breakfast everyone flocked on deck to watch for the first sight of Melbourne. Bags were packed, last minute souvenirs purchased from the shop and uniforms smartened. Then we stood on deck and waited as the "P.O.T." came alongside the wharf, and we took the bus home.

I think we all agreed that this was a truly memorable holiday, and our deepest, sincerest thanks go to Mrs. Crofts and Mr. Bartels, who gave up their time to make such a holiday possible. THANK YOU!

Katy Green.

### BIOLOGY EXCURSIONS—FORM 5

During the year the twenty Form 5 biology students had three excursions, one minor one and two major trips.

The first excursion to Ringwood Lake was held one Friday morning in August. Observations began at 8 a.m. when we collected jars of murky pond water for later examination in the laboratory. Everything proceeded as planned until one of the boys—there were only four doing biology—happened to fall in. We helped him out, when we had enough jars filled, and returned to the school.

The second trip was to Sherbrooke Forest to study ecology. We left Ringwood with Mrs. Binns at 9.20 a.m., going to Belgrave over the relatively new line. We then hiked miles and miles to the picnic area where Mrs. Binns instructed us what to observe in the forest and we set off full of enthusiasm. An hour later we returned loaded down with many specimens, which we sorted before having lunch. Before our lunch had time to settle, Mrs. Binns was cracking the whip to start the long, long hike back to Belgrave.

The thanks of all the girls went to our four boys who, by their serenading, provided a marching step. We had expected them to be somewhat abashed by being so outnumbered, but they were just the opposite, they even continued their serenading on the train.

The third and final excursion for the year was an expedition to Flinders to study marine life. We met at 9 a.m. at Ringwood wine shop—no significance—where we climbed into four cars. We thank Mr. and Mrs. Binns, Mr. Moritz, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. Short, who very kindly supplied the transport to Flinders, a place which is very difficult to get to by other than cars.

After waiting a few minutes for the "Shorts," who had had some minor trouble, we armed ourselves with our buckets and not spades, but knives, and set out on to the rocks to look for specimens. Turning over every rock we could see and which did not prove impossible, we found many interesting creatures which we took to Mrs. Binns to have their names and habits explained to us.

At noon, we were drawn magnetically from the rocks by the smell of a barbecue. The remainder of the afternoon was ours to spend as we pleased, and some proved their hardiness or their temerity by getting almost into the water. Nevertheless, swim or no swim, all agreed that it was a wonderful way to study biology.

We would, on behalf of all the group, like to thank Mrs. Binns for the extra interest and time she has spent in arranging the excursions to add interest to an already absorbing study. We would also thank again those parents who made their cars and their time as drivers available for the Flinders' excursion.

Helena Lobb,  
Beverley Rimmer,  
Dianne Thompson.

### THE SNOW TRIP THAT WASN'T

When is a snow trip not a snow trip?  
When there's no snow!

Obviously, but we were not going to be deprived of a day away from the school as easily as that. Everyone in Form 1, the whole 172 of us, had arrived at school clad in our warmest attire—in many cases, this also meant our gayest—and we were determined to go somewhere. A quick conference between the bus drivers and our teachers, Miss Pfitzner, Mrs. Flentje, Miss Robieson and Mr. Olsen brought up the name, Fernshaw, so we headed for that delightful spot a few miles past Healesville.

The quiet of this valley was in for a shock. After a quick briefing, we were off in groups to explore the bush track which followed the river, or more appropriately a lively little stream, back into the depths of the bush. We wandered along through plantations of gums established by the Forestry Commission. The tall slender trunks reaching far above us, the pretty-coloured fungi, the wombat holes, the countless noises, all caught our imagination while the quiet dignified beauty of a bush filled with so many kinds of plant life made many of us stop to think of the wonders of creation.

An hour later, we were back at the buses for lunch, which was made more welcome by the strenuous walk.

Back to the buses, and off we went to the Maroondah Dam. We had an hour to investigate the gardens and walk across the wall, down the other slope to the foot of the then dry spillway where we had our photographs taken.

Time was against us once more. After a check to see how many had become lost, we again boarded the buses and were on our way back to Norwood, happy but so tired we could not even raise a song.

## OUR ALPINE EXCURSION

Although by now everyone must be heartily tired of hearing about it, the trip is not really over until we have given an account of it to "Weemala."

After a speedy and uneventful train journey we arrived in Wangaratta on Sunday afternoon where we were met by Doug. Alexander and Stuart Waine who, after the introductions, took care of our tickets, our luggage and our return tickets. We boarded our three buses, which were to be our transport for the next week, and were driven to one of the leading restaurants in Wangaratta, where we were served with an excellent lunch.

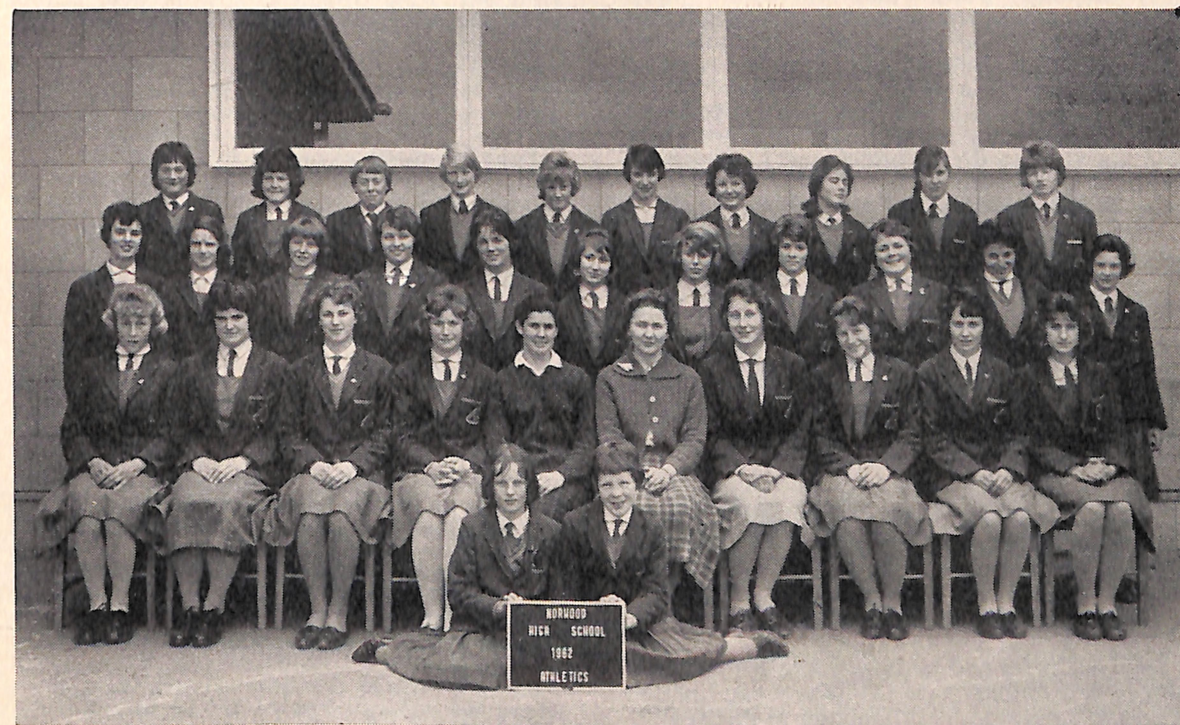
On we went to Harrietville, where we were to stay for a whole glorious week. We passed pine forests and tobacco farms on the way through the rich river flats flanked on both sides by some of the highest ranges in our country. The river meanders a great deal here and we came across several oxbow lakes. As we approached the head of the valley the river was a raging mountain stream, roaring over the boulders and pebbles of its rocky bed. Harrietville is situated almost at the head of

the valley and we found that our hostel, the "Bon Accord" Hospice, was virtually built up against the side of the valley.

We unloaded our luggage and were shown to our quarters where we had time for a quick clean-up before tea. The girls were accommodated in the large sprawling house, while the boys were brought under in a large log-cabin of the well-known alpine type. The dining room and staff quarters are of a similar structure, which gives the whole place a holiday atmosphere so typical of a mountain resort.

Before all meals we observed a minute's silence and we also utilized our meal-time gatherings to make any announcements that were necessary. A happy, carefree atmosphere prevailed throughout and the amounts of food that were put away were astonishing.

That night we had our first dance in the hut, which was to be followed by many hours of hilarious fun in the evenings to come. Bed-time and lights-out brought screams of laughter and giggles, undoubtedly caused by the glamorous pyjamas of some of our pupils and



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS (GIRLS)

1st row, left to right: Holding name plaque, J. Dickson and S. Todd; L. Mayes, C. Hanrahan, D. Thompson, N. Leslie, Miss Methven, Mrs. Crofts, K. Green, J. Woodhouse, S. Leeman, L. Gordic.

2nd row: C. Wilkins, L. Taylor, S. Fawell, C. Potter, J. Rackman, V. Tresize, F. Fryer, H. Howe, A. Couche, L. Henwood, L. Dickson.

3rd row: G. Hutchinson, Y. Evans, J. Brown, B. Pridmore, J. Falkingham, W. Buchanan, B. Rimmer, K. Lane, G. Turton, Margaret King.



the comical appearance of some people covered in curlers. I had a sneaking suspicion that a great deal of it was due to the nervous strain of being away from home for the first time. After an admonishing word from our lady teachers peace was soon restored and all slept till reveille the next morning.

This reveille was composed of the gentle strains of the "Witches Twist," and generally brought a stream of abuse from those who wanted to sleep in. The garb of our party on these occasions consisted of what our boys thought a well-dressed mountaineer should wear and I am certain that many an Alpine guide turned over in his icy grave. Bulky jumpers, tea-cosies, scarves, many, many socks, gloves, mittens, raincoats, boots and all the other paraphernalia that was to keep our dear, weak, pampered, mollycoddled little darlings in their own little private hothouses, away from that nasty old cold. Little did they know that they were to shed most of it, just in the very middle of the snow field.

