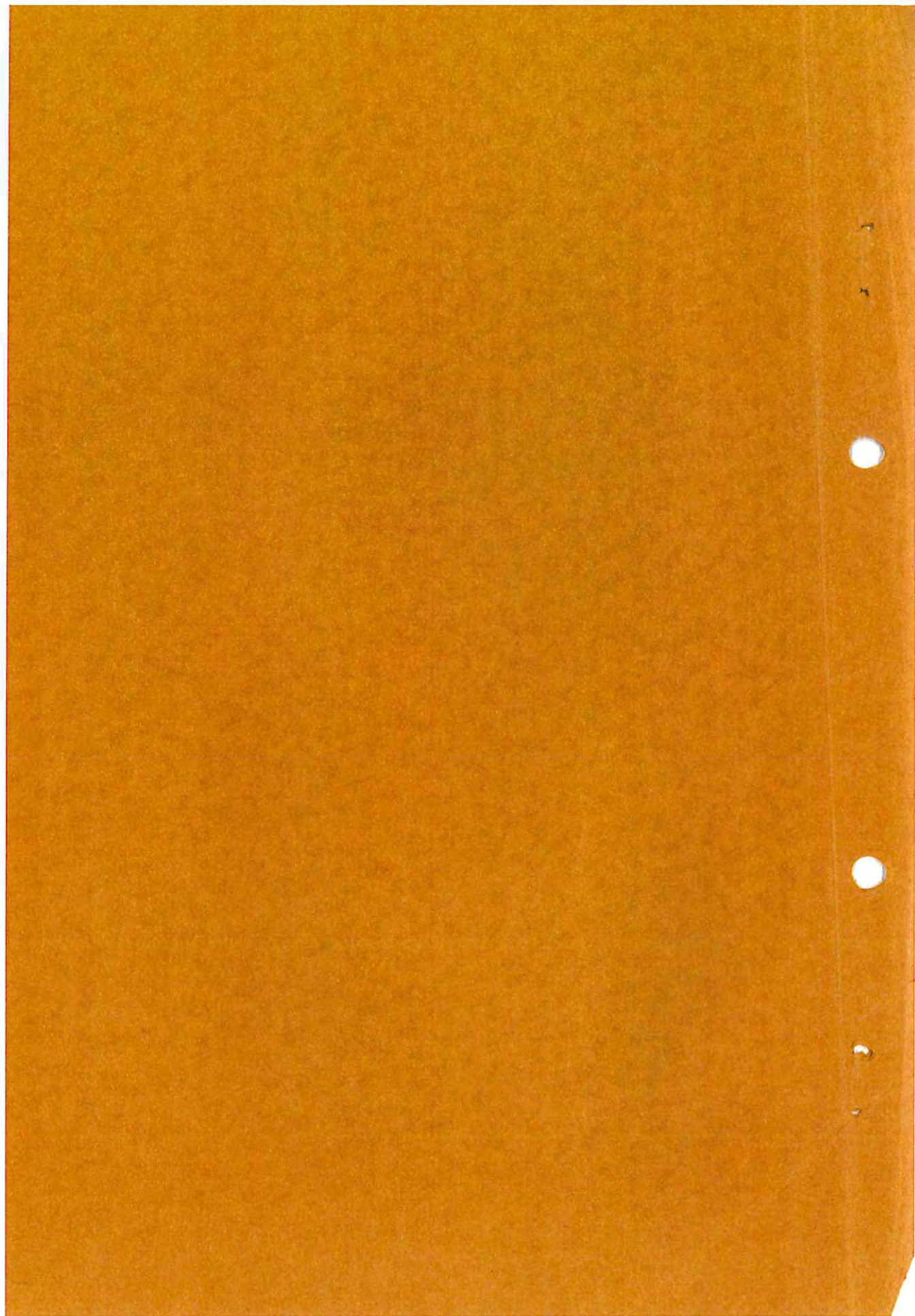


SH'S





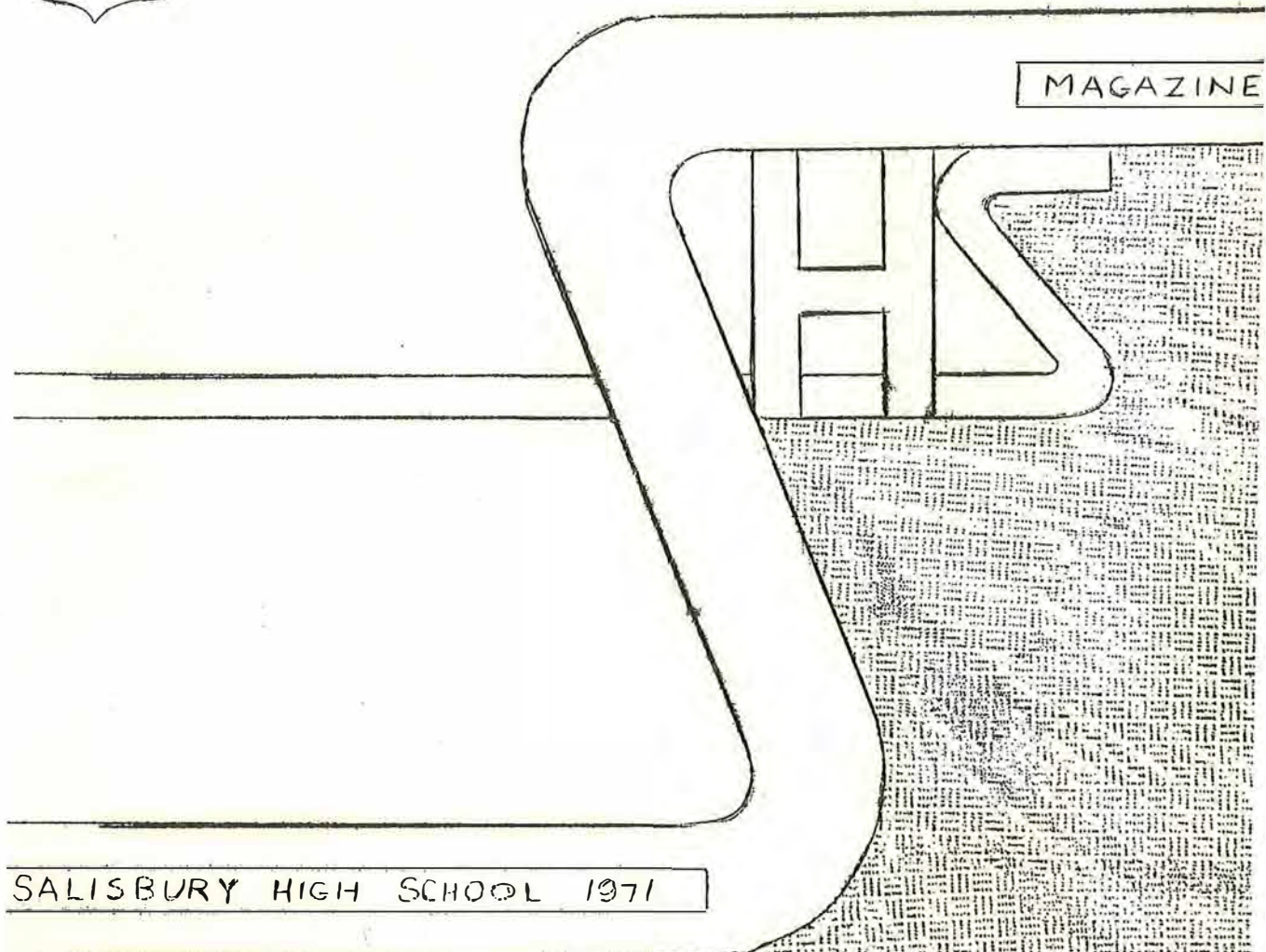




COPY 1



MAGAZINE



SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL 1971



HEADMASTER'S REPORT

It seems to be an annual chore of the headmaster to contribute some notes to this column. For the last month of the year one's arch enemy is the editors of the magazine, and one lives in trepidation, knowing full well that in due course there will be an approach and request for this article.

"How long have I got?" I say.

"Oh, three weeks" she says.

And so the next three weeks slip by with nothing done. Eventually the fateful day arrives. "Sir" she says, "can I have your notes by tomorrow morning". So here I am burning the midnight oil collecting a few thoughts to put to paper in readiness for the morning.

Next year will be my last in the Department; Father Time has persued me relentlessly and in December he will catch up on me in my job. I only hope we will have a more considerate and compassionate editor next year who will be kind enough to let me off from writing these notes.

Elsewhere in the magazine there appears a summary of the year's activities compiled by Brenda Hayward, so there is no need for me to dwell on this. Undoubtedly, one of the outstanding features of the year has been the success of the two Benefit Days conducted under the auspices of the Students Representative Council and which raised a sum of \$837.35. Control of this money was retained by the Council and with it many valuable and necessary items of equipment have been presented to the school.

The school has been well led by the Students' Council under the capable, inspiring leadership of Jenny Jacobs and Bill Corbett, and their activities have done much to establish the good spirit existing in our school.

We have been very fortunate to have had such a capable staff, people most unselfish and devoted to their work and at all times willing to give hours of private time in coaching sports teams, organizing camps, excursions, etc. It has been a pleasure to work with such a keen, conscientious group, who have always put the interests of the students first.

The school also has had splendid support from parent organizations such as the School Council, the Parents and Friends Association, the Ladies Auxiliary and particularly the Canteen helpers, to whom a special thanks must be expressed.

I hope those of you who are leaving school will succeed in finding vocations in which you will be happy and successful, and that those of you who are returning to school have a pleasant holiday with a profitable and successful studentship to follow.

To the staff, and to Mr. Phillips in particular, I offer sincere thanks for unselfish devotion to duty.

May I offer the Season's Greetings to all.



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Magazine Prizes: John Smith 5K  
John Hancock 421  
Jean Smith 301  
Fanoula Daleris 301  
Stephen Car 5M



E D I T O R I A L

The success of 1971 can only be judged by each individual student. As the school is made up of a group of individuals, the success of each student must total up to the overall success of the school. Students who may feel that 1971 was not a success for S.H.S. should look at themselves and decide how much real effort and enthusiasm they themselves have put into the various spheres of school life in which they participate. It is easy for any student to criticise and blame the staff or the S.R.C. for lack of school spirit but when the details are revealed it can be seen that the careless apathy which is the attitude of a great number of students is the real cause.

Most people, when they look back to their time at school, declare that it was the best time of their lives. Every student can gain satisfaction from his school career but he will only gain as much as he puts into it. Those students who become involved in the school life and participate willingly are those who will be able to live a successful and satisfying life in the community when they leave school.

Obviously every member of the staff realises the importance of the school environment to the development of each student and has shown, this year especially by their willing participation and organization of school trips, camps, clubs and other extra curricular activity, that they genuinely want to help their students to develop as people in fields other than the academic which is their only bound responsibility. 1972 can be a more successful year than 1971 if each student is willing to recognise the importance of their place in the school community and to accept the responsibilities which go with it.

Fortunately this year there have been few occasions when the whole school has been summoned to clean the yard which perhaps indicates the slow growing of a more responsible attitude on the part of the students. In 1971 the S.R.C. has ceased to be a police force for yard duty etc. and instead has remained part of the student body instead of deputies for the staff. However, as a result, many students have lost their respect for the S.R.C. and seem to be desiring a return to the old police force method. This year the student counsellor, Mr. McKerlie has been of great service to the school in aiding students who find it especially difficult to adjust to school life and most students have become accustomed to the idea of having a counsellor at school.

Due to exam pressure, the task of the magazine committee has again been a difficult one. Despite this every effort has been made to keep as much of the production as possible in the hands of the students. We ask the students to realise the time and effort involved and to accept the result produced without too much criticism. The editors wish to thank all those who helped and to wish the rest of the school a successful 1972

THE EDITORS.



STAFF 1971

F. J. SEMMENS H.M.

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A. Mc PHARLIN D.H.M.

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N. HARDIE

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K. MAGOR

K. DREWING

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I. WALSH

C. STASKA

P. LEHMANN

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D. HANCOCK

S. ROUTH

K. TUSZ

S. WADROP

G. ATKINS

ANCILLARY

J. DULDIG Clerk

J. HARBORD Clerk

M. FULLER Lab. Asst.

J. SAYER " "



CE QUI S'EST PASSE

Feb.	8	School commences, 207 new 1st years.
Mar.	5	Swimming Carnival.
	18	Central Districts Swimming Carnival.
	19	Matric. Film Club saw "Ryan's Daughter".
	23-25	1st Years visit museum.
Apr.	6	Sports Day - Florey won.
	18	Jenny Jacobs and Bill Corbett represented school at War Memorial Service.
	20	Central Districts Sports. S.H.S. won 2nd Division.
	23	Anzac Day Service.
	27	Visit by Mr. Little, Student Advisor, Adelaide University, to speak to Matric. Students.
	28	Visit by Mr. Turner of Commonwealth Employment Service to 3rd, 4th and 5th years.
	29	Capt. Howard of Army - recruiting talk to Leaving and Matric boys.
	30	221 inspect house-building by RDC.
May	3	Visiting night - Junior School.
	4	Visiting night - Senior School.
	5	Matric. camp at Longwood commences
		302 visit ICI
		202 visit RDC
	7	School broke up for vacation.
	24	School re-opened.
	26	Leaving Biology visit zoo and Botanic Gardens.
June	4	311 visit Lever and Kitchen
	8	1st year Social Studies groups' aerial visit to Port Lincoln.
	10	3rd years see "Lord of the Flies".
	16	Successful school social organised by SRC.
	17	Annual Careers night organized by Salisbury Rotary Club.
	18	2nd year girls' camp at Mylor.
	20	French students see "Barber of Seville".
	22	1st year students aerial visit to Port Lincoln.
	23,24	1st year Social Studies students visit Kadina, Wallaroo, Moonta.
	25	4th year students visit Clare for weekend.
		Matric. Film Club sees "The Outsider" and "Fahrenheit 451".
	28	321 visit SAGASCO.
July	1	Matric Film Club sees "Wuthering Heights."
	12	103 visit Victor Harbour.
	14	311 see "Love Story".
	27	321 and 421 see "A Kind of Loving".

