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MAGAZINE 1966

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# Achieving a Goal

Just as in sport the gaining of a goal is the pinnacle of the players' efforts, so in the game of life, we all strive harder and achieve greater success when we start off with a goal at which to aim.

In your years at High School it is most desirable that you start with some goal towards which you ever strive. You should set your goal at all times high enough to require your best efforts but not so high that you will give up the struggle half-way. This would only invite defeat.

As you progress through the school, your goals will change. You will aim higher; perhaps you may choose as your goal the completion of the matriculation course; before you complete that, you may be planning a course at a University or Institute of Technology, and from there a still higher achievement.

However, let me issue the warning given to an undergraduate not to waste valuable time, in thought, spending the salary you may get as a magistrate, when you should be concentrating on learning your constitutional History to pass your first year university course. You must keep your aims and efforts in proper perspective.

All sensible students will realise that they cannot hope to occupy the boss's chair without giving the necessary time and effort to learn to carry out the duties of less important positions, all of which are necessary in a well-organised business or society.

Not all students leaving this school will aim to carry on with tertiary education at a University or similar institution. Nevertheless, I can assure you that for you there are other higher goals for you to seek. You, who will soon leave high school to take your places in the wider world, can aim to raise the standard of your thoughts and actions to such a level that your fellow men will look up to you and admire the nobility of your character, which is one of man's finest possessions.

During my four years as Head of Salisbury High School I have seen many changes here; many new students and new teachers, all passing on, aiming, we hope, at some higher goal. I shall not be returning to this school next year, so I would like to wish all students and all teachers all the success they deserve according to their enthusiasm and effort.

May you all be worthy of this great school in which we have all worked together with a common aim, to develop character through education.

L. G. ATWELL  
Head Master

Salisbury High School



# Editorial

*When I was in second year my brother was doing his Leaving. This was his last year at school and, because he was always talking of leaving this "prison", getting a job and earning money, I thought he would be very happy when the last day of that year finally came. After the assembly that day, with the thought of seven weeks' holiday, I happily raced after my brother; but as we got our bikes out of the rack I saw that he had tears in his eyes.*

*I wondered at the time, what had caused the tears. Now, however, that I and many others are about to leave school, some of us after five years here, I understand how hard the parting is: to leave the teachers and fellow-students and the school itself, perhaps never to see them again.*

*Even though many will scoff at these remarks, I feel that most of us, especially the older ones, will have mixed feelings of excitement, gratitude and sorrow as we walk for the last time through the gates of our school.*





## BAKE THIS DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE SPONGE CAKE

### *Instructions:*

3 eggs, 1 teacup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons Bournville Cocoa,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 teaspoonful butter.

Beat eggs and sugar together until creamy, fold in lightly the sifted flour and cocoa and lastly the hot milk in which the butter has been melted. Bake in moderate-to-hot oven approximately 10-12 minutes.

As instructions are supposed to be understandable for the unintelligent, as well as for the intelligent, let us examine what could happen if the former of these two decides to bake a cake. "Beat eggs and sugar together." "Beat" in dictionary means "to strike repeatedly." Imagine the mess that would be made if he began to hammer the living daylights out of three eggs and a cup of sugar, if he did not realise that they were supposed to be put in a bowl first. He would also have a hard job trying to fold the flour and cocoa. "To fold" means "to bend double", and it is extremely hard to bend a cup of self-raising flour or to bend a tablespoon of cocoa.

This may seem difficult, but it is comparatively easy to try to bend a cup of hot milk. If he assumes that "fold" should be interpreted by "pour in" and does pour in the hot milk, he then reads "in which the butter has been melted" and realizes that he is left with a teaspoonful of melted butter, with nowhere to go. In an attempt to hide his mistake he pours this on top of his "mixture". There are no further instructions before the cooking part and so we shall examine what he has created so far.

There is a central mass of broken eggs and sugar which is supposed to look creamy. This is partly hidden by some flour and cocoa which has been sprinkled over the top and also by a cupful of milk which has been poured over it. There is also a pool of melted butter on top, and a pinch of salt which was not used. On cooking this the butter and the eggs should fry slightly; the milk and cocoa will burn; and the flour and sugar will produce some type of puffy sweet substance. The overall effect should be a mixture between scrambled eggs and burnt candy floss.

GEOFF REES, 5A.

## BLUE

Blue! A colour, the sea, the sky; it seems almost eternal. How nice it is to look up into a clouded sky and see a patch of blue proudly peeping through. That seems to cheer me up more than anything else, especially when everything is so cold and miserable. The change of colour up in the sky seems to put a completely different light on things and make people feel much happier.

But it seems to be a hypocritical colour for not only does it make people feel happy, but sad. Everybody is said to have a "blue mood" at some time or another, to have feelings of extreme depression and dismay. What a useful little word this is. For I always use this when describing my favourite kind of music — "Blues". This music is best sung by negroes because of their wonderfully deep voices. It is generally slow and rhythmical, but to one who does not appreciate it, very depressing. To listen to "blues" music, to me, is a wonderful way of relaxing.

When thinking of blue as a colour, I am always reminded of my favourite boat team, Cambridge University, in England, who always wear light blue. This race has been a tradition for many, many years — and so has the colour. School, too, is also a great reminder of this wonderful colour. I have been to five different schools in my life and the uniform has always been blue, but each one a different shade.

A famous saying (by many people) is "Once in a Blue Moon", meaning not very often, rarely. The Royal Family are also associated with blue — blue blood. They are said to be people born of aristocratic blood. It is the custom to dress baby boys in blue, but how many mothers do? Instead, a great deal of embarrassment can be caused trying to figure out the sex of a small baby lying in a pram. But whatever blue means to other people, sky, sea, babies, clothes, it will ever mean one special thing to me and that is England and the bluebells!

BARBARA BODY, 2G





### THE SENIOR SINGING GROUP

Valery Stokes, Sharon Benson, Anne Paton, Eleftheria Glouftsis, Peggy Wiffers and Gillian Sellar have brought much credit to the school by their activities as the senior singing group. They have appeared at many functions which include the official opening of the Octagon Theatre, Youth for Christ rallies and more recently, the Festival of Music, held in the Adelaide Town Hall, where they were given a special recommendation by Mr. Slee, the conductor. These girls owe their success to the songs they sing, their devotion to their singing and the pleasure and enjoyment that they get from singing folk songs and negro spirituals. But here one very important factor in their success is being ignored: their instructress, Mrs. Clark. The generous sacrifice of her own time and the pleasure that she gets from it have made Mrs. Clark a favourite of the girls, who really appreciate her work. We are all very proud of Mrs. Clark and her group and grateful to them for the pleasure they have given us at school and music-lovers in many other places.

GEOFF TURNER.

### LIBRARY REPORT

The Library this year has been a great credit to our school. It has provided students with not only the usual means of information, but has given them the opportunity of learning more about books and reading through the book week display and through the successful display and sale of the "Penguin" books.

Our librarian this year, Mrs. Drawing, has made a great effort to restore the library to a simple system in order to encourage more students to become interested in books. The junior school shows more enthusiasm in the use of the library than the senior school, but I feel sure that with the \$200 encyclopaedia just introduced to the library, the senior students will take the opportunity of seeking the help of this knowledge in their studies.

A wide variety of novels are borrowed each week and at present detective stories are very popular. The most popular of the non-fiction books are those on history, sports and amusement. A great deal of interest has been devoted to the care of fashion and mechanics magazines, which prove very popular.

Special thanks go to the students who have helped Mrs. Drawing in her difficult task of covering books, cataloguing and assisting in the general maintenance of the library.

I hope the library will be appreciated by the whole school as a useful source of learning and enjoyment.

B. GUDIŖSEN.



## A MOTOR-BIKE SCRAMBLE

Fixing my jacket I swept out of the bedroom and bounded down the stairs four at a time. It was Easter Sunday and our village was holding a Motor-Bike scramble in the hills behind it. The day was sunny and a cool breeze blew from time to time. Saying a hurried goodbye to my parents I left the house and entered my friend's steadily purring car. We then sped off to the village and the track. I had previously arranged to help take money at the entrance and so, on arriving I left my friend who went on up to the track to have a practice lap. People began to arrive in hordes. A few late competitors to begin with, and then the fans. Now the time had come for me to be on up to the track.

This was only the third scramble our village had organized, but the older selection of the inhabitants had already objected violently. They all believed that it was a criminal occupation for a Sunday. What good did it do? was their favourite question. Surely people did not enjoy this so-called sport. They wanted the village to remain quiet and peaceful, not echoing with the roar of engines. It astounded them to think that people enjoyed watching men and boys skidding round a dangerous track. The noise, dirt, dust and injuries all added to the disadvantage of the sport, if it could be called that. But against all opposition and arguments the scramble was planned.

Huddled up in my jacket I strode up the hill with the cool breeze blowing in my face. What a day! There looked to be a good crowd — at least a couple of thousand. I wandered to the edge of the track, enthusiasm increasing within me. The riders were all lined up for the start of the third race. Down went the flag and the ceaseless roar of the engines heightened. The bikes sped round the slippery track, flicking and spilling mud in all directions, the revving of the engines overpowering and then subsiding to a low rattle on the other side of the track. Excitement grew lap after lap. Reckless riders skidded and rolled in the slush and got up to try again. The final lap and the riders came in view. Splattered from head to toe in dirt they flew across the line. A roar filled the air. Chris Horsefield, the champion, had won once again.

Intent on getting some autographs, I wandered off in the direction of the cycle enclosure. People were everywhere, laughing, joking, licking at ice creams and smoking glowing cigarettes. Still the scramble continued, giving undisguised pleasure to the majority.

The last race had come and gone and now the weary satisfied people were making their way home. Once again the village was quiet. The scramble had been a huge success in spite of the severe criticism of many inhabitants of the village.

PAMELA GOWAN, 4A

## THE SCHOOL BUILDING

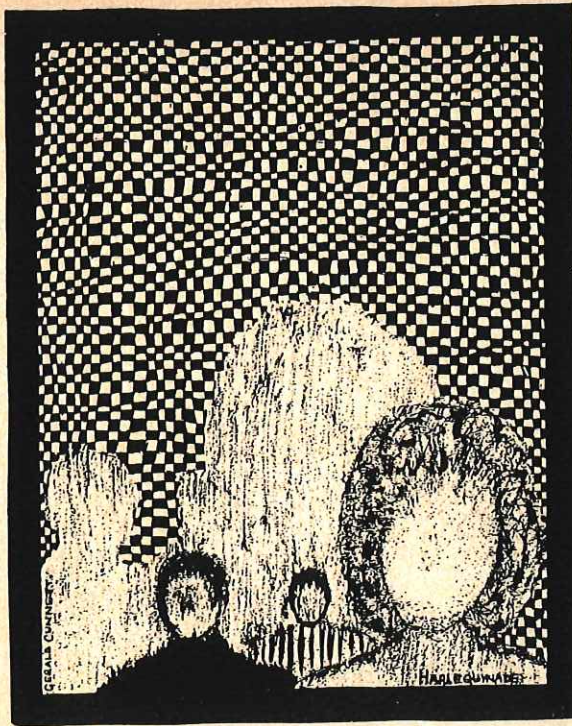
The buzzer sounds and soon the classrooms and corridors are empty. Except for a few muffled noises penetrating from outside, all is quiet. Books lie closed on the desks and hundreds of chairs are getting cold. The bright sun, shining through the large windows, is reflected off the desks and dances on the walls. A gentle breeze penetrates the rooms and here and there catches the bottom of a loosely pinned notice, sending a rustling noise as a pleasant interlude to near perfect quiet.

