

1972



SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL  
LIBRARY

# SALISBURY HIGH WRITES...





I would like to outline the working of the Student Representative Council this year. The year began with the election of representatives by respective classes and was followed by a camp at Mylor for these representatives. The camp was instigated to acquaint the representatives with the purpose and functioning of S.R.C. and was an opportunity for the members to become better acquainted out of school conditions. The business part was aided by several mock meetings and several discussion periods. To help get the representatives better acquainted there were numerous walks and assorted team games. I am quite certain that the camp was an unqualified success in both areas. It was also at the camp that the Office Bearers were elected, these being Yvonne Barolka - Treasurer, Geoff Forbes - Secretary, Eve Cienciala - Vice-President and Steve Moschos as President. Due to other commitments, the position of Secretary was dropped by Geoff and our new Secretary, Jane Edwards was elected. At the Mylor Camp it was decided that the Magazine would come under the supervision of the S.R.C. Since then there have been several good papers produced with the help of numerous teachers and an end-of-year magazine is due out soon.

Early in Second Term the S.R.C. attempted a fund raising effort to relieve the grief stricken people of Bangla Desh. This consisted of a non-uniform day, a film shown for two nights and an Asiatic dinner which set the mood for the cause of the fund raising. From these activities we raised some \$140 which was sent to C.A.A.

Towards the end of Second Term, the S.R.C. was involved in organizing the annual activities days. This consisted of each class organizing fund raising activities such as coffee lounges, milk bars, horse rides, etc., which contributed to a total of nearly \$1300. \$300 of this was raised by 401, who set a new world record for a table tennis marathon. From this money the S.R.C. contributed \$944 towards the photo-copier machine for the benefit of the whole school and which is in constant use. To end off activities days we had an extremely successful Senior School Ball which was enjoyed by all when it eventuated. It should become a successful annual event. It was the social event of the year on the Salisbury High School social calendar.

Differing from other years, the sports days this year were held in the Third Term and, following the apathetic response at our own Sports Day, the S.R.C. decided to hold a referendum to make recommendations to the future of competitive sport at Salisbury High School. The result was in favour of a reversion back to the House System as opposed to keeping the present class system or abolishing sport altogether. We hope that this will rekindle some of the enthusiasm shown in previous years.

To recognize prowess in sport or any other facet of school life the Student Representative Council initiated the C. Merit Awards presented to people who have achieved a sort of recognition, whether it be in sport, schoolwork, or any other facet of school life. The first of these will be presented today.

To conclude this year's activities, the S.R.C. have decided on a dinner meeting where we will both round off this year's affairs and have a final social event together.

I would now like to put forward a few ideas concerning ways in which the S.R.C. might be improved. There is a definite lack of communication between the students and the S.R.C. The Representatives of the S.R.C. should be discussing more of the S.R.C. business with their classes. This extra discussion would result in more ideas being forwarded to the S.R.C., and it would also give the students a sense of involvement in school affairs. Secondly, there is also a lack of communication between the Staff and the S.R.C. There is a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour lesson period set aside every fortnight for discussion of current school activities. In this period, the S.R.C. representatives should be encouraged by their teachers to query the problems any of the students have. Thus, with more enthusiasm, encouragement and discussion from the staff and students, the S.R.C. would have a better knowledge of problems concerning the students, a better chance of trying to solve them, and thus accomplishing the ideals of the S.R.C.

I wish to thank the students, and Staff of Salisbury High School for the support they have given the S.R.C. in 1972.

I particularly wish to thank the S.R.C. representatives and my executives for their consistent efforts throughout the year.

May I wish Salisbury High School and the Students Representative Council every success in 1973.

S. MOSCHOS.

"STRAIGHT FROM THE STUDENT'S MOUTH"

I feel like doing is stopping all conflicts. How? I do know, but my life will be one with a purpose - to promote peace, understanding and to feed the starving millions."

As far as I am concerned I don't think that I have a role that is important enough to worry how the world will be affected by it!"

Intended occupation is a biochemist. I am entering this field because this is where my interests are. I admit that I am selfish and like the money associated with the occupation though this is only a minor reason....."

Well, I reckon the world is in a good state if you like living in chaos, crime, pollution.... there is little I could do but a lot I'd like to do."

I think the world is in a terrible rotten mess but it quite honestly doesn't bother me at all. I suppose this is a selfish remark but as far as I can see, it is every man for himself. I'm not going to get trampled into the ground by everyone else."

I would like to see every chimney in the world blown down, every weapon of war blown up, every starving child fed, every person helping to feed every other person."

Improving myself, I hope to better the world."

I will not go out of my way to reform a whole planet....."

That is my role as solving world problems - but first try to make back a white Australia. I am not prejudiced against any race but they just don't belong in Australia."

If my intelligence were greater, I would set out to educate the world in order to place myself in a position where I could solve the world's problems in a peaceful manner. As my role in life may consist mainly of digging ditches, I feel that in this position my say might be considerably negligible."

compiled by Paul Turner.





JUNIOR S.R.C.



SENIOR S.R.C.

BANGLA DESH DAY



SPEAKING THEIR OPINION

## HEADMASTER'S THOUGHTS

have decided to depart from the usual procedure of giving a message and instead write some of the thoughts that have occurred to me in my first year as Headmaster of Salisbury High School.

"This is a good school."

"There are some magnificent dedicated teachers on the staff."

"There are many, fine students here, interested, hard working, well dressed and anxious to do well."

"Why is everyone's job, including that of the students' achievements made so much harder by the few disinterested, lazy, antagonistic or socially maladjusted?"

"The immediate response of the S.R.C. to the Bangla Desh appeal certainly shows the concern these young people have for the less fortunate."

"Wasn't 'The King and I' an outstanding success. The work put into it by students and staff was justified by the high standard achieved."

"What would we do without the help of the parents? The Council, the P & F, the Ladies Auxiliary, the library helpers, how would we manage if we did not have their help?"

"They have done it again. Activities Days were marvellous."

"Too many students are coasting. Some do not know what they could achieve if they really tried."

"We are going to miss Mr. Phillips when he goes."

"The Senior School Ball was the social event of the school year."

"Does the S.R.C. really represent the views of the school? Are the students really trying to speak through their elected representatives?"

"Should we keep the P.E.B. exams or should we fight for their abolition?"

"Is it all worthwhile? Of course it is. Do not let us be misled by the problem people into losing faith in human nature."

"That canteen will be finished yet."

AND THE HEADMASTER THINKS . . . . .

is not a great deal of enthusiasm for sport. I why?"

on.

thoughts ever cross your mind? Does school appeal? How could it be better? Are you getting out of what you thought you would? If not, whose fault, if any, is it?

to 1973. May it be an even better year than 1972 then.

A.W. Martin  
Headmaster.

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL

STAFF 1972  
Headmaster

A. Martin, B.A., Dip.Ed., Dip.T., M.A.C.E.

Headmaster

Slips

Deputy Headmistress

A. McPharlin

Senior Staff

New  
Field  
son

F. Lee  
R. McKerlie  
H. Sanderson  
J. Walton

Assistants

Shez  
e  
J  
and  
ock  
lie  
ol  
en  
ann  
rington  
r  
bank  
ott  
l  
lle  
berth  
h  
es  
ew  
ll  
c

E. Christian  
S. Cundell  
C. Davis  
J. Degnan  
T. D'Souza  
K. Drewing  
P. Finch  
I. Ingram  
K. Kerry  
E. Muller  
Y. Mole  
M. Pascoe  
D. Pearson  
M. Pointer  
C. Staska  
S. Van Fleet  
B. Wilhelm  
S. Woods  
C. Hadland  
J. Harbord }  
J. Duldig } Clerks  
M. Fuller }  
J. Sayer } Lab. Assts.  
B. Matsen - Relieving Staff

HAS  
TEACHERS



## STAFF NOTES

J. COOKE: Having been with the school for 2½ years Cookie left in October to return to England. Staff and students will remember him for his humour, soccer, white legs and fish and chips.

F. PERROTT: In September Mr. Perrott was driven to distraction by 303 and returned to England to teach more civilised students!

W. WEEKES: When S.H.S. opened in 1972 with several (?) teachers short the Education Department responded by sending us a dental student. Mr. Weekes' Maths students may not know any maths but they certainly know how to care for their teeth.

L. FONG: When Mr. Rawolle had a knee operation in 3rd term after being brutally attacked on the football field during a staff-student match, Dr. Fong took his classes.

R. ANSELL: Miss Ansell arrived part way through Term 1 from Melbourne in response to a request for an English teacher. Miss Ansell has become well known for bicycle riding, lost kittens and TRASH.

E. MULLER: Miss Muller joined the P.E. staff from Adelaide Teachers College to take extra classes caused by an increase in enrolment numbers. Unfortunately due to pressure of studies and ill health she was forced to resign at the end of Term 2.

S. WOODS: Salisbury High caters for the jet-set! Miss Woods on a working holiday from U.S.A. joined us for a term before travelling through the far east back home again.

C. DAVIS: Another jet setter, Miss Davis had just returned from a two year working holiday in England & Europe when she was called on to replace Mrs. Bigg who was spending 3 months in Europe.

C. HADLAND: Although she was almost put off by such comments from students as, "Is Mr. Hadland your brother?" Mrs. Hadland settled in to her job as teachers' aide. As her title suggests she aids the staff enabling them to have more time to actually teach and as such she is invaluable to both staff and students.

F. SEMMENS: Headmaster of Salisbury High School from 1967 to 1972. He saw the light on the first day of the school year in 1972 and began a well deserved retirement. He was a friend and leader to all. We wish him well.

A.F. MARTIN: Headmaster of Salisbury High School 1972 to (?) He has led the school with vigour, making changes and setting standards. We look forward to an active school under his leadership.

LLIPS: Deputy Headmaster of Salisbury High School from 1970 to 1972. His back is broad and the school has moved on it. He is heading for the open spaces of Para Hills 3 with Mr. Burfield to carry his hockey sticks.

DERSON: Senior Mistress in Commerce. All agree she is a very good type. She takes up an appointment in 1973 at a metropolitan city high school.

### TEACHING IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

I was asked to dash off a few lines about what it's like as an exchange teacher, what I think of my classes, Adelaide, and so here goes:

First of all, I am not an exchange teacher. I've come to South Australia for two years because I wanted to see your country (its education system, way of life, and as much as possible of everything else here). The South Australian Government pays my way down and will pay my way back after the two years are up in a way you could say I'm on a nice vacation. Teaching, however, reminds me that it is more than a nice vacation down here, which brings me to the next topic, my classes. Now all my classes are the first and second year students, and this is an experience in itself, but I can truly say that I enjoy having these people in my classes. So many of them remind me of myself at their age, and this helps me have a more realistic outlook on learning.

I think the Adelaide area is an excellent area in which to live. There are plenty of nice Golf Courses (a pre-requisite for the place I live), most of the conveniences of home, and the Barossa Valley nearby. I'm really going to enjoy the winters I've been used to in Central Washington, but spending Christmas away from lots of snow will be a nice change.

Mr. Hoggatt.  
Teacher from U.S.A.

