

1965



Staff

HEADMASTER

L. G. D. ATWELL, B.A., Dip. Ed.

SENIOR STAFF

D. H. WARREN, B.A., Dip. Ed., Deputy Headmaster

G. BLACKMORE, B.A. (Hons.), Deputy Headmistress

J. C. MCGHEE, M.A. (Glasgow); A. D. F. SWANSON, B.A., Dip. Ed.

J. G. MEDWELL, B.A. (Hons.); P. D. BECK

ASSISTANTS

J. E. SCHOLEFIELD, B.A.

C. HEATH, B.A.

G. L. WARD, A.U.A.

R. MORRIS, A.U.A.

R. MATHEWS

M. J. GRANT

G. GIDDINGS

K. M. GNIEL

N. D. TOWNSEND

K. M. DREWING

R. HART

I. WINZOR, B.A.

C. I. CLARK, A.Mus.A. (Piano)

K. RIGBY, B.Sc., Econ. (Hons.),
Cert. Educ.

K. P. HINKLY, A.U.A.

R. F. ABBOTT

M. BOYD

G. A. DARWIN

J. C. DUNSTAN, A.U.A.

P. C. FROGLEY, Dip. Art.

C. J. GIDDINGS

A. P. SUMMERTON, A.U.A.

J. R. CHAMBERS

R. A. HUME

R. KALNIS, A.U.A.

N. R. WADROP, A.U.A., Dip. Phys. Ed.

J. R. WALTON

Secretary, Mrs. J. HARBORD



Headmaster's Message

*(Students who have been sent to
the Headmaster's office to be
reprimanded are especially asked
not to read this.)*

Since you have decided to read on, I intend to tell you an anecdote about a certain student who used to attend this school. To hide his identity I intend to call him Jim.

Jim was for ever in trouble at school: he would stay away without any satisfactory reason; his work was seldom complete, and usually badly done; his diary was mostly unsigned, or on some occasions signed by Jim himself in an attempt to cover up his sins of omission. He was a frequent visitor to the office where he was spoken to, penalised or punished according to the nature of the offence.

No words of advice or punishment seemed to bring about any change in Jim's attitude, so I finally spoke to his mother and suggested that it would be better for Jim if he left school, secured a job, and earned some money, so that he might accept some responsibility for his behaviour. When Jim left school, I felt that I had failed to make much impression on him.

Less than a fortnight ago I received one of the most pleasant surprises of the year. A certain member of my staff, who recently sat next to Jim in a local doctor's waiting room, told me that Jim had been talking to her and had admitted that he had done many silly or wrong things at school. He sent his kind regards to me, saying that it was not until he had left school that he had realised how much the Head had tried to help him while at school. He now has no ill-feelings, but only a regret that he had not realised earlier that teachers at school are really all for the students' welfare.

Perhaps others who are like Jim will think over this, and, if they realise that teachers are keen to help them to do their best, they may profit from Jim's experience, and improve their attitude while still at school to such an extent that they will not be forced to leave school without gaining the qualifications necessary for a better job than the one which Jim was forced to accept.

Editorial

This magazine is mainly a diary of all major happenings at our school during the past year. To make these events more interesting reading we have tried to include as many photographs as our limited budget will allow.

The magazine committee has had the mammoth task of selecting the best literary contributions for each section from the hundreds of entries received. We hope that you will be satisfied with our choice.

All inter-school activities have been very keen, and interest should be heightened by the addition of the Salisbury East High School to our zone. As competition brings out the best in everyone, we hope that you will all help to retain the prestige of our school while you are at school and after you have left.

The magazine committee wishes to thank all those who have helped to make this magazine possible, and sincerely wishes that you will find it interesting and enjoyable.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:

Top: S. Prikryl, L. McDonald, I. Varsanyi.

Middle: G. Cunnett, G. Turner, C. Saint, J. Birch.

Bottom: E. McDonnell, J. Atwell, L. Rolph, A. West, C. Tothill, M. Lewis.

Absent: A. Hobbs, P. Prenter, G. Taylor.

PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION
COMMITTEE'S REPORT

Chairman: Mr. A. L. Mertin
Hon. Secretary: Mrs. W. Wright. Treasurer: Mr. D. Birch

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Messrs. V. Zeleny	E. Medlow	Mesdames J. Robinson
R. Harwood	R. Page	R. Felix
L. Heitmann	W. F. Odell	Z. Carew
D. Bridges	L. Bierwirth	B. Parker
		M. Richards

Resigned from Committee early in 1965:

Mesdames J. Clay and V. Leatham

Representatives of High School Council are:

Messrs. J. Reed and B. Belmont

Staff Representatives:

Mr. L. Atwell (Headmaster), Mrs. Blackmore and Mr. Warren

The present time of the year brings us to the stage where we are again due to write another report for Salisbury High School magazine on Parents' and Friends' activities. This is for the year 1965.

The annual General Meeting of Parents and Friends was held in the School Library on 8th March, 1965. Attendance was rather low, as only approximately 60 parents and friends attended (enrolment of pupils was then about 730).

Business of the annual General Meeting included an amendment to the (Parents and Friends) Constitution which provides for five General Meetings to be held each year, to be called by the Parents and Friends Committee. The amendment was adopted. The advantages of more frequent General Meetings are that a closer link is provided with teachers, school activities and parents generally, which should all tend to improve interest in school matters. They also provide more social contact. As an experiment one of these General Meetings was held in an afternoon, and it was considered quite a success. At two other General Meetings interesting Guest Speakers have contributed to make the evening a success. The next General meeting will be held on 18th October, and our Guest Speaker will be Canon Ray, of Adelaide.

At this meeting the Public Examinations Board Certificates for 1964 will be presented.

It is worth reporting that when P.E.B. certificates were presented in October, 1964, for the previous year's exams the evening was in the form of a Students' Concert. This proved to be really entertaining and enjoyable. It was well attended.

Committee meetings have been held regularly and have been well attended by members.

During the year a street stall was conducted by Parents and Friends and the sum of £37 was raised. A stall was also conducted at the Australia Day Carnival on Salisbury Oval and just over £48 was raised.

An additional set of curtains for the Library was purchased this year. Cost to P. & F. was £84. Balance of cost was paid by School.

Negotiations are at present in hand for an additional Record Player.

I thank the P. & F. Committee for their support and interest and we of the committee thank parents and all of those who have helped to make the year a success, with a special Thank You to the mothers who have devoted so much time to working in the Canteen.

3/10/65

A. L. MERTIN, *President.*



PREFECTS

GIRL PREFECTS:

On Stairs: Y. Harper, L. Scott, L. Heighton, C. Saint, V. Carty, L. Goddard, L. Rolph, B. Wiffers, C. Tohill, S. Howcroft.

Front Row: M. Gurney, J. Smedley, N. Leibelt, R. MacDonald, S. Dinkoff, M. Magor (Head Prefect), A. West.

With the increase in the number of students at the school this year, it was necessary to elect seventeen girl prefects and seventeen boy prefects.

At the induction ceremony the headmaster presented the badges to the prefects.

The Head Boy Prefect, James Birch, and the Head Girl Prefect, Marjorie Magor, were both Junior Prefects last year.

In the month of April both the Head Prefects visited Government House and were addressed by the Governor General of Australia, Lord De Lisle. As Lord De Lisle had completed his term of office and was returning to England he declared that all schools in the State would have a half holiday to commemorate the occasion.

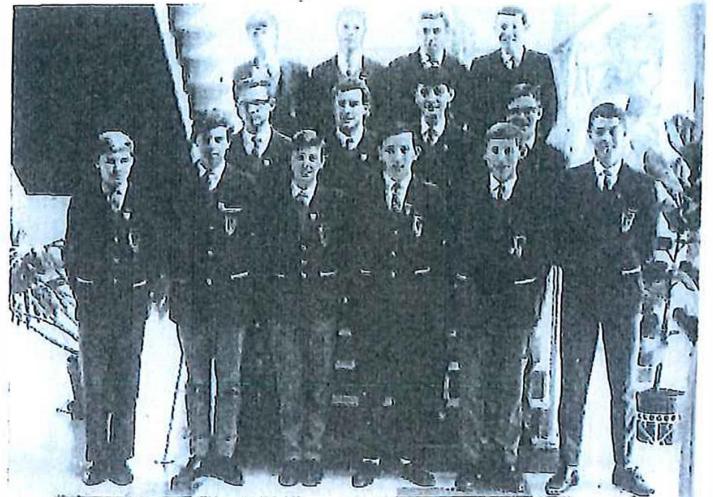
During the year the prefects have carried out the duties allotted to them. These duties were yard duty, gate duty, which involved both the girl and the boy prefects, and canteen duty, which was carried out by the girl prefects. These duties required the prefects to give up some of their recess and lunch breaks in order to improve order and punctuality among the students.

BOY PREFECTS :

Back Row: D. Wickham (Junior Prefect), G. Webb, A. Murphy, K. Dicker:

Middle Row: R. Holloway, D. Wright, J. Atwell, D. Palmer.

Front Row: I. McPetridge, A. Harris, R. Pipke, G. Cunnett, M. Lewis, J. Birch (Head Prefect).



School Personalities



CHRISTINE TOTHILL
 Prefect
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 Captain "B" Tennis team
 Member of "A" Hockey team



MARJORIE MAGOR
 Head Prefect
 Cairns House Captain
 Captain "A" grade Hockey
 Member "A" grade Tennis team
 Senior Cup runner-up



STEPHANIE DINKOFF
 Junior Prefect
 Oliphant House Captain
 Member of "A" Softball team
 Member of "B" Basketball team

JULIE SMEDLEY
 Prefect
 Exhibition Winner
 Mawson House Captain
 Captain "A" Softball
 Member of "A" Basketball team



DENNIS WRIGHT
 Prefect
 Florey House Captain
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 7 subjects, 6 credits in
 Intermediate



CHRISTINE SAINT
 Prefect
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 Oliphant Vice-Captain
 Girls Tennis Champion
 Captain "A" grade Tennis
 Member of "A" grade
 Basketball team



JAMES BIRCH
 Head Prefect
 Cairns House Captain
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 Captain "A" grade Tennis
 Vice-Captain "A" Football team

ROBERT HOLLOWAY
 Prefect
 Oliphant House Captain
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 Tennis Champion Runner-Up
 Captain "A" Hockey team
 Member "A" Tennis team
 Cadet. WO2



GERALD CUNNETT
 Prefect
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 Member "A" Football team
 Member "A" Cricket team



JOHN ATWELL
 Prefect
 Commonwealth Secondary
 Scholarship Winner
 8 subjects, 6 credits in
 Intermediate



PAUL PRENTER
 Technical Scholarship Winner
 Winner of Cudarans Trophy
 (for Lacrosse)
 Captain Lacrosse team



DOUG WICKHAM
 Junior Prefect
 Florey Vice-Captain
 Captain "A" cricket team
 Captain "A" football team
 Member of State cricket team



HOUSE CAPTAIN AND VICE-CAPTAIN:

Back Row: J. Birch, S. Demaria, R. Holloway, D. Wilson, D. Wright, D. Wickham.
 Front Row: M. Magor, J. Smedley, C. Roberts, S. Dinkoff, C. Saint, D. Miller.



COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIP AND EXHIBITION WINNERS:

Back Row: G. Webb, J. Atwell, R. Wilson, P. Bassett, D. Stefanoff, P. Prenter.
 Centre Row: J. Birch, R. Holloway, D. Wright, B. Dolphin, G. Rees, D. Palmer, M. Howlett.
 Front Row: M. Lewis, J. Smedley, C. Saint, H. Coates, V. Carty, C. Tohill, A. West, G. Cunnett.

