

1973

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL



HEADMISTRESS' REPORT

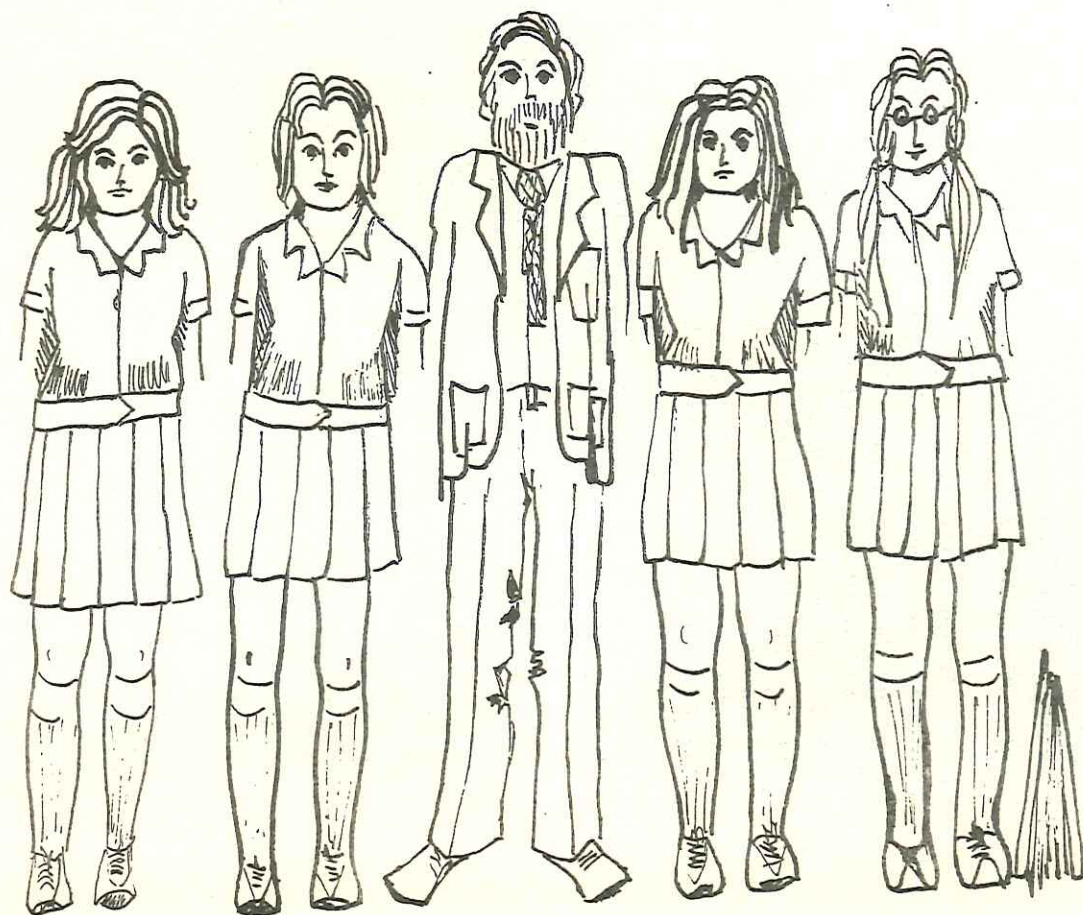
It is a commonplace that we live in times when rapid change is normal and expected. This is true of Salisbury High as of the society at large. This is my fifth year at this school and, as I look back, I realise how much has changed in that time - the abolition of the prefect system and the replacing of "streaming" of students by levels in the various subjects in the one year group are two things that come to mind.

Changes are ahead of us too. In 1974 we will become a comprehensive school and we will have to devise courses to cater for the needs of all students within our reduced zone. We are losing the intimacy of a relatively small school as we increase by a hundred students each year. In 1974 we anticipate there will be about 1140 students and over 60 staff. We expect an increase in ancillary staff too - a bursar to manage the bookroom, and to take care of the buildings and furniture generally, as well as additional office staff and teacher aides to help the staff to provide the kind of education needed for young people to see them into the twenty-first century. We are hoping too that 1974 will see at least the beginning of our long awaited multi-purpose hall.

I think it was the reformer, Martin Luther, who said that to change is easy but to improve is much more difficult. However, to refuse to change is to become a fossil. We, at Salisbury High, must adapt to changes being thrust upon us from outside, we must be flexible enough to accept new ideas and methods being introduced by the leading educationalists. But to change for the sake of change is not good enough. Over the years certain standards, values and attitudes have been accepted by the majority of those making up the school community, the students, staff and parents. It would be folly to change these lightly.

Finally to those of you who are completing your school days I want to wish a happy and successful life ahead in the larger community, and to all best wishes for the future season.

AJ McPharlin
A. T. McPHARLIN



S T A F F 1973

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 DEPUTY HEADMASTERS D. T. BARRETT B.A., Dip.T.
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ANCILLARY STAFF

A. CULLEY	Teacher's Aide
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J. DULDIG	Office Asst.
G. DUNBAR	Caretaker
M. FULLER	Lab. Asst.
C. HADLAND	Teacher's Aide
J. HARBORD	Office Asst.
C. MAHONEY	Teacher's Aide
J. SAYER	Lab. Asst.
P. STARR	Teacher's Aide
M. TAYLOR	Teacher's Aide

1972 COMMONWEALTH UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

ARMITAGE	Marie	KOHLER	Meredith
BRIDGES	Kenneth	MAWER	Robert
BYASS	Benjamin	MAY	Anthony
CUDARANS	Laura	MORRIS	Charles
ELLIS	Ian	PASCHKE	Jillian
EMMERSON	Julie	SHANNON	Philip
FORBES	Geoffrey	SPURLING	Margaret
GRADY	Hugh	THOMPSON	Briony
HOFFRICHTER	Kym		

COMMONWEALTH ADVANCED EDUCATION SCHOLARSHIP

GRIGUOL Ivan

THE S.R.C. REPORT

1973

It is with a deep sense of pride that I wish to acquaint you with the progress of the Student Representative Council in 1973.

The majority of you are, no doubt, well aware of the working of the S.R.C. Since its inception in 1970, the S.R.C. has gone from strength to strength, gaining experience from each passing year. One of the greatest problems facing any S.R.C. is the ability to maintain reciprocal communication with the students it represents. In this field we have improved greatly on past performances. Owing to the Friday morning discussion periods, a continuous exchange of ideas and opinions enabled us to function smoothly and efficiently. We must, however, avoid complacency for there is a lot of room for improvement in this field.

The year started with the election of class representatives, followed by a successful camp at O'Sullivan's Beach. The aim of this camp was to instruct the S.R.C. members in their responsibilities and meeting procedure. The first official S.R.C. meeting took place on this camp, and the following office bearers were elected:

PRESIDENT - Gary Rella, VICE-PRESIDENT - Gillian Hanks,
SECRETARY - Jane Rella, TREASURER - Gaye Hollebone.

By far the most contentious issue that we are faced with during the year was that of school uniforms. Being a somewhat emotional and potentially disruptive issue, an emergency meeting of Junior and Senior S.R.C. was called. The matter was resolved through the democratic process of a referendum conducted by the S.R.C. The result was narrowly in favour of the "NO UNIFORM" vote. Mr. Martin, the Headmaster was advised accordingly. The parents' subsequent vote on the issue was for the retention of the uniforms, which is the reason why we are so neatly and uniformly dressed here today.

