

Weemala '77

Norwood
High
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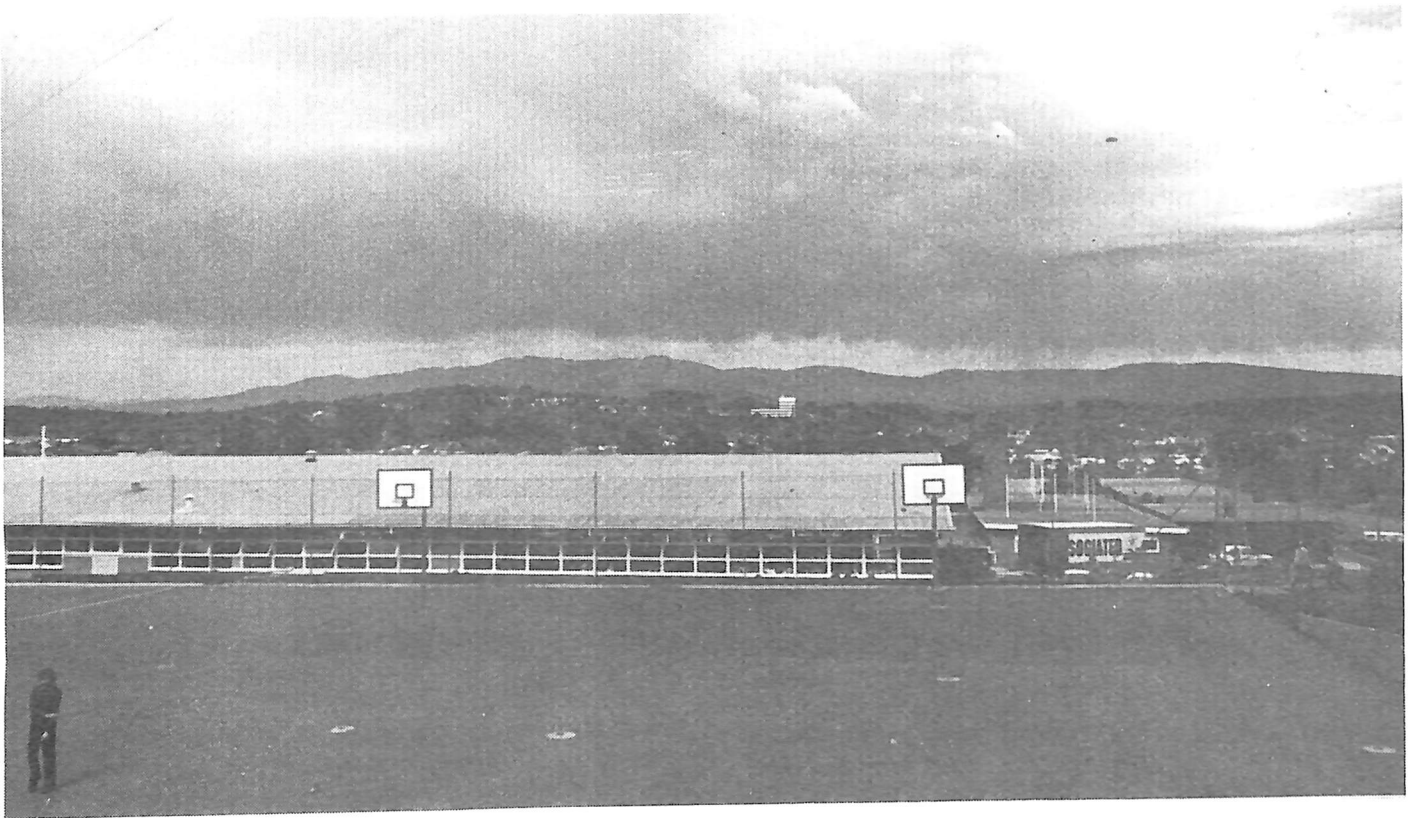
photography . . .

Mick Hew.

Roger Burnett.

Ken McGregor.

Declan Hyde.



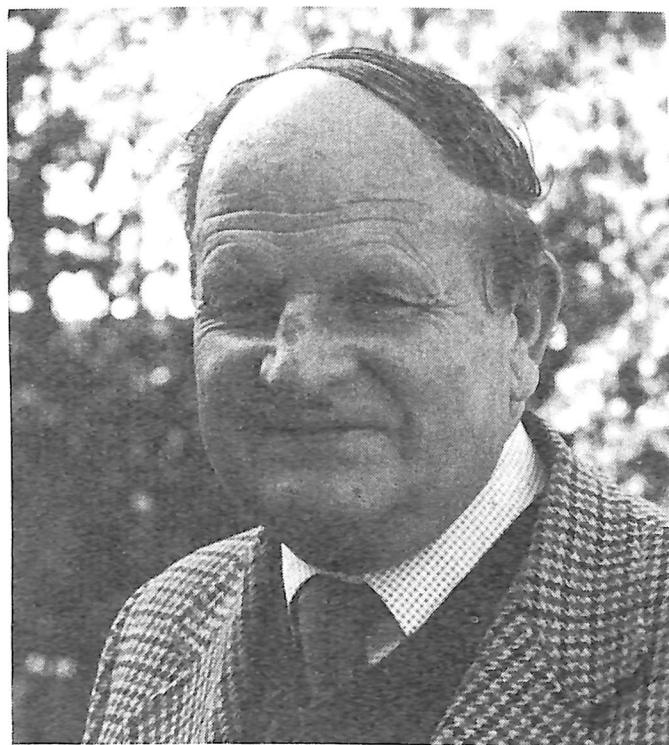
Principal's Column

Next year Norwood celebrates its twentieth birthday — at the beginning of 1958 Norwood High School started in three classrooms at Boronia High School with 117 students (52 boys and 65 girls) and a staff consisting of the principal and five teachers. How the school has changed over the last 20 years! Seven portable classrooms as well as the normal school buildings are required to house the 1070 students and 73 staff who work at Norwood now.

Our first students studied English, French, History, Geography, Science, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Art, Music, Woodwork, Metal Craft, Mechanical Drawing, Needlecraft, Home Management and Physical Education — our students at the Form 6 level study some 23 different subjects.

The school colours selected for our first students were purple and gold because "at this time golden wattle and purple sarsaparilla grew prolifically over the surrounding fields". The school colours are still purple and gold but the surrounding fields are now thickly covered with brick villas.

The school badge design was a transition of Norwood to Northward, and a symbolic representation of the magnetic compass formed the central motif of the badge. The fact that the compass was used by travellers as a reliable guide gave the school the motto "Fidelis" which combined the ideas of faithfulness, trustworthiness and dependability. The badge and the motto still stay with us and we pride ourselves that the same ideals embodied in this badge and motto are still part of the school.



The tradition of concern for others as embodied in our social service was evident in 1958 when a sum of £36.7.3 was raised by weekly collections and even in these early days the Norwood music tradition was quite evident. In its report on the final speech night at Norwood the Mail noted: "There was a bracket of rollicking folk dancing and a music-making interlude, in which a group of boys and girls in full hill-billy rig put on a turn with home made instruments, penny whistles and their own fresh young voices. The teamwork was very good and the whole thing most amusing." Perhaps a far cry from the production of "Bye Bye Birdie" this year with a cast of roughly 220 students and a 22-piece orchestra, but this was where the music tradition of Norwood began.

Many of the good things which we enjoy at Norwood started with pioneer students — our academic tradition, our sporting tradition, our music tradition and that of social service, and it is our duty to see that these traditions are maintained and developed even further.

So after schools rest on their laurels and when they do this they begin to decline. I am glad to say that at Norwood we shall have the spirit of "we can still do a little better" and while we have this attitude our school will continue to go from strength to strength.

The School Council

From the beginning of 1977 the advisory council at Norwood was replaced by a school council. In an effort to widen the interest of the community in the school and its management the Government brought in a new Act in 1975 which allowed the appointment of people from a wide range of interests to school councils.

Our council has four members, Mr J. Hill, Mr J. Currey, Mr N. Woodhead and Mr R. Anstee who represent parents, Mrs E. Field and Mrs F. Musumeci represent the Ladies Auxiliary. Mrs B. Moore, Mrs L. Gasking, Mrs S. Boothey and Mr Cousins represent the staff, Mr Carr the City of Ringwood, Mr Scatt the City of Doncaster-Templestowe, Mr R. Thomas the Camps Committee and Martin Semkin and Geoff Hatcher represent the students.

School councils have much wider powers than the old advisory councils. They can enter into contracts for building and repairs and they have certain jurisdiction over ancillary staff and school finance in addition to the usual functions of an advisory council.

This may sound as if it might be a fairly easy job but I am afraid a member of a school council finds it a very busy and demanding task. In any year the school council may handle in the vicinity of \$100,000 in various transactions. There are twelve ancillary staff to care for and when buildings such as the library are being erected the school council has a very busy time.

The school is extremely grateful for the work of its council, under the leadership of Mr Hill, during 1977. We feel that we are very well cared for by our school council.

S.R.C. Report, 1977

Over the years, many people connected with the school have asked what the S.R.C. actually does; and this year has been no exception. As usual, there have been the "knockers" who are all too eager to criticize but who don't have the energy to participate in such a branch of the student body. Despite these "knockers", the S.R.C. has functioned very well this year and many reps (not all reps unfortunately) have worked hard to achieve results.

This year was not without its setbacks though. Two sixth form students, both S.R.C. executive members left the school in May and September respectively. They were Jackie Hooke and Jeff Mann. At this stage, I would like to personally thank Jeff on behalf of the staff and students for all the work he put in this year as our president and also for his work on the school council and as school captain. (For those of you who don't know, Jeff is now employed in a bank.)

Despite these setbacks, the S.R.C. continued to function. Throughout the year, there were many enthusiastic discussions ranging in topic from the school uniform to the food in the canteen. However, we must always remember that the S.R.C. is only an advisory body. It puts forward the student opinion which is then discussed by Mr Waterson, heads of staff, and the S.R.C. executive committee. The results of these discussions (hopefully) are then relayed back to the students via the S.R.C. reps. But, if you are not prepared to become involved, then you will receive no benefit at all — it's as simple as that. So get involved.

In conclusion, we would like to thank all the reps for their work this year, especially the executive committee and, of course, Mr Griffin.

And so, what does the S.R.C. do? It voices your opinion! So, next year, if you want to change something, find out about something or simply voice your opinion, tell your S.R.C. rep or, better still, be one yourself!

Good luck next year.

Declan Hyde,
Helen Simpson.



Editor's Report

To many students, the journey through high-school is a long and arduous one, full of trials and tribulations that must be taken in one's stride. Every individual will have a different attitude towards school when he is there and, equally, every person will have a different memory of school once he has left. Now that this year is nearly over (and indeed, it will be quite over by the time you read this article), I feel that many of the senior students who are leaving will possibly revise their ideas about Norwood High School in particular, and the education system in general.