Examination Results 1964

LEAVING CERTIFICATES

M. Adams	E. Leonello	K. T. Goodall
M. K. Ashford (1)	P. P. Leonello (6) C.O.E.S.	S. K. Hall
L. Atterbury	P. R. F. Lewis (2) C.O.E.S.	K. M. Hodges
M. K. Baden	B. J. Morris	D. C. James
D. R. Blackwell (1)	P. G. Nicks (1)	M. D. Kasprzak
C. R. Boughen	C. Siciliano (4) C.O.E.S.	C. E. Marsh (1)
V. Bury	C.S.	J. W. Moody
F. A. Braithwaite	A. C. Stevens (3) C.O.E.S.	M. H. Muller
L. M. Casson	C.S.	M. J. Murphy
W. H. Creaser (1) C.O.E.S.	S. M. Tipler	L. G. Phipps
S. R. Davenport	I. J. Wilson (3) C.O.E.S.	B. M. Roberts
R. R. Fargher	C.S.	D. R. Robinson
M. B. Farrow	G. P. Cogdell	G. N. Slater
C. R. Gurney	C. C. DeBoo	J. L. Whitbread
I. D. Johnston	J. L. Fielding (2) C.O.E.S.	B. J. Wright (1)

C.O.E.S.—Commonwealth Open Entrance Scholarship

C.S.—Commonwealth Scholarship.

Numbers in brackets indicated "A" passes.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATES

L. Arharidis (1)	J. R. Smedley (1) Exhib.	P. E. Allen
A. C. Arnold	D. Stefanoff (3) C.S.S.	H. M. Barker
J. L. Atwell (6) C.S.S.	J. Thomson	L. J. Britcher
P. C. Bassett (3) C.S.S.	C. K. Tothill (3) C.S.S.	D. R. Donhardt
J. L. Birch (5) C.S.S.	A. West (2) Exhib.	J. D. Evans
V. Carty (Exhib.)	R. J. Wilson (4) C.S.S.	J. M. Gavin
J. H. Coates (3) Exhib.	R. W. Wright (3) C.S.S.	Y. Harper
J. Connell	L. A. Bassett	S. A. Howcroft
G. D. Cunnett (5) C.S.S.	D. A. Cokeham (3)	L. M. McDonald
A. J. Harris	R. K. Davenport	J. J. Mertin
L. Heighton	K. G. Dicker	R. A. Noonan
B. A. Heitmann	S. P. Forrest	M. A. Pascucci
A. A. Hobbs (3) C.T.S.	C. A. Green	S. M. Pattison
M. R. Howlett (1) Exhib.	R. B. Holloway (3) C.S.S.	C. D. Pollard
M. N. Lewis (Exhib.)	M. E. Lavelle	P. E. Townsend
M. McLuskey	N. L. Liebelt	I. J. Varsanyi
D. L. Medlow (1)	R. J. Macdonald	R. P. Buckoke
D. A. Palmer (3) C.S.S.	M. D. Magor	N. J. Burton
L. M. Pawley (1)	F. D. Mihajlov	P. E. Croucher
P. W. Prenter (1) C.T.S.	A. J. Murphy	P. Edwards
C. J. Roberts	J. A. Turner	M. F. Fitzgerald
C. H. Saint (1) C.S.S.	G. F. T. Webb (4) C.S.S.	A. D. Frazer
K. A. Schofield (1)	B. Wiffers	S. K. Hanel
E. R. Schulze	L. N. Scott	D. V. Wright (6) C.S.S.

C.S.S.—Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship

C.T.S.—Commonwealth Technical Scholarship

Numbers in brackets indicated "A" passes.

House Notes

MAWSON HOUSE

Although Mawson House did not do very well in this year's Sports Day, it became renowned for its boisterous war cry.

Mawson, Mawson, Rah! Rah! Rah! Other teams we shall defeat
Mawson, Mawson, best by far. More! More! Mawson.
Mawson trudged through snow and sleet

Urged on by the above war cry two of our members did very well in the cup events. Miriam Mitchell was runner-up in the Junior Girls' Cup and J. Bridgewater runner-up in the Sub Junior Boys' Cup. Many of our members did well in the novelty events, and we (Julie Smedley, David Medlow, Captains, and Cheryl Roberts, Robert Tunn, Vice-Captains) wish to congratulate and thank those who took part in any events. We also wish to thank all the members of the house for their co-operation. Special thanks must go to our house mistresses—Miss Ward and Miss Morris—and house captains in arranging the teams' games practices. We scored 179 points at the Sports Day being narrowly defeated by Cairns House. Next year we are sure we will do better with a little more practice.

In other school activities throughout the year the Mawson girls' basketball team led by house captain, Julie Smedley, was successful in beating both Cairns and Oliphant houses. In the final game against Florey house we were narrowly defeated after a very hard fought game. The girls in this team were S. Webb, D. La Grutta, J. Smedley, C. Menadue, C. Fletcher, C. Roberts and S. Carter. The house football team was not, however, as lucky and was narrowly defeated in its matches.

Marks for the inter-house competition in the academic field are obtained as the results of the fortnightly percentages in each class. We urge all members to do their best.

FLOREY HOUSE

This year, 1965, has proved very rewarding for Florey House. Florey won the inter-house basketball and football shields, and came a close second in the athletics competition.

Sports Day, which was held in April, proved to be the closest and most exciting yet held. One of the reasons for the success of this Sports Day was the good sportsmanship of all competitors and the keen competition between the houses. Throughout the day the Florey athletes were spurred on by their house war cry:

Ikke Bikke Ikke Bikke Come on, Come on, Come on Gold,
Bish Bom Bah Do your best and now say bold,
Florey! Florey! yah yah yah F-L-O-R-E-Y Florey!

From the opening event to the relay races, which were last on the programme, Florey held the lead by a narrow margin. With only these relay events to go, it was expected that Florey would retain the shield, as relays have always been one of the house's strong points, but such a victory did not eventuate. Florey was finally beaten by 12 points. Three cups were won by Florey House by individual efforts from Douglas Wickham, Jane Saville and Jean Sanders. Florey members would like to thank Mr. Summerton, Mr. Rigby, Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Giddings for their coaching and support of the house.

Both the football shield and the inter-house basketball shield were won by Florey which was undefeated in both sports.

In the academic field, the house's position is continually changing. Although Florey is not top in this field, it is close behind the leaders. The house is always striving to be outstanding in this field as it is in the others.

CAIRNS HOUSE

Cairns House must surely rank as Salisbury High School's top house. Not because we have countless athletic champions or Einsteins in every class, but because we have a house that works hard as a unit. As a result we have a commanding lead of 163 points in this year's academic shield.

Everyone, boy and girl, has worked hard in the academic field, and has given the best response possible to appeals for contributions for street stalls, etc., thereby gaining valuable points for his house.

On Sports Day Cairns came second in the marching section and third in the overall competition. All members left nothing to be desired in their enthusiasm to help the house.

Competitors who did well in athletics were Marjorie Magor (runner-up, senior athletic cup), Alfred Brown, Ray Hausler and R. Behrendt.

In the basketball and football matches our teams came third. All house members are to be congratulated on their efforts.

The key to Cairns' success this year is the wonderful House spirit of its members and the housemasters and mistresses Mr. Giddings, Mr. Darwin, Miss Grant and Miss Windzor for their advice, guidance and interest during the year.

Kings! Kings! Cairns are Kings!	Sing Sing Sing Cairns Sing
For victory, victory Cairns House sings.	Win Win Win Cairns Win
Ray, Ray be tops today	Come on Cairns and make your play.
Come on Cairns and make your play.	C-A-I-R-N-S Cairns!

OLIPHANT HOUSE

Oliphant House was inaugurated in 1960, being named after the world famous nuclear physicist, Sir Marcus Oliphant. Throughout its six years existence Oliphant House has always shone in all aspects, and over the years has most certainly proved itself to be Salisbury High School's top house. This statement may be disputed by some, but which other House holds, or upholds such an established reputation as that of Oliphant House? For example, during the past six years Oliphant House has won the Sports Day Shield four times, and the Academic Shield more often than any of the other three Houses.

This year, 1965, under the close supervision of three staff members, Miss C. Heath, Mrs. Gniel and Mr. P. Frogley, whom all members of Oliphant House most sincerely thank, we once again won the Sports Day Shield. Besides the House Shield, we gain three Athletic Cups through the outstanding efforts of D. Dinkoff, R. Henderson and D. Wilson. Another Sports Day tradition of all the Houses is of course the "war cry", and once again Oliphant House, having most reason to do so, delivered one of the most boisterous in the form:

Karana Rah, Karana Roo,	First, and Finest you have ever seen,
Raise the Flashing Flag of Blue;	Our reason for elation, is this interpretation
Shout now, cheer now;	Hi! Hi! Shazabam Blue;
Can you hear now;	Jubilant Oliphant
We insist you see the Greatest Team	Karana Rah Roo.

Generally, 1965 has been another reputation building year for Oliphant House, and its tradition of victories has once again been upheld. Besides the Sports Day Shield, other successes include academic achievements and a great number of triumphs in both football and basketball. In the classroom or on the sportsfield, no-one can deny that the members of Oliphant House "Always Aspire".

School Activities

I.S.C.F. OF CRUSADERS

What are we and what do we do? I am going to try to give you an idea in this article.

First of all, what does our name stand for? Inter School Christian Fellowship of Crusaders. In South Australia there are forty-nine groups, making the total in Australia about five hundred and thirty.

Our main aim is to have Christian Fellowship in our school, once a week. We discuss and listen to various topics concerning our daily life. We also hold a daily prayer meeting each morning at 8.40 a.m. Over a period of three or four weeks members of our group told us about the religions of the world, ranging from Atheism and Shinto to Christianity.

Another of our aims is to have Fellowship with groups from other schools. We do this through rallies and vacation camps. No Crusader would ever forget a camp he has been to. (See account elsewhere).

LIBRARY

The Library Club this year is too small for it to achieve very much. The meetings are irregular and too short. However, its members are thanked for their readiness and enthusiasm to help when needed.

Many new books have been received and a display was held during Book Week, which brought students to the Library. Members of 1A, 1E, 2E and 3B are thanked for their co-operation in writing reviews of old and new books alike, increasing the student interest in our stock.

Special thanks go to the following library monitors who have helped regularly and have been most efficient and trustworthy assistants: David Medlow, Janice and Jeanette Barnes, Andrew Hobbs, John Atwell and Joanne Corr. Elke Apitz who has shown interest in the care of books, is commended for her willingness to cover books.

THE SENIOR DRAMA CLUB

A "get to know you" meeting was the first assembly of the Senior Drama Club for 1965. In it each member rose in turn to tell his fellows a little of himself. A committee was elected consisting of Adrienne Jackson, Regan Harrison and Trevor Nagel. Elke Apitz was elected chairman and secretary.

The club has had a disappointingly small membership, but this has enabled everyone to take part in readings and discussions without inhibition and the old tyrant, timidity, has been defeated.

Many meetings consisted of enactments of small scenes which Mr. Summerton had chosen from real life, e.g., a policeman pulling up a beautiful young lady in a sports car, to give a speeding ticket. These scenes were "ad-libbed" by club members. Hilarity was the high spot of these sessions. The meetings in the latter part of the year have taken the form of rehearsals for the play which the club hopes to perform on Speech Night at the end of the year.

JUNIOR DRAMA CLUB

For any Drama Club to work, enthusiasm and good teamwork are necessary from all concerned in the club. This the Junior Drama Club has achieved. During the year we have been under the guidance of Miss Heath whose experience has helped the club immensely.

Soon after the formation of the club at the beginning of the year, we had to decide which play we were going to produce. After considering many suggestions, the Club decided on two plays, "Queer Street" and an extract from "A Midsummer Night's Dream". We hope that from our finished results you will see that we thoroughly enjoy our work in the Club.

MUSIC NOTES

The musical activities in the Salisbury High School this year commenced in February when Mrs. Clark began Musical Appreciation for first and second year classes. Singing, recordings, lives of composers, together with theory and musical perception (creating tunes and being able to recognise different rhythm and harmonies) are the basis of these lessons.

On Tuesday and Friday at lunch time the "Music Club" practises the songs and carols to be performed at the end of the year speech night. Johanna De Wit, a Dutch girl, has shown herself to be a promising pianist, and is going to play for the choir at future practices.

At the auditions for the Primary School Choral Festival held after the May holidays, a group of five girls from the High School were chosen to sing at the Annual Primary School Festival Concert held in the Salisbury Youth Centre on Thursday, 19th August. Ann Paton, Sharon Benson, Cynthia Moore, Elftheria Glouftsis and Valery Stokes were the girls chosen and they sang "All Through the Night", "Doh, Ray, me", from Sound of Music, and "It's Me, O Lord". The write-up in the local paper, and the applause from the audience were ample reward for the hard work these girls put in to make their item enjoyable.