CE QUI S'EST PASSE (cont)

- Aug 3 Matric. Film Club see "Love Story".  
 7 3 Matric English students attend Matriculation Seminar  
 11 Annual Lightning Carnival  
 12 311 visit egg board.  
 17,18 Benefit Days run at school. \$837.75 raised.  
 18 School social held at Octagon.  
 23 Visit by Inspectors.  
 27 School broke up.  
 Aug-Sep Water Coolers installed.  
 Sep 13 School re-opened.  
 23-25 "Hugh and the Australian Dream". Combined drama groups  
       from S.H.S. and S.E.H.S.  
 29 Combined Secondary concert.  
 Oct. 8 Conservation Day.  
 14 Mr. Fleming of Gideons presented Bibles to 1st years.  
 14-16 School presented "Oliver" in Salisbury Teachers  
       College Theatre.  
 18 Principal of St. Marks College addressed Matric  
       students on University Colleges.  
 22 311 visit South Australian Gas Company.  
 24 Students assisted in Door Knock Appeal for the  
       Freedom from Hunger.  
 Nov. 4 Visit by Kerry O'Brien to speak and show films to  
       P.E. classes.  
 11 Brief interlude at 11 a.m. for Remembrance Day.  
 16 Annual Speech Day. Speaker Mr. R. S. Coggins.  
       Presentation of Prizes and Trophies, Mrs. H. Bowey  
       Dux of the school, Pamela Wright.  
 22 P.E.B. Examination commence.  
 Dec. 3 2nd years visited Hallet's Cove.



404 CLASS CAMP - AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER

404 and a few members of 401 and 402 would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Hardie, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and anyone else connected with their very successful camp in the May Holidays.

We left the school at 10 a.m. on Monday the 9th of May for the Baptist Youth Camp at Mylor. On our arrival we moved into our dormitories amidst grumbles about the distance between the girl's and boy's dorms). The boys had several hours to scout around the campsite before the first girl entered out of our tidy mess.

The afternoon was spent under the direction of Mr. Anderson and the finished products were a lot of very fine junk sculptures.

That night, with thanks to the management, we saw the film "A Patch of Blue" starring Sidney Poitier. After that night, after we were supposed to be asleep, the girls gathered in one corner of our dorm, sitting on top of the bunks (Sorry Chris H. we didn't know you were in it!) We were telling ghostly stories, when suddenly the dorm doors were flung open, to our screams, and Mr. Walsh and Mr. Anderson burst in. It appeared that the boys had disappeared! There was nothing to worry about though - they were found at the other end of the camp trying to raid the scout camp across the river. They received a physical education lesson on the return trip I don't think they'll ever forget.

Monday morning was spent playing volleyball and basketball. Mr. McKerlie came to the camp that afternoon for the purpose of giving us a vocational guidance session that was very interesting. He joined us afterwards for a game of volleyball and a game of basketball. Later that afternoon we had a footy match - Did Butch

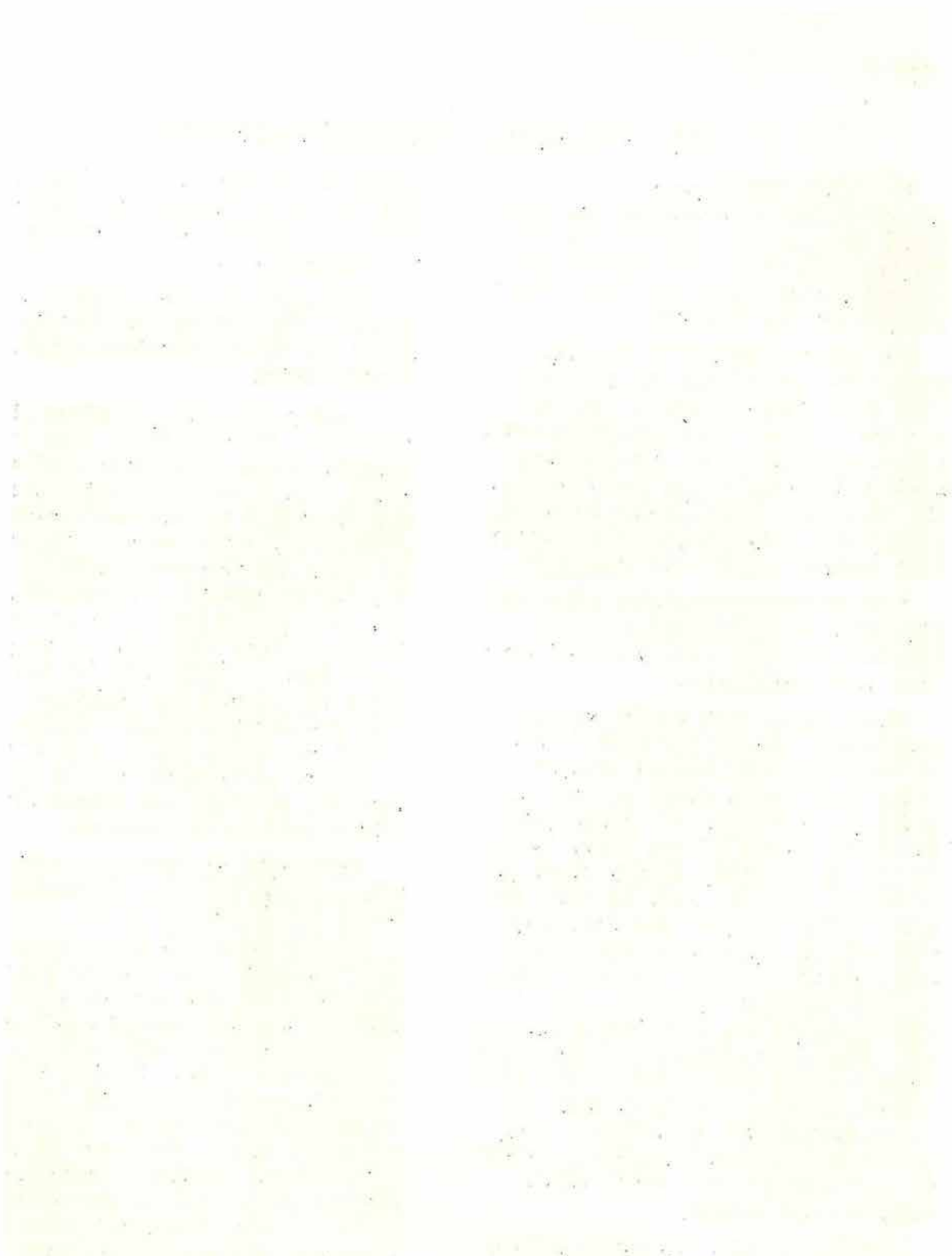
enjoy his 15 yard penalty for embracing Eve on the field? Mr. Anderson made the comment that it was worth the penalty .....

That night we held a dance in the church. We retired for the night too tired for any mischeivous pranks like Sunday night.

Tuesday was a day of utter physical exertion. We went for a long hike. Actually it was more than a hike because each team had to collect certain details about the scenery around - to prevent any short cuts or hitching it. (I might add it didn't entirely prevent it, did it girls?) We arrived back at the camp nearly too tired to eat our lunch and that afternoon we played sport again. That night we had a barbeque tea around the campfire. Later that evening Mr. Walsh's sister Janet, joined our happy family and showed us some very interesting slides of New Zealand, taken on her recent hitchhiking trip to New Zealand.

That night we went on a midnight hike, around 10 p.m. On returning we found the lights on in the boys dormitory and screaming girls running all over the camp. We went to see what was happening and when we entered the dorm we saw that nearly every mattress in the dorm were piled high in the centre of the dorm floor. We were greeted by several seething boys who exclaimed if we thought that was bad we should see the girls dorm. Our dorm had a mountain of mattress, blankets, pillows and clothes piled high in the middle of the dorm. It was discovered outside in the trees several articles of girls clothing hung high on the branches. Thanks guys! That reminds me did Melvin ever find his pyjamas?

Wednesday morning we had a discussion session on the subject of our permissive society. We played sport until lunchtime and the afternoon was spent in packing

The image is a very faded, low-contrast photograph. It appears to show a person, likely an Eskimo, wearing a white parka. The person is holding something to their mouth, which the caption identifies as vanilla ice cream. The background is a light, grainy texture, suggesting a snow storm. The overall quality is poor, with significant fading and noise.

This is a picture of an Eskimo wearing a white parka, eating a  
vanilla ice cream in a snow storm.



and cleaning the camp.

It was a wonderful camp, full of fun and was enjoyed by all. I'm sorry if I've missed anything out but so much happened I couldn't fit it all in. Our thanks again to everyone involved.

\* \* \* \*

CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG OK

This year, as usual, Matric students have received a wealth of advice on how to succeed in the exams. Two of the more revolutionary theories were proposed by Mr. Rawolle and Mr. Kite. Naturally, I feel duty bound to share this knowledge with my fellows so it is for their benefit that I set pen to paper.

Unfortunately, I was contemplating the intricacies of Euclidean geometry (teachers call it day dreaming) at the time these theses were delivered, consequently I have relied on more alert colleagues for the more precise details.

The Rawolle theory is that the more worms one eats the greater is the chance of success. However, students must not be hasty, only worms of a specific variety (extremely intelligent). They are easily distinguishable as they are flat with triangular heads. (Sounds to me as if they were run down by a steam-roller, which hardly denotes intelligence).

If worm gas tronomy is not your bag, I now present Kite's alternative theory. His suggestion is that one should forge (not as in what students do to parents' signatures in diaries) strong chains and implant them in the brain. Mr. Kite has failed to elaborate on the exact method (perhaps he had a missing link of his own) and thus I cannot give further details.

Of the two I would like to discount Mr. Kite's theory on two grounds, firstly Blacksmiths willing to do the chain are not readily available, and secondly the surgical expense of implanting them is high, as the operation is not covered by Hospital Benefits. This leaves only the Rawolle hypothesis over which I have already expressed my doubts.

I leave the decision to you, but if we have been of help here then thanks must go to our expert councillors, Mr. Rawolle and Mr. Kite.

by J. SMITH 5K

MONDAY MORNINGS

What is a Monday morning?  
I know it happens on a Monday,  
What a funday,  
From 12 midnight till 12 midday.

Monday mornings  
Are  
Happy mornings,  
They are the dawning of a new working week.  
What a treat  
On Monday mornings  
Everyone wakes up bright and happy,  
Or,  
tired and snappy.  
After all,  
Monday mornings  
are:  
The mornings  
After the nights before

Sometimes Monday morning  
is misspelt.  
Spelling Monday mourning.  
Because,  
People think  
Or,  
hate to think  
of  
the weekend wasted,  
the miseries tasted,  
the fortunes squandered,  
and those  
thoughts pondered,  
and the things that will come  
good and bad.  
And they all ask;  
Why does it have to be Monday morning.

Because,  
Yesterday was Sunday.  
Tomorrow is Tuesday.  
Today is Monday  
Monday afternoon hasn't arrived.  
So it must be Monday Morning.

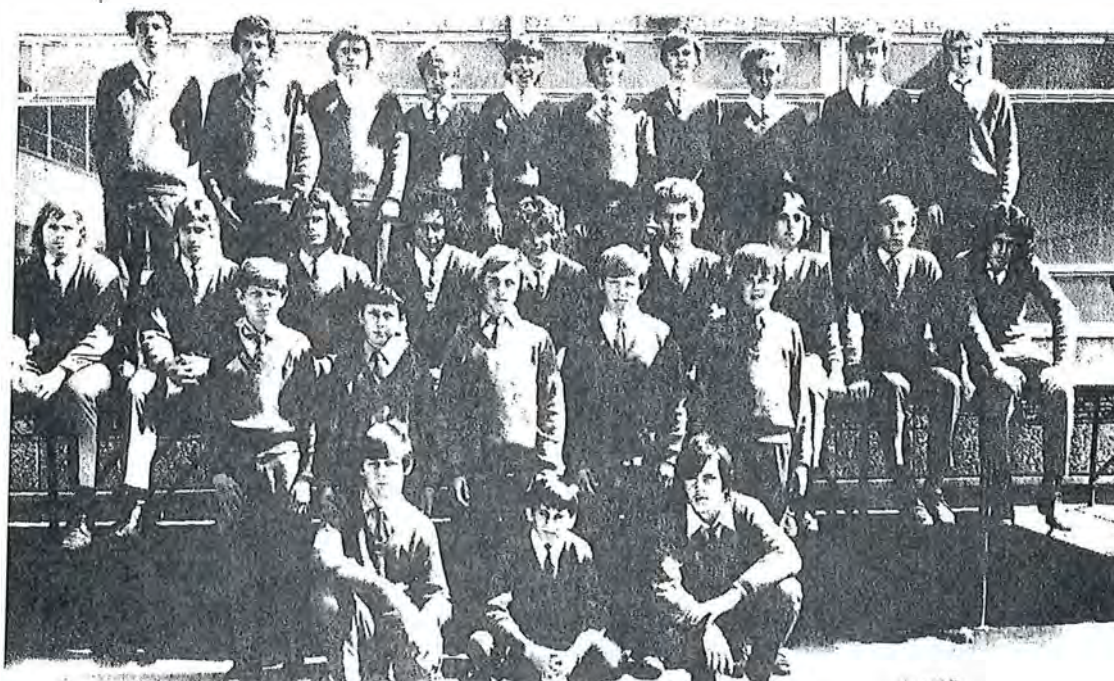




SWIMMING WINNERS.