Once again the buzzer blows and within a few seconds the walls resound with the voices of students in a playful mood. Books are re-opened and chairs are once again warmed. Teachers shout orders to slow-moving pupils and grab hold of others who are moving too fast. In the class-rooms animated discussions continue, filling the building with the buzz of busy tongues. Chairs bang against desks, and books and pens drop to the floor. Suddenly, a shout of "He's coming!" brings silence once again.

I, McFETRIDGE, 4A

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### LITTLE BOY LOST

The city by day was unromantic, dusty and unfriendly. It was nothing like the glorious fire which it holds by night; the beauty and soft brilliance of lights and colour, silhouetted against the inky sky. It was beautiful, captivating, mysterious and intoxicating.

But not to him. In the boiling heat of midday, he was lost. Torn from the protection of his mother's skirt, he was left alone to fend for himself.

The miles of grey, musty pavement stretched out before him. Looming ahead was the road, drifting into infinity like a ribbon, without an end. Hundreds of heels stuck to the melting tar, with a click-clack. Click-click-click. The noise spun around his little head, and he faced the sea of faces bravely. They swept him along like a piece of rubble; his feet were hot, shoe laces undone. The new leather rubbed his fragile skin, blistering it.

With tears glistening in his eyes, he sat on the edge of the gutter, and extracted the shoes from his sticky feet. With socks stuffed in his pockets, he dabbled his feet in the cold water, issuing from the street sweeper which was swishing along the gutters.

And all the time he was searching; searching for that face — the one which would smile — the one which would recognize him; the arms that would sweep him up and cling to him, claiming him as theirs. But no, no kind face, nothing.

"Gutter boy, Gutter boy." The harsh words struck him, and he found himself facing a crowd of wild-eyed people, hard cruel eyes, always staring, staring —

All he could do was run. Blindly his little legs carried him, stumbling over a stone and being pushed by large blobs of people.

Then he saw it. A kind face — smiling at him? Was it her? He ran over the road to the face. A screech of brakes, cursing of drivers and a shatter of glass. The crowd groaned.

Picking himself up, he glanced at the wreck left behind him. Two cars were a tangled mess. His life had been spared, but still he was lost.

Lost? There she was. Her face, too, was tear streaked. Her hair ruffled, her shoes dusty. Running to her arms, his troubles melted into a flood of tears, and once more, he felt the security of a mother, a gentle voice, and a smile that showed only love.

FRANCES SHAW, 4B



## A PLACE, A TIME, A SOLDIER

It erupted before him — a blinding, tearing, searing flash of tortured steel. He felt the earth sway beneath his feet, the sky turn and the rich brown soil rush to meet him with irresistible force.

He was conscious of no pain, only of a moist sensation in his throat and of the presence of some warm, sticky liquid which was trickling down the haggard contours of his face, dripping from his fevered chin onto the cool earth below. He knew well what that liquid was.

He heard something and looked up. Who were those men approaching? Then he realized what faced him — for the first time in his carefree life, the grim countenance of irresistible death confronted him, in all its coldness and resolution of purpose.

In the few seconds before his already glazed eyes closed forever, his mind raced — activated as it was by the sudden recognition of his own imminent fate — over past forgotten days of hope, joy, triumph and pain. His mind revealed to his long-dormant senses, the forgotten book of his childhood with its new unregainable joys and security. He saw among the pictures which flitted before his fast-fading mind, one of a handsome boy, being led from a sportsfield, by a beaming, proud father in whose parental hold was a much sought-after and dearly achieved trophy; and another, in contrast with the former, of the same boy, a little older, standing on the verge of an open grave, mixing his painful tears with those of the seemingly condolent rain-soaked gums above him, which poured their captured rain-drops down in incessant barrage onto the grey flagstones below.

A cloud seemed to pass over these remembrances, and, as it faded away again, a new picture took its place. He saw himself, only a day before, being awoken by the golden fingers of the rising sun. He saw himself, as he had got up and walked into the dew-sprinkled garden, and again, he felt, as he had felt then, the cool tingling sensation of the cold dew on his warm and bare feet.

All again became obscured in deep shadow; and cleared revealing a scene in which he had been scarcely hours before, but which now seemed an interminable age away — a distinct picture of a young man looking out of a fast-climbing aircraft, onto the town of his childhood, with an apple blossom, pressed into his hand by his mother, in his clenched fist, and a tear in his eye. A cloud covered the town, even as another such cloud obscured forever a man's life.

He heard a rustle, as of stealthy, booted feet behind him. He smiled. He glimpsed a sudden flash of cold steel, and all was over. His eyes closed, and his killers left him there, on the blood-soaked battlefield — a mute reminder to man of his own brutality.

GERALD PARKER, 34





## MY DREAMS

Often in my bed I lie  
And think of things beyond the sky.  
I think of men upon the moon  
And wonder if I'll see them soon.  
A Martian I have heard and seen  
Sometimes upon the T.V. screen,  
And in my dreams through space I go  
Just like a space man, speeding so.  
Then, with a noise just like a jet,  
The alarm goes off, and up I get.

JILL DREWER, 2C

## TREASURED POSSESSIONS

Treasured possessions to me are what my mother calls "junk". I have a wardrobe full of them, collected over many years, and which my mother would pay me to get rid of. There are old books, letters, dolls and countless other "odds and ends" which Mum says are worthless but with which I could not bear to part.

One of my favourites is an old doll with no hair (my brother helpfully removed it many years ago; perhaps he was going to restyle it), one and a half legs (the other half melted when dolly sat too near to the fire) and one arm. The other arm is amongst my books somewhere, but she has grown so familiar with only one arm that it would seem a shame to give her two. She looks rather like a battle-worn bald Napoleon, and sits proudly in the corner of my wardrobe where she is free of all mocking laughs, "queen of Pam's junk."

Another priceless article is an old fairy-tale book which originally had six hundred pages, but now has about four hundred. The missing two hundred odd pages have been lost over the years, but most of the stories are still readable. Often, when I have been cleaning up the wardrobe, I have stopped to read some of my favourite stories again. My family laughs at me when they see me reading it; they do not appreciate the stories. My cat was more appreciative than they; at least she liked chewing the cover!

I have many gifts from penpals in my "junk cupboard", too. There is a deer-hide purse with a beaded design of an Indian from Canada which loses a few more beads every day. That was the cat's fault, too; anybody would think that we starved her the way she chewed everything. Perhaps she fancied herself as the feline version of a wine-taster — a junk-chewer. There are cards from birthdays and other occasions which are half cut off (in Primary School we used to stick pictures on the front of our exercise books) and now lie unused in a shoe box. Of course, they could not possibly be thrown away; who knows when I may need them again?

My mother has tried all sorts of sneaky ways to get me to dispose of all, or at least some, of my collection. She tells me that she has cleaned up my wardrobe and has left a pile of "rubbish" on the floor. I am to sort out what I want, and throw the rest away. Naturally she has left half the contents of the wardrobe piled on the floor, and it is quite an effort trying to get past it into my room. As I sort through it. I divide it into two piles: the real rubbish and pieces from my collection. Usually all of the original pile goes back into the wardrobe, but now and then I discard one or two things, just to keep Mum happy.

In spite of all the tidying up it causes Mum and me, I would not swap my so-called "junk" for anything; it has brought my cat and me far more pleasure than anything else I have owned, and means a great deal to me. The pieces in my collection (so rudely called "junk" by everyone else) are truly "treasured possessions."

PAM YARROW, 4A



## WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE A SCHOOLBOY

Adults insist that the school years are, "the best years of your life." I fail to see how they can arrive at this conclusion. Between the ages of one and four, a boy spends all of his time at home with nothing to do all day but play around the house. Then, suddenly he is whisked off his feet and placed in a sort of glorified prison camp, which, he is taught, is school. At first it is difficult for him to accept this change, but after about a year he settles in. It seems that no sooner has he settled in than he is moved into another class where his work is harder and he has to begin the settling-in routine all over again.

In the course of a normal school day, a boy is worked hard by his teachers, then he is sent home to be nagged at by his parents at tea, then after tea is expected to do at least three hours of homework. This leaves him about half an hour's leisure time before bed. All through the school week he is counting the hours to the next week-end. Then, when the week-end finally arrives, he finds that he has only a few shillings to spend. He makes arrangements to go out on the Saturday night, only to find that his parents are going out and he has to baby-sit.

The money situation is one of the worst problems of being a schoolboy. He receives a very meagre allowance every Friday, which means that if he wants anything special, he can wait until Christmas, his birthday or he can save up for a long time and buy it himself.

Another problem of being a schoolboy is that he does not have any freedom of speech. If his father has a different idea about a subject, it is pointless trying to argue with him, as the adults always revert to the primitive methods involving violence and pain. A teacher, too, can stand up in front of about forty people and say exactly what he thinks about a particular person. If a student were to try this with the teacher, he could be thrown out of school. This would not be such a bad punishment really, if it were not for the dishonour and the trouble it would bring when trying to get a job.

When beginning at high school, a boy is usually quite proud to be seen in the school uniform, but, as he goes further up the school, he would rather wear anything than this uniform. This is quite understandable in some cases. For example, a six foot boy can look quite ridiculous in a school uniform, especially if a cap is required, as in most English schools.

To sum it all up, being a schoolboy isn't as marvellous as these adults try to make out. We have hardly any freedom, no one respects us, we have hardly any money and we have adults to make our lives miserable. But, our day will come, and I, for one, will try to make life more pleasant for the schoolboy of the future.

TERRY WATSON, 4A

## PROGRESS

Majestic and proud, stands the school that I love,  
On acres of lawn, sparkling green in the rain,  
Protected by gums, stretched out to above.  
The school that perhaps I will ne'er see again.  
A crack in the window, a web, old and dusty,  
The board damp and warped, and the chalk on the sill,  
The books on the shelves, smelling old and so musty,  
The door creaking open; the draught brings a chill.  
No more the rain on the roof; or the sun,  
No more the laughter that echoes so gay,  
No more the singing, the jokes or the fun.  
Soon school is a place of my yesterday.  
The world's there to face me; I must leave school behind  
To emerge from my childhood, unsteady, unsure.  
These walls can't protect me, a world's there to find,  
But I'll linger awhile, say good-bye just once more.

FRANCES SHAW, 4B



## SAND AND SEA

Millions of boulders, rocks, pebbles; eroded, bashed, rubbed; washed into trillions of tiny bits of sand. Sand, sand, sand. Sand melting between my toes; flowing from my hands, pouring and powdering to the beach, its source. Thrown to the wind, twisted, into a circle, strewn out at a tangent, returning to the beach. And water, green, cool, salt, mouth-drying, filled with life. Pouring onto the beach, wetting. Being drawn into the sand, life blood, frothing. White nausea, bubbling, hisses. Up, down; up, down. Onto the sand, off the sand, onto the beach, off the beach. More nausea, bigger swell, harder, higher waves. White comes up white goes down. White comes up — "Back! Back, I say, back!"