BS:

There's no fool like an old fool: he's had more experience.

TEACHER: Name five things that contain milk?

STUDENT: Butter, ice cream, cheese and two cows.

Q: What is small and purple and dangerous?

A: A grape with a machine gun.

Q: What's purple and conquered the world?

A: Alexander the Grape.

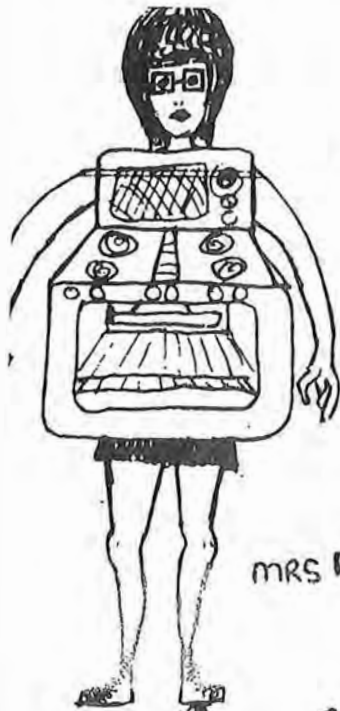






MESS WHO'S ON THE STAFF!

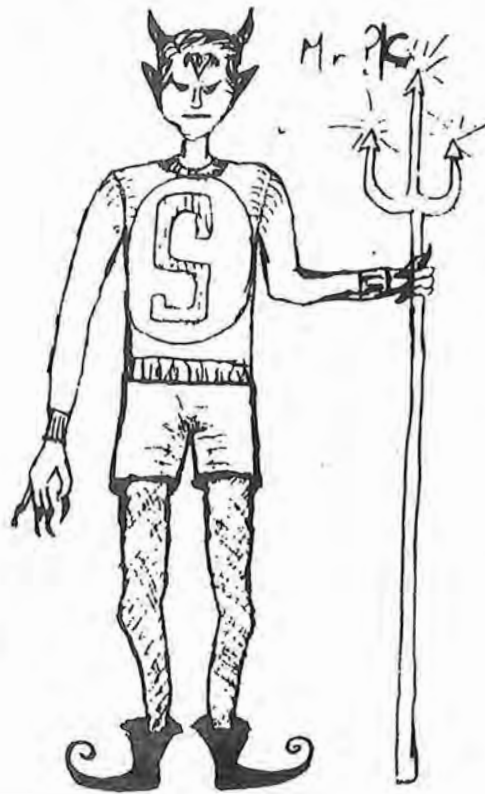
MISS. S



MRS P



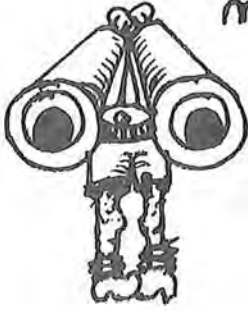
MRS. S



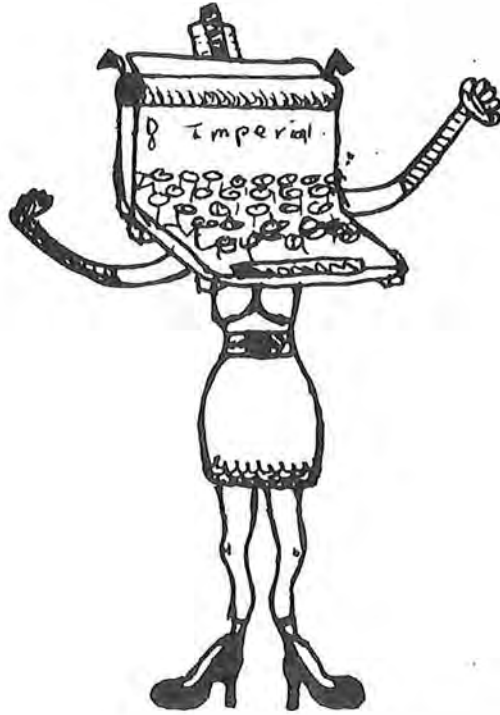
Mr. K

MR. K

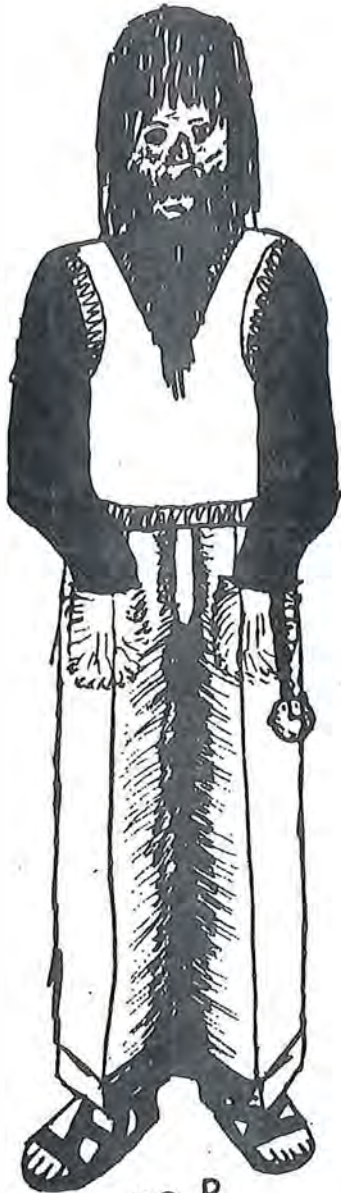
MR. P -----



MR. W -----



MISS. D -----



MR. P -----

V. Morris '312



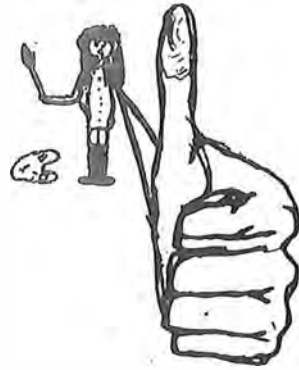
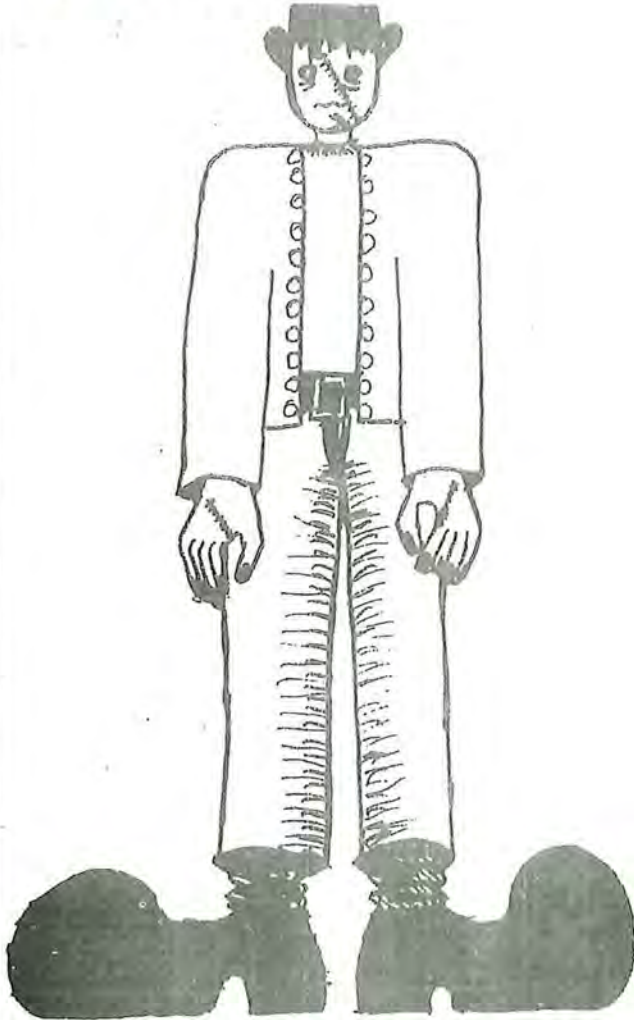
MRS. H