On Friday, August 19th, a "Merry Melodies" concert was held in the Library at lunch time to raise money for the Children's Hospital. This entertainment was well attended and over £3 was raised.

On the composing side of music at the school, Jillian Sellers, with the aid of her guitar, has written a calypso melody and words, with a guitar accompaniment, which the girls harmonize together. This number will be included in the items for speech night.

CHARITY WEEK

A fortnight before the end of the second term, a Charity Week was held to raise funds for Minda Home, Legacy and the Adelaide Children's Hospital. The response was exceptionally good and was rewarded by the fact that well over £100 was raised.

Practically every class organised a fund-raising activity in which the staff and students were invited to participate.

One highlight of the week was "The Pink Pussycat Casino", held by the 4B class; this effort raised £11, the highest total from any one class.

Another centre of interest was a coffee lounge in the Domestic Science Centre. The 3D girls attractively decorated and dimmed the room with pictures of well known "pop" stars and groups. They served hot coffee and chocolate.

Several classes organised dances and competitions and an auction of the year's lost property was officiated by Robert Holloway and James Birch.

These activities were very interesting and enjoyable ways of raising money for charity, and everyone is to be congratulated on a very fine effort.

ANNUAL CADET REPORT—SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL

“Sergeants, take charge of your Platoons!” came the order. This marked the end of the Cadet year for 1965. The ceremonial parade had just concluded and the two platoons were marched off the oval.

During the year these cadets had taken part in numerous activities which are listed below. The smart, neat, shining cadets with immaculately pressed uniforms who took part in the ceremonial parade were far different from the untidy rabble who arrived at the first parade of the year.

Range Day—Mid August

This was an introduction shoot to the .303 rifle. First-year cadets, however, had to fire .22 Mini-Cart first to qualify.

Second Year Bivouac

This was the most enjoyable camp of the year. It was held at Murray Bridge over the long weekend in June and was designed to give a practical lesson in fieldcraft and outdoor living.

September Camp

This camp which lasted a week, was the First-Year Cadets' first camp of the year. The First-Years remained at El Alamein while the Third-Year Cadets journeyed on to Cultana which is about 30 miles out from Port Augusta. We all came home weary from that one.

3/9 S.A.M.R. Linked Rifle Shoot

A picked team of second and third year Cadets joined with C.M.F. and Regular rifle teams to take part in an S.L.R. trophy shoot.

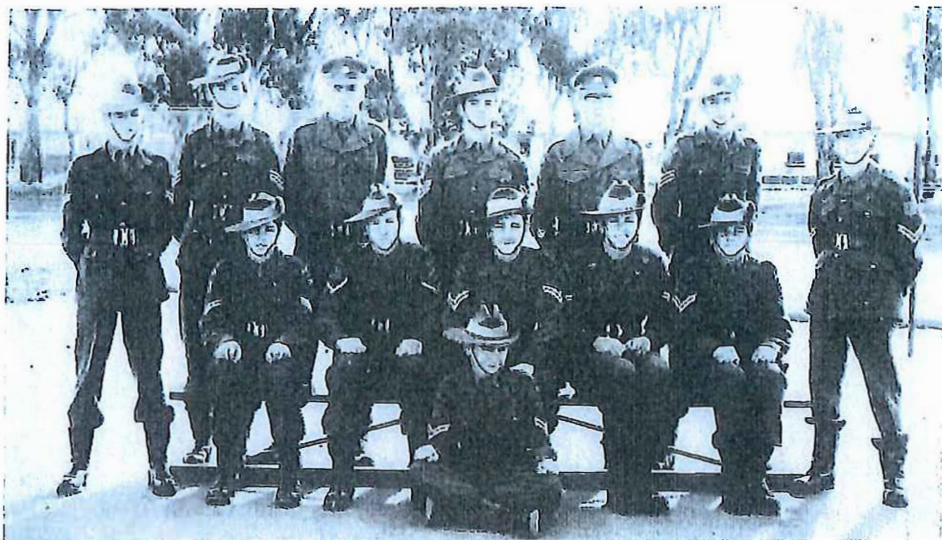
Anzac Day March

All cadets from the Salisbury Unit joined with Salisbury R.S.L. sub-branch in a march through Salisbury.

Trophy Winners

Trophy Winners for 1965 were as follows:

- Cadet of the year Staff Sgt. B. Shanks
- Best Second Year Shot Cpl. P. Nicolai
- Best First Year Shot Cdt. Klaxton



CADETS:

Back Row: Cpl. P. Nicolai, Sgt. B. Munro, CuO. A. Murphy, St. Sgt. B. Shanks, WO2 R. Holloway, Sgt. Thompson, Cpl. C. Skene.
 Front Row: Cpl. H. Schultz, Cpl. T. Nolan, Cpl. T. Karaivenoff, Cpl. P. Henderson, Cpl. P. Cassidy, Cpl. Thrush (seated).

13

Literary Section

MAGAZINE PRIZES

This year, for the first time, prizes have been awarded for the best entries in poetry, prose and art. Prizes were awarded in each section for the upper and the lower school.

The Junior Prose Prize was awarded to Angelika Boettger for her gripping description of "Ghosts as seen by a crew of Spanish Pirates". Michael Foreman won the Junior Poetry Prize for his poem "To an Aged Tennis Player".

Lynne Rolph's excellent description of "The Ballet Shoppe" was judged as the winning entry for the Senior Prose. The Senior Poetry Prize was awarded to Gerald Cunnett for his poem "Olympus". For his outstanding effort in poetry and prose Paul Prenter was awarded a special prize. His prize-winning entries were the poem "Babel" and his confession—"I am greedy".

The Art Prize was jointly awarded to Lynn Macdonald and Ingrid Varsanyi for their very amusing cartoons in the centre spread.

CASTAWAY

By the old wooden hatchway, a spider left the shade of the sail-locker and was instantly incinerated in the hell that was the deck of the sloop "Maria". Up above, the paper-thin canvasses cracked dry in the face of the gathering southerly. And all this time the sun's harsh mouth glowered down on the scene.

I turned and looked back at the empty holds, and then at Joe, his brown arms draped around the wheel. He opened his cracked lips in a smile. I suppose it was a time for smiling. It was a time for many things. Yes, the copra market had been good, and now the planters would grin, and their teeth would flash white, and . . . and everything would be the same again.

Joe said something, and I followed his pointing finger out ahead to the object of his obvious joy. Good old Parson's Island! How often we had seen it on our home-comings, neither of us knew. To me it was just a friendly landmark, but it was the home of Joe's ancestors, and the island of his birth. His black eyes glistened in anticipation, but then they always did. "Want to go ashore?" I asked as he strained over the rails. Only excited murmurings answered me, as the islander skilfully manoeuvred inshore. I hurled out our ancient liferaft, and we drove it in a fury of water to the aureate sands of Parson's Island.

At last Joe was there, and while I kicked the sand at a crab, he stood alone, and silent on the beach. Then he spun around, and with a cry, we ran as one to the peak of the headland which rose on our right. There we sat, laughing and breathing heavily. After a while, I picked myself up and walked over to the far slope. Turning, I called to Joe, but he had sensed something and was already at my shoulder. He looked at me, then we scrambled and slid down to the beach. There in the cove lay the sorry salt-caked hulk of a lifeboat.

We didn't speak. We didn't even move. All we could do was to ask questions of ourselves. And then we saw the footprints, and the sight of their maker shocked us. He lay there in the open, an old codger, his hands blistered, and his body scorched black by the pitiless silver orb above. His tenure of the island had been brief, as we discovered from his belongings, and he must have been dying when he landed. And then the combination of the sun and his age had been too much. He just had not been strong enough, and I thought, perhaps cruelly, that he could have lived if he had been even faintly resourceful. Then Joe wandered away and found a stream, hidden by ferns and mosses, and I looked again at this man.

We buried the poor devil where he had fallen, and arched around the headland towards the "Maria". I looked down at the earth, then turned to Joe. "If only . . .".

—GERALD CUNNETT, 4A

THE BALLET SHOPPE

Tucked away in a small side alley in one of the busiest and most interesting thoroughfares of Adelaide is the Ballet Shoppe, a tiny, pocket-sized shop fronted by a wide plate-glass window in which, arranged in careful order, are arrayed all the needs of aspiring young ballet students, amateur actors and actresses and those people who have been invited to a fancy dress ball and "just haven't a thing to wear". There is usually a full-length model displaying the dainty charms of a tucked and pleated Dresden shepherdess costume, or the savage barbarity of a "blood stained" pirate outfit, complete with characteristic black eye-patch and imitation cutlass, or even, perhaps, if one is very fortunate, the effeminate beauty of a bewigged and satin-and-lace clad dandy.

At the feet of the model there are various stands, on which are arrayed such tempting wares as thick, oozing tubes of vivid theatrical grease-paint, the latest in ballet-figured jewellery and the newest in ballet bags (ideally suited for carrying one's "togs" to ballet, and even better for advertising that fact to all and sundry—consequently the reason for their great popularity!). There are also books on the ballet—books about Margot Fonteyn, Nijinsky and the inevitable Pavlova, books by Arnold Haskell and Cecil Beaumont, books advising, books discouraging, books written to demonstrate the correct execution of steps or to tell how one's tights should be washed or one's shoes should be darned. All are here, together with books on stage make-up, method acting and the amateur magician.

Inside the shop, as one carefully enters after wiping clean feet on a mat bearing the words "Welcome", there is an air of the subdued, an atmosphere of unhurried calm and even temper. Along the left-hand wall is a long row of shelves, pigeon-holed and filled with all manner of interesting garments—long-sleeved leotards, short-sleeved leotards, pink tights, black tights, and yellow tights, gay, red polka-dot bow tap-shoes and sedate black leather character shoes, pink satin pointe-shoes and pink or black kid soft-shoes—everything in fact, that one could wish for! Just below this shelf, as one enters the shop, stands a counter, a large glass showcase in which, in tumbled disorder, are headbands, hair ribbons and nets, more grease-paint, magical tricks and books of jokes, imitation bowler hats—ideal for Charlie Chaplin impersonator—and more jewellery—necklets, pendants, bracelets and rings, all bearing the picture of a ballerina or a swan. These trinkets meet with much approval from the little who come with their mothers to buy their first pair of ballet slippers, still happily wrapped in a rosy-pink trance of ambition and seeing themselves as future Pavlovas or Fonteynis.

At the very back of the shop is a small alcove, curtained off by shiny green-plush-velvet curtains. This alcove is fitted with a full length mirror, a dim little light and a square of carpet and is the "trying on" room. Here one decides what pointe-shoes, leotards, tunics or tights one will buy, and how much they will cost—usually far too expensive! There is always a feeling of tension present in this corner—will it fit? Will it be too expensive? Should I buy it? And there is always the delicious feeling of satisfaction and content when the first and the third questions have been answered, although the second question generally lingers a little longer to plague the guilty mind.

The assistants at "The Ballet Shoppe" are usually, on Saturday mornings at least, ballet students of about eighteen to twenty years of age, and they are always kindness itself, eager to help, ready to offer criticism if necessary, always truthful and never uninterested. They go to as much trouble in helping one choose a pair of shoes or a leotard as they would in choosing such for themselves. The lower regions of the shop are always crowded on Saturday mornings, the floors littered with boxes and bags, new garments and shopping baskets, and the few seats are always occupied. It is pleasant to simply stand at the front window gazing enviously in at the lucky shoppers "tip-toeing" around in gleaming new satin pointe-shoes, testing their tapping shoes with much gusto, fingering jewellery, books, bags, costumes, everything within sight, and all enjoying themselves immensely.

16

I like the atmosphere of the "The Ballet Shoppe". I enjoy its "jumbled-tidiness", the interesting and colourful garments and, especially, the people I see there—the eager little girls who can hardly contain their feelings of joy and anticipation as they look on the pictures of their famous ballet idols and shed their heavy every-day shoes to try on the soft fascination of a satin slipper, like so many Cinderellas on their way to the ball, and the petite and delicate young women who have already acquired the grace and poise which ballet brings to most who learn it. I like such people as these and I like the shop itself, which I visit often on many pretexts, simply to be able once more to watch its busy but quiet calm and to see the interesting people who frequent it.