One runs down, and the nausea withdraws, hisses! As if afraid. But soon regains strength, soon regains courage. Rushes forth. One runs back up the beach. The fright has changed. One does not want to get wet. Fresh chilled. Water wets, wind dries, cold. Soon a fire is raging on the beach, on the dry part. Many small creatures are dying in the heat. Flying into it, burning, popping. Pop, pop, pop. Dying. But there are billions of them; they don't seem to mind. And the wood, dry. Brown. Hot. Turning to heat, to smoke. Sweet scent of wood smoke, smelled by an agile nose. One comes running.

FRANK MIHAJLOV, 5A.

## TWELFTH NIGHT

"I won't take it. I refuse to!"

"You will so, and don't argue. If you don't watch yourself you won't be going at all."

Oh damn! Why were some parents so difficult? Oh well, anything to keep them quiet -- I'll take it.

The object of the argument was an innocent blue raincoat. I was going to Theatre '62 with a few other Inter's to see "Twelfth Night" the play we were studying this year. The night was cold and rainy — we knew it was too much to hope for good weather. Finally we left for the school.

The bus was waiting. (Relief! I wasn't the only one with a raincoat!) Everyone was gay and the noise gradually rose until we were reprimanded by our escort, Mr. Williams. Berets, scarves and gloves were passed around and some of the boys looked quite charming with the girls' berets on. Soon we began our drive, and headed for the other side of town. Unfortunately, we all felt rather conspicuous for the bus lights were left on and we knew that everyone could see us, but we were unable to distinguish anyone or anything in the pitch black night. Familiar sights gradually slipped away as we neared our destination.

We stepped off the bus to be met by a cold sharp wind — we dashed into the lobby which we found to be partially occupied by other high school students. Soon we began to drift into the theatre which was surprisingly small. We sat down to face a delightfully decorated stage. The lights dimmed, the stage lights flickered on and the play began. The actors looked striking in their 15th Century costumes of vivid oranges, blues, and pinks, set sparkling by sequins. The women's dresses were elaborate and beautiful. Sir Andrew and Sir Toby provided excellent humour throughout the night as did many other characters (including those who weren't supposed to!).

One was not conscious of the fact that the same setting (except one piece of a revolving stage) was used for the same scenes. Finally the play drew to its close and a round of applause sounded appreciation of the actors. On the way home many opinions were expressed. Some had enjoyed it, others had thought it to be a little disappointing, but it was without doubt a very entertaining evening.

EVELYN ELIEFF, 3A



### A PROSCRIPTION

Lock up those lugubrious lamentors!  
Who cry to the sun  
That their lives are undone,  
Those who never enthuse  
Though they've nothing to lose,  
Any love they deny  
All they want is to die.

Proscribe those pernicious pretenders!  
The ones who decry  
All the joy in your eye,  
And who look in your mind  
For the love they can't find,  
Who will squeeze out your soul  
Like a sponge, in a bowl.

Mortify those magniloquent mortals!  
Who think that their minds  
Leave all others behind,  
Those who scorn from above  
And deride hope and love  
Who hold all in contempt  
None of us are exempt.

Suppress these superfluous strangers!  
It's not yet too late  
To destroy all this hate;  
But before we react  
Let's consider the fact  
That unless we refrain  
Few of us will remain!

NICK SHUTTLEWORTH, 5A



### A JOYOUS MOMENT

My heart was beating wildly as I lined up with the competitors from the other schools.

It was my first inter-school competition and I was the only new challenger among the well-known school champions. As the last girl stepped into the divers area, a mighty roar of clapping and cheering broke loose from the students, as they recognised the winner of the past three carnivals. I was glad to be surrounded by the noise for it eased by nervousness considerably.

A voice was heard over the loudspeaker announcing the first entrant. She was not only the carnival champion but also the representative of a well-known school and she was loudly applauded as she climbed the ladder for her high dive. I watched her as she fell gracefully through the air in a one and a half somersault and hit the water with a loud splash. She was very good but her score was only seven out of eight points which was disappointing for a girl of her talents.

As I was the last contestant to dive I did not watch the others for a while, for I wondered whether I would ever have a chance against her.

I felt a light nudge and heard a voice saying, "You're next". I stood up shyly and proceeded to climb. I was halfway up the ladder when I noticed a small group from our school, confidently watching my every move. As I reached the top I also noticed my coach sitting with his fingers crossed but looking as though he had complete faith in me. I was glad someone had.

At the edge of the platform I turned my back to the pool and the spectators, took one deep breath and fell into a backward dive. My senses flew as I curled up for a somersault and straightened out to strike the cold, clear water. It was the same frightening feeling that I always felt when I dived, but it was the feeling I loved. When I climbed out of the pool, I was quickly surrounded by my cheering friends, and the announcement came that I had won the carnival by one point. I was so happy that I cried.

BENTE GUDIKNEN, 3A.



## TERROR IN THE DARK

As usual, the holidays went too fast and we were soon on our way back to the air terminal ready for me to catch the evening plane back to Adelaide. It was a horrible day, not only because I was coming back to school, but it had been raining and the roads were wet and slippery and the wind had blown branches off in front of us.

At the airport we found the plane had been delayed. When it eventually landed we were told that because of the high winds the pilot did not think we would be able to land at Adelaide but would probably have to go on to Melbourne. I was really excited, and thought I was going to get a free trip interstate.

The take-off was bumpy and my stomach went up while I stayed down, but I did not mind that. As we left the ground it started to rain and all those who were looking out of the windows could no longer see the buildings below.

We hit some more air pockets and a few of the little children began to cry. It was raining harder and the windows were covered with rain going sideways instead of downwards. Outside it was dark and eerie but inside it was warm with bright lights making us seem in a world of our own. Then it started to thunder. We could hear the noise above the roar of the engines. Great white lines of jagged lightning followed and we seemed to be held in their bright light and below us we could see the grey heaving sea. A little baby started to cry and almost at once the plane hit some air currents and we were flying on one side. More children screamed and I was starting to get scared, too, but it still seemed safe within the bright interior of the plane as the hostesses walked up and down comforting the children.

More thunder and lightning and then the worst thing of all: the lights went out. All around me people were screaming and crying, all seemingly caught in a wave of panic as the plane heaved up and down and the darkness was relieved only by the flash of lightning. I clung to the person beside me.

It seemed ages, but eventually the lights came on again and this seemed to bring everyone back to normal and we sat looking foolishly at each other, still shaken from the nerve-racking experience. Below us lights twinkled and I remembered that we might be landing in Melbourne. We all peered out, anxious to see where we were. Through the rain someone recognized the buildings. What a disappointment! It was only dreary old rain-soaked Adelaide.

GILL DE BOO, 4B

## LIFE AT HOME

Home! Some people find love, shelter, peace and comfort at home, others shudder at the thought of the place they hate. Home is a place where I am always welcome. The family meets to form a group of people who love each other and enjoy each other's company.

Life is always busy at home. There are the everyday jobs that have to be done but there is time for fun and pleasure. Every morning when I awake, there is the task of making the beds and then helping Mum to prepare the breakfast. Preparations for school are the duties of every student. Shoes are cleaned, books packed and lunches made. Usually Mother is given the duty of preparing lunches, of seeing Father off to work and of dressing the smaller members of the family.

However full of duties life is, there come times when everyone rests; with no one to disturb his or her peace. Often, the family gathers in the living room to discuss problems and enjoy each other's fellowship. There are times when the family goes for a trip to see the beautiful scenery on country slopes or the blossom on almond trees in spring.

In summer, we often go to the beach or perhaps to some cool, shady place. Times come when someone in the family is ill and has to be cared for, but these usually pass quickly, and soon everyone is happy, and full of life.



Most of the time, life at home is happy, but there do come times when misfortune happens and there is a disappointment and sorrow. These things occur when Dad becomes angry because everything has gone wrong at work, or when Mum becomes sick and Dad has to do all the jobs in the house. The peaceful hours spent by all members of the family are those when everyone is absorbed in his own interests or when we go to Church on Sundays.

Home is where a person feels free. Though sorrows come, life at home is never dull. The people who say "things are dull at home" do not like life at all, because they are either disobedient around the home or because they never look on the bright happy side of life.

RYA PORUBLEV

### INSPIRATION

The time has come round for us all once again  
To battle and struggle through hardship; and feign  
To create some great works of prose or of verse,  
For honour and merit — but not for a purse.  
To some comes a challenge to air out their skill,  
To others a time of work against will,  
To a few who don't care, 'tis neither of these,  
To them 'tis a time to do just as they please.  
For me, I have sat, sometimes trying to think,  
And then through the darkness, scarred over with ink,  
My efforts, my thoughts, mixed with blood, sweat and tears  
Begin to take form as they slowly appear.  
How hard I am trying to portray this mood,  
But how'er great my efforts, results are but crude,  
For this mood ever changes from abstract to plain  
So I sit and still ponder — but all is in vain.  
For now as I shape it, it eagerly bends  
And grows, now enlarging and finally becomes  
My Magazine Effort. Thank goodness it's done!

PHILIP JOHNSTON, 3A





## LIZZIE

Our family car is one with the delightful name of "Lizzie". She is a Morris Oxford, and a fairly early model at that. Her paintwork, which used to be shiny blue-grey is now a fairly dull grey, with several rust and scratch marks. She has an aerial for a car radio that is seldom used, and a faded limp tiger-tail hanging from the base of it. The chrome-work is a little rusted. She has been kicked and abused many times, and still refuses to go when she is cold. "Lizzie" lives in a shed now, but until very recently, used to sleep outside in the drive.

She has carried us thousands of miles during her life: pulling a caravan to Queensland twice and to Sydney once being her longest and hardest trips. For most of these trips her engine worked perfectly, but there were a few times when she failed. The most vivid memory of one of her failures was when we were crossing the desert between Hay and Narrandera in New South Wales. "Lizzie" had been coasting along well, until my father noticed the temperature reading—"Very Hot". He stopped her, and cautiously opened the bonnet. A great gust of steam poured out, like a volcano erupting. When the steam had cleared, he saw that the radiator hose was broken and there was no longer any water in the tank. Dad taped it up with black tape and filled it with water, but even as we stood there, we could see the water oozing from under the tape. This was in the middle of the night, and there were no signs of life any where.

We tried bandages from the first-aid kit also, but these were of no avail. Then a friend who was travelling with us found an old rusty spring. We bound this with an elastic bandage from the invaluable first-aid kit, then with crepe bandage, then tape, and finally with the chamois that was originally intended for cleaning windows. It looked like a dirty witchetty grub. For the next few miles we held our breath and all breathed huge sighs of relief when we reached Narrandera, seventy miles from where the pipe first broke. At the service station "Lizzie" received a kick from Dad and a thankful pat on the bonnet from Mum.