One project that came to a happy conclusion during the year was the canteen shelter. It was actively instigated by the S.R.C. with the valuable assistance of Mr. Martin. We were able to send a delegate to a Parents and Friends Meeting and explain the real need for a canteen shelter. The successful response to our suggestion is now history and the newly-erected shelter is greatly appreciated by all the students.

The social scene was set alight with the school socials and kept on burning bright through our superb School Ball. The very pleasing Miss S.H.S. Competition, conducted during activities days saw the election of Delma Neale as Junior Miss S.H.S. and Jose Van der Broeke as Senior Miss S.H.S. The trend is set for the final event of the year, and, if past performances are any indication we are in for an outstanding "End of the Year Social"

There were a number of items that were purchased for the welfare of the students with S.R.C. Funds. Heaters for study areas, a enlarger for the Photography Club is in the process of being purchased, a LASER was added to the school inventory. \$20 was given to the Cheer Squad to assist in the purchase of uniforms. A donation of \$84 collected on Non-uniform Day was given to the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association, and a request for new chairs for the library is still going through channels. We were very glad to contribute \$500 towards the erection of the Multi-Purpose Building. Most of the older students will not be here to enjoy it, nevertheless, it was a most rewarding feeling to be part of such a worthwhile project. The same can be said for the \$200 donated to the Audio Visual Department.

Fund raising through the annual activities days provided the financial means by which the S.R.C. was able to carry out all these projects. A sincere thanks must go to all the students and teachers for their tireless efforts in raising approximately \$800 during these days.

Bank balance as at the 30th October was \$1018.68, deduct \$700 previously mentioned contributions, leaves a healthy bank balance of \$318.68.

All in all it was a wonderful year, primarily due to the co-operation harmony and responsible attitude shown by all concerned which instilled the sense of purpose and achievement so important to the quality of any committee.

On behalf of the S.R.C. I wish to thank Mr. Martin and Mrs. McPharlin for their valuable co-operation. To Mr. Kite and Mr. McKerlie a heart-felt thanks for the wonderful assistance given throughout the year.

Also I would like to express my gratitude to my executive committee especially the Secretary, Jane Rella for making my task easier.

I would like to conclude by wishing all the best to the forthcoming S.R.C.

G. RELLA

MAWSON HOUSE REPORT

The 1st March, 1973 was the S.H.S Annual Swimming Carnival. Once again the Mawson House with their well-organized enthusiastic, energetic house members were prepared to defend their title of winning the shield in 1970 and 1971 shown by the great amount of enthusiasm. The other houses were given a pretty fair chance in the trials, as we only coasted along gaining a score of 144 points, running 2nd to Cairns with 163 points. However, it was encouraging to see the quality of our swimmers. (We didn't want to steal the show at this point anyway). Before we continue, thanks must go to all the people who competed in the trials to win a point. Then the big day came and Mawson began to move. We gradually pinned back a determined Cairns and eventually ran out winners by a huge margin of 5 points. Scores were Mawson 412, Cairns 407, Oliphant 377 and Florey 260. Our relay teams succeeded in gaining us many points to put us further ahead. I think our main source of encouragement for our swimmers was our old Cheer Squad who did a pretty good job on the day. Seeing it was formed that day. Good on yer! Our swimmers were well rewarded for their valiant effort by winning the Carnival and as well as this we had 7 trophy winners in the various age groups. The winners were --

J. BUSHDEN, L. TIDSWELL, M. WELLINGTON, R. DEDERICKS, R. THOMAS
and B. HULL winning 2 age groups.

Congratulations must go to all these persons. (Good on yer peoples).

Also Jane and myself would like to thank all those people who swam for Mawson, all of those who gave our swimmers lots of encouragement and to Cairns, Florey and Oliphant for trying to give us some competition. As the old saying goes (Yer can't win em all). But we can. (The truth is never funny - this is hilarious).

After the successful Swimming Carnival, Mawson entered into the Sports Day booming with confidence. However, our valiant efforts were not as well rewarded as in the Swimming Carnival. I suppose you could say we decided to give some other house some glory instead of "winning the scene clean" as they say. Anyway on the day I feel the house tried its heart out but were definitely swimmers and not athletes as we finished third (second to last) with 634 points: coming in behind Cairns in 1st position and Oliphant in 2nd position. A very pleasant point of the day was our team efforts in the relays, showing we are a team house. Hah! As in the relays we excelled winning most of these. However we were disqualified in 3 relays, that is 30 points (cross-eyed judges) and if not for this we could possibly have taken 2nd place. Another good point of the day were 2 of our representatives winning cups. These were: J. SAVAGE, J. SIMPSON. Congratulations must go to these two girls. Also both Jane and myself would like to thank the house members for their support during the year. "Good on yer House", and special thanks must go to our Vice-Captains, Peter Wood and Karen Pieper for giving us tremendous support throughout the year in leading a most worthy House.

CHRIS McLAY

JANE EDWARDS

CAIRNS HOUSE REPORT

Although Cairns were not the outright winners at the Swimming val we were certainly not lacking in team spirit. The tremendous t at the trials especially by the first years is greatly to be ed. There was a very good response from the Senior School which be a good indication for the coming Sports Day. Possibly our ers were not as good in quality on the Swimming Carnival or quantity all can easily boast that Cairns House had the most siastic members. Prior to the Swimming Carnival, Cairns was easily ng in points and we think that all participants should be congrat- d for their efforts, The Cheer Squad too should be congratulated heir fine work and support.

Congratulations to all members of Cairns for a job well done on s Day. The enthusiasm before the actual day was a tremendous vement on previous years with people training before school, after l and even during lunchtime. On Sports Day itself Cairns really led the other houses with the spirit they showed as their runners home. Indeed the fiery red flag was raised and held high as more ore points were added to the board. Several individuals were out- ing and five were rewarded by gaining a cup. Thus Jim McLeod, lenciala, Linda McLeod, Ruth Sayer and David Marrone all deserve t.

lost of all however, we should thank all the people who went into trials just to get a point. Without these points we would not have nearly as well.

FLOREY HOUSE

GILL HANKS
GARY RELLA

credit must go to all the people who entered into the trials to point, but many members showed lack of enthusiasm. came last on the day with 250 points. The house, however, did few good swimmers and several enthusiastic members to toe the Thanks must go to all of those who swam, in particular Vicki, h, Dawn Burkinshaw, Lee Watson and Sincock in the boys. The were particularly pleasing. The Open Girls Freestyle team g and setting a record. The U13 teams did well, the U14 must e congratulated. The others also did well, although in the the U15 were let down by no competitors and all U16 girls' were disqualified.

e feel sure that Florey will do well in future years due to the of enthusiasm shown by U13 and U14 people. The Cheer Squad, gh arranged on the day put up a good deal of enthusiasm and our were heard all over the area.

VICKI JAENSCH
TONY CHIERA

This year has not been the most glorious for Oliphant House. Their ability and success has not come up to scratch with previous years. However, the "never may die" spirit still existed as the more determined and active members of the regime struggled to maintain the four walls of the house in a sturdy position.