Back Row L. to R.  
Front Row

B. Byass, D. Miles, J. Ruedigar.  
D. Manuel, P. Farrelley, V. Jaensch, C. Karsenn.



BOYS SWIMMING.

Back Row L. to R.  
2nd. Row  
3rd. Row  
Front Row

D. Miles, H. Hill, R. Thomas, A. Suto, A. Watson,  
P. Farralley, B. Hull, R. Heath, C. Jacobs, P. Devlin,  
E. Thomas, C. Jaensch, B. Byass, C. Heath, B. Bridges,  
J. Blows, M. Potter, J. Ruediger, D. Manuel,  
A. Lawrence, G. Marks, R. Emery, W. Drew, D. Graske.  
M. Reynolds, M. Buggy, O. McIntyre.



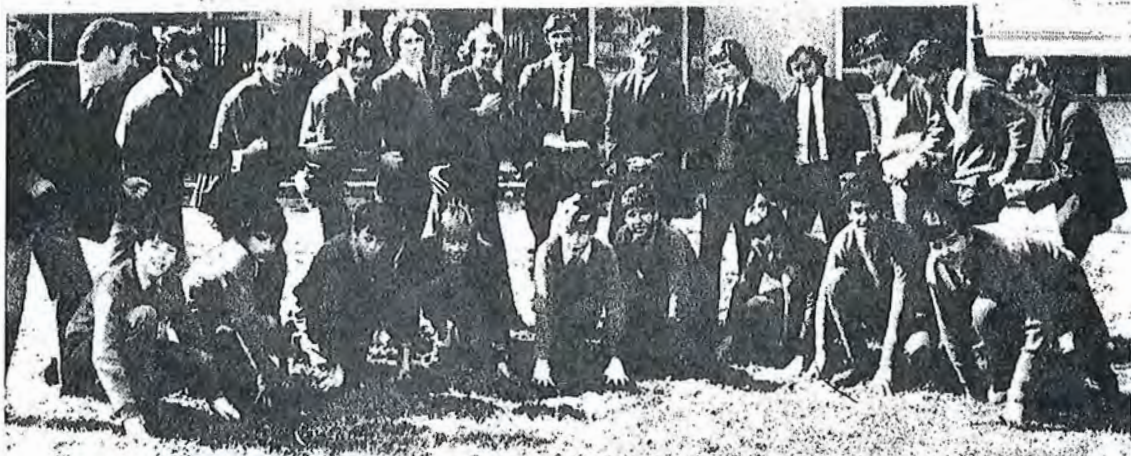


#### GIRLS ATHLETICS.

Row 1. to R. F. Miller, L. Cudarans, R. Griguol, Y. Babolka,  
K. Harwood, J. Luhrs, J. Spencer, B. Hayward, M. Forbes,  
K. O'Shea, E. Cienciala.

Row 2. to R. L. McLeod, N. Kovatseff, A. Kennewell, H. Manley,  
D. Pinnington.

Row 3. to R. A. Charmers, K. Brown, C. Hanks, E. Chiera, J. Edwards.



#### BOYS ATHLETICS.

Row 1. to R. J. McLeod, C. Boitchef, P. Faralley, B. Bridges, G. King,  
P. Ward, T. Stoyanoff, C. Jaensch, K. Smith, R. Thomas,  
I. Griguol, I. Johnston.

Row 2. to R. D. Slater, E. Pascucci, B. Nelles, D. Grasky, M. Heinjus,  
R. Scuttella, J. Hayward, F. Rositano, P. Inat.



1971 THE YEAR OF THE . . . . ?

Salisbury High Schools striking, strapping, suntanned teams of superb sportsmen and women have excelled themselves on the sport's field in 1971. At the Annual Swimming Carnival held at the Salisbury Olympic Swimming Centre the Mawsonites carried out the shield by somewhat unfair means. All Mawsonite swimmers were given instructions to eat two packets of Weetbix the morning before the swimming carnival. Consequently, with this great store of energy, on entering the pool, the heat their bodies gave off made the Mawsonites outright winners in nearly all events. A few of the other competitors managed to succeed because they overheard the plans of the Mawsonites and ate four packets of weetbix for breakfast. Outstanding results were:

Vicki Jaensch	U15 F/s 30.3	Open Br/s 41.0
	Open F/s 29.9	U15 Bk/s 38.0
	Open Butt 32.9	Open Bk/s 37.8
	U 15 Br/s 40.9	
Ben Byass	Open F/s 110 yds. 1 min 5.5. sec.	
	Open Butt 34.8	
	Open Br/s 38.0	
Connie Karssen	U16 F/s 36.4	
	U16 Br/s 50.4	
	U16 Bk/s 46.8	
Brian Hull	U14 Br/s 45.5	
U14	U14 Bk/s 42.4	
Howard Hill	U14 F/s 33.5	
John Ruedigar	U15 F/s 32.3	
Bryn Bridges	U16 Bk/s 40.5	
Mawson	U15 Girls F/s Relay 3 min 8.5 sec	
	U16 Girls F/s Relay 3 min 2 sec	
	U14 Boys F/s Relay 2 min 42.8 sec	
	Open Boys F/s Relay 2 mins 9.7 sec	
Oliphant	U13 Girls F/s Relay 3 mins 1.4 sec	
Girls results	- 13 new records	
Boys results	- 10 new records	

When the Central Districts' Swimming Carnival took place all the S.H.S. girl swimmers, having learnt from Mawson's success, ate seven packets of weetbix in the morning, while the boys, believing themselves to be superior even without their weetbix, ate none. As the results show the girls were the wiser.

GIRLS RESULTS:	1. S.H.S. 133	BOYS RESULTS:	1. E.H.S. 153
	2. E.H.S. 129		2. S.E.H.S. 102
	3. S.E.H.S. 107		3. G.H.S. 85
	4. G.H.S. 103		4. S.H.S. 83
	5. E.G.T.H. 58		5. E.B.T.H.S. 77
	6. N.H.S. 57		6. N.H.S. 69
	7. S.N.T.H.S. 30		7. S.N.T.H.S. 52

At the Annual School Sports Day, Florey's team of excellently trained supple young athletes conquered all by making all officials Florianites.



INTERSTATE REPRESENTATIVES.

L. to R. C. Hanks, K. Harwood, V. Jaensch.



GIRLS ATHLETIC CUP WINNERS.

L. to R. H. Manley, K. Harward, A. Charmers, Y. Babolka.





BOYS ATHLETIC CUP WINNERS.

L. to R. B. Nellis, M. Davies, T. Stoyanoff, I. Johnston, J. McLeod.



CROSS - COUNTRY.

Back Row L. to R. C. Jaensch, K. Smith, C. Jones, E. Thomas, R. Heath,  
Sitting J. McLeod, P. Farrelly.



# '1 THE YEAR OF THE . . .? (cont)

Cups were won by:

J. Harrap	Open Girls
Y. Babolka	U16 Girls
K. Harwood	U15 Girls
A. Chalmers	U14 Girls
H. Manley	U13 Girls
T. Stoyanoff	Open Boys
I. Johnston	U16 Boys
J. McCleod	U15 Boys
M. Davies	U14 Boys
B. Nelles	U13 Boys

By their continuous Spartan-like training, Salisbury High School teams in both Boys and Girls Sections in Division II of Central District Sports and therefore won the overall shield as well. Later in the year the enthusiastic and able-bodied sports teams were prevented from training to their peak the oval was six foot under water for the whole of second term and though they strived to the utmost, only one team succeeded in reaching the grand final the Annual Lightning Carnival of Central District Secondary Schools - the 4 Year basketball team. Both the open and 1st year football teams reached the semi-finals with several other S.H.S. teams. The first eighteen were also successful in reaching the semi-finals for 1971 where they were narrowly defeated by Campbelltown High School. Mr. Phillips coached the overage hockey team to victory in the semi-final but Enfield High School defeated the H.S. team in the preliminary final by hiding all the S.H.S. hockey sticks until the end of the match. Finishing fourth out of five the U15 base all team under Mr. Walsh played well all season and special congratulations must go to Chris Jacobs for his excellent pitching. Although the overage team were unsuccessful in winning any matches, they showed a great deal of promise. In 1971, for the first time, S.H.S. entered a cross-country team in competitions and succeeded in gaining fourth place in Division I. Three staff vs. students matches took place this year and all were won by the teachers. Under much pressure the staff football team defeated the student team, with Miss Sanderson inspiring the second half. The staff basketball team thrashed the student team by four points. An easy victory was won over the student baseball team. As a result of the staff victories all members of the student teams received 'A' gradings in every subject for allowing the teachers to win.

As can be seen by the sports results for 1971 Salisbury High School is obviously far superior in the field of sport. A few unfortunate occurrences did occur causing S.H.S. to lose on one or two occasions. However S.H.S. usually had more tricks than the opposition and managed to win despite extreme pressure. Thus, neglecting a couple of defeats which were of course unfair every S.H.S. sports team was unsurpassed in the year 1971, thanks to their winning, cunning coaches.





#### OVERAGE HOCKEY.

L. to R. C. Heath, M. Davies, M. Randell, T. Wilson, I. Diment,  
B. Corbett, J. Haseloff, D. Oakley, R. Heath.



#### U15 HOCKEY.

Back N. Jones.

Middle Row L. to R. A. Popovich, B. Nellis, R. Whitbread,  
J. Rockliff, B. Rolph, M. Davies, R. Heath, M. Hales,  
J. Blows, J. Patrick, J. Buckoke, G. Sparrow.

Front Row L. to R. B. Diment, S. Wright, R. Fogg, O. Sayers, K. McGary.



## THE MIGHTY "A" FOOTBALLERS

The 'A' Football Team had a mildly successful year in 1971. Led by Errol Thomas, the team opened its season by destroying Salisbury East School; 19 - 13 to one solitary goal by the East. Next came the Elizabeth Boys Technical High School team, which was humiliated to the score of 26 - 26 to one point. 'The Big E', himself, playing at centre half was easily best on the ground, kicking nine goals (as well as at 15 behinds!). Unfortunatley, the team was defeated in the next match Campbelltown High, 8-13 to 6 - 7. Our players, however, put in a great effort, as the result was in doubt until the Campbelltown High boys, due to greater fitness, took the game away, in the last fifteen minutes.

Stoyanoff, at centre-half-back, played great rebound football, being best on the ground, while Craig Jaensch, at full back was never beaten.

The team was also successful in reaching the final of the winners and final in the Lightning Carnival. However, our boys were narrowly beaten in this final. They felt they should have won it, as their opponents were much fresher, having had a much longer rest period beforehand.

All in all, the team was pleased with its effort throughout the year. The players who played particularly large parts in the team's success were: Captain, Errol Thomas who played superb football throughout, as well as leading the team in the lightning carnival, despite a back injury; Craig Jaensch, vice-captain, who inspired the team with his courageous play at full-back; Tom Stoyanoff, the team's dashing centre half back; the rovers: Les McClay and Peter Farrelly; and spearhead John Smith, who finished with a tally of 19 goals. Many more could be mentioned, as all players did their best.

Thanks must also go to Mr. Hardy, for his time and effort in coaching the side.





### FOOTBALL.

Standing L. to R. Mr. Hardie, J. Smith, S. Rix, R. Thomas, G. Rella,  
E. Thomas, C. Jaensch, T. Stoyanoff, F. Cienciala,  
M. Schebella, A. May.

Sitting C. Murphy, C. Boitchef, P. Faralley, C. McLeay,  
L. Lawrence.



### BASKETBALL.

L. to R. D. McDowell, A. Webber, K. Thomas, K. O'Shea, B. Rumohr,  
K. Harwood, J. Jones.

## E LONELY WANDERER

old man walked silently  
shores of time searching  
for a lost dream. In his  
dream was faint and often  
to nothingness but he con-  
trarily, hoping to delve into  
of a past life to recover  
his. This man was dying a  
ly death crushed by the ad-  
of a modern world to which  
he belong.

thoughts recalled his child-  
time of happiness but these  
eroded by the constant ache  
and the coldness of the  
prison. A salty teardrop  
iced down his nose and  
as a golden sunbeam bounced  
side of his cheek.

man was lost, lost in the  
the old world he loved,  
the reality of the new life  
led his footsteps. He picked  
up, pebble faceted by the sea,  
it and flung it into the crys-  
tal. The pebble winked and  
under the setting sun and  
in the sands watching the  
as it had splashed and dis-

fluttering of wings above  
him to raise his eyes to-  
vivid blue-purple of the  
seeing a flight of seagulls  
as of his mouth curved into  
smile and his eyes twinkled  
with the desire for freedom.  
restless soul.

old man you have evolved  
in a generation too quick to  
lose ideals of youth. Your  
life is insignificant in our  
yours is yet another mouth  
The problems of the future  
complex for you to tackle.  
old man, relax, enjoy the  
aspects of nature before it  
is gone and the beauty is

obscured by the hideous black veil  
of a polluted world.

Louise Brooks 302

\* \* \* \* \*

## RED CROSS REPORT

Red Cross was once again introduced  
under the supervision of Mrs. Wadrop.  
During this year we saw many films  
dealing with the human body and Red  
Cross services. Near the end of the  
second term we held a shoe-cleaning  
day and sold Red Cross biros. We  
managed to raise approximately \$5.00.  
When Mrs. Wadrop left, Mrs. Mole  
kindly agreed to become our new leader.