Her upholstery has suffered lately — the stuffing in the seats has started to come out, but Mum has fixed this. She has made new seat covers which really enliven Lizzie's interior and takes at least 1,000 miles wear off of her appearance. She has carpet on the floors (to cover up the rust marks and a hole in the front) and all the doors except the front left-hand side one work perfectly. This door can only be operated from the outside, and cannot be locked. It is too bad if you are in a hurry to get out.

Only recently we have been having a little trouble with "Lizzie" — the exhaust pipe: At first it rattled, and then great clouds of smoke would gush out. We nearly suffocated a little sports car one day. After about fifty skinned knuckles Dad fixed it up, and now she runs like a bird; well, almost.

Even though Lizzie may not be a modern shining car, she has been a faithful servant for many years; and if my father has it his way, she will be for many more to come. He would not buy a new one for the life of him, and I must confess, I could not stand the thought of "our Lizzie" rusting away in a dump, for surely no-one would want to buy her.

PAM YARROW, 4A.



# LEADING LIGHTS



**JOHN ATWELL**  
 Prefect '65-66 C.O.E.S.,  
 Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Beethoven.  
*Pet Saying: Anyone going to  
 Big Daddy's?*



**LYNDA PAWLEY**  
 Prefect '66, Oliphant Vice-  
 Capt., "A" Hockey, Matric.  
 '66.  
 Secretary, Debating Club.  
 Idol: Cleopatra.  
*Saying: Oh no! Not another  
 of those Roman gigolos?*



**KEN DICKER**  
 Prefect '65-66, Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Perc Galea.  
*Saying: 7-1 Tea Biscuit, 3-1  
 Galilee . . .*



**LEON ARHARIDIS**  
 Prefect '66, Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Donald Campbell.  
*Saying: But Farley Grove isn't  
 long enough to set a record  
 in.*



**ROBYN MacDONALD**  
 Prefect '65-66, Florey Vice-  
 Capt., Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Annie Laurie.  
*Saying: Mini-kilts indeed!  
 Whatever next!*



**ANDREW HOBBS**  
 Prefect '66, C.O.E.S., Debating  
 Club, Magazine Committee,  
 Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Albert Einstein.  
*Saying:  $E = Mc^2$ .*



## SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL THIRD TRIENNIAL COUNCIL REPORT

### *Council representatives for Parents and Friends:—*

Messrs. F. H. Potter (Chairman), D. K. Magor (Deputy Chairman), J. Bormann, J. Reed, K. F. Rolph and G. Watson.

### *Salisbury City Corporation:—*

Messrs. J. Young (Hon. Treasurer), R. Barnes (Hon. Secretary) and R. Bates.

### *Members for Gawler:—*

Messrs. N. Brown, B. Belmont and E. R. Wilson.

Maintenance and improvements have been carried out to the school area and school boundaries. A storage compound is being erected for irrigation equipment, concrete floors for garaged area, jumping pits with concrete surrounds and a hard standing wicket pitch. Successful experiments have been carried out for the eradication of Kikuyu grass.

Requests were made to all High Schools for information on maintenance of grassed areas. Fifty per cent. of the schools responded and the survey showed that paid help costs from \$100 to \$1,800 per year.

In two instances local corporations assisted with school ovals.

Girls' schools, however, proved to be less fortunate, in that grassed ovals were not of any great size owing to lack of funds and support.

The main result of the survey was re-kindled effort to obtain more governmental assistance.

The Council is very proud of the achievements of the school cadets and congratulates the instructors who have their just reward in the results of Robert Holloway and Phillip Cassidy who have given the school a unique distinction for which we say thank you and well done.

We say thank you to the parents who have assisted at "Working Bees" and Mr. Vocking for his efforts in maintaining the ovals and associated equipment.

F. H. POTTER, *Chairman.*



### BOY PREFECTS

Tony Scarfo, Michael Foreman, Clive Skene, Dennis Stefanoff, George Webb, Andrew Hobbs, Leon Arharidis, Dennis Palmer, John Atwell.

Seated: Darryl Wilson, Ken Dicker, Robert Holloway, Denis Wright (head prefect), Michael Lewis, Ian McFetridge, Gerald Cunnett.



## LACROSSE:

Top: V. Osis, P. Reed, T. Beldi, K. Cudarans, G. Dicker, G. Watson.  
Bottom: F. Cufone, R. Smith, G. Johnson, M. Lewis, G. Nicholls.

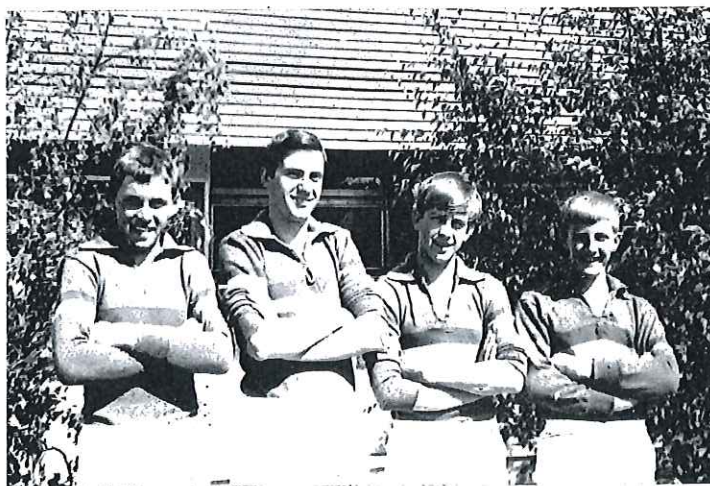


## LACROSSE REPORT

1966 has been a very rewarding season for the Salisbury High School Lacrosse Team. The team commenced the season with a series of astounding victories, such as 40-2 against Marion team. Then, as we started to play more experienced teams, the games became harder and more telling. We still maintained a good score relative to the other teams, and went on to finish off the season in 3rd position on the Premiership Table. Goals scored by the team throughout the season were 230 compared with 144 against. The best and most consistent players for the year were Cudarans, Reed, Lewis, Dicker; however, all other members put in a fine season. Highest goalscorer for the season was Knut Cudarans, with more than 100 goals.

Congratulations must be extended to all team members for their fine season, and to Mr. Wadrop, who kept the team together as we had no coach. Thanks also to the students, parents and teachers who helped out with transport.

M. LEWIS.



## "BULLDOG" PREMIERSHIP

The school is proud of the four footballers pictured above, left to right: Darryl Wilson, Philip Rimmer, Robert Tunn, Alan Stewart. These boys were members of the Central Districts Football Club's Junior Colts team, which this year won the club's first premiership. All four were, of course, members of the school "A" team. We congratulate them on their performances and wish them well in their football careers.



## BOYS' TENNIS REPORT

This year has been a most successful year for tennis within the school. With seven courts at their disposal, all players have been given the opportunity of practising as a team, and improving their own individual games at the same time.

Once again three tournaments were held at the beginning of this year. With a total entry of 60 players in the first-year tournament, it proved to be most successful, and enabled a great many new players to gain a little experience in the game. The eventual winner of the first year section was D. Wiltshire, while N. Magor won the second-year tournament. These two players by winning their respective age groups, qualified to play in the school championship for upper school students.

Overall the school championship was most successful, with 130 entrants; every match was highly competitive. The standard of play in the finals was extremely high, but the championship title was won most decisively by Swetta Djukic, who was last year's winner also.

### Inter-School Tennis Teams

#### "A" Team

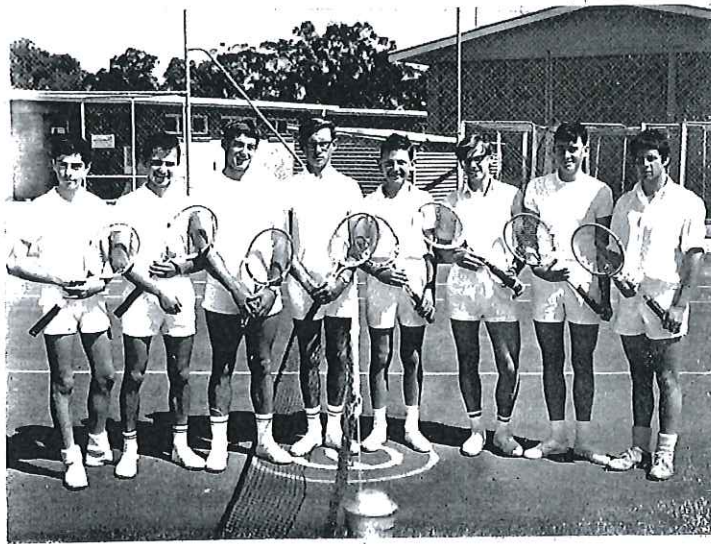
Our "A" Tennis Team, comprising S. Djukic, R. Holloway, D. Wright and J. Green, was once again successful. We won both our matches, against Elizabeth High and Elizabeth Boys' Tech. by large margins. We managed to play both matches without losing a set, and only had twenty games taken from us.

By winning these two matches so convincingly, our record as the top tennis school in the district has been upheld, and with such a great number of enthusiastic and promising first year players, our continued success seems assured.

#### "B" Team

Our "B" Team, consisting of Robert Darling, P. Appleton, R. Wiseman and G. Turner had mixed fortunes during the first term. They were narrowly beaten by a more experienced Elizabeth High in their first match, but defeated Elizabeth Boys' Tech. in their second match. All players did well to score this win, and their success this year shows great promise.

All members of both teams would like to thank Mr. Swanson for his helpful advice and support throughout the year. We all agree our success this year would not have been at all possible without his organisation and guidance.



"A" & "B" TENNIS:

J. Green, S. Djukic, D. Wright, R. Holloway, G. Turner, R. Darling, P. Appleton, J. Atterbury.



## PARENTS & FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

*Chairman:* Mr. A. L. Mertin

*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. H. Banwell

*Treasurer:* Mr. L. Heitmann

### *Committee Members:*

Messrs. V. Zeleny      W. Odell      Mesdames L. B. Coates      H. Yarrow  
          R. Harwood      J. Thaw      L. Murphy      D. Wright  
          E. Medlow      W. S. Owen      J. Robinson  
          R. Page      M. Thompson

*High School Council Representatives:* — Messrs. J. Borman, G. Watson.

*Staff Representatives:*—Mr. L. G. Atwell (Head Master)  
                                  Mr. D. H. Warren (Dep. H.M.)  
                                  Mrs. G. Blackmore (Dep. H.M.)

As we are approaching the final phase of the school year, the Parents & Friends' Association Committee has pleasure in presenting for the High School Magazine the annual report of the Association for 1966.

The attendance of parents and friends at the Annual General Meeting, held on 1st March, was a little disappointing, having regard to the fact that the school enrolment at that time was 778 students. Various items affecting the students were discussed and questions answered. Included in the discussion was the matter of a change of school uniform. The new summer uniform for girls, which has added to the attractiveness of the girls' appearance, has been worn by the prefects and fifth year girls this year, but the rest of the girls will not be able to wear it until 1968, as the retailers demand a minimum of two years for a change-over. Boy Prefects and fifth year boys will wear a white shirt instead of the regulation grey.

During the year there have been regular monthly meetings of the Committee, while four other general meetings have been held for all parents.