—LYNNE ROLPH, 4B (Magazine Prize).

THE DAY OF THE PARKING METERS

We had all been visiting a sick aunt, Rosella, in hospital, so we did not know what had been happening. When we came out of the hospital, we got the shock of our lives. O Boy! Did we ever get a shock. For, straight ahead of us, staring us right in the face was none other than a parking meter. Can you imagine? A parking meter! We decided that we had better start running, but it was too late, for the four-armed creature had grabbed us. (You see, there were four of us, so there were just enough arms to go around).

Suddenly it expired! It was furious. We did not have any money to stop it. (You insert threepence in the slot to calm it down). Besides, even if we had the money, we could not get near it because it was slashing its little red "expired" sign everywhere with deadly intentions. A crackling noise came from within and a shower of rejected (bent) pennies rushed forth from the top.

They were advancing in hordes; trampling over people who had either been riddled and so killed by silver coins or been slashed to pieces by the "expired" sign. Then we realised that it was us they wanted! Four of us, innocent bystanders; now the intended victims of parking meters rebelling against decimal currency.

We rushed into a nearby police station, but it was too late, for the parking meters were already there. The Judge had been fined and all the constables were penniless; unable to calm the enraged meters. There was no possible escape, for all the cars in the immediate vicinity had "parking stickers" on them. Suddenly a street cleaner, on his bicycle, came around the corner, pursued by a hundred parking meters. Some had expired, others were expiring rapidly.

We made a desperate leap, and landed in the trash bin of his bicycle. The bin, however, was holey (there was no bottom in it) and one by one we fell to the ground. The parking meters seemed to be coming from everywhere.

We jumped up and began running madly. The first place we reached was the race track. Surely parking meters would not go to the races! To our horror, there were parking meters everywhere. In the betting ring, meters were placing bets and on the track were parking meters, mainly old ones (ones that have had more than ten thousand sixpences inserted in their slots) contesting against each other in what seemed to be the "parking meter derby".

Suddenly, in the midst of all the excitement, a parking meter saw us, and began waddling towards us: What could we do?

Seeing two cars without "parking" stickers on them parked nearby, we ran to them, jumped in and drove at record speeds all the way to the missile and rocket base. Then we saw it! The rocket which had been delayed because of green shooting stars and comet debris passing through the earth's atmosphere. We hurried inside it, and after pressing a variety of buttons, took off, and crash landed on the moon where we lived happily ever after with a family of walking plants called "triffids".

—A combined effort by the members of 3A.

OLYMPUS

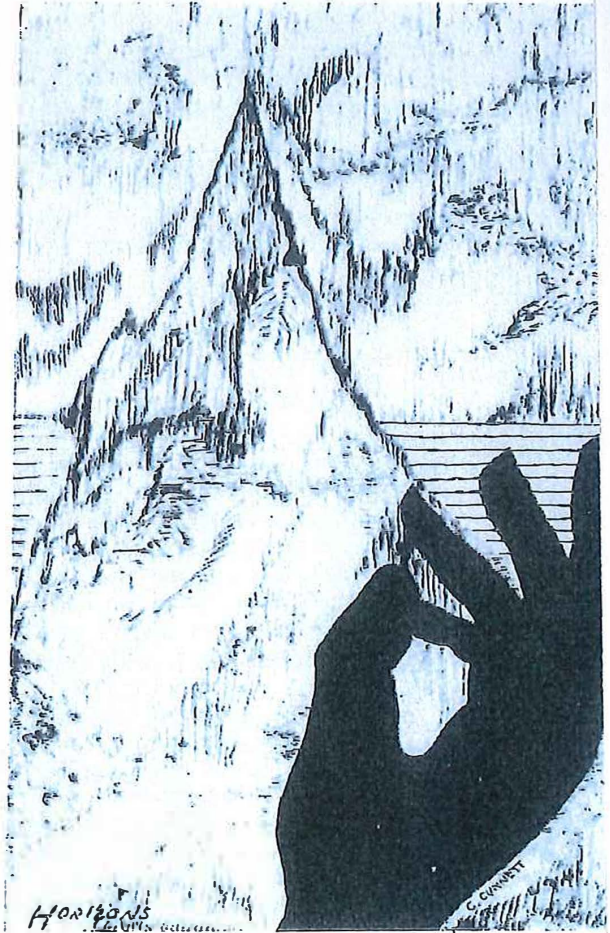
I came here when my mind was young,
Enchanted by the peak that hung
There in the sky, to all intents
A lonely peak of misty veils.
But I knew more and grew incensed,
For on its slopes the fairy sails
Of eons gone and gods unknown
Were playing, and my sense was flown.

This mountain is the source of power;
But what is living in this tower?
It cannot be that gods are here
And yet it is as if a chain
Has bound me firm, and I feel fear,
A fear that takes hold of the brain.
And as I roam I feel them take
My soul. O do not let me break!

What is the reason for their choice?
Am I to be their mortal voice?
I do not know. The link is dead.
O temper it and bring them back!
I understand not what they said,
And I must tell men what they lack.
Indeed so much they miss on earth,
How can I say what life is worth?
They take me up and set me down,
The message from their heights is
known.

And now, am I to wander pale
Forever? No! I must retrace
My footsteps down this mountain trail;
And evermore the earth must grace
With thoughts and visions sprung
from here,
To help Man overcome his Fear.

GERALD CUNNETT, 4A
(Magazine Prize).



THE BLACK SNAKE

The cold blooded black snake winds through the
His greedy, beady eyes fixed on an unsuspecting bird
He moves quietly and he moves very fast.

The snake draws closer, the bird remains still,
The snake rears back and prepares for the kill;
But a nearby Kookaburra startles the bird
And the flutter of wings is suddenly heard.

The snake is unlucky and the bird has escaped,
And all through the night he is kept awake;
But during the next day the black snake is found,
By an old nomad white man, wandering around,
The black snake was killed by that man,
And left lying dead in the hot desert sand.

GRAHAM KELSEY, 2A

AN EVENT THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

My whole future was changed in 1954 when some politicians in Australia decided to provide free passage for a few hundred people from Europe to Australia. Our family was the lucky one in our village and we were granted free passage on a converted freighter.

Had this not happened I would still be in Greece working a few acres for the rest of my life. I would never have gone to high school nor would I have known what it is like to be in a rich country with high living standards. People in our village were so poor that no-one ever had a radio. My friends and I were astonished and dumbfounded when one day we heard a programme on the cafe owner's radio. I still did not know what it was till after I had left Greece; but I should not feel too ashamed of myself because many older boys did not know what a radio looked like either.

Just before we left Greece my father took me to a nearby city on a shining new bicycle which he had borrowed from a friend. I thought that it was wonderful but on my way to the port I was really amazed for I had just seen a tramcar for the first time in my life and had ridden in it too. For the first time I had seen hundreds of people walking in streets, cars streaming across intersections and markets.

We boarded a bus bound for the ship but all the excitement was tiring me and I slept through most of the journey. No-one can imagine how I was impressed by now ordinary every-day things. The thing that most shocked me was the ocean. I had never seen one before and I had come with a fancy notion that the water would be crystal clear and so enable me to see the sea bed. When I got over the fact that I could not make out anything deeper than a few feet, the next thing that filled me with awe was the ship. It was not very big but still its very size terrified me. I remember too, that my father bought me a pencil, rubber and a pad which I cherished till I finally lost them.

The trip over did not leave many memories for me because I was too young to remember many small details. It was in the ship, however, that I ate my first banana which I abhorred but which now I like.

On arriving in Melbourne we were taken to a hostel where we stayed for a few weeks. I was beginning to adjust myself to living in a world totally different from my home town. Gradually we settled down in our new environment and finally finished paying for a house. We could now do anything we wanted. We could go to the pictures any day except Sunday, which was undreamt of before. As we got used to our section of Adelaide we began to visit friends and have small trips. When we had got a car we drove ten or twenty miles a day, a distance which would have left us in some part of Greece which we imagined was hundreds of miles away. The short outings were as long as the rare trips we made in Greece. There one hardly ever travelled more than ten miles. Now we are enjoying a comparatively comfortable, almost luxurious life, vastly different from the one we should have led had we remained in Greece.

—LEON ARHARIDIS, 4A

SUN'S REQUIEM

The darkening clouds are steepled in the hollow eastern sky,
And on the heath the sharpest shadows melt away to one.
The latest shafts fall strangled; all must die,
And heavens shed their tears; the sun is gone.
Green stars are bathed in ether, ebon-black,
As though a thousand fragments only stay.
And on the mists, that hypocrite comes back
To glow, to haunt, the sentinel till day.
Oh, must this daylight always cease
To let the sky grow dark.
For we must wish again for peace.
As poets for the lark.

GERALD CUNNETT, 4A

MY KIT BAG

My kit bag carries everything from bike pump to a comb,
And it even holds some school books, when there's work to do at home;
Pens, pencils, rulers, rubbers; set squares of all design,
Glasses case and lunch box and a diary to be signed.
My bag has served me valiantly and carried all my gear,
But I fear its day of judgment is slowly drawing near;
It's looking very battered and the leather is quite worn,
The seams are even splitting and the lining is all torn.
But my bag has served me valiantly and I could not part with it,
A new one would look out of place where the old one used to sit;
A new one would look clean and bright and look quite good I guess,
But I would rather keep my old one, even though it looks a mess.

GEORGE CARSON, 3C

TO AN AGED TENNIS PLAYER

Set point, give in.
Defeated now,
Once he could win.
He would serve and how
That ball would spin.
No hope,
He can't win,
So many young players
Moving so fast
Overtaking the old stayers.
Ah, set at last,
That's his last match.
Won the first, lost the last.
Still, there's a new batch
Of young players, moving fast.

MICHAEL FOREMAN, 2A Magazine Prize

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF 3A

- (1) Symbol: 3A.
- (2) Physical Properties.
 - (1) Boils at 0°C.
 - (2) Melts under appropriate treatment.
 - (3) Density higher on one side (the boys').
- (3) Chemical Properties.
 - (1) Possesses high affinity for noise.
 - (2) Effervesces on introduction of Homework.
 - (3) Active when irritated.
 - (4) Reacts violently when punished.
 - (5) Disperses on sound of catalyst (the siren).
- (4) Uses.
 - (1) Extremely ornamental.
 - (2) A tonic, but an overdose has adverse effects.
- (5) CAUTION!!
Handle with care!
This mixture can be explosive.

(6) FAVOURITE EQUATION:



MARGARET TAMBLYN, 3A

A VISIT TO THE JENOLAN CAVES

During a holiday in Sydney I was lucky enough to visit the Jenolan Caves, the largest, and most spectacular underground limestone caves in Australia.

Since Jenolan's glittering caverns were opened over one hundred years ago they have aroused the admiration of over two million sightseers.

In order to reach the caves we travelled by car, staying overnight at a motel near Katoomba. Early the next morning we travelled the remaining 70 miles into the heart of the Blue Mountains to Jenolan, where the caves are surrounded by a 6,000-acre wild life reserve.

There we passed through the Grand Arch, which is the gateway to the caves, into a valley completely surrounded by hills. This valley was once used by an outlaw and bushranger named James McKeown, who used it as a hideout for stolen cattle.

We arrived about 9.30 a.m. and had to wait for about half an hour until the tour began. We decided to inspect the cave called the Temple of Baal, which was discovered in 1904 and has about 600 steps. When at last the guide arrived we walked up a track in front of Jenolan Caves House to a platform in front of a big iron grill which was padlocked.

We stopped on the platform and before we went into the hill he counted how many people there were in the group and then produced a bunch of keys and opened the gate. After everyone had entered he closed the gate again. He led us into a man-made tunnel sloping slightly down until we came to a solid steel door which looked like the door to a huge refrigerator. The guide unlocked this door and we proceeded down the stairs. The air in the cave was very cold and we were told it was forty-four degrees Fahrenheit. As we walked along tunnels into the caves the guide switched on numerous electric lights which made the exquisite designs of stalagmites and stalactites glisten. The stalagmites "grow up" from the ground and stalactites "grow down" from the ceiling. In the smaller caves the stalagmites and stalactites were behind a wire netting fence.