We started the day with a run up the road before breakfast, so we felt comfortably warm before we sat down to eat. At nine o'clock we left by bus for Mt. Buffalo, so-called because of its shape. After a trip of hours past roaring waterfalls and sheer cliffs, up steep roads and looking down into incredibly deep crevasses, we skirted Lake Catani, an artificial lake, beautiful for swimming in Summer and ideal for skating in Winter. I never cease to be amazed at the silence of those occasions when everyone sits with his mouth open and stared at the scenery. At one o'clock we made the Mt. Buffalo Chalet and found it in a wondrous wintry setting. There is a picnic area nearby and there we had our lunch.

The buses carried hot lunches for everybody in six enormous thermos flasks, plus a case of fresh bread rolls with butter and an apple and an orange for each of us. A can of fresh milk accompanied us on every trip. When we were all issued with our plastic plates and cutlery and we stood peacefully in line to have our dinner dished up, it was then that this foul deed was committed that was to leave a stain on the relation between pupil and teacher forever after.

Hardly had a dozen or so of the pupils been served with their dinner when one wretched boy heaved a heavy white snowball at poor, frail, defenceless Mr. Stolk. In no time at all this benign, harmless gentleman had become the target of nearly eighty savage youngsters, who, with bloodcurdling screams tried to bury him under huge piles of snowballs.

That night we had films by a gentleman from the Bright Progress Association who showed us, beside some of his own films, a colour production of the Kiewa Hydro-Electric Scheme and a very nice documentary of the Bright Centenary Celebration, which had been taken last year by Mr. Domeyer, Ian's father. By the time we had our supper it was time for bed and after the healthy exercise in the snow everyone soon slept like a rock.

The following day (Tuesday) we went to visit the Kiewa power stations and after our usual constitutional and breakfast, we set out

from Harrierville to Powerline Point where you seem to stand on top of the world, with the Kiewa valley and the township of Mt. Beauty on one side and the Ovens River valley with the town of Bright on the other. One never seems to get used to these panoramas and almost everyone took photos., in order to try and preserve the sensation of the moment when one feels as if Australia is lying at one's feet.

We admired the aerial views of the Kiewa river and recognized many features that are now so familiar to us all. Down the mountain we went, winding and twisting, till we arrived in Mt. Beauty, where we had morning tea.

The trip continued after dinner and soon after we crossed the snowline we came to Falls Creek, where a cold mountain wind greeted us. Snow was glittering on the ski-runs, and in no time was our party clambering up the slope to establish a Big Dipper. Black clouds were curling over the top of Mt. Nielsen which gave the impression that some ogre was shovelling black dust from behind the mountain. We were soon to know what these clouds meant. An icy blast came with them and we heard that night it was snowing heavily at Falls Creek—a very appropriate name.

That night, after tea, we had our first visit from Mr. Rupe Hosking, now retired, but at one time manager of the "Sambai" mine, the only mine of any consequence left in Harrierville. This lively old gent gave us some wonderful tales of the olden days when the Ovens Valley was a rip-roaring mining centre, with its own Chinatown, Joss houses, several hotels, a large population and a school with 500 children. His piece of gold ore aroused quite some interest and although he intended to stay for only half an hour, he stayed for nearly an hour to answer questions from his keen audience. He finally got away after promising us that he would show us the local hall and library the following evening. Mr. Hosking likes to show visitors the library because otherwise "only the silverfish read it."

We finished the evening with some healthy exercise to the savagely sweet tunes of Elvis c.s. and some of the teachers had some valuable instruction in jive from the pupils.

The following day, Wednesday, was scheduled as a day of excursions to pine forests, tobacco farms, sawmills, hop plantations and other places of geographical interest. We left as usual at nine, and our first stop was one of the pine plantations where we were given a demonstration of the falling, trimming, snagging, and loading of the logs that make the present-day wealth of the Ovens River Valley.

We next visited the State Forest Plantations where we were welcomed by Mr. Menko, the softwood expert of the Department. Mr. Menko, who originally hails from the pine forests on the River Volga, introduced us to the intricacies of sowing, planting, thinning and preserving a pine forest.

The sun was already showing a tendency to move westward when we rolled up at the Tobacco Research Station of the Dept. of Agriculture. There was no tobacco left in the paddocks, but the manager, Mr. Rowan, showed us

the seedbeds, discussed the prevalent diseases and the ways in which they are combated.

On the way home we visited a hop plantation and were introduced to an ingenious device for separating hops from the plant. Unfortunately there were no hops available to demonstrate, but this was compensated by the discovery of a walnut-tree that still had some nuts left on it.

On the way to our hostel we had a chance to become enraptured by the snow-covered peak of Mt. Feathertop with the red glow of the setting sun pouring over it like topping over a sundae. It looked very promising for the next day when a party of us were to attempt the ascent of this 6,306-foot high peak. We arrived home at dusk and the evening meal was a welcome sight. When tea was over we were led through the village by Mr. Rupe Hosking, who showed us the local hall and library.

The result was one of the most spontaneous performances I have ever seen. According to Mr. Hosking you cannot let young people have a look at a dance floor without letting them try it, no matter how old the floor may be. It was due to this opinion that Messrs. Brennan and Marjason climbed up on the stage and in no time they had improvised some dance music with the aid of the old piano and their own vocal cords. It was there that we decided to try and hire the hall for the next evening and give a variety concert. It was after we came out of the hall that some fiend decided to race the whole party home. Some of the more lively ones were already having their first jive when the last ones finally staggered in. From then on there was a continuing whispering of secret rehearsals which promised well for the next evening. Every group was to do an item as well as several individual items. All this was to be interspersed with dances, and the whole function was to celebrate the 15th birthday of Leah. Mr. Hoy, the manager of the hostel, had promised to provide an enormous cake with a suitable inscription. Everybody was tired and when bedtime came we were glad to stretch out and doze off to dream of the wonderful time we were having. Unfortunately for most of us, all the beds had been shortsheeted and when we had finally made our beds again we discovered that our pyjamas had been tampered with to such a degree that Mr. Stolk's resembled a string of saveloys. It must have taken at least two boys to tie them up as tightly as that. The culprits will naturally fail in geography and French. The early night we were to have had started at twelve o'clock. Most of us were wondering where we were to find the energy to climb to the summit of Mt. Feathertop the next morning.

Needless to say that the next morning we were up again before seven, full of expectancy for the adventure of the day. We tried to dissuade as many people as possible from coming along, but in spite of repeated tales of horror about the misery in store for those who did not feel quite up to it, we set out on the Thursday morning with a group of sixty pupils all bent on reaching at least the cabin which is

approximately a mile and a half from the top of Big Feathertop.

It was noticeable that those who tried to get there by starting off on a gallop did not quite realize how far seven and a half miles is, more so when the average rise is one in eight. After the first mile a steady rain began to fall which dampened a good deal of enthusiasm.

We felt that we must at last be getting to the cabin and we decided to have a brief stop before the final onslaught. We had hardly got to our feet again when ahead of us we saw the welcome sight of Ian waving his arms. They had found the cabin, well snowed under and had nearly gone past it; they had made a fire and had gone on to the summit. It was snowing rather heavily now and near the top without much vegetation we were glad to be out of the wind for a moment to sign the book.

We left our lunches in the cabin and set out for the top. Snow was blowing into our clothes from all angles now and to stop could have easily meant pneumonia. The slope was becoming steeper and a dense fog was closing in. Deep drifts slowed our progress and much of the way we had to move sideways to dig our boots into the fresh snow that had covered the frozen layer of the previous day. It is very discouraging if you can hardly stand up with the tiredness that drags at your limbs, and you take one step only to slide back six into a drift.

It was at this stage that the first party came almost to falling back from the top. They were nearly on us before we could see them; they had planted the school colours and after congratulations, they went back to the cabin while we plodded on to big Feathertop.

By now the vegetation had disappeared altogether and so had most of our energy. I can still see the three girls who were with us. They were nearly crying with frustration when they kept slipping back, when their hands and feet were nearly frozen with the cold, or when they felt they could not move another inch, but they kept on trying; they got to the top, they helped plant the colours, they had their photos. taken with sago-like snow blocking the lens of the camera and on the way back to the cabin they fell more than they walked, but they made it.

We were all glad to be back in the cabin and drink black coffee out of a billy can that had seen better days. We ate our lunches, dried some of our clothes and warmed ourselves before the long, weary climb home.

The Friday morning saw a perfect assembly of our whole group. Many photos. were taken for the last time and after repeated good-byes we were finally seated in our bus. I think all of us had some nostalgic thoughts when we drove out of Harrierville for the last time. We were to catch the train at 3.52 from Wangaratta and this enabled us to pay a visit to one of the local model vineyards owned by Mr. J. Brown. We made for Wangaratta where we had nearly twenty minutes to do some shopping. Anyone who saw the pile of luggage on the platform would never have thought that we would get it all on the train. For a moment it looked as if we would not get on in time when the corridor had a minor traffic-jam.