One of these general meetings was devoted to talks by exchange students under the American Field Scholarship scheme. At one meeting Mr. S. Williams, Director of Studies at the Institute of Technology, spoke to a very large audience in the library on the courses available to students at the Institute.

A Morning Devonshire Tea and Hairdressing Demonstration, arranged by the Deputy Head Mistress, Mrs. G. Blackmore, proved a great attraction.

Early in October an evening Open Visiting Night to the classrooms to meet the teachers and discuss problems attracted one of the biggest crowds. This was followed by a meeting in the library, which was not large enough to hold all the parents who stayed to see the distribution of Certificates to students, and to hear the Head Master speak on changes in the P.E.B. Examinations and the issuing of certificates.

At a Cheap Jack Stall, run by the P. & F. at the Australia Day Carnival, almost \$80 were raised for P. & F. Funds, while a July Trading Table in Salisbury organised specifically to help the newly-opened Salisbury East High School netted over \$60.

During the year the P. & F. Association has agreed to the purchase of the following amenities for the school:—20 new seats for quadrangle use, a new set of hockey goals, extra physical education equipment and a garage in which to store it with other sports equipment, four extensions to the school public address system, four mobile library trolleys, as well as making a donation of \$40 to the school for prizes.

At the last committee meeting members expressed their appreciation of the fact that many members of the staff were attending a large number of In-Service Conferences to keep abreast of the latest developments in education.

My thanks go to the committee of the Parents and Friends' Association for their loyal support and interest during the year, and to those parents and friends who have assisted in many different ways to make this year a success.

A. L. Mertin — President,



# SALISBURY HIGH'S



**GERALD CUNNETT**  
 Prefect '65-66, "A" Football,  
 "A" Cricket, Magazine Com-  
 mittee, Florey Vice-Capt.,  
 Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Charlie Chaplin.  
*Saying . . . (Did you ever hear  
 Charlie Chaplin say any-  
 thing?)*



**CHRISTINE TOTHILL**  
 Prefect '65-66, Mawson Capt.,  
 "A" Hockey, "A" Tennis,  
 Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Florence Nightingale.  
*Saying: Blow that lamp out  
 once more and I'll scream.*



**ROBERT HOLLOWAY**  
 Prefect '65-66, "A" Tennis,  
 Capt. "A" Hockey, Oliphant  
 Capt., Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Genghis Khan.  
*Saying: And if fiendish Oriental  
 torture doesn't work, we  
 tickle the soles of your feet.*



**HEATHER COATES**  
 Head Prefect '66, Cairns Vice-  
 Capt., C.O.E.S., "A" Hockey  
 Capt., Magazine Committee,  
 Debating Club, Matric. '66.  
 Idol: Ben Casey.  
*Saying: Just what I've always  
 wanted! A set of gold-plated  
 gall-stones!*



**DENIS WRIGHT**  
 Prefect '65, Head Prefect '66,  
 C.O.E.S., "A" Hockey, "A"  
 Tennis, Florey Capt., Matric.  
 '66.  
 Idol: Superman.  
*Saying: There's this bloke, see  
 real big guy.*



**STEPHANIE DINKOFF**  
 Prefect '66, Oliphant (Capt.,  
 "A" Softball, Leaving '66.  
 Idol: Modesty Blaise.  
*Saying: Don't look now darling.  
 I'm really James Bond in  
 disguise.*



## "A" FOOTBALL

The year 1966 was not a highly successful season for the S.H.S. "A" Football team, which won only one out of the three games played.

However, many of the players showed great potential for the future.

In the first match of the year we beat E.B.T.H.S. fairly easily in a very rough game.

The second match against Elizabeth High was of a higher standard, although we were beaten.

In the last match, although all the boys tried their hardest, we were beaten easily by a far superior Gawler High School team.

To finish off the second term sports we played the teachers, and surprised nearly everyone by winning, in a close, hard match, by four points, compensating for our defeat by the teachers at the beginning of the year.

*Best Players for the Year:* McCabe, Tunn, Rimmer, Wilson, Fitzgerald and Flaherty. Special mention must be made of R. Bridges for his four goals against the teachers.

## SOCCER REPORT

The school soccer team got off to a bad start this season with a loss of 6-2 to the Elizabeth Boys' Technical High. The players then seemed to settle down and defeated Elizabeth High 1-0, a winning margin which should have been greater but for inaccuracy in front of goal.

Each year the team has participated in a competition for the Caledonian Shield. Tying with the Boy's Tech in the first match 0-0, everyone got drenched, including our sportsmaster, Mr. Wadrop. In the replay, Mr. Wadrop was prepared, with his track suit on, and the team won 4-1. In the Grand Final against Elizabeth High, who had also beaten the Boys' Tech., the outcome was in doubt until the whistle. Ten minutes before time Elizabeth High equalised 2-2, then a goal apparently from nowhere gave their team the lead. Just as the whistle blew our forwards were desperately trying to score the equalizer. John Eadsforth played a constructive game at inside right and together with Brian Groome scored most of our goals for the season.

## INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The programme of the Swimming Carnival comprised forty-one events; freestyle, breast-stroke, and backstroke events for all age groups. There was also a butterfly event open for boys in the "Open" division, and relay races for all groupings.

All events, with the exception of the open boys' freestyle, were contested over a distance of 55 yards—one length of the pool. The open boys' freestyle was fought out over 110 yards and the relay events consisted of four lengths of the pool.

The accolades of the day fell upon the Cairns swimmers, whose total score was 204½ points, followed by Florey, Oliphant and Mawson. Individual stars were Ladd of Florey, Dicker of Cairns and Beaumont of Mawson, who each won three races in their divisions. All competitors, however, competed to the best of their ability, and helped to make the Carnival a success.

The smooth running of the Carnival was a credit to all the work put into it by Mr. Wadrop.

This was the first Inter-House Swimming Carnival held by Salisbury High School, but we hope that many more will follow, as it proved a most exciting and enjoyable occasion for everyone.





"A" FOOTBALL:

Top: R. Ursida, D. Piper, A. Siciliano,  
G. Cunnett.

Middle: J. Bivone, R. Bridges, G.  
Reed, G. Pearce, G. Fitzgerald, R.  
Tunn, A. Stewart.

Bottom: L. Marr, R. Henderson, K.  
Starks, P. Rimmer, M. Flaherty, D.  
Wilson, J. McCabe.



SOCCER:

Top: M. Harris, S. Castledine, J. Atter-  
bury, W. Beattie, G. Pascucci, J.  
McNicholl, A. Harris.

Bottom: Broome, J. McCabe, J. Eads-  
forth, R. Sparrow, J. Smith.



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# HOUSE REPORTS

## MAWSON

For Mawson House, this has been a disappointing year. The reason for Mawson's faring poorly in most aspects of the Inter-House competition is the lack of enthusiasm among House members. This was noticed throughout the year, especially among the boys. They were not fired with the enthusiasm necessary to lift Mawson House from the bottom of the competition ladder. This is shown by their failure to attend team-game practices arranged for them, and by their absence from the teams in which they were placed during the year.

If Mawson is to be anywhere but at the bottom in future years, it is imperative that its members should cease their present apathy.

They should follow the example of Sir Douglas Mawson, after whom their House is named. Surely it is not too much to ask the members of the House named after this brave Antarctic explorer to show at least some of the vigour and self-discipline for which he was famous.

If each future member of Mawson House really strives for his House, both on the sports field and in the class-room, Mawson will soon be a force to be reckoned with.

We wish, however, to thank the members of Mawson House who did try their best for Mawson on Sports Day, at the Swimming Carnival and throughout the year, and also to the teachers who adopted the thankless job of supervising the House.

I am confident that, with the co-operation of its members, Mawson will greatly improve its position next year.

## OLIPHANT

Even since the House system was introduced into the school in 1960, Oliphant House has always shone in the Inter-House competitions. This year, 1966, has proved our best year, as this year Oliphant House has undoubtedly worked its way into an unbeatable position.

For the fifth time Oliphant House won the Sports Day Shield. After narrowly winning the Shield last year, we were able to take out the honours this year by a more decisive margin of 48 points. Also on Sports Day we gained four Athletic Cups through the efforts of D. Dinkoff, K. Cudarans, R. Holloway and M. Nicolai; and we came first in the marching competition for the third year in succession.

Our victory on Sports Day was just the first of a great many for our House this year. After having narrowly lost the football final for the past two years (our last premiership being in 1962), Oliphant made its comeback this year. This year we outclassed our opponents. The most consistent players in the three matches were D. Wilson, R. Ursida and P. Rimmer.

Girls' hockey replaced the usual Inter-House basketball competition this year, and Oliphant proved a leader in this field. Our hockey team remained undefeated in all matches, thus gaining the top honours. The most outstanding players in the four matches played were Lynda Pawley, Daphne Dinkoff and Peggy Wiffers, but the success of both our girls' hockey teams and boys' football teams were only due to full team efforts. Congratulations must go to all team members.

As well as these three main victories we proved ourselves to be the top House in several other fields of sport. Our boys' tennis and hockey teams are both undefeated, and our soccer team suffered only one defeat during the season.

All members of Oliphant House would like to take this opportunity to express their sincere thanks to their staff supervisors, Miss P. Beck, Miss I. Winzor, Miss McLean, Mr. R. Abbott, Mr. P. Frogley and Mr. P. Fleig, all of whom have shown an enthusiasm and sincere interest in their House. We are sure that without their support, our general success this year would not have been at all possible.



## FLOREY

Through its achievements this year, Florey House has strengthened its reputation as one of the foremost houses in the school. Although this year, 1966, has produced many successes for the house it has brought with it much disappointment. Florey has the name of the unluckiest house in the school and this was again true this year.

The biggest event in the school year, Sports Day, was once again a great success thanks to the fine sportsmanship shown by all competitors and the enthusiasm of the spectators. When the points were tallied, Florey was placed in third position, being narrowly beaten for second place by two points. Florey athletes to shine on the day were Jane Saville (senior girls cup), Mary Saville (runner-up, senior girls), Tom Stoyanoff and Mario Monteleone (runners-up, sub-junior boys).

Florey's record in Sports Day competitions is very interesting. In 1962, Florey came third by two points; 1963, second; 1964, won the shield; and 1965, second by twelve points.

Although Florey did not retain the inter-house football shield this year, it came second after going down in a hard fought grand-final. However, Florey still retains its reputation of being the best football House in the school. Previous achievements have been: top, 1961; top for 1963 with wins in all matches; second in 1964 and top in 1965 with wins in all matches. Best players for the House this year were Alan Stewart, Agostino Siciliano and Gerald Cunnett.

Girls' inter-house basketball was not played this year, but a new inter-house sport in hockey was played. The Florey team combined very well to tie for second position. Best players for the team were Jenny Bateup, Dianne Bailey and Gilian Deboo.

Another new inter-house sport to be introduced this year was swimming. The Swimming Carnival was held at the Gawler Swimming Pool in favourable hot weather. It proved a great success with competitors giving the enthusiastic spectators a fine display of swimming. For the first carnival, the competition was exceptionally good, with only a few points separating the leaders all day. On a few occasions, Florey took the lead, but was not strong enough to remain in this position at the end of the day. Florey finished in second place, 190 points, only  $14\frac{1}{2}$  points behind the winners. All Florey members, both competitors and spectators, are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and sportsmanship throughout the day.

