



**SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE
1962**

SCHOOL HYMN

O Lord, our Help, we pray this day,
Guide us by Thine influence,
That we may cherish in ev'ry way
The beauty that is Life;
Instil in us a love of Truth,
Of Right and Loyalty,
A love of Duty, free from taint
Of thoughts of selfish gain.

Dispel, O Lord, each worthless aim,
Harboured in our breasts,
That any deed which may defame
May die before its birth;
Enkindle in our hearts a fire
Of faith and burning zeal,
To enrich traditions within our school,
To bear its heritage.



EDITORIAL

It is fitting that the editorial of this, the third publication of the school magazine, should make mention of the Leaving students, who at the end of this year will become "old scholars", some passing on to other establishments of learning in order to fit themselves to step into the shoes of the leading scientists and professional men of the State, others to plant their feet firmly on the bottom rungs of various ladders at the top of which are the executive positions in the world of commerce and industry.

Most of these students enrolled when the school opened in 1959, so that much of the credit for what Salisbury High is and will be goes to them. It is they who have laid the foundations of traditions, some of which are already firmly established, and set academic standards which will demand from all those who follow in their footsteps the best qualities of human striving if the school is to maintain and strengthen its present reputation.

Their praises have been sung elsewhere in these pages. Suffice to say here that the school is proud of them and their efforts, and wishes them well in whatever they undertake. The years at Salisbury High will be the source of many happy memories in future years and if they take with them the same characteristics they have displayed during the past four years they have little to fear from the world.

It is human to want to give advice on the eve of a departure on some great new adventure and no finer thought could be offered than that contained in the concluding lines of Polonius's advice to his son;

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

If the wisdom of this quotation is heeded our present Leaving students will bring greater credit to themselves and greater glory to their school.

Headmaster's Message

This year marks another stage in the progress of the Salisbury High School towards full maturity. It will be a memorable one because of the number of scholars—one hundred and twenty—in our first Leaving classes. This is a record number of a Class II High School, and one which is unlikely to be surpassed at this school for years to come.

Many of these students in Leaving classes have followed the progress of the school to its present phase from the early difficult days of 1959 when the building was first occupied before completion. They have been the senior students in the school since its opening; prefects have been elected from their numbers during the last three years; they have brought fame to the school by their Intermediate examination successes; they have provided leadership and strength in sporting teams, the new cadet unit, and in all school activities. They have played a major part in developing the beginnings of a school tradition. It is unfortunate that circumstances require that they transfer to another school to study at the Leaving Honours level.

Many of these students are from Elizabeth and their passing through the school will end a very happy association that this school has had with Elizabeth. I sincerely hope that these students will value their connection with this school as much as we have appreciated their contribution to its welfare.

Future pupils at the Salisbury High School will always be indebted to these young men and women pioneers who have founded the "school spirit" which is part of any vigorous and progressive school—and to their parents who have so willingly and generously provided for our material needs.

I ask the senior students who are leaving us for the Enfield High School, the Teachers' College, or for employment in the community, to remember that you are the first students to leave the school after the completion of the fourth year, and that you carry a responsibility to show by your thoughts and actions that you are a credit to your school. I know that you will not fail in this task.

What of the future?

Next year will be a critical one in that it will be necessary for the first time to select from the student body a new group of leaders. Fortunately, in shouldering responsibilities unfamiliar to them, they will have the excellent example of present senior students to follow. I know that there will be many anxious to accept the challenge.

Many thanks to all those who have helped during the year, including those who have laboured on this magazine.

We extend to those who are leaving the school, or awaiting examination results, our best wishes.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

Salisbury High School students covered themselves with glory in last year's P.E.B. Intermediate examination. Outstanding results were obtained and the school and the students can be justly proud of their efforts. The fact that sixteen students gained Intermediate exhibitions and one student gained a Continuation exhibition is testimony of the standard of the students. Intermediate certificates were obtained by 135 students and altogether 915 passes were secured in the various subjects. Between them our top students gained 156 credits.

These figures establish a remarkably high standard, one that both teachers and pupils will be fully extended to maintain.

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OUR STAFF

Headmaster:

C. E. Haines, B.Ag.Sc., Dip.Ed.

Senior Staff:

W. J. Dunlop, B.A., Dip.Ed. B. J. Stodart, B.A., Dip.Ed.
A. F. Swanson, B.A., Dip.Ed. E. B. Gorny, B.Sc. (Hons.)

Assistants:

T. J. O'Connor, B.A. G. Schulz
J. McGhee, B.A. K. Rigby
R. Laycock O. M. Hinkly
C. E. J. Carragher H. F. Farrell
K. P. Hinkly, A.U.A. O. W. Locherbie B.A. (Hons.)
H. Baker E. D. Silvester
R. R. Abbott N. C. Cogan
C. Smith B. M. Roberts, B.Sc.
J. England J. S. Black
G. A. Darwin

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

President: Dr. M. W. Woods.

Vice-President: Mr. F. H. Potter.

Secretary: Mr. H. J. Lewis. Treasurer: Mr. J. L. Young.
Mr. W. S. Creaser. Mr. E. G. Cashin. Mr. D. Findlay.
Mr. W. G. Giles. Mr. R. B. Holloway. Mr. J. Lawrence.
Mr. D. K. Magor. Mr. K. P. Rolfe. Mr. G. A. Watson.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

The task of writing a "message" for the School Magazine becomes more onerous each year. I must not presume to give advice because, of course, no teenager of today is interested in advice from any "square" over 20 years of age. Perhaps he is right—after all, psychologists tell us that the average I.Q. reaches a maximum at the age of 17 and declines thereafter. We older people can only console ourselves with the old French proverb, "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait . . ." and hope that our experience, if not our powers of intellect, may be of some value to the younger generation.

Perhaps it will be best to avoid anything in the nature of advice and simply wish wisdom, health and happiness to those who will be leaving the school at the end of the year. This year there will be more Salisbury High School boys and girls going out into the world than ever before. The school has now reached maturity with, for the first time, students sitting for the Leaving as well as for the Intermediate examination. Last year our first Intermediate students covered themselves and the school with glory.

This year the competition will be tougher, but let us hope that they, in the Leaving, and the next class in the Intermediate, will once again bring credit to the school. And let us hope also that those who leave, whether to go on to Leaving Honours at another school or to start the precarious business of earning a living, will uphold the reputation of Salisbury High not only as a scholastic institution but also as a place where boys and girls are trained to live a full and useful life—useful not only to themselves but to the community as a whole.

M. W. Woods.

MAGAZINE PERSONNEL

Editorial Committee:

E. Felton, L. Harman, J. Steele, D. McCall, J. Baden, R. Magor.

Class Representatives:

S. Finch, E. Felton, D. Harrison, N. Toy, D. McCall, P. Howes, J. Carragher, D. Ayling, N. Pugh, C. Larrett, J. Fleming, L. Davis, P. Bunn, M. Larter, P. Forrest, M. Maurovi, C. Hasiuk, T. Harper, G. Oliver, K. Platt, L. Rolph, G. Cunnett, R. McKechnie, N. Skene, Y. Errington, G. Banks, G. Kean, P. Buckoke.

Staff Supervisor:

W. J. Dunlop.

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PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

Chairman: Mr. W. G. Giles.

Vice-Chairmen: Mr. F. Potter, Mr. D. K. Magor.

Secretary: Mrs. L. Schultz.

Treasurer: Mr. Merton.

Messrs. R. MacKinnon.

M. Wren.

D. L. Finlay.

D. Woods.

J. Smith.

E. Tebby.

E. Medlow.

Pride.

Mesdames M. Hodges.

M. Sparrow.

D. Wright.

M. Glenn.

L. Tamblin.

J. Harvey.

P. James.

Once again we are very happy to report on a most successful year's operation by our Parent's and Friends' Association.

We have raised money throughout the year in many different ways, but mainly per medium of a Monster Quiz and Gala Day on 14th October, 1961, which raised £450. Two trading table stalls in John Street, Salisbury, realised £16 and £47 respectively, proceeds from stalls and afternoon tea on the school's annual Sports Day, £20. Parents' membership fees, £105, and donations from the Salisbury Students' Social Club Committee.

On October 13 we are again holding a Monster Quiz and Gala Day and are very hopeful of raising approximately £400.

Among the many projects in which the committee has been interested, the following were deemed to be the most urgent and were purchased: Two table tennis tables, £68; six garden seats for the school grounds, £108; one set football Guernseys, £50; portable stage, £100. It was also decided to allocate £500 towards boys' and girls' dressing sheds, which are expected to cost in the vicinity of £4,000. Our contribution of this amount will go to the School Council which is now calling tenders for the erection of this building.

Our committee has been very active this year, with good attendances at our monthly meetings. I would like to thank all members for their high interest and hard work throughout the year. Our most especial thanks are also extended to the parents and friends of the pupils for their very generous support to our trading tables and gala day, working bees, and in many other ways too numerous to mention. May we always be able to expect your continued support in the years to come.

W. G. Giles,
Chairman.

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL SPEECH NIGHT, 1961

The third annual Speech Night of the Salisbury High School was held on 14th December, 1961, when once again the spacious quadrangle was transformed into a dignified setting for the occasion. Official guests were Mr. L. A. Braddock, B.Ec., A.U.A., F.A.S.A., who was guest speaker; Dr. M. Woods, Ph.D., chairman of the High School Council; and Mr. J. S. Clark, M.P., who presented prizes and trophies.

In the first part of the program, speeches were interspersed with items by the school choir. In his School Report, the Headmaster, Mr. Haines, pointed out that television, used wisely in the home, could aid students in their study. He added that such a recreation should be permitted with particular discretion in the ensuing year, when senior students would be facing their most serious academic challenge.

A feature of the program was a performance of the play "Instruments of Darkness," presented by the Drama Club. Other items included well-rehearsed tumbling and pyramid building displays by the gymnasium group, a colourful folk dancing performance, and a vivid bracket of carols by the choir.