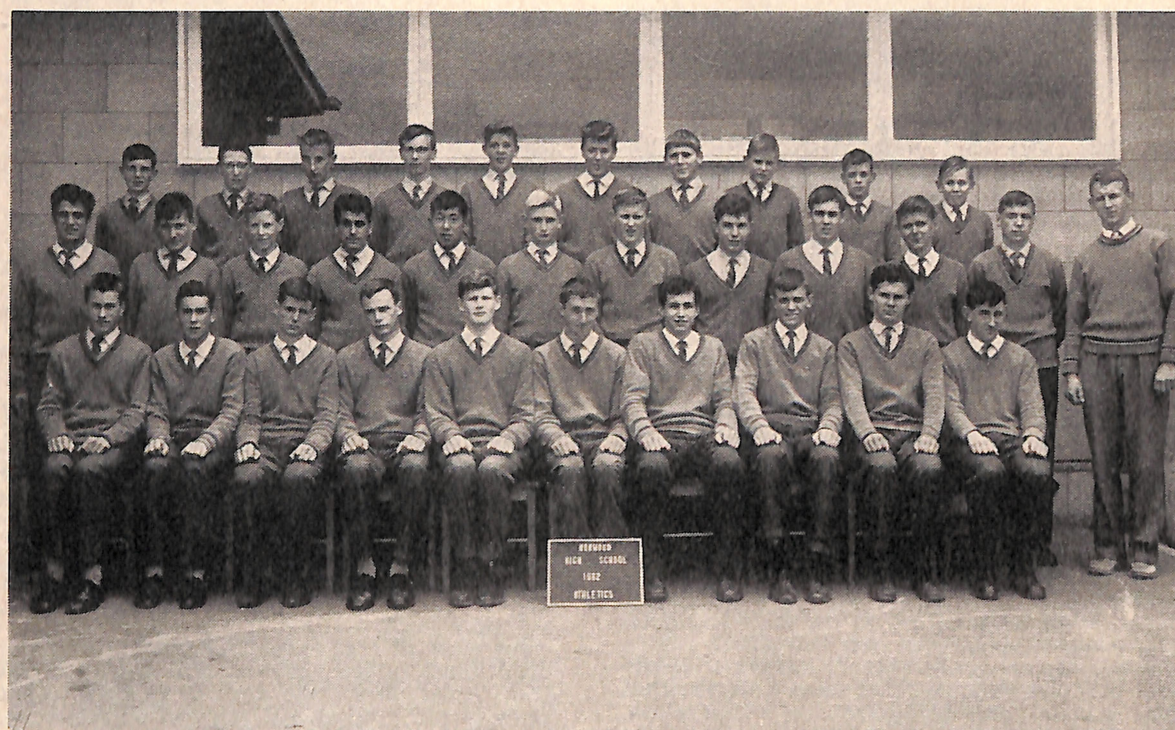
However, when everybody sat in the best compartment available, there appeared to be plenty of room and we had till Melbourne to sort ourselves out.

The arrival at Ringwood saw quite a few tears and they were not all the pupils' either, but who could blame anyone for being happy to see this fine crowd home again? I for one had the best and the most satisfying experience I ever had and this was in no small measure due to the attitude of the pupils, a fine bunch, not sitting back like a row of stuffed dummies, waiting to be entertained, but making their own good fun wherever they could. Nobody stepped out of line once and although our relationship with the rest of the group was one of easy camaraderie, they all knew how far to go and when to stop, which says something for their upbringing and their judgment. They rose to the occasion marvelously and could be treated like adults. Personally, I am prepared to back them against

any group of teenagers and I am sure they would come out tops. Not only I but also the other teachers feel proud to have been associated with our excursion group.

In conclusion, I must point out that these trips tend to show people from a side entirely different from the usual, a side we often manage to hide for years. Who would have ever pictured Steve as a competent mountaineer, or Mr. Ball as a mind reader, better than average? Who would have ever suspected the ability of some of our dance teachers who gave freely and selflessly of their shoes and energy to teach some lumbering hulks to jive? These are only a few, but whatever news we'd discovered, it was always something better than what we had been used to. The overall result is therefore quite obvious. Let's hope we will have many more trips like it even if they could not possibly be as good as this one.

H. G. STOLK.



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS (BOYS)

1st row, from left to right: D. Hunt, C. Brown, G. Smith, B. Fitzgerald, T. Donovan, G. Rodgers, J. Wilson, J. Kerr, S. Hanrahan, J. Northausen.

2nd row: G. Pezzimenti, M. Bailey, J. O'Regan, A. Pezzimenti, R. Bradley, P. Pridmore, B. Young, P. Silver, R. Bryant, N. Lobb, P. Moritz, Mr. Olsen.

3rd row: M. Moore, B. Frazer, N. Williams, S. Martin, G. Catt, E. Jennings, S. Dickson, D. Young, D. Briggs, N. Crofts.

#### HOWLERS

"Nothing grows on the ice-cap region, because whatever grows there is immediately killed by the extreme cold."

"Irish" teacher, 4A.

"Products of Indonesian plantation farms are rubber, tin, coffee, bananas, petroleum and sugar."

4A, essay.



#### SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORT

Up until this year the staff had organized all school socials; however, it was decided at the beginning of this year to give the pupils the responsibility of running their own socials. A committee of prefects and senior pupils was formed and they, assisted by Mrs. Mackrell and Mr. Olsen, have successfully run two senior and one junior socials.

The first social held in the Ringwood Town Hall at the end of Term 1 had a fishing village theme. This was gained by unusual decoration such as crayfish pots and comic paintings of fish around the walls.

The M.C. on this occasion was our head prefect, Arno Haemmerle, ably assisted by Phillip Brown.

Leis were given out at the door and this helped to give the night a festive atmosphere.

At the end of the second term it was decided to give the junior school a social afternoon of its own.

Unfortunately the Ringwood Town Hall was unavailable for both the junior and senior socials, but we were happy to obtain St. Mary's Church Hall for both occasions. The two socials were rather crowded affairs, but this tended to add to the fun and informality. Owing to the lack of space, supper could not be provided for everyone as it had been in Term 1, but drinks were on sale for those who wanted them.

The junior afternoon social was a great success and provided fun for everyone. There were games as well as dancing and everyone joined in enthusiastically, especially those teachers who were present.

As soon as the examinations are over, plans will go ahead for the all-important end-of-year social which promises to be an even bigger success than the previous ones.

Our thanks go to all who have helped to run these socials, especially Mrs. Mackrell, Mrs. Samatauskas, and Mr. Olsen, for their ideas and support.

Anne Luscombe Pam Northausen

#### INDONESIAN STUDY GROUP 1962

Formed at the start of the year, this group drew initially a large host of followers. Those who sought thrills and novelties welcomed

this new activity as a source of variety.

When, however, after some months it became clear that on occasions some mental effort would be required, the ranks were soon depleted until at last only a hard core of really interested participants was attending the Friday lunch-time meeting.

During these meetings we have discussed some aspects of Indonesian life, its colonial period, its post-war struggle for economic independence, its language and its arts.

In the new year we hope to increase our numbers and include in our interests such items as films, magazines and lectures by Indonesian students.

Judy Binns

#### "A REPORT =??!! !!"—FROM THE SCIENCE ROOM

This year some members of the senior forms obtained permission to carry out certain dangerous and certainly malodorous experiments. Despite official sanction to the work, there were objections from among the ranks.

"They're the ones who've been making the stink . . . get 'em!"

"Peters should stop making B.O.!"

These and other less polite comments have been hurled our way. Oh, well, it was all in the cause of science.

In June the experiments were completed and as the last litres of hydrogen-sulphide wafted away, everyone heaved a deep sigh of relief.

For how long, though?

Soon the "back-room boys" were back, this time trying to manufacture, unsuccessfully, pure silicon.

Other items of interest were: Mr. Ball upbraiding certain boys for cooking on a Bunsen burner, and being handed a cup of hot soup in the middle of his speech; the science room "syndicate" blowing the fuses with a third-former's "electric chair." Also Mrs. Peel's interested examination of "the apparatus that produces pure alcohol from crude organic compounds"—in other words a "still."

Another interesting scene was the fourth form's period of practical dissection. Overheard through the welter of gore, flying sheep's (?) hearts and slashing scalpels:

"Has anyone seen Mr. Ball?"

Also noted a certain female's attack on a member of the "syndicate," and a new member of the crew, a first former, who could get "dangerous materials" for us.

Signed "Prof." (the mad scientist).

#### JUNIOR RED CROSS

1962 has brought Norwood High School a circle of Junior Red Cross workers.

This Society has sixty members who are now working hard with fund-raising activities to provide people less fortunate than themselves with clothing.

With two visits from Miss Lawley from Red Cross Headquarters we are now a registered circle. Members are now making dresses for orphans in Singapore, while others are collecting stamps and bottle tops to raise money,



some are making books for the Aboriginal children in Northern Australia.

In 1963 the members will be taking a course in first aid and we hope that all our members will some day be helping all those in need throughout the world.

Our society would not have come into being without the initiative of Mrs. Bach who has helped us organize our own bank account, and we are all very grateful to her. (Through our organization she also arranged for us to be a Guard of Honour during the visit of the King and Queen of Thailand, together with the other members of Junior Red Cross groups in other schools. It was an exciting day that none of us will forget.)

The office-bearers of our society are: Mrs. Bach, Leader; C. Wilkins, President; G. Pullar, Secretary; J. Reid, Treasurer; H. Jackubenko, Treasurer.

### THE INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP GROUP

"Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone."

Maybe this could be the watchword of the Inter-school Fellowship. We are only a few in number, but the dream of 1961 has become a reality and a small group of Christian pupils have formed a fellowship meeting which is held every week under the guiding hand of the Rev. Peter Manton.

These meetings have been varied and have included visiting speakers such as Mr. Bruce Johnson, travelling Secretary of the Crusader Fellowship, and Miss Dawn Marin, from "Salem" Spastic Children's Home at Box Hill.

Next year we hope to improve the quality of our meetings by inviting speakers and teams from other schools to run the meetings, holding question time and a film.

If we can help to fill our Father's House the pupils of this school should prove a marvellous vineyard. Therefore pray for us! Pray that we may become an important body in the school, that Christ will become a personal Saviour and friend to each and every person.

Gwyn Turton, 4A.

### DRAMA CLUB REPORT

This year the Drama Club got away to a good start under the direction of Mrs. Samatauskas.

We started slowly, acting out the meanings of words, miming, playing charades, and engaging in some "black-magic"! Slowly we worked ourselves up, learning to move and speak properly on stage.

During Term Two we began to act in short sketches and plays. Perhaps many of you remember the melodramatic mime that kept so many of you amused on a wet Tuesday—the audience called for several encores!

At last in Term Three we became engaged in our first big attempt to act out a story spontaneously. We were given the bare outline of a plot and from there on conducted our own Drama of the Courts.

And now we come to our two major productions of the year—the plays for Speech Afternoon and Night. The juniors are acting that well-known poem, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," with a large cast, headed by Peter Blackmore, Sue Hickinbotham, David Mitchell, Allan Sargent, and many other enthusiastic actors and actresses.

The seniors are embroiled in a FRUITY MELODRAMA with cast including Gwen Turton, Janet Brown, Graham Turton, Claire Hanrahan and Nancy O'Connor.

We believe the Drama Club has had a good year.

If you did not come this year—come next!

David Mitchell.

### LIBRARY REPORT

The year 1962 has been a time of advance and improvement for the Library. Mrs. Grainger has quickly taken up the reins from where Mrs. Eason left off and has been of wonderful service to both staff and students.