Of course, there are many faults in the system that the student body are aware of. These faults become particularly apparent to the fifth and sixth form students, most of whom, by now, are doing some serious thinking about what they will be doing for the rest of their lives; or at least for the next five or six years. However, I think that we will be a little wiser and a little more mature if we truly analyse just exactly what school is in its total context. Perhaps we should ask ourselves just how much effort — how much extra effort we actually put in this year. And by this, I do not simply mean how much study but how much consideration, how much serious thought and how much extra-curricula activity (such as sport, music, S.R.C., etc.) because these are things that will help you to develop totally as a student and, more generally, as a person.

It is true that Norwood is an academic school but this does not imply that one should study all the time and do nothing else. Of course, all work and no play does make Jack a dull boy and, equally Jill a dull girl. We must remember that our school also performs another important function and this is easily seen by asking ourselves just how many of our close friends are also our class mates.

Norwood is a great social institution and, after all, if Jack and Jill didn't get together once in a while and work a few things out for each other, they would never really get anywhere, would they?

In concluding, I would like to wish everybody leaving the school this year for the last time every success in their respective fields and also wish those returning next year the very best of luck. We, the editing committee, hope you will keep this magazine as a kind of souvenir of 1977 at Norwood and look back on it with at least a mild happiness.

*Thank you,
Declan Hyde*

School Camp

Gooram!! Where's Gooram? Twelve months ago no one at Norwood could have answered this question if you had asked it. For several years we had been thinking about a school camp, an area where our students could go to the country for short periods.

Then one day the Education Department Gazette published a list of closed schools which might be suitable for school camps — and there in the middle of the list was Gooram, 15 kilometres from Euroa. First Mr McKechnie went to have a look at it — he thought it had possibilities then, Mr Waterson went to see it. There it was, halfway between Merton and Euroa sitting in a two acre paddock surrounded by pine trees — little one room school 24 feet by 24 feet, with its shelter shed behind it and its toilets on one side. The school had been closed for two years but already the vandals had been there — windows had been broken, light fittings had been removed and the grass around it was high and dry.

But it had possibilities — a couple of kilometres to the east the Strathbogie Ranges, a half a mile to the north was the Castle Creek, while 3 kilometres to the south was the Seven Creek with an interesting waterfall and gently rolling hills to the west. Yes, it had possibilities.

An application to the Education Department, followed by a number of letters and several visits and there it was — Gooram School had become part of Norwood.

Now the work of converting Gooram to a liveable camp was before us. First the damage done by the vandals had to be repaired, then the conversion of the school to a living area and alteration of the shelter shed to sleeping quarters had to be planned. We thought this might take us a year, perhaps two, but first we had to get a committee to look after the organization.

Mr McKechnie offered to take on the task of secretary; we had a couple of teachers who would join the committee and we hoped that we could get three or four parents to help. But we were in luck, instead of four parents, we had fourteen prepared to join the committee. Offers of help and gifts of bits and pieces (including a building for removal) poured in and Gooram started to become more and more habitable.

Groups of teachers and students went up each month to effect repairs and make alterations. Mr Standfield took up tables, chairs, mattresses, a refrigerator, an electric stove and then on the first weekend in July the first school party — the form six Home Economics class — camped for two nights at Gooram, just five months after we had received possession.

When I left New York and all the people I love last January I was a mixture of different feelings. Naturally, I was a bit sad, yet excited and most of all worried about whether I'd fit in and be happy in my new home and school. Luckily my host family understood all my worries. They made me feel comfortable and at home right away. The closeness we share has been a great help to me throughout the year but was especially so when I was starting school. In the beginning I found it difficult to feel close to my new friends and this upset me quite a bit. Fortunately I had the Hendersons and Michael to help me. This was the hardest time in my year and I cannot thank them enough for all that they did.

Things got better as time went on and the school trip to Central Australia helped a lot. I met many new people and built closer friendships with the ones I already knew. Besides, climbing Ayers Rock was a tremendous experience. School passed quickly after that and before I realised Bye Bye Birdie was on. I will always be grateful to Mr Heywood and Mr Parker for giving me the chance to take part in the school production. Not many realise how much it meant to me.

There were many other memorable occasions in the year like the debutante ball, my birthday and party, but I won't go into the details. I've written them all down somewhere and will treasure the memories forever.

School is nearing a close now and I'll be very sad to leave so many friends and teachers I've come to love. I will take this last chance to thank you all for what you have done; I appreciate it more than you'll ever know. Finally, my heart goes to the Hendersons and Michael. I love you both and as you know will miss you terribly.

God bless everyone.

Love,
Sarah Winkelmeyer.

P.S. Look for my letters.



I left for Sydney on Thursday, 15th July, 1976, to go to America for a year. All the Victorians met the kids from other states at a camp in Sydney. We stayed for 2 days and by then we were dying to get to America.

On the 17th July, all the Australian and New Zealand kids caught a plane at 5 p.m. After an hour in Hawaii to get through customs, we arrived at 4 p.m. on Saturday, 17th July. Anyone who can work out the times is better than me. By now we were used to American food like pancakes and donuts for breakfast.

We stayed at Stanford University just out of San Francisco for 3 days and it was great. All the Asians were there too and we went swimming, played sport and put on a talent show in the theatre.

Finally we all had to split up to go to our new homes and I caught a plane to Chicago and then a bus to Detroit where my family met me and drove back to Fremont, Ohio.

Fremont is a small town, I guess smaller than Ringwood, but not far from Toledo and very close to the lakes. It's mostly an agricultural town, having a sugar beet plant, a Heinz factory and a steel foundry.

Before school started I went away for a few days to Virginia and Kentucky which are really beautiful and we got home in time to start tennis training. We practised every night for 2 hours, half an hour of exercises, practise and then running. We had matches about twice a week for 2½ months and finished off by winning the Buckeye Conference; a two-day tournament of all the schools in the north western district.

'Fall' season was also football season and the Fremont Ross "Little Giants" won the Buckeye Conference too. We went to the games every Friday night and then to a party afterwards, and they were usually to celebrate another win. I loved American football; it's better than Aussie Rules, I think.



Then it was winter and it was the coldest winter for years. Snow was up to the roof tops and it was so dangerous that we were forbidden to take cars on the roads some days. Of course we got time off school and so it was like an extra holiday because we missed out on exams.

We went to basketball games and wrestling meets. The wrestling was really good, not like the stuff on TV. That ended in the state wrestling tournament in Columbus so we all took a Friday off school and went down for the three-day tournament.

There were about 6 "AFS weekends" when all the exchange students in our country got together. We stayed with families for the weekend and went skating, swimming, to sports events, dances and parties.

During the Easter holidays I went away with my family and we drove down to Florida through Georgia (home of the "peanut farmer" Jimmy Carter). We stayed with relatives and spent a day and night at Disneyworld which was fantastic. Just so big and so much to see that I could have stayed there for days. After this we drove home through the Carolinas where we stayed for a few days, then up to Virginia and Kentucky.

By this time the school year was nearly over. First there was the prom which is a big formal dance. Four of us went out to dinner first; the guys had to wear suits or tuxes and the girls all had long dresses and flowers.

After that school was almost over and graduation was next on 10th June. It was a big ceremony held out on the football field. All the girls wore white caps and gowns and the guys wore purple (our school colours). There were speeches, diploma presentations, fireworks and a big party to celebrate the end of high school forever.

Holidays were lovely but I only had 2 more weeks before I had to leave. AFS arranged a bus trip for us and it started on the 24th. There were 39 kids on my bus from 35 countries and we had the greatest time of all. Our two chaperones were nice and we stayed in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. In the 12 days we went to BBQs, picnics, the beach and parties. In New York we spent a day in the city and saw the United Nations building, the Statue of Liberty, and Chinatown which was my favourite place. We caught a train in and the station was so big we almost got lost but there were stacks of policemen to ask and almost all of them spoke Spanish.

At the end of the trip every exchange student in America met at C.W. Post College in New York, where we had to say goodbye to all the kids from our bus and that was really sad — like leaving a family.

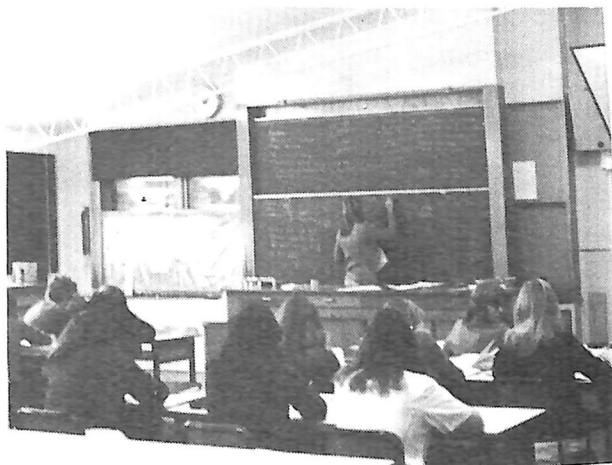
The Australians had to go on another trip because our plane wasn't leaving till the 18th. So we took another bus back to Cleveland where we stayed for 6 days and then on to Chicago for 6 more days. In Chicago I saw a pro-baseball game but I think I like football better.

On our last night in the U.S. our group had an all night party because we had to get to the airport by 5.30 a.m. so it wasn't worth going home to bed.

It was raining for our last glimpse of Chicago but as we crossed the States we saw the Rockies which were magnificent.

The plane stopped at Hawaii for an hour, then flew on to Sydney so our flying time was 21 hours. We got to Sydney on the 19th late at night and stayed over finally arriving in Melbourne on the 20th, 370 days after leaving.

It was hard to believe it was all over because it went so fast, but it was a fantastic year and there are no regrets about going even though it put me behind in school. I made lots of new friends, found a new family, a second home and found out what a good place America really is.



Kalinda House Report, 1977

This year Kalinda indeed proved to be the best house. After winning the swimming sports with a great deal of class, the house showed itself to be true champions by graciously accepting third position in athletics (well, at least we beat Maroondah, but then again doesn't everybody?).

The interest and enthusiasm shown by those many Kalinda house members (and teachers) who took over the Ringwood Pool before school every morning — remember the days when the air was colder than the water? — was great to see, and their efforts were rewarded justly.

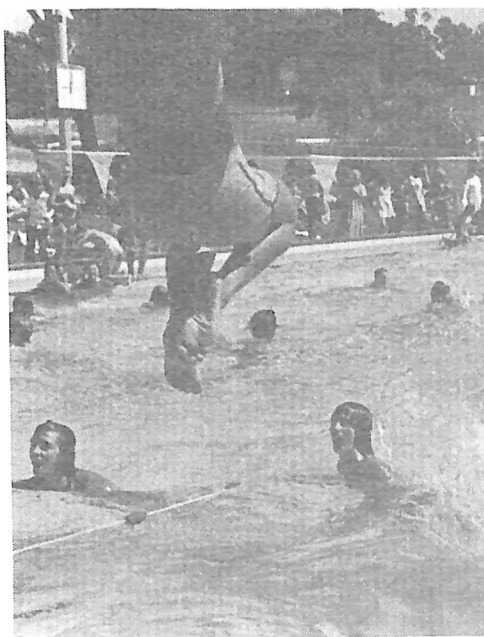
Naturally enough, we suffered a lapse of energy after our big win and the athletic sports were not so good, but the old Kalinda spirit was still there — congratulations to our winners and many thanks to the people who tried so hard.