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PRIZE LIST

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---|
| Top Student in 1D | Mr. W. Creaser | Graeme Cogdell |
| Top Student in 1C | Parents and Friends Association | Jeffrey Whitbread |
| Top Student in 1B | Mr. Finlay | Dominic Capogreco |
| Top Student in 1A | Mrs. D. Wright | Anthony Stevens |
| Outstanding Diligence in First Year | Mrs. G. Schulz | Linda Cundell |
| Top Student in 2C | E. S. Wigg & Son | Janice Fleming |
| Top Student in 2B | Parents and Friends Association | Brett Hyder |
| Top Student in 2A | Mrs. Wren | Walter Woods |
| Outstanding Diligence in Second Year | Mrs. Wren | Elizabeth Adern |
| Diligence in Second Year Comm. Class | | Dorothy Gray |
| Top Student in 3F | Mr. L. K. Roberts & Son | Susan Redfern |
| Top Student in 3E | Mr. L. K. Roberts & Son | Barry Appleton |
| Top Student in 3D | Mrs. B. James | Jos Bakker |
| Top Student in 3C | Mr. Viner | Sandra Finch |
| Top Student in 3B | School Council | Terry Stoneman |
| Top Student in 3A | Miss Stodart | Patricia Bigg |
| Outstanding Diligence in Final Year | Parents and Friends Association | Sue Connell |
| Hardest Trier in Third Year | Mr. A. L. Martin | Frazer Gurling |
| Top Girl in the School | Mr. H. J. Lewis | Anne Felton |
| Dux of the School | Dr. M. W. Woods | Jeffrey Baden |
| Head Prefect—Girl | Mr. C. Haines | Louise Appels |
| Head Prefect—Boy | Mr W. Dunlop | Jeffrey Baden |
| Alliance Francaise Prize for French | | Anne Felton |
| SPORTS TROPHIES— | | |
| Hockey Trophies: | | |
| Best and Fairest | | Michael Durham |
| Most Consistent | | Laurie Henbest |
| Athletic Trophies: | | |
| Sub Junior Girls' Championship | Mr. and Mrs. James | April Forrest |
| Sub Junior Boys Championship | | Brenton Tamblyn |
| Junior Girls' Championship | | Dawn Bishop |
| Junior Boys' Championship | | Ken Green |
| Senior Girls' Championship | | Maureen Bond |
| Senior Boys' Championship | | David Rosewell |
| Athletics Shield | | Oliphant House--John Payne, Kay Gavin. |
| Rugby Trophies: | | |
| Professor G. V. Portus Memorial Cup | | Colts |
| Grade Rugby | | Won by Salisbury High School |
| Walters Shield | | Colts |
| Grade Rugby | | David Morgan |
| Swimming Trophy: | | |
| Elizabeth-Salisbury Secondary School | | |
| Swimming Relay Shield | | Captain of teams—Colin Murray |
| Won by Salisbury High | | |
| House Competition Shield | | House Captains of Cairns House—Jacqueline Smith, David Morgan |
| Won by Cairns House | | |



J. Baden

DUX OF THE SCHOOL 1961
J. BADEN

Jeffrey Baden has been an outstanding student since the school opened in 1959. Each year he has secured first position among the boys and last year in the Intermediate examination he gained the best pass among many fine passes by students from Salisbury High.

He gained an A (credit) pass in each of the seven subjects for which he sat and, as a result, he was awarded an Exhibition, one of the 17 awarded to Salisbury High School students. He was also successful in winning one of the two National Mutual School Bursaries awarded in South Australia.

Jeff has been Head Prefect since the Prefect system was introduced in 1960 and he has always discharged his duties with great credit to himself and his school.

NEWS OF THE SCHOOL

DRAMA

An enthusiastic band of students comprise the Drama Club. Two factors have limited the activities—the reluctance on the part of the boys to display their talents and the enforced retirement of our director, Mrs. Farrell, who underwent a major operation during the second term. Her place was taken by Mr. Dunlop, who has helped us considerably.

Two plays have been attempted—a domestic comedy entitled "Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book" and an historical drama, "Richard of Bordeaux." As the cast for "Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book" is a small one, another short play is to be performed by the other members of the club so that their interest and enthusiasm may be rewarded by taking part in a performance before an audience.

Lesley Harman.

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

Earlier this year the entire Intermediate section of our school was packed into two buses and headed in the direction of Adelaide to aid our literary pursuits by seeing a film version of our novel, "Huckleberry Finn." On arrival we found several other high schools represented, for the interior of the theatre was filled with berets, blazers and caps of every conceivable colour. Suddenly the theatre was plunged into darkness and the noise subsided as the curtains parted to reveal the saga of Huckleberry Finn in Cinemascope and Technicolor. One predominant feature was the audience participation in which the villains received hisses and boos and the heroes were showered with cries of encouragement. Though the plot often deviated from the book, we found the film added more reality to the characters, and the memory of it remained as an inspiration to our studies.

"MACBETH"

On Monday evening, 1st September, a group of Leaving students travelled to Adelaide to see a stage production of "Macbeth," presented by the Shakespearean Drama Club at Union Hall. This is the fourth presentation which has been available for us, as two television broadcasts and a film had already been shown.

When the play began, we were greatly impressed by the witches' scenes and the effective lighting and scenery used. Three or four backdrops and stage props made interesting settings for the various acts. The characters were ably portrayed and many people admitted to having been startled by the gory spectacle of Banquo's ghost with its wide, staring eyes, in a pale face, and blood on its cheeks.

There was a great clashing of swords offstage during the battle scene; so much so that at times it became quite difficult for us to distinguish the words of Macbeth and Macduff who were fighting to the death on stage. It was an interesting performance and added to the growing list of impressions we are gaining from the different presentations.

However, the most enjoyable production was the film "Macbeth," with Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson. Their skilled acting, which was combined with the greater scope for setting that a film camera can give, made this presentation a particularly vivid one.

We are grateful to the teachers who enabled us to see these productions; and we are sure that we will profit from the varied impressions we have gained.

Lesley Harman.

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

An excited group of students from Salisbury High filed into their seats in Union Hall shortly before the commencement of "Twelfth Night." This play was set for the Intermediate exam and we were about to watch its performance. The tense silence of the audience announced the raising of the curtain. Throughout the first half of the play the captivated watchers saw the characters in the book come to life.

During the interval, many of the students went into the foyer. Here and in the hall itself, we discussed the actors' ability and their interpretations of the lines. Here the accent was on humour. Soon we were transported again to the scene of Viola's vain love for Orsino. As in most good plays, the ending was a happy one for all, except the unfortunate Malvolio. The appreciation and delight of the audience was shown when the players made at least a half a dozen curtain calls. The performance of "Twelfth Night" provided an entertaining and profitable evening.

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"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

Early in the year, a group of Leaving students went to see a performance of "Great Expectations" at the new Theatre 66.

The theatre's stage is set in the middle of the room so that the audience is seated all around it. In this manner the actors had to keep turning to face the various sections. However, this was accomplished with ease and highly commendable skill.

There were no stage effects, change of costume and various boxes on the stage serving to portray the story. One particular box, in the course of action, served as a tomb-stone, a table, a wardrobe, a bed, a chair and a row-boat! However, as the actors said at the beginning of their play, much had to be left to our imaginations. We did not mind supplying this, for the acting was very skilfully performed.

Despite the lack of scenery, we became completely involved in the story, following the life of the hero Pip, who was very cleverly played, and his associates, the weird Miss Havisham, beautiful Estella, kindly Herbert and gentle Joe, with avid interest and enjoyment.

We were very sorry when this excellent performance came to a conclusion, and I think that its unusual presentation helped to arouse new interest within us for the book itself.

Cathy Passmore.

LIBRARY

The library has continued to expand steadily this year, due to the many hours spent by Mrs. Silvester in labelling and cataloguing each new order of books. The number of books added this year is 329, making a grand total of 2,156.

The Library Committee has again functioned efficiently under the guidance of Mrs. Silvester. Office-bearers elected by the committee were Anne Felton, president; Sandra Finch, vice-president; and David McCall, Secretary. A copy of the Holy Bible was purchased with last year's fine money by the committee.

Mr. Graham Nancarrow, from the Griffin Press, visited the school during the second term to address students, particularly members of the Library Committee, about book printing. He illustrated his talk with actual samples of books in the various stages of printing and binding. At the conclusion of his talk, Mr. Nancarrow presented the library with one of the latest books printed, "Dreamtime Justice," by Vic Hall. A vote of thanks to Mr. Nancarrow was proposed by Anne Felton.

It is hoped that next year will see a similar rate of progress in the school library.

Anne Felton.

THE DEBATING CLUB

At the beginning of this year a debating club was formed for third and fourth year students. It has been very successful, maintaining a membership of 30 students and providing an interesting and instructive activity during the Thursday lunch hour.

The committee, comprising Anne Felton, Sue Connell, Terry Phillips and David McCall, with the aid of Mr. O'Connor, arranged fortnightly debates for the members. Topics varied from "Should Britain join the Common Market?" to "Should homework be abolished?" The debaters were keen, preparing their arguments thoroughly, ensuring that the debates were close and interesting.

During the first term we were very fortunate to have Mr. Musgrave Horner, a senior lecturer on speech education at Adelaide Teachers' College, address the Debating Club. Mr. Horner spoke to us about various aspects of debating, including self-confidence and voice production. His talk was very informative and beneficial to the debates.

The highlight of the second term was an inter-school debate with a team from Adelaide Girls' High School. The topic was "The White Australia Policy can be justified." Despite the fact that the adjudicator, from the Penguin Club, awarded the debate on a narrow margin to the visitors, we thought that our team consisting of Michael Jones, David McCall and Jeffrey Baden well represented the school. We hope to send a girls' team to their school in the near future.

The committee wishes to express, on behalf of all members, its appreciation of the help which the teachers have given in acting as adjudicators or in arranging the inter-school debates. We are particularly grateful to Mr. O'Connor who has guided us in our activities throughout the year.

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THE MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club this year has held regular meetings, activities having been in the nature of community singing and musical appreciation.