Some 792 books have been purchased during the past twelve months and help from mothers has enabled us to place these new books on the shelves in record time.

180 books came from the recent Book Fair which raised five hundred pounds clear for books and other items of Library equipment, eight hundred pounds was the gross total taken.

Eighty more books were donated by parents and students particularly from the Open Day Display.

Though the School now owns 3,200 books, many are still needed for next year's Matriculation classes and for a special section which has been created for the use of senior forms. Other pupils may borrow these, but they must consult Mrs. Grainger first.

During the last term a Library Club was formed and there are 120 members, many of whom are particularly active workers. Take as an example members of 1A and 1B who, though few, still managed to hold a toffee stall and raise 15/11 which will be used for the purchase of a pot plant holder.

Plans have been made to make the Library more attractive. Tables are to be sanded and plasticized and one of the parents, Mr. Wilkins, has undertaken to have the shelves painted in light colours.

So once again we commend Mrs. Grainger for her capable handling of the Library and thank those who have helped in any way during the past year.

Gwen Turton, Wendy Flack, Sally Fawell, 4A.

### Book Reviews

#### "THE CRUEL SEA"

By Nicolas Monsaratt.

Although fiction, this is one of the best naval books ever written, with a wealth of detail and all through is based on fact. The excitement and horror of real war is the trend of this book and indeed is an excellent story of men, ships and the sea.

John Gough, 3P.

### "THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF SAKI"

The short stories of "Saki" is a collection by H. H. Munro. They are, to quote the "Daily Telegraph," "Verbal fireworks, short stories with a kick in them." The works of "Saki" are very difficult to categorize, but they consist mainly of satires on the current affairs of the pre-World War I days. His stories are spiced with a stimulating wit not very often found. The reader never knows what may happen in a story or how it will end until he reads the last few paragraphs of each story. It has been said that Saki makes a special treatment of aunts and nephews and were-wolves; in my opinion "Saki" makes a specialty of life in general.

The diversity of his topics is quite extensive; for example, one particular story deals with an exponent of Siberian black magic, whilst another features the title of "Byzantine Omelettes." And so, for some very interesting reading, try some "Saki."

Gary Wilkins, 3R.

### "SUMMER LIGHTNING"

"Summer Lightning," by P. G. Wodehouse, tells of the life of the occupants of an English castle.

It is a humorous story and has a conventional ending of all turning out well. In parts it is exciting and even becomes dangerous.

It is very enjoyable and is well worth reading.

Albert Prior, 4B.

### "WE COULDN'T LEAVE DINAH"

By Mary Treadgold.

For the background of this very exciting story, Miss Treadgold has used the activities of the Pony Club on the Anglo-French Island of Clerinel.

"We Couldn't Leave Dinah" is a very fast-moving and topical story set in the time of World War 2. It is so exciting that the reader wishes it to last longer than it actually does.

The drawings are by Stuart Tresilian.

Miss Treadgold will keep you in suspense until the very end of the book. She has also written "No Ponies" and "The Polly Harris."

The Carnegie Medal was awarded to "We Couldn't Leave Dinah" for the most outstanding children's book published in 1941.

Laurel Pearce, 1A.

### WHITE COOLIES

This book was written by an Australian Army sister, Betty Jeffrey. She tells the story of her years as a prisoner during the second World War.

This story in some parts is gruesome and in other parts funny or unbelievable—how these army nursing sisters came out of these camps alive is a miracle!

I liked this book because it was interesting right through, and that is how I like books.

This book is suitable for anyone of average mentality.

Claire Hanrahan, 3C.

## MUSIC REPORT

1962 has been a time of interest in the music department of Norwood High School. Plans for making the music room more attractive were enthusiastically supported by students, and the large sum of £25 was raised. With this money three pictures, curtains, and pot-plant stand were purchased. Curtains were chosen by the pupils, and made and hung by girls and boys in 3P. Credit must go to all who assisted in this splendid effort.

**VISITING MUSICIANS.**—We were privileged at the end of Term I to have a visit from two members of the Victorian Symphony Orchestra—Mr. George Dreyfus, bassoonist, and Mr. Ian King, tuba player. These men are first-rate musicians, and it was very kind of them to set apart so much time to come out to us.

In Term II we had a demonstration of recorder, clarinet, trumpet and drum-playing from Mr. Monsborough and a colleague. This was sponsored by Allan & Co., and proved very popular with the pupils.

**ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS:** Visits were made to three orchestral concerts—two in the Melbourne Town Hall and one in the Palais Theatre, St. Kilda. These were given by the V.S.O., under the direction of Dr. Clive Douglas and Mrs. Georges Tzipine, resident conductor of the V.S.O. Forms 2, 3 and 4A were those chosen to attend.

**CONCERT IN THE MUSIC ROOM.**—Early in the year a first-class concert was given by boys and girls of the School. We like to give children who play instruments or sing an opportunity to perform in a sympathetic atmosphere, and give them some encouragement.

It is to be hoped that next year other concerts of a similar nature will be held.

### SCHOOL CHOIR AND MADRIGAL GROUP.

—The girls' choir has continued to meet during club period each Tuesday at lunchtime. Practice did not begin as early in the year as is usual, because much time had to be taken in auditioning potential members from Forms 1, to take the place of the many members from Form 4 who left school at the end of last year.

A very keen and interested nucleus of girls, who are interested in quality rather than quantity, has emerged, and plans are already afoot for increased activity next year.

Arrangements to make a recording of the Speech Night singing of the National Anthem and the School Song have been made. The record should be available for use at School assemblies in 1963.

**MADRIGAL GROUP.**—A keen and musical group of girls has been meeting once a week. The appreciation with which their singing was met last Speech Night has encouraged them to continue in 1962. They also have plans for presenting more work in 1963.





## QUESTIONS

Why do we live?  
Why do we love?  
Is there a hell below?  
A heaven above?  
Is there a power  
Greater than ours?  
If not,  
Who made the flowers?  
Is there a life  
After that we call death?  
Is there to-morrow?

Is this our last breath?  
Why do we inquire?  
Is there an answer?  
Is life a dream,  
Vague, unreal?  
I know not.

Anne Smith, 4A.

## MEET MR. GEEBUNG

Meet Mr. Geebung. Mr. Geebung is an owl but not an ordinary owl. He is not very wise; he does not fly smoothly at night and he does not eat mice and birds. Mr. Geebung is a vegetarian. He would wake up at dawn, fly down from his hollow tree and sit in the grass, eating seed.

One day, while he was eating, Mr. Geebung came upon Miss Milly, the grasshopper. She seemed to be talking to herself and was acting very strangely. "Good morning, Miss Milly," said Mr. Geebung. Miss Milly got such a fright and nearly fainted. "Oh, hello, Mr. Geebung," she said, and hopped away home.

Mr. Geebung was still wondering about Miss Milly and wandering aimlessly, when he heard a tiny squeak below him. He looked down and saw Mr. Creea, the cricket, looking up at him from below one of his talons. "Oh, dear,

I am sorry, Mr. Creea," said Mr. Geebung. He carefully lifted his foot and nearly over-balanced, while Mr. Creea carefully preened himself. Mr. Geebung noticed that the cricket was wearing his best suit, and, when he came to think of it, so was Miss Milly. This was strange, as it was not a Sunday.

Mr. Geebung was sitting still and thinking when he heard a cry overhead. He looked up and there was Mrs. Marmy, the blackbird, and she was also wearing her best suit of feathers. He listened closely and heard her singing.

Mr. Geebung was thinking very hard now, and after a while he decided that he would follow the next animal that acted mysteriously.

Soon afterwards he saw Miss Marie, the butterfly, dancing. She looked very beautiful dancing in the sun, all the colours of the rainbow glittering from her wings. Even though she was not acting any differently than usual, he decided to follow her.

He flew as quietly as he could from shadow to shadow, following the beautiful colours of Miss Marie's wings. Shortly, he saw her flutter into a hidden dell. He followed her in and, to his surprise, the glow-worms all began lighting their lanterns; the crickets tuned their musical instruments; the butterflies assembled on a platform in the middle of the dell and all the audience yelled, "Surprise!" and "Happy Birthday!" and then Mr. Geebung remembered; it was his birthday.

He sat down and the entertainment began. The crickets, led by Mr. Creea, played soft music. Mrs. Marmy sang a few opera numbers. Miss Marie danced and, last of all, came a play. The leading lady, Miss Milly, played Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." By the end of this, everybody was tired, so the refreshments were brought in. No one had ever been to a better party, and no one was ever as happy as Mr. Geebung, who shook the wing of every one of the birds and insects and the forepaw of every rat and mouse. Mr. Geebung was still thinking of his party when he fell asleep.

Johanna Hoebe, Form 2S.

## THE RIVALS

Wary, watchful,  
Circling round,  
Shuffling feet  
On trampled ground.  
Darting eyes  
Filled with hate,  
Black hate.  
A lunge—too late!  
The other moves  
Steps quickly back,  
Laughs,  
But does not attack.  
The movement starts  
Circling again,  
Watching each other.  
Countries or men?  
Why don't they stop  
Stop and shake hands  
And be friends again—  
Men and lands?

Janet Brown, 4a.

## HOW NAGALOO BECAME THE EVENING STAR

Long, long ago when Mother Nature made this beautiful world of ours, there was an Aboriginal boy who was always boasting to his companions. He was always telling them how much better he was at doing everything; he could run faster; he could hurl his spear further; he could throw the swift boomerang and always hit the old grey kangaroo, and his companions would listen to his boasting patiently, because it was all true.

Now one day, as he was out hunting the swift kangaroo, the mighty sun god, Taurus, looked down out of his fiery chariot, and saw Nagaloo throw his boomerang with such accuracy that the sun god thought he was the god of children out playing, disguised as an Aboriginal boy.

So the next day he sent Sinus, the gods' messenger, to find out if he was, because Taurus was very jealous of the god of children.

Sinus met Nagaloo out in the bush and they sat down and talked, for Sinus looked just like any other Aboriginal boy to Nagaloo. "I saw you throw the boomerang the other day," remarked Sinus. "I couldn't help thinking that you must be a god."