With this year ending we have  
had to think about activities for 1972.  
We have arranged many interesting  
things and we hope to see you joining  
our group next year. Please remember  
though Red Cross is not just blood,  
bandages and films, it is lots of fun.



pollution - a crude survey.

Pollution? What is it? Is it some kind of food? Or a new fashion? Or even a status ~~symbol~~ <sup>symbol</sup>? Could it be a scape-goat for all the naughty industrialists, who like the feel of money? Are

all those campaigning anti-pollution people merely ignored little children who like publicity? You tell me, as these natural lords of creation who know everything aren't saying anything.

In the beginning, though, there wasn't any pollution. A person could get away with that libellous statement because there weren't any other people. Of course there were bipedal apes, but they didn't count.

had nice vultures to clean up the mess they  
behind, not to mention a few big dogs  
cats.

nature, as always, wasn't merely  
it with near-men and their playmates, oh  
just had to go all the way. In doing  
provided this thing, this more-than-  
this subhuman, with the very  
of the suns — fire. Not atomics,  
the beast would have burnt its  
s too much.

here aren't any creatures which can  
on smoke particularly well, The smoke  
n building up slowly. But you couldn't  
told anybody That then. So the  
man — it was given the name of  
g man — gave Nature the



two fingers and a few choice vulgar adjectives, then proceeded on its merry way.

Apparently Nature thought the idea would vanish as the particular model went out of fashion. But Nature slipped up in the process. The next model retained Peking Man's idea, until nature decided to throw Neanderthal Man out.

Then Nature came up with the present model, and as the present indicates - the "true" lord of creation. - homo sapiens. Man yes, wise - don't know as the word hasn't been proved yet.

This model didn't alter the fire-bit

for awhile, as it was in the middle of trying  
to get a workable civilization going. It  
brought various groups of individuals together  
in a mass called a "city". Apparently it liked  
the idea so much that all of it went and  
banded together.

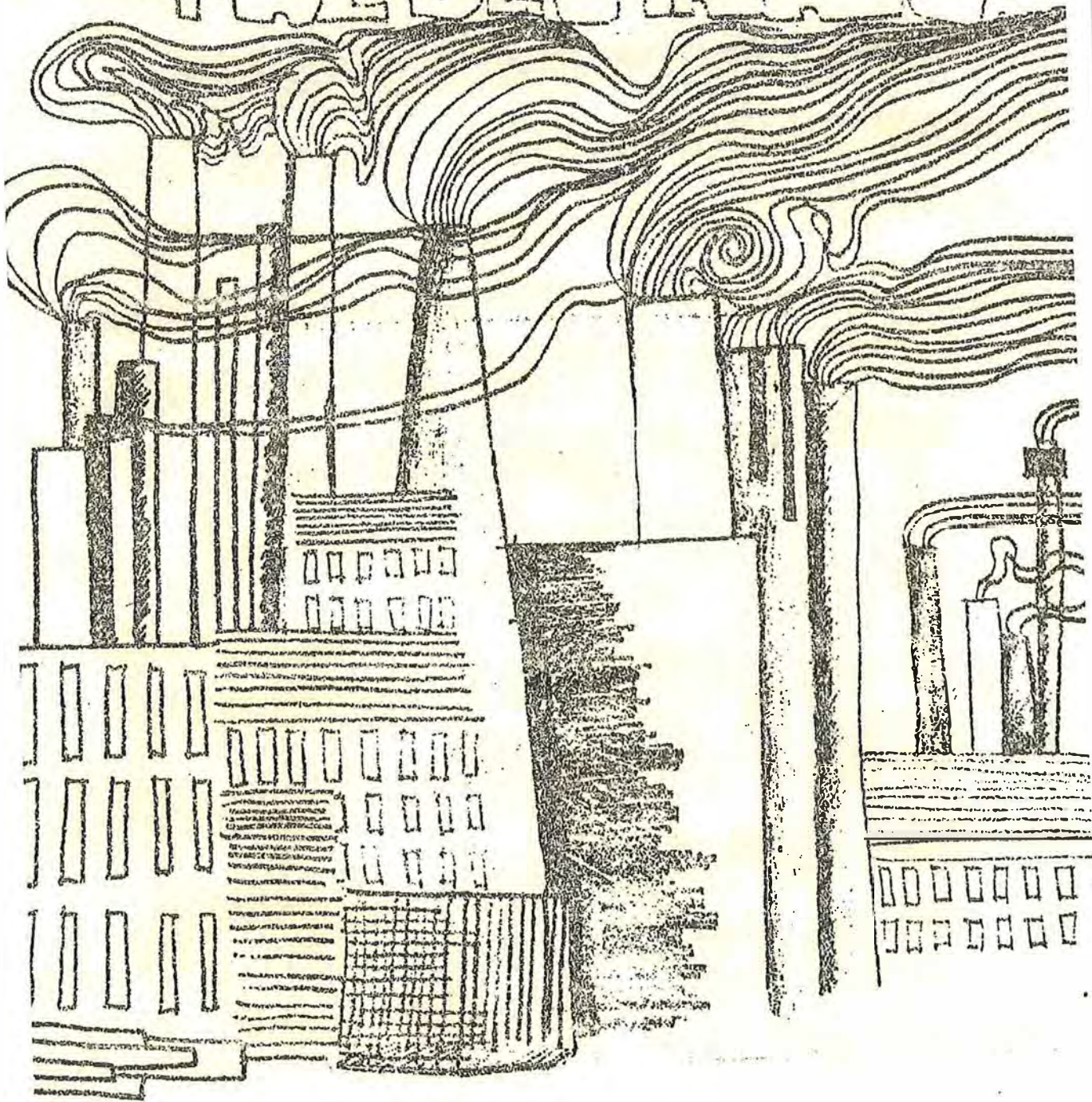
This caused a mild - very much so - increase  
in the population, caused expansion and the  
permanent civilization idea. It also caused  
a build up - very rapid, you understand -  
of human excreta, animal excreta, mixed  
undoubtedly without the animal corpses  
of varying degrees of decomposition.

No doubt this caused the beginnings of  
the term "smog", when included with  
smoke from innumerable cooking fires.



If you want an example, take the famous  
London Peasoup fog of a few years ago.  
This can be properly termed

# THE BEGINNING





bring a particular period, this being came  
up with a device that devoured coal,  
yet it gave out power—lots of it—for  
his addiction. The fool that fell over it  
used it to clean out a mine, but  
when it caught on it was used every-  
where.

This creature needed servants in  
attendance, so it got children. It was,  
by this time, going full swing in  
the clothing business. It belched  
up vast quantities of smoke and  
gas. Its food supply caused a few  
fish types to vanish in various  
creeks here and there when it was



dug up. Who cares? Nobody.  
So what? A few lousy fish were  
dead? Big deal. Not to mention  
a few birds, some plants, an  
occasional oil-slick-dropped here  
and there, big deal.

When steam was under full pelt,  
its big brother got into the act,  
on a liquid act, and demanding it.

It got it.

And gave quite a nice range of  
perfumes in exchange. It proved it  
was better than steam, so it  
was developed in all forms —

chinery, transport, personal pleasures  
flight. It gave The lord of creation  
it. mastery of its world — except  
in some fool country let go of  
Empire, becoming 3rd rate in the  
process. But the whole thing was  
led when some idiot screamed.

"Stop! You wanna destroy the  
environment?"

At first this block was ignored. But  
created such a fuss that it got a  
lot more after it, not all loving fans  
either. In due course this group of  
traitors had got ahead of laws made  
and passed which slowed pollution



down if possible. But don't think so.

~~Nothing~~ can stop the lord of creation

— nothing at all — from making a mess  
of his world if he wants to. He

his, so stop screaming.

Could this be Nature wanting to bring  
in a new model, after realizing its mistake?

If so, there's nothing nobody can do,  
except go out with a splutter instead of  
the usual bang.

Or could try to live on a dead  
world. Is that possible?!? It has its possibilities,  
you know.

# THE END (Pity Tho!)

be interesting found in Macbeth, The  
Act and The first Scene:

witch

When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

witch

When the hurley-burley's done

when the battles lost and won.

witch

that will be ere the set of sun.

itch

Where is the place?

witch

Upon the bench.



third witch

There to meet with Macbeth

first witch

I come - Grey-Malkin

second witch

Padlock calls!

Third witch

Ah! Ah!

All

Fair is foul, and foul is fair  
Moving through the fog and  
filthy air.

## Life Cycle of a Fern

or rhizome of the fern is horizontally under the surface of the soil. This stem has roots. The fronds are made of several leaflets. The gametophyte develops under certain conditions, in each of these spore prothallus cells are produced by mitosis. When ready the spores are released and fall into the ground and grow into green heart shaped prothallus which are called gametophytes. A number of rhizoids anchor each prothallus into the soil absorbing the necessary water and nutrients. The male and female sex organs, the antheridia and the archegonia develop under the gametophyte. The archegonium contains an egg. The antheridia develop and release antherozoids. After they are released and attracted by chemicals they swim to the archegonium. The egg is fertilized and develops into a sporophyte embryo, after it grows its roots the sporophyte is dependent on the gametophyte until it grows to an adult fern repeating the cycle.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ARITHMETIC

Throughout the year several teachers have given up their time to organize clubs, other teachers give up their lunch hours to help students in their weaker subjects. One such teacher is Mr. Walsh who, every Tuesday succumbs to the difficulties experienced by many of his students in Arithmetic.

If you happen to go past Room 23 on Tuesday lunchtimes (which you shouldn't) and happen to glance in you will see all 404, minus a few geniuses, listening intently to our devoted teacher. Somehow, all those terribly difficult, absolutely impossible problems seem so simple after being solved on the board. Let's all hope that when we sit down for our P.E.B. that we also find it easy, with regards to Mr. Walsh.

Katina Katsouri 404

## OUR TEACHERS

Our first teacher is good and clean.  
The second is spiteful and very mean,  
He belts the boys and makes them cry,  
And no-one in this world knows why.  
The next is mad, telling weak jokes,  
He thinks he's so funny, we think he's a dope,  
Everyone who knows him thinks he's so great,  
But when you get to know him he's really no good.  
Then there's the one whose really flying high,  
He's very old fashioned, goodness knows why.  
The last one of all, is our class teacher,  
He's good, he's funny, and one of the best.  
Well this ends our poem, good rhythms to all.  
See you again, with wishes to all.

Cynthia Nurton and Ann Newiss 105.





*"How beautiful can a girl get?"*



*"To Sir With Love"*



*"DRAW(S)!"*



*"Elementary my dear Watson"*

## SUNDAY CONFERENCE

### WHAT IS THE MOST INTRIGUING ASPECT OF THE SCHOOL?

- . Duldig      The number of times the bell rings and how the teachers manage to know where to go and at what time.
- Burfield      Its isolation from the flesh spots of Salisbury and its arcadian(?) rural setting.
- ss Kerry      How Hugh Rankin can get out of so many lessons.
- . Burley      What you're going to find facing you as you round the blind corners in the new wing, if you get round them alive.
- Phillips      Looking toward the far end of the oval.

### WHAT DOES S.H.S. MEAN TO YOU?

- . Duldig      Four hours of glorious chaos and an escape from house work.
- . McElroy      Five years of hair raising frustration and satisfaction of pleasant people met.
- ss Kerry      Some nice people and approximately \$150 a fortnight.
- . Millbank      An educational institution frustrated in its aims by the nature of society.
- ss Degnan      A ride in an automatic Jag every pay day to the Bank.
- s. Burley      Three years of fluctuating between the thought - I hate children and am never going to have any - and the other - they're really not so bad so perhaps....
- ss Cundell      \*\*\*\*\* !!!!!!! ????????
- . Walsh      A school of generally well-meaning, conservative quiet, courteous, lazy students.
- . Cooke      Misery.
- . Hardie      Anarchy and terrorist potential in its strongest form.

### WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST IMPRESSION OF S.H.S.?

- s. Duldig      HOT!
- s. Staska      It's a big country.
- ss Kerry      1A in the dem. room in 1960 as a student with Mrs. Bigg.
- . Millbank      Pondered the possibility of booting a football over the cables that drooped between the pylons.
- s. Burley      Once you get to it, how are you ever going to get out, trapped by railway lines.
- . Cooke      Getting lost after leaving the staff room.
- . Hardie      The gaunt, drawn faces of the staff. Unsure of the terrors the day was to hold for them.
- . Bowen      Horror.



(cont.)

SUNDAY CONFERENCE

WHAT MAJOR OBSTACLES DO THE STUDENTS OF OUR SCHOOL FACE?

- Mrs. Staska Broad range of IQ in classes.
- Mr. Burfield Realizing that their own potential is only achieved by disciplined study.
- Miss Pearson Teachers who drive at high speeds out of the car park after school.
- Mrs. Burley Ever ousting the present Matric history class.
- Mr. Cooke The electrified fence around the school.

WHAT OCCASION DO YOU REMEMBER MOST?

- Mr. Millbank The beginning of the second term holidays.
- Miss Degnan The \$4.50 bill from 421 boys for their hours work on the bomb. Thanks fellas and Mr. Walsh.
- Mrs. Burley My wedding day - when staff and students alike were so very kind to me.
- Mrs. Tune The gum tree being cut down.
- Mr. McElroy The first day Frank arrived on time.
- Miss Sanderson The staff Christmas luncheon when there were no students in the school.
- Miss Cundell Activities Days - because of the co-operativeness and initiative shown by the students on those days.
- Mr. Rankin The last lesson I taught.
- Mr. Phillips The death of Clive Cowan.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ALTERED AT S.H.S.?