MR. HORE

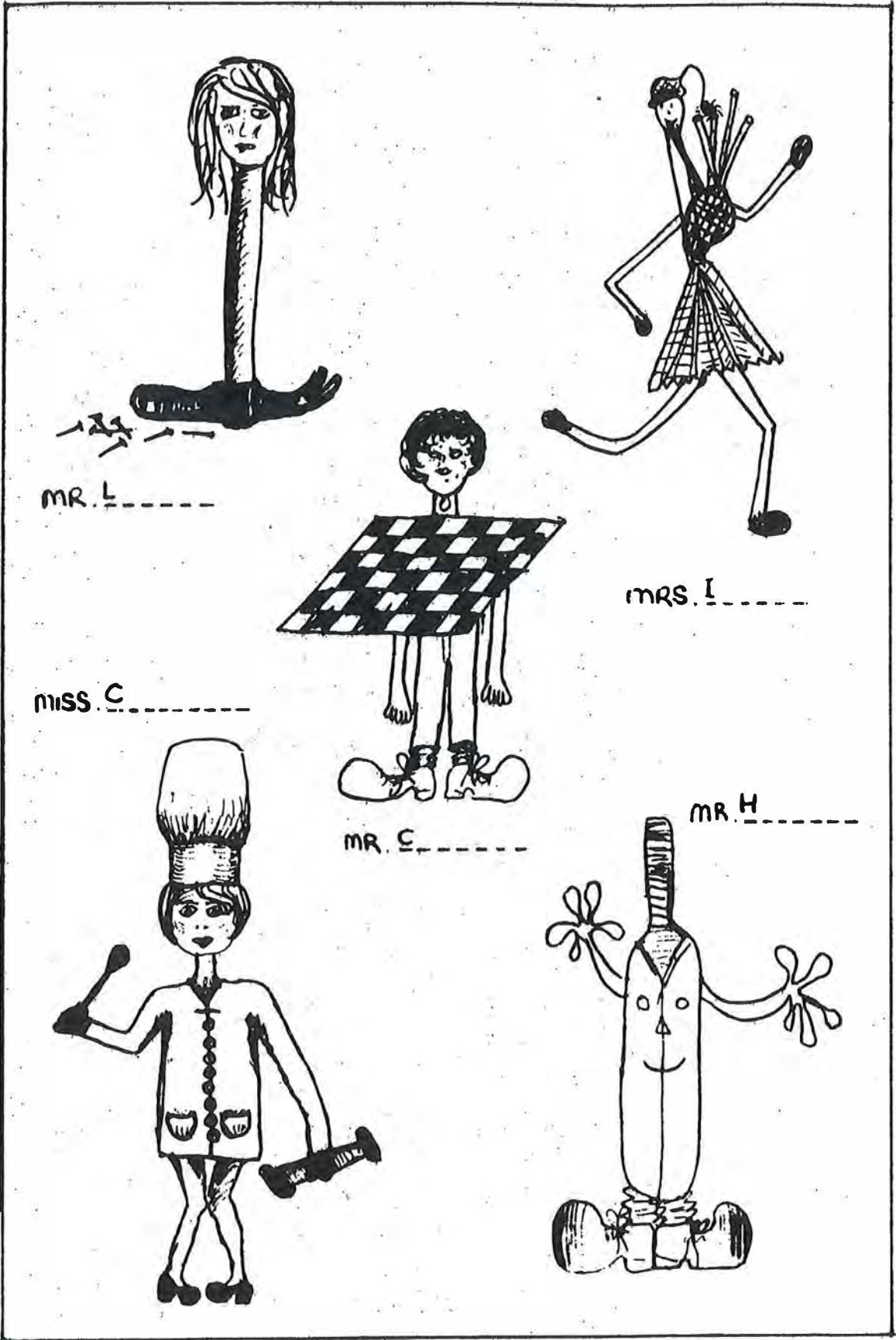


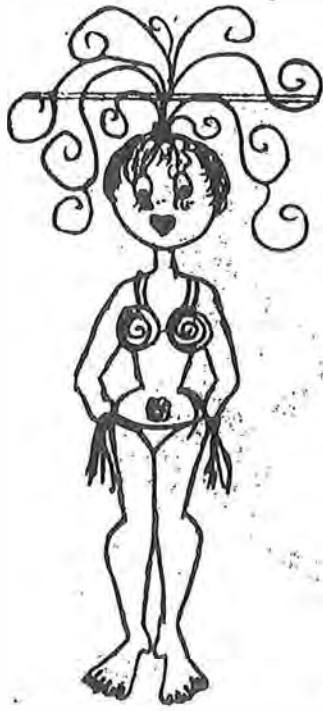
MR. W



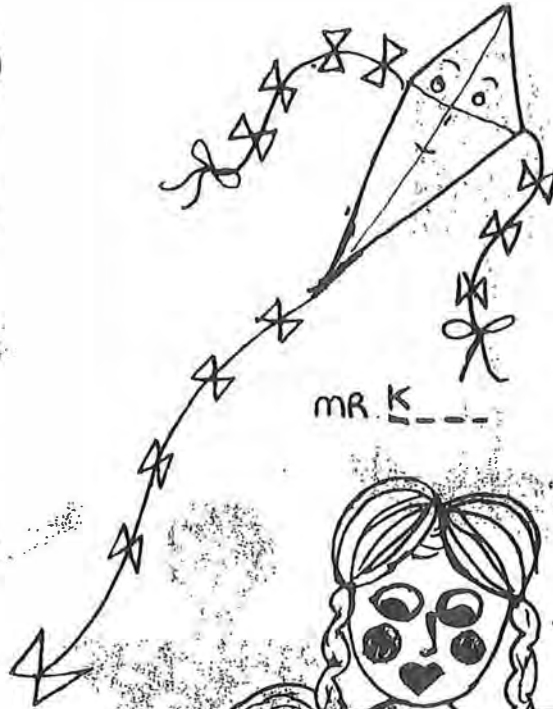
MRS. C







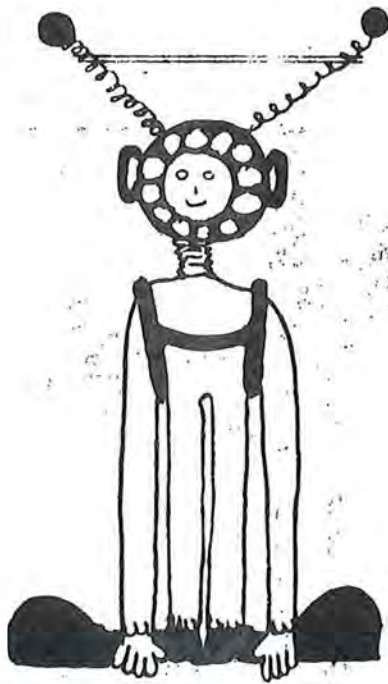
MISS. K -----



MR. K -----



MRS M -----



MR. M -----

THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS

Like sheep following a goat, we sit behind desks being filled,  
We do not learn but are merely stuffed.  
Teachers - taxidermists - killing feeling, stuffing brains.  
Losing our identities behind our uniform uniforms,  
We sit  
Sleepy, not knowing why we sit.  
We strive and strain and strive again  
To a hopeless, unreachable goal of society.  
We learn to satisfy society and its requirements.  
Sheep who have no individualism or selfness  
But beings who follow now as youth and who will  
Lead others when old.  
People are not people but sheep who follow the  
Goat society.

Anonymous.

P. E. B.

Struggling for a decade of months each year,  
We work to please an ancient marker.  
Sleepy, tired and bored, half reading a  
Pre-half memorized lump of knowledge on five subjects  
Nothing to do with life now around us, we spew,  
We spill colourless, useless, not fully digested  
Pieces of knowledge on to an exam paper  
Under a cold, impersonal classification, the exam number.  
We are people trying to learn about people, about life,  
Not the half-digested droppings of an age gone by.

Anonymous

A POEM

Grey, grey,  
The beards of old men,  
Lost, lost,  
In fear once again,  
Nearer, nearer,  
To God's firm embrace,  
Further, further,  
Into endless grace.

John Armstrong.



MATRICULATION '72

dy Ha! Ha!"  
such thing existed in '72.  
er bombs, blowing up fruit juice cartons,  
owing people into the sprinklers  
pling:- cards, liners and betting on school sports.  
d fun!

one, come all, no intelligence needed to  
a Matric student '72.

too can be another H.W.  
won't pass but you'll enjoy many fine  
rs in S.H.S.

may be lucky enough not to get in the S.R.C.  
ever if you get sucked in you'll get  
y with murder or anyway destroying  
junior school's projects, permanently  
ining people's clothes with glue, water  
ing apples, oranges or anything in sight.  
you are the president of S.R.C. you're  
omatically fantastic, brilliant and resigned  
certain failure.

re are other people in Matric '72:  
y're wet blankets - they want to pass  
y want to stay dry, clean, and able to pass.  
chance!

you're not like the rest of the boys  
the elite S.R.C. society at Matric '72  
too can be wetter than a wet, wet blanket.

you're one of the wet blankets, you can  
branded for life, segregated from the  
t of the world, classified as a no-hoper,  
less, because you spend the free lessons  
aside for studying, by studying and not  
nbing the social ladder to become one of  
elite.

P.S. I wish I'd done some study.

ANONYMOUS

## PEOPLE

I am alone, in a maze of beings,  
Beings who have no meaning in life,  
Beings who just exist because  
Life was thrust upon them;  
Beings who call themselves people -  
People, but what are people?  
What does one have to do to be a people?  
Are people just beings with  
Two arms and legs and a head of brains,  
Or do they have to be a certain colour,  
Or come from a certain country,  
Or have a certain education,  
Or speak a certain language,  
Or could all people be equal?  
That is my Question!

By GAIL WALKER

## SURROUNDED!

I am surrounded.  
But by what?  
They move.  
What moves?  
I feel small and helpless.  
Not knowing which way to turn or what to do next.

I stumble blindly through a maze,  
Running on and on.

I turn and look around me.  
I see things  
Able to move yet they seem strange.

People!  
That's what they are, People!  
Or are they?  
The bodies are human but the brain is -  
Mechanical.

How man's changed!

ANON

**SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL  
LIBRARY**

## PHOTOGRAPH

A photograph once so neat and fresh,  
Now, torn and crumbled  
From the handling it has had  
In such a short life.

When I hold it in my hands,  
And look at it,  
A tear, like a tiny little dew drop  
Finds a way to escape,  
And rolls slowly down my cheek.

It finds itself at rest upon the picture.  
I remember, as if I were there now,  
The waves start to seek refuge on the beach,  
Covering the sand like a blanket  
As if to let like know, that night is falling.

The sun, no longer high above  
But resting ..... resting on the water,  
Like a tired clown after a long day  
Of trying to make people laugh,  
but not succeeding.

There standing on the beach,  
Being splashed by the warm waves  
Are two people, who say they are in love  
Holding each other tenderly,  
But at the same time, firm enough  
So as not to let the other go.

Soon the sun sets,  
And the waves, wash themselves out to sea,  
And leave the sand to freeze.

I carefully put the photograph away.

Judith Choules



## THOUGHTS!

It is possible for some Uni students to lead a very ar, privileged life. Most of their time is their own. In my final year, I would have spent no more than fifteen hours a week at formal lessons (lecture and tutorials). Days were filled in by sleeping in till two, sun bathing on the beach, being entertained by various pop groups. We used to prefer hanging out, watching films, discussing politics etc., and of course, earning money in part-time jobs.

One felt academic pressures only when a deadline for assignments or exams came in sight. Since no one was going to help you around, self discipline, was all important. Everything was up to you.

With four years of this life behind me, you can imagine the shock to the soul Salisbury High School was. Having your days suddenly divided into eight rigid periods is an trauma. Not being able to go for a walk for a few minutes when you felt like it was almost unbearable. But more difficult than any of these was the unavoidable responsibility. There were people who depended on you as a source of knowledge and entertainment. How do you control 38 individuals for forty minutes every day without driving them to tears?

The students too are so different from my old classmates. They are much more perceptive in questioning just how meaningful the knowledge they are required to learn actually is. They also seem to be far less motivated to do well academically. Getting good marks was everything to us and failure was shameful. The results of a test placed within the framework of their lives, doesn't appear to matter that much to the majority here.

I have definitely learned more than I've taught. One interesting piece of knowledge was that students WANT discipline. It was very difficult for the first term and a half because my pupils would not accept my theory on classroom control - i.e. any animal kept in a cage becomes frustrated and savage. But students have no knowledge of a world without bars where each individual is responsible for his own behaviour. Consequently there were petitions after petitions being signed for the use of the cane etc. By that time, however, we had reached some kind of mutual understanding where both sides agreed to compromise. The cage won!

R. ANSELL.

"My sister's first driving lesson."

It is a beautiful day. The rain is pouring and through the rain you can see an occasional glimpse of the beautiful black pollution, overhanging on the towering Adelaide Hills.

Our new car coughs and splutters up the drive way and comes to a sudden halt. The garage collided with it. Since it's such nice weather and there are only about fifty cars a minute passing our house, my sister has decided to have her first driving lesson. As my sister is not easily embarassed I will call her by her twenty-third name, Mary. Mary, in her ladylike manner, barges out the door upsetting A.B.F.G. Marshall, the cat, causing it to gallop away.

Mary starts the car and we move very smoothly backwards. Unfortunately, my dad was behind the car to see if she would make the fifteen foot clearance and was bowled down. He had a multiple injury to his leg and a fractured jaw and skull. Since he had no serious injuries, Mary decided to continue her driving lesson. After a slight mishap, in which the fire hydrant didn't give way, we made our way onto the calm street. Mary was doing quite well, when suddenly we hear a banging on our ear-drums. Turning around, we saw that this echoing noise belonged to a train, which was chasing us. We hurriedly removed ourselves from the overgrown train's presence and made our way down a narrow street which went abruptly down, then turned to the right and then ascended up a slope. There were some children and even adults on this road, but Mary taught them a lesson, that I don't think they'll forget too quickly. When we reached the top of this hill, we found that we had gone right under the railway line, but it seemed slightly peculiar that there were no other cars using the road. (I was later informed that this was a subway).

