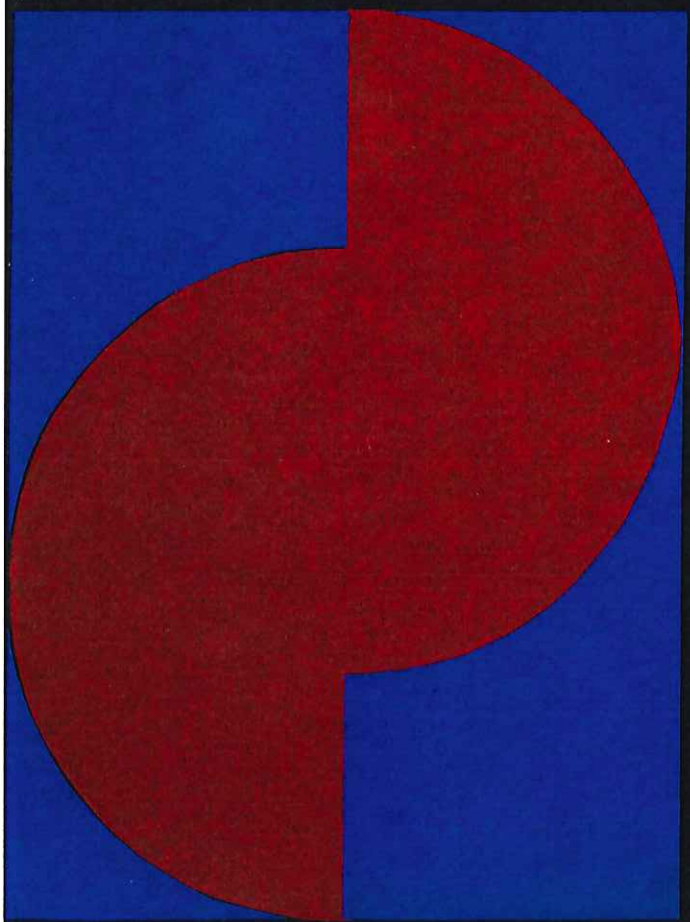


SALISBURY



1967

D. WATSON

Careers

"The world makes way for the person who knows his goal, but life is an obstacle for the man who is uncertain of his destination. Men succeed in proportion to the reality of their vision and the strength of their purpose."

N. Preston Stanley,

What do we expect from our chosen career? We all have physical wants and needs and so we work to earn enough money to satisfy all of our needs and as many of our wants as possible.

There is considerable satisfaction in doing work which interests us, for which we have some aptitude, and therefore, in which we have an opportunity to excel. To feel we are a success in our work is a strong contributing factor to our happiness. Happiness in one's work comes from a feeling of achievement and of being a means of service.

Some types of work enable us to serve the community much more directly than others; but it is important for all to feel that their work is useful and in some way serving the needs of their fellow men. In this regard, it is important to realize for example, that the man who puts in the rivets is just as surely providing the public with aeroplanes as the man who draws the plans.

Throughout your life the work you do will be the real assessment of what you are. You measure a career by its ability to satisfy your requirements. Your career will, in turn, measure you. More than anything else, your work reveals the worth of your set of values: it reveals your character. Take pride, then, in doing your best; which surely will mean a readiness to do more than the minimum demanded of you. This will be a source of enduring satisfaction to you.

EDITORIAL.

This year has seen important changes in the sphere of education. The Intermediate is to be abolished after 1968, and the burden of the new Matriculation course is now being felt by both teachers and students -- especially students.

A further change, and this has happened to the school itself, concerns the school oval. We must gratefully thank the E.T.S.A. for making ours possibly the only school in the State (perhaps in the whole world) to possess those giant monstrosities of engineering, those miniature Eiffel Towers, the pylons.

On a happier note, and in keeping with the mood of "revolution," your Magazine Committee has changed the format of your magazine, we hope for the better. We think the standard of contributions is high. We like it and we hope you do too.

THE EDITORS

P. Yarrow
E. McDonnell
S. Eldridge
M. Foreman

SCHOOL DIARY 1967.

3.

Feb.	6	School re-opens	July	17	Geography excursion
"	24	Swimming Carnival	"	24	Annual school inspection begins
Mar.	7	Inter-school Swimming Carnival	"	26	Commonwealth Scholarship exam begins
"	23	Induction of Prefects	Aug	4	School exams start
Apr.	24	Visit to "The Merchant of Venice"	"	12	Announcement of proposal to build third wing of main buildings
"	27	Sports Day	"	17	Charities Week begins
May	9	Inter-school Sports	"	22	Upper School Social
"	11	End of first term	"	25	Cadets leave for weeks camp at El Alamein
"	23	School resumes			End of second term
June	6	New class rooms & science rooms under construction	Sept	11	School resumes
		Careers night - Salisbury Rotary Club (about 600 present)	"	18	Visiting night for parents
"	29	Chaucer performance by Rob. Inglis	Oct.	2	Inaugural meeting of Ladies Auxiliary
July	4	Junior school visit to Octagon for orchestral concert	"	17	Cadets' Ceremonial Parade
"	7	Cadet bivouac at Murray Bridge	"	18	Presentation of school pennant
		Drama Camp at O'Sullivan's Beach	Nov.	21	P.E.B. exams begin
"	12	Book Week assembly	"	22	School exams begin
"	14	Visit to Curzon to see "To Kill a Mocking Bird"	Dec.	11	Speech Night
			"	15	End of third term

STAFF

Row: Mr. Katakasi, Mr. Medwell, Mr. Semmens
(Headmaster), Mr. Warren (Deputy Head-
master), Mr. McElroy.

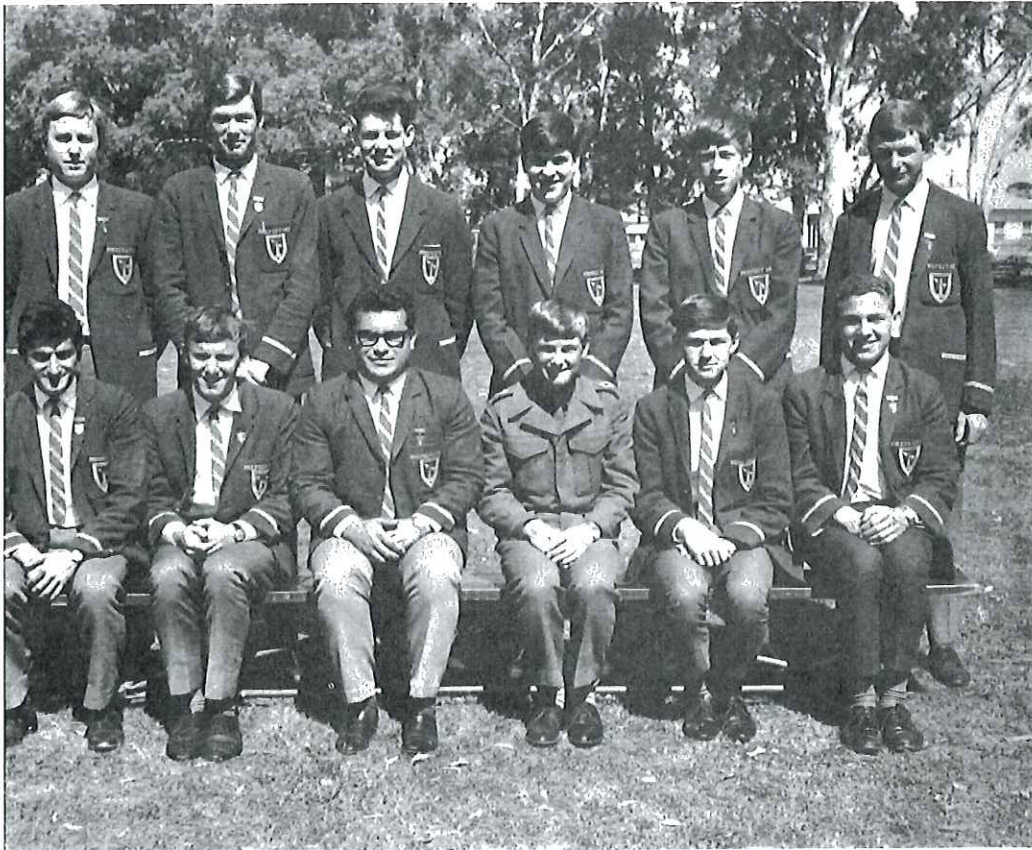
t Row: Mrs. Phillips, Miss Glynn (Deputy Head-
mistress), Mrs. Kite.

LINE COMMITTEE

ding: Ian McPettridge, Allan Harris, Chris.
Coxhill, David Lewis, Eamonn McDonnell
(Editor), Steve Eldridge, Michael Fore-
man(Editor), Mark Stubbs, Jim Green.

ed: Angelika Boettger, Sally Wagstaff(Editor),
Rachel Mackey, Pam Yarrow(Editor),
Margaret Welsh.





GIRL PREFECTS

Standing: Stephanie Dinkoff (Sports Prefect), Peggy Wiffers, Janice Taylor, Sharon Benson, Pam Yarrow (Deputy Head Prefect), Pam Gowan, Loretta Greenwood, Pat Moody, Lynette Curtis.

Seated: Regan Harrison, Peggy Lynch, Heather Ferguson Diane La Grutta, Lina Ursimo, Carol Olley (Head Prefect), Sally Wagstaff.

BOY PREFECTS

Standing: Geoff Casson, Knut Cudarans, David Lewis, Michael Foreman, Clive Saene, Bob Bridges.

Seated: Tony Scarfo, Roy Franks, Sam Demaria (Deputy Head Prefect) Philip Nicolai, Ian McFetridge, (Head Prefect), Joe Bivone.
Absent - Darryl Wilson (Sports Prefect)

The Magazine Committee has prevailed upon me to write a report (threat of torture if I do not) on the activities of the Girls. The Committee insisted that this be a humorous report, so - you may even laugh.