During the third term rehearsals became more concentrated as the choir began practising for Speech Night. An innovation in these activities has been the contribution made by the Upper School boys who have slowly but, we believe, not without a sense of achievement, revealed their vocal talents.

CANTEEN

The staff and students of the school are very grateful to the parents and friends who come regularly to the canteen to prepare and serve lunches.

About 100 lunches a day are provided by the canteen. They are ordered by the students each day, prepared by the helpers and distributed to the classes. The helpers have a fairly busy time and we have appreciated their willingness and their sense of humour in coping with situations.

The canteen also sells cool drinks and ice creams and Mr. Smith's IA class and Mr. McGee's IIA class deserve thanks and praise for the work they have done in dispensing these. Mrs. Black and girls from the Domestic Science classes have capably assisted throughout the year, and Miss Pitt and Miss Boucher have efficiently taken and counted orders to make the task of ordering food a much easier one.

The canteen takings each week have been approximately £80 and the profits from this continue to make a useful contribution to school funds. To those who make this state of affairs possible—our thanks.

THE SCHOOL CAMP

On Friday, 27th April, a laden and decrepit bus departed from Salisbury High School bound for Mylor and a week-end of fun. Its cargo of eager girls (about 20 in all) behaved with quiet decorum customary to sedate students bound for school camps.

After a sober journey we reached Seacombe High School and collected a group of girls who were to be our companions for the week-end. We settled in and made acquaintances, with vivid vocal remembrances of previous hockey and basketball encounters.

The long journey through the hills was successfully accomplished with the minimum of boredom to the girls, although the nerves of the driver, by the time he had navigated an almost sheer drop down to the camp, were somewhat frayed.

There was an immediate rush for bunks in the log-cabin style dormitories. Friends pushed their beds together—"to prevent sleep-walking"—although actually, this method prevented sleeping alone. During this calm period of unpacking, the unfortunate author of this little episode nearly plunged 20 feet into a bottom-less chasm, mistaking a vast window for a door.

After tea, and chores, we settled down to a hilarious set of games—the teachers entering whole-heartedly into the fun. Among these was a series of choral attempts which would have soured the ears of our revered choirmaster for life—but which provoked much amusement. Games were followed by a bewildered hike in the dark through a pine forest—I think.

Bed was next on our list. We only talked until 5.30 (and arose at 7) disturbing the teachers and the neighbours only slightly.

On Saturday morning we walked into the township and a little further afield, stocking up with provisions for the midnight feast that night which never eventuated because we forgot to wake up.

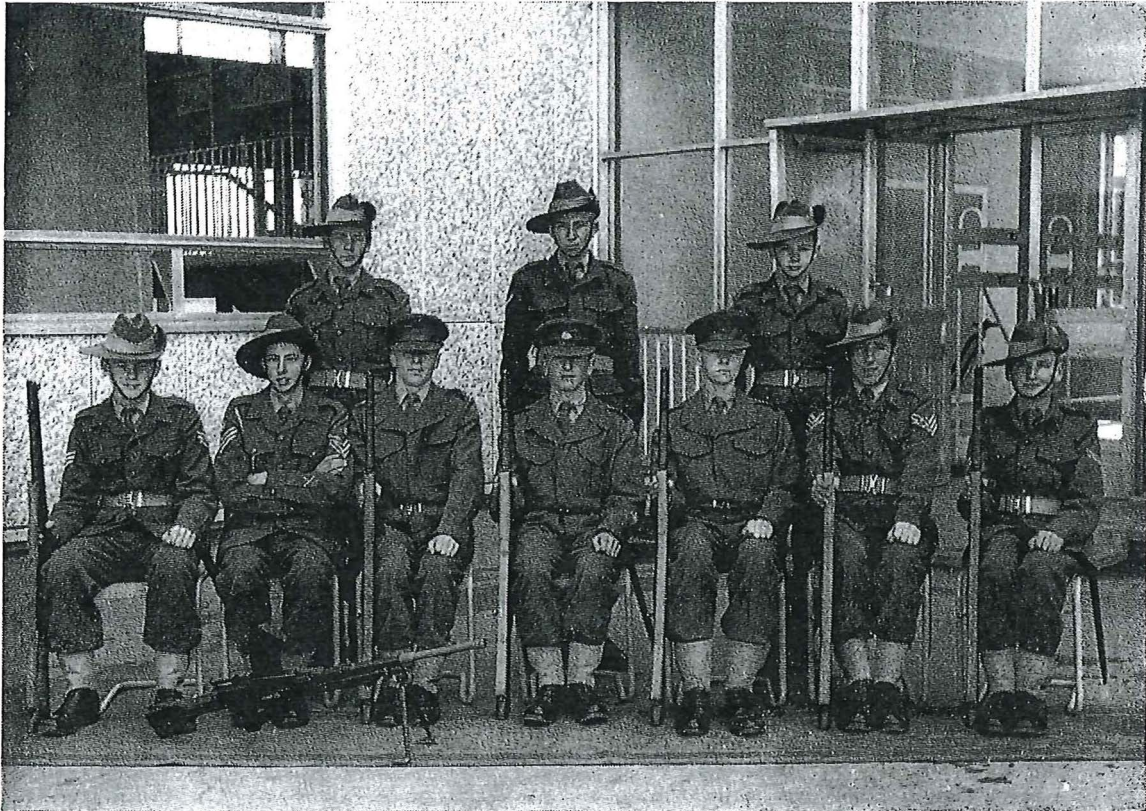
In the afternoon great fun was had by all as we turned athlete in the mock Olympic Games held on the lawn.

That night each of the six groups of girls performed two items apiece, some of them really amusing. The teachers, too, had a turn, adding to the entertainment with a truly teacherian (at camp) performance of David and Goliath. Exhausted, we at length retired, but even then sleep was not forth-coming for a while.

Sunday, unfortunately, was our day of departure and was spent, after a hike, in repairing the camp site. We departed as we had arrived—quietly and in a lady-like manner, as is our usual method.

It had been a wonderful experience mingling with the girls from Seacombe, and we heartily thank our accompanying teachers for their tireless patience and entertainment, and Miss Rose, our cook and general helper.

Cathy Passmore.



CADETS

Back Row: Cpl. Townsend, L/Cpl. Collins, L/Cpl. Ferguson
Front Row: Sgt. Carragher, S/Sgt. Toy, U/O Baden, WO2 Tuffy, C/O Davies, Sgt. Morgan,
Cpl. Robertson

CADET REPORT

The progress of the Salisbury High School Cadet Unit has been notably rapid in this, its first year of formation. During December of the previous year, under the very able organisation of Mr. Stilwell, the basic members of the unit were selected to attend the January N.C.O. camp held by the army at Woodside Military Camp. After completion of a three-week course, the basic 20 members were fully inaugurated for the ordeal of teaching what they had learnt to the remaining 30 recruits.

On return to school, regular parades were held each Thursday afternoon, and after a little persuasion from Messrs. Abbott and Smith, the army was obliged to issue promotions. With a full complement of officers and N.C.O's, the unit was now prepared to prove itself.

Highlights of the year included several visits to Dean Rifle Range, a march past of all cadet units through Adelaide, a week-end on bivouac and the annual September camp, an event of paramount importance to every cadet.

The final parade of the year is the most important of all for, during this, the ceremonial parade, the unit goes on show before the public and is inspected by an honorary Colonel of Cadets. This gentleman is accompanied by several officers of Central Command, whose presence brings out the best in every cadet. This parade was completed with great success for, as we were later informed, even Central Command was impressed by our performance.

In all, 1962 has been a most successful year for the Salisbury Cadet Unit.

SPORTING ACTIVITIES

SPORTS DAY

Parents, friends and students were favoured with perfect weather for the annual sports day of Salisbury High School, held on the school oval, on Saturday, April 14.

The sports program was opened by Mr. D. Magor, chairman of the Parents' and Friends' Association, after which the house shield was returned by the captains of Oliphant House, holders for the previous two years.

The house contest was won by Cairns, with 231 points, from Mawson, 185; Florey 183; and Oliphant, 149.

Prior to the sports day, heats had been held to ensure that the best performers would represent their respective houses.

The events were keenly contested and throughout the afternoon competitors were supported enthusiastically by their fellow house members. This encouraging spirit of competition among houses suggests that the school is rapidly developing a tradition which future scholars will be proud to uphold.

Presentation

At the concluding ceremony, Mrs. D. Woods presented cups to the winners in each division of the sport. Roy Magor and Louise Appels received the house shield on behalf of the winning house.

The Headmaster, Mr. Haines, commended parents who showed by their pleasing attendance that the decision to hold sports day on a Saturday was appreciated. He also acknowledged the work of parents and friends who had assisted in various ways during the afternoon.

Perhaps the spontaneous applause of the students provided the most appropriate expression of "thanks" to Mr. Hinkly for his work in arranging the program, preparing the oval, and training the competitors.

Cup Winners

Sub-junior girls: Margaret Green (Cairns), Marjorie Magor (C.).

Sub-junior boys: Trevor Coad (Florey), Alan Farrell (C.).

Junior girls: April Forrest (Oliphant), Jean Blackwell (Mawson).

Junior boys: Brenton Tamblyn (F.),

Brian Morris (C.), Enrico Vidovich (M.).

Senior girls: Gillian Lowe (F.), Leonie Davis (C.).

Senior boys: David Rosewell (M.), Terry Phillips (F.).

Sports Details

100 yds.: Sub-junior girls—M. Green (Cairns) 13.3 secs., M. Magor (C.), C. Boughen (M.).

Junior girls—J. Blackwell (Mawson) 13.6 secs., B. Roberts (M.), A. Forrest (O.).

Senior girls—G. Lowe (Florey) 13.5 secs., L. Davis (C.), W. Potter (F.).

Sub-junior boys—T. Coad (Florey) 12.5 secs., A. Farrell (C.), R. Benson (M.).

Junior boys—B. Tamblyn (Florey) 11.7 secs., B. Morris (C.), D. Boucher (F.).

Senior boys—D. Rosewell (Mawson) 10.8 secs., T. Phillips (F.), T. Pratt (M.).