Now Nagaloo loved flattery, and here was a good opportunity to boast. "Oh, no, I am not a god, but I am much better than any god you could name," said Nagaloo. "Why, I could run faster than any god, and no god could even throw the spear half the distance I can."

Now when Sinus heard that, he got so mad he said: "I will show you to say you are better than the gods, my lad!" and he challenged Nagaloo to a race.

The two of them lined up and set off at a great pace, but, though Nagaloo tried his hardest, he could not keep up with Sinus, who

ran at such speed Nagaloo seemed to be standing still.

Then it came to the spear throwing, but Nagaloo no longer felt confident, for he had guessed that his opponent was no ordinary boy, but perhaps a god, and he got very scared. But he had to throw his spear, so he threw it with such force that he couldn't let it go. He went up and up into the cloudy sky; he got so high that his clothes started to burn. Seeing this, the sun took pity on him and changed him into a star that will always circle the earth just as long as there are people who will continually boast about how good they are.

Des. Holman, Form 1D.

## SPOOKS

The midnight hour was drawing near,  
The time when spirits must appear,  
And by the fire the watcher stood;  
He kept as silent as he could.

The room was large and very dim,  
The watchers face was very grim,  
The midnight hour was striking now,  
And he was growing scared, I vow.

A noise was sounding from the stairs,  
The watcher raised his numerous hairs,  
The ghost was walking through the gloom,  
And making for his very room.

The watcher steel'd himself to stay,  
And prayed that it would go away,  
The door was moving. What was that?  
It opened to admit the cat!

Marjorie Toppin, 2P.







### A MEMORABLE MEAL

Not only had the day in the jungle been long and arduous, but also hot and humid. We had started out in the early morning to explore a hidden valley deep in the tropical rainforest area. The afternoon, like so many afternoons, in the tropics was exceedingly humid and steamy with several spasmodic deluges.

As we pushed our way through the jungle on our return journey, the trees were steaming and the clutching vines made the path almost impenetrable. We finally reached the clearing in the forest, recognizable only by the several tents the natives had pitched for us. A smell, which had aroused our interest for some minutes beforehand, had at last been traced to its source. In the middle of our camp site several of the natives were bending over a large and cumbersome stewing pot, richly carved and engraved. From this ornate object escaped the smell which had attracted our attention previously. Our appetites which had been languishing all day because of the stifling heat, came to life suddenly at the thought of an appetising meal.

Having had a thorough wash in the cool stream which ran through the clearing, I enquired into the affair of the stew. I came to the conclusion after much inquiry that the contents of the pot were a mixture of animal and vegetable, the animal being three cockatoos, which were considered to be a great delicacy, the vegetables being yams and native herbs. The contents made the stew much less desirable. The ingredients mentioned previously were placed whole into the

stewing pot which meant that without being aware of this fact you would be eating entrails and wings. The natives who thrive on such delicacies, told me in excited tones the exact nutritive value of this diabolical mess. At last the meal was cooked to perfection and the natives, delighted with their achievement, served out the dinner.

I was literally revolted at the thought of this meal, but I knew that my colleagues were ravenous, so I refrained from informing them of the stew's contents, that memorable dinner, enjoyed and relished by all but me. As it was poured into the tin plates, customary on such expeditions, my stomach turned over as I saw small pieces of entrail floating in the brown, fatty liquid. I envied my friends, unaware of the perils of that stew and completely oblivious of the after-effects which could occur. At last that delicious meal was over and most of us retired to bed, I ravenous because of my squeamishness.

That night I was PLEASANTLY comfortable apart from the humidity which worried everyone. Most of the men had settled after their satisfying meal and by ten o'clock everyone was fast asleep. At approximately midnight I was awakened by a groaning coming from another tent. I jumped out of my bed and approached the other tent in a cautious, if not dignified, manner.

"Ghosts!" was my immediate thought, for in the clear, still night with the moon casting eerie shadows, one's mind becomes confused and one's common sense is inclined to become overrun by supernatural thoughts. On entering the tent, I discovered to my relief that the eerie noise was one of my friends with an acute stomach ache. I immediately rushed to the store tent to fetch the castor oil bottle, for I knew the cause of the upset was the stew. I flew back to the tent and administered the castor oil with much alacrity.

This occurred four more times that night and four more times, as I administered that castor oil to my woeful companions, I was glad that I had not participated in that memorable meal which had caused my companions such discomfort.

Liz Stode, 4C.

### THE LITTLE BLACK PRINCESS OF THE NEVER-NEVER

"The Little Black Princess of the Never-Never" is about an Aboriginal tribe in the Northern Territory near the Roper River. The tribe has many beliefs.

But the main part of the story concerns a little Aboriginal girl named Bett Bett and her dog, Sue, who is taken into a white home-stead where she makes her home.

This very interesting book is by Mrs. Aeneas Gunn.

### CAUGHT IN A STORM

It was a hot, humid day in January. I was exploring the caves of the rocky coastline of New South Wales just outside Botany Bay. It was a clear day and before me stretched the deep, blue ocean. Above I heard the squawking cry of the seagulls which glided so gracefully.

As I gazed towards the horizon I perceived grey clouds gathering into a multitude to form a black, ominous threat to this picturesque scene. The far-off roll of thunder and the streaky fingers of lightning made it clear that a storm was on the way.

Presently the thundering clouds were above and as the hurricane force winds whipped through the trees, rain began to fall. Soon the blinding sheets of water obscured my vision and within minutes I was soaked to the skin. This obscurity hindered my progress towards a suitable position from which I might be able to defy the storm's intentions. I found such a place and with great anxiety to get rid of my saturated garments. I struggled to release them from my sticky body and upon doing so I laid them before me. As I looked upon the sea I saw Neptune's white horses chopping up the once calm ocean.

Fortunately the tempest did not last and presently the rain died away. As I walked from the entrance of my cave, I saw before me a rainbow's colours sparkling on the silvery ocean as the sunbeams danced on the sea and the water kissed the shore.

David Hunt, 2R.

### TEENAGE IDLE

People call me a teenage idle,  
They say I've got the knack  
Of letting others do my work  
While I just lounge around and shirk,  
Or comfortably lean back.

I'm not really a teenage idle,  
I just like having fun,  
Of work I'd gladly do my share  
Except it seems, I'm never there,  
Until the work's all done.

People call me a teenage idle.  
They say if they were me,  
And fooled around, they'd never pass,  
Instead, I come top of the class  
And get away Scot-free.

Janet Brown, 4A.







## THE STORM

The winter had been mild, but when summer dawned upon us we felt as though we had been lowered into the depths of a fiery pit.

To-day had been much the same as any other day, one of misery. Perhaps the countryside would be better than the city; we did not know, for the ordeal of driving in a car was similar to that of being subjected to torture by the burning sun. The city reminded us of a steel furnace, suffocating to live in because of the scarce amount of fresh air. The small narrow streets with their houses all practically joined together and separated from the cobbled roads by their thin strip of earth seemed to be ruined, for they were continually being coated with smoke from the factory chimneys, and their appearance had become grimy and dirty. The windows all had blinds drawn, but although these deflected the actual light, the atmosphere of heat and grime could not be excluded from the homes, for this feeling was everywhere, even to the extent of occupying a place in the hearts of all living things. The houses appeared parched and dry, while the occupants seemed even more so, thriving on liquid in any form.

The country, however, suffered more than the city, as its whole purpose was dependent on rain. The comparatively quiet Main Street was to-day totally deprived of any human form. The men of the town were all seated in the bar, suppressing their consciences and relieving their thirst by emptying the spirit supply of the ancient hotel.

Occasionally a stray dog would wander noisily around the town, his body distorted with pain from lack of liquid. Only crows would sit in the shade of the dead trees, their bones showing through their narrow feathering, their heads swollen in size, they themselves crowing aimlessly for help. The fields were barren and dry, all of their colouring reduced to a brown shade which is always in character with heat and drought.

The heat throughout the day had been much the same as always. It seemed as if summer would continue for an eternity, but as we idly amused ourselves, there began a faint murmur of movement in the streets. Within an hour newspapers were being whipped along the streets. As though haunted by an invisible power, the earth seemed to arise into great clouds of dust, then suddenly subside, only to spring up again, coating everything with its flimsy layers of material. The dry, parched leaves of the "Evergreens" were ripped away from their branches and they littered the streets. A dust storm was approaching.

Earlier in the season this storm would have aroused a feeling of hope amongst us, but now these storms were as frequent as the rising of the sun. We did not notice the sudden build-up of clouds, an action which seemed incredible as they seemed to spring from nowhere, nor did we notice the changing of the clouds' colour into one of a dark, menacing nature.

The room in which we all sat was filled with a queer silence as our talking was deafened by

a loud, thundering noise and a violent booming. The metal vibrated with the force of heavy rain, and water seeped into all the cracks in the ancient hotel. We heard cries from children in the street, and we too charged for the street, not caring for anyone else but ourselves, for this had been our dream.

The colours of the fields seemed to change before our eyes as we saw again life and happiness. The earth, hardened by the heat, at first seemed to repel the moisture, but its defences were soon weakened by the heavy pelting of the rain, and soon it greedily swallowed up the water.

After the rain, which we had endured for three days, everything became green, even the little strips of earth in front of the tiny houses in the city. Nature fed her possessions with a lovingness which seemed even more wonderful to us after the destruction of the drought. Life itself seemed to thrive as it had never done before—we would all remember that wonderful day.

B. Beissel.

## HOLD-UP AT HAUNTED HILL

Close to the crest of the haunted hill,  
Waiting in hiding an outlaw tall;  
Waiting the note of the whistle shrill,  
Known as the outlaw's adventure call.

Silent he lay and still was he,  
When he heard the look-out whistle three,  
He signalled his men to be ready to aim  
To shoot down the driver and horses maim.

The outlaws rode down in the burning sun,  
Then did their work with the deadly gun,  
They opened the Wells Fargo's coach door,  
Hauled out the strongbox and passengers four.

Silent and still lay the coach's crew,  
And the outlaws never did receive their due.  
Despite the Sheriff and troopers ten,  
The outlaw tall and his band of men  
Still roam the land and plan to kill  
In a cavernous rift in a haunted hill.  
Linde Bretherton, 2S.