Other new sports to be brought into the inter-house competition this year, were soccer and boys' hockey. In both these Florey did well.

The academic competition is once again very close this year, with little between the four houses. At present Florey is in fourth position, but by no means disgraced. All members are working hard to gain points for the House, and we are sure Florey can improve its position.

Florey has again proved itself to be a great House, both on the sports field and in the classroom. Over the years, Florey has contributed greatly to establishing the school tradition and is now living up to it to the best of its ability.



CUP WINNERS (ATHLETIC):

D. Crebbin, G. Reed, K. Cudarans, R. Hausler, M. Mitchell.



### CAIRNS

Throughout this year 1966, all members of Cairns House, as always, have tried to live up to the school motto, "Always Aspire", and to comply with their house war-cry of

"Kings! Kings! Cairns are Kings!  
For victory, victory, Cairns House sings.  
Ray! Ray! We're tops today,  
Come on Cairns and make your play,  
Raise that flag and make it stay,  
C-A-I-R-N-S, Cairns!"

This year has been one of many achievements. During the first term the first school swimming carnival was held to select competitors for the Inter-School Swimming Carnival. House points were awarded to place-getters in all of the events. Members of Cairns put up a very meritorious effort and ran out victors.

The annual Sports Day was held soon afterwards and many strenuous weeks of practising were put in by most house members. Cairns came second overall and all house members must be congratulated for such a splendid effort. Special mention should be made of Dorothy Crebbin, Sub-Junior Girls' cup-winner; Sharron Johnson, runner-up Sub-Junior Girls'; and Ray Hausler, Sub-Junior Boys' cup-winner.

This year the usual House Football was held and Cairns House always raised a good team. Besides this soccer and hockey were played by the boys. Again Cairns had good reliable teams who gave up lunch periods to play sport for their House.

Girls' basketball was replaced by hockey this year and Cairns was undefeated. We were placed second overall. Congratulations go to all the students who played in these House matches but the loyal supporters must also be thanked for cheering their teams on.

House spirit this year has been very high, and each boy and girl has tried his hardest to bring contributions for stalls to assist in "Charity Week" activities, and in general to do his best for Cairns House and to set a good example to the rest of the school.

However, these individual efforts have only been combined and guided through the able management of the House masters and mistresses: Mr. Darwin, Mr. Wood, Mr. Katakasi, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Hart and Miss Stone. All house members should be grateful for the untiring efforts of the house captains — Carol Magor and Sam de Maria.

We must thank these people for their assistance, for without them Cairns House would not be what it is—a fine example to the rest of the school.



# SCHOOL SPORTS

## Results of Cup Events

Sub-Junior Boys' Hurdles	R. Hausler (C)	15.5 secs.
Junior Boys' Hurdles	G. Reed (C)	13.3 secs.
Senior Boys' Hurdles	K. Cudarans (O)	15.1 secs.
Sub-Junior Girls' Hurdles	S. Johnson (C)	15.6 secs.
Junior Girls' Hurdles	M. Mitchell (M)	15.6 secs.
Senior Girls' Hurdles	J. Saville (F)	14.1 secs.
Sub-Junior Boys' High Jump	Stoyanoff (F)	Height, 3' 8"
Junior Boys' High Jump	Bridgewater (M)	Height, 4' 11"
Senior Boys' High Jump	K. Cudarans (O)	Height, 5' 2"
Sub-Junior Girls' High Jump	D. Crebbin (C)	Height, 4' 0"
Junior Girls' High Jump	M. Mitchell (M)	Height, 4' 1"
Senior Girls' High Jump	J. Saville (F)	Height, 4' 7"
Sub-Junior Boys' Long Jump	R. Hausler (C)	Jump, 14' 10"
Junior Boys' Long Jump	Reed (C)	Jump, 15' 1½"
Senior Boys' Long Jump	Holloway (O)	Jump, 18'
Sub-Junior Girls' Long Jump	D. Crebbin (C)	Jump, 13' 8"
Junior Girls' Long Jump	M. Mitchell (M)	Jump, 13' 3½"
Senior Girls' Long Jump	J. Saville (F)	Jump, 14' 3"
Junior Boys' Hop, Step & Jump	Bridgewater (M)	Distance, 32' 10½"
Senior Boys' Hop, Step & Jump	K. Cudarans (O)	Distance, 38' 4½"
Sub-Junior Girls' 75 Yards	D. Crebbin (C)	Time, 9.8 secs.
Junior Girls' 75 Yards	D. Dinkoff (O)	9.7 secs.
Senior Girls' 75 Yards	J. Saville (F)	9.7 secs.
Sub-Junior Boys' 100 Yards	R. Hausler (C)	12.5 secs.
Junior Boys' 100 Yards	P. Smith (M)	11.1 secs.
Senior Boys' 100 Yards	K. Cudarans (O)	11.3 secs.
Sub-Junior Girls' 100 Yards	D. Crebbin (C)	
Junior Girls' 100 Yards	D. Dinkoff (O)	12.6 secs.
Senior Girls' 100 Yards	J. Saville (F)	13.0 secs.
Sub-Junior Boys' 220 Yards	R. Hausler (C)	27.8 secs.
Junior Boys' 220 Yards	P. Smith (M)	26.5 secs.
Senior Boys' 220 Yards	K. Cudarans (O)	24.6 secs.
Junior Boys' 440 Yards	P. Smith (M)	58.8 secs.
Senior Boys' 440 Yards	R. Holloway (O)	57.0 secs.
Senior Boys' 880 Yards	M. Flaherty (F)	2 min. 21.5 secs.
Sub-Junior Boys' 4 x 110 Relay	(F)	59.1 secs.
Junior Boys' 4 x 110 Relay	(O)	54.2 secs.
Senior Boys' 4 x 110 Relay	(O)	50.2 secs.
Sub-Junior Girls' 4 x 110 Relay	(C)	64.7 secs.
Junior Girls' 4 x 110 Relay	(M)	61.2 secs.
Senior Girls' 4 x 110 Relay	(O)	59.9 sec.

### SENIOR BOYS' CUP

1. Knut Cudarans (O)
2. Robert Holloway (O)

### JUNIOR BOYS' CUP

1. Graham Reed (C)
2. Phillip Smith (M)

### SUB-JUNIOR BOYS' CUP

1. Ray Hausler (C)
2. Equal—Tom Stoyanoff (F), Michael Nicolai (O), Mario Monteleone (F)

### SENIOR GIRLS' CUP

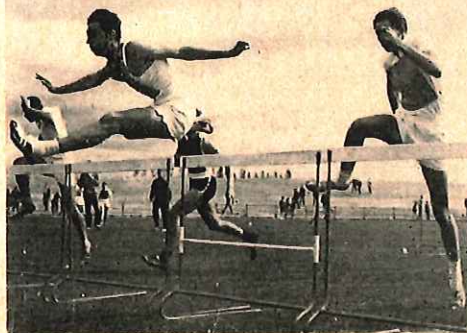
1. Jane Saville (F)
2. Mary Saville (F)

### JUNIOR GIRLS' CUP

1. Miriam Mitchell (M)
2. Daphne Dinkoff (O)

### SUB-JUNIOR GIRLS' CUP

1. Dorothy Crebbin (C)
2. Sharon Johnson (C)





# *Sporting Life*

## **BOYS' HOCKEY**

### **First Team "B1" Grade:**

After being premier last year, the school "A" team was promoted two grades, from B3 to B1 grade. This is the highest grade any of our school hockey teams has played in, and we were determined to prove ourselves.

We started the season with four new players, but they adjusted themselves very easily, and we opened the season with two easy wins by defeating Marion 5-2 and Henley 7-0. We continued our games with a stream of victories, until half way through the season, when we clashed with Taperoo High School, who have been B1 premiers for the past three seasons. They proved to us their premiership potential by defeating us 5-0, but this defeat spurred us, and being our first defeat in two years, showed us we were not invincible.

We entered the second half of the season more determined, and looking for better team work. We achieved this soon after our defeat, and reached top form by defeating Marion 8-0, Henley 10-1 and Enfield 5-2 in consecutive weeks. These wins placed us in second position on the premiership table, and as we predicted we met Taperoo in the first semi-final.

The game was tense from the first bully, and at half-time both teams stood scoreless. Early in the second half Taperoo scored what all agree was a freak goal; but it still gave them the winning score of 1-0. However, this close defeat proved to us that we could hold and defeat Taperoo, and after we defeated Brighton 2-1 in the preliminary final, the stage was set for our final clash with Taperoo.

We started the game handicapped by the absence of two of our regular players; but we were determined not to let this stop us. From the first bully we outplayed Taperoo in all positions and were unlucky not to have scored on several separate occasions. Taperoo managed to catch our backs off guard and scored two quick goals before half-time. In the second half the play was much the same. We had the greater share of the play, and narrowly missed several good shots for goals. Taperoo, however, used their experience to score another goal, and they ran out the eventual winners 3-0.

Even though we were beaten, the score does not indicate the pattern of the game, and we were not disgraced. We set out to do our best, and that is exactly what we did; and it earned us the honour of being runners-up in our first year in B1 Grade.

Throughout the season we have had many outstanding players, but it was our teamwork and understanding of one another, that won us our many matches.

### **Second Team "C3" Grade:**

Because of the influx of a great number of enthusiastic first year players, we entered three teams into this year's competition. Our second team was mainly used as a reserve team which we used to train reserves for both our first and third teams, both of which were in better positions to win matches.

The majority of the players were new to the game, but their lack of experience was only an initial setback. The general enthusiasm of all the new players helped the second team greatly, and they managed to win a few games near the end of the season. Even though the team did not make the finals, the season was not wasted. Besides providing experienced reserves for both the first and third teams, the members of the second team improved with every game, and most certainly gained valuable experience for the future.





**"B" HOCKEY:**

Top: D. Gaskin, S. Eldridge, M. Haese,  
J. Cowley, A. Clift.

Bottom: S. May, D. Gosnold, R. Penny,  
J. Walker, P. Watson.

**Third Team Under 14 "C" Grade:**

The enthusiasm of this team was something remarkable to see for eleven first year players. Every member of our third team was new to the game, and inexperienced in every aspect of the game, except sportsmanship.

After a few games the team managed to settle down, and although they lacked ball control, they tried to work as a team. Their determination and general improvement throughout the season led them to several victories, and they managed to get into the semi-finals. Inexperience was the only thing that lost them the final, but they were by no means disgraced. Their success as first year players shows great promise for the future.

**Interschool Team:**

This team comprised mainly our "A" team players, but we played as many "B" team players as possible, to give them experience.

Salisbury High School has in the past shone as the top hockey school in the district. This was proven once again this year during local interschool matches when we defeated Elizabeth Boys' Technical High School 10-0, and Elizabeth High 9-0. Both matches were devastating victories for us, and we most certainly upheld the reputation set by the school's first hockey team established in 1960.

All three teams would like to take this opportunity to thank our three coaches, Mr. Hinkly, Mr. Summerton, and Mr. Wood, who gave up much of their free time to train us. Without their assistance, we all agree, our results would not have been possible.