When we entered the Temple of Baal Cave we ascended several flights of stairs on to a platform where the guide switched on several sets of lights, showing up the magnificent Angel's Wing which was in the form of a large sheet; the white Altar, which looked like a church altar, and Gabriel's Wing, which was much like the Angel's Wing, only more exquisite.

But too soon the tour ended and we retraced our steps to the steel door, which was again unlocked. Then we walked back to the iron grill where the guide checked the number of persons in the party and then we walked outside dazzled by the brilliance of the sunlight.

We returned to the car and drove on our way still mystified by the beauty of the magnificent spectacles inside that ordinary looking hill.

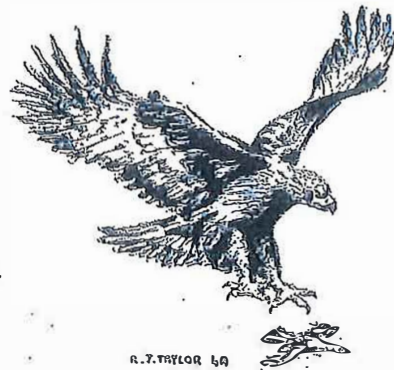
HELEN ATWELL, 1A

SPRING

The birds sing happily in the trees,
And the flowers about me seem to dance
As over the mountains floats a breeze.
At last, the sign of Spring.

The blossoms arrived with a flourishing swing,
The buds are all bursting with colour's delight.
The bees are a-buzzing and ready to sting
And the lambs bend their heads to the oncoming night.

JOHN CLAY, 2A

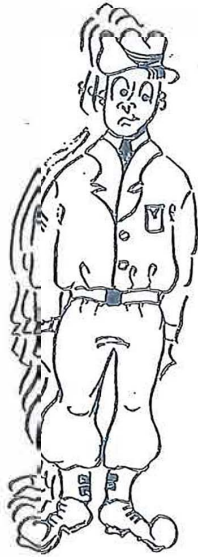




Monday morning



Art.



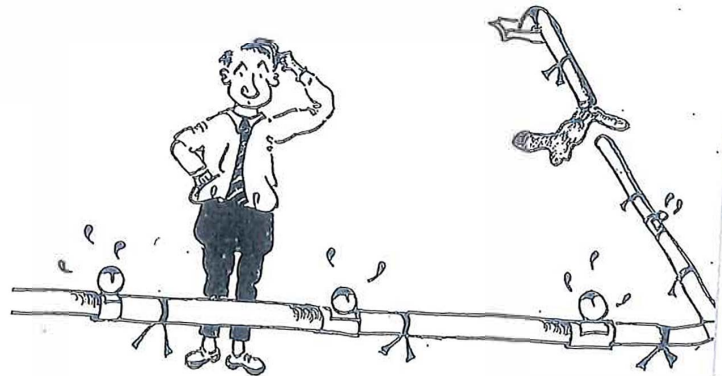
Cadets.



R.I.



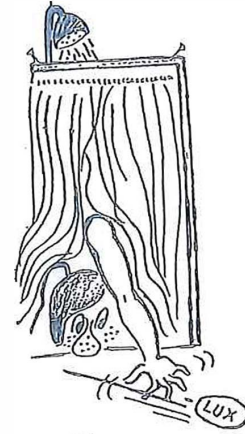
Home Science



Sprinklers



Sport



Showers



Sick Room



Yard Duty.



Library



Friday Dismissal.

I AM GREEDY

I am greedy. I say it not as an apology, not as a means of reconciling any past or future selfishness, but as a simple, straight-forward statement of fact, for I am greedy.

All through my life I have wanted more of things that were offered. Not everything, but just those things that somehow were a part of that particular time of my life and without which something essential seemed to be lacking.

Fairy floss at Showtime: even though I now dislike it, I can remember its intangible, elusive taste, and the unbelievably huge lumps that I devoured. Like great wisps of coloured and sweetened cloud they appeared and vanished, and I wished and shouted and pulled for more—ever more—and received only the inevitable "You've had enough!" from my poor parents.

Fairy floss and apples-on-sticks and liquorice straps and ice-cream and . . . but enough of them, for I have had enough at long last.

I may be older now, but still that greedy, insatiable, impatient side of my nature remains.

A day at the beach . . . and I would wallow in the warm blue of the waves until exhaustion and cramp took hold, until my skin turned pink, red and finally (painfully) crimson.

There were the times when even I grew tired of playing in the water, but still I continued, for the water was there, I was there, and what more was needed to complete the day?

Or the pleasures of mountain climbing? At least, I called them mountains, although they were only fairly high hills. I would trudge my way relentlessly to the top to gaze out over the green world below, then, unsatisfied I would climb another, until the night replaced the day.

Insatiable, I have spent my life in thousands of orgies of pleasures, revelling in those that went on, and eking out those that slipped away too soon.

I seem never to have too much of a good thing, whether it is food (I shudder to think of the number of barbecued chops I have eaten at the few barbecues I have been to), drink (bottles of everything, drunk for the sake of drinking) or pleasures.

I do try to control myself, but somehow that "last one" becomes the one before the last, ad indigestion.

Till now, I have avoided the subject of money, because it is something to be coveted, accumulated, feared and held in awe.

Money is the greedy man's religion, almost, for if one tires of merely collecting it for the happy climbing of coins or the rustle of the more important stuff, the myriad of pleasures that one wishes could go on and on, can be extended by means of this carefully hoarded, scrimped and saved deity.

Now that I have exposed myself in all my naked frailties, lust and avarice, it is as though a large and heavy weight has been lifted from my poor frame, leaving me carefree in redemption.

Think I'll celebrate, and I know just the place to do it: ten shillings for as much as you can eat. . . .

Get thee behind me, Satan, and push.

—P. W. PRENTER, 4A (Magazine Prize).

GHOSTS

The subject of ghosts is a very tricky one. Many people claim that they have seen them; however, they were not clanking chains, shrieking or boeing or prancing around with their heads in their hands.

I used to live, before migrating to Australia, in Brighton in England, one of the most colourful towns on the South Coast of England. There were parks scattered to the four winds. They were not just a square yard of lawn and a duck pond but

some were thousands of square yards of green lawn and beautiful flower patches. One of them was huge and every now and then I used to visit it.

It was miles and miles of lawn, flowers, trees, bowling greens and tennis courts, and in the middle of all this stood a full-size church with its own cemetery.

This church had been the supposed sighting place of a female ghost. The story as I heard it from an old friend went like this.

Four young Boy Scouts were returning from a meeting of their troop. Their homes were on the other side of the park and to reach them they had to pass through or at least around the church grounds. Now since they were brave Boy Scouts and were armed with heavy calibre torches they ventured to sneak silently through the cemetery.

In single file, with patrol leader in front, tenderfoot at the rear, these intrepid adventurers ventured into the realm of the dead. Having progressed to well past the half way mark, and nearing the church, the boys were gaining confidence and their fear of "ghosties" and "hob goblins" was rapidly dissipating.

Patrol Leader Jones stopped dead in his tracks, for rising from a beautifully carved coffin with pink chrysanthemums arranged ornately on the top was the beautiful figure of a female ghost. She, or should I say "it", glided gracefully along in a neat suit with matching hat, and entered the church by the back door.

"Stiff upper lip, men," said Patrol Leader Jones as he rapidly promoted Tenderfoot Smith to Scout Master, and assumed a position at the rear. Boldly they followed the ghost into the church. They found the young lady kneeling in a pew sobbing gently. Then she rose and gliding on the soft caresses of the surrounding fog she returned to her haven of marble.

When they investigated next day the Scouts and several stout policemen found it was the grave of a young woman who had committed suicide in the church in 1944 when she discovered her sweetheart had been killed in action on the Beaches of Normandy.

The young boys have visited the grave regularly since then and after laying a few flowers on the grave say a few words for their own special ghost.

—C. SKENE, 3A

INSTANBUL—CONSTANTINOPLE

At last, after travelling for several hours on a stuffy aeroplane we arrived at Istanbul. We stepped off the plane feeling a little dizzy and made our way to the air terminal building. Outside the weather was cold, so we were glad to get into the warm room. It was a hard job to walk the extra bit to get some refreshment, because we had not had any exercise sitting in one seat for one thousand odd miles. After drinking some horrid yellow water, the smell of cigars, cigarettes and turkish coffee, all mingled together, reached us and we soon felt a sudden sickly feeling. Upstairs were post cards, paper backed books and souvenirs, so we bought a few post cards to send home and looked on at the souvenirs and books. It was very laughable also to see among them a 1940 English knitting pattern.

The building soon became very hot and it was hard to stay awake, so we went outside into the dark night where the air was very cold, so back in the building we came. We found some empty seats and sat in them, and looked at other strange looking people through the smoke of cigarettes. My! They looked very much like spies in the comics, as some were tall Chinese with moustaches and others were plump and with dark complexions talking in business-like tones. We soon began to feel sick again, when we were asked through the speaker to board the plane. You can imagine how relieved we were.

PATRICIA GANNON, 1A

GHOSTS—as seen by a crew of Spanish pirates

The clipper "Marquesas" dropped anchor in the only cove of the island of Azores. Captain Fernandez, standing erect on his ship's deck, watched intently as his sea-rovers loaded some of the rich treasures taken from passing ships into the already lowered boat. His crisp voice rasped distinctly as he ordered the sailors who were in the boat where to bury the stolen riches.

The "Marquesas" remained anchored for a few days while fresh supplies of water and food were sought and a gaping hole caused by grounding on unsuspected coral was repaired by the ship's carpenters, Pedro and Guiseppe. Completely stored with fresh supplies, the Spanish vessel prepared to leave for the homeland and King Philip with the remaining rich spoils.

At dusk a fresh East wind steered the galleon on to a ceaseless ocean. Late that night the sails dropped and the ship drifted. For a while the boatswain contemplated the silence of the sea as the waters glistened with the reflection of the moon.

Suddenly this was torn apart and the sky succumbed to darkness. Towering waves opened the sea. Swirling winds tossed vast amounts of water into the air and the boatswain felt the salty spray dampen his clothes. Like a wreck splintering against merciless rocks this torment groaned.

The depressing silence beforehand had brought the entire crew on deck. Aghast, they watched what seemed to be a struggle of the seven seas.

Piercing the darkness a sudden light emerged from an expanding chasm. Growing stronger, this brightness illuminated the faces of the astounded watchers. Borne upwards by two large billowing white sails, a strange barque appeared. The dying waves folded like the wings of a tiring sea bird and all was silent except for the flapping of sails.

A sudden west wind sprang up and the two vessels, one behind the other, glided into a dark nothingness. Only this mystic image bathed in light reflected a magic glow on to the galleon as the sun to the moon.

A crowd of grief-stricken people, their skin the colour of gold doubloons, stood aimlessly around. The Spaniards saw no oars that could move this vessel and were convinced that this was a phantom, and, as if by magic, they were compelled to follow it.

Unexpectedly the two vessels drifted towards dark shapes looming out of the sea. Without warning the west wind ceased. A rumbling from above caused the blood-shot eyes of the pirates to gaze upwards. A marvellous red glow silhouetted a conical mountain.

As they disembarked, a shape of a woman appeared from among the trees. Flames enveloped her tall and slender body. One of the men approached her offering a sacrifice and in return she gave him two flaming torches, of which he fastened one to each end of the boat. As he did this, the glowing mountain seemed to burst, throwing out sparks and fiery rocks. No-one saw the strange woman disappear. The happy natives raised their arms in worship while the Spanish pirates looked on in fear.

A sudden breeze from the west rocked the vessels and they sailed away from the island, leaving behind them a smoke-encircled mountain. The phantom ship gathered speed and, with its flaming torches like two fierce eyes, slowly vanished from the onlookers' view. However, as the moon reappeared, an eerie but joyful chanting filled the night air.

The next day the Spaniards anchored at the lovely island of Borå Bora, where they related their strange encounter with the mystic ship to the natives. An old native man, squatting in front of his primitive hut, told them this story:

"Many years ago these people were banished from the island because they worshipped a goddess who lived in a fiery mountain. With their children and all their

belongings they set out in search of a new home where they could worship in peace. However, their ship 'Wait for the West Wind', was under a spell. It could only bring them to their goddess when the rare west wind blew. If they did find her, she would give them some of her magic powder to lead them safely to their new home."