The year began enthusiastically enough with preparations for the swimming carnival. Unwavering support suggested that the year could prove very successful, but, unfortunately, this hope was not fulfilled. Oliphant only finished in third position with 230 points. Individual participants who did add a dash of glory to Oliphant House were the cup winners:

U13 Karen Thorpe
U15 Delma Neale

With spirits dampened we entered Athletic's Day a little less enthusiastic. After the first few events we had proved ourselves more commanding over our rivals and by the end of the day had finished a creditable second with 678 points. Individual cup winners were:

U14 Carmel Ryan

To all **those** cup winners may we offer our congratulations, and to those who assisted us throughout the year, especially Chris Hatch (Vice-Captain). Also to the consistent support given by our house members.

May we offer our thanks for making it a privilege to have led such a fine and deserving house.

YVONNE BABOLKA
ROGER THOMAS

CRICKET

*Cricket is a game in which you have two sides
one out on the field, and the other in.*

*Each man in the side that's in goes out and
when he's out comes in and the next man goes
out until he is out and then he comes in.*

*When the side that's in is all out the side
that has been out goes in and the side that's
in goes out and tries to get out the side
that goes in.*

*Sometimes you get men still in and not out
when the side that's in is finally out.*

*When both sides have been in and out, in-
cluding those not out, yet no longer in,
that is the end of the game.*

ANONYMOUS

REPORT OF SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL SOCIAL

The school social, held in "The Octagon" at Elizabeth on Tuesday, 2nd May, was quite a success. The hired band was "The Carpet" and all evening they played well-known, assorted music from all of the modern popstars, including Joe Cocker and the Beatles. Over 300 Salisbury High School students attended the social and most of them stayed on the dancing floor the entire evening. There was quite a variety of dancing styles, and from the balconies on both sides of "The Octagon" the hall was a mass of writhing bodies and clapping hands; and stamping feet. The Headmaster, Mr. Martin, and a few of the staff members participated, and danced among the students, providing interest and humour for Salisbury High School pupils, as well as surprise.

The decorations in "The Octagon" were simple and consisted of a net containing coloured balloons and streamers in the centre of the hall. Near the end of the social the balloons were released and for several minutes the dancing was interrupted while students danced for the floating balloons and burst them. The lighting effects were quite spectacular and were operated by some Salisbury High School students from a projection cubicle at the rear of the hall. The colours were continuously changed in rain-forest patterns and a spotlight repeatedly flicked over the band and dancers; adding atmosphere and excitement to the music. Excited dancers all through the evening sought refreshment at a refreshment counter on the right side of the hall where small tables were placed for relaxation between intervals.

Towards the end of the social the dancing floor was almost completely occupied and the noise level became louder and louder, as students clapped and stamped to the rhythm of the music, trying to make the best of the last half hour of the social. At the finale the students gathered their belongings and drifted happily out of "The Octagon", laughing and happy, but tired

CHRISTINE LANGFORD 402



CLAWS GALORE!

BALLOONS AND STREAMERS

The night of 22nd August brought a wave of excitement to the Junior High School students of Salisbury High. All the long planned dresses and neatly pressed suits, the balloons and streamers helped to make the excited people have a good time. The W.R.E. N.C.Y. Hall in Salisbury, where the social was held resembled the inside of a discotheque, it was decorated with colourful streamers that hung from the ceiling and doors.

Music was provided by the group, "Insect", whom many people had never heard of. They managed, however, to provide a variety of good music that everyone knew. The dancing varied from the good old time dancing by some of the teachers to the running around in a long line, like a snake. Firstly people were dubious as to whether they would be the first ones to get up to dance or if they would sit down for half the night.

As the evening progressed we mingled with the crowd to find their opinions.

".... lousy not dark enough not enough boys would rather have a combined social good group could have been better good decorations refreshing drinks good hall" etc.

Halfway through the evening 30 girls were locked in the powder-room when the door jammed. After half an hour and much screaming and confusion, we climbed through the window with the help of Mr. Hancock and Mrs. Duldig and returned to our tables.

Whilst this minor mishap occurred, Miss Junior Salisbury High was announced, DELMA NEALE.

DIANE CHARLES 402

Being chosen Miss Junior S.H.S is something all the girls would have liked to achieve, but, naturally not everyone can win. All the girls that reached the final deserved to win, and before the announcement was made we were anxious for each other to win. Of the decision I hope that there were no ill feelings.

DELMA NEALE

THE HIGH SCHOOL BALL

The High School Ball held on 23rd August in the N.C.Y. Hall at .E. was a raving success. After much preparation, decorating the hall, hiring the group "Insect", arranging the food and drink, girls changing dresses and guys buying suits, the ball was enjoyed by all.

It began at 8.00 p.m. and most of the people arrived between 8.00 and 8.30 p.m. Tables were arranged in long rows with chairs either side. The music was different - ranging from modern to old style. Most people danced to all of the music. The slower numbers were most appreciated.

Halfway through the evening Miss Salisbury High School was crowned from five finalists, Josie Van der Broeke.

After this supper was served. It was basically a chicken plate, which was enjoyed by all. Some came back for seconds.

There were several teachers present who danced with the students who didn't have partners. The Parents and Friends Association donated several members to act as bouncers but no mishaps occurred.

At 12.00 everyone turned into pumpkins and rolled home.

BEING CHOSEN MISS S.H.S. ---

very flattered and honoured at being chosen Miss S.H.S. 1973. In that light I would like to thank the other finalists and the judges concerned. I also like to congratulate the Social Committee for a tremendous effort in organising the ball which was an overwhelming success.

JOSE VANDENBROEKE 5W



MISS JUNIOR S.H. FINALISTS.



MISS S.H.S.?????

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA TOUR

On May 21st, 34 students and 2 teachers (Miss Degnan and Mr. Cookson) boarded a T.A.A. flight for the Northern Territory. We arrived at the Alice Springs Airport, two hours later to find our bus waiting ready to take us to the camp-site. That afternoon we toured the town itself, visiting the Flying Doctor Base, where we heard various messages being transmitted and received. Alice Springs and the surrounding area could be seen clearly from the top of Anzac Hill, which we also visited.

The next day we travelled to Honeymoon Gap, seeing the Twin Ghost Gums which artist Albert Namatjira made famous. We toured through Jay Creek, an aboriginal reserve, to reach the fascinating Stanley Chasm. It is best seen at noon, when the sun reflects brilliantly on to the rocks. We also saw the aborigines in their natural surroundings, and were fortunate enough to buy hand made souvenirs from them. On to Simpson's Gap, we then arrived back at the Old Todd Telegraph Station which has been made into a museum, and reserve.

That night we travelled to Ayers Rock, finally arriving at 4 o'clock in the morning. Having to sleep on the bus was tedious, but listening to the dingoes was worse. Next morning we walked halfway around the perimeter of the rock, seeing many aboriginal myths and legends, such as Fertility Cave and Maggie Springs. 30 miles from Ayers Rock, we arrived at the Olgas, numerous mountains protruding from a desolate barren region. They looked mysterious and we found them uninviting, especially after trekking 4 miles into the heart of the area. Even Mr. Cookson, who considers himself a geography expert, wound up getting us all lost.