## ART—WITH OUR TEACHER

"Be quiet, 2S!" we hear her shout.  
"If you're not quiet, I'll toss you out!  
David, what did you say?  
Up the back. You'll scrub all day.  
Who talked then? Take David's place.  
Paper monitor, it's no paper chase!  
Lorraine, if you talk just once more,  
I'll separate you for evermore!  
Who threw that piece of chalk?"

Ding! ding! ding! ding! Five-minute bell.  
"Paint monitor! Who's the paint monitor?  
John Chapman, get on with it or . . .  
Folio monitor? For heaven's sake, Dallas,  
Don't just stand there; do something!  
I want this place to look like a palace.  
BE QUIET, 2S! Good afternoon, 2S." Ding!  
ding!

Dallas Melbourne.



1958-1962

To Norwood High I say goodbye  
With feelings mixed, my dears,  
I now await my adult fate,  
Throughout the coming years.

I contemplate that awful date  
In January next, my dears,  
When numbers show which path I'll go  
Into the future years.

And you and I at Norwood High,  
In Leaving Form, my dears,  
Held pride of place to set the pace  
Across the First Five years.

And now we part, each one to start  
A chapter new, my dears,  
We'll meet again to part again  
Oft, through the coming years.

Meryn Longmire.

### THE SMALL ARMY

By Bruce Marshall.

This is the story of an "army" of evacuee school boys in England during the war.

In England the "army" is formed for when they will go back to Guernsey, their home; but it develops into a fighting force with rival factions that engage in mock-war with another school. It is written by the leader of the "army" and is an excellent insight into the ingenuity of all school boys.

John Gough, 3P.

### REBEL

We, who are all times taught, moulded, sculptured  
By parents, teachers and the like,  
Have come to accept a rude unnecessary discipline,  
Have lain down meekly  
When thus commanded by chastising teachers  
Who, when whims and necessities please,  
Proceed to stroke—not now with cane—with pen;  
Ask of us favours for such nobilities,  
Then, if these refused, revert to force of arms  
Or lengthy discourse to impress on us our humbleness.

For long terms we have born such maltreatment,  
And now the time is right to vacate this hal-  
lowed institution.

To escape subduing bonds of school autocracy.  
And rebel against an adult world towards which we all

Too quickly speed: this time's for childish joy  
and simple fun.

For fleeting mirth-filled days;

Fleeting days that hurry our return to school  
routine

And pining for an end to three long terms,

When, once again, we can rebel.

William J. S. Emmett, 4A.

## HOUSE REPORTS

### KALINDA HOUSE REPORT

Kalinda has had a fairly successful year all round. We came second in the February swimming sports and found that we have some remarkable talents in the "water baby" line.

Our major triumph was at the House Athletic Sports, when we took the shield for the second year running. Next year we will do it again—of this we are sure, because we have some "wonders" in this field, too.

Our proud possession is an undefeated girls' hockey team! We challenge any house to find better next year. Some of the other teams did quite well also.

We worked hard for the fete and although we did not do as well as the other houses, no one can say we did not put up a good fight. All members of the House would like to thank Mrs. Block, Mrs. Mackrell and Mr. Bennett for their continued encouragement and support. Thanks also go to our Junior Captains, Sue Reynolds and Chris. Willman; our Vice-captains, Pam Northausen and Brian Girvan; your work throughout the year has been appreciated by all members of the House.

We feel co-operation is the main reason for any success we might have achieved. Every

House member has worked well with the House teachers and we thank you, hoping that any team spirit and House fellowship that was originated this year will help Kalinda to do greater things in the following twelve months.

Merlyn and Fitzy.

### MAROONDAH HOUSE REPORT

The first house assembly began with elections for 1962 House Captains and Secretaries. The results were: House Captains, Bev. Rimmer, Ian Weist; Vice-captains, Ann Luscombe, Peter Silver; Junior Captains, Fay Glendenning, Gary Catt; Secretaries, Liz. Reid, Gilbert Pezzimenti.

Once again Mr. Stolk and Mrs. Eason returned as Master and Mistress and they were assisted by Mrs. Bach and Mr. Haddad. Unfortunately Mrs. Binns was absent in first term due to illness, and we missed her very much. When she returned in second term she accepted the offer to be Maroondah House Mistress, as Mrs. Eason had moved to Frankston.

The swimming sports were held early first term and Maroondah gained third place. A few months later the athletic sports took place and Maroondah finished in fourth position. Although these results were not very good, several people did well, and we would like to congratulate those people who represented the School in the Inter-school Sports Meetings.

After the weak appearance put in by the house in the swimming and athletic sports, the members of Maroondah were determined to make an all-out effort in regard to the annual fete. Everyone began working early and as the day of the fete approached we began to see the results of our efforts.

We would like to express our appreciation to the House for the co-operation given throughout the fete, and only through this was Maroondah able to raise the winning amount of over £200. Of all the fund-raising attractions of the fete most credit goes to Mr. Stolk and his band of eager helpers who ran the café. We would also like to thank Mrs. Rosewarne, Mrs. Lurajud and Mrs. Grainger for the help they gave to make the House a success.

As this is our last year at Norwood High School, we would like to extend our thanks to everyone who has been connected with Maroondah House in the past five years. We would like to say that it has been an honour to have been Maroondah's House Captains and we wish the House every success for the future.

Bev. Rimmer.

Ian Weist.

### MULLUM HOUSE REPORT

Mullum has had another enjoyable year's competition in 1962. Although we had lost some of our outstanding senior members, we gained some valuable sports personalities in our Form 1's, so that we started the year in a hopeful frame of mind. Our house office-bearers for this year were elected and they were: Senior Captains, Norma Leslie and Jim Wilson; Vice-captains, Ann Couche and Bob Bryant; Junior Captains, Jill Young and Graham Bryant.

Another welcome addition to the house was Mrs. Peel, who was appointed Assistant House Teacher this year.

Our first struggle came with the Inter-house Swimming Sports, where Mullum "scooped the pool." We had several individual championships to our credit—Norma Leslie, Paul Horrigan, Bob Bryant, David Flowers—and they were well backed up by the rest of the team.

We were not so successful in the athletics, gaining third place, but again our individual champions did a sterling job. Notable among them were Norma Leslie, Lynette Dickson, Bob Bryant and Bob Bradley.

Our teams have had their share of victory and defeat, but perhaps the team deserving the most credit for effort is our junior softball team, which has shown an outstanding improvement through the year. Well done, boys!

In concluding, we would like to thank Mrs. Peel, Miss Methven and Mr. Ball for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

Having won the aggregate shield for the last four years, we are of course hoping to repeat this performance, but whatever the results, our thanks go to all the students of Norwood High who have been such good sports throughout the year.

Norma Leslie.  
Jim Wilson.

### YARRA HOUSE REPORT

The year opened with elections for House Captains and Secretaries. Dianne Thompson was elected girls' House Captain and Brian Young was chosen by the boys. The Vice-captains elected were Geraldine McWilliams and Graham Rodgers; unfortunately Geraldine left the School, and Jenny Hall was elected to take her place. The Junior Captains were Annette Nelson and Brian Cleaves. Our Secretaries were Joan Bedford and Jim Badger.

We were pleased to welcome back Mr. Jamieson and Miss Pfitzner and were glad to receive two more House Mistresses, Miss Black and Mrs. Samatauskas. Unfortunately Miss Pfitzner left at the end of Term 2.

The swimming sports were in Term 1, but we did not do so well. We made up for it, however, in the athletic sports a few months later where we came a close second to Kalinda. We were able to produce many champions in their age groups and many who represented the School in the Inter-school Sports.

On the whole all sport was a great success throughout the year with good results every week. The introduction of golf, bowling, bat tennis and volley ball was appreciated by everyone participating in these new sports.

We would like to thank our House teachers and all those who have helped us throughout the year.

Dianne Thompson.  
Brian Young.

The members of the Magazine Club wish the Staff, the Pupils  
and all interested in Norwood High School a joyous  
Christmas and prosperity during 1963



sport reports

SWIMMING SPORTS

Tuesday, March 6th, dawned with the promise of ideal swimming carnival weather, a promise that was later fulfilled.

As the School grows, we have to squeeze in tighter each year at the Ringwood Baths, but the limit has been reached and we will have to start looking for a new pool.

Highlight of the day was the convincing win by Mullum House which proved its superiority by twenty-eight wins to its credit out of fifty-eight events. Final results were:—

Mullum	.....	274 points
Kalinda	.....	188 points
Maroondah	.....	133 points
Yarra	.....	99 points

Our champions were as follows:—

Under 12: Dennis Young (Ya); Janet Meggs (Ka).

Under 13: David Flowers (Mu); Marion Kaighin (Ka).

Under 14: Geoff Northausen (Ka); Christine Matuska (Ma).

Under 15: Bob Bryant (Mu); Claire Hanrahan (Ya) and Sue Rule (Ma).

Under 16: Paul Horrigan (Mu); Norma Leslie (Mu).

Open: Brian Girvan (Ka); Katherine Lane (Mu).

Norma Leslie, Marian Kaighin and David Flowers are worthy of special mention for their efforts; Norma scored four straight wins, Marion scored three straight wins in her age events plus one win in the open group, while David scored three wins in his age group plus two wins and a third place in the open section.

Those who recorded wins in the House Sports represented the School in the Inter-school Swimming Sports held at the Olympic Swimming Pool, where they put on a great effort to gain fourth place behind well-established high schools.

Our champions at the Inter-school Sports were Reg. Johnston, Marion Kaighin and Val Wilson. However, the School congratulates not only those who won or gained places, but all those who took part in the swimming activities throughout the year. A sports meeting is only successful if there is a large number of competitors, even though the majority of them will be losers. To all who took part we say: "Well done!"

We look forward to again having keen competition in swimming events in 1963; we may even succeed in taking the honours at the Inter-school meeting.

David Flowers.

SQUASH REPORT

1962 has proved to be a successful year for the Norwood squash teams. At the beginning of the year the manager of the Ringwood Squash Courts, Mr. Howe, introduced the practice of inter-school matches between local secondary schools. Organized to provide a form of regular competition, the matches were a great success.