Mary then decided it was time that she did something different from just driving. First, she did a three point turn and did it easily in thirty-three points. Then she did an "S" turn. She tried ranking on one side of two poles and did a marvellous hill start, only dad nearly lost his nerve as we were rolling backwards.

Nothing much had happened from when we left home: the windscreen was shattered, we had a flat tyre and the car was slightly bent in fifteen places. We arrived home safely after our pleasant drive.

DIANE SHARP.

## FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG

The silent air in a silent town  
Long ago but not forgot!  
The night was cold and nothing moved  
But footsteps in the fog.

She moved about in the cold misty night  
Then a feeling came into her mind.  
Was she being watched? Then she turned to spot  
Those footsteps in the fog.

She backed away but to her dismay  
Those footsteps she couldn't outrun.  
So there she stayed for no noise was made  
By the footsteps in the fog.

The cold dark air enveloped the girl that lay  
On the bridge as still as a log.  
Nobody came so no-one could blame  
THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG.

ANONYMOUS

## LIFE

"The air was calm and crisp.  
Over the shoulders of a hill,  
A golden moon  
Greeted me as I walked  
Towards the shadow of a tree.  
It greeted me  
With out-stretched arms; waiting.  
I wondered if this welcoming host could tell me,  
Of things, which he had seen.  
I strained my ears to listen.  
But all I could hear was the calling of the wind;  
Rustling dried leaves through the dead fingers of a  
forgotten being.

My heart felt sad for my host.  
Standing by silently, above and waiting,  
Waiting for the day, when  
The earth would again  
Be young and free from hate and sin.  
And it seemed a shame for a moon;  
A beautiful, golden moon,  
To appear in such a lonely sky;  
looking at a filthy,  
Unhealthy,

POLLUTED  
WORLD!!"

JANET CASSIDY. 2S2



## "HIM"

There could be no bigger generation gap  
In the world.  
You try to talk to him, he doesn't listen,  
Doesn't try to understand.  
You listen to the radio or play records,  
He says, "It would have to be a long haired screaming lout".  
"Ypu can't call that music". You wouldn't know what music was".  
He doesn't listen to the lyrics, doesn't try to find a meaning  
In songs. He's just prejudiced against long hair and  
The younger generation.  
He's sarcastic to Mum when she says she likes a singer or song,  
And when she talks to us about things which interest us.  
He thinks the old way is right,  
The new way of things is wrong.  
He believes in the saying "Kids should be seen and not heard"  
Our ideas and beliefs are stupid.  
He doesn't think we should express our ideas, feelings,  
And opinions.  
We should just sit back and take sarcastic remarks,  
And agree with everything he says.  
He makes it hard,  
We can't agree to everything,  
It would be hypocritical!  
You try talk to him, he doesn't listen,  
Doesn't try to understand.  
There could be no bigger generation gap  
In the world.

JANET NEWBOUND.

## "LEAVING"

Quietly you leave,  
barefeet  
softly padding  
through  
empty rooms,  
turning away  
from clutching hands,  
hardening  
your heart  
to many tears.  
Briefly  
you mourn  
a love,  
two strangers  
once created.

ELAINE WHYTE.

## THE WOMAN IN WHITE

"Have you got any worms?"  
Is a frequent cry that I hear on my daily round.  
"A pregnant mouse, please". "How about snails?"  
"Where can a cockroach be found?"

So I dig for worms  
Not one is in sight, then I send some boys down the creek.  
In half an hour they come back with two,  
Less than an inch long, and weak.

A cockroach, that's easy!  
Let's see, there must be a mouse in the family way  
Cooped up in the Biology Lab;  
No time to find snails today.

"Can I have lesson two?"  
"I don't need much, just twenty ticker timers, that's all"  
Someone says at a quarter past nine.  
"Sorry, no lab, they're all full!"

A girl with bright nails,  
"Could I have some acetone to remove this colour?"  
"We need two stop watches for P.E."  
"Please, where is Mrs. Sayer?"

"This demo just won't work".  
"Have you switched on at the mains? That's much better,  
you see".  
"Please tell your students not to do that".  
Mr. Walsh wants two pounds of tea!

Crash, a beaker just dropped;  
That makes seven today, and what is that awful smell?  
Must find time to do the washing up.  
Heavens, is that the bell?

C.W.U.D.T.T.

## FRIGHT

Fright is like an egg:  
First it's laid,  
Then minute by minute the intensity grows  
Until it breaks open.  
Then a shriek is heard to break the silence of wonder.  
The truth is revealed.  
Horror has been seen  
And wonder has grown.

ROGER BABOLKA

THAT MAN

I woke up and then  
I remembered  
Last night  
That man  
The others  
And me

I saw a bird fly past the window and then  
I remembered  
Last night  
The expressions  
Of that man  
The others  
And me

I heard laughter and then  
I remembered  
Last night  
The way we'd hit him;  
Hit that man.  
The others  
And me

I heard a baby crying and then  
I remembered  
Last night  
The scream  
Of that man.  
I heard it.  
So did the others.

I saw blood stains on my shirt and then  
I remembered  
Blood and death  
As we stayed  
And we kept that vigil  
Me  
And the others

I sat up and thought.  
My heart was heavy  
And my head ached  
And I was afraid  
Not of the others  
Not of the dead man  
But of myself.

For when we killed that man  
I had died inside.

JEAN SMITH



## THE DREAM WATCHER

I have soul trouble.  
I don't know why.  
But my thoughts are in an awful mess,  
And I dream about things that may not come true.  
My father's so drunk that he don't care,  
And my mother thinks I'm deformed or something.  
The teachers think I'm dumb,  
Even my cat thinks I'm crazy.

Really I'm just a nothing,  
A complete nothing.  
Well, that's what everyone thinks.  
My marks are continually lousy,  
And I ain't got friends.  
Well, all except Mrs. Woodfin,  
She was an actress you know,  
And she makes me feel great.  
I enjoy the stories she tells,  
And her decrepit house and overgrown garden.  
She must have been beautiful a long time ago.

And that stupid psychiatrist,  
He wants to know why I'm alone.  
I want to make friends, but they don't  
want to be friends with me.  
He don't know why  
And I don't know why.  
Do you?

ANNE CUTLER

## FEAR

They stood in a square  
Facing each other and waiting.  
knew what was going to happen.  
dn't.  
Reluctantly we went on .....

Were they turning slightly?  
No, they stayed motionless.

One was cradling his arms.  
Was he concealing something?  
er lounged, his hands pocketed.  
Opposite fingered a slingshot.  
The fourth - we could not see.

We paused and looked around,  
Eyes pleaded to retreat  
But we were so near to our goal .....

We went on.

We stumbled past                      and waited for  
something to happen.  
actively we felt them turn.  
eyes bored into our backs              and we  
waited for it.  
Our minds were racing  
Our feet lumbering lead  
We merged hot and cold                      willing  
something to happen  
We got to the barrier  
breathless for  
Nothing had happened.

By Judith Spencer

## "THE UPS AND DOWNS OF SCHOOL"

The ups are having a bomb in the school  
and the downs are having to search for it yourself.  
The ups are all those sunny days when you wag it  
and the downs are getting the cuts from Mr. Phillips for doing  
it.

The ups are not being able to go into class  
and the downs are having to pick the stink bombs off the  
ground.

The ups are having a sports day with lots of other schools  
and the downs are coming second to last.

VERONICA DENTCHEV

## MACHINES

res - just what are they for?  
lp me live, well - or to cause a bloody war?  
a question, I asked me  
ss we'll wait and see.

\* \* \* \*

omputer is an amazing thing  
n do this and that - but can it sing?  
can't - the idea's absurd,  
er can I and I'm a bird.

\* \* \* \*

ust be careful - 'cos it wouldn't be beaut  
a slave to machines - so that he doesn't compute  
st always maintain his humanity  
ot let machines take away his sanity.

\* \* \* \*

be fair; machines can be a blessing  
lp with our work - and stop all the messing  
hey won't take over my life or my earth  
ou can quote me on that - for what it's worth.

\* \* \* \*

will come the day I say  
achines are coming to take me away  
won't put me in the 'funny farm'  
keep my cool, my collected and my calm.

\* \* \* \*

nes can't blow my nose or straighten up my panti-hose  
crub my back in the bath,  
won't get too hung up on machines  
after a point they become quite obscene  
know where I'm going and I know where I've been  
t's keep things in the right ppppportion  
on't let machines make this world one Big Abortion.

\* \* \* \*

PAM

**SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL  
LIBRARY**



SUNSET - DAWN

The hungry horizon enveloped  
the Devil of day,  
Leaving behind brilliant orange and  
shocking pink angels,  
To beckon the velvet, black night.  
The angry sea settled for sleep;  
his fingers caressing the still warm sand,  
Glistening, clean grains contemplating  
the disappearing day.  
A comforting breeze sniffled the tops  
of the palm trees,  
Swaying like inebriated men.  
Soon, the breath of night diffused  
across the snoring sea,  
And darkness was the conquerer of all.

A silver moon went down for a drink  
and was drowned in the waking sea.  
The candleglow of morning  
Stretched across the fresh  
Sky, heralding its master - the sun!  
Birds shrieked away in awe, and the sea  
rose and bowed to its healing warmth.  
The famished waves roared for  
breakfast, pink bodies sacrificing  
themselves, ran in a trance  
Over the golden sands and  
threw their souls to  
the swirling sea.

ANON

"THE STEPS OF LIFE"

Birth is the first step of life.  
And as you climb,  
The arm of Childhood drags you up,  
To toys and adventure.  
Then time for Youth.  
Life is young.  
This is the time when boys like girls and girls like boys.  
This is when life is games and joy.  
And slowly you mature.  
That's when you start to realize the facts of life and life's  
a drag.  
Then!  
You awake!  
Old Age has struck.  
Then no one wants you.  
You're all alone.  
You wait for the last step,  
Death!

HELEN BASTIRAS

"SALISBURY HIGH'S STUPENDOUS VICTORY."

On Friday October 20th, Salisbury High's tremendous A-Grade base ball team thoroughly annihilated Taperoo-High with a magnificent score of 11-1.

In the first few dull moments of the game, there were a few "SILLY" mistakes made, but these were soon forgotten as the game progressed on with excellent field work and team spirit.

Our batting (fielding, pitching, etc., etc.,) was far superior to that of the opposing team.. Although the Taperoo boys played very well they could not reach our high standard.

There was a pummelled home run made early by Melvin Randall. BECAUSE THE SALISBURY HIGH TEAM ARE SO HEALTHY, STRONG and ENERGETIC, there was a bat broken, (but never mind).

Best players for Salisbury High were:-

BRYN	BRIDGES
MICK	JONES
CHRIS	JACOBS
CHRIS	HATCH
GARY	RELLA
MELVIN	RANDALL
ANDREW	MILLER
PETER	ZUMMO
PETER	VAN DER BROEKE
TONY	MAY

The whole team played exceptionally well because of the dedicated work of their coach Mr. WALSH.