At the beginning of the year the prefects attended an Inter-Prefects' Social. It was a formal occasion and so we arrived, very elegant in our new dresses and hair styles. Much to our surprise however, the best-looking boys (all from other schools) spent most of the evening holding up the wall. We dragged a few of the boys from S.H.S. onto the floor. They all insisted that they were unable to dance but did not deter us.

Much of our time this year has been spent in hauling boys out of the canteen. The big ones think they can get away with walking in, without lining up, because they are big. The little ones then have to do it too. However, they have all found that under our outer soft-possess arms of steel.

Yard duty supervision has again been our lot. On the whole the first year girls have proved a willing (?) band of helpers. Eager to go on with the job, they have usually managed to talk the prefects into helping them. Guess who does the most work!

The matriculation prefects attended the Primary School Choral in the capacity of Usherettes. I am pleased to report that we went with the decorum befitting our position as your representatives.

This year the prefects have been a sensible group apart from a few exceptions whom I need not name. I have only had to be severely stern occasionally. This has occurred when I have to do canteen duty because I have scheduled to do it, forgets.

I must say thank you to the students of the school. Without their labours would have been futile as we would have no-one to help.

In closing, on a more serious note, I would like to thank Miss [Name] for her untiring help and guidance which she has extended to us throughout the year. I hope that future prefects of S.H.S. gain as much and enjoyable experience as I have this year.

CAROL OLLEY
Head Prefect.

Every school has a character of its own and prefects play an important part in developing this character. This year's prefects really were a bunch of "characters". At the outset I would like to say what a joy it was to be booed and jeered at everyday and to tell you that confiscating cigarettes, pea-shooters, water-pistols and balls is a very unhealthy hobby.

This year I was ably assisted by Deputy Head Prefect, Sam Demaria, whom the girl prefects have dubbed the "local trashman" for his yard-duty activities. This year's yard duty tested the prefects to the limit. Phillip Nicholai called on his experience with cadets and introduced "yard duty - army style". My own yard-duty team-mate, Mick Foreman, comments on the 1F yard duty squad, "They are such a pleasure to work FOR".

Sports Prefect, Darryl Wilson, who will have to study dancing as part of the Phys. Ed. Teaching course which he hopes to undertake, was made to run the gauntlet of taunts when his class teacher suggested he should apply for an Australian Ballet School Scholarship.

State Champion athlete, Knut Cudarans, must have practised long and hard, but it wasn't when running from the girls.

This year's status symbol among the prefects was holding a driver's licence and driving to school every day. So it is that we report with pride that hot-rodder, Clive Skene, made a grand effort to rival that famous maroon and cream "car of the year" with his grey and white version. Another argument for raising the driving age, Tony Scarfo, would have no idea what driving his Dad's Valiant at less than 35 m.p.h. meant.

Amid the ups and downs of prefectship, clever wit, Roy Franks, teamed with budding "Red Baron", Bob Bridges, and Mini maniac, Geoff Casson, could always be relied on for a good joke.

Most pitied prefects were Joe Bivone and Darryl Window - roses among the thorns in the 4B den.

Brilliant, David Lewis, is almost as well known as his terrible twin brothers - but for different reasons.

I should like to thank Miss Olley's girls for occasionally seeing fit to do a bit of work around the school and also Mr Warren and Mr Katakasi for their help during the year.

IAN McFETRIDGE

Head Prefect.

"Abstract"

10.

The easel groaned,
Colour took its course,
The canvas quivered,
Depth came into force,
Light darkened, dark lightened,
Lustful and livid the shapes appeared.

The brush laboured,
Effect obscure,
The oil oozed,
Ultramarine,
The canvas gave birth-
A beautiful child.
Still he stood,
Dumbfounded.

Angelika Boettger. 4A
Magazine Prize.

"Alone"

Tears I cry
I sit there indulging in my sorrow,
Then fears I dread
Are there in the shadow of tomorrow,
I need not cry,
But my heart is heavy with despair.
I shut my eyes
But the sad shadows are still there.
I must not cry
But I cannot stop my tears from flowing,
Tomorrow comes,
But who knows where today is going?

Ann. Boakes. 3D

"To a Defeated Friend"

11.

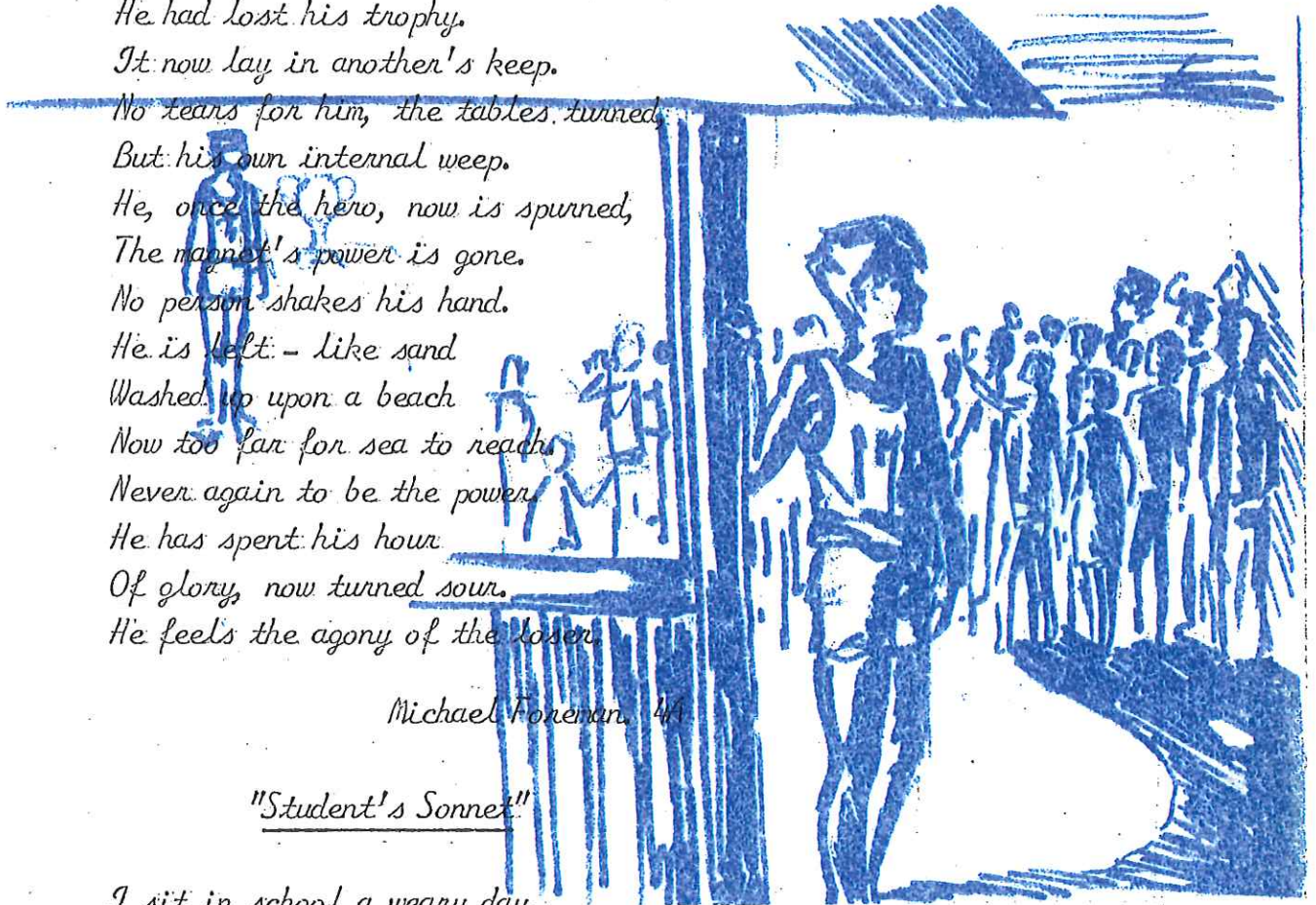
He had lost his trophy,
It now lay in another's keep.
No tears for him, the tables turned,
But his own internal weep.
He, once the hero, now is spurned,
The magnet's power is gone.
No person shakes his hand.
He is left - like sand
Washed up upon a beach
Now too far for sea to reach.
Never again to be the power.
He has spent his hour
Of glory, now turned sour.
He feels the agony of the loser.

Michael Foreman 44

"Student's Sonnet"

I sit in school a weary day.
I trudge back home my weary way.
My weary feet in shoes they ache.
My weary hand through hair I rake.
I bend my weary head to books.
My weary hands through pages flick
My weary brain is dulled and thick.
I throw my weary self in bed
On pillow lay my weary head.
And into sleep I wander then,
To build my strength for school again.

Barbara Ellis. 30



A WEDDING

12.

I remember that day well. The heat hung about us in heavy until we entered the church, an ugly barn-like brick building. It was cool and dim, and light coming through the narrow white windows fell on the dark-stained furniture and was lost. The dressed in a long filmy white gown, walked slowly down the aisle, led by her bridesmaids in dully gleaming frocks; and the sacred began.

The minister's voice droned the well known words and the played the old tunes, but I paid no attention. I was watching as they buzzed from window to window. The wooden ceiling ages away and I transferred my gaze to its mysterious shadows.

At last the couple returned from the vestry and the congregation to the accompaniment of squeaks and cracks as the floor protested the strain added to it. We followed the newly-weds outside and coloured confetti, which fluttered half-heartedly in the dust of air.

Everyone climbed into their cars and drove a short distance hall where the reception was to be held and stood about in the of the pine trees talking of the drought, the sheep, the price paid to get for their wheat, and the drought again.

A little later we all trooped inside to eat and drink and to make merry. Bottles clinked and voices rose and hordes of filtered in.