75 yds.: Sub-junior girls—M. Green (Cairns) 9.8 secs., M. Magor (C.), C. Boughen (M.).

Junior girls—J. Blackwell (Mawson) 10.0 secs., A. Forrest (O.), B. Roberts (M.).

Senior girls—G. Lowe (Florey) 10.2 secs., L. Davis (C.), W. Potter (F.).

Sub-junior boys—A. Farrell (Cairns) 9.2 secs., T. Coad (F.), M. Muller (M.).

Junior boys—B. Tamblyn (Florey) 9.1 secs., B. Morris (C.), N. Blewitt (M.).

Senior boys—D. Rosewell (Mawson) 8.2 secs., T. Phillips (F.), T. Spavin (C.).

50 yds.: Sub-junior girls—M. Green (Cairns) 6.8 secs., M. Magor (C.), C. Boughen (M.).

Junior girls—I. Blackwell (Mawson) 7.1 secs., A. Forrest (O.), B. Roberts (M.).

Senior girls—G. Lowe (Florey) 7.0 secs., L. Davis (C.), W. Potter (F.).

Sub-junior boys—A. Farrell (Cairns) 6.6 secs., T. Coad (F.), M. Muller (M.).

220 yds.: Junior boys—B. Tamblyn (Florey) 27.1 secs., A. Farrell (C.), G. Pitt (F.).

Senior boys—D. Rosewell (Mawson) 24.5 secs., T. Phillips (F.), A. Stanojevic (O.).

440 yds.: Senior boys—D. Rosewell (Mawson) 1 min. 0.6 secs., T. Phillips (F.), T. Pratt (M.).

Open 880 yards: D. Rosewell (Mawson) 2 mins. 22.7 secs., T. Pratt (M.), T.

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Phillips (F.).
High jump: Sub-junior girls—M. Green (Cairns), 4ft 2½in., M. Magor (C.), M. Loftes (O.).
Junior girls—A. Forrest (O.) 4ft. 1in., B. Roberts (M.), P. Gavin (O.).
Senior girls—M. Green (Cairns) 4ft. 2½in., G. Lowe (F.), A. Charlton (O.).
Sub-junior boys—T. Coad (Florey) 4ft. 3in., K. Ludarans (O.), P. Lewis (C.).
Senior boys—T. Stoneman (Oliphant) 4ft. 11½in., U. Boettger (C.), T. Pratt (M.).

Broad jump: Sub-junior girls—M. Green (Cairns) 13ft. 8in., M. Magor (C.), S. Hay (F.).
Junior girls—A. Forrest (Oliphant) 12ft. 9in., J. Blackwell (M.), B. Roberts (M.).
Senior girls—H. Lacombe (Mawson) 12ft. 3in., D. Bishop (C.), G. Lowe (F.).
Sub-junior boys—T. Coad (Florey) 13ft. ½in., R. Pobke (O.), J. Connell (C.).
Junior boys—B. Tamblyn (Florey) 15ft. 2in., E. Vidivich (M.), R. England (O.).
Senior boys—D. Rosewell (Mawson) 18ft. 2in., T. Stoneman (O.), T. Phillips (F.).

GIRLS' HOCKEY

An increased interest in hockey this year resulted in enough new players to field two teams—an "A" and a "B"—for which captains were elected, Lesley Harman being the "A" team captain, and Jenny Hill the "B" team captain. After-school practices, at which we were coached by Miss Stodart, were well attended.

During the season combined House hockey matches provided us with more experience, especially for those who were first season players. The initial matches were against Elizabeth High School, when the "A" team travelled to Elizabeth and our "B" team played Elizabeth's "B" team at Salisbury. Our "A" team defeated Elizabeth one goal to nil after quite a strongly contested match, and the "B" team also defeated Elizabeth two goals to nil.

Our second match was that of the "A" team against Adelaide Girls High School. Although this team has had much more experience than Salisbury, and had scored two goals to our nil by half-time, we managed to even the score by the end of the match to draw two goals all. The final match of the season was against Gawler High School. The "B" team played Gawler "A" team, and Gawler won by the score of two goals to one.

This is the last hockey season for the Leaving students, who make up the greater part of the team. Many of them have played since the formation of the team. However, many first and second year students have played this year and it is hoped that next year a greater interest in hockey will result in ample replacements for the Leaving students.

Lesley Harman.



"A" HOCKEY (Girls)

Back Row: R. Norton, D. Tidman, E. Huffam, J. Dippy, P. Smith
Front Row: M. Magor, V. Bury, L. Harman (Capt.), M. Johnson,
S. Connell, L. Casson

BOYS' HOCKEY

First Team, B2 Grade.

The school first team entered the hockey season this year with much the same team as last year. The only newcomer to the side was Tony Chambers who, from the very first game, proved to be a great asset to the side.

We won our first game easily and continued this with a stream of victories until late in the season when we drew with Plympton High School. The following weeks resulted in further victories until we again met a determined Plympton side. This was in the second semi-final, which proved to be an arduous game. The game resulted in a 1-0 victory to us when, late in the 20 minutes time-on period, Geoff Pitt scored off a short corner. This win put us straight into the grand final which was played two weeks later.

As we predicted, our rivals were Plympton who had won the preliminary final the previous week. Both teams were tense but we settled down much more quickly than our opponents and were unlucky not to score early in the game when our forwards broke through. As in the semi-final, our half-back line took control of the game and the play evened up with neither side gaining the advantage. At half time both sides were scoreless.

In the second half our forwards began to combine well and shattered the Plympton defence. Taking full advantage of the opportunities created by the half-backs, our forwards continually broke through but were let down by inaccuracy in their shots for goal. Captain Laurie Henbest scored two quick goals and the score 2-0 stood until the final whistle.

Second Team, B3 Grade.

This year it was decided to enter a second team into a competition; the first time the school has been able to do so. Many of the players were new to the game and took a while to hold their own against the more experienced players from other schools in the B3 grade. Despite this initial setback the boys were very enthusiastic and improved with each game, and the season was not wasted as the experience will be most valuable for those players who are promoted to next year's firsts.

Both teams thank our two coaches, Mr. Schulz and Mr. Hinkly, who gave up much of their free time to help us. Throughout the season both were a constant source of drive and enthusiasm. The pleasing results of the season would not have been possible without their efforts.

Laurie Henbest (Captain).



"A" HOCKEY (Boys)

Back Row: P. Kingston, G. Pitt, L. Henbest (Capt.), P. Davis,
K. Newgrain
Front Row: T. Chambers, S. Robertson, P. Lennon, M. Durham,
W. Woods, D. Robertson

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"B" HOCKEY (Girls)

Back Row: C. Passmore, A. Charlton, A. Felton, J. Merton, C. Deboo
Front Row: C. Gurney, S. Davenport, J. Hill, J. Steele, J. Scott,
C. Tohill, D. Hodgson



"B" HOCKEY (Boys)

Back Row: R. Holloway, M. Sparrow, M. Marfleet, B. Wright,
D. Wright
Front Row: A. Murphy, P. Harris, D. Charlton, B. Errington,
R. Howlett, D. Ferguson, M. McPetridge



"B" SOFTBALL

Back Row: S. Blythe, D. Tidman, S. Finch, H. Weyland
Front Row: S. Hoad, K. Growden, T. DeMario, B. Ryszawa, B. Allen



"A" SOFTBALL

Back Row: S. Cox, W. Moody, C. Wright, C. Plowman
Front Row: M. Conkie, L. Harman, R. Norton (Capt.), A. Holden,
K. Banwell



"A" BASKETBALL

Back Row: J. Beaty, W. Moodie, R. Davis
 Front Row: J. Duffet, W. Potter, G. Lowe,
 M. Loftes

BASKETBALL

This year Salisbury High was able to... During the term, matches against Elizabeth High defeated Elizabeth High in the "A," drew. The last four minutes of the games hard till the end. In the matches again by the more experienced and much faster fought and enjoyed by all participants.

House matches were conducted during tunity to support their House. Two teams petition, with Florey winning the "A" grad

Coaches for the season were Mrs. B Hinkly for the "A" and "B."

"B" BASKETBALL

Back Row: K. Gavin, L. Scott, H. Larcombe
 Front Row: A. Forrest, P. Gavin, S. Cox,
 M. Conki





FIRST YEAR BASKETBALL

Back Row: M. Frazzalari, C. Thompson,
V. Dutton, S. Scott
Front Row: P. Townsend, D. West, J. Gavin,
S. Smith, K. Townsend

BASKETBALL

play four teams in inter-school competition. Elizabeth and Gawler were conducted. Salisbury "B" and "C" teams, while the "D" teams were most exciting, with Elizabeth fighting Gawler all Salisbury teams were defeated Gawler teams. However, all games were hard

the term and these gave all girls an opportunity from each House were entered in the competition and Cairns the "B" grade. Opportunity for the "C" and "D" teams, and Mrs.

K. Gavin, W. Potter.

"C" BASKETBALL

Back Row: S. Mingham, B. Reed, K. Banwell
Front Row: K. Growden, C. Plowman,
K. Boughen, J. Blackwell, P. Couche



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FOOTBALL

During the second term the Lower School played regular House matches which were keenly contested. Although the First Years' found difficulty in gaining selection in the school teams, the competent play of several boys suggests that our teams will be well represented in the future. Perhaps the most promising of these players were K. Collins, R. Mayger, R. Westley, B. Bain, R. Pobke and K. Minney.

Two school teams of approximately the same strength were opposed to Elizabeth High School and Elizabeth Boys' Technical School. Salisbury teams were successful in both matches. Scores were:—

Salisbury High School 10—7 d. Elizabeth High School 0—2.

Salisbury High School 6—11 d. Elizabeth Technical School 4—5.

Our "A" team was entertained at Gawler and after a vigorous struggle, lost to the undefeated Gawler side 5—2 to 5—9. At the school oval, Salisbury "B" grade was defeated by their Gawler opponents 5—11 to 3—4.

Best players throughout the season were: G. Earling, T. Phillips, D. Rosewell, D. Harrison, D. Saywell, K. Townsend and B. McDonald.