R. HOLLOWAY.





**"A" BASKETBALL:**

Top: D. Miller, S. Evans, G. Mcdermot, J. Weyland.

Middle: P. Moody, S. Dinkoff, P. Nicks.

Front: H. Ferguson, C. Magor.

**BASKETBALL REPORT 1966**

Salisbury High entered four teams in inter-school matches, two senior teams and two first year teams. The senior teams played against Elizabeth High and Elizabeth Girls' Technical High School, and the junior team played against Salisbury East High School. In all matches, the teams played well and were never disgraced in any match. All of these teams played against Gawler High School after the exams, and although beaten, played well.

Class Basketball matches were again conducted this year, with 3D being Premiers in the Senior Section (for the second year in succession), and 2A winning the Junior Section. This year all junior matches, except the finals, were umpired by prefects and this relieved the teachers of extra work, besides being good experience for the girls.

To the disappointment of many of the students, inter-house basketball was omitted this year, to allow for the playing of inter-house hockey. This deprived the Houses of a way in which to win more house-points, and dampened the spirits of many girls who enjoyed these games.

All players wish to thank Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Webber for coaching, and Mrs. Kite who organised all matches and assisted with the umpiring.

PAM NICKS, 4B.

**"B" BASKETBALL:**

Top: J. Ranger, C. Fletcher, H. Rigney, C. Smith, K. Thomson.

Front: D. Lagrutta, C. Menadue.







"A" SOFTBALL:

Top: J. Weyland, G. McDermot, S. Coates, D. Miller (capt.).

Middle: S. Pattison, S. Dinkoff, E. Apitz, P. Rosewell.

Front: S. Smith, L. Macdonald.

"B" SOFTBALL:

Top: F. Shaw, J. Martin, C. Fletcher, H. Rigney.

Middle: J. McLeod, L. Pawley, H. Coates, S. Evans.

Front: H. Ferguson, D. Lagrutta (capt.).



"A" HOCKEY:

Top: H. Coates (capt.), C. Tothill, G. Pugh, J. Goddard, De Boo, G. B. Piercy, P. Gowan.

Middle: L. Pawley, D. Bailey, P. Wiffers, S. Coates.

Front: J. McLeod, M. Gurney.





# Public Examination Results 1965

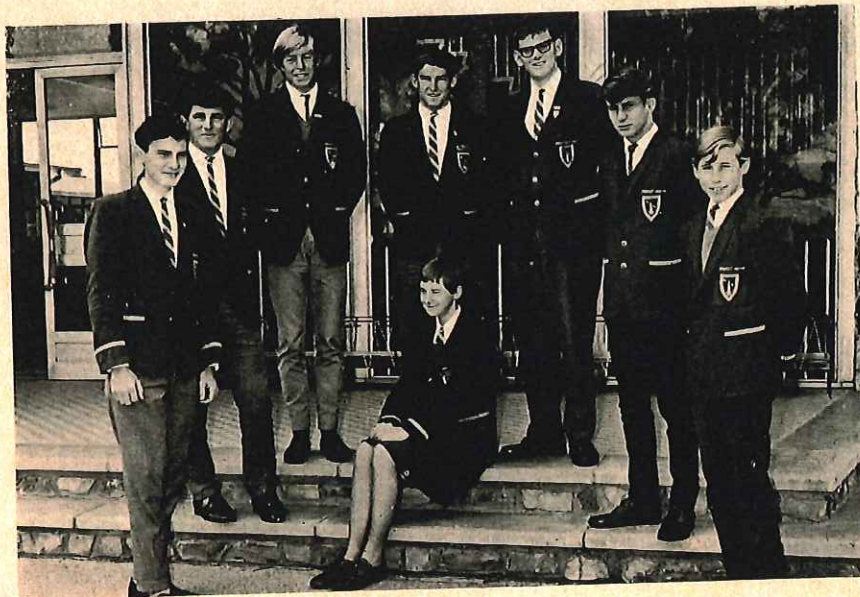
## LEAVING

Atwell J. L. (1) C.O.E.S.  
Arharidis, L.  
Arnold, A. C. (1)  
Bassett, P. C. (1)  
Birch, J. L.  
Burton, N.  
Carty, V.  
Coates, J. H. (3) C.O.E.S.  
Cufone, F.  
Cunnett, G. D.  
Davenport, R. K.  
Dicker, K. G.  
Harper, Y.  
Hobbs, A. A. (3) C.O.E.S.

Holloway, R. B.  
Howcroft, S. A.  
Howlett, M. R.  
Lewis, M. N. (3) C.O.E.S.  
Liebelt, N. L.  
MacDonald, R. F.  
Magor, M. D.  
Maurovic, M. M.  
Medlow, D. L.  
Mihajlov, F. D.  
Noonan, R. A.  
Palmer, D. A.  
Parker, P. D.  
Prenter, P. W.

Prikryl, S. J.  
Rees, J. V. (2) C.O.E.S.  
Roberts, C. F.  
Rolph, L. H. (1)  
Saint, C. H.  
Smedley, J. R.  
Stefanoff, D. (3) C.O.E.S.  
Taylor, R. F.  
Thomson, J.  
Tohill, C. K. (1)  
Webb, G. F. T.  
Wiffers, B.  
Wilson, R. J. (1) C.O.E.S.  
Wright, D. V. (3)

C.O.E.S.—represents Commonwealth Open Entrance Scholarship.  
Numbers in brackets denote credits obtained.



## LEAVING SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS:

John Atwell, Dennis Stefanoff, Roger Wilson, Denis Wright, Andrew Hobbs, Geoff Rees, Michael Lewis, Heather Coates.





INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS:

Russell MacDonald, Roy Franks, Clive Skene, Robert Bridges, Darryl Wilson, Sam Demaria, Tony Scarfo, Geoff Turner, Ian McFetridge, Agostino Siciliano.

Seated: Carol Olley, Pam Yarrow, Chris Barclay, Pam Nicks, Lina Ursino, Jean Corbett.

INTERMEDIATE

Abbott, C. (2)  
 Allcock, K.  
 Anders, H.  
 Apitz, E. A. M.  
 Appleton, P.  
 Atterbury, J. (2)  
 Bailey, D.  
 Banks, D.  
 Barclay, C. (2) C.S.S.  
 Bassett, A.  
 Benson, L. C.  
 Boston, A. C. (2)  
 Boyle, R. J.  
 Bridges, R. (3) C.S.S.  
 Caretti, G. (1)  
 Cassidy, P. J.  
 Chapman, K. (1)  
 Charlton, D. J.  
 Corbett, J. (3) Exhib.  
 Crocker, M.  
 Cudarans, K. B.  
 Curryer, J. (1)  
 Curtis, L. G.  
 De Boo, G. H.  
 De Maria, S. (1)  
 Dinkoff, S.  
 Evans, S.  
 Fischer, G.  
 Franks, R. (3) C.S.S.

Gavrilovic, B.  
 Gowan, P. (1)  
 Green, L. M.  
 Gurney, M. (1)  
 Hamley, P. J.  
 Harris, M. V.  
 Harrison, R.  
 Hendry, L. (1)  
 Hutchens, I. (1)  
 Jackson, A. M.  
 Jewell, R.  
 Johnson, G.  
 Johnson, R.  
 Jordan, M.  
 Kilian, R.  
 Lewis, J.  
 MacDonald, R. (1)  
 McDonnell, E.  
 McFetridge, I. C.S.S.  
 McFetridge, M.  
 Magor, C.  
 Mannik, T.  
 Miller, D.  
 Mooney, D.  
 Munro, B.  
 Murphy, L. (1)  
 Nagel, R. (3) C.S.S.  
 Nicks, P. (1) C.S.S.  
 O'Callaghan, M.

Olley, C. A.  
 Passmore, S.  
 Phillips, L.  
 Phippen, D.  
 Redburn, J. (1)  
 Reed, P. J.  
 Roe, S.  
 Rosewell, P.  
 Scarfo, T. (2) C.S.S.  
 Sheppard, M.  
 Siciliano, A.  
 Skene, C. (4) C.S.S.  
 Smith, S. A.  
 Sparrow, R.  
 Stewart, A.  
 Tamblin, M.  
 Thompson, J.  
 Tunn, R.  
 Turner, G. (3) C.S.S.  
 Ursino, M. (5) C.S.S.  
 Wagstaff, B.  
 Watson, E. T.  
 Weyland, J. (2)  
 Wickham, J.  
 Wilson, D.  
 Wiseman, R. M.  
 Yardley, A.  
 Yarrow, D. (4) C.S.S.  
 Young, J.

C.S.S. represents Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship.

Numbers in brackets denote credits obtained.



## GIRLS' HOCKEY 1966

This year's hockey season began with about fifty girls coming out to practice on Tuesday nights. These comprised about thirty girls from first and second years and twenty from Intermediate, Leaving and Matriculation. To get into form for the inter-school competition a match between a junior and senior team was organised. Only after a very hard match did the seniors win.

Many Tuesday nights were spent in preparing for the first match against Elizabeth Girls' Technical High School. The team which was selected was a relatively new side as most of the players in last year's team had left school. This did not deter players, but despite all the enthusiasm they were just defeated 2-1.

The next match was against Elizabeth High School and the girls were again defeated, 3-nil. With two defeats against them they were determined to do better in the next, and final match against Gawler High School. In an attempt to improve the team several members of the boys' "A" team came out to give the girls a few tactical hints. With this behind them a more determined team went out onto the field. They were not outright victors but managed to draw the game one-all.

A match against Gawler High School was organised for the first and second years who come out to practices during the year. They played at Gawler and won 3-1. With such a strong first and second year team Salisbury High School can expect many successes in hockey in the near future.

All members of both teams wish to thank both Miss McLean and Miss Stone who gave up many hours to coach them.

Inter-house hockey was held again this year and Oliphant must be congratulated on their win. Cairns and Florey tied for second with Mawson coming fourth. All girls wish to thank Robert Holloway and Ray Johnson for umpiring the matches.

HEATHER COATES.

## SOFTBALL

In 1966 Salisbury High School entered three teams in the inter-school competition. Two senior teams, "A" and "B", played against Elizabeth High School and Elizabeth Girls' Technical High School during the first term. The "A" team managed to defeat only Elizabeth High, but the "B" team was more successful in winning both matches.

In the third term the "A" and "B" softball teams have had two matches against E.G.T.H.S. In the first round both teams were defeated, but in the second round the "B" team proved to be the stronger team and won well.

The third team which was entered consisted of first year girls. They played only one match against the new Salisbury East High School. This team was successful and showed a lot of promise for the future.

All teams wish to thank Miss Parker for her fine coaching of the "A" and "B" teams; Mrs. Drawing, who coached the first year team; Miss Stone and Mr. Wadrop for their assistance.

DAWN MILLER.

## CRICKET

The School teams have had mixed success this year, each losing one match and winning the other. Unfortunately, only two matches were played against Elizabeth High and Boys' Technical High, but these did give some chance for the boys to show their ability. In the game against Elizabeth Boys' Technical, each side excelled itself, the "A" team dismissing the opposition for 47, and the "B" side accomplishing the same for 64. Both teams then proceeded to amass sizeable scores.