But one hundred yards away in the local hotel, the new maid, just come up from the city, finishing cooking lunch and threw ashes from the fire out into an old rusty petrol drum. The live air moved a little and a breeze fanned the ashes into flames devoured the rusty drum in seconds, and flickered across the dry, dead grass.

The men in the hall were on their feet even as the siren sounded its alarm. The bride stepped out of her six silk petticoats in the middle of the hall, hitched up her long dress and ran with the gulls to fight the fire. Fortunately the breeze was coming from the north-east, fanning the fire towards gaunt, bare hills, away from the properties. But there were two holdings in the fire's path, as yet a mile or so from its head. I stood with the other men, fascinated by the horror of it. Above the crackle of the fire, licking at the young pines planted along the creek to prevent erosion, and the occasional shout of a fire fighter, I could hear tractors as they raced backwards and forwards, driven frantically by the men of those two properties on the hills in the hope of saving their land by ploughing fire breaks.

And then the breeze dropped and died. The flames burnt slowly now, over the almost bare ground to the crest of the nearest hill and lapped around the two holdings standing out like islands in a sea of black and red destruction. Then the effort became too much. The fire's crown dropped, smouldering, and was extinguished.

Much later we returned to the wedding reception and raised once cold bottles of drink to toast the bride and groom. Faces and arms blackened and dirty, we farewelled them in the traditional way. It was a wedding we were to remember in the years to come. Its details will remain clear while those of other weddings fuse and fade.

SHIRLEY CREW. 4A

Magazine Prize

'MONOCHROMATIC'

..... and the colours still fought in the evening sky, slashing at each other until the darkness glared with the scarlet wounds and purple bruises. But the people sat in their little hutches, their eyes glued to the screen and the sunset was unnoticed by all but the gloating pylons.

Dark and forbidding, they stood against the intricate web of colours. Alien beings, they were intruding upon the earth, destroying its beauty. They could not feel as the soil could; their stiff metallic limbs could not be tortured by bushfires or drowned by the floods. The pylons, their wires festooning the borders of the cities, scarring the countryside were malignant spiders in nature's sculpture.

The sunset was unnoticed by the worshippers of the wooden boxes and the pylons were the conquerors -- conquerors of nature's beauty, for it was they who supplied the power to create the black and white images on the people's screens, ruthlessly, relentlessly sweeping away the lovely colours.

The battle was over and the muted shades of the sunset lay rejected over the houses, resigned to neglect.

S. WAGSTAFF. 4A

SCHOOL PERSONALITIES

by

S. Eldridge

earance; T.S.-Theme Song; Amb.-Ambition; P.D.-Probable destiny.

Annie Dinkoff

Major.
Down Valley,
in Triangles.
join the Army.
onscript.

Lina Ursino

App.; Very rugged.
T.S.; Take me out to the
Ball Game.
Amb.; To kick a football.
P.D.; Captain Coach of
Central Districts.

Knut Cudarans

App.; Out of this
world.
T.S.; Up, Up and Away.
Amb.; To clear 7 feet.
P.D.; Being brought
down to earth.

Carol Olley

asantly plump.
can't Control
elf.
secondary teacher.
housewife.

Dianne LaGrutta

App.; Dream girl.
T.S.; Living in a
Child's Dream.
Amb.; Computer Pro-
grammer.
P.D.; Being programmed.

Ian McFetridge

App.; Little Boy Blue.
T.S.; We Love You.
Amb.; Dental Surgeon.
P.D.; Being extracted.

Pat Yarrow

et.
n't Go Out in
Rain.
rmacist.
rm worker.

Pam Gowan

App.; Nay.
T.S.; Somewhere My Love.
Amb.; To ride around the
world.
P.D.; Saddle sore.

Michael Foreman

App.; Mr. Terrific.
T.S.; They're Coming
to Take Me Away,
Ha Ha.
Amb.; To play King
Lear at the Old
Vic.
P.D.; Stage hand at
the Shedley.

Darryl Wilson

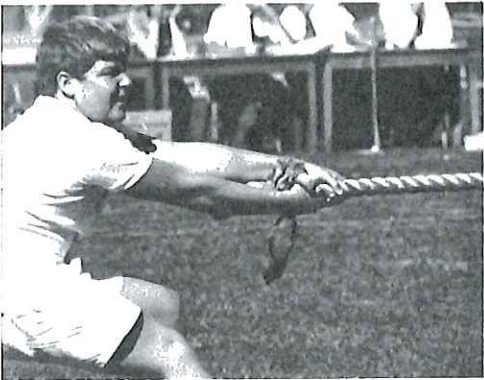
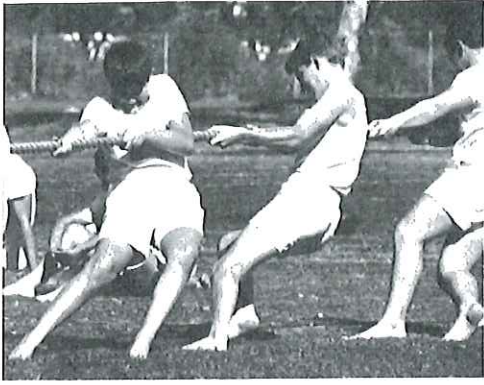
App.; Ruddy Bussie.
T.S.; "Ow Ya Goin."
Amb.; To play League
football.
P.D.; Selling Glen
Ewin jams.

Steve Eldridge

App.; Very Strange.
T.S.; When You're Strange.
Amb.; Secondary teacher.
P.D.; The school - 5A.

---ooOoo---





This year five students from the school distinguished themselves and the school by their fine performances in State competitions.

Amongst the five, Gillian Sellar is the only girl who was picked for a State team this year. In January she was picked to play in the South Australian Girls' Tennis team. Gillian is the current holder of ten tennis titles, three table-tennis titles and no less than thirty six trophies. She is equally at home in Senior and Junior competition and in fact holds more titles in Senior divisions than in Junior ones. Gillian Sellar naturally plays in the school's "A" tennis team and is certainly a worthy school tennis champion.

For the first time this year two members of the school's "A" soccer team were chosen to play in the South Australian under 16 team. The two boys, Andrew Nicholson and John Eadsforth, were among fifteen players selected from over 150 boys to represent South Australia in the Soccer Carnival held in Sydney. Both boys played in the side which was unlucky to finish Runner-up to the home team, New South Wales. The consistently high standard of the school's team must surely be greatly helped by two such capable players.

Knut Cudarans is perhaps the best-known sporting identity at the school. Knut, besides being the lacrosse team captain is also the school's most outstanding athlete. The winner of six events on Sports Day, Knut thoroughly deserved to win the Senior Cup. His best event seems to be the High Jump in which he is the winner of the South Australian Schoolboys' Championship. He has been placed fourth in the state out of all the Juniors (under 19) for his record jump of 5 feet 10 inches.

Although not in a sporting capacity one other student has won distinction for the school so that we feel his name is worthy of mention. He is Cadet Peter Henderson. In January Peter represented the school at the Warrent Officers' course at Woodside. This course, one of the toughest in the cadet curriculum, was entered by the best cadets from throughout South Australia as well as cadets from other mainland states. At the conclusion of the course Peter was declared the "dux" for 1967 and was presented with a pacing stick as a trophy.

We congratulate Peter and all other students who have brought honour to themselves and the school this year.

JIM GREEN and
MICHAEL FOREMAN.

Because of the withdrawal of local schools from the inter-school matches, sport this year was largely confined to inter-house matches. This has proved to be a very popular system and led in Mawson dominating the girls' winter-sports and Florey and Cairns winning the two boys' competition.

Pre-sportsday activity was very intense this year and resulted in an exceptionally high level of competition on the day itself. Novelty events were discontinued this year, being re-javelin, Discus and Shot-put events. Once again Oliphant was too strong, managing to overcome the determined effort from Mawson who were placed second.

Results were: Senior Girls, D. Dinkoff (O); Senior Boys, K. Cudarans (O); Junior Girls, (C); Junior Boys, J. Bridgewater (H); Sub Junior Girls, N. Plowright (H); Sub-Boys, J. Harvey (F).

Prior to the Central Districts Sportsday the senior boys won a "Twilight Meeting" held at the school. However, at the Central Districts Sports, despite the obvious team spirit, the school was unable to carry off the championships. Congratulations are extended to all members of the team who represented the school to the maximum of their ability.

Only one inter-school match was played by the "A" and "B" grade basketball teams this year. The "A" team, captained by P. Lynch, lost narrowly to Elizabeth High after a close match. The "B" team was more successful, being led to victory over the same school by R. Harrison. In inter-house competition Mawson completed the season without being defeated and so were the Champions for 1967. The inter-class basketball was a very keen competition this year with 2B eventually winning the junior section and 4A victorious in the Senior section.

Both first and second year teams played inter-school matches. The first years, captained by J. Karssen, played three matches, being defeated only once by one goal. Best player for the first year was J. Karssen. The second year team, captained by D. Crebbin was the most successful for the year, losing only one of the seven matches played.

Due to lack of competition only an "A" cricket team was needed this year. Unfortunately only one match was played which the team won convincingly. It is hoped that next year the team will be able to play in more matches so that its ability will be fully tested.

Both the "A" and "B" teams were unfortunately beaten in the only matches of the season. These matches were played against Elizabeth High School.

In the inter-house competition, which was closely contested by all four houses, Florey were the school premiers for 1967. The team was defeated only once during the season, thus proving themselves to be worthy premiers. One other match was played, this being the "Charities Week" match in which the "A" team showed their potential by defeating the more experienced Staff team in an inter-house match, excellently umpired by Greg Pearce.

The Junior football team this season played in good form to win four of their five matches. The team, captained by J. Vidorich, showed much promise.