"A" FOOTBALL

Back Row: D. Saywell, G. Carling, B. Appleton, M. Hubrechsen,
D. Greaves
Centre Row: P. Haines, T. Stoneman, E. Vidovich, B. MacDonald,
D. Morgan, P. Lewis
Front Row: D. Harrison, T. Pratt, K. Townsend, T. Phillips,
D. Rosewell, G. Peck, R. Noll
Seated: B. Booth, R. Magor



"B" FOOTBALL

Back Row: B. Bair, B. Tamblyn, A. MacKinnon, U. Boettger, T. Spavin. Middle Row: R. Platt, K. Collins, D. Brown, T. Potts, R. Mayger, R. Stoneman, M. Muller, I. Stuart, D. Capagregco. Front Row: B. Clark, P. Coggins, A. Raeside, A. Barlow, P. Paddick, R. Varacelli.

GIRLS' TENNIS

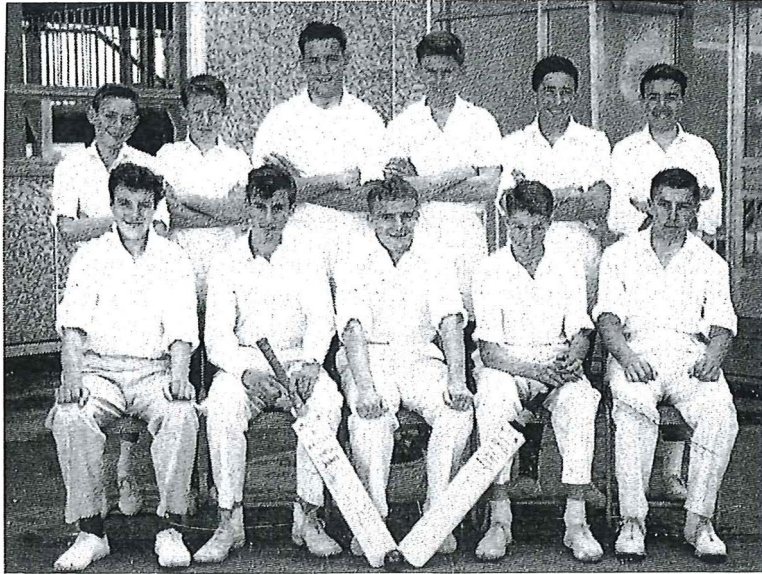
Two tennis teams were entered in the Salisbury-Elizabeth Tennis Association, and as a result Division 1 team was successful in reaching the semi-finals. This team met Elizabeth Methodist at Elizabeth, and after a very exciting match, was defeated by one set, the games being even. The team, Jillian Beaty (Captain), Carolyn Adams, Helen King and Yvonne Fennimore-Jones, are to be congratulated on their fine effort throughout the season.

As the tennis season continued into the December-January vacation, on several occasions matches in the Division 2 had to be forfeited.

It is hoped that last year's fine effort and spirit of enthusiasm can be maintained this year in order to provide an even more successful tennis team. Jillian Beaty.



GIRLS TENNIS Back Row: Y. Jones, E. Huffam, K. Boughen
Front Row: C. Adams, J. Beaty, H. King, J. Mertin



CRICKET

Back Row: M. Durham, B. Booth, B. Tamblyn, T. Stoneman,
D. Morgan, A. Raeside
Front Row: S. Buckberry, K. Barrett, D. Rosewell, P. Haines,
J. Bullock



TENNIS CHAMPIONS

P. Hattam D. Ayling



RUGBY

Back Row: R. Newman, M. Jones, A. MacKinnon
Centre Row: A. Holmes, R. Stoneman, B. Clark, A. Stanojevic
Front Row: G. Roshkov, T. Stoneman, M. Baden, G. Giles, S. Ward,
M. Thomas, B. Bain



SOCCER

Back Row: J. Birch, P. Cox, B. Wright, R. Beattie, M. Sales
Front Row: J. Connell, P. Hadland, T. Fulton, C. Murray (Capt.),
L. Moore, G. Irish, J. Pike

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

CIVILIZATIONS OF THE WORLD

The life of a primitive man was centred almost entirely about the gathering of food and the protection of himself and his family from wild beasts. It was a constant battle against the elements in which food was life, for the absence of nourishment eventuated in certain destruction. Soon, however, by his own cunning and resourcefulness, man's survival was assured and, indeed, even greater than this; he became the master of the whole animal kingdom—not by brutish physical strength, but by his intelligence which was far superior to that of other creatures.

It was only when neighbouring families found it profitable to combine and share their work that true civilization, as we know it today, began. Since protection from his environment had long been discovered, man could devote much of his time to his artistic abilities and his search for knowledge. This, then, was the true birth of the arts and sciences which have become an essential part of human activities. Indeed, this was a principal texture of life for, as has been shown by history, only those civilizations which attained a high standard of learning became proficient in managing their own internal affairs.

Perhaps the first great civilization was that of ancient Egypt. The huge royal tombs in the form of Pyramids were typical of the enormity of Egyptian art showing clearly all of the strength of a people who were themselves masters of the world.

Several thousands of years later perhaps the finest of all the civilizations arose—that of the mighty Greek empire. The Egyptians had been solely concerned with death and immortality, whereas all of the Greek interest was centred on the living present. They loved beauty and everything associated with it. From their statues we find captured the true character of the Greek in those days. Even in their architecture the same ideas were present, for only perfection satisfied the Greeks.

Then gradually the Greek civilization began to decline and soon Greece became a province in the empire of a new people the Romans, who built up the greatest empire of ancient times. Although their artistic skill cannot be compared with that of the Greeks, the Romans were an extremely practical and clever people. As masters of the whole of the known world they realized that only by making friends with those they had conquered could they remain reasonably secure. The result was a nation that was the most powerful the world had yet known, for her peoples were united and contented. Indeed, the early Roman republic was in fact a democracy, much the same as that of our western world today.

There is little doubt that our own civilization has been greatly influenced by these empires of the past. Our whole system of government is based on Roman ideas and the advancement of knowledge brought about by these people is used as a foundation of our own knowledge. Yet are we really so superior to these people? Have we gained in knowledge what we have lost in beauty and appreciation of nature? Indeed, have we come to the point when our knowledge has over stepped our reason and self-destruction is imminent?

J. Baden, 4B.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Another log was thrown on to the blazing fire, so that the flames leapt up, casting vivid shadows on the hearth. One bright red-orange flame resembled a devil, dancing and prancing about. First he swayed one way then another. At last he straightened up and became a frisky lamb. The lamb gradually grew smaller and became part of a large map of Africa. A gusty draught from under the door blew part of Africa away. I lay pondering what the new picture would be. Then the flame grew thinner and took on the appearance of an ice cream cone. This flame quickly diminished and a very weird object formed. This one was a puzzle but at last I decided that it was a man who had been ejected from an aeroplane with a parachute slowly opening. A rather yellow flame caught my attention. I had just come to the conclusion that it was a very prim Victorian lady, dressed in a frilly yellow ballroom dress, when some sparks created the impression of children, and a golden flame in the middle looked like a may-pole. The fire was gently poked and the flames slowly died until there was only hot ashes left.

J. Wallis, 2A.

"ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE"

The mourning of the Dryads of the same age (as Eurydice) echoed in the mountain tops; even the Rhodopean peaks, the lofty Pangaea, the martial land of Rhesus, the Geta, Hebrus and Attic Orithyia wept. Orpheus himself, solacing his grief with his hollow lyre, used to sing to himself of you, dear wife, on the lonely shore at the dawning of day and at its waning. He passed through the very throat of Taenarus, and traversed the immense portals of Dis and the gloomy grove filled with lurking terror, and approached the spirits and the infernal monarch, hearts that know not how to yield to human entreaties. But, stirred by the strains from the deepest regions of Erebus, the spirits of mothers and husbands of the dead bodies of great-spirited heroes, boys and virgins and youths laid on funeral pyres before the eyes of their parents, flocked around him like the thousands of birds who shelter among the leaves when evening or winter's rain drives them from the mountains. All these are incarcerated by the black filth and the hideous reed of Cocytus, the uliginous swamp and the Styx with its nine-fold barrier. Even the heart and innermost habitations of Death were awed; the serpent-haired Furies wondered; Cerberus gaped with each of his three mouths and the circular wheel of Ixion was stilled along with its wind.

Now, on his return, Orpheus had avoided all temptation and Eurydice, restored, was following, as Proserpine had decreed. As he reached the open air, a sudden desire, indeed forgiveable if the spirits knew how to forgive, swept the lover, and he stopped. Then, alas! forgetful of his purpose, and overcome by longing, even on the threshold of life and light, he turned, and gazed upon his own, Eurydice. Instantly, a three-fold crash was heard from the lake Avernus; his labours had been in vain, for the conditions of the merciless arbitrator were violated.

"What madness, what dreadful madness, has severed both me in my misery, and you, my Orpheus?" wept Eurydice. "Behold, the cruel Furies summon me, and eternal sleep closes my tear-filled eyes. Now, farewell! I am taken, engulfed in everlasting larkness; although I stretch my feeble hands to you, I am yours no longer." Even as she spoke, she was wafted from his sight like smoke mingling with thin air, and was unable to see him, who vainly sought to clasp her image, and wished to tell her many things, and the ferry-man would not allow anyone to cross the marsh.

What was he to do? Where was he to go now that his wife had been wrested from him a second time? With what sorrowful entreaty was he to move the spirits, how could he arouse the infernal deities to compassion? Indeed, his beloved cold and dead was already afloat in the Stygian bark.

Legends tell that he wept by the lonely Strymon for seven consecutive months and, sitting at the base of a high crag, recounted this piteous tale to the frigid stars, subduing the wild beasts and drawing oak trees to him with his music. His plight was like that of the nightingale who mourns the loss of her nestlings in the shade of a poplar. They were dragged, unfledged, from the nest by a cruel ploughman, as he kept watch upon them; consequently she mourns throughout the night and, sitting on a branch, renews her plaintive song, filling the surrounding countryside with her sorrowing.