Apart from the sheer number of our competitors, we owe our success to Mr Wilson and our master tactician, spy and coach, Mrs Morello — thank you for your support and effort (and advertising, see page 00).

Our junior captains, Little Cathy and Big Frank also did a very fine job in organising the multitudes in forms 1, 2 and 3.

1977 was a great team effort, and next year promises to be even better.

Kerri and Greg.

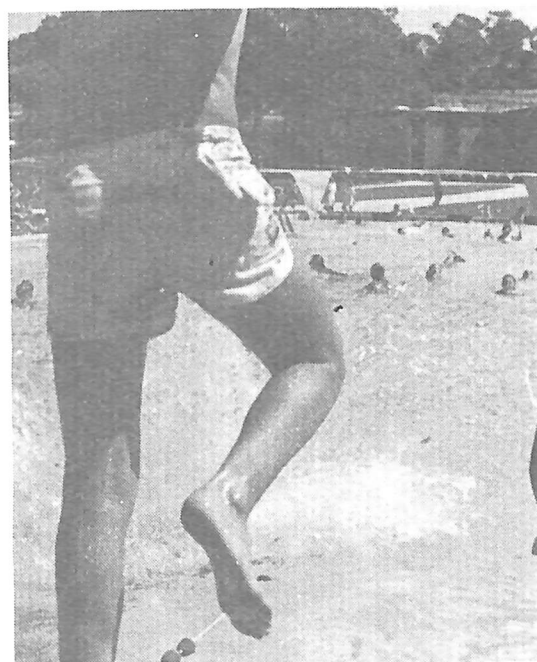
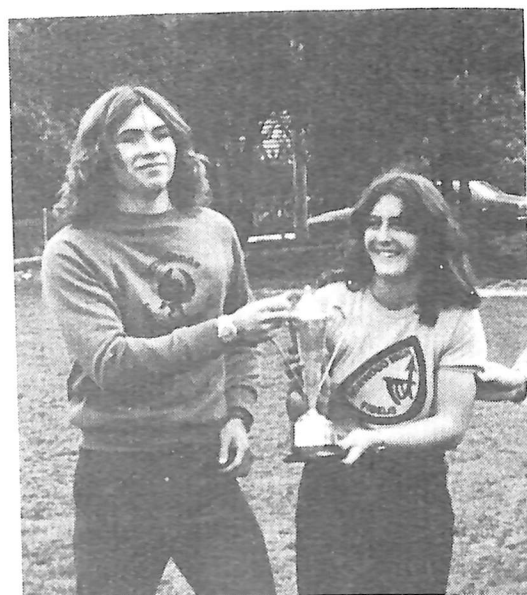
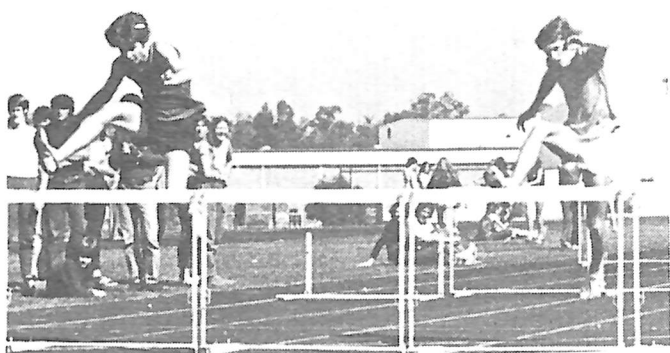


Yarra House Report

This year Yarra has had a moderately successful year, gaining a second in the athletics competition and a third in the swimming carnival. Thanks must go to house teachers Mr Parker and Miss Kimberley in the senior sections and Mrs Wolfe and Mr Sterling in the junior section, for putting in their time and effort.

Thanks also to Gary O'Donnell, Andrew Bartlett, Michael Clarke, Angelo Pietrucci, Ross Carroll, Tony Coulson, Warwick Rothnie, Murray Steart, Mark Linger, Brian Johnston, Kerri Nicholls, Belinda Bayne, Susan Reilly and Sally Wright on their success and participation. Perhaps with greater effort from other members of Yarra, more success may have been forthcoming.





Maroondah House Captain's Report

Well, we've come to the end of another year, or so it seems, and what Maroondah has achieved throughout this unfruitful year, for itself, could probably be written on the back of a one cent coin. But despite their lack of success, Maroondah has given the rest of the school insight into the future, in the development of some outstanding athletes and swimmers. As well as the few outstanding sports-persons, there were many triers, who gave the whole house a boost, to try harder themselves.

Of course, the house was not comprised of just a few select sporting bodies, but also a few brilliant actors and singers, who probably would have helped Maroondah scoop the pool in the house and choral festival, had there been one. But, as it is Maroondah's luck ran out and there was no festival.

We would also like to thank, Mr Walsh, Mrs Webb, Mr McCabe, whose help and guidance was an essential part of completing the year with at least a third in swimming.

Meredith and Ken would like to wish the house captains of the future luck, and also the members of the house, who should go on trying hard for years to come, and at least finish in a better position than this year.



Ken and Meredith.

Interschol Athletics Report

1977 saw Norwood score the big double — swimming and athletics in the same year. Although Donvale narrowly defeated us in 1976, nobody expected such a large winning margin this year. Our athletes won the junior, senior and aggregate cups and finished a close second in the intermediate section.

Overall Norwood athletes won 34 individual events and 7 relays. The depth of talent was further emphasized by 44 second placings and 15 third placings in individual events and 3 second placings in relay events.

Individual winners included old timers in Janine, Lil, Scotchy, Murray and Lee, middle-aged veterans in Jan W., Gangie, Willy, Sandro and Phillip, and comparative youngsters in Kerri, Fiona, Penny, Claire, Caron, Nicki, Patsy, Frank, Gary, Paul, Grant and Andrew. Congratulations on some fine performances.

The winning relay teams were Girls Open, Boys Open, Girls U15, Boys U15, Boys U14, Girls U13, and Boys U13.

We expect all these athletes to acquit themselves very well at Eastern Zone level and then "All High". These carnivals will be held after the time of writing.

Although we will be losing some of our outstanding senior athletes next year our position looks strong — with the proviso that everyone works as hard next year, especially the relay teams.

Of the many excellent performances at the Maroondah Group Carnival, Janine's magnificent running was outstanding.

The contribution of those house teachers who attended early morning training was a major factor in the success of the school team. The athletics team thanks them very much.

Remember 1978 is another year entirely. Let's have a repeat performance next year.

Interschool Swimming Report

This year Norwood established a record in the Maroondah Group of the MHSSA by winning the Aggregate Cup for the fourth successive year.

Individual winners were many and included the following: Lyn and Beth Tacey, Karen and Steve Anstee, Lorene and Eddie Moyle, Paul and Mark Norris, Kerri Reid, Pez and Simmo. Many of these people went on to successes in Eastern Zone and "All High" finals.

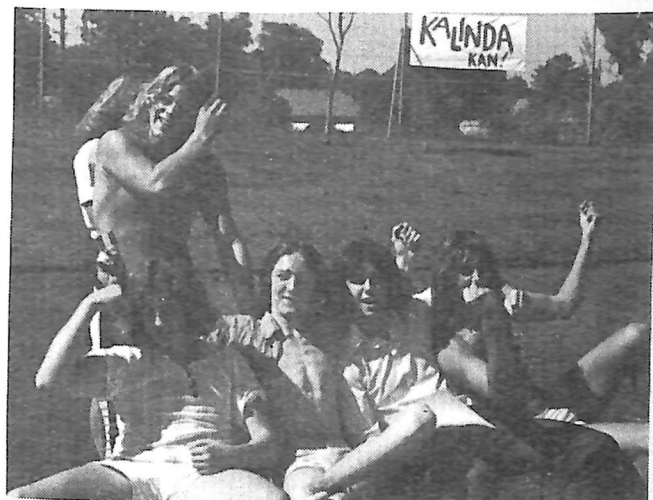
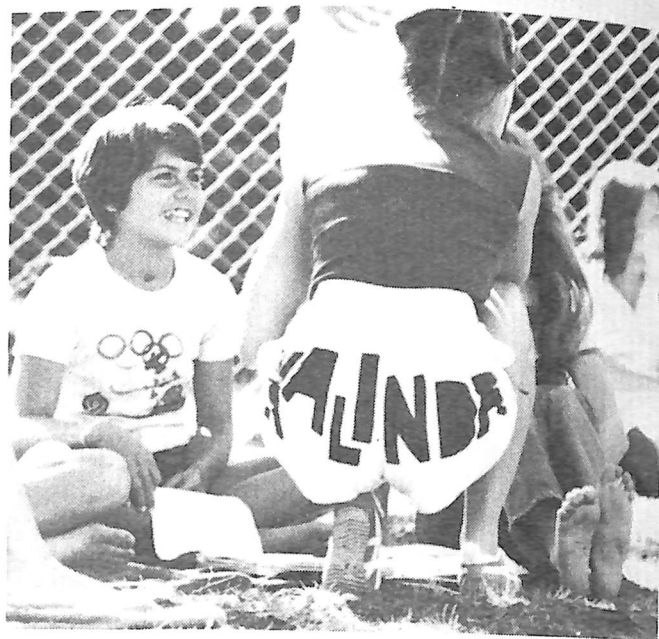
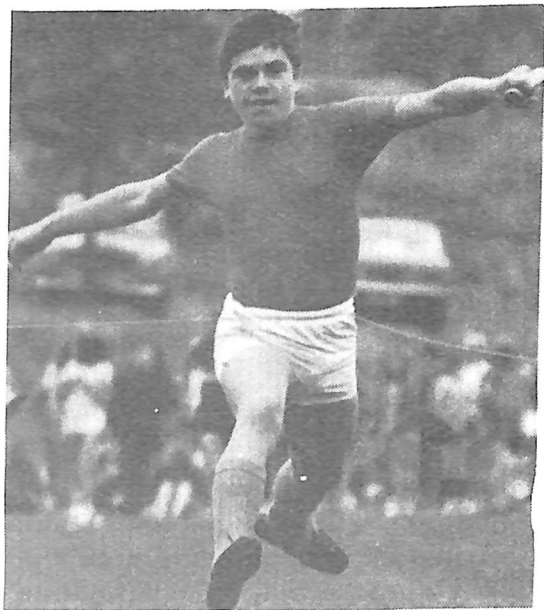
However, the real strength of the swimming team lay in the number of placings achieved by our swimmers and in the success of relay teams. The winning relays were Boys Open medley and relay, Girls U16 medley and relay, and Boys U14, Girls U15, Boys U16, and Boys U17 relays.