- Mr. Burfield More opportunities for student involvement in study and other corporative activities.
- Mr. McElroy The time table to include more untaught time.
- Mr. Millbank Liquor licence for the canteen.
- Mrs. Burley More French Homework for 201 - just to see their reaction.
- Miss Pearson Dispose of those students who do not co-operate or work hard so that teachers have a more peaceful life.
- Mr. Cooke The Stoodents Spellinge.
- Mr. Hardie The bulk of the student body, preferably by firing squad - but only after a "democratic" upper class trial.
- Mr. Rawolle Have Paper Bags - replaced by edible wrappings.

SUNDAY CONFERENCEWHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE SCHOOL PERSONALITY?

McElroy	I have no favourite. (singular)
Kerry	The gum tree.
Sayer	The volunteer.
Degnan	ME.
Burley	Bubbles Alias Tubby -- or so 402 tell me.
Tune	The P.A. System.
Rankin	The rat that lives by the art room.
Cundell	You.
Cooke	The bell-boy.
Phillips	He's tall, fat, red-faced, bald, and wears glasses.
Bowen rawler)	Mr. Phillips.

WHAT RULE WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ENFORCED?

Kerry	That Purple balloon should not be flown higher than 114'.
Burley	No steel pencil cases allowed in / or within a 20 mile vicinity of the school.
Tune	Not more than 360 kites flying in the school yard at one time.
Fusz	Speaking Canadian so I can understand you.
Cooke	That tranquilizers be put into the STUDENT water cooling system.
Mole	Do not harm biros - by chewing, smoking, breaking, stomping on the floor etc.



"LIARS"

I'm the most terrific liar you ever saw in your life. If I'm on my way to the shop to buy a magazine, even, and somebody asks me where I'm going, I'm liable to say I'm going to the opera.

It's not as funny as it sounds. It's quite serious, really. I mean, if I happen to meet a friend in the street, the conversation would go like this.

PE: Highdy.

Boo.

PE: Where're you off to right now.

The moon. I got my space-ship tickets yesterday.

PE: Really? That's interesting. Has your cat had kittens yet?

No, she had puppies.

PE: Have you finished your homework yet? There was an awful lot.

No, actually, I'm saving it all up till the end of the year.

PE: Hey, there goes Susie. Looks like a new car.

Did you know that that car can fly?

PE: Can it? How thrilling.

No, it's shocking. They won't let it pass the border.

PE: Well, I'll be seeing you.

Cheerio. I'll send you a postcard from Venus.

No, I'm going to Mars. 'Bye.

Perhaps it's just the love of pulling someone's leg that makes me tell such whoppers so calmly. There's a knack to telling lies. The previous conversation was mostly composed of unbelievable ones. Real lies are actually told to get away with something. Like say this morning when some boys wrote hints for our history test on the blackboard and when Miss d'Souza asked, who did it, they said Mr. Burfield. Miss d'Souza called it broad daylight cheating and they said no, it was board day light cheating. But it just goes to show you, some people will swallow anything while others are naturally sceptical. Sceptical people are better at telling fibs because they know just what people will swallow and what they won't.

Say one day I decide to "wag" it (not that I ever bother). I would choose a day when mum happened to be working, work out my particular kind of sickness, tell it out in the morning, and get better when mum had left. The sickness can't be mild enough to go to school or bad enough to call the doctor. That means I have a ready excuse to stay home. By the end of the day I'm better again. Usually if I'm sick, I read a book or watch the Winky-Dink show. The same would apply if I felt like taking a day off.

In the witness court, lying is called "perjury", and offenders are liable to grave punishment. Perjury can be the cause of conviction of innocents or freeing of guilty people. "The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," doesn't seem to hold water for some people. "Mad" magazine pointed out a weakness in the cartoon: (Judge) "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" To which the witness replied scathingly: "Look, if I knew the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I would BE God".

Maybe we should all take into account the oath of a court witness and apply it to our daily lives. Sceptres and cynics are only created because people do not always tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If people trust us and we betray them, we are humbling ourselves and making a fool of them. Even lying as a joke, or a "leg-pull", can hurt someone. We should remember that and always tell the George Washington truth, no matter what it cost.

M. Parker 301.



*R. F. Finkle*

*H. H. H. H.*



*Booze*



*McDonaldson*



Two young lovers are lying upon  
 a golden sands. The sun is low  
 the sky, quenching its fiery  
 ger in a steamy sea. He reaches  
 t, takes her hand and shares with  
 r the serenity of a silent world.  
 e gently kisses his brow, and  
 ispers her devotion in his ear.  
 air young bodies are turning red,  
 t from the radiation of the sun,  
 t of a poisoned sky. They share  
 final embrace that pales, the  
 rmth of love of all the ages.  
 th know that they are the favoured  
 o, to savour the dying beauties of  
 e paradise earth. In a final ges-  
 re, he reaches out and runs his  
 ngers through the sands, leaving  
 nessage for eternity,

"Adam Loves Eve".

The prophesy is fulfilled "and  
 e first shall be last". Again they  
 ss, and then it comes. Swiftly and  
 rcifully, but for a brief, bitter  
 et moment they hold each other,  
 l suddenly the answers that had  
 uded their race are revealed to  
 em. They understand the ignominy,  
 n, and then they die.

John Smith 5K.

\* \* \* \*

ep in space someone is watching,  
 nce the dawn of time  
 has cherished this,  
 s finest creation.  
 e he takes a final look  
 his kingdom, called earth.  
 s glance covers the final century.  
 sees a growing hate  
 r him and his work.  
 s world, his ideals abandoned.  
 ere a series of blinding flashes,  
 tches his gaze,  
 air intensity covered by  
 mushroom of smoke.  
 s dreams destroyed themselves.  
 th a nod of his head,  
 e sun super novas.  
 aving no trace of his  
 rnished toy.

ep in space someone is crying.

John Smith 5K.

### Man is to Blame

The moon: its slow pace its peacefulness  
 Lonely and desolate, strangely weird  
 To the world I knew and feared  
 Here few men have spoiled its beauty  
 The beauty I once knew  
 Long ago, on

Earth: Fearful, overwhelming  
 With hate and destruction.  
 There few men have survived  
 The fierceness of man  
 Changed its own type of beauty  
 To a place of horror, by  
 Man and his desire.

George Mancini 403.

### NATURE SUPREME

Deserted, quiet  
 Nature Supreme.  
 She sees them go,  
 One by one.  
 She is not sad nor  
 does she pity them.  
 They scared, polluted  
 and even destroyed parts of her in  
 the name of progress.  
 It is their fault that  
 they die. In their hurry to  
 gain, advance to be  
 supreme, they forgot they  
 were mortal. With  
 their own hands they  
 were killed. Now  
 they have gone and all  
 that is left is a  
 silent, bleak and  
 undesirable world.  
 All that is left of  
 them is  
 one solitary  
 footprint. Soon  
 when Nature desires,  
 to be destroyed.

Kym Hoffrichter 403.

## FLOOD

se from the darkness half-drowned and trembling. He was clinging in a flooded rock gully, and the river was tearing at him like a maw. Rocks were slipping from underneath his feet, rolling into the water below. He clung to the only hope he had, helplessly, forlornly, frozen hands gripping and searching for a thicker part of the trunk from the rock face.

He went by and he was overcome by uncontrollable shaking. His skin turned a horrible shade of blue as the wind whistled around his small body. His wet clothes cling to him and adding to his discomfort. His mouth shut as if in prayer or as if trying to get away from the nightmare. When he could not see the swilling water below, he could hear it protesting his presence as it crashed and slapped onto the rocks only feet away.

Even the tree seemed to resent him. It now began to creak painfully as gusts of wind tore at the few frail branches it possessed.

A sense of anxiety passed and darkness was creeping up, engulfing the weak man on the slope. He could feel the fingers of darkness slowly closing in on him, menacing, mocking, rejoicing at his plight. Only an hour, but it had seemed like a lifetime to him as he hung there whimpering, begging, wishing and praying. It was a miracle that the sheoak had lasted so long and had not been torn from its bearing, plunging into the darkness. He could feel himself becoming weaker and weaker as the cold bit into him and the wind whistled around him.

The raging torrent beat upon the rocks below. He could hear stones tumbling, colliding, then following each other, tumbling and sliding to the bottom. Hungrily, the water devoured them. Slowly he felt his fingers growing cold, slipping. The numbness in them prevented him from gripping tightly - then - Crack!!! - the branch had snapped as easily as if it were a matchstick. He had a strange sensation of falling ... falling ... falling.

The world went spinning past his eyes as pictures flashed through his mind. It was the end. Impact with the water sent a stinging pain throughout his body, early knocking him unconscious. The river's clammy ice-cold fingers gripped him, pulling and tugging. Twice he submerged but returned to the surface coughing and spluttering helplessly. Everything went black and the river claimed its victim.



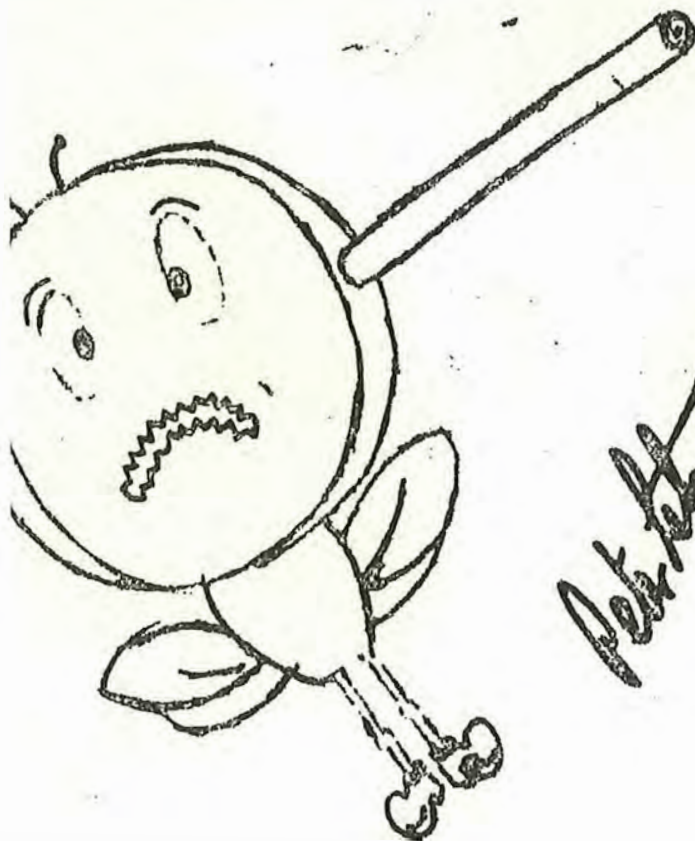


*R. Barker*



*MR Millbank*

*F. Lee*



*Peter Lee*



*W. Lee*

## UNDER THAT GOLD EXTERIOR BEATS A ROUGH HEART

With the Torana L.C. winning a car of the year award, one rightly expects things of its top performer, the G.T.R.

Pre-eminently a drivers car, the G.T.R. is a very lively piece of mach-

The stubby, four on the floor shift gave a fast, firm and positive feel, adding to the swift feeling of the car. On the bitumen hills - a place which the GTR definitely prefers - cornering and hill climbing was

Pulling 150 ft. lb. torque at only 2800 rpm the car runs up any hill with very little huff and puff although fuel consumption begins to drop quite noticeably on the tough ones.

In general appearance the GTR looks remarkably similar to the Monaro GTS, which has induced many motoring writers to dub it the "Mini-Monaro". The distinctive bold colour adds to the cars appeal.



The interior is comfortable, even though the front bucket seats can not be adjusted for rake; rear seat leg room is a little restricted with the seats back. Carpeting is wall to wall and safety features include a rear cross bar, higher capacity windshield wiper motor, flush fitting door hinges with greater burst strength, and a break away ignition switch. Standard equipment includes a heater demister, which adds to the safety and comfort of the car.

The steering wheel has three alloy spokes and is of the wood grain type, with a central horn button. The instrument panel cluster is recessed into a padded dash. Instruments are easy to read and well calibrated. The rev. meter is red lined between 5,500 and 7,000 but on my drive I did not push above 4,500.



UNDER THAT GOLD EXTERIOR BEATS A ROUGH HEART (cont)

With third gear driving speeds up to about 90 m.p.h., top is best regarded as an overdrive; third would frequently be sufficient for the city. While on the subject of city driving this would be an ideal opportunity to mention the stopping capability of the car. The power assisted disc brakes - 10 inch diameter front discs and 9 inch diameter rear drums - gave confident braking aided by the wide wheels. Along with good anchorage ability one naturally desires a touch of get up and go in a sporty car. The 2600 c.c. six in line engine - based on the holden 1.6l - churns out a healthy 125 B.H.P. at 4,800 r.p.m., which incidentally isn't a bad power-weight ratio.

Handling was excellent - it took corners like it was on rails - with almost a complete absence of body roll (a front stabilizer is standard). Steering was faultless. Economy is a blessing in the GTR - a return of 26 - 29 m.p.g. can be expected (depending on whether you drive it hard or not). The least attractive feature is the ride attained with the beefed up suspension over rough roads. Although excellent on smooth surfaces, it is said to set up an undulating motion on uneven ones, and bounce over corrugations.

All in all it is a lively, attractive open road auto. in the GT tradition; fun to drive, a pleasure to handle and a pose to use, even if a little expensive to keep.

Phil McLuskey 5K

\* \* \* \* \*

CLASS 401 - CLASS TEACHER - MR. PERROTT

Theme - 401 Controlled by very few.

This class is badly decomposed of 27 students, boys and girls in the ratio 8:1 which as any of our brilliant Brabham Bowen Maths Students will tell you, there are 3 girls and 24 boys, (Brilliant Seduction my dear Watson).