HOCKEY: Again, owing to the withdrawal of schools from the competition, the two hockey teams played only one match. The girls' team, captained by P. Gowan, won their match 2-1 and the boys' team, under the captaincy of F. Van Prooijen, drew.

Inter-house hockey, both boys' and girls', was very strongly contested. However, the domination of Mawson in the girls' section and Cairns in the boys' section was clearly shown when these two teams remained undefeated throughout the season.

LACROSSE: The Salisbury High Lacrosse team achieved outstanding success this season. They played eight minor round matches, winning six of them. The team played Unley High in the semi-finals and defeated them 12-10. However, in the preliminary finals they were heavily defeated to finish a creditable third. The Cudarans' trophy for lacrosse was won this year by Greg Dicker for his outstanding teamwork.

SOCCER: The school's two soccer teams both played regular inter-school matches during the season.

The Senior team captained by W. Beattie played well throughout the year to reach the final of the inter-school Caledonian Shield. In a repeat of last year's final the team was unlucky to lose to Elizabeth High by one goal. Best players for the team were J. Miller in defence and J. Eadsforth in attack.

The Junior team although not as successful as the Senior team played enthusiastically throughout the season. Captained by C. Rees they won three of their seven matches. Highest goal scorer for the team was Whitney who scored four of the team's thirteen goals.

SOFTBALL: Softball was also affected by lack of inter-school competition this year. The "A" team, captained by J. Ranger, played four matches winning two and losing two.

The school junior team played six matches. Captained by D. Crebbin, the team won four of the matches showing great potential for future years.

TENNIS: Both the boys' and the girls' tennis this year has been of a very high standard. The boys' "A" team, captained by S. Djukic, played four matches, in which not one set was dropped. The girls' team were also very successful winning both of their matches.

The new method of separating the upper-school sport on Thursdays into two sections has meant that the inter-house tennis competition has become defunct because of unavailability of players.

The school championships this year were won by S. Djukic in the boys, and G. Sellar in the girls. The tournament which was arranged by Mr Medwell, was a great success. The enthusiasm shown by the spectators throughout the tournament was greatly appreciated by the players.

"Escape"

20.

When the world seems too much for me
And I have nowhere to hide,
When people have turned against my plans
And have hurt my foolish pride,
I get a paint brush in my hand
And some paper bare,
And with some paints and colours
I paint my feelings there.

Sophia Alexandridis. 3D.

"The Sea"

A great heaving mass of iridescent beauty,
What secrets lie therein?
What mystery does she hold?
What thinks she of us,
The incalculable, incoherent world?
She is a destructive force of evil,
A tranquil sort of glory,
She is a paradise to many,
Our haven in the sun,
Our potential deathtrap.
She is perpetually rumbling, perpetually calm
Before the storm.
She is wise, and, way beyond
Our wisest.
She. The Sea.
But are her moods common to her only?
Or is She, the mysterious, a mirror
To our world?

Valery Stokes. 3B.

"The Autumn of Melinda"

21

The woman on the park bench blows out puffs of steam
And wraps her huge coat collar round her throat.

She shivers in the misty air;
She says, the days are drawing in.

I am the man who stands by the graveside
Weeping for a hundred years.

The wind whips at my clothes;
Rain passes into me;

Sun bleaches the cloth of my coat.

And browns my neck with the last rays of the summer sun.

In the early morning hedge

The spider spins his challenge.

Yesterday's fallen leaves

In wet mounds on the sodden ground

Are now scattered by the bare-kneed boys

Who choke with laughing and do not see the spider.

Summer was here a week ago;

I did not see summer pass, says the woman.

Summer is the world of singing wheat,

And of dark hedges edging our fields;

Blossom-filled trees

And fresh-cut verges in the dusty lane,

Where lovers smile

For this is their time.

A girl walks, barefoot, over the hot ground,

Smiles at the red-robed choir boy with the flushed cheeks

Who despite his happy whistling in this graveyard

Is hot with the summer wind.

I was living, I was loving, she says.

We live in a happy doze,

A time so beautiful

It was unrealised till it was all gone,

And Autumn did not exist for me;

Summer was not present

It did not exist for me either,

But now that swaying wheat

Is stooked, singing a dirge,

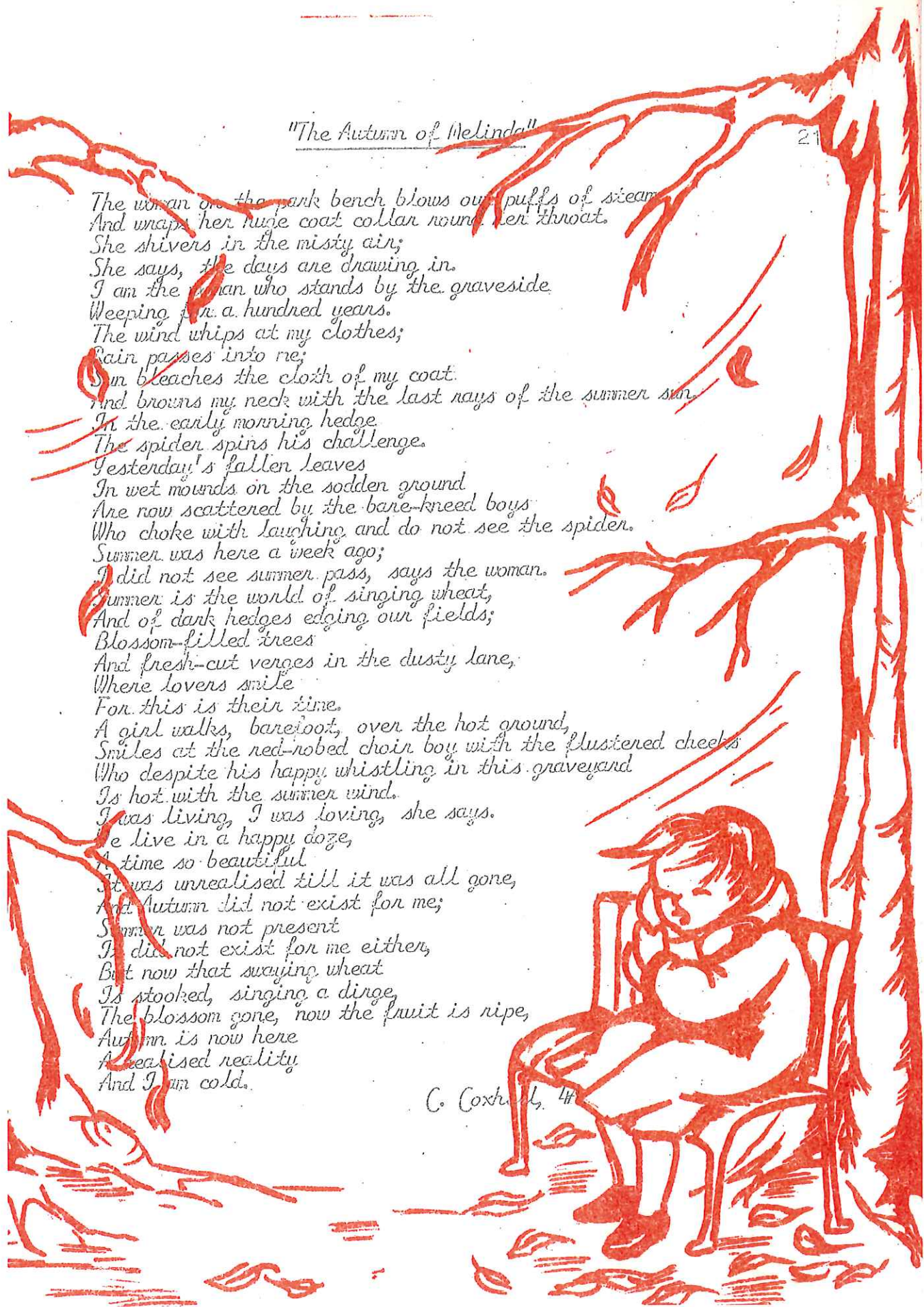
The blossom gone, now the fruit is ripe,

Autumn is now here

A realised reality

And I am cold.

C. Coxhead, 48



Have you ever stopped to look at the hive of activity which in your Local Supermarket on Saturday morning? It is the that make it so different from other days of the week; hordes rushing in and out between half-past eight and half-past eleven, ger beavers".

You have to be a hardy breed of person to venture from the and security of your home and face the people who shop on a y morning.

The first thing which will strike you is the number of children, r every adult ! There is the crying kind. They stand or jump ith faces like bloaters as they wail and shriek because they can what they want. Then there is the kind who, for want of some- etter to do, go round changing price tags, and create mass on. Next are the ones who swing and jump on trolleys until e buckled. I always find it much easier to use one of these s ! - they never go where they're supposed to! There are, of the few children who are actually shopping, but they are too d far" between to count.

The adults, too, fall into various classifications. There ee types of husband: the meek husband who only gets what is on t; the well-meaning husband who buys twice as much as his wife - which will never be used; and finally the impatient ones who oaning and cursing while their wives talk to everyone in sight.

The women who shop in the Saturday morning supermarket are ried. There are the bargain hunters, the thrifty shopper, the has not a minute to spare and the woman who has all the time in ld, to name just a few.

Before the doors open the neat rows of stalls are decked with ching labels on tins of food. Like a church filled for Harvest iving the rows are adorned with tempting food, the yield of a

With loving care the tins are stacked in geometrical designs. s of tinned beef, circles of baked beans, pyramids of fruit

Everything important for life to continue is waiting anxiously h the eye of a passing customer.

The lock-gates are opened and the people flood in. Slowly at like a pleasant stream. Soon the pace quickens as the river on. An hour left to shop and the river reaches the sea in a of rushing people and trolleys.

Once there, what do their eyes behold? Colour!! Advertisements of black and white "OP-ART". Pinks and yellows highlighted by purple writing. Gold writing, silver pictures, red background, yellows, greens and browns for all the world to see. Blurred photographs, sharp ones of cute little girls join with all the other types of advertisement to shout one thing BUY, BUY, BUY !!!