Norwood was represented each week by two boys' and two girls' teams with each team consisting of four players. Points were allotted for the number of games won by each school and, at the end of the season, both of our girls' teams and one of the boys' teams had managed to reach the finals. In the semi-finals, our girls filled third and fourth places while the boys' team gained a fourth place.

Looking back, we have had an enjoyable year at a new sport and have learnt a new skill which we will never completely forget. We thank our Sportsmasters and our Sports-mistresses for taking the trouble to add another sport to the curriculum and hope squash will again be available next year.

Pam Northausen.  
Peter Marjason.

HOCKEY REPORT

During 1962 the Junior and the Senior Hockey Teams had mixed success, but a great amount of fun, which began with the choosing of an appropriate name. After much argument and hilarity, the name, "Timbercutters," was chosen for the team.

In their matches against other schools, the Junior Team did very well, proving itself to be the strongest team; the Senior Team, in winning one and losing two matches, gained plenty of experience and tried hard at all times.

Features of the year: The cute little Junior Captain having great difficulty in convincing anyone that she was, in fact, a Fourth Former; Liz. Reid sobbing with laughter on Mr. Stolk's broad shoulder; the "spade-work" in the mud in front of goal at Norwood Oval; the mud-coated savages claspng their nulla-nullas as they returned from Boronia; the usual announcement: "Meeting of the Timbercutters. Please bring your axes!"; the washing some mothers had to do on occasions.

Despite bruises and mud, the only complaint was that there were not enough games and all the hockey players are eagerly awaiting next season when they will once more return to the fray.

To Mr. Stolk, the slave driver, we offer our thanks for the interest he has shown, particularly in giving so constantly of his time after normal school hours.

Janet Brown.

JUNIOR SOFTBALL

The Junior Softball Team played four games against Upwey, Ringwood Technical School, Croydon and Healesville. The last match we won, nearly tripling our opponents' score.

The team was comprised of First Formers who were playing the game for the first time, and, under that condition, did very well, even though the number of wins was not very impressive.

Next year, when we have had more practice and with the experience gained this year, I am sure we will do much better.

Mrs. Crofts, who has spent a good deal of time teaching us the elements of the game, we thank very much.

Glenda Powell.



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM (JNR.)

From left to right, 1st row: D. Lawrence, S. Short, M. Reynolds, J. Hall, S. Reynolds, B. Pridmore, M. Bailey. 2nd row: C. Brown, L. Woodhouse, S. Hickinbotham, K. Koller.

ATHLETICS

This year we moved further afield than the oval used last year and held our House Athletic Sports on the Warrandyte Oval. Despite bad weather immediately prior to the day, we were fortunate in having a fine day, although the track was heavy.

A very close contest between the houses made the day very interesting from a spectator point of view, and added to the enjoyment of the day for the pupils taking part. The final results show a well-earned win for Kalinda House, maintaining their previous year's record of top house in athletics:—

Kalinda	.....	279 points
Yarra	.....	259 points
Mullum	.....	245 points
Maroondah	.....	185 points

The Individual Championships went to the following people:—

Under 13: Lynette Dickson (Mu); Dennis Young (Ya).

Under 14: Frances Fryer (Ya); Robert Bradley (Mu).

Under 15: Wendy Buchanan (Ya); Peter Pridmore (Ka).

Under 16: Claire Hanrahan (Ya); Robert Bryant (Mu).

Under 17: Norma Leslie (Mu); Graham Rogers (Ya).

Open: Equal, Norma Leslie (MU), Leslie Mayes (Ka) and Catherine Green (Mu); Graham Rogers (Ya).

In the Inter-school Sports, Norwood was not strong enough to compete with the stronger and more athletically-minded schools of the division. However, with older students next year and a keener attitude towards training, we should be able to do better in 1963.

TEN-PIN BOWLING

A new sport was introduced to Ringwood early in October and it was quickly added to the list of sports available at Norwood. Ten-pin Bowling was intended for those students who did not really like outdoor games or who were not needed by the teams for regular sports. So popular did it prove to be that a House Competition was arranged and rivalry became strong with usually only a few points separating each house.

Inter-school matches have been arranged, the first one being against Ringwood High School and resulted in a win. Teams are also being entered in the Junior League, a Saturday competition against other district junior teams, and we hope to acquit ourselves well as many of the pupils show plenty of promise.

Our best bowlers, at the present moment, are: Bob Flowers, who is averaging 152 points per game (this is only thirty points behind the scores of Australia's best men bowlers), Ian Williams (143), Aurelio Pezzimenti (119), Stephen Martin (108), Anne Luscombe (104), Virginia Sezanov (99) and Jean McGillivray (94).

Bob Flowers.



## NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL JUNIOR FOOTBALL

The Norwood Junior Team had a very successful year, winning two out of its three matches—a win to nil against Healesville, a one-point loss to Boronia and nine-point victory over Upwey.

Under the captaincy of John Malachya, with R. Wilkinson as vice-captain, the team was usually made up with:

Backs: D. Hunt, R. LeGuier, J. Geseryk.  
Half-backs: R. Hall, B. Cleaves, P. Brush.  
Centres: A. Bradley, J. Malachya, R. Stevens.  
Half-forwards: B. McAdam, R. Wilkinson, K. Prior.

Forwards: D. Skinner, R. Emmett, P. Roberts.  
Followers: G. Bryant, R. Bradley.

Rover: D. Young.

Reserves: G. Beissel, M. Moore.

Our thanks go to our reliable first-aid man, D. Valentine, who was not needed, fortunately, but was always ready and on the job.

The training of the team was done by Mr. Bennett, and we thank him for the effort he spent making us into a team. He said that the best players were G. Bryant, D. Hunt, R. Emmett, R. Wilkinson, R. LeGuier, and J. Malachya in Form 2, while in Form 1 R. Bradley, A. Bradley and D. Young showed good promise.

D. Hunt and G. Bryant.

## SENIOR HOCKEY

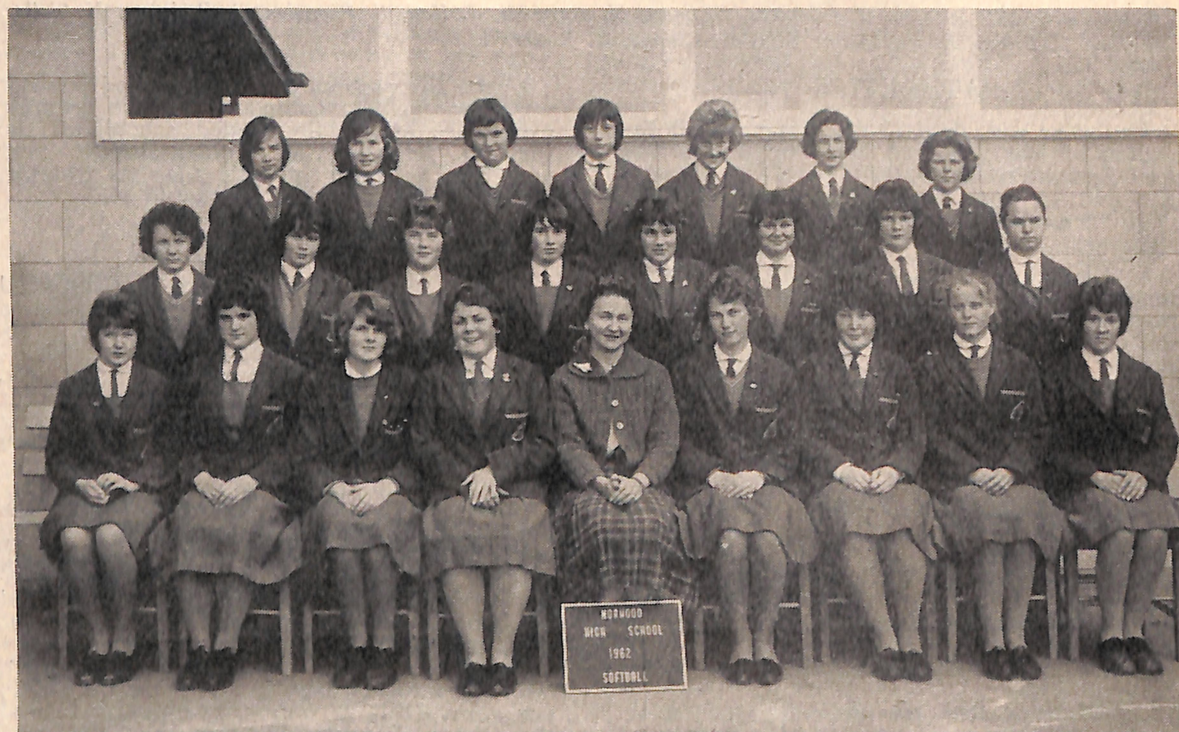
After much practice during the winter term, Mr. Stolk managed to select eleven girls, eleven still fit girls, for a hockey team, which, he said, should wipe out any other teams. He was proved to be only partly right, for we lost two, drew two and won two.

At times the Norwood team members were disowned by everyone as they looked like escapees from the "Black and White Minstrel Show" after having battled (literally) in mud inches deep, in water feet deep or in grass miles high.

Although we sometimes lost a match, the teams never lost their spirit and always showed great determination and sportsmanship, the latter even when they were inwardly harbouring murderous thoughts after a sound beating. This good sportsmanship and team spirit was the basis of our team, and without it we would have achieved nothing.

The team is indebted to Mr. Stolk who gave up so much of his valuable time to try and teach us hockey etiquette along with the basic skills of the game, and who umpired our matches. The team is to be congratulated, too, for their constant enthusiasm and determination to uphold the honour of Norwood High School.