The following morning we started off to climb Ayers Rock. Three plaques were inserted in the rock, telling us of the deaths from climbing which made us all the more eager (?) to continue. The climb was difficult, being at an 80° angle and over a mile long, it took most people all the morning to climb. That afternoon we travelled to Victory Downs, passing by Mt. Connor, which is in a straight line with the Olgas and Ayers Rock. The sight of red sand, mulga trees and stunted dead-like vegetation was very monotonous.

We woke early next morning to find a day of travelling ahead of us. We carried out an old tradition, that was pushing the bus from N.T. to S.A. Reaching Coober Pedy at dusk, we erected tents for safety purposes. We had all been warned about the town but found it completely harmless. On visiting the Opal Cave, we then went into a Fun Parlor.

Next day we looked through a dugout house and church. Due to the high temperatures, it is the only convenient way the people can seek shelter. That is to have their home underground, but still looking neat and attractive. The following afternoon we journeyed to Pimba, which is a few miles out of Woomera and only consists of a service station.

lthough small, we enjoyed ourselves by going to a good ol' country
ance put on by the locals every weekend.

Next morning we were woken up by the rain, which gave us an early
tart to visit Woomera. It is a strictly confidential town, with no
hotographs allowed to be taken and the signature of all our names
equired on leaving. We certainly knew that home was not far away
ith the familiar sight of Port Augusta, where we stopped for lunch.
e reached home on schedule at 8.00, and none of us felt enthusiastic
bout going to school the next day, after enjoying the week so much.

404

ENGLAND

What a great place, England. The land of hope, smog and milling
illions. Come to the wide, open spaces in a high flat. See the sun
or at least a quarter of the day - when it shows through the clouds
f pollution. A land free of prejudice but, whatever you do, don't
live near a 'Pakistani' if you value your good name.

When you go out into the country you can see the rolling hills
nd plains of smog. Enjoy the thrill of riding on a motorway doing
high speeds of up to 45 mph, and being able to talk to the bird in
he next car, without any trouble at all. You can go from London to
ristol all of 200 miles in at least 24 hours, incredible!

You come to England and find how honest and strait-laced every-
ody is, especially the politicians (just ask Lord Jellicoe or Lord
ambton). And the low cost of living! It's so cheap you can com-
fortably live on fifty pounds a fortnight - if you are a hermit.
But there is one exceptionally good thing about England though, and
that's the cost of their alcoholic beverages. They have to be cheap
because of the state of the drinking water.

Everybody who comes from England to Australia raves on about
rafalgar Square, so visit there and see the sights. You can see
pigeons and pigeons, and the statue of Eros and pigeons, and people
and pigeons, and neon signs and pigeons and handcarts selling every-
thing from flowers to candy, and pigeons and somewhere amongst all
this is a statue of Nelson, and pigeons. What a sight to see - if
you can. And the shops! It is worth it to travel halfway around the
world just to be amongst the milling crowds all looking for the
same type of bargains - cheap ones. And so, if you can see your way
through the pollution, England is a place of many sights.

A. LAWRENCE

404

In the early hours of Monday morning, January 15th, 1973 more than 120 students from Salisbury and Elizabeth areas met at The Boys' Technical High School, excitedly awaiting for the arrival of three interstate coaches which would soon be taking us 1,300 miles away to Surfers Paradise on Queensland's sunny Gold Coast.

We finally left at about 6.30 a.m. and travelled through Renmark, Mildura and Hay. The day was spent amusing ourselves in various ways e.g. by reading, card playing or for many, swapping and finding suitable partners!

By Tuesday (after a totally sleepless night of travelling) we found ourselves well into N.S.W. and by about 3.00 p.m. we were actually in Queensland. Finally at about 4.00 p.m. we reached Tallebudgera National Fitness hostel, at which we were to make our home for the next week.

The rest of Tuesday was spent unpacking, introducing ourselves to each other, and getting to know students from Penola and W.A. who were also staying at the hostel. Tuesday evening was spent looking around the campsite and raiding tents of the campsite across the road from us!

On Wednesday morning we were up by 7.00 a.m. - thanks to Mr. McKerlie and his whistle! Breakfast was cooked by the busdrivers and all we had to do was wash and dry up our dishes. Wednesday morning, after cleaning up, most of the students travelled about 4 miles away to Tweed Heads, where we went to "Marineland" (which is much better and bigger than the

Marineland in S.A.). We arrived back at the camp in time for a late lunch and went swimming at the beach next to our campsite in the afternoon.

A variety of activities took place on Wednesday evening. Many of us built a huge bonfire on the beach, others went skating or walking, and the remainder stayed in their huts reading or writing letters.

Thursday was to be a long day. In the morning we travelled 58 miles to Brisbane - which was quite disappointing compared to the city of Adelaide. However, a visit to an enormous lion park brightened our outlooks. Next, we were given a guided tour through the Golden Circle Pineapple factory, which was quite enjoyable - if you like pineapple!

On Friday morning, we went to "Giltraps Autoland" which was the best outing of all. It was a showroom of more than 50 vintage cars and a demonstration and general background of about 15 of these cars was given by the very funny owner of the showroom. Friday night was a most exciting one. Most of the students went to Surfers Paradise (about 9 miles from Tallebudgera), and when we arrived there, we split up and went our separate ways - being advised to stay in groups and to meet at our bus at 11.00 p.m.

Several groups went to the local snooker hall, others to the pizza parlors - and the teachers - to the pubs!

On Saturday morning a large number of students made a visit to Sundale shopping centre, near Surfers Paradise. This is made up of one building (large) and contains a number of different shops inside. The building is more or less round in shape and is three storeys high. Each storey is surrounded with

y and from the top, we
 le to see each floor be-
 he top storey contains
 ious picture theatre and
 and floor had an empty
 y pool in it. The re-
 of Saturday was spent
 y. In the evening of
 t, various groups of
 amused themselves in dif-
 ways. A small group of
 tudents were allowed to
 into Surfers Paradise by
 bus. Some of these went
 pensed pizza parlor, and
 xinder (two people) went
 ers Beer Garden, where
 as a dance. Most of this
 eturned back to the camp
) midnight, although
 of the busdrivers, a
 teacher from W.A., and
 in Jackie Allright went
 in the river near us
 ip pans, until 3.00 a.m.
 orning. (And even then
 n't catch anything!)

On Sunday a small group stayed
 behind to decorate a dance hall for
 our farewell dance, while others
 went for a scenic tour on some near-
 by chair-lifts. In the afternoon,
 a friend and myself went surfing and
 then went to a waterhole which is a
 place of interest. (In more ways than
 one!) On our return, we completed
 the decoration of the hall (with the
 help of the busdrivers) and completed
 our farewell successfully with a well
 organized dance in the evening.

Monday was our last day and so we
 made the most of the surf on the beach
 next to our campsite. After lunch, we
 were advised to complete packing and
 to clean out our cabins and camp area.
 We sadly left at 5.00 p.m. and began
 our slow journey home, arriving back
 at Elizabeth at approx. 12 midday on
 Wednesday, after a most experiencing
 holiday.

By M. and J.