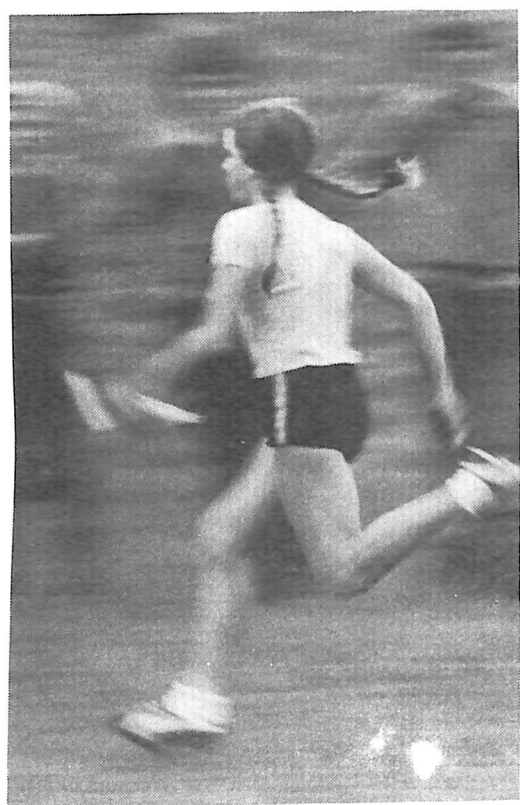
The continued success of our swimming team, I think, is due to several factors. The obvious reason is the number of outstanding swimmers who compete out of school and who work hard for this. Of course, the encouragement and assistance of interested parents serves as an influential part of these swimmers' training. Another reason is the willingness of the "average" swimmers to attend training in the mornings to strive to get into the team. Enthusiasm and school spirit play an important role in any school team and these qualities were most evident this year.

No swimming report would be complete without a very big "thank you" to the many teachers and parents who were willing and able to assist in the organization and transport of the devotees to early morning swimming training.

D. Webb







Music '77

It seems that every year something exciting happens in music at Norwood and 1977 has been no exception — ask any of the 240 students involved in this year's production. However, the production was not the only area of musical endeavour; many other worthwhile activities had been operating.

Choral Music

One of the greatest surprises in this area was the response by some of our senior students. At the beginning of the year when choir rehearsals began, 20 senior boys indicated their desire to join the senior choir — truly amazing. I am not quite certain whether they were motivated by musical reasons or by the fact that over 50 very attractive young ladies attended these rehearsals. Nevertheless, these brave young men joined and after a few weeks of rather tentative singing they gained confidence. Indeed, they were soon singing so well that for the first time in many years Norwood was able to enter a combined choir at the Dandenong Festival. Furthermore, the choir received an Honorable Mention. In addition we were able to enter two junior choirs and a senior girls choir. A total of over 140 students. My only regret is that we were not able to start a Junior Boys Choir. Perhaps this will begin in '78.

Concert Band

Under the very capable direction of Mr Webster this group has grown in numbers and in ability. The senior school was fortunate to hear this group perform at one of the assemblies as were those people who attended a recent music festival held at Norwood. This group is going so well that we will probably form two concert bands in 1978. A promising thought.

General Music

Gradually our resources are increasing. One very important piece of equipment that has moved into Room 28 is that 3-in-1 stereo unit won by Lyndell Brown. Congratulations Lyndell and thanks: Also we were able to purchase this year a Revox half track open reel tape deck, an electric piano, a French horn, a trombone, two trumpets, one cello, and before this magazine goes into print we hope to have a xylophone.

This final instrument will enable percussion students to take this subject through to H.S.C. As well as this we were able to purchase a variety of choral and instrumental music because of a generous grant of \$200 from the school council. Also we were given a large quantity of choral music from the Kuala Lumpur Choral Society.

Finally, I must thank Miss Modra for all she does for music at Norwood. Her willingness to help and her ability to do so has meant a lot to music at this school. Without her assistance many of those enjoyable extra-curricula activities would not be possible.

May 1978 be as musically successful as 1977.



Orchestra

Last year I wrote that they gave a first rate performance during Calamity Jane. This year they excelled themselves in their performances in Bye Bye Birdie. In addition to preparing for this event many of the players gave a recital for the Music Lovers Society earlier this year. Also Helen Simpson and Melinda Phillips were fortunate enough to travel to Japan with the Melbourne Youth Band during the early part of the year. *A lot can be gained if one is prepared to become seriously involved in music.* One sad note is that I will soon be losing many of my senior players. I would like to thank them for the effort they have put into this aspect of music and wish them luck in their respective careers.

Instrumental Music

Again sincere thanks are given to Mrs Barton, Mrs Brown, Mr Barby, Mr Davis, Mr Williams and Mr Webster for their dedicated work in this area. One only needs to look at the fine results achieved by the students for this year's A.M.E.B. examinations to realize how hard the teachers and students work. Unfortunately our violin teacher Mrs Barton has been very ill and has been absent for some time and will not return this year. We all hope that she is able to be with us in '78.



Form 1 Lo-Lodge Trip

On the second of May 1977, 38 form one boys and girls, Mrs Brehney and Mr O'Connor left for Lo-Lodge Riding School. We arrived there late morning. After our rooms were sorted and lunch was eaten we all sat in the recreation room while Mrs McLoud gave us a theory lesson. We then proceeded down to the Major's Arena where we lunged, mounted and dismounted in our groups for the rest of the afternoon. Tea was served about six o'clock and showers and bed came soon after — well for most of us.

The next day was even better. We were all given horses to ride for our week's stay. Sheila, Robin, Alison and Jill were our four instructors. They helped us in every way they could. Jenny was our cook and Melissa was her little daughter. After we rode, lunged and had tuckshop and went walking out of bounds.

The next day — Wednesday was still good. Just really the normal routine. We watched some horses being shod. That night we had a great big bonfire. We sang songs and ate our lollies.

Thursday was the fourth day and we went on a property ride on our horses. After our ride we had a competition for the best groomed horse, which was won by a horse named Rani. That night we had a party for Alison — one of the instructors, because she was leaving.

The last day came — Friday. After breakfast we all did jumping, including Mrs Brehney and Mr O'Connor. After the jumping we went back to our rooms and packed our belongings and had lunch. After lunch we had tuckshop and then just sat around until the bus arrived and, after our cases were put in the bus, goodbyes were said, photos were taken and the waterworks were turned on. Most of the girls cried all the way back to Norwood. Jill and Alison, the instructors, also cried.

Overall, the trip was enjoyed by everyone and if another group goes to Lo-Lodge next year, we hope they will enjoy themselves as much as we all did.

Special thanks to Mr O'Connor and Mrs Brehney for all the trouble they went to, to make it a successful trip.

Tracey Hardstaff
Wendy Haag



Social Service Report

This report includes efforts by Norwood High School for Social Service for 1976 and most of 1977. In 1976 Norwood High students were able to raise \$4539.18 for the various charities that the school supported. The money raised was divided as follows:

| | |
|---|------------|
| Yooralla | \$304.00 |
| Royal Children's Hospital | \$200.00 |
| State School's Relief Fund | \$230.00 |
| Spastic Children's Society | \$80.00 |
| Peter Crimmins' Cancer Fund | \$250.00 |
| Victorian Association for Deserted Children | \$1,000.00 |
| Red Cross | \$193.18 |
| Monkani Centre for Intellectually Handicapped | \$150.00 |
| Austcare | \$150.00 |
| Multiple Sclerosis | \$50.00 |
| Guide Dogs for the Blind | \$150.00 |
| UNICEF | \$200.00 |
| Freedom from Hunger | \$150.00 |
| Community Welfare | \$50.00 |
| St John's Homes for Children | \$50.00 |
| Tally Ho Boys Village | \$100.00 |
| Lifeline/Youthline | \$100.00 |
| Brotherhood of St Laurence | \$50.00 |
| Royal Women's Hospital | \$50.00 |
| World Vision | \$432.00 |
| Maroondah Hospital | \$150.00 |
| Foundation 41 | \$100.00 |
| Yaramee Quadraplegic Centre | \$200.00 |
| Maroondah Halfway House | \$150.00 |

Most of the money was raised through the annual school Walkathon, which in 1976 totalled \$2500 plus. The remaining \$2000 was raised through Out of Uniform days at the school and collections by students at the weekends. I would like to take this opportunity to thank those staff and students who assisted me in the work for Social Service; especially Peter Liepins, Ross Crawford and Scott Field.

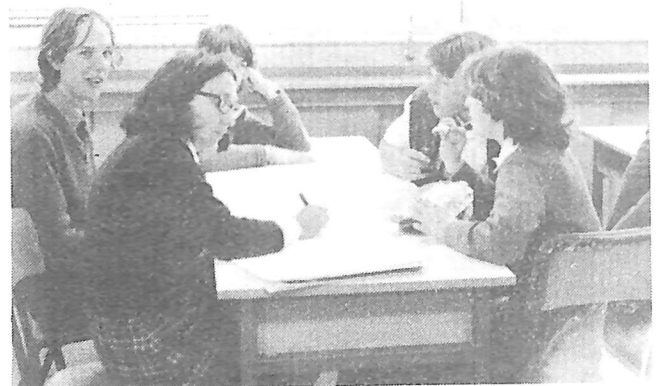
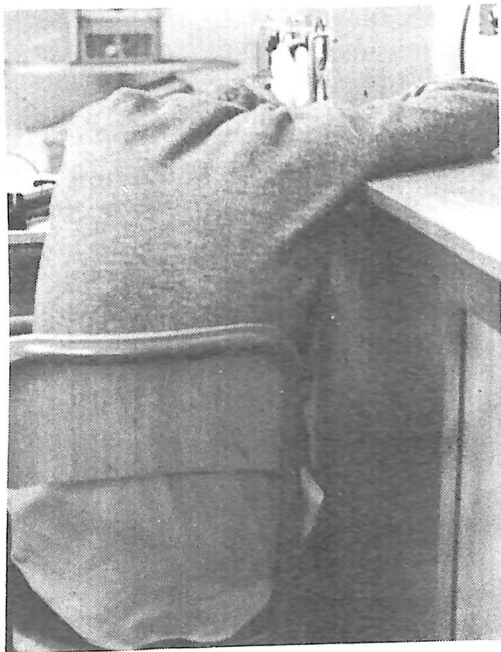
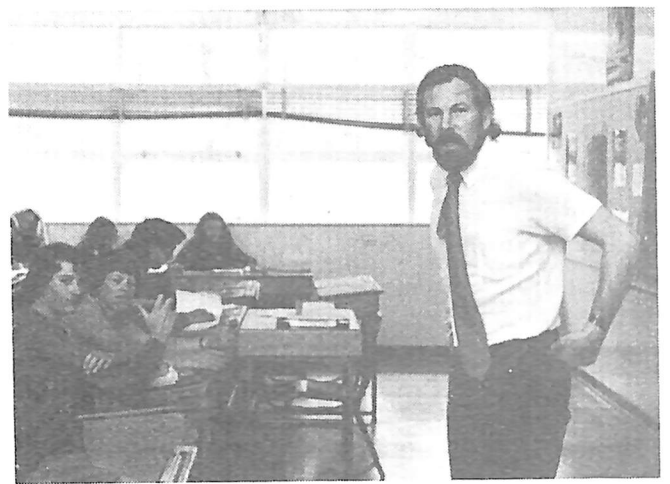


So far this year the school has raised \$4813.82 and has been divided as follows:

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Yooralla Hospital for Crippled Children | \$200.00 |
| Yooralla Organisation | \$499.44 |
| State Schools' Relief Committee | \$250.00 |
| Community Aid Abroad | \$137.01 |
| Salvation Army | \$879.00 |
| World Vision | \$1456.37 |
| Maroondah Hospital | \$400.00 |
| Australian Red Cross Society | \$255.85 |
| National Heart Foundation | \$107.44 |
| R.S.L. (Anzac badge sales) | \$13.00 |
| Royal Children's Hospital | \$509.71 |
| Melbourne Legacy | \$30.00 |
| Wilana Elderly People's Home | \$76.00 |

The year is not yet over for Social Service. This month, the "Give A Meal Appeal" for the Victorian Association for Deserted Children is on and we anticipate to raise over \$1000 for this charity.