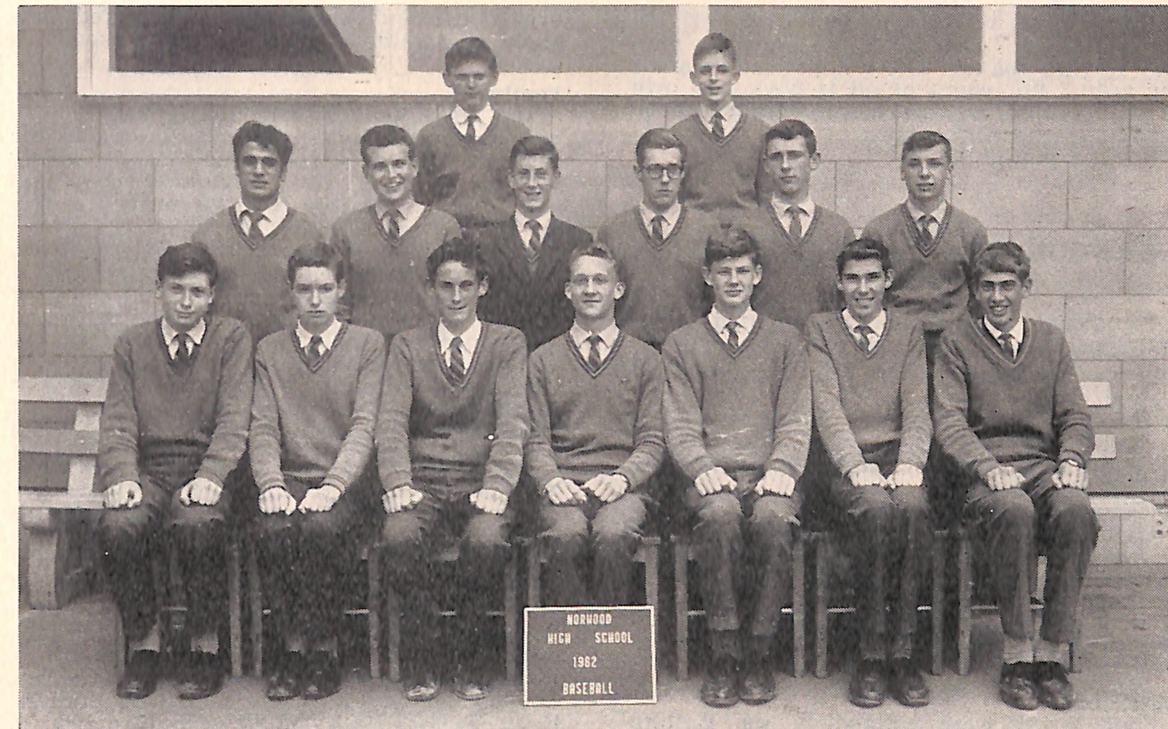
Liz. Reid.



Front row: J. McGillivray, C. Hanrahan, C. Morris, A. Couche, Mrs. D. Crofts, D. Thompson, M. McGillivray, L. Pruis, H. Howe.

2nd row: B. Rimmer, D. Lawrence, C. Bryce, N. O'Connell, M. Lane, G. Powell, S. Peeke, H. Martin.

Back row: A. Flentje, B. Godbehear, K. Brits, A. Hutchinson, Jill Falkingham, L. Dickson, R. Dickson.



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL TEAM 1962

From left to right, 1st row: K. Purdie, R. Williams, B. Horswell, A. Haemmerle, T. Donovan, P. Van den Heuvel, B. Short.

2nd row: G. Pezzimenti, P. Ford, A. Marriner, P. Brown, H. Eecen, P. Moritz.

3rd row: N. Lobbs, I. Faulks.

## GOLF REPORT

We, the golfers, owe our opportunity to play this fascinating, frustrating, misnomer game to the enthusiasm of Mr. Avison who thought one day that there were some who did not shine at football, basketball or other games of skill and who could be better suited at a game where all that was necessary was to hit a ball; there was no skill needed because wherever the ball landed it could be hit into right position from there. Accordingly he arranged to have a class go to the Eastwood Golf Course where, under the guiding hand of Mr. Geoff Woods, we would all become accomplished golfers.

Under Mr. Woods' tuition we discovered that it looks so easy and all we had to do was to relax, watch the ball, swing easily, then walk over and put it into the hole. What actually happens is that we follow all the instructions but walk over and fish in the creek or climb over the fences to hunt in gardens or under a mountain of dead fruit trees. Some follow the instructions meticulously, then bend down and replace the ball on the tee from which the slip-stream had dislodged it. Still the game is character-forming. Patrick Ford frightened the ball off the tee no fewer than seventeen times before he connected and drove the ball right over the edge of the teeing-off mound. Other

testing skills—testing on patience—were the sudden successes—the seventy-five yard drive when one is doing a twenty-yard approach stroke or the satisfying crack that signifies a good connection, but is followed by the ball spreading wings and sailing in an artistic arc into No-man's Land.

The outstanding feat was performed by Katy Green who drove a beautiful stroke from the tee only to see a tree race over and stop the ball in mid-air. Down dropped the ball in the middle of the scrub. Undaunted, Katy peered towards the green and saw an opening. Shaping up well, she executed a powerful stroke, and the ball sailed off. Unwrapping her stick and most of herself from around the tree, Katy set off back to the tee where the ball, having ricocheted off another tree, was in a good lie. The stick is now a toy for a budding four-year-old.

There are others of the group who have handicaps before they even start the game. One, whom I will not mention out of respect for his position, has an insurmountable disadvantage; if he puts the ball where he can see it, his club will not reach it, and, if he can reach it, he can no longer see it. Under this condition, he does well to hit it as often as he does, but he does not worry; we saw him, as we were parched on the bus, driving along, adding a huge ice-cream to his handicap.



The greatest test of our golf days was the climb up the "cliff" locally known as Fairway 1, while the bus driver impatiently sounds the horn. But worst of all is having to own to the score one totalled when conceited champions such as Kathy Lane or Don Hare ask: "How did you go to-day?"

Sue Rule.

## NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL SPORTING CLUB

Significant achievements highlighted week-end sporting activities this year:—

- ★ Two Premierships were won by basketball and cricket teams.
- ★ Three players received Association Best and Fairest Awards.
- ★ Three players were selected for Inter-association matches.
- ★ Four new teams were entered in competitions.
- ★ Eleven teams are now entered in Basketball, Tennis, Cricket and Football Associations.
- ★ Registered players reached 170 in number.
- ★ Parents formed a Social Club.
- ★ The School Oval was completed.

### Basketball:

Four teams were entered in the Eastern Suburban Women's Basketball Association. All teams acquitted themselves well. "A" team were Premiers and "C" team were runners-up. Congratulations to Margaret Hoare, who won the Association's trophy for the Best and Fairest junior player, and Norma Leslie, who represented the Association in the Victorian Women's Inter-association Carnival. Team Captains were Miss B. Methven, Sue Dunham, Margaret Hoare and Jennifer Greenham.

### Tennis:

Mrs. Meyland, a member of the Parents' and Citizens' Committee for a number of years, organized a junior tennis team for entry into the Eastern Metropolitan Tennis Association. Players participating are Margaret Fry, a popular newcomer to the School this year, and a member of 4C, Sue Dunham, Janice Reid, Adrian Marriner, Colin Brown, Graeme Prior and Roger Daniel. Having won five games, the team is second on the ladder and appears set for a very successful season.

### Cricket:

This season a senior and two junior teams have been entered in the Ringwood District Cricket Association. The junior team, playing for the first time last season, won the semi-final by three runs and went on to win the Premiership after an exciting game against Mooroolbark. Congratulations to Captain Peter Silver and his team, and to Rowan Don who won the Association junior bowling average.

The senior team finished sixth and was unlucky not to reach the finals. John Kerr, by far the youngest Captain in the senior grades, managed his team like a veteran. Bob Bryant and Peter Silver were selected to play in Inter-association games. Incidentally, Bob made

over a thousand runs in the season. Ted Lawrence is Captain of the second junior team this season.

### Football:

The junior team, led by Bob Bryant, had a very successful season, but was beaten in the first semi-final by Nunawading, who eventually won the Grand Final. Congratulations to Bob who won the Eastern Districts League trophy for the Best and Fairest player in our grade.

A senior team, entered for the first time, was fortunate in obtaining Brian Fitzgerald's father to lead them. Although years younger than the other sides the team did well to win three and lose another three games by narrow margins. The boys were beaten heavily at times, too, but all showed tremendous improvement and it should be a much more powerful team next season. Congratulations to ex-student Alan Wood who won the team's Best and Fairest trophy.

The annual presentation night was held this year at the South Warrandyte Hall. The Headmaster, Mr. A. H. Stuchbery, presented the awards.

**Football.—Best and Fairest:** Seniors, Alan Wood; under 16, Robert Bryant; under 14, Robert Bradley. Most Improved: Seniors, William Couche; juniors, Richard Gridley. Goalkicking: Seniors, Colin Standfield; juniors, Brian Young. Best Clubman: Graham Bryant. Captain's Trophy: Cashen Fitzgerald. 50-game Trophies: M. Lemasurier, P. Silver, J. Kerr, B. Young, R. Bryant, C. Standfield, A. A. Wood.

Presentations were also made to Mr. S. Green and Mr. R. Fairweather, goal umpire and trainer respectively.

**Basketball.—**The following members of the team which won the "A" Grade Premiership received trophies: Dianne Whitehead, Katie Green, Norma Leslie, Barbara Methven, Jan Rackham, Norma Whitehead, Margaret McGilivray and Judy Gibson.

Captain's trophies were awarded to Sue Dunham ("B" team), Margaret Hoare ("C" team) and Jenny Greenham ("D" team).

Presentations were made to Miss B. Methven and Mr. D. Jamieson, members of the School staff, who organised the teams.

**Cricket.—**Awards included: Batting trophy, Junior and Senior, Robert Bryant. Bowling trophy, senior, Alan Wood; junior, Rowan Don. Captain's trophy, senior, John Kerr; junior, Peter Silver. Best player in finals, junior, Rowan Don. J. Methven fielding trophy: Robert Bryant.

Premiership pennants were presented to the following who played in the "D.2" premiership side: P. Silver, R. Bryant, B. Young, R. Don, M. Riley, R. Williams, E. Lawrence, B. Fitzgerald, B. McAdam, B. Kaufmann, B. Jenkins, R. Johnston, G. Rogers, E. Jennings, C. Standfield, I. Weist.

### The Oval:

We should all be proud of our new oval which is one of the finest in the district. We can show our appreciation of the efforts made to give the School this fine playing area by maintaining and improving it to the best of our ability.