No thoughts of love or marriage swayed his memories. Alone he traversed the ice beyond the North Wind, the snow-covered Tanais and the fields never free from Rhiphaean hoar-frost, lamenting the abduction of Eurydice and the shallow promises of Dis. Repelled by this attitude, the Ciconian mothers, during the ceremonies of the gods and the Bacchanalia, tore the youth asunder, and scattered his members far and wide over the fields. Even when Oeagrian Hebrus rolled his head, severed from his body, in midstream, the faint voice and cold tongue called as his soul departed from them, "Eurydice, ah! poor Eurydice." And all along the river, the banks re-echoed, "Eurydice!"

—Translation from Virgil.
Anne Felton.

A STORM

I always sat upon the same smooth rock to watch the sun sink into the ocean. Today, ugly patches of grey clouds were forming, blotting out the pink flush from the setting sun. The breeze was no longer gentle, but it tossed the wavelets in the ocean, creating a foamy turmoil at which the sea gulls squawked, discontentedly. The sun had reached the horizon and its rays seemed to make a glaring outline around the intruding clouds. Suddenly, a tremendous rumble sounded, as if a million drums were beating together. Then across the angry sky flashed a jagged ray of light, displaying the beauty of the tossing ocean for a tiny second. In delight, I clambered down the rocks to the water's edge, for we had long awaited a storm. With another thunder clap the cloud bank burst and gave forth large drops of welcome rain, which sank deep into the thirsty sands.

C. Plowman.



PREFECTS

Back Row: W. Thomas, T. Phillips, M. Jones, D. Morgan
Centre Row: A. Raeside, T. Stoneman, J. Baden (Head Prefect), M. Richer, D. Rosewell, R. Magor
Front Row: K. Gavin, W. Potter, [] Connell, R. Potter, L. Appels (Head Prefect), B. Cl. [] L. Clark, R. Norton, A. Felton

PLAY THE GAME

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the game you're playing seems all uphill,
When the play is hard and your scores aren't high,
All you must do is to try, try, try;
When the strain is weighing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must, but do not quit.

The game is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many defeats just come about,
When you might have won if you'd played it out;
You may be beaten, but don't give in—
Just keep on trying until you win.

Success is failure turned inside out,
So banish all your clouds of doubt,
You never can tell how close you are,
You may be near, though success seems far;
So stick to the game when you're hardest hit,
It's when it seems worst that you musn't quit.

Pat Gavin.

MEMORIES

Memories of my earlier years often stir up an indescribable feeling inside me. A particular visit to France has left a very distinct and favourable impression in my mind.

I sometimes regret that I was not born a Frenchwoman as everything about France seems to intrigue me—particularly its people with erratic mannerisms and incessant chatter. To be part of their life my motto is "when in France do as the French do."

A few years ago I was fortunate in visiting France in my summer holidays and the whole atmosphere of that coastal town of Boulogne was indescribable. Along the cobbled streets walked many women with their gaily painted headscarves covering their heads. These women always seemed to be popping in and out of those small shops which were a source of enchantment to me—yet only routine for the housewife. The baker's shop fascinated me the most, with rows of creamy delicacies displayed to the public and then I watched enviously as these long loaves of French bread were slipped neatly into the shopper's bag. Soon, some family would be enjoying fresh bread with thick layers of creamy butter on it. As a special "treat," we bought a bottle of champagne from this little shop squeezed between two towering buildings, which showed the innumerable renovations which had been made in Boulogne after its terrible bombing during the war. Complete with cobwebs from the old cellar, we enjoyed this "touch of the old world" which added its part to our visit to enchanting, picturesque France.

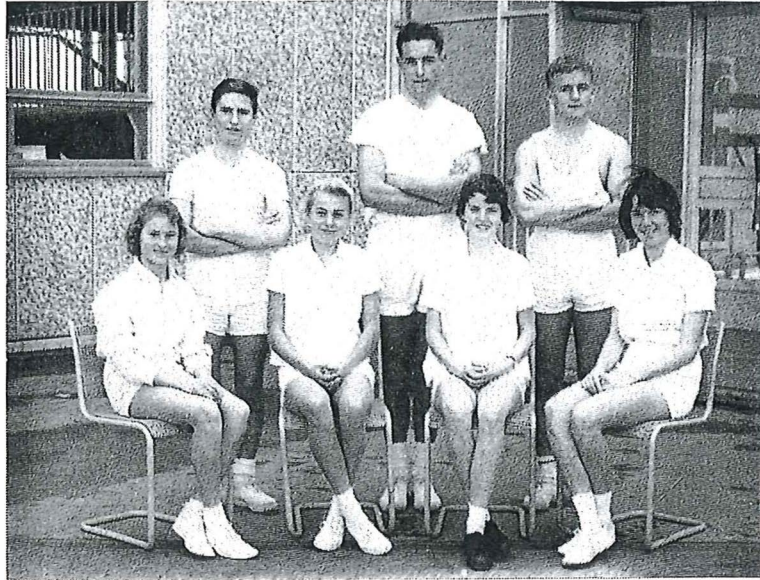
Even as I sit here, rapturously reminiscing on my trip, I am suddenly transported to the back streets of Paris, where the familiar accordion strains of "Under the Bridges of Paris" lures me to a small wayside cafe, gaily decorated with candy-striped umbrellas and chairs. I see the accordion player and I smile happily—he is typically French, with his black trousers, white T-shirt with black vertical stripes and jauntily perched on his head, a traditional French beret. To complete his dashing ensemble, a small black moustache with the hairs bristling proudly as he plays "La Marsellaise." After a deliberate raise of one of my eyebrows, a "garçon" rushes to my side—"What will I have?" In my best schoolroom French accent, "Une tasse du cafe, s'il vous plait"—(which freely translated for you means "a cup of coffee, please").

Now I leave the back streets and wander into the heart of Paris to see such historic places as the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triumphe, Notre Dame and finally the tomb of the Unknown Soldier where many people come annually to pay homage to the gallant French soldiers who lost their lives fighting for their country.

No one should visit Paris without seeing its famous night clubs in all of which the feverish, exciting "Can-Can" is displayed. This, I feel, is another example of the French peoples' love of a gay life as the flouncy multi-coloured skirts whirl madly like fuchsia blown in the wind . . . With a start I come back to reality and the curtain closes on a memorable scene in my life.

With a sweep of my hand I am wiping off a happy tear as my eyes glisten with happiness and content. I can only hope that I soon can return to France and be part of that gay life which means so much to me.

June Scott, 4A.



CUP WINNERS

Standing: T. Coad, B. Tamblyn, D. Rosewell
Sitting: M. Green, J. Blackwell, A. Forrest, J. Lowe

CANBERRA: OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

The modern city of Canberra is, I am sure, a source of pride to all Australians. Canberra's unique design and planning, coupled with its beautiful setting in the Southern Highlands, render it worthy of the name "National Capital."

At present 60,000, the population is increasing at the spectacular rate of ten per cent. yearly. Even during its first fifty years of existence, it has become Australia's largest inland city. Its growth has been so rapid that it has been necessary to appoint a committee for supervising this development.

The year 1962 will see the completion of the two million pounds Canberra Lake project. The waters of the Molonglo River, which divides Canberra, will be dammed a few miles down stream. Although the lake will be a great scenic attraction, the essential purpose of this project is to control flooding which would otherwise disrupt necessary communication with each half of the city. Two large bridges will carry intersectional traffic across the lake and the twenty-mile foreshore area will be developed as public parkland, which will extend over some nine hundreds acres.

The architecture in this growing city is widely varied. The American Embassy is a solid brick Colonial style mansion contrasting with the apparently flimsy Malayan Embassy, which is typically oriental in design. The impressive appearances of the domed Australian War Memorial and Parliament House render the Academy of Science almost ludicrous, since this edifice is somewhat reminiscent of a mushroom emerging from the earth, or a squat flying saucer. The buildings in Civic Centre, the heart of Canberra are, without exception of modern construction, typifying the progressive spirit that so pervades Canberra.

The complexity of Canberra's design indicates to what extent the National Capital Development Commission is considering the growth and requirements of the capital, and indeed, of the Nation itself.

Anne Felton, 4A.

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MY DREAM

I lay lazily dreaming on a sunny afternoon, gazing at the pretty flowers in the green meadow. The busy drone of the bees, mingling with other noises, made me sleepy.

Soon I found myself in dreamland. I was walking in a spacious garden, a very beautiful garden. There were black roses, red violets and yellow forget-me-nots, and many extraordinarily coloured flowers. All these plants seemed to have faces with winking eyes. Then I came upon a huge rhubarb tree where odd birds that looked like elephants were nesting.

Presently I discovered a house which was as big as a huge railway station. The walls were painted a bright purple and there were velvety-black roses climbing up the grey brickwork. The door was painted deep red and on it was a gold knocker. To my surprise it opened at a touch. On entering I found myself in a huge hall with curious paintings upon the walls. Seeing the stairs, I cautiously mounted them and found myself on a landing with doors leading off from both sides.

Mustering all my courage I opened one and entered a large bedroom. On the walls were similar murals to the ones in the hall. My eyes rested on the bed, which was an old-fashioned four-poster, with net curtains hanging down. Each bedroom (there were twelve) was exactly the same.

Stealthily creeping downstairs, I slipped into a room on the left, only to be greeted by a voice saying "Would you like a cup of tea?" Someone or something was holding the cup.

As I reached out for it, it seemed to disappear and I suddenly awoke to hear my mother asking me why I hadn't drunk the tea I asked for.

Christine Kingston, 1A.

MY FIRST PLANE TRIP

As I walked out across the hot, seemingly unending tarmac towards the waiting plane, my heart was thumping uncomfortably. I walked up the steps of the plane and then, as I turned to wave to my family, a few steps from the top, the high-heel of my shoe caught under the steel step, and blushing hotly, I struggled to extricate myself.

The air hostess walked forward to greet me, her polite and friendly smile stretched slightly at my undignified entrance, and she showed me to my seat. I had a window seat, just behind the wing and I sat there, quaking inside, and mentally chewing my nails. My seat partner, of course, was an elderly, much-travelled woman, who spent the time before take-off telling me all the places she had flown to. I tried to appear very knowledgeable, an illusion which I shortly destroyed by confiding that it was my first trip by air.