This isn't as ridiculous as it sounds, as everyone is usually too absorbed in rabbling at every opportunity to notice our boy-stirrous beauties, (very punny), unless special attention is drawn to it by our flamboyant (look that up in your Funk & Wagnall's) English teacher, Mr. McElroy.

1971's teachers have had to cope with what must be the most ill assorted rabblers and stirrers ever assembled usually, under desks engaging in illicit goings on. The spirits of our class are generally kept high by the antics of Collaborator Novakovic (allias Bouser) and one Rose Rella coloured Go Rella nicknamed CindeRella with an eagle eye for fun.

Less noticeable by the actions of Lindsey Lawrence who resides in a humpy-type structure near the front.

Also conspicuous are the insanities of Professor Julius Summer Shulten, well known for such typical witticisms as "A dirty heel killed Achilles", or "Troy was a one horse town," and other ones. Seriously, he shows a sense of class togetherness and once took over 401 at the students' request. Unfortunately he lost control over himself and the lesson was a shambles.

The colourful Mr. Rawolle (Alias Abo), teaches physics, his favourite topic being wavelengths of light, which he illustrates by drawing with different coloured chalk on the blackboard at any opportunity.

To conclude on a serious note, the class has behaved badly and somewhat shamefully in response to the attempts of Mr. Perrott to try to do the best by the class at all time, and this, unfortunately, shows the immaturity of some members of the class.

For obvious reasons, the author of this idiosy wishes to remain anonymous so don't spread it ar und when you hear who wrote it.

Names and places have been included to convict the guilty.



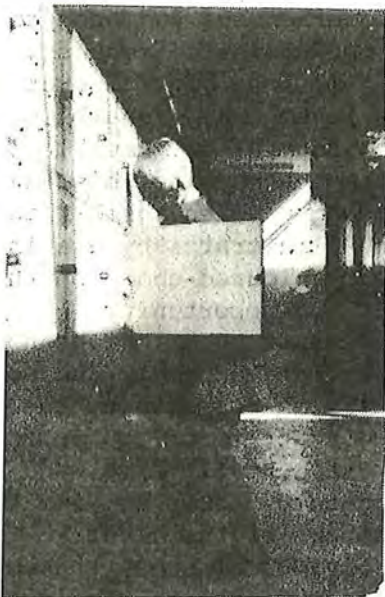


"Errol! Come Out!"



"Flour Power"

School  
out



"Oh Errol! PLEASE!"



"That's the 9th F111 that's crashed in a week."



Dear ETSA

Let me thank you for the marvellous gift which you have bestowed on us. Its intricate beauties fascinate the eye and captivate the attention of an overburdened mind searching for a respite from the eternal flood of knowledge. Through winter and summer I gaze at its crisp clean lines and marvel at the strength of its construction which dominates my flagging thoughts as it does the landscape. How can I, a humble student, thank you enough for this gift which saves me from the constant drone of the teachers voice. Thank you for the steel sentinels which stand as an everlasting memorial to your benevolence. You have made your pylons, OUR pylons.

I thank you.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WHAT'S UP

We've got a two-letter word we use constantly that may have more meanings than any other. The word is UP.

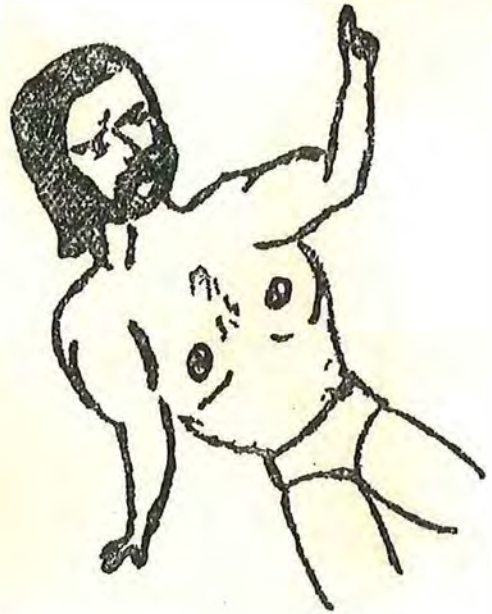
It is easy to understand UP meaning towards the sky or towards the top of the list. But when we waken, why do we wake UP? At a meeting why does a topic come UP, why do participants speak UP, why are the office bearers UP for re-election? And why is it UP to the secretary to write UP the minutes?

Often the little word isn't needed, but we use it anyway. We brighten UP a room, light UP a cigar, polish UP the silver, lock UP the house, and fix UP the old car. At other times, it has special meanings, people stir

UP trouble, queue UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, think UP excuses, get tied UP in traffic. To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special. It may be confusing, but a drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP. We open UP a shop in the morning and close it UP at night. We seem to be mixed UP and UP.

To be UP on the proper use of UP look UP the word in your dictionary. In one desk-size dictionary UP takes UP half a page, and listed definitions add UP to about 40. If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways in which UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time but, if you don't give UP, you may wind UP with a thousand.

SUSAN JACOBS 203.



*Philip Anderson*

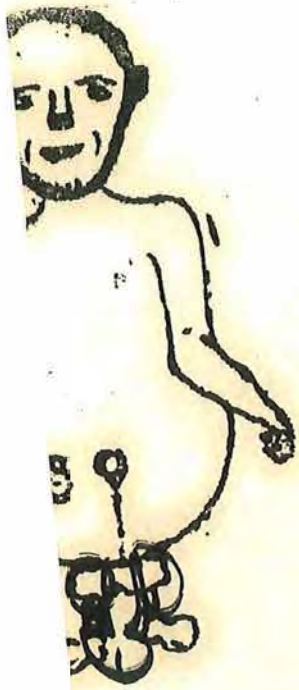
*The Book*



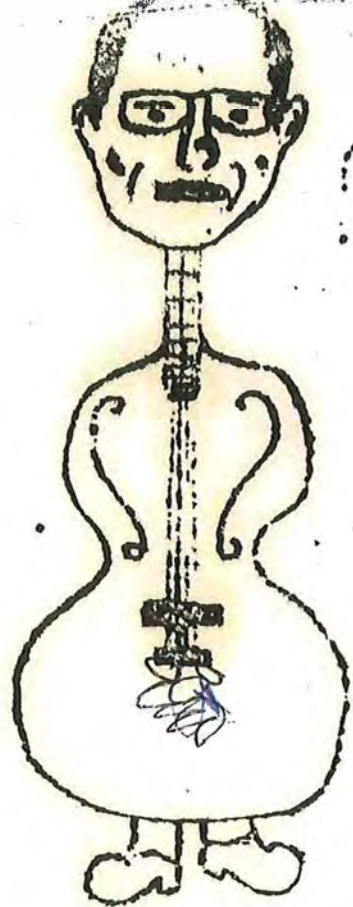
*Dr. McRae*

*and others*





*John*



*Kawaka*

*Harriet*



*Blackman*

*man*

## ZE CLASS REPORT OF ZE 201

s of 201 'as 'ad ze French nsteeled in zem at every e. Madame Burley, zeir ass teacher, eeze largely e for zis. 'Aving 'ad y for deux années, zey 'ave opportunitée to observe zis entricities. Zis class 'as at do you call it? ah - an ear.

ur teachers, zey of 201, for zeir seating arrange- h offer ze fine opportunitée s and ze lassies to become d about each ozer.

ze first term, 201 ventured e. Burley to see ze film - rench, à là là - "Darling e month of Avril. On enter- tre we were 'kindly request- e ze lobby on ze grounds zat elling - just slightly bien at true French déjeuner - pommes frites.

second term ze garçons played illes in ze hockey match iever zis proved ridiculous Haseloff scored ze jeune itary goal! Mme. Ingram, at forebearance, took us thering Heights". Ze trials bulations of ze Cathy and of iff warranted ze tears from illes and ze sneers from ze

21 'ave 'ad ze distinction two of ze lead characters us 'Oliver' - Cathy Hanks eless Jenny Luhrs, who much comment on zeir dram- ties. We are also very to 'ave, among our ranks le Junior S.H.S., ze Anne

Kennewell, ze Michael Davies, who eeze ze winner of ze Under 14 Boys Athletics Cup, et zat 'guiding light', Madame Burley.

During Activities week, ze class of 201 raised \$49 clear profit by raffling 'All Zings must Pass', and by running a cake stall. Our esteemed 'professeuse' was absent during zese festivities leav- ing us to sink or swim.

Among ze numerous interests of ze class, ze boys 'ave 'ad ze fads on origami, jelly beans, Sesame Street and zey play baseball, cricket, footy, and hockey. Zey attend ze Science Club and 'ave pulled apart an automobile. Cars of any sort hold zese garçons interest and a certain young Jack Brabham, one fateful night after school, could not reach ze all-important brakes and very nearly demolished ze cadet-shed.

To mark ze end of ze year we 'ave done away wiz ze customary class party et 201 will invade ze town of Adelaide wiz our Madame Burley and our esteemed Monsieur Phillipe. Firstly we shall inflict ourselves upon ze City Bowls then we 'ave our déjeuner at ze Torrens and then proceed to view ze, ....ah, ze HEART-RENDERING film, 'Jane Eyre'.

Ze students of ze class 201 sank all zeir teachers for zeir patience and 'ope zat zey and ze rest of ze school 'ave a 'Joyeux Noel'.



5M

From Wiesner to Ang  
 We're a nice sort of gang  
 We come in all styles and all moods.  
 There's Cienciela, the mouth  
 There is Smith and E. Booth  
 and Ruediger who makes all the foods.  
 Chwesiuk is easy  
 But Edward C. --- queezy!  
 I'm not all that good on the spelling.  
 There's Cannon and May,  
 Ross, he will stay  
 And Heitman is very compelling.  
 There's Grady and Pope.  
 And Moschos, the d.....  
 Spillane is the great soccer star.  
 There's Thompson and Wright  
 And Hayward the sprite  
 And Byass, the guy who'll swim far.  
 Forrest is fair dink,  
 E. Thomas, missing link,  
 Manuel, Jaensch and there's Davies.  
 There's Eldridge the Vee Wee  
 and Schabella's on S.R.C.  
 And Cranwell the star of the movies.  
 There's Reglar the hockey girl,  
 M. Thomas gives it a whirl,  
 And Jacobs, just one of the smiling.  
 Carr chugs up last.  
 Now the class is all past.  
 I hope this was all entertaining.

(Apologies to anyone who may take  
 offense at this ditty.)

Steve Carr 5M.

\* \* \* \* \*

RUNNING

As mist lifts  
 I always see myself  
 Huddled  
 And bent.  
 Clutching my knees.  
 Slowly I roll over  
 Onto my  
 Side  
 And roll  
 And roll  
 And roll.  
 A thing that never  
 Ceases to amaze me

Is that I never  
 Get sand in  
 My mouth or  
 Eyes or  
 Ears  
 But always it  
 Burrows into my hair  
 For only a short distance  
 Away people advance  
 Towards me.  
 As I stumble to my feet  
 My one thought is of  
 Flight.  
 But the sand  
 Is warm and  
 Dry and  
 Soft.  
 And I can not  
 Run only  
 Fall  
 And everytime I fall  
 I roll.  
 And the sand is  
 Sweeping over me.  
 And boring into my  
 Hair  
 And the people still  
 coming towards me  
 As I wake  
 I find myself  
 Rubbing and  
 Scratching my head.  
 I am only just balanced  
 On the edge of the bed  
 And the covers are over my face.

Georgina Grinstead 301.

\* \* \* \* \*

LONELINESS IS A WARM PASTY BAG

Sitting alone and desolate  
 The darkness envelopes my head  
 It is a strange warm feeling  
 Which has grasped my head.  
 And I ask myself what could  
 be the cause of this strange feeling  
 Then I realize,  
 Some pig has put a warm  
 pasty bag over my head.

Steve Moschos.

once there was man who had four hearts. His first heart could not care appened in the world it believed that whatever it did it did not matter g as it hurt nothing else. His second heart did not care what happened elf so long as it did what it could for everyone else. His third heart ed being itself and tried to punish everyone else because they were not d he was not them. His fourth heart believed it was the greatest thing ad ever existed and thought that everything else should recognise this y due homage.

veryday when man woke up he would take out his stethoscope and listen hearts one by one. If his first heart told him to isolate himself from rld so he would not have to be concerned with its troubles he would go is sound proof, taste proof, sight proof, smell proof, touch proof, r proof room and sit there all day, living it up. If his second heart im to see what he could do to patch up the world he would leave all his es, taking with him only what was useful and spend the whole day listen- other people's troubles and offering what help he could. If his third im to go and get justice done for himself, he would take out his machine his hand grenades and his hydrogen bombs and he would spend the whole destroying other people and their life's toils, screaming loudly all the

"What right have you got to be happy or prosperous or beautiful? Give l to me because I want it!" If his fourth heart told him to go and me more praise and power, he would buy the very latest everything, he do the latest everthing, go to the latest everything, donate a consider- sum of his everything to charity and tell everybody about his achieve- for the day.

Some days more than one heart would speak to him and he would be thrown tormented confusion. Each heart had equal power so he would be forced mpromise and spend part of the day obeying each heart. Sometimes his s tried to speak all at the same time so he would be forced to spend of an hour obeying each heart, sometimes part of each minute, sometimes of each second, sometimes part of each micro-second, until the force of t our hearts tearing at him in four directions convulsed his whole body hrew him pitilessly to the ground where he writhed helplessly. Always uld recover, though, by taking out his stethoscope and listening to the ; he wanted to listen to and taking its advice.