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

- SCHOOL WORK -

School work! is a pile driver
 everbinding,
 enclosing,
 and deflating.

Work!
 everincreasing,
 pile upon pile
 disastrous.

Work!
 suffocating,
 elongating,
 and excruciating.

SUE POTTER

3S3

-ACTIVITIES DAYS-

Activities days were held during the second term on the 22nd. & 23rd. of August. The amount raised was \$677.73 which is to supplement the amount already raised for the new assembly hall. If more effort is put into the activities days next year, perhaps we will have our hall sooner.



ENGLISH ANECDOTE

While walking along a crowded city street, window-shopping, I
ed a large gathering of people around a small shop. To promote
business in an original way, they had hung a rather 'different'
(say the least), sign in their front window. This sign was the
of quite a commotion on the footpath, as everyone there seemed
enjoying a great joke, with plenty of laughter.

I went over to satisfy my curiosity and on seeing the advertise-
for that is what it was, in an unusual way, I began to laugh,
understand the reactions of the quickly-growing crowd of rather
crassed shoppers. The shop proved to be a newly-opened dry-clean-
business, with all the usual guarantees of quick, efficient services,
in the window, as well as this special sign. I must admit, it
acted its fair share of attention.

A point I pondered on was whether the person responsible for the
ing of the sign wrote it deliberately, the way it sounded or quite
cently. I suspect the latter, but however, intended, the final pro-
was quite a "howler" One thing I was relieved about was that no-one
the sign's other meaning literally. I guess you wonder why?
sign was in bold, black print:

"DROP YOUR PANTS HERE!"

ANNETTE TILLY 402

I DIDN'T DO NOTHING ---

Litter, litter everywhere Y. LIM
Litter, here beneath my chair
Up the stairs, and by the door
All the way down the corridor.

Litter in the shelter sheds
Litter in the flower beds
Litter on the oval green
Litter where my friends have been.

Smoke from chimneys,
Exhaust from vehicles
Noisy airplanes and motor cycles
Sprays from farmers,
Grime from trains
Smelly air, radioactive rains.

Naughty people, don't know better,
I'm not naughty, I just litter.

REFLECTIONS

The war broke out
 No-one cared about right or wrong.
 The streets were filled with shouts,
 And shots!
 People were running around everywhere,
 People were falling down everywhere,
 DEAD! !

This went on for weeks, months, years,
 Many young soldiers died,
 Their flowing long hair no longer mattered,
 Nor did it raise any caustic comments.
 And many mothers cried for fear
 That their sons would be laid out side by side.

All the young children,
 What memories did they have?
 Only the sounds of the angry guns,
 The sounds of thunder,
 And their long, long runs, for cover.

JANE RELLA

5W

Here I sit in nature splendid,
 Bullfrogs croaking, a stream gurgling happily on its way,
 Powerlines overhead, water underneath,
 A drone of a plane breaks the serene silence.
 A lazy silence that is peaceful yet tiring.
 The grass seems to whisper as it sways,
 Even this silence is broken by a man-made product.

I see life here, especially that of man,
 His pollution spoiling all our natural beauty.
 I can see cans caught in the roots of trees,
 And factory-made products causing oil slicks.
 A fence is around me,
 A fence of beauty and splendour,
 Yet I can see another fence, that is not natural,
 It is of man made wire.
 Is it necessary? Does it serve its purpose?
 But what is its purpose?
 To blend with the overhead power lines?
 This is not nature, why is it here?
 The answer is in man,
 Because man's wants contrast with nature's.

TONY LAWRENCE

404

FRUSTRATION ON THE HOMEFRONT

At 8 o'clock it sounded -
the alarm I mean, of course.
It woke me up immediately;
my voice was rather hoarse.
I went into the bathroom
took throat, head and pep pills.
I went into the kitchen,
the dishes piled in hills.
I shoved them in the dishwasher.
It spurted them right back.
I screamed and looked upon the floor
the plates were smashed and black.
I cursed and threw them in the bin
and put the washing on.
But as I put the clothes in
they disappeared - were gone!
I stood there quite dumbfounded
'till they reappeared.
But, they weren't clothes any longer,
they were ragged, ripped and smeared.
I turned it off, and went outside
to ring the company.
I picked up the receiver,
it electrocuted me.
I ran back home, quite frightened
and lay down on my bed;
my electric blanket burnt me.
I was raw and sore and red.
By this time I was hopeless,
a tired exhausted wreck.
I had to have a cup of tea,
but first I thought I'd check.
The kettle seemed to work okay,
the taps - they worked alright.
But when I put the kettle on
it gave me quite a fright.
It exploded, scalding me
with sparks and boiling water.
I cursed and swore and screamed about
my breaths were less and shorter.
Machires appeared from everywhere
attacking from all sides.
Like human beings, all gone mad
with life-like marching strides.
I screamed out loud,
they came to me
I knew the end was near
then suddenly

CHANDRA RICE

(Recommended student reading by Mr. McKerlie, Student Adviser)

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When the war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba -- no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia -- are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at."

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in death-less bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing -- "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavoured to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man -- the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and send him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office -- six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make the request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not, He will look at you out of a fishy eye ask one or more of the following questions:

"Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you need it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him to try to find Garcia -- and then come back and tell you that there is no such man. Of course, I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your assistant: that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go and look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral inertia, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheer-catch hold and lift -- these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of losing the "bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Excuse for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither read nor punctuate -- and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that book-keeper," said the foreman to me in a large room.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand he might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street he would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the down-trodden denizens of the sweat-shop and the "homeless wandering" man searching for honest employment, and with it all often go many words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work. He is long patient striving after "help" that does nothing but loaf.

when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer -- but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep his best -- those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course, I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too; for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds -- the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labour, and I know there is something to be said on both sides.

There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off", nor has to go on strike for higher wage. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village -- in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly -- the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia".

A reprint from the March edition "Philistine"
22 February, 1899

INDEPENDENCE

If a person is said to be independent, it could be that he is in 'state or quality of being free, separate, unrestrained, exempt, unrestrained, uncontrolled; free from influence, control, or determination of another or others; self-maintained or self-governed'. (WEBSTER'S 20th CENTURY ENGLISH DICTIONARY)

To different people, the word 'independence' has different shades meaning. To the adult, independence is being able to direct his own life, usually in a sedate manner - having gotten over the follies of youth - of his own choosing.

Independence to the teenager is being able to stand on his own two feet; to be able to shake off the restricting shackles of possessive parents and being free to do his 'own thing'. Many teenagers dream wonderful dreams of what they will do when they gain independence, but when it happens it is a sore disappointment, for with independence (it usually comes upon the commencement of employment) arrive money worries, job worries, board worries and later house and family worries.

To a child, independence is perhaps the state of eating whatever he likes; to be able to have all the money needed to buy the toyshop; to be free of fussing, nagging, or strict parents and rules; to live in a world of his own without any pain or hurt and to only invite those he wants into it.

Independence for a baby is non-existent. He depends wholly on his mother for every need and want. The ability to do things for himself is a slow, time-consuming procedure. Of every single creature alive, human young has perhaps the most lengthy period of dependence upon parents for life and sustenance.