The noise is staggering. Women's chatter drowns the ever popular music "piped" through the speakers. Noisy steam engines that whistle when turning corners are pulled into line by irate mothers. Men grumble, tills ring, money jungles as the patrons in the slow-moving checkouts hand over the house-keeping money. Ladies complain about the cost of living while babies cry and scream. Trolleys squeak and loud-speakers announcing "specials" crackle as everybody talks. "Oh, what a lovely war !!!"

The smell of stale air makes the shoppers crowd to the check-outs at the end of their spree. Each trolley is laden with the perfect way to start the day off, soap containing Parisian perfume, pink soapy liquids, purple disinfectants and a thousand and one other essentials.

The strip of paper emerges from the machine as nimble fingers fly over a mass of buttons. Then in a final flurry of clicks and whirs the till rings open to display a treasure chest of money.

At last the bell rings and the people begin to drift out, hot and exasperated. The fair is over for another week and the people leave, asking themselves, "Is it really worth it?"

MICHAEL FOREMAN. 4A

EATING AN ORANGE

It looked so good sitting in the dish that I could not resist the beautiful temptation that lay before me. It felt cold and smooth in my hand as I removed it from the vessel of torment. The bright orange cover melted into the whiteness of the skin that lay beneath that gay, perhaps deceitful outer shell. I pierced the skin and the sharp flavour squirted into the air. Bit by bit the skin peeled away to reveal a round, juicy, perfect fruit. The immediate atmosphere reeked with the tang of the naked fruit, and my mouth began to water with heightening expectation. The succulence of the fruit was beyond belief as bit by bit it disintegrated in the clutches of that eager mouth

PAMELA GOWAN. 5A

"Hippies"

24.

Hippies take your L.S.D.
You outcasts of society,
Wear pretty flowers in your hair,
Be free of worry and of care,
Have hallucinations, coloured lights,
Give your "love" all day and night,
Air your views in a drunken state
Say "up with love" and "down with hate".
Shout your world, this dream of yours;
Take your drugs to open doors
Of love and beauty you long to find,
As you go slowly from your mind.
Beg in streets, cause trouble too,
Live the lies you think are true,
Be the person you are not,
You are love? Oh don't talk not.

Run away from life you fool.
You are too weak, this life too cruel.
We don't creep or make a fuss,
Live we do for live we must.
We are the present trying to cope.
You are future but have no hope.
Be an attraction, let people stare,
Pretend you are free of worry and care.
Find your world of love..... all dreams,
Take your doses, shut out your screams,
Ruin your life, destroy your brain
Throw reality down the drain.
We do not want you at our side
We have a faith..... life, and a pride
Yes Hippies take your L.S.D.,
You outcasts of society.

Ann. Boakes. 30.

"The Advertiser"

25.



Far away, the outside world,
Is nothing but a drone,
And I drift upon a fluffy cloud
Into "The Deep Sleep Zone".

I dream about a world in which
The advertiser reigns,
He has a cure for every ill,
For all your aches and pains.

You see a room disintegrate
With one all-ending sneeze,
Are Kleenex man-size just the thing,
To combat such a breeze?

If on your breath there is a smell
Perhaps some odour there,
Then Listerine is what you need
To make your breathing fair.

When on an outback trip you go
Away from work and toil,
Then just remember for your car
That Castrol is the oil.

Awakened from my slumber
Full of these advertisements,
I look down at my golden watch
I purchased, yes, from Wendts!

Roy Franks. 5A



ADET OFFICERS AND N.C.O's.

Standing: Cpl. Gaskin, Cpl. Marron, L. Cpl. Simcock,
Cpl. White, L. Cpl. Johanson.

Seated: W/O Henderson, CUO Nicholai, W/O Karaivanoff,
Sgt. Dohse.

JP WINNERS

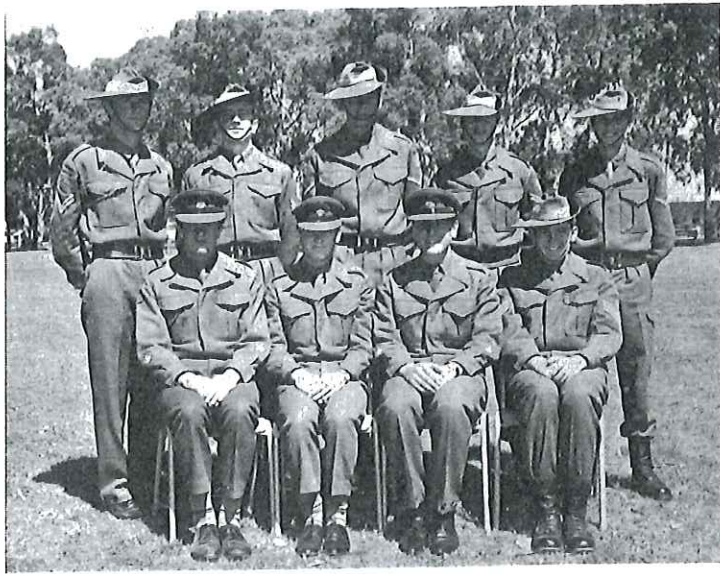
Standing: K. Cudarans, J. Bridgewater,
Absent - J. Harvey.

Seated: D. Crebbin, N. Plowright, D. Dinkoff.

ACROSSE

Back Row: G. Watson, J. Crichton, N. Sproul,
V. Osis, R. Smith.

Front Row: K. Cudarans, T. Beaumont, G. Dicker,
D. Proud.





SOCCER

Back Row: C. Skene, S. Castledine, A. Harris,
I. Meikle, B. Groom.

Front Row: J. Smith, A. Nicholson, J. Miller,
W. Beattie(Capt.), J. Eadsforth,
G. Pascucci, J. McNichol.

"A" BASKETBALL

P. Lynch, (Capt.), D. La Grutta, H. Ferguson,
J. Barclay, P. Moody, J. Ranger.

"A" FOOTBALL

Back Row: G. Fitzgerald, G. Pearce, G. Casson,
L. Marr, J. Spaans, C. Marron, R. Henderson,
G. Reed,

Front Row: R. Bridges, J. Bivone, J. Bridgewater,
P. Smith(Vice Capt.), A. Siciliano,
G. Pellegrino, D. Ivanoff.
Absent - D. Wilson (Capt.)

CANTEEN REPORT

Loving Memory of

30.

es and pasties, condemned to death in the year 1967. They were
ned and faced their death with silent dignity. Then, dripping
rlet, were hastily cremated.

ead rolls who were ruthlessly put to the sword at an average of
y.

am buns who faced an ordeal by tongue with long enduring patience.

ughnuts who after a sudden illness passed away, aged one day.

ples who dedicated their lives in a noble effort to keep the
way.

nges, massacred at the Battle of the School Canteen. They were
the Squash Cross.

est sympathies are conveyed to the other 73,500,629 dead edibles.

eth who were struck down by decay. From your beneficiaries -
ists.

paper bags who were cruelly forced out of their home, the School
and left to die of exposure on the school oval.

R.I.P.

LIBRARY REPORT or -

WHAT DOES AND DOES NOT GO ON BETWEEN THE LIBRARY SHELVES.

You may think I was a fool to take on the task of writing an
ibrary Report when nobody bothers to read it anyway. Well maybe
However you can judge that for yourselves.

Take a typical wet day. Rain streaming from the sky makes
hink twice about staying outside. There are alternatives, how-
You can go to one of those clubs which you joined at the begin-
the year and have forgotten all about - or you can go to the

Inside the library there is a paradise of, well I'm not quite
what, but books and even their readers do sometimes go in there.
e three kinds of people who go into the school library on a wet
se who go to read, those who go to do their homework and those
o get out of the rain. The most common species is those who go
ut of the rain. They are also the most rowdy and restless for
very often illiterate, or one would think so by the way that they
books.

The job of the librarian is to keep the shelves well sorted and
nd where the books are and what information is in which books.
is made less easy by the practical joker who puts a Noddy book
hemistry section or vice versa (if that could happen).

I am sure that you would all like to thank Mrs Drawing for her
reciated effort in making the library a pleasant and easy refer-
tre for everyone.

CHRIS COXHILL.

"Did you hear about....."

31.

BEST IS BEST (?!): Congratulations are in order for Mr. Best who was voted best player for the students during the "Charities Week" football match. Unfortunately he was playing for the staff!!

BOOKEATERS: We have heard that three school library books have been eaten by dogs this year. They may be dumb animals but they sure have a hunger for knowledge.

NO CONFORMITY BY NON-CONFORMISTS: Mawson is by far the most non-conformist house in the school. This year it broke the time honoured tradition of coming last on sports day by being placed second.

LOVE IN: The appeal for flowers for the school Open Night was met with a staggering response. The school's members of the Flower Power must have been working over-time.

FLOWER CHILDREN: Is Mrs. Kite a Hippie, or is it just that she likes floral patterned dresses.

DISTRICT SPORTS DAY TRIUMPH: Out of 52 events we succeeded in winning one. Congratulations Knut.

T.V. STARS VISIT SALISBURY: We learnt in first term that both Mr Semmens and Mr Warren had recently been on television. Is that why so many students have been to the office this year? They wanted to get their autographs?

VISIT PLANNED: Over heard a plot to try to send the girl who wrote the school's war cry to Siberia - I wonder why?

WORKERS PLAYTIME: Congratulations to the workmen who have finally completed the new prefabricated laboratories after taking nearly the whole year to do it.

CAR OF THE YEAR: The Car of the Year award has been won, for the second year in succession, by Mr Katakasi. The cars were judged on appearance and speed attainable.