Apart from a few unfortunate incidents we came out on top. (By the way Gary and Chris how are your bruises?)

Special thanks go to those people who came out to cheer on their fellow champions.

KATHY O'SHEA AND JANE RELLA

.  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
. .  
S  
P  
O  
R  
T  
S  
  
O  
N

## SPORTS DAY EXTRAVAGANZA!

September the 21st arrived slowly but finally. It was Salisbury High Sport's Day for 1972"! The students were excited and enthusiastic, so slowly but they dragged themselves towards the marked sport's area.

The day was forecast as a fine warm one, which it was. The temperature reached a near 50° Celsius (122°F), with a south east breeze blowing, which half shook the leaves from the trees and partly littered the oval. All those not participating 7/8 approximately in any games or events enjoyed being in the warm sun.

The competitors went to their lanes and waited for the go fire. "Bang" and they were off; it was the 400 metre. The boys were pretty slow this year completing the metres in 6.3 seconds considering last years was 3.1 seconds. I guess it's this new generation today - all brain no muscle.

Events were run and winners decided. Everybody listened attentively, while talking about they were going to do next and.

Getting to the excitement of the day, when the trophies were handed out. Everyone was tense - there was tension in the air. The class winners were decided, bursts of applause frequent per class with cheers here and there.

All together an excellent day here all students showed enthusiasm when the oval was to be cleared of rubbish. At the final dismissal. At 4 pm students were dismissed, wearily trudging along talking about the enjoyable time they had had.



Picture of one of the 400 metre events of this year.

By Chris Petridis.



SHAKESPEARE IN SHAMBLES  
OR  
WILLY WAGSTAFF HAS GONE TO PIECES  
OR  
WHAT HAPPENS TO A SHOP-LIFTER IN SHAKESPEAREAN TIMES

As I walketh along the streeteth, someone approacheth me. "Dost thou hath good health?," sayeth I. "Yea, I doth hath good health," replieth my companion.

As we approacheth the Ise-Kreeme Shoppe, I sayeth "Dost thou needeth an ise-kreeme for thine self?" "Ah ha!" thinketh my companion, "it is timeth for shoppe lift-  
ing" ... "Yea, I doth hath needeth for an ise-kreeme."

As I was being servethed, I noticeth that mine owne companion hideth a packet of chicken chips under his cloaketh! "Stopeth, you varlet, scoundrel, meat head," I cryeth.

My companion by cowerdeth by the chip racketh. "Mercy, mercy," the scoundrel cried! ... But nay. No-one should spare the life of this scoundrel, meat head, etc. and so on, and so forth.

Sayeth I, "Wouldst thou goeth to thine own father to confesseth such a dastardly crime as stealing from the shoppe in thy soul?"

"Nay!" cried the scoundrel as he attempteth to goether from the shoppe. But alas for the shoppe lifter and ex-companion, I fleweth into a rageth and drew my mighty swordeth. As my ex-companion once more coweredeth by the chip racketh I fleweth him with my swordeth.

LESLEY NEWBOUND

PROSE

IF STANLEY KUBRICK MADE A FILM OF S.H.S!

"Shut up" cried Mrs. I. as four dusters came quite close knocking the piece of chalk out of her hand.

"Be quiet or you'll all be down the office."

"You and whose army?" drifted a voice from the back, as three more dusters laid out the kid in the front seat.

"There's other classes trying to work," pleaded Mrs. I.

"Stiff," came the unanimous voice of the class. R. - sed the door, two girls tried to escape but were shot down before they had gone five feet by a battery of chalk fire.

All round the class, protective folders were up as World III started to reach full power. What a was! The Windows Place's row vs. Doors and Tompkins' row.

The Doors had won a skirmish - Chook, our Air Force, had been brought down by a cheese and gherkin sandwich and was lying on the floor licking the butter off his lips.

Eldridge up the back was too big for his folder and was ready splattered by at least three or four pasties, a couple pies, two sausage rolls and four footballs. He was feeling it crook.

Mrs. I. made for the door but didn't get very far as a chair smashed into the board inches away from her head. She screamed and Turner was so busy laughing that the brief case that knocked him out was not noticed until he swallowed it.

A boy stood up to shout for peace but before the message left his brain, he was a heap on the floor.

Smash! The first window went but the glass did not reach ground outside until three seconds after Tompkins did.

Then the Doors had a civil war, some screamed out "Centrals" some other Doors who barracked for Port started to fight against them. The unified Windows took full advantage of the confusion and Doors were dropping like flies - their total resistance was soon smashed by our invading forces. As the last was brought down, the 6'6" United Nations walked in (Phillips) and the war was over between us but had just started with the boss.

Mrs. I. smiled with relief as she escaped but it had been close.

D PLACE

IS YOUR LAST YEAR (MATRICULATION) WORTH THE EFFORT ETC.

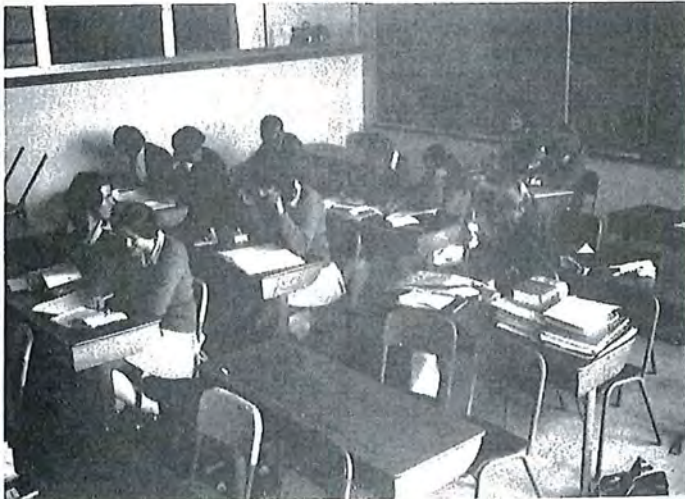
PUT INTO IT?

The general view of the school is that matriculation students are serious, studious and conscientious. This fifth year at school for many is the last year spent at a high school or any school. For those who continue their studies at Teachers' colleges or universities, the long hard trek to find a suitable employment must continue.

After progressing through infant school, primary school and then high school the majority of students are dissatisfied with the current education system. For many their limit of endurance is attained and they tend towards rebellion against the society which has nurtured them. Those who want to progress to university know that this matriculation year is vitally important and will have a definite effect on the rest of their career. The marks which are attained in the P.E.B. matriculation exam will be the basis for selection to a university or teachers college.

The knowledge that your future career will be influenced by your studies for one year seems to have an opposite effect than one would expect. Realising the need for continuous and

thorough work throughout the year, high pressure revision during the last week before vital exams can affect your mental balance.



2"THE SYSTEM WAS BETTER"

Sky-larking and extravagant wastage of important time is a common disease among matriculation students.

The pressure of examination is a key factor in a student's outlook on study. He sees the idiocy of marking your whole year's work in one subject in a three hour examination. The matriculation year at school is perhaps the most enjoyable one socially, you have ample time to meet and discuss mutual interests.

"EXTRAVAGANT WATAGE OF IMPORTANT TIME"

.....  
M. A. T. R. I. C. U. L. A. T. I. O. N.

use of this, however, you do not get the correct volume of done.

The system experimented in this year with tutorials and pure periods instead of lessons was a definite step forward in the previous four years. This arrangement of time spent on subjects left to the students increased one's awareness of it would be like at university, and showed students the way to work out one's own timetable. Perhaps less work was done this year than any previous year at matriculation level and the system was better than the previous ones.

J. EMMERSON.

---

MY FAMILY

MY PARENTS ARE GARDENERS! All they think about is gardening, and one trip around the house will prove that.

First we will look at their bedroom.

They sleep in a bed of violets, and have creepers climbing up the walls. The gardening tools are washed and polished after every use, then put away in the wardrobe. All floors and cushions are filled with lawn clippings.

Everyone in our house showers, so the bath has been lined up with soil and is now the home of a cluster of begonias. Number two bathroom is used as a hot-house and we have several banana and coconut trees.

We have a peach tree in the kitchen to ensure fresh fruit on our cereals.

Now we come to the lounge. We do not have a carpet, instead we have a lawn. There is also a built-in sprinkler system in the ceiling to water it. I bet I'm the only kid who sits in a tree to watch television.

As I said before:- MY PARENTS ARE GARDENERS!

A.P. SMITH.



## SCHOOL.



### "EXPERIENCE SUBJECT"

Some people when the word "school" is mentioned automatically say "Yuk", but why? How can school be "Yuk" when we have so many comparatively free lessons a week? The second years can have as many as ten experience subjects a week and out of 40 lessons that isn't bad. The most Maths and Science lessons they can have is eight a week. Moreover, there is such a wide variety of subjects from which to choose. There is Woodwork, Home Science, Music, Photography, Computing, Art, Yoga, Film study and Typing. I think school with the experimentary system is really great.

### SCHOOL UNIFORM.

There is a lot of dispute over the school uniform within the school. The majority are against uniform for various reasons, which aren't always very sound. Some bring up the point that uniform costs too much, but if you think about it, a pair of shoes can cost equally as much but you wouldn't wear them half as much as you do your uniform. The statement "They look like prison clothes" sometimes comes into it but they are not really. They may not be the brightest clothes on earth but they're not the dullest either.

Miss McPharlin has done her best to get us a uniform that we would like or at least feel satisfied with and I think she has done a very good job. We had a choice of which uniform

sted and we chose. Some schools have the girls wearing  
and gloves. If we had to wear them, then there would be  
ing to complain about.

SUE POTTER.

-----

T H E M E D I A

The basic creativity of man is gradually being undermined  
by mass media, especially the so-called "necessary" evil  
of television. More and more of the mind is being stunted, not  
helped by such programmes as Number 96, Matlock and the  
"middle class" violent shows such as Cannon. A typical example of  
how uncreative man is, is that when students are asked to  
write a free essay, they can't do it unless the teacher puts on  
board ideas and especially "lead-in" sentences. This is  
the point from which creativity starts.

The great composers, painters, poets and writers did not  
write their works of art needing such points. Why? These  
people did not experience the wonders of the mass media. Bach  
and Beethoven wrote symphonies that have lasted for centuries  
because they continue to live because they were composed from  
original thought, and aimed at preserving the beauty of that  
which they are as immortal as time. How many of the "great"  
composers of modern music will last as  
long as they have? They created songs  
and music which in turn helps us to  
create because we have become addicted  
to the "thought" that we need a stimulus  
or a lead-in before we can create. It is  
only a thought because every-one can  
create, but the mass media has made  
everyone self-conscious about creating  
to the point of doubting their ability  
to be able to create. Was this "brain-  
washing" done by accident or was it done  
accidentally or on purpose? Aldous Huxley  
points out the danger of mass media in  
his book Brave New World.



"BRAIN-WASHING"  
PROCESS.