For a Women's Liberation follower, independence is to be free to do what she sees men doing and to receive equal pay or reward for doing it. She does not like to be dependent upon the male sex for anything, prefers to be self-reliant or independent, in everything with the possible exception of standing in a crowded bus with men sitting and blocking doors for herself when it used to be politeness for a man to do so.

Independence to a country means to have the ability to govern and maintain itself without the intervention of a more advanced nation. All decisions are made within the country and by its countrymen.

No-one can ever be completely independent of everything and everyone. He has to depend on the markets for food and clothing and only when the producers of these factors go on strike, is it realized how dependence is placed upon them. We are dependent on the very air and sun for breath and life.

The child's dream of independence would be sheer bliss for most people (swapping the toyshop for fashion parades and car showrooms), but after a period of time, it would all become sheer boredom. A child or anyone at all, needs love and protection coming from another person, they are dependent upon this person and these qualities for true happiness. Happiness does not necessarily follow independence.

JUDITH SPENCER

ANONYMOUS

Your job
 Compares with that of Spring:
 To lift the covers of days gone by;
 To nourish and expand
 The branches of our intelligence,
 which blossom where buds
 Had never appeared.
 To enlighten,
 To guide,
 To educate,
 You are not required to understand me,
 But you can,
 And be appreciated.
 Nor are you bound to be ignorant,
 But ignorance is more easily accomplished
 As my despise is easily earnt.

- WORK -

Work is like a smoke
 A big long drag
 Once you start
 You are compelled to go on
 And never give up
 But it is hard to get out of the habit
 What enjoyment it would be to stop
 To sit down and do without this tedious thing.

CHRIS PATTISON 3S1

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship - The state of being a friend, association of persons as friends, a friendly intimacy.

Is friendship worthwhile having? What does one have to do to maintain a good friendship? What would the world be without friendship? I asked and discussed these three questions with some students and teachers around me. These three, I feel make or heavily contribute to the subject under discussion.

Everyone I spoke to agreed that friendship is a worthwhile factor in our society. We came up with a hypothesis that without friendship there would be no human unity. In order to get on in this world one has to rely on other people or have faith in them to a certain degree. Friendship gives us the means to communicate, e.g. a discussion I had with this group would not have been possible without some degree of friendship.

The second question under discussion deals with maintaining a good reliable friendship, one that you would use and be proud of. Conclusions were in the vicinity of, being yourself, be friendly, give and take a little, have good arguments, and most important respect your friend's views whatever it may be. But, then it came to mind, that it is all very well saying this but, are there people practising what they preach, about maintaining friendships in their own lives? Probably not!

The third question and the most difficult to visualize, "What would happen if there was not friendship?" From what I gathered, there was no friendship, there would be no human race, not even a living thing. People would be at constant war and everything would be destroyed. Which brings me to different types of friendship.

Through my enquiries it was brought to my attention that there are three basic types of friendship, but still relating back to human relationships. There are Social, Economic and Political relationships.

Going back to our hypothesis, issues dealing in trust and reliability are some of the main ingredients in maintaining a sufficient friendship. Relating this hypothesis to the field of politics one could link ceasefires, peace treaties and talks to a kind of friendship; we called it political friendship. Of course, there is never a hundred per cent trust in these types of dealings but nevertheless it is still evident. In an indirect way, therefore, we are indebted to friendship in the political sense.

Economic friendship is a very delicate one, in that no emotional feelings have room to develop. I think this could be best illustrated with an example. Here is a case where a man is depending on a source

in a financial way, an agency or maybe another person. If the transaction is a personal one, the borrower would try to develop a friendly atmosphere in which no personal ideas would be put into practice. But when the situation is reversed and repaying time comes around things get a bit nasty. I feel this type of friendship does exist particularly in the business world, and therefore justified in its place among the other types. Even though to have this type of friendship going on, it is nothing to be afraid of.

In view of what has already been said, I would like to conclude with my personal views on this subject. I feel that friendship and its branches must exist because it is the basis of our society. We need friends and they need us. To live in a world of strangers would be disastrous. One must not act as a sponge and just take and not give. We must take other people into consideration, even if we don't agree to it, to prevent friction.

To conclude, I could not live in a world where friendship was non-existent and neither could you!

PETER VAN den BROEKE

402

-- WHY
 AN
 OCTOPUS
 HAS
 EIGHT
 LEGS --

by LEON BARMUTTA

402

Marine biologists have always tactfully avoided the question of why an octopus has eight legs, probably because they do not know the answer as it is fact that these men of science have regarded the octopus as being too common, too ugly or too tasty to warrant serious study. Nevertheless, there must be a reason for an octopus having eight legs, and it is hoped that this essay may provide some answers to this intriguing question.

Each leg of an octopus is well-equipped with innumerable suckers; this remarkable property coupled with the prehensility of each leg allow the octopus to be a truly unique and versatile creature. The octopus is a sea-dwelling mollusc and so one of these sucker-studded prehensile tentacles would be considerably advantageous if our octopus got caught in a sea current, but was reluctant to go with the direction of flow; so the octopus would only have to deploy a tentacle and latch on to the nearest piece of coral, thereby allowing our octopus the use of seven other legs to perform the more domestic duties required of any self-respecting octopus.

The octopus eats a considerable amount of shell-fish and it would be reasonable to expect, that unless the octopus kept his beak meticulously clean, he would very quickly acquire bad breath. Thus by using the suckers on two of his tentacles, he may keep his beak relatively clean. If the octopus was extremely cunning, he could at the same time pretend that he was attending to the cleanliness of other parts of his anatomy, such as his eyes and ears and cleverly lure the next tasty morsel within leg-shot of his remaining tentacle and suddenly strike out at his unsuspecting meal, roll his tentacle his way and eat his meal.

Eight tentacles were, no doubt, discovered to be considerably useful by lady octopuses to trap the elusive male of the species. The male has, evidently, not managed to escape the clutches of the female far from beautiful aggressor very often, as octopuses still appear to be breeding quite profusely.

The over-riding advantage for an octopus in having just eight legs instead of nine or more means that the octopus is able to perform the maximum number of tasks without having a surplus of legs become muddled with. An even number of legs allow the octopus to obtain a firm and evenly balanced grip over considerably large objects, such as deep-sea divers. In cases involving death by octopus a victim has very often died of despair, because as soon as the poor unfortunate has peeled off one leg, another immediately wraps itself around him.

However, removing our ideas from the macabre, eight legs allow an octopus to be extremely sociable. For example an octopus may shake hands with four other octopuses and be able to catch four fish to offer his friends with his remaining four tentacles. Again we see the advantage of an even number of legs, because if an octopus had seven legs he would be accused of leaving out one of his four new acquaintances when it came to the offering of a friendly feast, the odds of such a miserly mollusc would spread quickly through a closely-knit, friendly community such as that of the octopuses.

Thus we can see the many uses to which eight legs can be put. These eight legs are used in cleaning, feeding, deception, trapping, suffocation and socializing. The octopus's eight legs allow him to perform the maximum number of activities without getting into a knot. The possibilities as to why an octopus has eight legs seem endless and it seems that the world's marine biologists have made a serious mistake not having investigated this biological phenomena long before now.

They say women are smarter than men but we've yet to see a man with a zipper down the back of his pants.