Thanks to Mr. Wadrop the games were worthwhile if infrequent.





**"A" CRICKET:**

Top: K. Starks, G. Cunnett, M. Flaherty, G. Pearce, D. Wilson, A. Yardley, L. Marr.

Bottom: R. Henderson, A. Stewart, R. Tunn, W. Beattie.

**"B" CRICKET:**

Top: G. Duffield, A. Hipkiss, J. Bivone, G. Ritchie, A. Harris, G. Casson, R. Bridges, P. Claxton.

Bottom: R. Miller, R. Ursida, K. Bridges, D. Piper.



**"A" HOCKEY:**

Top: F. van Proojen, D. Phippen, G. Webb, R. Holloway (capt.), R. Johnson, C. Jeffrey, R. Miller.

Bottom: D. Charlton, M. Wright, D. Wright, A. Bassett, G. Georgopoulos.



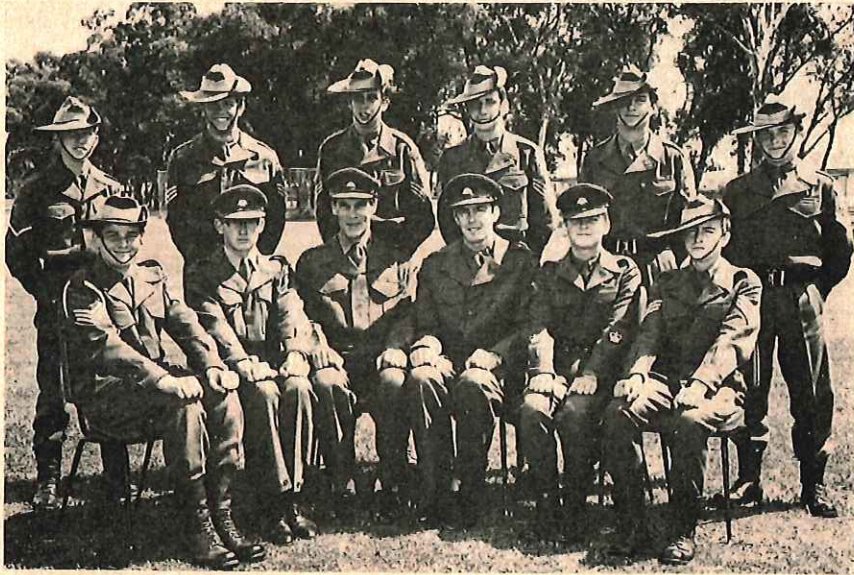
### THE DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club was run again this year under the supervision of Mr. Medwell. Meetings were held about once a week with a debate each alternate week, the other meeting being to decide the topic for the next week and discuss any other matter which arose. The attendance was rather disappointing on occasions, there being only about ten regular members. However, the number present doubled when a debate was being held.

The topics for the debate ranged over a wide variety of subjects and sometimes the discussions became rather heated. Some of the more lively and interesting topics debated were: "That the Age of Chivalry is Dead"; "That the advertising of cigarettes should be banned by law"; and the inevitable one, "That the Australian Government's policy in Vietnam is a good one". Members of the club took turns in being on the debating teams, and as chairman and adjudicator. The club provided its members with a means of hearing others' views as well as expressing their own.

### I.S.C.F. OF CRUSADERS

This year the Crusaders have held weekly lunch-time meetings and daily prayer meetings. The programme for the lunchtime meetings has varied considerably. The group has had visits from most of the ministers of religion in this district and also from representatives of Christian organisations, notable among whom was Mr. Wong Cheung Ho from Hong Kong. In the second term Keith Chessel from the British and Foreign Bible Society screened a film for us. At the end of each term the group held well-attended social evenings. The committee appreciates the work of our counsellors, Mr. Frogley and Mr. Darwin.



#### CADET OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s:

Left to Right: L/cpl. Tucker, Sgt. P. Henderson, S/Sgt. R. Timmins, Sgt. T. Karaivanoff, L/cpl. G. Gaskin, Cpl. Proud.

Seated (L. to R.): Sgt. P. Cassidy, C.u/O R. Holloway, Lt. R. Abbot, Lt. C. Giddings, WO II P. Nicolai, Sgt. K. Thrush.

Salisbury High School '35





### CADET REPORT

1966 began on a very high note for the cadets of Salisbury High School. On returning to school in February we were proud to be able to announce the outstanding success of two of our cadets in the promotion course held in January. Robert Holloway was dux of the Under-Officers Course and his achievements have earned him the General Rowell Trophy, presented to the outstanding Cadet in South Australia. Phillip Cassidy gained top position in the Sergeants' course. Congratulations go to these boys.

Robert and Phillip continued their good work throughout the year, aided by the other NCO's, and I must thank and congratulate all of them on the job they have done, and more importantly, on the way they have done it.

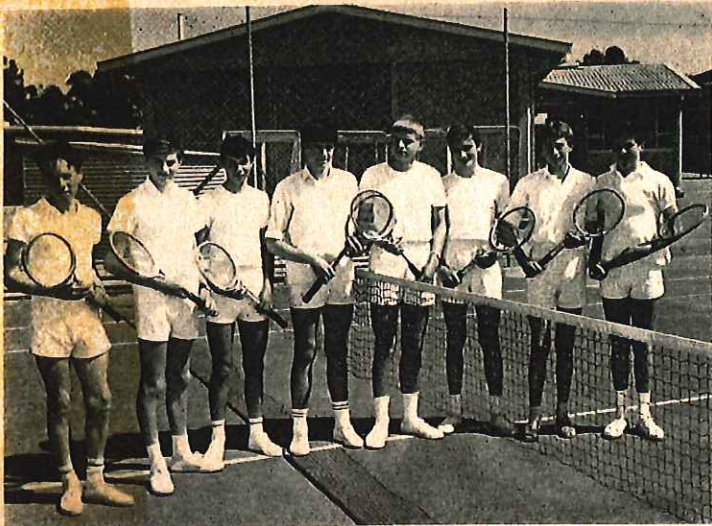
The activities of the Unit this year included a successful weekend bivouac at Murray Bridge, where Sgt. Thrush proved himself very adept at compass reading (????): Range Day at Dean Range which provided an opportunity for Cadet A. Hipkiss (Marliman's Trophy) and Cadet G. Smith (First Year Rifle Shooting) to show their skill.

The main highlight of the training year is the annual camp and this year saw undoubtedly the most successful camp we have attended. Held at El Alamein and Cultana (for third years) in perfect weather conditions, it enabled us to carry out a very successful training programme and at the same time have a thoroughly enjoyable week.

The annual ceremonial parade, inspected by the Honorary Colonel of Cadets in S.A., Brig. Johnson, provided an impressive climax to the year's training.

The Salisbury High School Cadet Unit records its appreciation to the Commander and staff of 4 Cadet Brigade for their assistance throughout the year, particularly to WO II H. Seyfang, the A.R.A. instructor attached to the unit. Our sincere thanks are due to the Salisbury R.S.L. for their donation of a magnificent shield for perpetual competition between the sections,





**SATURDAY MORNING TENNIS:**

G. Parker, R. Copestake, J. Smith, C. Jeffrey, R. Macaitis, A. McDonnell, A. Nicholson, M. Foreman.

**SATURDAY MORNING BOYS' TENNIS**

During the 1965-1966 season the school entered two boys' teams in the Salisbury, Elizabeth and Districts Tennis Association.

Both teams moved up a division following their succession the previous season. The Division I team comprised Michael Foreman (Captain), Campbell Jeffrey, Andrew Nicholson and James Smith. The team played well throughout the season and eventually finished third on the premiership table. The team established a high standard during the minor round of the season but were unable to repeat their success in the major round and were unlucky to finish third.

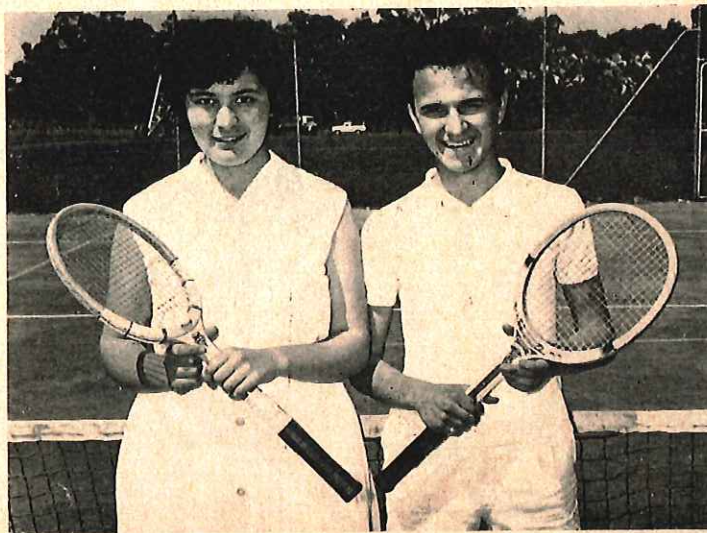
The Division II team was captained by Lawrence Copestake with Raymond Macaitis, Gerald Parker, and Adrian McDonnell completing the team. Playing good tennis the team became minor premiers losing only two matches, both to the eventual premiers.

Again, as for the "A" team, the major round proved unlucky. The team was defeated in the Preliminary Final by 1 game after a draw in sets resulted.

Both teams wish to thank Mr. Swanson for his help and encouragement and also all members of the Staff who attended matches during the season.

**TENNIS CHAMPIONS:**

G. Sellar, S. Djukic.





# LIBRARY REFERENCE ONLY.

## GIRLS' TENNIS

Girls' tennis at Salisbury High School was divided into two groups — the two teams which played in the Salisbury and Elizabeth Tennis Association and two inter-school teams.

In the 1965-66 tennis season we entered two teams in the junior division. The Division I girls were Gayle McDermott (Captain), Susan Coates, Rachel Bowley Peggy Wiffers. Despite the enthusiasm shown by the team they were unable to gain a position in the final four.

The Division II team (Dawn Miller (Captain), Jean Sanders, Angela Grady and Anita Bobolka) finished in fifth position.

Despite the interest shown last season, however, we have been able to field only one team for the 1966-67 season.

The Thursday inter-school tennis teams played against Elizabeth Girls' Technical High, Elizabeth High and Gawler High.

The A tennis team (Marilyn Gurney, Carol Magor, Pam Nicks and Christine Tothill) had mixed fortune, but all gained valuable experience from the matches.

The B tennis team, consisting of Dawn Miller, Dianne Bailey, Peggy Lynch and Kay Thomson, was defeated by Elizabeth Girls' Tech. but beat Elizabeth High.

Gillian Sellar has won the girls' championship this year. All the girls who have played with Gillian know what a promising player she is and all wish to congratulate her on a popular win.



"A" & "B" TENNIS:

C. Magor, M. Gurney, P. Moody, D. Miller, P. Nicks, D. Bailey, C. Tothill.



19 OCT 1978

7 OCT 1980

2 NOV 1977

2 NOV 1977

19 NOV 1978

26 JUL 1982

25 NOV 1982

12 APR 1984

1 NOV 1984

14 JUL 1985

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