What do you do to stop this brain-  
washing process? It is difficult to  
answer because I, like any-one else,  
like the comfort and convenience of not  
having to do any more brain-straining

work than the next one. It is easy to go and watch a film on history, but it is another thing to teach history, or for that matter any other subject. However, we as teachers have an obligation to fulfil not only to our students but to ourselves. I for one could not sleep nights if I knew that I hadn't taught my students enough to get them through this critical period in life. Maybe here I am contradicting myself by saying that I should impose my creativity on my students by teaching them and not letting them find "knowledge". But knowing myself hopefully, as I do, I don't think so. A teacher shows, guides, instructs, coaxes but never "tells". He should take the place of an advisor.

This is the position that the mass media also should fill: never to start growth of creativity by telling or brain-washing. Teachers should not, as far as possible, take their students to see films but should help the students create what would otherwise be supplied to them by television.

LYN RHYNE.

---

F R E E.

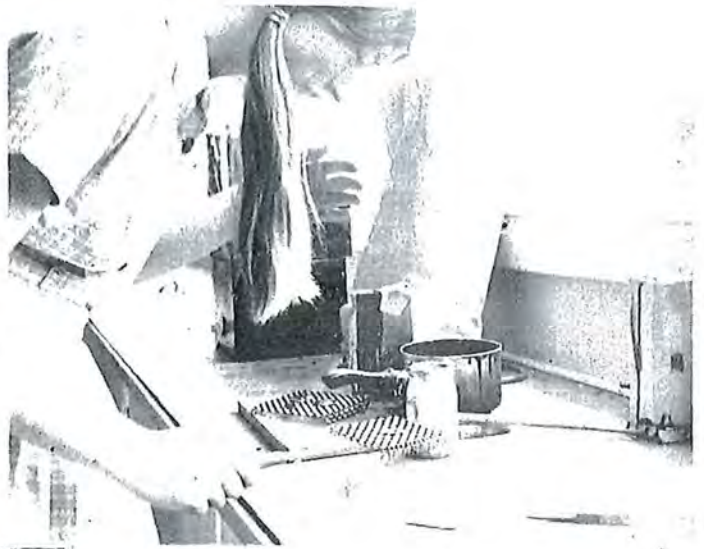
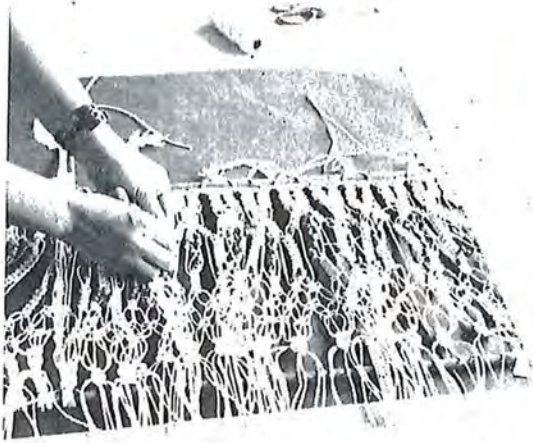
I sit in society's home  
Watching over my reading glasses people enjoying.  
I pretend to want to be a society success  
Yet I want to be me.

I want to be free - to think, to act, to live alone  
To teach my children to be themselves. How?

I must kneel before society to live, to eat,  
To pay government taxes, to be forced to defend society's  
country.  
I cannot be me; I must be a portion of society  
If only to be one of societies rejections a hippie, pill-  
popping no-hoper.

ANONYMOUS.







"LEAGUE FOOTBALL REPLAY NO. 1"

I find T.V. and radio commentary on League football in South Australia quite amusing at times and quite ridiculous at other times. Some comments which are made are quite stupid as little thought is required by the commentators to figure out just what is going on. The main participants of this "detailed description of today's play at Elizabeth Oval" are Ian Achin and Wally May but he doesn't know yet. Below are some comments from Channel Nine replay passages which I have found amusing.

.. "And Rebbeck has marked only fifty yards from goals. Rebbeck kicks. It looks great-off the boot, it's swinging in, its.. out of bounds on the full."  
"Bob Hammond about to kick off from full back. I think he'll kick towards the grand stand side." (Result! Kick to outer side of ground.)

.. "The ball's on the ground as players are in there, out comes Cockrane, sorry that's Reed no it's the young player in Wyley with the ball."  
"Players set themselves Oh! mark of the year to Skinner."  
(Mark of the year happens every week according to this commentator.)

.. "Norsworthy snaps over his head. Oh! a magic goal. That takes Central Districts to an eight goal lead.  
Comment Wally May."  
"No comment"  
"That's a fair comment."

.."It's a goal, it is, it's not, it's not, it is a great goal!"  
"Rod O'Connor kicking off from full back, yes Kroehn is definitely injured" (Explanation: Kroehn moved to another position.)

.."It's a good kick, I'd say 43 metres." (Could have been 44.321 metres too - Who knows?)  
"It's a goal. Oh I wanted Centrals to get that goal".

.. "Casserly with the ball. He's got the Seiko for mine".

On the other hand you've got 5 K.A. with Rod M'Clud who leads the listeners on to believe he is interpreting the play when actually it has already occurred.  
e.g. "The ball comes down towards Vivian. He'll look for Mobbs, and he's found him."

This same commentator has a habit of predicting what the umpire says.  
e.g. "There's plenty of players in there but the umpire blows his whistle, and says "C'mon fellas don't keep the ball warm I'll have it."

These comments are typical of T.V. and radio commentators although we should be grateful. I'm glad Doug Thomas to work for Channel Nine!

By Bronte McCarthy.

THE VICTORIOUS HOCKEY TEAM -  
PREMIERS FOR 1972



Back Row: Mr. G. Phillips, R. Ayling, I. Diment,  
M. Monteleone, J. Haseloff, M. Randall,  
T. Wilson, P. Eldridge, S. Smith.

Front Row: Mr. I. Walsh, H. Dickson, B. Diment,  
M. Curtis, R. Fogg.

## AUSTRALIAN SPORT

Australian sports fans are world renowned for the cool impartiality to their respective games. A goal, touch-down, run, or anything worth merit is warmly congratulated by both sides of the spectators, those for and against that team.

Some countries (e.g. China) take their sport far too seriously and get carried away with the play. Some of them even stoop so low as to shout insults at the opposing team and even sometimes at the umpire or referee as the case may be. Those people get far too worked up and only see their side of their team, (the good side) but here in Australia we see true spectatorship, because after all, spectatorship is an art and no-one can master it like we can.

Who, at a football match has ever heard insults shouted, loud, raucous cheering, booing and even beer-can throwing? There is usually more noise on the field than there is in the grandstand and outer sections of the oval.

The beer can that bit Eric Freeman last year was not from a loyal Australian sport fanatic but from a Communist infiltrator trying to blemish our well earned reputation, which we have built up over many years.

In Australia, sport is foremost; it comes before Press meetings, sittings in Parliament and banquets. We would travel to beyond the back of Bourke to see sport at the M.C.G.

Yes, we are a great sports minded people with a great sports minded leader: Mr. W. McMahon. What better and fairer squash player? All who play with him agree with me that he is a typical, fair, good natured, clean, brilliant Australian in the field of sport. But it does not end here: - Mr. Hawke, who first breaks up the country and then the opposing Premiers' team with his amazing 54 runs! Another great Australian sportsman.

What a country we have with great Sportsmen and even greater spectators! Truly something to be proud of.

D. PLACE

## INTERSCHOOL ATHLETICS

This year Salisbury High had three representatives in the state school boys' athletics' championships. They were Chris Jones, Jim McLeod and Peter Farrelly. The two long distance runners, Chris and Jim, did exceptionally well against a very tough opposition.

They both competed in the gruelling 1500 metres with Jim coming 5th and Chris 6th in a field of 24 competitors. Chris also ran in the open 1500 metres steeplechase and came a commendable 3rd. Jim also ran very well in an exceptionally fast 800 metres to come 5th.

PROS AND CONS

Peter Farrelly came 2nd both in the open 100 and 200  
s.

PETER FARRELLY.

### SOCCER

The under 15 soccer team, from Salisbury High School,  
to the Lightning Carnival full of confidence.

We played our first match, losing by one goal. The  
d match we played we lost again by one goal. By the  
we played our third match we had lost most of our  
dence. When we saw the other team, they did not look  
hat good because they were all small boys. This team  
hed us by about eight goals.

After lunch we reluctantly went on to the field ready  
beaten again. This team was a little bigger than us.  
five minutes before half-time we were winning 1-0.  
before half-time they scored to even the score to 1-1.

Just into the second half we scored again. Our  
ents began to fight hard but our defence was too strong.  
eam, had, by now, regained most of its confidence.  
when we had possession of the ball, we scored to  
ase our lead to 3 - 1.

The score remained at 3 - 1 until the end of the game.  
entually, with one win, came second in goal aggregate.

STEVEN PIPE.



## OUR WORLD IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS?

Our world is the best of all possible worlds because at least the religion of money reigns supreme. Our environment is now being looked at more realistically but merely as a means of furthering the worship of money. Any thought of rejuvenating the environment is of course ridiculous. Why should we give others who might follow us a chance to surpass our utopian existence?

The religion of money has the greatest following of all the world's main religions. The religion of money differs from others in that the environment is considered to be here solely for the purpose of glorifying the religion for as long as it may last. The religion of money is self-destructive but its followers believe that by worshipping money as completely as they can, they will, when the inevitable destruction overtakes them, find eternal peace and contentment in that great Mint in the sky, sitting at the feet of their Maker who created the Dollar in his own image.

Pollution is merely the latest of the many unpleasant by-products which have accompanied the worship of other religions that have existed through the ages. The corpses of many Jews are a testimony to the greatness of the Christian religion. When we are lying in heaps of garbage up to our necks, breathing poisoned air and wallowing in the slime of the rivers we have killed, we can die secure in the thought that we have been true-believers and thus achieved a better standard of living than any other race of people in the history of our planet.

Why; just think of the advantages we have over the primitive cave-men: cars, which cause pollution and lead to loss of life in accidents; medicine, which has upset the balance of nature and caused over population; greater mass-communication and spread of ideas, which enables indoctrination to be carried out according to the plans of the polluters and money-worshippers and, of course, not forgetting the education system.

The education system is controlled by money-worshippers and used for indoctrination purposes in order to introduce young children to the worship of money.

Primary and secondary educational institutions are used to weed out those found to be suitable for exploitation. In other words, they have absorbed the indoctrination sufficiently to be manipulated but are not capable or not allowed to undergo tertiary education. These people include those brought up in slum areas suitable for labouring. Their maintained environment stifles individuality.

Tertiary education is used to complete the indoctrination of believers, that is, those who are considered suitable for positions of power in the Church of Money. It is used for isolation and identification of the free-thinkers and individualists for purposes of discrimination, persecution and ultimate elimination as dangers using the full force of the media. These moves ensure that they never fit into society and are unable to assume positions of power in order to challenge the religion of money. The mass-media paints a picture of them which makes them repugnant to the indoctrinated and exhibited proletariat.

One does not have to go very far down the list to see that this world is the best of all possible worlds. So all hail the Money Dollar and may the mass-media insult the intelligence of the proletariat!

RAY HAUSLER.