One day, however, man was told that he was going to die in a minute. He ulted his hearts for their last words. His first heart panicked. It sed that there must have been more to life than mere isolated existence it did not know what since it had experienced nothing else, so it gave nd died. His second heart was completely at peace. It knew it had done it could for mankind and the feelings it had felt, while watching le's happiness after he had helped them, prophesied to him an after life a absolute peace and happiness would be experienced by those who loved ind before themselves. His third heart resented dying. Why should it die e other people were still living? So his third heart told him to throw a ore bombs and he was still throwing them when it died. His fourth heart apsed with unexplainable agony at the realization of its insignificance, could it be all powerful and all superior and yet die? It was too great to Everything dies. It is only a part of everything and must die too. Man and his body disintegrates. Only his four hearts remain and they must rience eternally the feelings they felt when death approached them.



in Harvard

*Saw* <sup>Heine</sup> D. Full

H.

P. d. Finch

*Laura*

C. S. Stakes

Yale

Sonny

Larkin

Bubba

Joan Duldig

Seagram.

Hayes

H/O

Rob

~~MAX~~

62 Bigg.

J. J. Ingram

Sparky

*Kathy*

R. N. McHarlie.

*Wise*

*Joanne*



Joe Routh



J.D. Salch



Sam Sta



Ed Benfante



St. Burley





*"OUR Magazine Committee?"*



*"Join the club, Join the club..."*



*"HI There, Big Boy."*



*"My sunglasses are Dirty."*

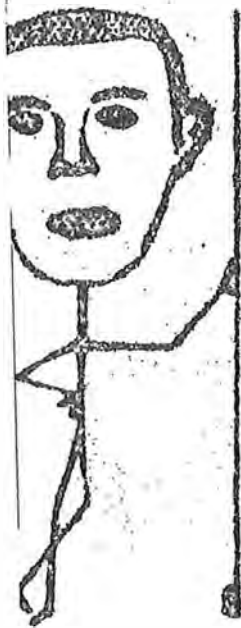


*"Toes for the Tillerman"*



Alant

Amela f. Rana.



Walter



Alant



"ME, WHEN, MOST ISOLATED AND ALONE"

The choof, choof of the spades grew fainter as gradually they piled the earth on top of me. I strained my ears to hear the sound until finally I knew they had gone and left me, alone and isolated from the rest of the world. The living world at any rate, since I was dead and had been for a couple of days. Now, I only had dead companions, and these were probably several feet away, so that I was alone. Alone, the word echoed and I tried to scream and cry "Let me out! Let me out!" but I could not, I was dead. No tears came to even comfort me, so I was alone with my only comfort, my thoughts. I had to stop the morbid thoughts and realise that I was dead, that there was nothing I could do to change the situation, and that I had to stay in this coffin that they had so lovingly chosen.

I looked around my box with my blind eyes and somehow knew that it was about six feet long and made from walnut. Walnut, what taste! I would have preferred (if they had only asked) a satin finished mahogany. I dreamed for a while, how long I do not know, but when I returned to my thoughts, my claustrophobia had nearly gone, and I felt a sort of peace.

I thought of the earth around me, pressing against the sides of my frail box, like a matchbox between two books. The earth was alive. Things crawled about in it. They either bit you or did not. I remembered the time when I dug into the earth and found a horrible, white sluggish thing and gave it to the ducks to eat,

Now I was in the same earth that once contained awful objects, I shuddered, or did I? It seemed I thought I shuddered. I had to stop these thoughts and think of some of the pleasant memories, like the black angora rabbit I had given to me for my birthday.

I remembered that I named the rabbit "Blacky". It was a very original name and they thought it suited him. His fur was soft and warm, and his big hind paws were hard, fluffy and long like big black slippers. He always liked a sip of tea from the saucer and used to dig holes in the garden which made them furious. It was sad when he died.

I was in bed at the time and did not even see him buried. Now, he was embraced in the same earth that I was. It did comfort me a little and it sent me off dreaming of rabbits and meadows, and the sunlight that I would never see again.

Memories, they filtered back through the past years and I laid there remembering and dreaming. After one such dream, I thought of the people living, what they would be doing and what new catastrophe had engulfed the world. Would they miss me much? I supposed they would and knew that in a few years (or had they already gone) I would be only a memory, maybe not even that.

Somehow, I knew it was damp. It seeped in the cracks from the earthy environment, I was worried, I knew the damp could not hurt me now. I re-

"ME, WHEN, MOST ISOLATED AND ALONE"

(cont.)

membered the winter when I got colds that made my nose redder than it usually was; the searching of the house for the paper hankies to find that some-one had just used the last one up to make paperflowers; the hotwater bottles that leaked in bed and the baby's crying adding to the throb of one's headache. No, the damp could not worry me now, and I could not be bothered worrying about the living world, they were not worrying about me.

Time was infinite, yet my thoughts were not. They came to me now more slowly, and it was like dying all over again. My memories were becoming dim and only could be recalled with effort. I did not mind much because I was dreaming more and with the dreaming came a sense of peace and fulfilment. I was isolated and alone, but quite content.

Susan Thompson.



A PLAUSIBLE ACCOUNT OF OUR WONDERFUL CAMP

Allotted to our various cars, I took myself off to the teachers' car-park along with two amiable fellow travellers, a scientist of great renown and a champion hockey player. We exchanged pleasantries. Our teacher was only fifteen minutes late. I admired his magnificent specimen of an automobile and he kindly allowed me the alternative of a pleasant 20 mile walk to our campsite for my pains.

The hockey player has brought a bag of victuals with him - brown and white. To prove I have no racial prejudice I chose a brown one. At this juncture our acting superintendent came strolling along to our car with his strong masculine stride and seated himself inside. Not wishing to offend, I accepted his overcoat and threw it out of the rear window. He reproached me in gentle language and resumed his overcoat and his seat. I placed the coat in question in the centre as a kind of fortified barrier and sat in contemptuous taciturnity until we arrived at Nioka.

I took out my mere four piles of luggage and deposited them on my bed. The girls slept upstairs in several dorms, the boys in a large dorm downstairs. Apparently, my group - consisting so far of myself and another girl, was due for waiting that night. The others had not yet arrived. We dined sumptuously on stew and toast with extras, then our group cleared the dishes ready for the washing up group. Our music superintendent was decked out in holiday attire and crowned with a perky 1930 hat, and resembled the picture on the toilet door.

The acting superintendent acquainted us with the details concerning rehearsal times, and we departed. For our rehearsals we would be using the kitchen and the common-room, an elegant arrangement featuring a table and a piano, not to mention a fireplace.

At eleven-thirty, I managed to get some sleep. We had to put our lights out at the extremely early (?) hour of eleven p.m. and arise the next morning at the late hour of seven. I discovered that my bed had the charming habit of creaking loudly every time I moved, and when attempting to roll over, the series of musical squeakings was quite a concert.

The next morning, before breakfast, I marched into the kitchen, determined to show my skill at the pleasant occupation of peeling potatoes. It was rather unfortunate that I had not the faintest idea how to peel a potato. After twenty minutes, my potato still looked just as peely, and so the female teacher whom I shall refer to as "Nancy" suggested that I try chopping celery. I was told that I *should* have removed the strings first. No wonder the pieces wouldn't separate. Thereafter, I devoted myself to the entertaining sport of picking pieces of peel up off the floor and dropping them into the rubbish bin.

At breakfast, I discovered that our acting superintendent ("Fagin"), with true fatherly instincts, had dragged along with him, his three darling little brats. The little girl, I must admit, wasn't much trouble because she was usually in her cot or on her mother's knee. But the two boys were rather nauseating - the eldest and somewhat gory instincts, and trumpeted

abroad while swinging, most viciously, a sword made of plastic. He insisted upon repeating some ghastly poems from Play School. The ger boy seemed obsessed with either his red pom-pom hat or his teddy. Apparently *this* teddy could talk. I attempted to make his talk, too, teddy didn't seem to like the idea.

During morning rehearsals, I admired the extremely graceful way "Nancy" when being physically assaulted by "Bill Sykes". A drunken elephant nothing compared to that performance. "Fagin" seemed to enjoy his part, cially when embracing "Oliver" - "Oliver" being played by a girl, and wife not being present at that time.

After dinner, most of them went for a walk. I myself did not feel icularly partial to such physical effort after having danced to "Consider self" and I grabbed my three Agatha Christies. On the way back to the on room I was accosted by "Mr. Brownlow", who suggested I come downstairs the boy's dormitory. His kindly invitation, I accepted. I found the ntist down there, too, with a tin of pineapple, and I was soon being led the mysteries of poker. We used scrabble squares for chips. Poker was ently not my game. I couldn't play for nuts. We were presently joined he other boys who came through the window. "Mr. Grimwig" protested ly at the intrusion but his objections were overruled. The "Magistrate" down as well, informing us that "Fagin" required us for rehearsal. He d that he thought I had better not go up the stairs. If I went into the site room, exited through a door and turned right, I would get there. eyed his instructions; but could not find the other door. Discovering it a trick, I managed by brute force to re-open the door and charge upstairs.

I was less sleepy that night, and so I found, were the other four pants of my dorm. They had been impressed particularly with Bill Sykes Noah Claypole, about whom they conversed at great length. "Wasn't he !", "We had such a lovely talk this afty ...", "have you seen his eyes?" ade one quite ill.

The next morning, the dancing superintendent was to take some R.C.'s to ch and "Nancy", the Anglicans. I asked "Nancy", "What about the Presby-ans?" I will not repeat what "Nancy" said about the Presbyterians.

In the afternoon, we took a hike and finished up at a certain female her's estate, a big house with enormous grounds and garden. She asked teachers in first - then I guessed that it was for ethanolic reasons.

It really made one want to vomit to see two respectable male teachers ying horrible little kids, in red woolly caps, on their backs. Most of girs were fussing over those kids like nobody's business. Personally uldn't stand them. I really don't see why they couldn't have been left randma's.

All in all, that camp was very educational. It taught me a good deal t the teachers - not that I wouldn't have believed anything of them, ay.

WRITTEN AS HAPPENED

BY

Member of Chorus, 301

Margaret Parker

no real names have been included in this passage, the authoress hereby ates herself immune to any attempt at sue for libel.



*"The night is darkening round me  
The wild winds coldly blow  
But a tyrant spell has bound me.  
And I cannot, cannot go."*

The lights shone brightly in the Maddison Square Garden stadium and compared to the immensity of the sports hall complex the wrestling arena was minute. This stadium was almost filled to capacity and I stood in the red corner while my opponent Toni Rose, stood in the blue corner. I was challenger, and she, champion. I felt a pang of fear and she felt confidence. I looked toward Miss Rose, but her shoulder length dark hair covered the full part of her mouth although I could see the vicious glint in her glaring eyes as she handed out insults, left, right and centre. She swore to the crowd, she swore at the referee, and she swore at me. In all my virginal innocence I stared at her, shocked and wide-eyed. Her hand then flew out and caught me on my left cheek. I stood, ashamed for letting her humiliate me but afraid to do anything. The bell sounded and the match began. The following are the thoughts that come into my head as we wrestled.

"Oh God! Why did I ever want to be a wrestler? Why couldn't I be a common teacher like everyone else? Hell! What was it that Gary said? Don't let her get you in the corner? Bit late to remember that now, isn't it old girl. Oooh! Leg tie! Blast! Why on earth did I let her do that? Damn, wish that bell would ring. Why can't that blasted bell ring? My God." The bell rang. I sank onto the canvas, exhausted, lying in a crumpled heap. My husband came into the ring, Toni Rose sensibly retreated to her own corner and I was helped to mine. Dazed I sat on a stool that someone got me. I was hurt; Toni knew it, Gary knew it and the crowd knew it. Maybe I knew it but I hid from it. The referee asked me if I would like to give a free fall submission to him thus declaring Miss Rose the champion again. I should have allowed this to be the case. I had lost one fall and it was the best of three falls match. I still don't know why I didn't submit then, to end it easily. I didn't. Some extreme love of the sport, wish for revenge and a dedication to an art which I loved would not let me take the easy way out. I almost wanted to give up but I remembered that I had read somewhere, a long time ago before I began wrestling.

*"The night is dark round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow  
But a tyrant spell has bound me  
And I cannot, cannot go."*

I laughed inside when I thought how true it was. A spell had bound me. I couldn't go .... not now, not ever.

I went into the next fall time with new vigour. I led the way for a while but it was generally a blow-for-blow match. Toni seemed surprised at this new unleashed spirit of mine and I think a couple of times I caught her nawares. I won the second fall by a submission hold: the Japanese hangman's pose. Boy did I show her a thing or two in that fall!

The third fall was, I knew, the deciding fall. It was the usual two-out-of-three fall contest and we had each gained one fall. Again I felt that small

If fear come over me but I kept going. I had to. I could almost feel  
wds breath on my skin as I gained advantage over advantage until Miss  
lled a foreign object from her wrestling suit. The referee didn't see  
a crowd didn't see it, but I did. I don't know for sure what it was  
it was a nail file or else a fairly blunt edged knife blade. I  
eel cold steel on my hot face. I opened my mouth to scream and felt  
liquid drip in. I am not sure if it was tears or blood or both. All  
is that I screamed, louder than I have ever screamed before in my life.  
n pain, I called out my husband's name but all I heard was a loud  
sensation in my ears and the crowd roaring and Miss Rose swearing.  
ckness ..... quiet and gentle ..... whispering. *"The night is dark*

*round me*

*The wild winds coldly blow*

*But a tyrant spell had bound me*

*And I could not, could not go .....*

*go ..... go ..*

*Jean Smith 301.*

I want to be real and alive and free.

Why can't I escape this carcass of me?

Can't I escape this prison of life?

How can I love this burden of strife?

Take out my heart and read what it says

Watch it convulse in wild unrest,

Watch it tremble and bleed with shame.

Exposed it lays like a shuddering flame.