In November we will be holding our annual school Walkathon and on December 10th the first Command Performance for Charity will be held at the School Hall. We hope that this will be a successful function as a number of staff and students will be involved.



"The Years"

*This world is a hell of famine and fight
The fire's so hot
It burns no light*

*Leaving now a better place in mind
There's only one way
Most people can't find*

*So Long Farewell Goodbye
To leave delusion is why*

*Can you count the times you listen to words
And feelings erupt from inside
You reach out for help, your mind is submerged
But the world just hands out more lies*

*So life's all a game, but what are the rules?
Seems people just suit themselves
They take you in and make you a fool
And put you back on the shelf*

*If life's all a dream and none of it's real
An illusion of time and of place
The decision is ours, the way we feel
To live and sink without trace*

*So Long Farewell Goodbye
To leave delusion is why*

*Look at time, you may win or lose
Take your chances
But do you really choose?*

*You can take this world and all that it's got
My heart is my guide
On one last shot*

So Long Farewell Goodbye.

A. Clarke.

*In '74 when Kerr became sick
He gave ol' Gough the dirty kick.*

*Kerr got himself in a terrible mess
Popularity became less and less.*

*The Queen was suspected to be involved
But not even by Columbo could that be solved.*

*So in came Mal rising steep
Trying to gain that empty seat.*

*The Gallup polls grew very sinister
They proved that Mal would be Prime Minister.*

*The people of Australia were satisfied
That Mal had come and Gough had died.*

*Unemployment soon struck the nation
Followed by the climbing of inflation.*

*The uranium scandal is here to stay
Will Malcolm Fraser have his way?*

*As we know strikes are here as well
But should the blame go to the unions or Mal?*

*So now the question lies in the palm
Should ol' Mal go back to his farm?*

Oscar Ferreiro.

Winter Dreams

*The wind howls like hungry, blood-thirsty wolves
trying to break the silence.*

*A gentle breeze sweeps through the dancing flames
of the fire as a man drifts off into his dream world.*

His unreal dreams disturb and stimulate him.

*The man's terrifying dreams are made worse by the
darkness.*

*Suddenly! a fork of lightning followed by a clap of
thunder withdraws the man's unreal dreams forever.*

by Michelle Stewart and Ann Goodochkin.

*Tomorrow might never come
But if we give today
Then our corner might just be the happiest place on
earth.*

*We might live in rented houses
Or old broken down houses
But we still manage to have some fun
We might set extra places every night for
unexpected friends.*

Or joke with the neighbors next door

*We might just run a carwash
The sign will read "Free road maps"*

I might live differently from you

But life's for living and loving

So just be yourself and you'll soon see.

by Michelle Stewart.

The Ramayana

The Ramayana is one of Indonesia's most famous national stories. Although it is an ancient Hindu story, this particular version of "The Ramayana" was written and illustrated by Mr Simardjo Haditjaroko. It is an exciting and interesting adventure story.

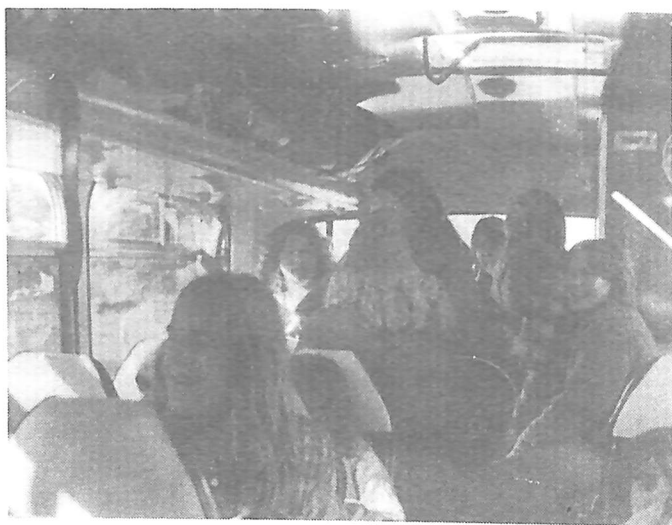
King Dasarata had four brave and handsome sons. They were Rama, Barata, Lesmana and Satruga. King Dasarata decided to give up the throne of his Kingdom. It went to the eldest son who was Rama, but Barata's mother, Kekaye, had a different opinion, for she was jealous that her son Barata was not going to become King. King Dasarata promised Kekaye, who had once saved his life, two wishes of her own choice. Kekaye went to the King's chamber and asked for her wishes. King Dasarata said he would fulfil her wishes as a King should. Kekaye told the King her two wishes. Firstly, for her son to become King, and secondly, for Rama to be banished to the Dandaka forest (where no one had survived before) for fourteen years. It broke the King's heart to hear these words, for Rama was his favourite son. But in spite of all this he had to do his duty for he had promised, and what would the people think of him if he didn't?

So King Dasarata banished Rama to the forest of Dandaka. Rama went to live in the forest with his beautiful wife Sinta, and his other brother Lesmana. Kekaye's son Barata could then claim Rama's throne but because he loved his brother Rama so much he refused to do so. Meanwhile, King Dasarata died from sorrow and Rama's sadness. Towards the end of their fourteen year stay in the forest Sinta was kidnapped by an ugly giant named Rawana. Rama and Lesmana got help from the Wanaras (who were magical apes), especially Hanuman. They attacked Rawana's kingdom and rescued Sinta. Rawana was killed during the war and from then on, his kingdom lived in peace and happiness.

The two main characters that I liked best are Rama and Sinta. Rama was a handsome and brave hero, who accepted his banishment to the forest without questioning his father's decision even though it hurt him greatly. When his wife was kidnapped, Rama faced several dangers and risked his life many times for Sinta. As a ruler he was wonderful. He brought prosperity and wealth to the land. He was kind to the people and they in return respected and loved him. Sinta was a beautiful and kind hearted princess who respected Rama greatly. Throughout all her troubles she did not doubt that he would come to rescue her. Sinta was also respected and loved by the people of the kingdom.

The Ramayana is an exciting adventure story which describes a different type of civilisation. It tells of a different culture and religion of another country. Rama was patient and put up with all his troubles. He was good and finally he received his reward.









Birdie

Many students exhibited a great deal of talent in this year's production of *Bye Bye Birdie*. From a point of view of production and music it was undoubtedly most successful. The orchestra, for example, needs to be congratulated for their superb playing. The score was by no means easy, yet by putting in hours of hard work during rehearsals they achieved the well deserved result. Well done! Also much of the success was due to the fine work done by the junior and senior choirs. One must not forget that another important ingredient in this production was the dancing. Thanks and congratulations must go to Mrs Morello and her dancers. I might further add that it was marvellous to see so many male dancers involved.

Those people who were fortunate enough to see the production will no doubt agree that there was some fine singing and acting by Sarah Winkelmeyer and Allison McRoy as 'Rose', by Cathy Crawford as 'Kim' (unfortunately Kim Rhodes who was also to play Kim MacAfee was ill and could not take part in the show), and by Phillip Helisma and Paul Davey as 'Conrad Birdie'. Also there was some excellent acting by Ian Webb as 'Albert', Stuart Maile and Greg Field as 'Mr MacAfee', Ellen Hundley and Yvonne Wells as 'Mrs MacAfee' and of course 'Mae Peterson' was delightfully drawn by Leonie Brand and Zinka Simunkovic. Those playing the smaller parts must also be commended especially the Teen Trio.

One person, apart from our very talented producer Mr Parker, who was indispensable to the production was our rehearsal pianist Miss Modra. Our thanks must go to her and all those other students and staff members who were so actively involved in making the production a success. Obviously, space will not permit the listing of all these people but special thanks must go to Mrs Brand and Mrs Boothey for costumes, Mr Silberberg for lighting, Mr Stirling for assistance in many areas, and Mrs Barnett for make-up.

I only hope that next year's production, whatever it may be, will achieve as much happiness and success as this one has, and that next year even more male students will wish to participate.

D. Heywood.

Bye Bye Birdie — Hello Headache

Take 90 form one students, 40 form two students, 20 form three students, 14 form four technicians (?), and a smattering of fifth and sixth formers, plus 20 members of staff. Stir lightly over a medium heat for 10 weeks. Garnish with orchestra, and serve with a liberal helping of scaffolding (no paint), lighting and costumes. Feeds 2500.

If indigestion should occur over a period of longer than 5 days, these remedies are recommended:

- (1) Listen to a long-playing record of Mr Moore repeating, "shut up in the wings".
- (2) Listen to a long-playing record of Mr Heywood repeating "Oh Bridget, concentrate!"
- (3) Listen to a long-playing record of Mr Parker repeating "Smile damn you, drones!"
- (4) Eat fish and chips on a weekly basis for a period of no less than six weeks.