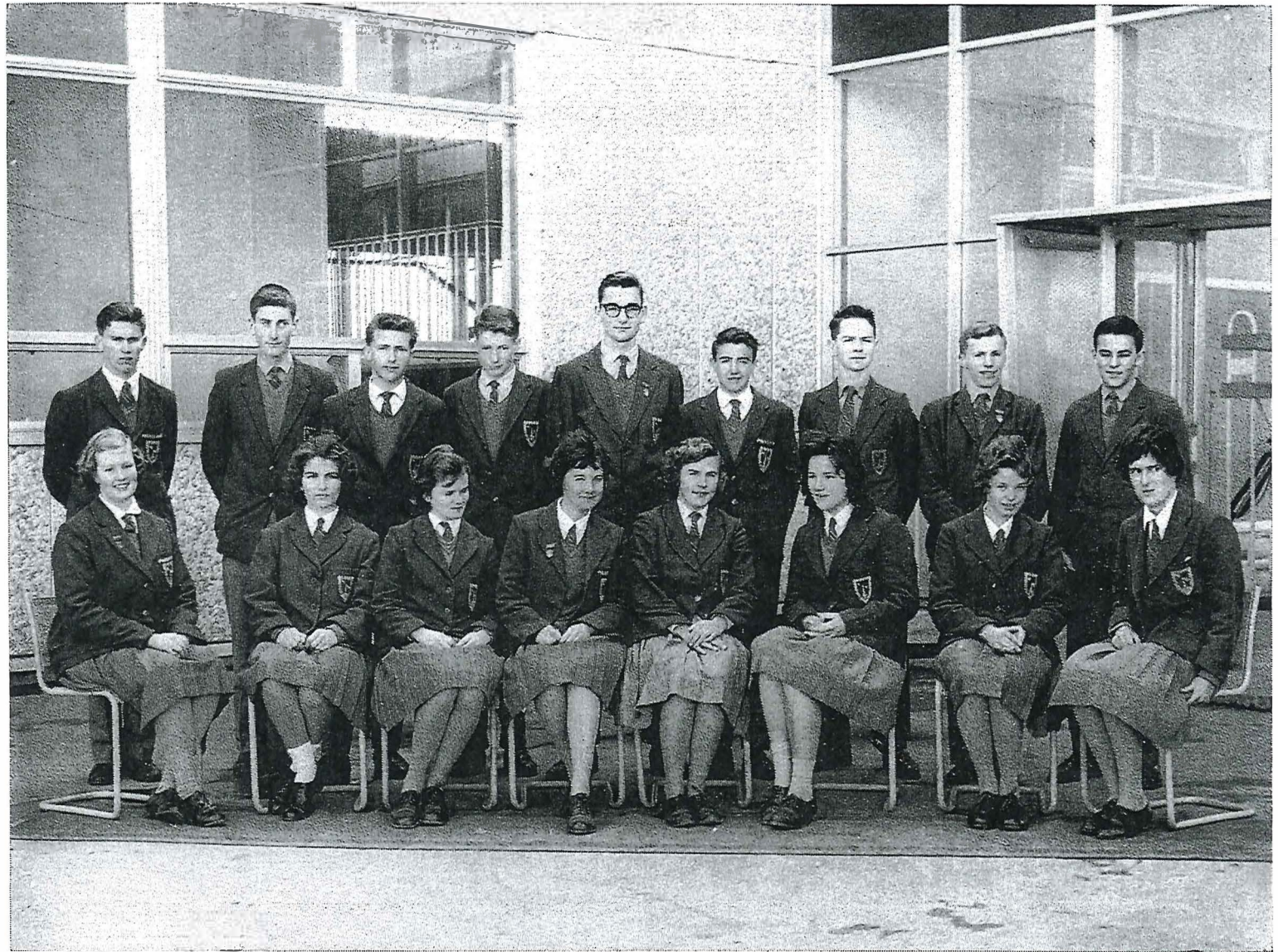
The starting up of the engines created a shattering noise, and the whole plane vibrated. At last, the door was closed and I fastened my seat belt in a most professional manner. The plane gently rolled forward across the tarmac and along one of the strips connecting the runways. It taxied along the runway and wheeled about in preparation for the take-off. We seemed to be waiting for clearance for an age, but at last the plane glided forward. As it gathered momentum, power surged through the plane, until the blurred ground began to drop away beneath us.

We were out over West Beach almost immediately, and the sea changed from light, clear blue to a deep, green-blue which sparkled in the sunlight. Even then, Yorke Peninsula could be seen in the distance and in about twenty minutes we passed over it. I was amazed by the seeming smallness of the peninsula and the patchwork appearance of the differently coloured fields all fitted together in strange shapes.

Soon we were out over the sea again. There was a slight mist, which obscured the horizon, but soon we could see Eyre Peninsula in the distance. One of the most amazing and beautiful sights that I have ever seen was the large bank of clouds on the horizon. They looked like tall, snowy, sun-lit mountains, but as we flew just above they looked like frilled cottonwool, or drifting smoke, extremely thin and ethereal.

After a short while we flew over the small, white-frilled islands which lie about one-quarter of a mile from the mainland. The plane banked and wheeled round, flying in a line parallel with the coast, and then we turned again, in over the land towards the Port Lincoln airport. We were steadily losing height, a rather strange sensation, and then I sighted the airstrip, which looked very short. Gently, we glided down, there was a slight bump and we were on the ground again. The plane slowed, wheeled around, and taxied over to the airport building where my friend was waiting for me. My first airtrip was over and it is one of the most memorable occasions of my life.

Lesley Harman, 4A.



EXHIBITION WINNERS

Back Row: T. Stoneman, U. Boettger, W. Thomas, P. Haines, M. Jones, A. Raeside, G. Davies, J. Baden, R. Noll
Front Row: A. Felton, J. Hill, P. Bigg, S. Connell, S. Brown, A. Charlton, C. Passmore, E. Huffam

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

"LA TRAVIATA"

During the recent Adelaide Festival of Arts, I was fortunate enough to obtain a seat for the last performance of the opera, "La Traviata." I went with the neighbours, as my mother does not share the same enthusiasm for operas as I do. Upon arrival, we sat patiently in our seats waiting for the performance to commence. As this was my first attendance at an opera, I surveyed the people around me and determined to enjoy and understand this opera at any cost.

The curtain rose and several members of the cast were seen assembled on the stage. I gasped at the truly vivid costumes, and the lighting effects brought forth a stifled gasp from the audience. The heroine of the story appeared on stage and was accompanied in her opening aria by the orchestra. As the libretto was in Italian, I found myself ignoring the words and concentrating on the movement and singing of the actors in order to pick up the story in this way. I was particularly impressed with the beauty of the heroine, Ana Raquel Satre, and the quality of her fine soprano voice. I found no fault in the equally impressive singing of the chorus and the splendid accompaniment of the violins. I just sat still, overcome by the magnificence of it all.

The opera was finished after a very moving finale in which the heroine died. Immediately the wildly enthusiastic audience began to demand the cast and the directors to re-appear on stage. The cast appeared five times before the audience finally stopped clapping. I clapped, too, until my hands were sore with the effort.

As the curtain went down for the last time and the lights were turned on, my only conclusion was that it did not last long enough. All my dreams of an opera had been fulfilled, and as I quietly filed out with the audience into the cool night air, I found myself unconsciously humming one of the fine melodies from this very impressive opera.

Jillian Beaty, 3C.

THE SNAIL OF MY GARDEN

The velvety rose buds opened, and the leaves lifted their faces to watch the glowing sunrise beginning a new day. From behind the old grey gum peeped a little face which disappeared under a clump of grass soon afterwards.

There by the swaying bluebells lay a hard shell with a distinct pattern upon it. Out again peeped the little face and a small creature began crawling along the dusty track, leaving a silvery trail behind it.

This was the snail in my garden. In and out, through the clumps of grass it crawled, slowly and carefully. The minutes passed and the hours, and soon the sun sank low. The little creature was still crawling about my garden as if it had not yet reached its destination.

The petals closed and the flowers went to sleep, leaving my garden peaceful, at rest, except for the little snail still crawling on its way.

Denise Hay, 1A.

THE BEST HOBBY FOR BOYS

The word "hobby" means, literally, something which one likes doing, done in one's spare time. There are many types of hobbies, e.g., stamp collecting, model railways, model boats and reading, but the only really scientific boy's hobby, as far as I am concerned, is the building and flying of model aeroplanes, an interest which can be carried on throughout manhood. I despise the people who say, "Just listen to those noisy toy aeroplanes! Don't they get on your nerves!" I wish to remind these people that before the building of any real aircraft is undertaken, an accurate flying scale model is built, and test flown, and that it is these "noisy toy aeroplanes" that show the designer faults, and whether his design is successful or not.

Control line stunt flying gives the pilot a real feeling of control over his small aircraft, and I go so far as to say that one would not get much more pleasure from flying a real aircraft and, I am sure, that if one was to ask any pilot his hobby, he would answer "model aircraft."

Now, don't think that I am saying that model planes are strictly for men! It is an excellent boy's hobby (although I would not recommend R/C).

The ability to fly a C/L model does not come to one just with a snap of the fingers—it takes much time, hard practice, and above all, patience.

Paul Bassett, 1A.

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

PORT LINCOLN ON A SUNDAY MORNING

It was very, very early—too early for anything but stray cats to roam about the deserted streets—as two little dots made their way up from the beach to the main street. Those dots were Barry and I, and we had walked all the way from Porter Bay to the main city.

There is something mystical about a sleeping city. After the frolics of Saturday night, a death-like hush hung over the city. The coffee bars, cafes, hotels and shops stood ghost-like shrouded by the early morning haze. It was cold. My bare feet were blue and covered with white sand. You couldn't believe that later that day the mercury would reach 100 degrees; not, in the presence of that cold, tomb-like city.