Put it back! Hide it, for no-one to see.

Don't you understand? You're revealing me!



In Brisbane, the Springboks played in an oval surrounded by a barbed wire fence. This was nothing new to them. Last year, when the Australian team was in South Africa playing rugby, a small token number of black Africans were allowed to watch the game but were separated from the players and the rest of the white spectators by a high barbed wire fence.

Some of the public and the press have been eager to repeat hollow phrases like 'Don't bring politics into sport', but not so keen to examine what the team represents.

Apartheid is said to be a policy of 'equal' but separate development. This is a deception. When their labour and money are no longer required, (at night and at weekends) blacks are segregated into black townships. During working hours, they can be found in the shops in the mines and factories, side by side with whites - even nursing white children, making white beds, tending white lawn tennis courts.

South Africa has a population of 23 million, 19 million blacks, 4 million whites. However only 13% of land is set aside for blacks compared with 87% for whites.

Blacks cannot own land or vote.

The South African economy depends on her mines of gold, platinum and diamond. 90% of miners are black. They receive the equivalent of \$25 per month compared to \$375 per month received by whites who work next to them.

Blacks cannot strike or form a union. If they are away from work for one day without permission they are instantly dismissed and are subject to criminal proceedings.

Living areas are segregated and blacks are told where to live. They cannot leave their town without permission. A man must leave his town

if he is given a job in another town but he cannot take his wife and family. He then cannot return to his former town for more than 72 hours. This of course makes for excellent family life!

No social relationships between black and white are permitted. You cannot have a cup of coffee together without permission.

All blacks must carry an identification card from the age of 18. This is to prevent them from 'passing' as white and enjoying white privileges. This also means that the police can check that a black is not living in the wrong area. (Dogs in Australia wear registration discs.)

Blacks have separate park seats, separate entrances to shops. The Durban railway station, like most City railway stations anywhere has a large imposing entrance. There is of course a small door for blacks to use.

And the list goes on and on and on .....

Well, you might say, this is all very dreadful but what's this got to do with sport?

In South Africa, sports teams are selected on an all white basis to represent their country (19 million blacks, 4 million whites). Whites are given the chance to represent a country which is mainly black. Therefore the Springboks ARE Apartheid and we have invited it into our country.

International sport is part of a country's public relations, it is political. Governments help to finance teams to represent their country in the Olympic games.

In accepting the Springboks into our country we are accepting their policy of Apartheid.

The United Nations decided that all sporting and cultural relations with South Africa should be stopped.

a, unlike America and Great Britain has chosen to ignore this. a says 'Don't bring politics into it' and then offers the team of the RAAF to prove its

Africa is a country keenly interested in sport. They are naturally eager to show their superiority in world sport. We can therefore make them re-think their Apartheid policy by boycotting them.

It is also that the Springbok is an insult to Australia's people, at a time when we are about to come to grips with racial discrimination here. (Queensland, seems to be giving the team support has "Apartheid" type signs in action still).

However the final decision rests with you. What's more important, a match or humanity? What is the harassment of 15 rugby players (who have quite readily admitted their countries immoral or the degradation of 19 people.

As you well know, the matric girls have been conscripted into the service of the school as unpaid targets for the insults of the student body of Salisbury High.

The task of supervising impolite, immature, ill-mannered, impatient and loud mouthed customers (only some are referred to here) of the canteen has been passed onto us so that the tradition may be upheld.

We feel that this task is necessary but it could be made more pleasant if some co-operation from the students concerned is obtained. If you think that it is easy to control 50-100 pushing, shoving students who are trying to get into an already crowded canteen which has facilities for a maximum of about 10 at a time, then you are mistaken.

If you feel that this situation has been exaggerated you try standing in that corridor struggling to control the heaving masses of Salisbury High.

C. Kerry.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WOMEN IN SPORT

In the sporting world women are usually kept in the background. Swimming and athletics are the only sports whose women can make a real name for themselves. Softball and basketball have been overthrown by baseball and mens' basketball. The recent test cricket team caused quite a stir throughout Australia but women's cricket teams pass by hardly notice. In Australia the very few openings for lady wrestlers today are for heavyweights, and there are very few, if any, heavyweight lady wrestlers in the world. If I should ever live to see the day when women are in the boxing ring I will feel that women have adjusted themselves to today's sporting scene.

Jean Smith 301.



SCHOOL PRIZE LIST 1971JUNIOR SCHOOLOUTSTANDING EFFORT AND ACHIEVEMENT

101	Mark Buggy	211	Julie Wuttke
102	Jill Donald	221	Susan Phillips
103	Judith Kitto	301	Gillian Hanks
104	Geoffrey Oleson	302	Louise Brooks
105	Gillian Russel	303	Bronte McCarthy
106	Dianne Sharp	304	Karryn Parsons
201	Judith Spencer	311	Julianne Pepper
202	Gina Dearn	321	Sheila Stratton
203	Louy Stoyanoff	421	Donald Manuel

LEAVING SUBJECT PRIZES

Jillian Paschke	English	Ian Johnston	Physics
Geoffrey Forbes	Latin	Ian Johnston	Chemistry
Geoffrey Forbes	French	Jillian Paschke	Biology
Philip Shannon	History	Jeanette Harrap	Shorthand
Jillian Paschke	Geography	Kally Stavreas	Typing
Ian Johnston	Maths	Janet Hensel	Arithmetic

MATRICULATION SUBJECT PRIZES

Pamela Wright	English	Andrew Kreunich	Maths
Pamela Wright	French	John Smith	Physics
Pamela Wright	History	Margaret Ferguson	Chemistry
Pamela Wright	Classical Studies	Brenda Hayward	Biology

DUX OF THE SCHOOL

Pamela Wright

## S E R V I C E   A W A R D S

Library Prize

Shirley Jackson  
Kathryn Potter  
Harry Dickson  
Ian Ellis

Bell Boy

Douglas Graske

P.A. System

Terry O'Shea

Care of the Aquarium

Mary Rankin  
Elly Van den Broeke  
Sharolyn Polst

Pianist for Oliver

Glen Webster

Watering of Pot Plants

Julie Wuttke  
Cheryl Window

### **Care of Sick Room**

**Helga Post**  
**Anne Marie Winstanley**

Care of rats and mice in  
Biology Lab.

Gaye Hollebone  
Georgina Grinsted  
Betty Ferguson

Secretary Senior S.R.C.  
Treasurer Senior S.R.C.  
Chairman Junior S.R.C.  
Secretary Junior S.R.C.  
Treasurer Junior S.R.C.

Pauline Cannon  
Megan Heitmann  
Paul Turner  
Shirley Armstrong  
Susan Jacobs

Services to S.R.C.

Jennifer Jacobs  
Bill Corbett

## ATHLETICS   TROPHIES

U13   Helen Manley  
U13   Brian Nelles  
U14   Anne Chalmers  
U14   Michael Davies  
U15   Karen Harward

Boys   U15   Jimmy McLead  
Girls   U16   Yvonne Babolka  
Boys   U16   Ian Johnston  
Girls   Open   Jeanette Harrap  
Boys   Open   Tom Stoyanoff

## SWIMMING   TROPHIES

U13   Leanne Farrely  
U13   Chris Wellington  
U14   Linda Potzlin  
U14   David Miles  
U15   Vicki Jaensch

Boys   U15   John Ruedigar  
Girls   U16   Connie Karssen  
Boys   U16   Donald Manuel  
Girls   Open   Vicki Jaensch  
Boys   Open   Ben Byass



# LIBRARY REPORT 1971

We have just seen the end of another successful year for our Salisbury High School library. Our industrious and capable librarian, Mrs. Finch, has continued to make vast improvements in the equipment and efficiency of the library.

This year a total of 1,091 new books have been added to the stock, of which 910 are non-fiction and 181 are fiction books. The Commonwealth Grant this year provided 489 books.

New equipment includes 4 cassette recorders plus tapes, 4 Hammett projectors, and approximately 100 Unipacks. Unipacks consist of a film strip, script, and sometimes a tape. I must not forget the numerous rolls of sticky tape, and the various biros "accidentally" lost through use by students.

During the last term the library was also opened after school and at night. This enabled leaving and matriculation students to use the library for study prior to their examinations.

We, the library monitors would also like to thank those few diligent students who helped us on several occasions, by rearranging the library. Swapping books around the shelves helped keep the library monitors busy, and taught them something of where books are kept in our library.

Finally I would like to thank Mrs. Finch for giving the library monitors her support and putting up with their trying antics throughout the year.

Kathryn Potter 401



Standing L. to R. T. Pegan, H. Dickson, P. Finch, (Librarian), S. Jackson,  
I. Ellis,  
Seated L. to R. J. Barby, K. Potter, P. Warren.

## THE S.R.C. OF 1971

was a particularly busy year for Salisbury High School's S.R.C. purpose was to allow students representatives to meet and discuss which arose concerning the student group, and to make suggestions as changes were felt to be necessary in the running and structure of the.

first informal introductory meeting was held on April 16th and in the following months the newly elected representatives were responsible for a few happenings of one kind or another within the school.

One of the S.R.C.'s first activities was to investigate the students' views towards combined Sports and House competitions with the result that the Competition, involving such things as house points, was abolished in the case of inter house sports. Other achievements include the election of two senior S.R.C. representatives at P & F meetings; the erection of a memorial plaque on the trophy cabinet in memory of Mr. Cowan who died while teaching last year; the forming of a suggestion box and the establishment of a suggestion box. The S.R.C. was also responsible for the mounting of the school's identification and for the organisation of the highly successful Activities Days during which a record amount of money was raised. Three highly successful combined socials were conducted by the S.R.C. One of the most important matters involving the S.R.C. was the water coolers for which a referendum was held in the school. Upon the decision by the majority of the students to proceed with the purchase the S.R.C. donated \$300 towards it as the students share of the cost. There was much debating on such things as a speed limit for the school car park, a burglar alarm system, ice cream facilities, a red cross for student use, and most important of all the expenditure of Activities money. Few suggestions for the use of the money were received but those that were presented lent themselves to much discussion which narrowed the choices down to:

- . A kiln for the junior art classes.
- . A super 8 mm camera kit.
- . Spare car parts for the car club.
- . Lighting for the T.V. Room.
- . Books for slow readers.

Throughout the year the S.R.C. experienced many problems and made its share of mistakes. The council often found itself falling down in much the same way as the previous S.R.C. that is to say, in the frequent failure of the reps. to report the feelings and wishes of the class they were representing as well as the slowness with which decisions were made and carried out. Many improvements have yet to be made if this system is to be a really effective one - the most important being the establishment of better communications between the S.R.C. and the students it represents.

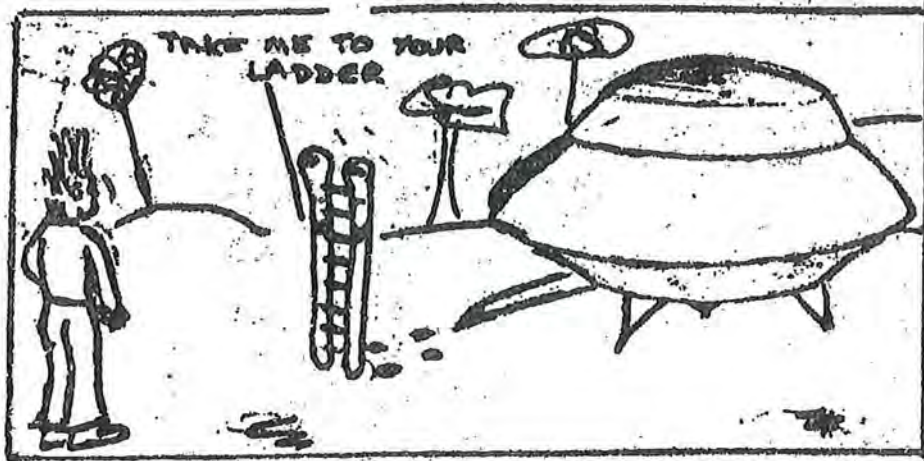
JENNY JACOBS  
Vice President.





SENIOR SRC.

Back Row L. to R.	M. Schebella, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Kite, F. Cienciala.
Second Row L. to R.	K. Manuel, C. Boitchef, A. Watson, Mr. McKerlie.
Third Row L. to R.	C. Heath, B. Bridges, P. Turner, S. Moschos.
Fourth Row L. to R.	B. Novakovic, J. Edwards, S. Armstrong, T. Stoyanoff, E. Cienciala.
Fifth Row L. to R.	M. Heitmann, B. Hayward, Y. Babolka, E. Thomas,
Front Row L. to R.	W. Corbett, P. Cannon, J. Jacobs.







# JUNIOR SRC.

Back Row L. to R.	C. Jacobs, Mr. Walsh, Mr. McKerlie,
Second Row L. to R.	D. Neale, D. Shorter, G. Hanks, T. Dezen,
Third Row L. to R.	T. Cahalan, E. Nurton, S. Newbound, J. McGuinness,
Fourth Row L. to R.	F. Gramazio, P. Turner, G. Henderson, M. Hewish,
Front Row L. to R.	S. Jacobs, S. Armstrong.



## A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

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The Editor: Phil McLuskey

Literary Editors: B. Hayward, M. Parker, B. Bowman,  
M. Ferguson  
M. Ferguson

Sports Editor: B. Hayward

Photographs: Phil McLuskey; Cartoons: A. Wilkes

Cover: Stephen Carr

O.B.E. recommendations to:

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Mr. Leverington

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A. May  
M. Popovich  
K. Potter  
P. McLuskey  
B. Hayward  
M. Ferguson  
M. Ferguson

Lastly we thank the students of Salisbury High who contributed so willingly to the magazine.