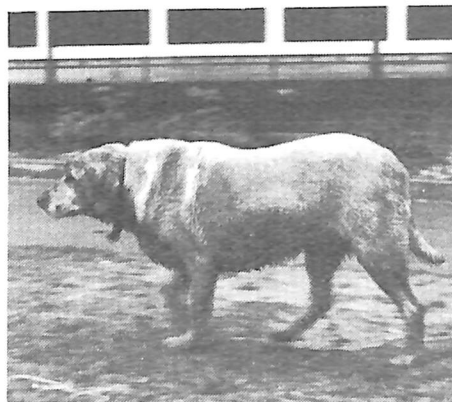
Helpful Hints in Preparation

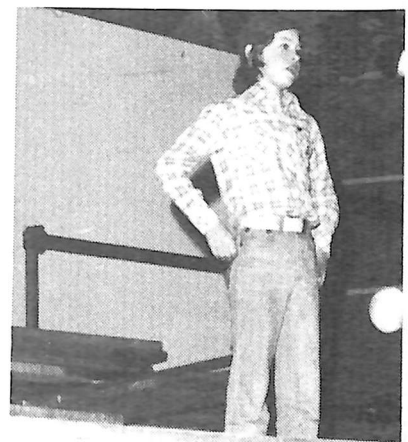
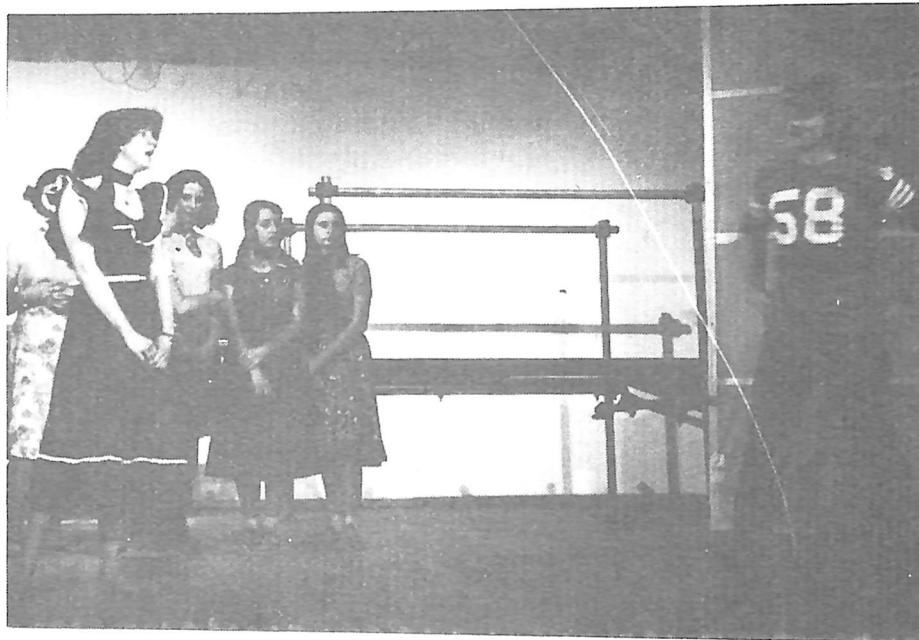
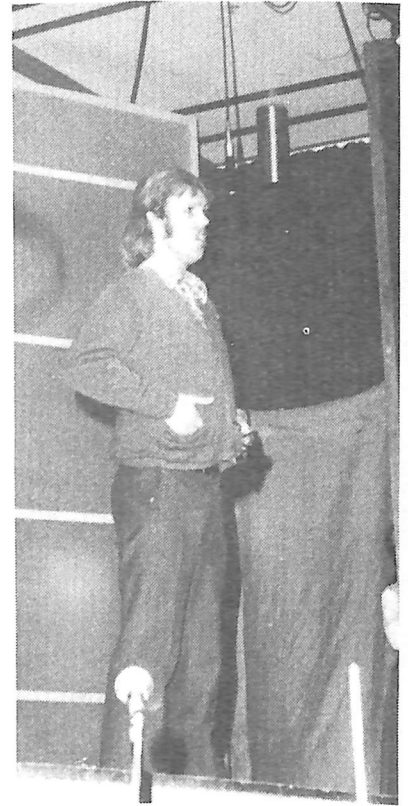
- (1) Don't try to co-ordinate the orchestra with the singing.
- (2) Pre-test all structures to determine maximum stress they can stand.
- (3) Pre-test all staff to determine maximum stress they can stand.
- (4) Start work on the intercom system earlier than the beginning of Term 1, to ensure that it is workable by Term 3.
- (5) Make sure dancers appear as often as possible, this ensures that people won't get bored with the orchestra.

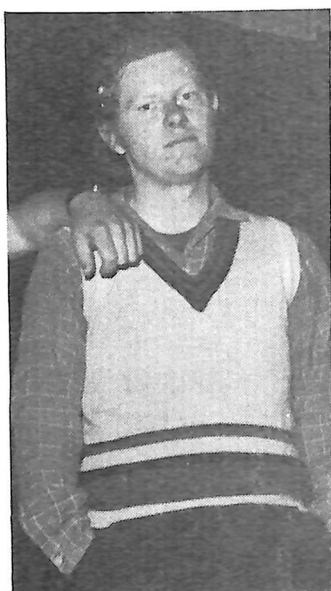
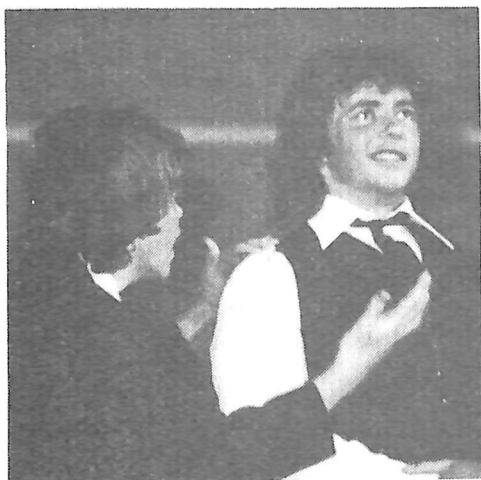
FINALLY:—

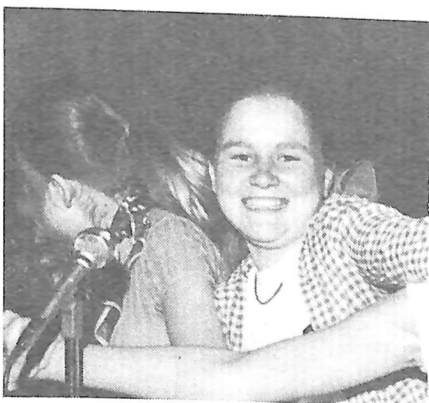
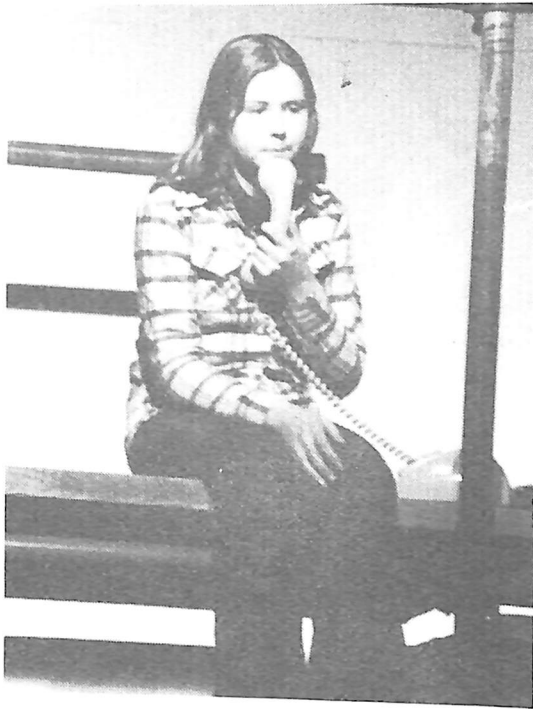
What do you get when you cross a 15-year-old singer with a violin player?

Answer will appear in the following edition.









Music Report

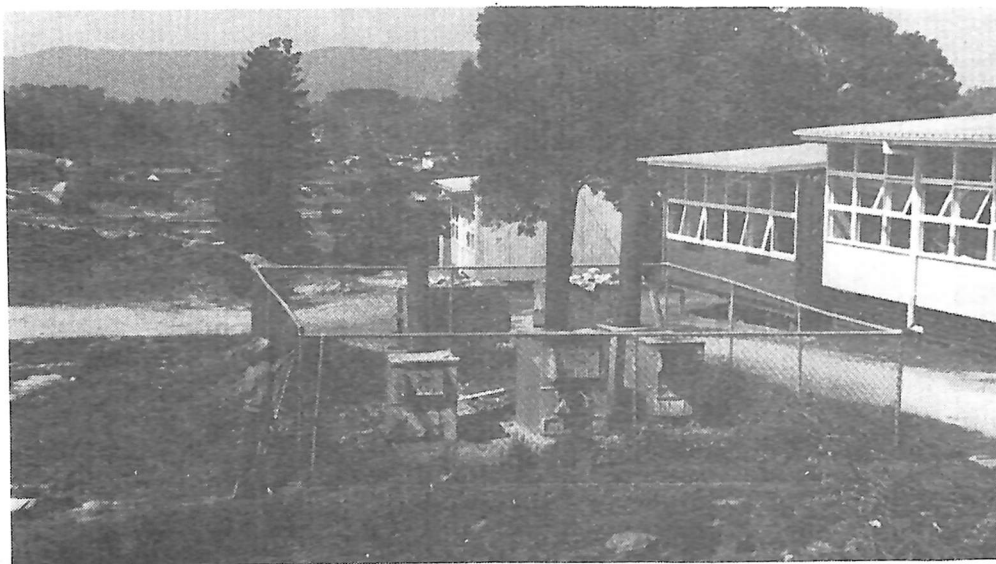
Over the past five years, interest in the school production by staff and students alike has grown at an alarming rate. One only has to think back to "Dido and Aeneas" (1974) to accept this. This year, in all respects, we had an excellent show. Never before has the spirit of professionalism been so obvious and never before has the orchestra sounded so good.

There were many separate factors that were responsible for the success of this year's show, but some seem to stand out more than others — surely one was the new and innovative approach taken by Mr Parker in producing the show and another was the thoroughly professional outlook adopted by the principals and many of the chorus members. Perhaps the only criticism that could be directed at this was the incessant preoccupation with homosexuality, displayed by a few (slightly perverted) members of the cast (i.e. the gay bits — e.g. McGregor's bartender scene and Mr Sterling's little walk). But, of course, this criticism is not really valid for two interrelated reasons. One, it was all in good fun and, two, it was really funny . . . (ask Alison).

As I said before, the professionalism of the show was immense. Both Sarah and Alison were very good and Webby was as equally in command — especially as he was the only person playing Albert. Indeed, everyone involved did a great job.

The only sad note was the fact that Kim Rhodes, who put such a lot of work into the show, fell ill with glandular fever just a few days before the opening night. This was very unfortunate as Kim was involved with both *Oliver* (1975) and *Calamity Jane* (1976) and did very well in both these productions.

In conclusion, I would like to say thank you on behalf of everybody involved with the show to all those people who came and saw it. I hope everyone is looking forward to next year's show and, with a bit of luck, it should be even better than this year's.



To Hounds

The fox sat silently on the crest of the hill. Only the sound of the birds chattering in the trees overhead disturbed the peaceful stillness; yet the fox sensed danger. His pointed black nose twitched and his rusty coat prickled up his spine. Two weeks ago he had stood in the same spot and watched his mate being torn apart by a pack of hounds in the valley below. The vixen's screams of terror and pain had been heard across the entire valley and for two hours after her death not a sound was heard and not a movement seen. Man was feared and avoided but with a pack of hounds the danger increased tenfold.

Suddenly the fox tensed his whole body. What was that sound? He knew it well enough. The horn which signalled the start of the hunt sounded distant but clear. There was no doubt it was the horn for soon after came the baying of hounds. He knew what they were doing. They were casting around for the scent of a fox. The excited barking of one dog was soon joined by the others and the pack hurtled in full cry after the fresh scent. The fox could not see this but knew from experience and sound the start of a hunt.

The pack came into sight over the hill and charged down the grassy slope, crawling under fences and scrambling through hedges. The horses thundered after them, big solid hunters who could endure the hours of galloping without showing any strain. Their riders were clothed in scarlet or black jackets, long boots and beautifully tied stocks. Coming to a stream, the hounds checked, then found the scent again almost immediately on the other side. Now the fox knew he was today's victim, the intended glory for the hunters. He bolted, but was too late in his escape and the hounds following his scent were quickly closing the gap. Where to run was obvious, the woods a few miles away, but would he make it? It was mainly open country with a few clumps of trees here and there which offered no real safety.