HEROINE OF THE YEAR: This year's heroine is Miss Rees who dived in to save an unfortunate competitor at the Swimming Gala this year. Unhappily she didn't notice the lane markers and received a mouthful of rope for her efforts. (Incidentally the competitor was not drowning, but only resting and went on to win the race).

SALISBURY AWARDS: There was spontaneous applause when popular head prefect Miss C. Olley announced herself winner of the Miss Salisbury High competition of 1967. She won the award by one vote - her own. In the Male section, head prefect Mr I. McFetridge, had great difficulty in crowning himself the winner.

BUS RUMOURS: It was reported in third term that the school bus reached 33 m.p.h. while returning to Para Hills from school. The record was reportedly witnessed by a prefect and can thus be dismissed as propaganda.

FLUKE OF THE YEAR: Congratulations to the cadets who won the competition at the recent cadet camp. After seeing our boys on "Parade" every Thursday, the mind boggles at the thought of what the other schools' cadet corps must have been like.

WALTON'S WONDER: A certain member of staff has created a new trick for Bridge playing. When one has a bad hand (of cards) one cries "misdeal 14 cards", one's partner cries "misdeal 12 cards" and you both throw your cards into the middle. Nobody can disprove your claim as there are now 26 cards in the middle. We can't say who invented this system, but we can tell you it's called "Walton's Wonder".

"Passing Tramp"

32.

The gurgling creek goes gabbling by;
The trees are tall and high;
The yellow sun is brightly shining
As I go walking by.

The ground beneath my feet is hot;
The miles are long and straight;
The town back there was small and gay
But I go walking by.

Songs of children fill the air;
Joy and peace are everywhere;
Like happy children the birds are singing;
As I go walking by.

Yes, a tramp has a care-free life;
Free from sorrows and woe;
He has no home, he has no friend
But he still goes walking by.

R. Sutherland. 1A.

The page features several pencil sketches. On the left and right sides, there are tall, leafy trees. In the center, there are two birds in flight, one above the other. At the bottom center, there is a sketch of a small building or house. The page number '33.' is located in the top right corner.

"Our New Life"

33.

Three years ago we left our home,
And travelled far across the foam,
A bright new life was our anticipation,
South Australia was our destination.

Tall stately gums against blue skies,
While wild galahs do wheel and cry,
White beaches for us all to play,
How glad I am we came this way.

J. Nichols. 2E.

"Sonnet of a Wilted Rose"

Oh what made thee to wilt?
To be born in a world of death?
Your velvet skin no longer like a ruby shines,
When moistened with the morning dew.
Beyond the layers of decaying petals,
The seed box still holds life.
Insects, survive amongst this death,
And so do many others in the world of strife.
You once bloomed.
A new baby were you, and proud were your owners.
At times guns were used,
But you lived.
Guns to the valiant soldier mean his grave.
Will we die like you, useless, passive?

Cherry O'Rourke. 3F.

THE BATTLE OF SALISBURY HIGH or

'HOW TO KILL YOURSELF IN ONE EASY FOOTBALL MATCH!'

34.

On the 23rd of August, during "Charities Week", a war broke out at Salisbury High School oval. Three students, Privates Cudarans, and Scarfo had betrayed their fellow students by telling the teachers where the rest of the students could be found. On this day a fight between the teachers under General 'Bomba Warflop' caught up with these students who were under General 'Phil' Smith. The students had been driven out in the open on the Salisbury High school oval. Both forces were reluctant to start the battle without someone to witness it and to avoid any 'foul play'. They eventually decided to call on Sir Gregory, the white knight from 'Fab'.

Within a few minutes the battle had started with Lieutenant Abbott of the students launching his force on Sergeant Abbott's detachment. There was a head-on collision which resulted in Captain Window being knocked down the left flank, where he was finally stopped by Lieutenant Miller and his men. Captain Window's men dispersed and retreated to their own lines. The key attacking forces for the students were under Lieutenant Window, Sergeant Bridgewater and Lieutenant Miller, who scored several goals against the teachers.

About half an hour into the battle a tragic thing happened: Private Best who had just joined the Teachers' army, wandered on to the field just when Sergeant Stoyanoff and Lieutenant Miller were attacking Captain Seipolt and his men. Captain Seipolt, mistaking Private Best for the enemy, rode him into the dust. So ended the little man who had intended to help his fellow teachers, but was now slaughtered by one of them.

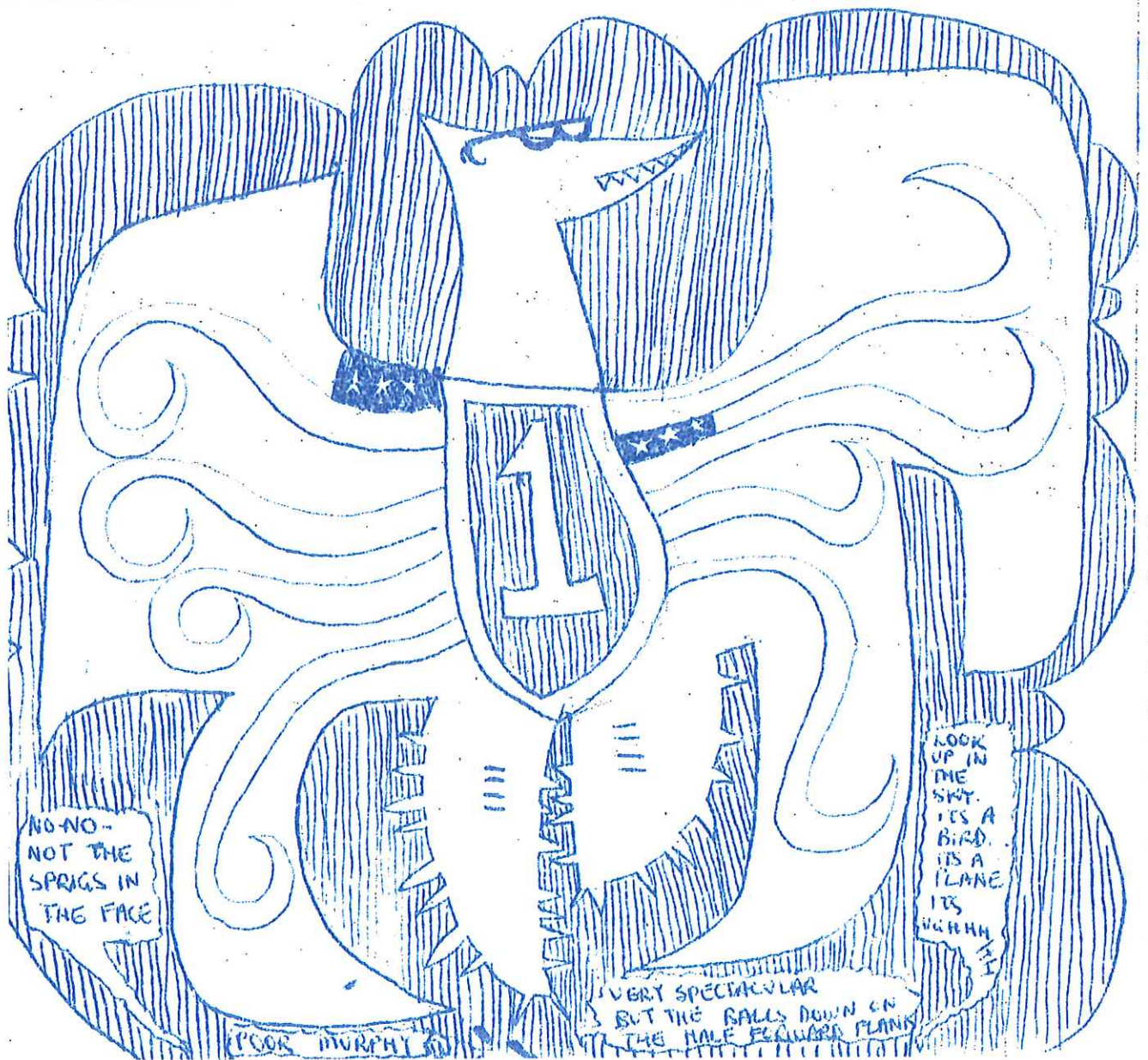
During the whole of the battle the students kept an eye out for these traitors, Cudarans, Demaria and Scarfo. Finally Captain Window spied Cudarans and quickly notified General 'Phil' Smith. General Smith then mustered all the men they could find. It was a hard fight, unfortunately Cudarans was the students' champion sprinter, and with Lieutenant Fitzgerald's speed they caught up with him and succeeded in hacking him to pieces. Sir Gregory the white knight from 'Fab' came to the rescue saying that this was 'foul play' and so the students reluctantly left Cudarans lying in a pool of blood.

The students were definitely winning the battle and the teachers were getting very tired and were thinking of surrendering, but something happened. Corporal Nagel of the teachers, the sole survivor of one of the attacks mustered a handful of men and crept up behind the students' lines. He created great havoc annoying the teachers' defenders. If it wasn't for Lieutenant Casson's great courage, the teachers would have won the battle then and there. Lieutenant Casson just managed to hold them off.

Then the students launched a full scale attack which decided the battle. The last teacher to fall was Captain Seipolt who stopped the students for a while before he was finally ridden to the ground by five gleeful students.

Sir Gregory the white knight from 'Fab' quickly checked the fallen to see if anyone was still alive, but not one of them was living. "But wait, what is this". A dusty round form slowly tottered to its feet, and the grimy smiling face of Private Best, turned towards the crowd of students. They didn't have the heart to jump on him and tear him to pieces. Instead they declared him "football hero first class". After all he had helped them more than he had the teachers !

JIM GREEN. 4A



NO-NO-
NOT THE
SPRIGS IN
THE FACE

(POOR MURPHY)

VERY SPECTACULAR
BUT THE BALLS DOWN ON
THE HALF FORWARD PLANS

LOOK
UP IN
THE
SKY.
IT'S A
BIRD.
IT'S A
PLANE
IT'S
WURRRH
I

BEAUTY

36.