And the Spaniards knew that at last these cursed people would find peace and freedom to live and worship this strange goddess.

ANGELIKA BOETTGER, 2A

(Magazine Prize)

LEARNING TO DRIVE

Sixteen! What a marvellous, long awaited age this is, for this is the age when most young men and women of South Australia are allowed legally to drive a car. How proudly they slip behind the steering wheel of their "L" plate-bearing car, accompanied by a nervous, seat-belted, experienced driver.

The first drive is usually undertaken in the open country on a lonely road, away from the scornful, jeering looks of others. The average learner-driver turns the ignition key, and, under his own power, with a little help from the starter-motor, sets the vehicle roaring into life, and roaring is usually the right word, because of a heavily-eager right foot pressing on the acceleration pedal.

Now, with a little help from the instructor, the student selects first gear, raises the engine revs slightly, and takes his foot straight to the clutch, sending the car in a series of "rabbit hops", finally coming to a stop. The instructor then explains that the foot must be slowly raised from the clutch until the "friction point" is reached, and the car begins slowly to move of its own accord. He explains that it is only then that the clutch may be fully released slowly.

Not so self-assuredly, the learner driver again brings his vehicle's engine to life, raises the number of revs. slightly, and slowly, cautiously, begins to release his pressure on the clutch pedal. After what to him seems an eternity, the "friction point" is reached and the vehicle slowly begins to roll forward. Overjoyed, the learner takes his foot off the clutch and presses hard on the accelerator. To his surprise, the vehicle again lurches forward, and again comes to a stop.

After a severe "roasting" lecture from his instructor, and a few more attempts, he succeeds in getting his vehicle travelling along at about 15 m.p.h. in first gear. His instructor then tells him to change to second gear, and so down goes his foot on the clutch, and, after realising that the engine is screaming because he has failed to remove his foot from the accelerator, he begins his struggle with the gear lever. By the time he finds second gear, his vehicle has slowed to about 2 m.p.h. He succeeds eventually in changing gears somewhat smoothly. He finally finds himself cruising along at a comfortable 50 m.p.h. in top gear.

After practising on the open road for some time, the student is ready for city driving. After entering the city, and slowing down to the required 35 m.p.h., the student suddenly realises how much the perils of driving are multiplied in a city. Seemingly "experienced" drivers seem to set upon him to try to upset his concentration. After all, who can concentrate on the hazards of the road with a car-full of scornful faces leering at the conspicuous yellow and black "L" plates.

The student loses confidence in his driving, and promptly stalls the engine at the first intersection. He is not helped at all by the rude, impatient beeping behind him.

But this is only the beginning of a driver's career, and his driving soon improves, until he earns the right to disregard his degrading "L" plates.

—DENNIS PALMER, 4A

BABEL

There,
on the plain that is no longer a plain,
There,
in the midst of the dead forest,
a city.
A city of steel,
but wrought from the life of the dead forest,
from the life of the dying plain,
And there,
Where the shadow of the deer once fell
the suffocating city uprears its cold stone trees
which it roots in its asphalt plain
And their shadow falls on the humid river of men,
There,
in the cage of the choking city
there is no need of the dying forest
And lest the shadow of the deer appears
a hundred million cold man-suns
hide the shadow's darkness,
hide in the rain of light the lost forest,
wash in their golden flood the blood
of the dying plain from the humid river.
We the mighty,
We of the humid river
create our cities on the plains of Death,
Create and destroy
but cannot replace that which has gone.
We have obliterated all but Progress
and still in infernal progression
entomb the land.
Alas, our vast necropolis.
We live,
and in the depths of the dead land
our dead lie
Necropolis on necropolis.
Maze upon meadow
We the asphixiators
know no rest
And now thrust the black blade of road
even into the flesh of the hill—
to enshroud the city on the naked land
This is the lost land
Where we like spirits lost
wander through grey sepulchral towns
to gaze on the last few furtive trees
in the alien parks.
There,
beneath the iron city,

the forest . . .

PAUL PRENTER, 4A

CRUSADERS AT WILPENA

Last September (1964) I went to a camp at Wilpena Pound. There were thirty-six campers and twelve leaders, among whom were Mr. Frogley and Dr. Hicks (who has left Salisbury).

We left Adelaide on our bus at about 8.30 a.m. and reached the camp at about 4.15 p.m. When we alighted from the bus we were told to put our watches forward three-quarters of an hour so that we could get up earlier and have first showers. We were then allotted to our tents. When we had settled in it was time for tea and then an evening around the camp fire.

The next afternoon we tackled Mount John which is nearly three thousand feet high. Six times we thought we were coming to the top, but five times we had to keep going. When we finally reached the top, it was well worth the hard work. We could see much of the beautiful pound.

Next day, Wednesday, many of us climbed St. Mary's Peak. We left the chalet, near our tents, at 10 a.m., camp time, and hiked three miles to the foot of the mountain. We then climbed to the peak, a few thousand feet up. The climb before the saddle was rugged and hot, but the remainder of the climb was cool.

On Thursday afternoon it began to rain lightly before the boys left on their two-day hike. On the Friday they also climbed the Pillar, only about five feet lower than St. Mary's, but a lot more rugged. Some energetic ones scaled St. Mary's again on their way back.

Meanwhile, the girls remained at camp. We went for a hike on Thursday afternoon, and a bus trip to Parachilna, near Blinmann, the following day.

After the boys had returned at about 10 a.m. (camp time), Saturday morning, we went on another trip. Again it started to rain, but after it had set in later in the afternoon, it did not stop. That night we had a concert in the marquee, which everyone enjoyed. It rained all night; in fact, until just after mid-day Sunday.

Many awoke on Sunday to find most of their belongings damp because the rain had overflowed the trenches and had also started to drip through the canvas. Without breakfast, we packed our cases and loaded them onto the bus; but it became stuck in the mud. We again unloaded the bus; and after a little delay, were driven in cars to the woolshed at Wilpena Station.

That is where the boys slept that night; and where we held our service. The girls slept six to a room (usually for two) in the shearers' house. We also had our meals there in relays.

We left the following morning on schedule, none the worse for our ordeal. In fact, many of us still have not stopped talking about it.

DIANNE BAILEY, 3B

SPEED RECORD BID

To South Australia the Englishman came
Bluebird his car, Donald Campbell his name.
He slaved at Lake Eyre to make the track rid
Of the corrosive salt water that foiled his bid;
To make the title that had eluded his grasp
At a speed at which men usually gasp.
He sped across the salt flats, in a shimmering flash,
Past the timekeeper's camera in a brave attempt to smash
The speed of John Cobb, whose record still remained,
As king Cobb for many years had reigned.
And as he slowed down, he knew he had won
The coveted title sought by many a one.

MICHAEL JORDAN, 3C

THE MOST EVENTFUL DAY OF MY LIFE

Thinking back through many years of my life, I think the most eventful was the day our family left England for Australia.

I suppose the whole idea of coming to Australia originated about three years ago. My father had always travelled and had the "urge" to see Australia since he was a boy. When he put the idea towards the family, we were all in favour. The time between passing our medical and receiving our flight date seemed ever so long, although it was only a couple of months. We were all very happy when the date at long last did come. It was for three p.m., Friday afternoon, 31st January, 1964.

During the short time before we left England, we stayed with my grandmother, who lives roughly a quarter of a mile from London Airport.

The day at long last arrived. Everything was ready and packed and the taxi arrived as asked. We got in and within minutes we were at the airport. From there on it was "just plain confusion". People rushed everywhere with children, luggage and passports.

After what seemed an eternity our flight number was called.

"All those leaving London for Adelaide please make their way to the departure lounge, immediately. Thank you" said a voice coming from a young air hostess.

This was it! What we had been waiting for all these months. I was happy—but also sad because of having to say goodbye to our relatives.

Within half an hour we were aboard the plane and rapidly making our way down the runway.

I waved a silent farewell to the soils of England and hoped that one day I would be able to return on a holiday. Those thoughts were soon shattered though, because my mind was filled with excitement at what lay in front of me.

It was to be a new life.

BARBARA BODY, 2B

THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN ANCIENT GREECE

The Olympic Games were held in honour of Zeus, whose gold and ivory image, forty feet high, sat enthroned in his Olympic temple. It was said that if Zeus happened to rise, he would lift the roof off the temple. Athletes took an oath on the sacred boar of Zeus to abide by the rules. Once they had sworn, they couldn't back out. The winners were crowned with an olive wreath, were given money and fed at public expense in the town hall for the rest of their lives. At Sparta, Olympic winners had the honour of standing alongside the king in battle.

—FRIDERIKI BOSNAKIS, 1B

THE AUSTRALIAN DESERT

The earth is hot beneath our feet
The sun shines overhead
But never a drop of rain will fall
Where the cattle all lie dead.

For in the dry land to the north
A ten year drought continues
And not even man with modern science
Can help the rotting sinews.

JANET CURRYER, 3C

LIFE

Give me the simple things of life,
A cottage hearth, a quiet room,
A little garden green with trees
Where birds make song midst leaf and
bloom.

Give me the happy things of life,
A heart that's merry all the way,
An outlook that is broad and bright,
A spirit that is brave and gay.

Give me the worthwhile things of life,
A faith that nothing can destroy
The kindly company of friends
And love to crown my days with joy.

SUE ROE, 3D

School Activities



Sprinkler squad



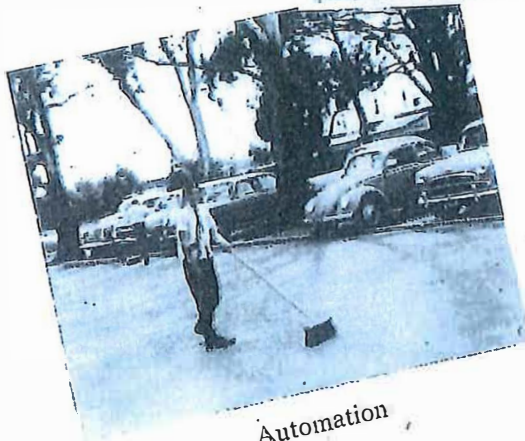
The fate of the Ashes



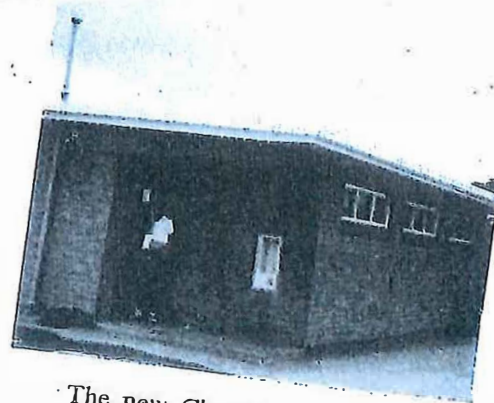
Lunch time



Not today thanks



Automation



The new Changing Rooms



"A" BASKETBALL:

Back Row: D. Miller, J. Saville, L. Scott (capt.), J. Smedley, M. Saville.

Front Row: C. Roberts, C. Saint.

BASKETBALL REPORT

Salisbury High School entered four teams in inter-school matches which were played against Elizabeth High and Elizabeth Girls' Tech. All teams played well. Teams also played Gawler High, and the games were fast and exciting. The "A" Grade lost by 4 goals and the "B" won by 4 goals.

House matches were conducted during the term giving all girls the opportunity to support their house. One team from each was entered in the competition with Florey the final winners.

Inter-class matches were also conducted during the term and a great deal of enthusiasm was shown by all participants. The premiers in the senior section and junior section were 3C and 2A, respectively.