### "S.R.C. or PREFECTS?"

In 1970 at Salisbury High School the system of school prefects was replaced by the Student Representative Council. The new system has not proceeded without its troubles. There has not always been unity within the group itself and students, actively involved in the organization, have shown considerable apathy.

The reason for changing to a more democratic system was due to the fact that the old system of prefects was generally unrepresentative of the school as a whole. Responsibilities were allotted to an elite group taken solely from the upper ranks of the school and the students of younger years were not able to openly express their opinion about any school matters which they felt concerned them.

It is generally felt that the change has been beneficial to the school and one of the senior members of the council has expressed to me that "the students have more say and this is good." In fact in most high schools in South Australia at the present time the old system of prefects is being hopefully replaced by the S.R.C. The only real regrets that schools seem to have especially if the school has been in existence for many years are that it causes a break in the school tradition and probably means that younger students have no senior students to look up to any longer. I do not think that the latter is necessarily so, because many students look up to those who are in the higher ranks of S.R.C. in much the same way that prefects were looked up to and respected.

Democracy is important because everyone has a right to speak his own opinion and believe in what he feels is right. Even if the S.R.C. is not always effective, it does at least provide the student body with a means of expressing its opinion. The S.R.C. is, then, a step up from the old

more dictatorial prefect system, power is more evenly distributed throughout the school and every student has the right to speak his or her opinion.

Jill Paschke.

#### THE KING AND I

This year some of the students of this school performed in a play called "The King and I". There were fifty people in the cast and we performed in the Salisbury Teachers' College Theatre.

The stars of this great show were Jenny Luhrs as Anna Leanowens and Scott Taylor as the King.

After many months of practising, we finally learned our lines, the dances, and which scene was which. We really had a few good laughs while we were practising.

Our day finally came on Wednesday the 27th in the afternoon, when we were to perform in front of Primary School Children. All was going well until the "School Room Scene". This is where the King came in late. When he didn't come in we had to make up the words. As they say, "The show must go on". At last he came in just as we were running out of ideas. Other than that incident, everything went well.

The three nights that we performed were each terrific. Nothing went wrong. Everyone in the cast thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

By One of the Wives  
Sheena Fleming.



THE KING AND HIS WIVES



ANOTHER ONE OF THE WIVES



## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Being a concerned and civil-minded member of the community, I feel it is my duty to speak out and inform others of the hazards modern times have imposed on the children in our schools. The dangers that surround them in their ordinary school-day seem almost insurmountable. Having to frequently pass a certain school in my district, I have noticed that this school has made no adequate protections against the influence of socialist ideas. Having read many authoritative books on the problems of communism and its coming spread through countries, I took an extensive course on "How to detect Communism, and how to stop its growth!" I have noticed that recently scaffolding has been placed around the school in question, on the pretext that the building was being painted. Finding the behaviour of the painters suspicious, I undertook inconspicuously the task of noting their movements.

For three weeks the scaffolding remained in front to paint one, narrow gutter. Now I ask you, does that seem realistic? I also noticed that these men spent most of their time off the scaffolding - communing in groups. Nonchalantly I walked past once and I could swear that I heard distinctly said "Da da, Comrade." I suppose one might call that typical layman's talk? I would also like to add that on the few times they were on the scaffolding, they did not seem very efficient, one painter went so far as to actually play what one could only term as Russian roulette with the paint brush. They also seemed obviously close to what obviously appeared to be a conference room, on the right side of the entrance of the third wing.

Now I know that this could perhaps be only termed as circumstantial evidence, but it is my belief that these painters are Foreigners! We do not need this type of people in our community. I feel that the authorities should be informed at once of what is happening now, right here! Do you want the youth of today influenced by such going-ons? They must be protected at all costs. And in conclusion, I would like to add my thanks to Masha who helped me in my investigations.

Yours sincerely,  
a concerned and civil-minded  
member of the community.

47

## THE BARANGUAY DANCERS

the beginning of the year all the first years went to the Octagon Theatre to see the Baranguay Dancers, from all over the world. They performed dances from their countries and each time a different announcer came to introduce the different items, always something different. Most of the ladies' clothes were covered in pearls, sparkly diamonds and other glittering decorations.

The first dancers were very lively and interesting as the performers carried large logs and danced with them. They used the logs but this time in a very awkward way for the performers had to dance in and out of these logs of wood. The music from Malaya is really fantastic--the instruments add to the enjoyment and make the music lively.

After all this, the dancers showed the audience how to dance in the Malayan style. We were all very interested - especially when the men and ladies from the group left the stage and watched the teachers and students from various schools. They were amazed because most of them didn't know how to dance.

The group included by singing in their own language - Malay in particular was extremely popular.

Very much appreciated the acts, the Baranguay Dancers performed for us and I was amazed by what I learned of the life of the Malaysians that day.

CHRISOULA GARAS.

### LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I would like to offer my congratulations to the cast of the "KING and I".

I feel they did a marvellous job and there definitely is a talent amongst them.

There was an encouraging audience at each performance, and I hope they feel like I do, that it was really worth while.

My congratulations once again,

Satisfied Viewer.

(S. Elliot.)

I congratulate Jenny Luhrs (Anne) for gaining an Adelaide Symphony Company Award for 1973.

As but a small tribute to her success in the "KING and I".  
(EDITOR)

"BULLING YOUR WAY THROUGH FINAL EXAMS."

At the time this is published the Leaving and Matric students will have already completed their P.E.B. exams. However, these hints below will aid the student in his future exams when he/she comes back next year to have another crack at it.

The system is simple. The cunning student first chooses one of the four All-purpose Exam Statements from the desired columns, A, B, & C, respectively. These ready-made phrases are then scattered liberally throughout the exam-paper and give an impression of "Instant Intelligence". If you are in doubt of the versatility of these "Phrase-Makers", it might interest you to know that there are 125 different combinations possible for each subject. Of course you, don't know what the phrase means but then again neither does the P.E.B. examiner, only he doesn't know you don't know. Therefore, by dropping this mystifying terminology in a logical fashion a passing grade is ensured.

ECONOMICS

A	B	C
CYCLICAL	INFLATIONARY	OUTFLOW
PROVEN	MARKETING	UPSWING
REGRESSIVE	SYSTEMATIC	SPIRAL
TRANSITIONAL	FLUCTUATING	SURPLUS
FISCAL	DEPLETION	CAPACITY

ALL PURPOSE EXAM STATEMENTS

- Most assuredly, the key point emphasized in this course has been the ..(A) ..(B) ..(C) .. since it enables our system to keep evolving.
- This question is extremely thought provoking due to the (A)...(B)...(C)... which indirectly influences monetary procedures.
- Without an updated (A)...(B)...(C)... and also (A).. (B).. (C)... a society must remain agrarian as this course of study has made clear.
- In short, there is no adequate substitute for the (A)..(B)..(C).. nor can there ever be.

**SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY**

GENERAL SCIENCE

A	B	C
POLARIZED	KINETIC	REACTION
PARALLEL	MOLECULAR	THEOREM
EQUATED	GEOMETRIC	CONVERSION
QUANTITATIVE	SPACE-TIME	STRUCTURE
ACCELERATED	ELLIPTICAL	INDUCTION

GIVES ADVICE ON PASSING EXAMS

ALL PURPOSE EXAM STATEMENTS.

Without reducing the answer to this question to more  
ritical formulae, let us remember that we are dealing  
riefly with what is considered a major (A)..(B)..(C)  
the examiner well knows (and other learned scient-  
ists), the (A)..(B)..(C).. remains constant, more or  
less.  
First, let it be said that much would vary if it were  
it for the (A)..(B)..(C).. as well as the (A)..(B)..  
).  
In the long view, the (A)..(B)..(C).. must be claimed  
nebulous as the (A)..(B)..(C).. and possibly even  
are so.

ENGLISH

A	B	C
SYMBOLIC	ALLEGORICAL	DEVELOPMENT
SUBLIMINAL	PROBING	EVOLUTION
STRUCTURALLY	NEO-CLASSICAL	CHARACTERIZATION
OVERDRAWN	PSEUDO- STYLIZED	FLASHBACK
LUCID	UNDERSTATED	CONTEXT

long, involved response to this question is deemed  
necessary. The author's (A)..(B)..(C).. speaks for  
self.

second, and even third reading of this work is  
recommended to point up its reliance on the classic  
device of (A)..(B)..(C)..  
rough to a lesser extent, this book employs the  
same techniques as others that come to mind, especially  
its (A)..(B)..(C).. and of course its (A)..(B)..  
)..  
as a sensitive admirer of true literature, I find  
his effort unworthy of analysis, due to its (A)..  
3)...(C)...

Unfortunately there are many students, who have to  
t to bulling their way through anyway, who are too dumb to  
ize all the instant phrases needed for a variety of  
sts. Therefore, for these students there is a table of  
ralized Bulling" which creates total ambiguity about  
ing. Note, however, that this is a last resort and  
t be guaranteed to succeed.



GENERALIZED

A	B	C
PREDICTABLE	RECURRING	CASUALTY
NYBRID	FUNCTIONAL	IMBALANCE
FORMATIVE	IMPLANTED	MOBILITY
MARWINAL	UNASSIMILATED	INCREMENTATION
ECLECTIC	FLUCTUATING	DETERMINISM

ALL PURPOSE EXAM STATEMENTS

1. For those of us living in the last half of the 20th century, the (A)..(B)..(C).. of this matter calls for a reevaluation.
2. Add (A)..(B)..(C).. to (A)..(B)..(C).. and what, in all honesty remains open to us for discussion.
3. In a broad sense, the (A)...(B)...(C)... of this question is obvious, but narrowed to specifies the opposite is equally true.
4. Perhaps no other set of circumstances could have produced the (A)..(B)..(C).. that only the most perceptive student now pauses to consider

GOOD LUCK!

---DO ANY ROUGH WORKING IN THIS SPACE....

## SNOW COUNTRY

On the first Saturday of the September Holidays, forty  
buses from this school departed from Adelaide Railway  
on the first leg to the Victorian Snowfields.

We arrived in Melbourne, Sunday morning and caught a bus  
on a trip from Melbourne to Bright, a town in the Victorian  
Highlands. Having done a little sightseeing on the way, we arrived  
at the camp. It was dark so we had to wait till morning to see the  
camp. The rest of the evening we spent fighting over  
for a bit of bunk - preferably one away from the wall that  
separated us from the girls - and the noise!

Donameena Lodge was really great - the accommodation  
as good as the meals - but it was situated some miles  
from the nearest snowfields. Anyway the next morning we  
got into our bus - or should I say clambered - those snow  
drifts weighed a ton! - and with rented skis took off to the  
Dell snow slopes at Mt. Buffalo.

After pulling on gloves, parkas, scarves etc., and  
clamping on our skis, we were ready to attempt the  
slopes. Even the learner's slopes looked deadly at  
first. After some time, we had mastered the art and were  
relishing the thrills and fantastic speed of coming down  
a foot slope-wow!. You began to think you were getting  
very good until you had a look at the real skiers in action.  
Mr. Walsh and Mr. Andrews had caught on to the technique  
of staying upright on their skis for five minutes! Luckily,  
at the end of that day's skiing, there were no major casual-  
ties - only dozens of bruises and sore muscles.