When I was a small child, I liked nothing better than to rise in the morning and take my dog for a walk along the beach. I would run and play, with no-one else in sight and only the lapping waves and the cry of the gulls to keep us company. It was then I sensed beauty. It was not a "perfect scene" or a "glorious day" but a feeling. It was a feeling that surged up inside me, bringing a smile to my face and a sparkle to my eyes and making me want to jump and shout and laugh.

Since then, I have been discovering what beauty is to me. Not in a picture in a magazine or a photograph in an album. These are only representations of material things and beauty cannot be seen, only felt.

Trees are beautiful. Many people see them "dancing gaily" and hear them "whispering" and say that this is beauty. I see them and hear them rustling and know that I like this. Therein lies their beauty for no matter how imaginative a person is, he can never look at the ugliest object, see it for what it is, and know that it is beautiful because he feels a glow of happiness when he looks at it.

It is true that the structures of flowers are magnificent and intricate, but there is no beauty in this discovering. Their beauty exists when they are whole and blossom in the sun, each in its own color, blue or red or yellow.

People too are beautiful, but their beauty cannot be known until they are known. A person cannot feel the beauty of another, only when he discovers the enjoyment of being in his company.

So it is that beauty comes in many forms and each person discovers it in a new guise. Let us not accept what is beautiful to us but search our thoughts and discover for ourselves what is.

MARGARET WELSH. 4A

THE NET

The corn waved gently in the breeze, the golden heads nodding from side to side. Small animals scuttled through the field, sniffing for food. And the grain reflected the gleaming gold of the sun while the blue blue curtain of the sky formed a tranquil backdrop to the scene. And the earth breathed contentment.

But the peace was shattered and war raged over the countryside, mowing down the golden grass, polluting the tranquil air; and the blood that watered the earth smothering, stifling, deleting the joy that had been. Soon even the memories of such joy were forgotten, blotted out by curses and ill feeling. The crops were destroyed as were the people and the people were torn apart, relentlessly wrenched apart by the raging war.

...The war was ended, but the scars remained, for the earth could not be cleansed of the blood of men which had been so carelessly spilt. And the sky wept with the anguish she felt, but even her tears could not wash away the ill feeling which prevailed, for the old men were the living memorials of the bitterness and the curiosity of youth kept it alive.

And the corn waved in the hopeless air, swishing mournfully from side to side.....

S. WAGSTAFF 4A

SURFING

It's a cold, clear morning and as you trudge through the sand-hills with your surfboard under your arm you unconsciously pray for a good day's surf. As you get nearer the beach the waves crashing on the shore sound promising, but sound is greatly magnified in this still air.

Finally you reach the open beach and an excited whisper passes through the group as you watch smooth, mirror-finished waves breaking evenly out on the sandbar. By this time the sun's rays have started to pierce the icy air and the group becomes a hive of activity as everyone sheds their thick clothing and wriggles into rubber wet-suits. Within ten minutes the beach empty again and half a dozen black skinned bodies are paddling out through the shore-break.

The first wave looms up behind you like a glass wall and you catch a glimpse of your distorted reflection on the water as you begin paddling faster. Before you can think you find yourself standing up and streaming down the face of the wave with the wind whistling in your ears. However, your feet are still numbed by the cold water and you stumble and become enveloped by the seething white foam.

After a few similar rides you become accustomed to the water temperature and begin to really enjoy yourself.

As the next set moves in towards the shore you single out one for yourself. It's a big one and as it creeps up behind you like a black monster you begin to paddle, amazed at your own courage. By this time it's too late to turn back for the monster lifts you to its angry head where you gain your feet and begin the steep descent. Part way down the wave you turn and hiss along its face, just ahead of the curling break that reaches for you like a giant hand, its fingers groping round your ankles as you strive to gain more speed. At this point you and the wave are as one, but not for long. The monster's anger subsides and you slip through its now caressing fingertips, over its back, and into still water once again.

That was your wave, and as you watch it destroy itself on the sandy shore you know it will be quite a while before another like it comes along. But you are content.

REGAN HARRISON. 4A

"Death Personified"

38.

The end all, not I.
I am the door to greater things.
Fearfully anticipated or anxiously awaited,
I am death.

The end all, not I,
I am the junction of judgement;
Hither to hell, thither to heaven.
I am but a means.

I am time - not abstract.
The commandment of a jealous God.
My being is dependent on singular faith.
I am His means.

Fear not, but yet
Must you fear my coming?
Let me not be the only sweetness of infinity
The end all.

Jan. McFetridge. 5A

Through the thick green foliage of the trees the sun dapples the well-worn pathway with flecks of sunlight. A breeze gently plays in the tall grass and the clear air is faintly scented with the smell of newly blossomed flowers. Between the boughs of the trees, the sky shows through and the clouds are outlined softly against the brilliant blue.

In the clearing, each blade of grass shines like silk and the promise of a good summer shows in every newly sprung bud. Back amongst the trees the bluebells nod their dainty heads as they carpet and colour the rich brown earth with blue and green. From almost every tree top comes the clear song of birds and if you are lucky you may see a rabbit scuttling back to its burrow. At the entrance of the woods a babbling brook trips merrily along and under the bridge where many a horse and rider have passed over.

I hurry back to the clearing, for there is one thing I would never miss and that is to see the silhouettes of the trees against a bright crimson sky as the sun sets over the horizon. Night falls silently and suddenly, shadows lurk behind every tree and fallen log. Nature lies peacefully asleep as the rain falls, refreshing the land.

SHEILA DUNK. 2E



RLS' "A" TENNIS

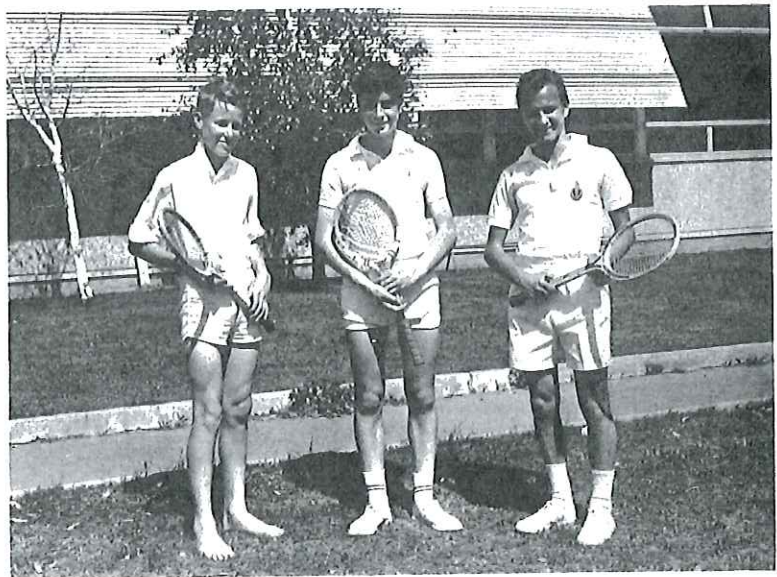
. La Grutta, G. Sellar, P. Moody, G. Thomas.

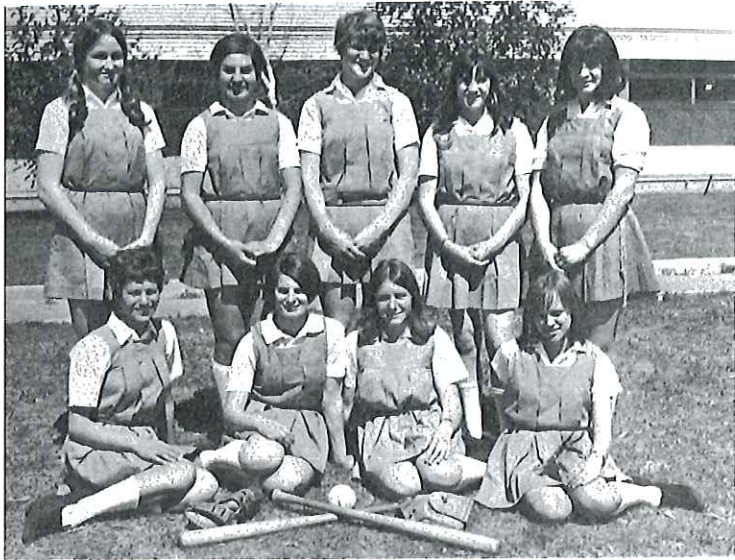
ICKET

ack Row: A. Harris L. Marr, G. Casson, D. Ivanoff.
ront Row: A. Yardley, J. Miller, G. Pearce, P. Smith.

YS' "A" TENNIS

. Heywood, J. Green S. Djukic. Absent - R. Wagner.





"A" SOFTBALL

Back: L. Marron, D. Dinkoff, J. Ranger (Capt.)
 H. Maurovic, S. Alexandridis.

Front: P. Wiffers, S. Dinkoff; H. Ferguson,
 S. Gromm.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Back: L. Harboard, G. Dicker, R. La Trobe,
 S. Eldridge, T. Spurling, C. Fernandez.

Front: G. Van Proojen, K. Lowndes, R. Penny,
 D. Mcfetridge, B. Corbett, J. Crichton.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Standing: J. Heath, G. Sellar, P. Gowan, P. Wiffers,
 L. Marron.

Kneeling: M. Welsh, J. Taylor.

Seated: D. Dinkoff, D. Fletcher, V. Hutchinson,
 B. Piercy.

A WALK

44.

I held my head upright, and walked with steady, unflinching expression. My expression was blank, showing no emotion, but I knew, with a deep, cold certainty, that I was approaching doom. My thoughts wandered to my loved ones waiting at home, who had no idea of the torture I would endure. I listened in my eye, as I tried hard not to remember. It was no use. Those fleeting memories of days filled with sunshine and flowers, in green pastures and gay parties, forced themselves into my mind. I knew that I must forget them, for those pleasures were mine no more. The air was stuffy; I could hardly breathe. My shoes creaked on the hard gravel beneath my feet, until finally I reached that destination, where fate's cruel hand had led me. I walked in through the old gates.