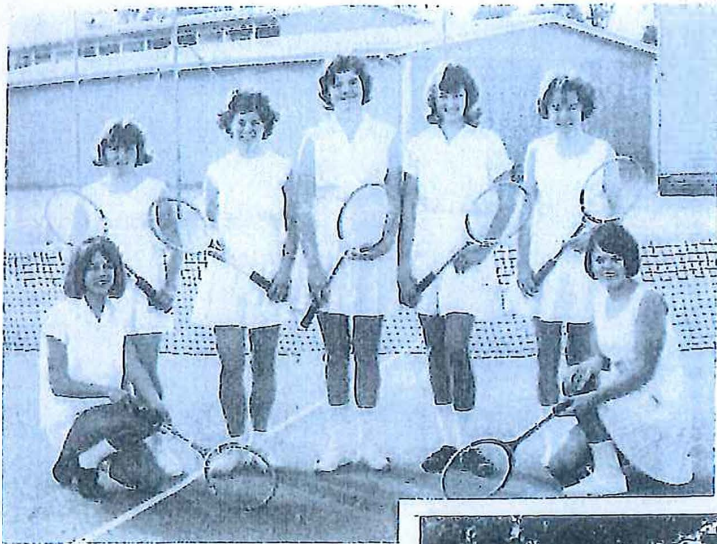
During Activities Week, the "A" basketball team played the male staff. The teachers won a hard-fought game, which was enjoyed by players and spectators alike.

All players wish to express their appreciation to the women staff who have assisted with umpiring, with special thanks going to the coaches, Miss Scholefield and Mrs. Gniel, and Miss Beck who organised all matches and assisted with umpiring.



"B" BASKETBALL:

B. Wiffers, Y. Harper, J. Weyland, J. Gordon, S. Dinkoff, J. Wickham, C. Magor, P. Nicks (capt.).



"A" and "B" GRADE TENNIS:

M. Magor, M. Gurney, D. Bailey, L. Scott, B. Wiffers, C. Tothill, ("B" capt.), C. Saint ("A" capt.).

"C" BAS KETBALL:

C. Abbott (capt.), L. McDonald, T. Bonora, S. Bailey, I. Varsanyi, S. Howcroft, J. Davis.



"D" BAS KETBALL:

P. Rosewell (capt.), S. Webb, R. Harrison, C. Barclay, L. Potter, J. Melhuish, E. Apitz.

"A" GRADE HOCKEY:

Back Row: J. Goddard, J. Barnes, D. Dinkoff, P. Moody, C. Tothill, J. DeBoo.

Front Row: J. Barnes, D. Bailey, M. Magor (capt.), M. Gurney, C. Olley.



"A" SOFTBALL:

Back Row: N. Liebelt, J. Barnes, J. Goddard, J. Weyland.

Front Row: P. Rosewell, S. Dinkoff, J. Smedley (capt.), C. Roberts, T. Bonora.

"B" SOFTBALL:

Back Row: I. Varsanyi, E. Apitz, S. Williams, J. Davis, M. Sargeant, D. Miller, J. Barnes, J. Wickham.



33

GIRLS' TENNIS

Once again, two teams were entered in the Elizabeth-Salisbury and District Tennis Association. The First Division team comprising Jenny Gavin, Christine Pollard, Christine Saint (capt.) and Shiela Ferguson were successful in winning the trophy. The Second Division team were runners-up for the trophy. The members of this team were Patricia Townsend, Christine Tohill (capt.), Betty Wiffers and Gail McDermott. Both shields were presented at an association social on Saturday, May 1st.

Inter-school matches were arranged on Thursday afternoons among Salisbury High, Elizabeth Girls' Technical School and Gawler High School. Our teams were not very successful, and we only won against Elizabeth High.

There were several different competitions during the year to determine the girls' tennis champion. The first year section was won by Jean Sanders and the second year by Pat Mopdy. Both of these girls were given the opportunity to enter into the senior school competition. There were about 30 entries altogether but Christine Saint finally defeated Pat Moody in the finals by 6-0.

Most of the girls who played for the school on Saturday mornings will be too old to enter again this year, and so it is hoped that there is enough interest among the younger students to enable further teams to compete.

GIRLS "A" HOCKEY

The school was represented this year by only one hockey team, an "A" team,, which elected Marjorie Magor to be its captain.

The first of the inter-school matches was against Elizabeth High School. With the little practice the team had had it was not surprising that they were defeated. However, with constant practice and improvement, they defeated Elizabeth Technical High School and were also victorious over Gawler High and Elizabeth High "B" team.

The most consistent players during the inter-school matches were Marjorie Magor and Janette Barnes. However, the rest of the team members gave of their best, making it possible for the team to be victorious against other schools.

SOFTBALL

This is the first year since 1962 that Salisbury High School had a softball team participating in the inter-school sports. Four matches were played in the first term against Elizabeth Tech. (twice) and Gawler and Elizabeth High Schools.

The first match was interesting and exciting when we drew against the Tech. School. Salisbury displayed tight fielding tactics but our batting let us down and we were defeated in the other three matches. Reliable Cheryl Roberts saved us many times at first base and pitcher Stephanie Dinkoff played intelligently and effectively.

Both "A" and "B" teams were expertly coached by Miss Grant, who is an experienced softball player, and we all thank her for the many valuable things she taught us about the game.

The response when softballers were asked for was rather poor and several places in the teams were filled by girls who had been recruited by teachers at the last moment. It is hoped that in the future more girls will show greater interest in softball.



"A" FOOTBALL:

Back Row: M. Flaherty, D. Southgate, G. Cunnett, T. Arnold, W. Errington, B. Dolphin, P. Forrest, G. Pearce.

Middle Row: D. Window, A. Stewart, D. Wilson, D. Wickham (capt.), J. Birch (vice-capt.), G. Fisher, A. Siciliano.

Front Row: R. Ursida, R. Bridges, A. Brown, P. Smith.

"A" CRICKET:

Back Row: R. Miller, G. Cunnett, T. Arnold, R. Bridges, D. Wickham, W. Beatty, N. Fischer, M. Flaherty.

Sitting: T. Nagel, A. Harris, A. Yardley, G. Pearce (capt.), A. Stewart, D. Wilson.



"A" SOCCER:

Back Row: R. Allcock, A. Harris, G. Pearce, W. Beattie.

Front Row: D. Charlton, J. Atterbury, J. Campbell.

"A" GRADE FOOTBALL

The "A" Grade football team, with Doug Wickham as captain, opened its account in the Inter-school Competition with a ten-goal win over Elizabeth High A1. Although we gave away "feet" in height to the opposition, all players combined well in a really first-class team effort. We continued in the same vein with a sixty-six point win over the Gawler A2 team. Once again our team work proved the winning factor.

The remaining matches were not so successful when we went down to an accomplished Gawler A1 side and were defeated by Elizabeth Technical School. Special mention must be made of the many smaller chaps in the side, the "mosquito fleet", who made up for their lack of inches with their fearlessness and determination.

The team members wish to thank Mr. Swanson and Mr. Walton for their interest.

Best Players: Jackson, Birch, Wickham, Tunn, Stewart. Goalkickers: Birch 5, Southgate 4, Arnold and Tunn each 3.

House Football

The House Football Competition once again provided good entertainment during the lunch hours. It also gave the junior school players a chance to show their ability. Among those to play well were J. Ivanoff (Florey), P. Smith (Mawson) and J. Bivone (Cairns). The shield was won by Florey who defeated Oliphant in an exciting final.

Premiership Table

	Played	Won	Lost	For	Against	Points
FLOREY	2	2	0	72	30	4
OLIPHANT	2	1	1	76	45	2
CAIRNS	2	1	1	31	42	2
MAWSON	2	0	2	15	67	0

"A" GRADE CRICKET

The Salisbury High School "A" cricket team was successful in winning all matches played in the first term. It defeated Elizabeth Boys Tech., Elizabeth High and Gawler. However, in the third term we had mixed fortunes, winning the first of two matches and losing the other.

The matches were decided on a points system: 1 point for each run and 1 point for each wicket. Although Salisbury High lost one match we still remained top of the schools in the competition.

Results of last two matches:

Salisbury High, 3 for 73; Wickham 33, Pearce 17, Tunn 13 defeated Elizabeth High, 8 for 95. Flaherty 3 for 12; Wilson 3 for 29; Harris 2 for 15. Salisbury High, 15.3 points; Elizabeth High, 12.5 points.

Salisbury High, 10 for 82; Yardly 21, Miller 17 were defeated by Elizabeth Tech., 8 for 96. Harris 4 for 14; Yardly 2 for 12; Pearce and Flaherty each 1. Points, Salisbury, 16.2; Elizabeth Tech., 19.6.

GREG PEARCE, *Captain*

"A" SOCCER

This year, 1965, under the supervision of Mr. Rigby, the school soccer team has had mixed fortunes.

We drew one match and lost two. The team this year was one of the smallest but every member played a solid game.

W. Beattie stood out in the defence, while Dobson's accurate kicking in the forwards kept the scores reasonable.

"A" GRADE FOOTBALL

The "A" Grade football team, with Doug Wickham as captain, opened its account in the Inter-school Competition with a ten-goal win over Elizabeth High A1. Although we gave away "feet" in height to the opposition, all players combined well in a really first-class team effort. We continued in the same vein with a sixty-six point win over the Gawler A2 team. Once again our team work proved the winning factor.

The remaining matches were not so successful when we went down to an accomplished Gawler A1 side and were defeated by Elizabeth Technical School. Special mention must be made of the many smaller chaps in the side, the "mosquito fleet", who made up for their lack of inches with their fearlessness and determination.

The team members wish to thank Mr. Swanson and Mr. Walton for their interest.

Best Players: Jackson, Birch, Wickham, Tunn, Stewart. Goalkickers: Birch 5, Southgate 4, Arnold and Tunn each 3.

House Football

The House Football Competition once again provided good entertainment during the lunch hours. It also gave the junior school players a chance to show their ability. Among those to play well were J. Ivanoff (Florey), P. Smith (Mawson) and J. Bivone (Cairns). The shield was won by Florey who defeated Oliphant in an exciting final.

Premiership Table

	Played	Won	Lost	For	Against	Points
FLOREY	2	2	0	72	30	4
OLIPHANT	2	1	1	76	45	2
CAIRNS	2	1	1	31	42	2
MAWSON	2	0	2	15	67	0

"A" GRADE CRICKET

The Salisbury High School "A" cricket team was successful in winning all matches played in the first term. It defeated Elizabeth Boys Tech., Elizabeth High and Gawler. However, in the third term we had mixed fortunes, winning the first of two matches and losing the other.

The matches were decided on a points system: 1 point for each run and 1 point for each wicket. Although Salisbury High lost one match we still remained top of the schools in the competition.

Results of last two matches:

Salisbury High, 3 for 73; Wickham 33, Pearce 17, Tunn 13 defeated Elizabeth High, 8 for 95. Flaherty 3 for 12; Wilson 3 for 29; Harris 2 for 15. Salisbury High, 15.3 points; Elizabeth High, 12.5 points.

Salisbury High, 10 for 82; Yardly 21, Miller 17 were defeated by Elizabeth Tech., 8 for 96. Harris 4 for 14; Yardly 2 for 12; Pearce and Flaherty each 1. Points, Salisbury, 16.2; Elizabeth Tech., 19.6.

GREG PEARCE, *Captain*

"A" SOCCER

This year, 1965, under the supervision of Mr. Rigby, the school soccer team has had mixed fortunes.

We drew one match and lost two. The team this year was one of the smallest but every member played a solid game.

W. Beattie stood out in the defence, while Dobson's accurate kicking in the forwards kept the scores reasonable.

BOYS' TENNIS

There were three championships held in the school this year in which there were 80 entries. There was a first year tournament won by T. Alderson and a second year tournament won by A. Nicholson. These two played off for the right to compete in the school championships won by Swetta Djukic. The standard of play throughout the three events was particularly high.

Inter-school Teams

The "A" team, consisting of S. Djukic, D. Southgate, J. Birch (capt.) and R. Wiseman, had a successful season defeating Elizabeth High and Elizabeth Tech. (twice). The only loss was to Gawler when we went down 4 sets 40 games to 2 sets 20 games. S. Djukic, the school champion, went through the matches undefeated and conceded only eight games. Team members wish to thank Mr. Swanson for his interest and guidance.

"B" TENNIS REPORT

The inter-school "B" tennis team captained by Robert Darling (3B) had mixed fortunes throughout the season. For the first match against the Elizabeth Boys' Tech. School our team only just won by 4 games. The other games against Elizabeth High and Gawler (2) were lost. Our next encounter with the Tech. boys resulted in a clear win for Salisbury. All members played to the best of their ability in every match. Our thanks are due to Mr. Swanson who gave up his time to encourage and instruct the team.