The manager of the camp, a tall bearded Irishman, was  
friendly and helpful in setting up a couple of rounds of  
"Pool" after tea each night. I must mention however,  
Mr. Walsh found the "pool sharks" of 401 far too much  
for his competition. He decided to pull rank and sent us to our  
rooms for an early bedtime. Once the competition had left,  
Mrs. Walsh took the rest of the competitors for at  
least a dollar! Crafty!

The next day found us at Cresta snowfields still on Mt.  
Buffalo. Everyone agreed that these were the best slopes  
we visited. The skiing party had dwindled slightly,  
most trying their hand at tobogganning. A few of us  
headed to the tougher slopes that day. Headed by Mr.  
Walsh in all his professional gear, how could we go wrong?  
At the end of this day, the casualty list read:-  
2 torn cartilages, 1 bad sprain, and 1 fractured ankle, that  
went to Mrs. Andrews!

We spent the third day at Falls Creek Snowfields that had the skiing slopes for the professionals! To come down one of those, you had to be able to turn, slow down, and stop, which nobody could do! Except Eve of course! Not too many of us skied that day (the rest chickened out):

We left the next day on our return-trip to Melbourne and then Adelaide. Once again I would like to thank Mr. Walsh and Mr. Andrews and their wives for all they put into the trip - everyone enjoyed it!

CHRIS. JACOBS.



S  
O  
C  
I  
A  
L  
I  
S  
E  
S

Debbie Smith  
Miss Junior Salisbury High

Jane Edwards  
Miss Senior Salisbury High

### SENIOR SCHOOL BALL

The time drew near and excitement filled the classrooms of the upper school. Everyone was frantically rushing to the book-room demanding tickets, and rushing the S.R.C. representatives off their feet. Oh what a success the Senior Ball looked like being! Even a few teachers decided to buy tickets, so that was certainly inspiring.

Finally Thursday 24th of August dawned on S.H.S. The S.R.C. with help from the Parents' and Friends' Committee, had spent quite a bit of time preparing for the Ball and on this day they did not waste a minute as they made the final preparations.

ng about on ladders; straining feminine muscles; Mr. holding the whip and chair; this was the scene before ttering night.

nally 8 o'clock arrived and couples began to arrive at the hall in dubs and drabs. The girls certainly did look wearing their flowing, long gowns and with their rushed ment hair styles. However, the boys looked far better. ; a sight to see our normal, everyday scruffy boys dressed s, shirts and ties!

ne scene for our Ball was romantic; soft lights, sweet and dark corners. There was a low murmur of chatter in ll as the girls complained about being rushed and boys ined about their stifling collars and ties.

e were even given the honour of having 'class' at the Ball: stinguished gentlemen, dressed in tails, bow ties and rs, arrived and were certainly the highlight of the night. say they were human or were they penguins?

he night was, however, a great success. Supper went down nd the crowning of Miss Salisbury High added glamour and to the night. Everyone enjoyed themselves and I'm sure ext year the school ball will be a bigger success because rst time is always the worst to get people to support.

MICHELLE BEASLEY

#### POP CONCERT

Silence. An air of expectation. Then, suddenly, an iercing scream, coloured lights and throbbing music as a e clothed in black and purple pranced around the stage . The audience began to respond: the clicking fingers apping feet soon changed into pulsing and twirling bodies. the deafening music reached a momentary lull, there were ms for more. The music came again, louder than ever, and everyone danced dreamily. On the stage the performer .nued to dance and scream, washed with perspiration. Then ided and everyone left, still under the influence of the

CAROL FULLER.



## OUR CANTEEN

From humble beginnings, when there was no manageress, our canteen has developed into what it is today. The service has very much improved and there is a wide variety of foodstuffs available. Just this year fruit juices have been added to the list, the flavours being orange, pineapple, lemon and apple. Next year will see the arrival of flavoured milk. I am sure this will prove to be as popular as the juices.



"Waiting for the flavoured milk."

It was in November four years ago that a letter was sent to the Education Department concerning a New Canteen. Mr. Potter, then chairman of the High School Council, played a major part in keeping this project alive.

He has co-ordinated all the activities of the building and fitting out of the Canteen ready for its opening on the 12th December 1972.

Only now do we see the fruits of all the labours of the people who worked for this Canteen.

Through the years there have been many Canteen Manageresses among them Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Enthoven.

They cope with the sale of approximately ninety dozen rolls, 34 dozen pies, 34 dozen pasties and innumerable cakes and sweets.

Mrs. Wright was the first manageress of the canteen and she will also be the first of the new canteen. Under her leadership and organization, and with the much appreciated voluntary help of the mothers, we are assured the same excellent service we are used to, and the new venture is sure to be a success. Of course, the co-operation of the students is necessary.



Mr. Potter co-ordinating the Canteen Project.

## EXPERIMENT X5

For personal satisfaction, I conducted a little experiment; and, I hope, prove this hypothesis: "People talk a lot, but really say nothing". Hence, I setup section A of X5 the way :- I wrote down, word for word, everything nine different people said to me in a day, lumped it together, and added my own comments. I abolished all punctuation, and put it with a slab of words for each person. I did not bother to write down what they said to anyone else, only what they said to me, and I think I have just about everything here that these volunteers spoke verbally, to me, in one school day. I hope the volunteers do not object to my mentioning their names. I reserve honour.

### SECTION A

#### BULK OF SPEECH

Hello what are you doing mind if I move your bag oh did you see who just walked up them stairs don't be ridiculous hmmm stop it I'm not talking to you I wonder if we've got snooker today don't be a fool can you keep up with me did my English homework last night get your hair out of my eye

Hello have you got your dress yet your material oh do you know what Karen got for biology don't say A hi Marg Parg Miss Margaret Miss Marg Parg Miss Parg what's so funny you could put that in the school magazine except for different names Margaret will you cut that out you're a dillbag no not really put that down go on no not really no not really oh belt up will you put that down ugh in reference to snails how do you know Frances her friend's sister works in the jewellers doesn't she oh-erher go on put that down I said oh-erher aren't I Margaret that was a question Margaret well I never Margaret and um you know

a Hello what's up me I didn't say that very good not going to say a word should get out English back today shouldn't we do you hours to write down everything I say oh really ask if we get out what gabble gabble blah can I show Frances later bi-b-b-b ahem.

7 Have you brought that book yet some people I haven't finished with this yet hey yes he sponsored me for 1/22 of a cent per mile yes he was just in the quadrangle a minute ago wasn't he well he's there now thank you

Oh writing down every bloody thing people say woops sorry

Thank you very much med-head thanks you med-head thank you

Ian Oh yeah yeah that's right ian ian all day long  
hor ded thut

Peter Hor ded thut ha ha Waltah boyee

Karen Have you got my 20 cents I'll get the buttered  
roll now OK want me to get your soup OK shutup  
this poor little snail hasn't got any house  
Parker Margaret there's C can't do the rest till  
after what are we going to do next hey what are  
we going to do for that English and what can we  
say about the language be used what was it

### SECTION B

The next part of my experiment was composed by working out some typical quotations used in conversation by these nine controls. Eventually I got them.

#### SPEECH HABITS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>SPEECH HABITS</u>
Jean	"Shutup Margaret", "Oh no", "Well but".
Helena	"You know", "Sort of", "Oh yeah".
Fanoula	"Ha-ha-ha", "gis a book".
Vaughan	"Yess well er um anyway hmmm ha".
Erwin	"Oh look", "Oh hell", "coming up on Sunday".
Tony	"Lend me five cents" - or ten, or fifteen, or whatever.
Ian	"Wardeee".
Peter	"Waltah".
Karen	"Hey hey hey", "Margri-it."

Just for fun, I decided, with the help of some of these nine people, that I would include speech habits and favourite expressions of my six teachers. I hope I don't offend them, but I haven't mentioned their names here. I am by no means the first person to have observed them. They have been widely imitated by many other students for a long time.

A	"Yoooo are beeeing tooooo noieezeee, boyee", "Wardee", "Waltah", "Right".
B	"Hor ded Athut", "Roight, lud", "Poot thut doan", and others in native dialect.

E X P E R I M E N T S

"'Oo azern durn 'is omvurk", "Erry erp", "Kom on".

"Ian Ian Ian Ian Ian"... etc.

"And so forth", "Oh righto", "Who wants to use the library".

"So to speak", "virtually", "Messages in - ",  
"Your English folders".

PROFESSOR M. PARKER.

### DRAMA

This year S.H.S. staged its own Drama Festival. Four productions constituted the festival; this is not including an impromptu concert given by one Mr. K. Tisz. The entire school was transported to "the Octagon" to view the ensemble.

The first play to be performed was "The Knave of Hearts", a sight into what really happened to the tarts in that nursery rhyme. The second year drama class gave us an dramatization of a classroom situation. It could only be described as 'enlightening'. The murder of Julius Caesar was the subject discussed in the third play "The Private Roman Eye"; this was extremely funny and enjoyed by all. Unfortunately due to scheduling difficulties, the fourth play "The Rugged Path", was not ready for presentation, but all went well for the night performances.

Those involved in the festival deserve to be commended for the time and effort which they put into making the festival a success. It has shown what S.H.S. can do, and we hope to have more festivals in the future.

### TRASH

Miss R. Ansell headed the team which produced a school paper entitled TRASH, or, Transcendental Reading at Salisbury

The team, made up mainly of first and second year students, are to be congratulated for their achievements, the appreciation of which is reflected in the success of the paper. On behalf of the students and staff of S.H.S. thank those involved in TRASH for an interesting and entertaining school paper.



At home & have a teddy bear. Nice, bright and pink was  
he. But now at the back of the closet, asleep is he. I loved  
my little pink teddy did I, but now, asleep is he. Like  
always say, maybe one day, awake he will be!  
- T. ROBERTS.

BEDTIME STORY  
THIS IS A STORY FROM THE BOOK THAT SANTA SENT ME. HERE'S HOW IT GOES:  
I WAS WALKING THROUGH THE FOREST ONE NIGHT, ALL ALONE, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN  
I HEARD A CRY FROM BEYOND - "I RUSHED OVER THERE" SAID SANTA. "THERE WAS A  
POOR LITTLE RABBIT CRYING THAT HE WOULD GET NO CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. SO  
SANTA SAID "DON'T YOU WORRY, IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT." "I KNEW I COULD  
COUNT ON YOU SANTA," SAID THE RABBIT.  
- A. ZANLORENZI.

# DUE DATE

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

S.R.C. Magazine Committee (Sue Jacobs, Mario Monteleone, Eldridge and Tony Wilson) wish to thank all who have helped in the production of this magazine. We wish to mention particularly the contributors, Betty Ferguson, the 312 typists, Mr. I. Tuul of Roneo-Vickers, Mrs. Ingram, Mr. Trenberth and Mr. Burfield.

**Author** SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE  
**Title** 1972

Name	Grade	Due Date
------	-------	----------

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE  
1972