Across the open paddock he ran. His coat reflected the sunlight, making it seem more gold than its usual burnt red colour. When he came to a stream flowing swiftly over rocks and pebbles, he checked only a moment before plunging into the icy water. The current took him downstream for a few yards. On reaching the opposite bank he darted towards a clump of trees. There he stopped, breathing heavily, and looked back for a moment. The hounds had not yet reached the stream and the horses were close behind them. They would check again at the stream and the few seconds were vital as to whether he lived or died. The water flew from his dripping coat as he sped over the paddocks. A hedge loomed up at him and he dashed through, scratching himself on the many sharp twigs. A second group of trees allowed him to pause to see how far it was to the woods. Only a mile! Could he make it?

He thought as he ran, calculating where the hounds would falter, even if only for a split second, and made tricky turns where the hounds would have to check to see if they were on the right track. It took time and seemed to let the hounds draw nearer, but was made up when they stopped. The blood pounded in his ears and his legs moved automatically, taking him closer to the woods. He wanted to die an old fox, not a young male in the prime of his life, but he was so tired . . . maybe just a little rest . . .

He fell suddenly, tripping over a root which stuck out a few inches from the ground, and lay gasping for breath. "This was it," he thought. "The end is coming!" But something in him cried, "Coward! You can win! You're not trying! Coward! Coward!" He struggled up and ran on. The few seconds he had lost had given the hounds time to close the gap. No tricky turns now or the hounds would be upon him. There was no choice but to make directly for the woods which were only four hundred yards away. The hounds were just as tired as he but were so excited by the prospect of a kill they raced on, heedless of their lolling tongues and rasping breath. They could see the fox now, after blindly following his scent since he had first bolted over the hill, and knew that the kill was not far away.

One more fence to go through and he was there. Now where to hide? A deep hole gaped before him. It sloped gently downwards providing the perfect sanctuary as it was too narrow for the hounds, and they rarely followed a fox "gone to earth". He lay in the damp darkness and listened. The baying dogs came closer until he knew they were right outside the hole. The pounding of horses' hooves shook the ground. A man's voice was heard.

"Shall I send for the terriers, Joe?"

Joe seemed to be thinking hard before he replied.

"What's the point? He's given us a good run."

Whatever the conversation was the fox only knew it would decide his fate, either life or death.

"The hounds deserve it, Joe. They picked up the scent and stuck to him all the way. Get the terriers."

"No!"

"But . . ."

"No! I say leave him and as I'm master of this hunt, what I say goes. Besides, he'll probably give us a good run some other time."

"Okay, okay! You win." The voice sounded resigned.

The noise outside the hole lessened. They were going away! He was safe! Muscle by muscle the fox relaxed his exhausted body and warily crawled out of the hole. The bright sunlight made him blink once or twice and he thanked his Creator that he was alive to see another day.

Slowly he began the long process of cleaning his bedraggled fur.

Vikki Marshall, 1977.

Lone Wolf

Among the firs that glistened like Christmas trees in the snow-clad valleys, a lone wolf wandered aimlessly here and there stooping, trying to pick up a scent that she hopelessly searched for. She was a timber wolf and well at home among the bare trunks that protruded from the drifts blown together by the wind. Coming to an open rise she halted and although wretchedly tired, began to carefully put her fur in order. With this task completed she lifted her head and howled mournfully in a way to chill any animal in the vicinity to the bone.

As she stretched out her throat, a great festered gash was bared to the wind. It could only have been gained from a rival when she was unmercifully turned out into the winter to fend for herself. Again and again she howled, singing for the cubs that had been left behind.

Suddenly the hair on her thick neck bristled, her keen ears pricked and she turned her head from the wind. From a distance, borne by the blustery squalls, a deep moaning note came to her ears. It was the call of a starving wolf that had stumbled across an unalert moose. Many other wolves joined in with the baying and a chase began. From her position on the solitary hill she could see all the proceedings of the impromptu hunt below. A pack of eight gaunt wolves was trying to bring down a full grown moose, old and past his day but still learned enough to realise the danger of a famished pack. The wolves were especially equipped to hunt in the deep snows, for during their evolution, they gained large chests for endurance breathing as they ran down their prey, strong jaws for the quick killing of animals too weak to fight after a chase, and long paws to give added power and thrust as they met the thick, icy carpet in each stride.

The moose charged headlong into a thicket becoming momentarily trapped, but then saw a gap in the briars that were covered in powdery snow. Without hesitation he whisked through, with a foundering wolf hard on his heels. The only escape seemed to be uphill, so the moose, panting heavily and occasionally getting his headgear stuck in the foliage, made his way up with the determination only a thing chased in such a savage way knows. Until then, the emaciated canines had failed to notice the presence of another of their race. The she wolf, once again excited by a hunt, let out such a hideous cry that they all stopped dead in their tracks and looked up in fearful curiosity.

The moose kept pounding on, but unwillingly recognised the new and more fearsome danger that had blocked his only hope of survival. The she wolf had herself gone without food for two days and her jaws snapped in anticipation of gorging into the warm freshly killed meat. Her powerful neck muscles twitched and her ears lay back to give her a streamlined look. She leapt from the hilltop and cautiously edged up to the moose that had backed up to a belt of trees to protect himself from rear attack. Although they usually attack in numbers, the other timber wolves circled around the moose like so many Romans at a gladiator arena. They snarled and occasionally yelped in the excitement, a thing rarely heard among wolves for they were hunters not playmates as their distant cousins, German Shepherds had become after thousands of years of domestication.

The moose panicked and, antlers lowered, plunged at his tormentor with a thunder of beating hooves. Any animal cornered in the wild displays unforeseen courage and strength, so wolves have always avoided attacking mooses from the front because of their armoured crowns. As lithe and agile as a jungle cat the she wolf slipped to the side and then pounced on to the writhing beast. Her jaws closed on its throat and tore through the windpipe in search of the life-giving jugular arteries.

The other wolves, realising that the kill was made, began to encroach upon the mauled carcass. One that appeared to be their leader, came forward low to the snow and whined until he caught the attention of the blood-spattered killer. With infinite care she turned, once again bristling, with ears standing straight up and warily approached the scrawny grovelling chief. She was tired and had no wish to fight a second time, so, as playfully as a puppy she sniffed noses with him and turned back to the meat. Snatching up a chunk of warm flesh she dropped it just beyond reach of his saliva-dripping mouth. It was greedily accepted and wolfed down his parched throat. The others, seeing that the succulent meat was for them, did not wait for an invitation to feast upon it.

With their bellies finally satisfied the pack set off on its nomadic journey through the wilderness with a new member trotting at its head beside the leader.

Rick Dykstra, 3F.

Escape from Delusion

*You can take this world and all that it's got
I'm leaving it fast
On one last shot*

*I need to escape from place and time
Don't want to pay the price
Of living a crime*

*So Long Farewell Goodbye
To leave delusion is why*

Poem With No Metre

All is not lost in our car yard,
Our Earth.
The light laughter of drink and the noise
And the mirth of gold teeth.
Still here within us but deep in your
Dark
Drink.
Dark in your dark metal tomb.

I am the thinker of my only thoughts,
But deep in my darkness, I cannot express
My feelings for living — and hate of excess.
Our car yard — junk yard excess with the
Rusting
Rotting
Bodies of our dead and our laughing
Rusted, rotting, profit makers.

I am the believer in my only ideas.
Fear of the corner where grouped are the tears.
Tears of the lonely; the folded, sitting widow
All folded.

Neutrons and bonding . . . Why is it so?
Brilliance and logic that blurs, not to follow
The light but the dollar.

Gleaming metal makes me sick. And so does
Paint
Starting to wake.
Starling fly off.
Flute player start to play to the swallow.
Swallow the wind and play to it music
Bonding and mellow;
Yellow crotchets — Swallowing all —
All but the wind,
Before we all go.

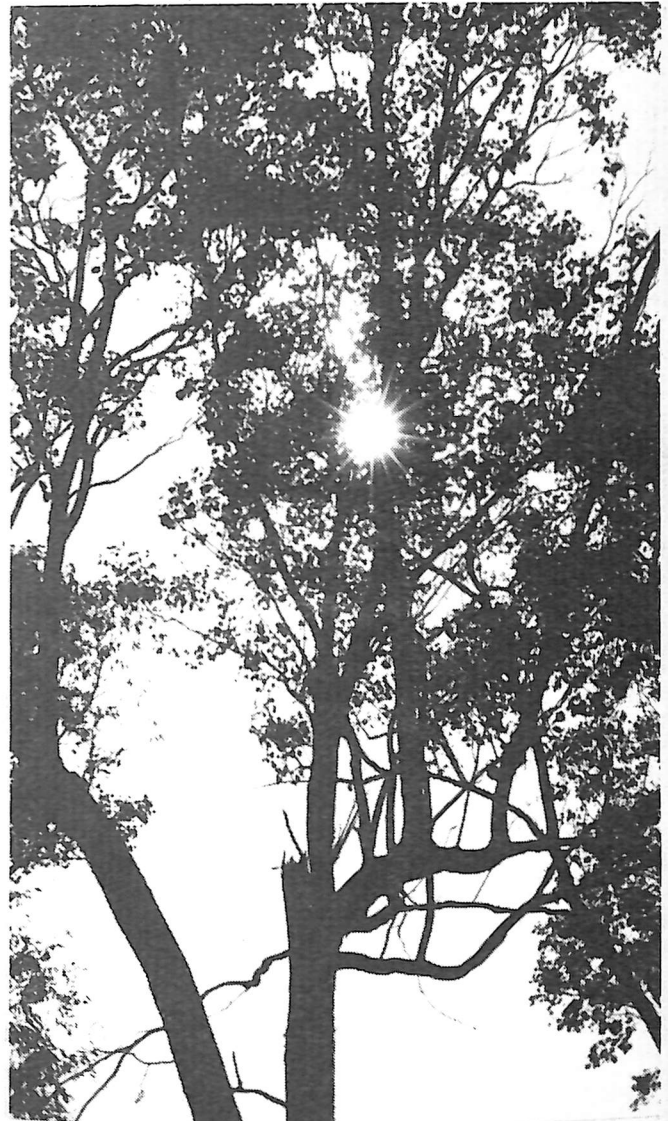
D. Hyde.

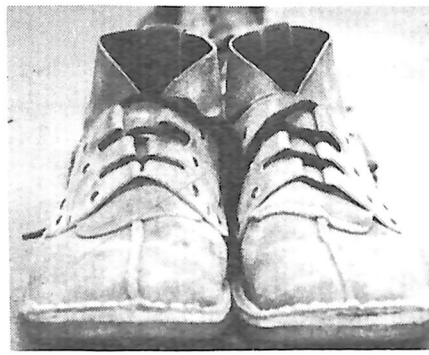
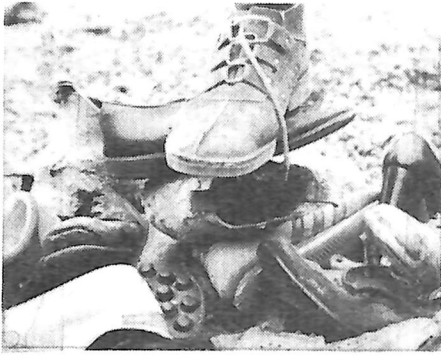
Alone

Steady humouring of voices echoe.
I sit in silence, thinking dreaming
They are apart from me, alone
And as I raise my head I listen.
Voices, whispers, a steady drone
My world indifferent with soft warm breezes
Fewer people, friends, and beauty
Its sense of belonging, mixing with nature
Yet as I listen to the steady chatter
It is they who are deprived not I.
Alone, no hustle, gossip or clatter
Just the sweet music of the mind and wishes
And sitting alone my friends are with me
In spirit they chatter to me gossip, talking
Loneliness is two faced. I am not lonely.