PAMELA WRIGHT. 1A

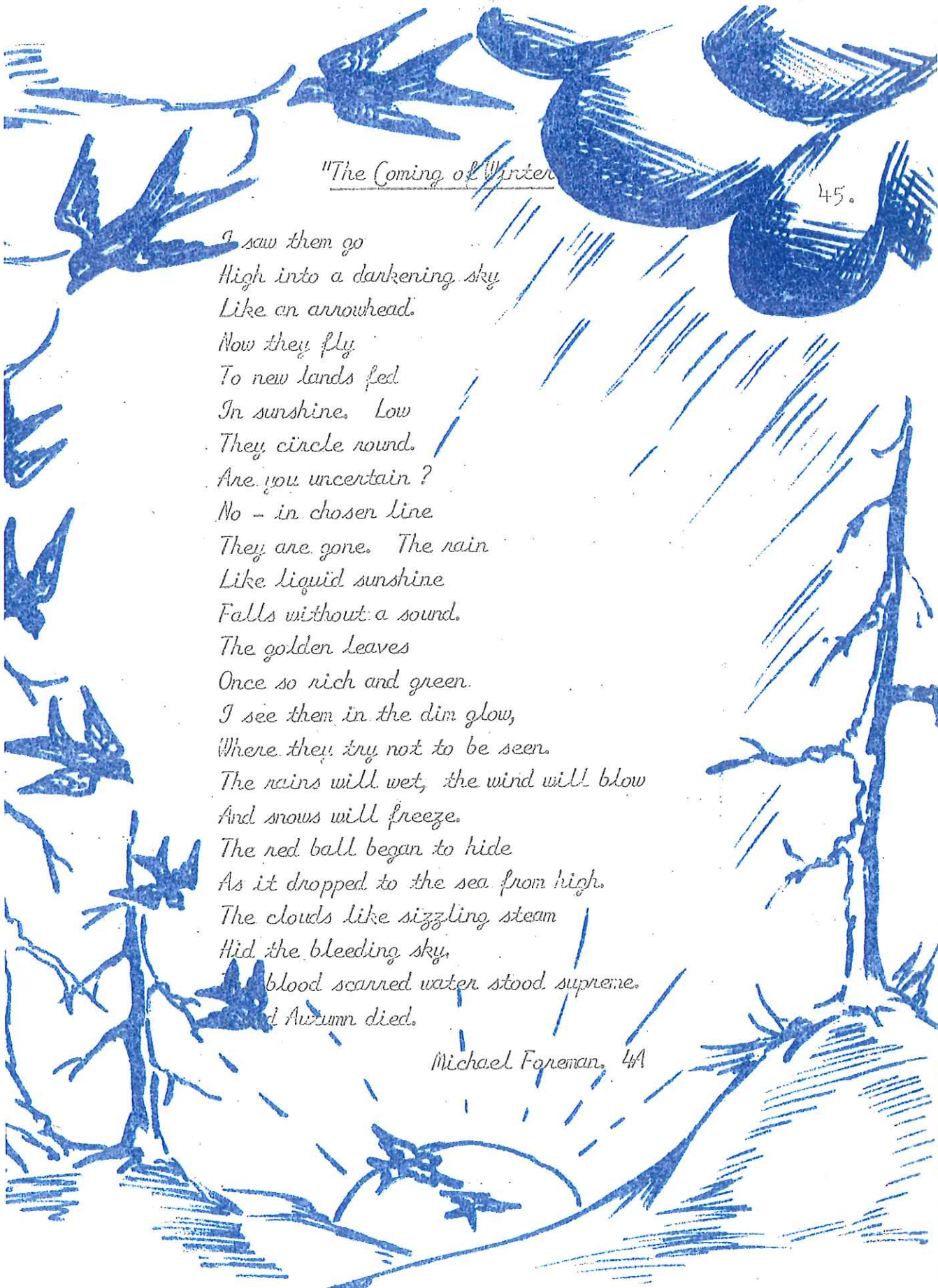
HOBBIES

I have never had a hobby, unless you could consider swimming, and other sports as hobbies, and so when my father started collecting home cards of flowers I decided to start one.

This was about a month ago. Father got the cards from the box of which he is a member. The cards come off the large sized "10" cigarette packets and there are four to a packet. I have many kinds of flowers and altogether I have about 400 cards. I take the cards of the packet and write the names of the flowers on the back of the card in red biro. Later I am hoping to buy a scrap book to keep the different species of each flower in it and send it to the friends. But lately I haven't had time to further this idea or even to collect the cards. I suppose this hobby sounds rather silly but I like to collect beautiful flowers and now know quite a few flowers on sight. Some of the most beautiful are quite colourful are the "Mondurup bell", "Cooktown Pea", "Sturt's Desert Pea" the "Parrot Pea" and many others.

I will continue this hobby until I have no more room left to keep the cards, or become tired of it, which won't, I hope, be for a long time because the flowers are so beautiful that you would think that they are unreal and only cards.

M. CROSSLEY. 2B



"The Coming of Winter"

45.

I saw them go
High into a darkening sky
Like an arrowhead.
Now they fly
To new lands fed
In sunshine. Low
They circle round.
Are you uncertain?
No - in chosen line
They are gone. The rain
Like liquid sunshine
Falls without a sound.
The golden leaves
Once so rich and green.
I see them in the dim glow,
Where they try not to be seen.
The rains will wet, the wind will blow
And snows will freeze.
The red ball began to hide
As it dropped to the sea from high.
The clouds like sizzling steam
Hid the bleeding sky,
And blood scarred water stood supreme,
And Autumn died.

Michael Foreman 45A

THE STOOL

There will always be a special place in our lounge and in my the small, old stool which has been in our family for the past years. No-one ever really knew where it came from but we all

It is a significant part of our furniture and although it is to an outsider it may look insignificant, it is not, for it thing which no other part of our furniture could do. It s of the disaster which struck our home and town in 1953.

I was one year old at the time and with my sisters, Andrea, ars old, and Rosemary, six years old and our parents, we lived stern coast of England. Then disaster, the ravaging, raging ran its boundaries. In its angry course, the flood destroyed properties, leaving many people homeless. The most important left was on the lives of the many who suffered, the emotional ick was to remain with them for the rest of their lives.

It was Rosemary, my sister, who found the stool in our back t had been washed to our premises in the way much other exchanged hands, never to be returned to the rightful owners. personal items destroyed and with them were many doused

V. HUTCHINSON

PRIDE

The door slammed, an annoyed voice swore in spite and a ick was aimed at the nearest stationary object - the wall. A in, another bout of swearing and a listless body slumped on the

He rolled onto his back after a few seconds, tucked his hands s head and sniffed in disgust. Why should he? - he seemed to was sixteen last birthday. What a cheek! Well, he wouldn't, if he begged him - that would be good, watching him plead ly and then saying - NO.

A ghost of a frown passed over his forehead. He had always is father before. He grinned as he remembered them fishing and the huge fish he had caught when his father had caught

He had not been annoyed but had laughed and said that some no tast whatsoever. But no! he still had no right to say l, not really

He glared furiously at the ceiling, and then stared at his wly he swung them to the floor. Regarding them thoughtfully eluctantly for the door.

His father's door was ajar and his father sat in his chair by w, a wistful, perplexed expression shrouding his customary countenance. He pushed the door open;

- Dad, I'm sorry...

SHARON BENSON. 4A

"Grand Final 1967"

The conditions are fine;
 It's a good football day;
 Sturt and Port team-mates
 Are ready to play.

The siren blows;
 The ball bounces high;
 The players are eager,
 They'll do or die.

At the first quarter's end
 When the siren has been,
 With the points added up
 Sturt leads by thirteen.

But with half time's bell,
 The scores can be read.
 Port finds with joy, that
 They're nine points ahead.

In third and fourth terms
 Scores stay very near.
 Barrackers have shed
 Many a tear.

As the last siren goes
 A cheer rises high
 From the Sturt supporters.
 From Port's a sigh.

Crowds flock on the oval
 Around the Sturt team
 With wild shouts of glee,
 The premiers beam.

But a sad, tired Port
 Disappointed once more
 Troop slowly away,
 Minds and bodies both sore.

P. Wright. 1A.

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL - STAFF LIST, 1967

Semmens B.Sc. Dip.T. (Headmaster)	S.P. Glynn B.A. Dip.Ed. Dip.T. (Deputy Headmistress)
Warren B.A. Dip.Ed. (Deputy Headmaster)	H.E. Kite B.Sc. Dip.Ed. Dip.T.
Medwell B.A. (Hons)	S. Phillips Dip.T.
atakasi B.Sc.	C.I. Clark A.Music.A (Piano)
McElroy Dip.Ed. Dip.T.	R.D. Coventry Dip.T. (Art)
Abbott	K.M. Drewing
Best B.Sc.	D.M. Goddard
Chinner	S.C. Howell-Price
Darwin	Y.E.M. Mole
Dunstan A.U.A. ST.D	V. Penny Dip.T. (G.C.)
Frogley Dip. Art	M.M. Pointer
Giddings	R.A. Ramsey
Johns A.U.A. ST.D	P.J. Rees A.U.A. P.E. Dip.T.
ozioi	M.B. Small B.A. Dip.T.
Seipolt B.Sc. ST.D	B.M. Stone B.A. Dip.T.
Walton Dip.T.	D.L. Webber
Wilkins	Dr. B. Nedbalek
Williams B.A. Dip.T.	
Wood A.U.A. Dip.T.	
Woods A.U.A. ST.D	
adrop Dip.Phys.Ed.	