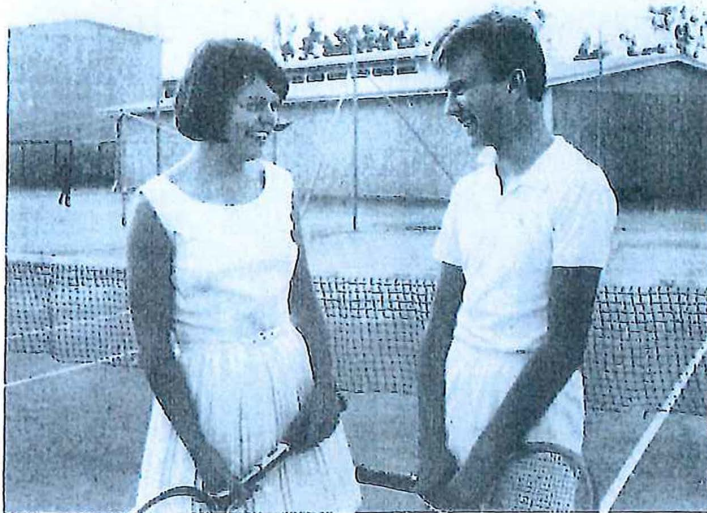
JUNIOR TENNIS

In the 1964-65 season two boys' teams were entered in the boys' division of the Salisbury-Elizabeth Association.

The Division II team, comprising M. Foreman (capt.), J. Green, A. Nicholson and G. Simcock, reached the finals but were beaten in a good match.

The Division III team, comprising C. Jeffrey (capt.), L. Copestake, J. Smith and R. Macaitis, proved too strong for their opposition and was undefeated throughout the season and became Premiers after defeating Virginia in the finals.

All team members wish to thank Mr. Swanson for his interest and help, all other members of the Staff who supported the teams during the season, and also parents who supplied transport.



TENNIS CHAMPIONS: C. Saint, S. Djukic.



LACROSSE:

Back Row: J. Dicker, M. Lewis, P. Prenter, K. Cudarans, P. Reed, V. Osis, T. Beldi.

Front Row: R. Smith, W. Chapman, N. Brown, B. Bald.

"A" HOCKEY:

Back Row: W. Errington, D. Charlton, I. Haese, J. Johnson, D. Phippen, R. Latrobe, E. Rankin.

Front Row: M. Maurovic, R. Miller, R. Holloway, F. Van Proojen, A. Bassett.



"B" HOCKEY:

Back Row: M. Wright, L. Copestake, M. Foreman, G. Georgopoulos, D. McPetridge, P. Madejewski, A. Lewis, K. Lowndes.

Front Row: M. Lowe, K. Goodway, J. McConarchy, J. Leatham, S. May.

LACROSSE

1965 was "third time lucky" in more ways than one for the school lacrosse team, since not only were we successful in winning more games in this, our third season, than any other (eight games out of twelve), but we also came third on the Premiership Table.

All team members are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm, but the honours must surely go to our Mr. Chambers who served the functions of coach, recruiting officer, umpire and first aid man during the year.

While the team relaxes and recovers from its wounds of last season, we have no doubts that our hard-working factotum is already planning to shake the top team from its position next year.

Thanks also should be given to Mr. Cudarans who donated a trophy for the best and fairest player of the season. This was won by Paul Prenter.

BOYS' HOCKEY

First Team B3 Grade

The school "A" team entered the Saturday morning competition this year with only four members of last year's "A" team. However, we were not handicapped thanks to an influx of enthusiastic players from last year's "B" team.

Right from the very first game we proved ourselves one of the top teams in the grade and the whole season consisted of a stream of victories. We entered the finals at the top of the table and being undefeated we were minor premiers.

As we had predicted we met our closest rivals, Westminster, in the first semi-final, and although we only had a team of ten, we ran out the winners with a score of 3-2. This win put us straight into the Grand Final, and two weeks later we met Norwood Boys' Technical High School in what was to be our closest and most important game of the season. In the first half, Norwood managed to score, and we were very unlucky not to have scored, as on several occasions our forwards broke through the Norwood defence. In the second half a more determined Salisbury team returned onto the field, and within five minutes of the centre bully we scored our first goal. Taking full advantage of the upset it was not long before our second goal was scored. Norwood, however, tied up the scores at two all, five minutes before full time was called, and it was found necessary to have a time-on period. In the first five minute period we once again scored from a pass from the left-winger. The score, 3-2, stood until the final whistle was sounded.

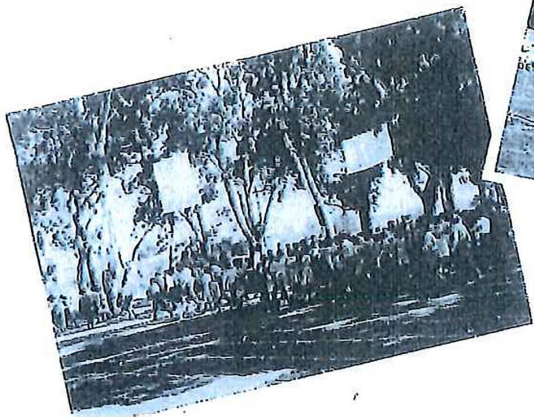
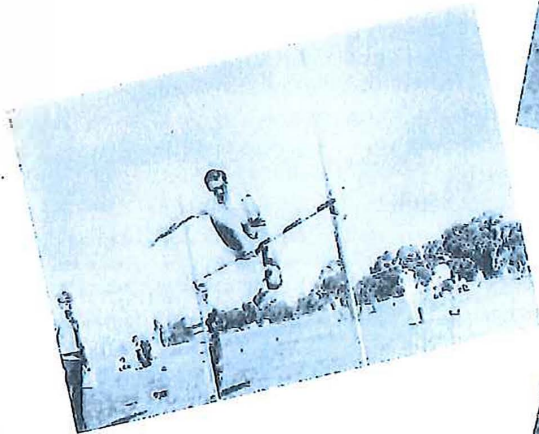
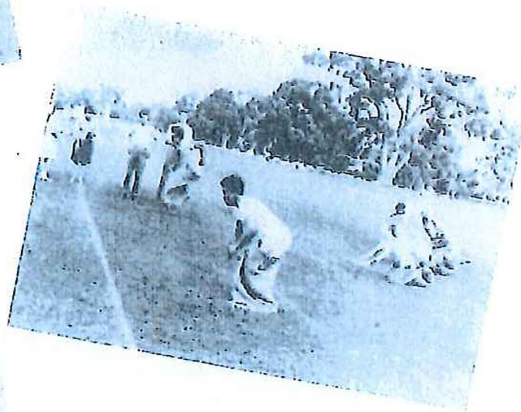
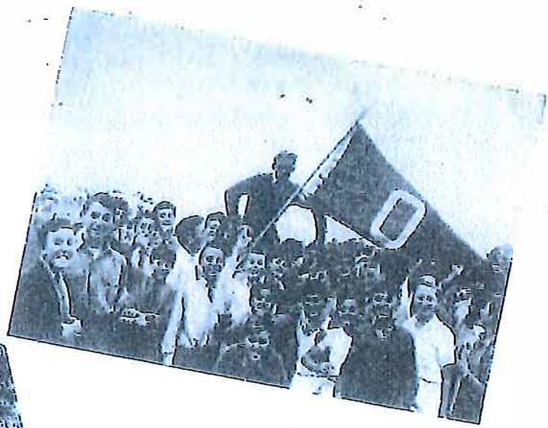
Throughout the season we have had many outstanding players, but our premiership was only gained through a team effort, and no one person could take the credit for what the "whole" team achieved.

Second Team Under 14B

We again entered two teams into the Saturday morning competition this year, with the hope of allowing younger players to gain some experience. Due to the inexperience of most of the "B" team players they were handicapped, but through determination and enthusiasm they eventually won several of the later matches, and most certainly improved with each and every game.

Both teams would like to take this opportunity to thank our two coaches, Mr. K. Hinkly and Mr. A. Summerton, both of whom gave up their free time to train the teams.

Sports Day
1965



INTERSCHOOL ATHLETICS

Salisbury High School performed much better than expected, coming 4th overall on the day, and defeating both the Elizabeth High School and the combined Elizabeth Technical-High Schools. Hence honours for the local area definitely went to our school.

Performances

Girls open 100 yards—4th Marjorie Magor
 Girls open circle gap—2nd
 Junior girls circle gap—4th
 *Girls open high jump—1st Jane Saville
 Junior boys 440 yards—4th Jim Smith
 Boys open 440 yards—3rd Doug Wickham
 Junior boys broad jump—2nd Graham Reed
 Junior girls 90 yards hurdles—4th Loretta Marron
 *Junior boys high jump—1st Gavin Johnson
 Girls open corner spry—4th
 Junior girls 75 yards—2nd Daphne Dinkoff
 Junior boys triple jump—2nd Gavin Johnson
 *Senior girls relay—1st M. Magor, J. Saville, C. Errington, J. Smedley

SCHOOL SPORTS DAY

Winners of Cup Events

Senior Girls Long Jump M. Saville (F)
 Junior Girls Long Jump M. Gurney (M)
 Sub-Junior Girls Long Jump J. Sanders (F)
 Senior Boys Long Jump R. Wilson (O)
 Junior Boys Long Jump D. Wilson (O)
 Sub-Junior Boys Long Jump R. Henderson (O)
 Senior Girls High Jump J. Saville (F)
 Junior Girls High Jump M. Mitchell (M)
 Sub-Junior Girls High Jump J. Sanders (F)
 Senior Boys High Jump K. Cudarans (O)
 Junior Boys High Jump G. Johnson (O)
 Sub-Junior Boys High Jump J. Bridgewater (M)
 Senior Girls Hop, Step and Jump M. Saville (F)
 Junior Girls Hop, Step and Jump D. Dinkoff (O), M. Mitchell (F)
 Sub-Junior Girls Hop, Step and Jump J. Sanders (F)
 Senior Boys Hop, Step and Jump D. Wickham (F)
 Junior Boys Hop, Step and Jump D. Wilson (O)
 Sub-Junior Boys Hop, Step and Jump J. Spaans (C)
 Senior Girls Hurdles J. Saville (F)
 Junior Girls Hurdles L. Marron (M)
 Sub-Junior Girls Hurdles J. Sanders (G)
 Senior Boys Hurdles D. Wickham (F)
 Junior Boys Hurdles D. Wilson (O)
 Junior Boys Hurdles D. Wilson (O), G. Reed (C)
 Sub-Junior Boys Hurdles J. Bridgewater (M)
 Senior Girls 75 yards J. Saville (F)
 Junior Girls 75 yards D. Dinkoff (O)
 Sub-Junior Girls 75 yards L. McDonald (O)
 Junior Boys 75 yards D. Wilson (O)
 Sub-Junior Boys 75 yards R. Behrendt (C)
 Senior Girls 100 yards M. Magor (C)
 Junior Girls 100 yards D. Dinkoff (O)
 Sub-Junior Girls 100 yards L. McDonald (O)
 Senior Boys 100 yards D. Wickham (F)
 Junior Boys 100 yards D. Wilson (O)
 Sub-Junior Boys 100 yards P. Zeleny (F)
 Senior Boys 220 yards D. Wickham (F)
 Junior Boys 220 yards D. Wilson (O)
 Senior Boys 440 yards D. Wickham (F)
 Junior Boys 440 yards G. Wyithe (O)
 Senior Boys 880 yards D. Wickham (F)

SUB-JUNIOR GIRLS' CUP

1. J. Sanders (F)
2. L. McDonald (O)

JUNIOR GIRLS' CUP

1. D. Dinkoff (O)
2. M. Mitchell (M)

SENIOR GIRLS' CUP

1. J. Saville (F)
2. M. Magor (C)

SUB-JUNIOR BOYS' CUP

1. R. Henderson (O)
2. J. Bridgewater (M)

JUNIOR BOYS' CUP

1. D. Wilson (O)
2. G. Johnson (O)

SENIOR BOYS' CUP

1. D. Wickham (F)
2. R. Wilson (O)