Couple

Steady rocking their world's own heartbeat,
The creaking boards of wooden porch
Flaking paint from long weathered rails,
Snoozing puss, twitches his whiskers
Nature, summers provide the heat,
Rocking's unsteady. Old man's dozing
His wife settles her knitting down
She eyes her true love, secretly smiling
And her old blue eyes, shine like a torch.
Rocking has stopped. Sleep has caught them
Sleep is taking them away from youth
To the days of romance, fur, long white gown
But as they reach their own first meeting.
Their dreams are shattered. The old man's coughing.
His wife, gently lays her trembling hands on his
And as he wakes she gives a tender greeting
Gently steady, two chairs rocking
A couple testing, renewing their life.
The old man's grey, his wife so wrinkled
But still a couple. Man and wife.





Desert Boot Blues

(D. Hyde — G. Field — K. McGregor
— L. Pengliss)

*I was truckin' down the corridor
Just a takin' my time a goin' to my class,
When a guy came up behind me,
Said "Boy, Where is your uniform pass?"
Well, I turned around and saw him,
Man, my D.B.'s never moved so fast!*

Chorus

*Desert Boots . . .
Desert Boots . . .
Desert Boots . . .
Desert Boots . . .
I just ain't nothin' man, without my Desert Boots.*

*I see Mr Lee a comin' round the corner,
My heart — it beats in double time,
My feet they don't sport no black shoes.
They think D.B.'s is mighty fine,
Even though that Cousins man he hassle me,
"He's still a friend of mine."*

Chorus

*I can handle being busted,
Getting knifed by skinheads too,
I can handle all my subjects
And I am hoping you can too —
But when the administration gets me,
Man I feel so blue.*

Chorus

*"And I'm dreaming of that day,
When the heads will turn my way,
And I'm sleepin' in my Desert Boots."*



— First performed, 19th August in the Norwood High School Auditorium, by the fabulously bluesy-type rock group — Muddy Penguins.

Lee Pengliss — lead guitar, hambone, sitar, dobro.
Dec Hyde — acoustic guitar, harp, 12-string, bass.
Greg "Regsh" Field — violin, keyboards, cello.
Ken McGregor — harmonica, brass.
Special thanks to Paul Davey.

Great films, now also books, inspired by Desert Boots. "The Day of the Desert Boots" — espionage involving a Russian spy, wearing a pair of authenticated Australian Desert Boots.

"All the Principal's Desert Boots" — two snooping sixth form students break into the principal's office, only to find the head in his 5-year-old desert boots, reading his favourite V.U.S.E.B. handbook.

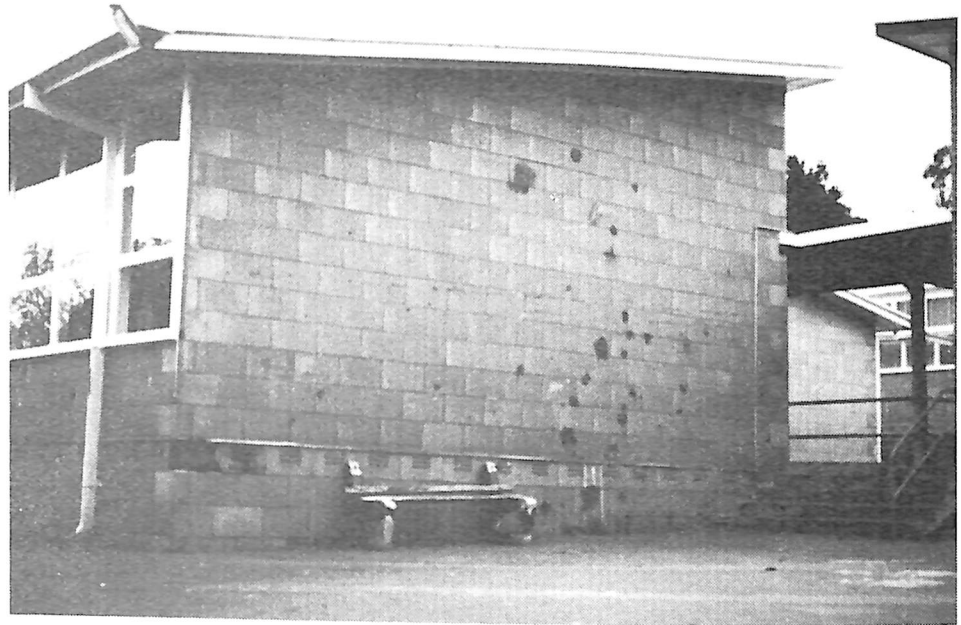
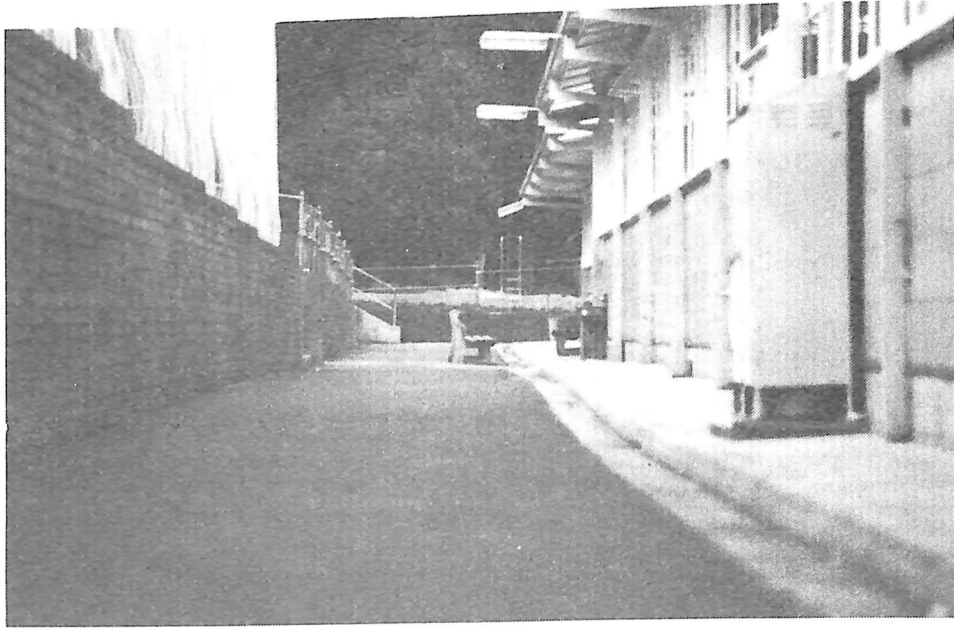
"Bye Bye Black Shoes" — musical comedy about a pair of black shoes that sings "Our Last Lace", is called up for Shoe Repairs, and is arrested for being unlaced.

"Desert Boot — 77" — story of a lone desert boot that is hijacked by a one-legged man and goes missing in the Bermuda Shorts.

"Paint Your Desert Boots" — a musical about the first ever high school, and the pioneer desert boots.

"Boots" — a high school in the tropics is terrorised by an unlaced desert boot that goes on the rampage eating school staff.

"West Side Desert Boots" — a gang of grease-laced desert boot bullies picks on a group of "short back and sides" sand shoes, and when one of the sand shoes is killed, by a desert boot, the D.B.s go into hiding, by painting themselves white and sticking 3 white stripes on each side.



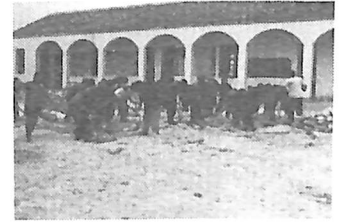


Calculators in primary school!

Chinese Schools Are Different

It is not just that 12 years' instruction has been compressed into eight . . .
It is not simply that the subjects tend to be practical rather than theoretical . . .
It is not even the workshops and farms attached to the schools . . .
It is a state of mind!

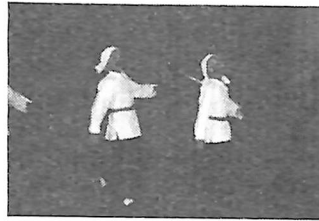
Education is not seen simply as a right, it is a privilege; it is also a duty.



Build your own school



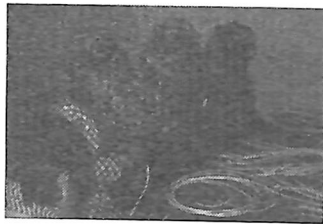
Lessons in Socialist Consciousness can be fun.



Maybe Mr Cousins can work it out.



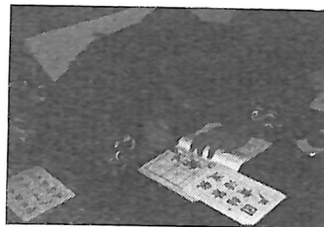
Everybody works for the State.



School holidays are for useful employment



Of course we joined in;
--5 degrees is COLD



First you learn to say it, then to write it.

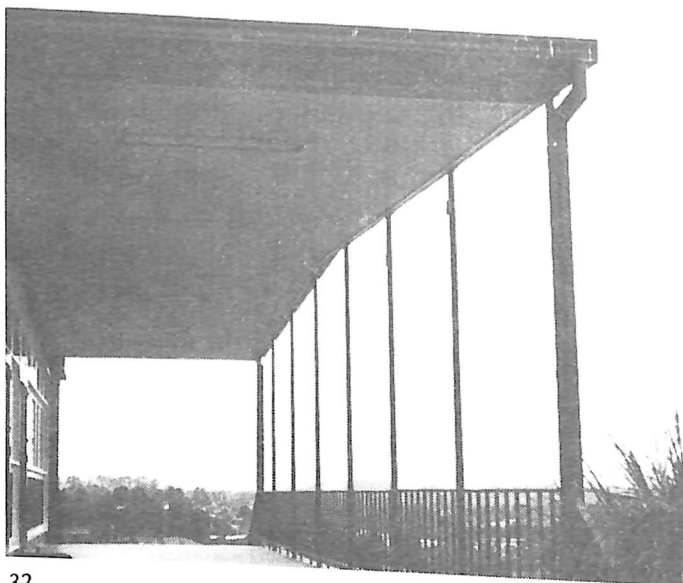


Not quite up to the standard
of our boarding schools



A. Phillips.

Most mothers return to work when their babies are 6 weeks old.



"The time has come, the walrus said . . ."
 And so it's goodbye to all for another year — and
 for some of us, possibly forever.
 The editors of this magazine hope all of you have a
 good holiday and a Merry Christmas and we wish
 you every success in the future.
 And a special goodbye to our smiling, singing,
 dancing AFS girl, Sarah.
 Good luck everyone.

Thanks to the small
hand full of people who
sat in on a couple
of our meetings and
almost contributed
something . . .

Special Thanks ;

Amanda Mendes.
Debbie Archibald.