As well as competing in the Knockout Competition this year the School Football Team participated in a Lightning Carnival of local High School teams. After our recent successes in the Knockout Competition our good ol' footy team decided to take it easy as they thought it would be a pushover. As a result in the first match against Elizabeth High we were defeated by 2 goals, thus spoiling our chances of becoming premiers. This loss and a few hot (swear) words from Mr. Hardie woke good ol' Salisbury High up and during the next few matches a team effort prevailed and so the true colours of S.H.S showed through. By winning all the following 3 matches against Elizabeth Boys Tech, Salisbury North Tech. and Salisbury East High very convincingly to take 2nd place to Elizabeth High.

Players which often came under notice in the Knockout Competition and this Lightning Carnival were high flyer Chris. (FRECKLES) Hatch, bouncy centre half-back Gary (RELLA) Rella, fearless half-back, (FROG) Thomas, dead-eye full forward FINGERS Ward, pacey half-forward Albert (FLASHER) Madaras, stormy rover Chris (BUBS) Scott, rover Chris. McLay and DINGO Ruediger.

Once again the boys would like to thank Mr. Hardie for his patience, and cool, calm and collected manner in times of complete confusion, i.e. getting to matches at the right oval on time.

TEAMS CONSISTED OF PLAYERS BELOW WITH COMMENTS:

Chris McLay,	Captain	good rover or centerman, inspiring leader future ahead of him, State representative
Chris. Hatch	Vice-Captain	brilliant, high flying centerman or ruck- man, beautiful mark and lots of potential
Gary Rella	Center Half- Back	spectacular player determined and rarely beaten
Roger Thomas	Half back Flanker	tough, bouncy player, always attacking and never beaten
Peter Ward	Full Forward	a fast elusive player, just loves full backs and has the ability to kick freakish goals
Chris Jacobs	Follower	a rugged type of player, tries hard all day.
Chris Scott	Rover	a very elusive little fella., thinks all day, is unselfish and has lots of legs
Neil Hutchinson	Half forward Flanker	hampered by injuries, tries hard and reads the play well.
Andy Miller	Centre half Forward	strong body player, high marking and very constructive, lots of potential
John Ruediger	Follower and Full-Back	likes it hard, reads the play well and gives great rebound.
Greg Styling	Utility Player	very tall, plays well wherever he is and does not let his team down.
Tony Lawrence	Winger	delivers the ball with accuracy to forwards, turns well when in trouble
Mick Haseloff	Half Back	Tries hard, very rugged, never lets his man get an easy kick

	Ruckman	tall excellent palmer of the ball, spectacular leaper and very determined
aras	Half Forward	very fast, unselfish, has a lot of
	Flanker	potential and regularly kicks points
r	Winger	fast, tries hard all day, but easily gets hurt.
s	Full Forward	plays well in either position, very
	or Ruckman	strong mark and always does something with the ball
nson	Back Pocket	small but always reliable, very good reader of the play
der Broek	Ruckman	very tall, freakish mark, intelligent ruckwork and an opportunist
	Utility Player	ever reliable, gives the side all he has got, good team man
or	Half Back	fills either position quite adequately,
	Flanker or	very determined player, also gives good
	Full Back	rebound.
boy)	Goal Umpire	always carries spare flags, runs around in circles, has eyes in the back of his head but still does a great job.

FOOTBALL KNOCKOUT COMPETITION

year the Salisbury High School "A" Grade Football Team com-
a High Schools Knockout Competition involving all the high
n the State. The team went exceptionally well bettering last
forts of winning 2 games in a row. This year the team won
3 matches comfortably and losing the last one rather disas-

ur first match we met Elizabeth West High School. The game
r rugged and after a lethargic start our team of trained
omed on the enemy and shattered their defences to pieces,
ry convincingly by 90 points. In the 2nd match our team
dbury High School, taking the match a little more seriously
of merciless tigers never let up all day. Eventually win-
margin of 94 points . In the 3rd encounter we played
Boys Tech. and after the last confidence booster the team
tra well to win by a mammoth 17 goals, absolutely crushing
ition. However, this winning streak was not to continue
e 4th battle! we played Port Augusta High School. The game
d at a distant town called Balaklava with temperatures very
is must have obviously had some effect on our team of experts
t MISERABLY. To the tune of 18 goals! Thus the end of our run
mpetition. A pleasing note though is that a week later Pt.
ecame State premiers.

boys of the team would like to thank the coach, Mr. Hardie,
ervices throughout the competition, and also our never tiring
re., Louie Drag-Drag-Draganoff.

C. McLAY

SCHOOL CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

Although this year's cross country running for high schools entailed many races due to transport difficulties, and long trips to other schools, we attended only two. Enthusiasm was a little lacking, but the run at Brighton High School in June saw three of our runners competing. In the open 2½ miles, Jim McLeod and Chris. Jones ran well to finish 1st and 2nd, with the 3rd placed Marion High runner over 100 metres behind. Peter Chambers, in only his first ever run also did well to finish in 12th place out of some 50 runners.

It was not until early August that the next competition, the State High Schools Championship over 3 miles at Brownhill Creek, saw Mr. Needle again take our confident squad to the Adelaide foothills for this all important race. In true cross country running weather of freezing cold gale winds and pouring rain, the 100 competitors from all over the State - including Whyalla, Lamerloo, Mt. Gambier and other country area schools, as well as all the suburbs - ran through the mud and slosh, flooded creek (we kept recrossing the same one in twelve separate swims!) with waist high water, and narrow paths winding between the feet high weeds. After 20 or 80 minutes, what appeared like drowned rats, covered in mud from head to foot, appeared over the horizon, all panting violently. The last creek crossing saw the heads appear on the other side, disappear in the middle, then appear again on the near side (I reckon they dug that hole in the creek just before the race, 'cause it was a real lulu!) with victory going, of all insults to an Elizabeth Tech. runner. Jim McLeod filled first position for the school in gaining 3rd place, while Chris. Jones ran well in sprinting to the tape to finish 10th. Chris. McLay and Chris. Jacobs, never having run a cross country race before, never over 3 miles, and never over such terrain, in such conditions, were really excellent and finished magnificently in 18th and 32nd position, and with over 100 runners competing theirs was a solid effort. This, together with Chris Jones's brilliant run clinched a deserved 2nd place behind Oakbank Area School. The team awards were calculated by adding the position of the first 4 runners in each school with final results being Oakbank (41), Salisbury (63) and Elizabeth Tech. (85). Thus, also in crosscountry running, Salisbury High is well-renowned.

JIM McLEOD 5A

When Mr. Smith put a sign on his front lawn that said, "BEWARE OF THE DOG", one rough boy turned to the other and said, "I didn't know Smith had a dog". The other replied,

"He hasn't; but have you seen his wife?"