The sea was sleeping, too, slumbering softly amidst dreams of how, the previous day, it had filled my eyes with salt and sucked me under, and had cast up a razor fish to cut Roger's foot when he dived in to save me. Little wavelets tumbled gently on to the smooth white sand, erased of all its pounding foot-prints by the high tide, and now marked by two solitary sets of footprints fresh and deep, receding far into the distance. We might have been the only inhabitants of the earth at that moment, and those our Man Friday marks, it was so still.

The mighty ocean seemed infinitely deep and black. Then, across its broad expanse, above the far-distant land mass which was the other side of the peninsula, a faint glimmering showed. Slowly, as if dragged up most reluctantly from its bed by relentless strings, the sun appeared. It was not yet the fiery beast which ate into our flesh, scalded the sand beneath our feet, and bleached our hair. From veils of mist, it peered down at us, pale and yellow. As it gained height, so did it increase in warmth and colour.

Then, across the ocean, was formed a path of gold directly to where we stood. It coloured the water with brilliant orange and crimson, too bright to look at for long. It tinted the top-most branches on the shore-ward side of the dark green Norfolk Island pines. It picked out the ice cream cartons littering the lawn and made them gleam. The windows of the hotel blinked under its light. Boston Island seemed to have a vast aura of gold behind it.

We went to sit on the wharf. Gradually we became frozen into silent immobility, part of the inanimate objects about us. I felt my frozen bones thawing out. I could move my toes again. It was morning.

It seemed centuries before we heard the milkman's clatter. After that, it was silent again, even more perfect after the noise. No one wants to wake up early on Sunday morning.

At last the city yawned and woke up—very slowly. Shops and hotels are not open on Sundays. There was no noise around us, except on the ships. Silent, ghostly giants, they had loomed in the mist. Now, their masts were bronzed, their decks gleaming. Yawning men groped up on deck. The French boys from the "Irraquaddy" greeted us with a gabble which I had to translate—work on Sunday morning.

We heard the insistence of a church bell calling its subjects to church. We ought to go—but like this? Youth is subject to no such rules, at least, not on a holiday. We had seen the city awake—if it had. Now we must return to the caravan park.

It was luxurious to walk back along the frozen sands, warmed by the sun, all full of the joy of dawn. This is such a wonderful experience, to watch the sun rise over the sea. Only those who are young can really appreciate what a dawn means to two people. That morning in Port Lincoln was one which can never be repeated, except in words, and I would not have it otherwise. It was perfect as it was.

Glenys de Vere.

A BOOK REVIEW

One of the most interesting books I have read recently is one called "Children on the Oregon Trail." It is the story of a family on a wagon train travelling to California. Halfway through the journey the children's parents die. The wagon master, after receiving some advice from English settlers, decides not to continue the journey, as it is the roughest and hardest part of the journey over the mountains. But the eldest boy of the family, remembering his father's wish, decides to leave the wagon train and continue the journey with the other children. However, before reaching the end of their journey they endure many difficulties and hardships from Indians, bushfire, storms and starvation. One day, however, one of the first settlers in California opens his door to find three bedraggled half-starved children and a very tiny, weak baby.

This is a very moving story which gives a very good picture of what the early settlers in America had to endure in establishing themselves in new settlements in the West.

M. Lavelle, 1B.

THE MILDARA WINERY

During the May holidays, our family embarked on a caravan trip. On the first night we camped at Morgan. Our next stop was Lyrup, where we encountered some bad weather and were forced to stay for three nights. When at last we reached Mildura we had had enough of the bush, and so decided to enter a caravan park. There we stayed, in lovely Victoria, just on the banks of the Murray River. One of our sightseeing trips was to the Mildara Winery.

All around Mildura there are vineyards. The rich products from these are loaded on to trucks and are then transported to the winery. Due to a new unloading system which was installed recently they take only a short time to unload. The trucks tip the grapes into a crusher which sorts the grape juices from the stems. Then the liquid is transported to the distilling rooms. Impure wine is heated by steam until the vapours rise and condense on the cooler parts of the distilling vats for maturing. Wine is kept in vats of jarrah wood, the largest of which holds 23,000 gallons. Wine matures for about six years.

To make sherry, yeast is added to the wine before fermenting. Some sherry takes 14 years to ferment.

Brandy is kept in oaken vats and the choicest ferments for about 12 years.

When the liquor is ready it is speedily bottled, labelled and packed for sale in many places. The Mildara Winery, which holds some two million gallons, is famed for the high quality of its products. My parents soon discovered this when invited to taste some.

Susan Glenn, 1A.

THE GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER

The dilapidated caravan stood under a gnarled oak tree. The paint on the sides of the caravan and the roof was beginning to peel. The roof, which at one time must have been a bright red, had large brown patches of rust showing. The faded pink, checked curtains fluttered at the dusty open windows. The door hung on one hinge and the wooden wheels had all or nearly all of their spokes broken, or missing.

Sitting under the tree was an old lady. She wore a patched, gaily patterned skirt, with a faded yellow blouse. Wrapped over her shoulders was a tattered hand knitted shawl. Her lank grey hair fell in whisps on to her small hunched shoulders and her small blue eyes peered out from under a red scarf. Her thin bony hands were stretched out trying to receive some warmth from the glowing coals of the fire. Over the fire hung a blackened pot, in which a dark brown liquid was bubbling gaily.

As the sky darkened and the wind began to whistle amongst the tall trees, the old lady gathered up her belongings and made her way slowly towards her caravan.

M. McKenzie, 3C.

A PLACE I REMEMBER WITH DELIGHT

The place I have been most delighted by is underwater, amongst the kelp weed, coral reefs and mysterious dark caves. In this captivating wonderland everything is eerie and exciting. Here, beautiful fish blend into the ugly rocks and wavering weed. Creatures of every shape and size, including shellfish, octopi, mammals and blood-thirsty killers are found abundantly. A great contrast is found here between beauty and cruel ugliness. I believe the key to the sea's mystery is found in this perturbing contrast.

Exotically coloured fish weave through the rocks and reefs in pursuit of their prey, tiny proto-plasms called plankton, and deep in the caves and amongst the weed, the larger fish wait to prey upon smaller, delicate creatures. Under the sea the thing that impresses me most is the unworldly and unnatural atmosphere. Gaily coloured fish, shimmering sand, wavering sea weed and unnatural rock formations create and combine to form a silent Utopia.

The usual reason I visit the land beneath the waves is for the purpose of spearfishing, but many times I don flippers and goggles and just swim around the intricate reefs, observing beautiful sea anemones, wave-worn pebbles, foreboding crabs in rocky fortresses and small striped fish darting into the long kelp weed. These are all new to the eye and one does not merely, casually observe, but is always watching and exploring. Truly, this is a place I will remember with delight.

Stephen Hall, 3B.

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

JUNGLE MASSACRE

A safari, consisting of two hunters and ten gun bearers, was silently edging its way into dense African jungle. Only very small shafts of light found their way between the green foliage, dappling the shaded jungle floor with splashes of light. Amid the shrieks and chattering of parrots and monkey, the hunters heard the roar of a distant lion. Suddenly the birds took to flight and the monkeys, with ear splitting screams, scurried through the branches. The men were alone in the deathly stillness of the jungle. They moved slowly forward but all were tense and safety catches were released. But nobody expected that they would be attacked by the most dreaded beast of any hunter.

Suddenly it struck. With a loud trumpet and a crashing of small trees, a rogue elephant bore down on the helpless men, like a steam train on an ant. The leading hunter fired but the rogue lumbered forward knocking everything down in its path. The men screamed with fear as the brute trampled them into the dirt. Several men escaped but lost everything as they ran. Although they had made good their flight, still the elephant came on. With screams which could have terrified any man or beast, the men fell victim to the bull elephant's projecting tusks and pounding feet. The rogue had struck, leaving death and destruction in its path.

Anthony Stevens, 2A.

THE STORM

The lightning struck a tree, and it tumbled to the ground,
And nowhere in all that countryside was there an animal to be found.
For they were all safely in their burrows and their dens,
Because they feared to venture out when the lightning struck the glens.
The thunder and the lightning came simultaneously,
And the rain came down in torrents as fast as ever could be;
It formed rushing currents in the streams far below,
And all the animals could tell that it was safer to stay at home.

Gillian Lowe, 3C.

AN INTERESTING VISIT

During one of the school vacations I had the opportunity of visiting the blast furnace and the ship yards at Whyalla.

We first visited the blast furnace, which could easily be distinguished by its dark, rusty red colour. This was due to the dust given off by the truck loads of red-brown iron ore being brought into the blast furnace to be smelted into metallic iron. We pulled into the black "coally" grounds which were glittering in places because of the small pieces of shining iron. It had been spilt from the thick, heavy metal jugs of molten iron being carried from the furnace on trollies pulled on railway lines.

After climbing too many of the extremely steep and dusty stairs, we finally reached a balcony which was opposite the furnace and which had been made especially for the use of visitors. From the balcony we had a clear view of the furnace near which were quite a few men working. We saw a load of coke and iron ore tipped into the furnace and as we were told that the furnace was ready to be "tapped" in about half an hour, we waited to see it. As it neared the time for the metal to be tapped off, there was an atmosphere of anticipation about the blast furnace, among both visitors and the workers.

It was a memorable and spectacular sight to see the grey lustrous molten metal, slowly at first, begin to make its way through the path which had been made out of damp, orange sand smoothly packed into a wooden channel. As it came down the slope, rounding about two corners, it gradually gathered speed until it finally poured itself rapidly into the large metal jugs. When the first one had been filled, one of the men controlling the operations would block the path of the metal until the next jug came along to be filled.

The men who were working next to the blast furnace in their faded navy overalls and berets, holding their metal rods, seemed to have become hardened to the intense heat given out from the furnace together with the bright red-yellow light. Although we did not see it, we could imagine the even more spectacular sight which would take place when the furnace was tapped at night.

We then left to visit the place where the molten metal is made into small blocks of pig-iron, after a very interesting visit which I could not easily forget.

Rosalind Potter, 4A.

"The Salisbury-Elizabeth Times" Print