THE COMPLETE UNASHAMED UNABASHED UNABRIDGED AND
UNAUTHORIZED NON-ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF

VEGEMITE

by the world's only historical gourmet

LEON BARMUTA 402

Vegemite has, ever since the time of the Ancient Egyptians, been an important health food. However, approximately 5,000 years before the First Dynasty, a grubby nondescript little Arab by the name of Ali Muckshoveler was selling bottled congealed extract of camel dung to passing prophets, armies, Philistines and kids in deadly sling-shots. (This, incidentally, was later developed by the Daft Bros. into a weird soluble beverage concentrate called Muck). However, Ali soon went bust as a competitor, sold an extract compound of the root of the Vegemite Weed (Weedus Vegemityukyumyum) to a deadly sling-shot artist by the name of David (you've heard of David and Goliath? Well, it wasn't the same David). This Arab's name was El Fassid Rockerfeller, and ambitious Norwegian half-breed refugee who later built the totally unheard of Rockerfeller Pyramids which, fortunately, have been merged beneath Queen Victoria's right ankle for some years now.

In 2,500 B.C. a kid by the name of Pharaoh Fred was born. At the age of seven he watched his pet slave grow strong through eating vegemite sandwich. After this, Pharaoh Fred ate a bottle of vegemite every day and died a fortnight later - killed by a falling rock.

It came to pass that Ancient Egypt became famous (probably because it felt like it). It also came to pass that Queen Cleopatra suffered a severe cramp in her nose. Mark Antony (star of William Shakespeare's beautiful play "Julius Caesar") was devotedly and helplessly in love with Queen Cleo's nose. Mark Antony was also an incredible idiot (fancy falling in love with a NOSE!) Anyhow, Mark had a brainstorm; he encased Cleo's nose in vegemite. What genius! What ingenuity! What intelligence! What resourcefulness! What a fate he felt when she turned purple and asphyxiated! Mark Antony committed mass hysteria and dropped dead.

Nobody was particularly sorry that the two lovers had kicked the bucket... least of all Octavius Augustus of Ancient Rome who bought Egypt - and its vegemite - for twenty trillion milk-bottle tops and "Superman" comic. Upon sampling exotic Egyptian Vegemite, Augustus delighted and proclaimed it a Royal Food.

Wow did it become popular! Many orgies in Rome involved the consumption of oysters and the tickling of throat to regurgitate

these. This resulted in smelly fingers. But, with the introduction of vegemite, all vomiting was made ten times easier! Just consume a teaspoon of vegemite - with the teaspoon - and presto! chunder-covered marble.

Every baby Emperor was fed on vegemite, except the last one (that's why the Roman Empire fell).

Then came the Dark Ages and no real interest was shown in vegemite until some nut named William Shakespeare started producing made plays (sponsored by the P.E.B.O. It was discovered by a leading physician that Shakespeare's brain was suffering from a rare deficiency of Vega-mino acid - a protein derived from the root of the Vegemite Weed or dirty dishrags. Suddenly Vegemite (and dishrags) boomed and the sewers in Scunthorpe flooded.

With the discovery in 1721 by Edward Crippen of chemical dyes based on potassium cyanide, vegemite came in a new range of colours from muddy green to regal purple. This was great except for one snag - coloured vegemite was fatal in 24 hours.

And so vegemite developed becoming more and more popular - Charles II, Queen Anne, George I, George II, George III, George IV Ahh! the days of George IV. Everything was elaborate then, so it had to happen - vegemite with knobs on.

Unfortunately, vegemite lost its novelty: the new flavours of Ceylon tea, lime marmalade, black jellybeans and strychnine had successfully depleted the demand for vegemite. Then the ultimate disaster struck: a deadly fungus smashed the vegemite crop of the Lower Jordan Valley. The entire crop was decimated. Queen Victoria was NOT amused. She then commissioned a brilliant young microbiologist named Cedric Lancelot Slerp to research into the feasibility of manufacturing synthetic vegemite. His research took 3½ years and in the process he discovered nylon, deosyribose nucleated dihydrogen bisulphurophosphate (hydrated) commonly known as shoe polish) and a formula for the manufacture of volcanic tangerines.

Queen Victoria was very impressed though. She wasn't nuts about the taste of the shoe polish. Slerp's Overriding Development (code name S.O.D.) involved the integral fractional distillation of latex in the presence of a hyper-ventilated polysaccharide catalyst in a Sea of Electrons.

Vegemite boomed again. Endorsed by Her Majesty and Her Majesty's Royal Rat-Pack, Vegemite entered an era of marketing prestige

on awards for the best spread at the Crystal Palace, for the health food at the Royal Easter Show and the best Burgundy, Riesling at the Mudjee Wine Show.

Opera stars used vegemite to lubricate their tonsils. Jack Ripper used it to corrode the buckles on his victim's bras. Lestone used the empty bottles to hit Disraeli; Disraeli used empty bottles to hit the umpire; the umpire hit the bottle in the match. Vegemite and cheese parties were the Edwardian craze. Kaiser Wilhelm made it compulsory to consume vegemite so that his people would grow big and strong.

But disaster struck again. The R.S.L. were running short of members, so they started W.W.I. Vegemite Royal International Ltd. Inc. went bust and was bought out by a couple of Cootamundra swaggies - the Daft Bros.

At last Vegemite had reached the colonies! Now Billy Hughes dipped his deadly Commonwealth Police Force with vegemite bombs in combat lethal eggs thrown by insignificant Queensland Socialists. The Daft Bros., operating from their Condobolin and Deniliquin factories controlled the output of the world.

Depression came and no amount of Vincents could relieve it. Vegemite got a bad name as it was diluted into a foul-tasting soup for the bread lines. The future looked bleak. Rutherford developed Radioactive Vegemite - but to no avail.

W.W.II came. At the end Emperor Hirohito signed the peace treaty on a ship, because he didn't have a piece of paper handy. However, his finger was dipped in polymerized water-proof Vegemite. PUBLICITY! The Daft Bros. prospered and opened a new factory in fashionable uptown Mudjee.

And so Vegemite has become what it is today. Gough Whitlam will shortly be presenting a pint of Vegemite to the Chinese people as a token of our esteem I hope they don't declare war on us.

Fill the students who put the following announcement in the press please report to the office during Lesson 1. The ad. reads, "For sale. One school slightly used, located in wealthy suburb, staff of 1000 with 50 superiors, furniture throughout, recently renovated, shop attached due to public demand, full amenities, T.V. an added extra. This school overlooks a most scenic river. Do not miss this bargain home buyers. Once a lifetime bargain. Apply J. Marstin."

-1973 TASMANIA TOUR-

On Friday, 31st August at 7 p.m. a party of 38 students and two teachers (Mrs. Symonds and Mr. Lehmann) left by the Overland Express for Melbourne, well-decked out with plenty of clothes, cameras and food. Very little sleep was gained that night due to the excitement and the uncomfortable seats. However, at 9 a.m. on Saturday morning, we arrived in Melbourne, bleary-eyed and worse for wear after fighting to get some breakfast from the Cafeteria on the train. Cases and bodies all piled into a bus ready to be taken to Tullamarine Airport from the station. After a certain amount of squashing and squeezing we managed to get 42 people and 42 cases into a bus which only seated 35.

Upon arrival at Tullamarine Airport, we attended to our baggage and proceeded to the departure point; only to find that our Fokker Friendship was going to be an hour late. However, we took off for Devonport at 12.15 p.m. and arrived there, where our bus driver was waiting. From the airport we drove to Launceston, where we stopped and had lunch. Due to lack of time we were not able to stay there, but headed straight for the Marina Motel at Hobart. After tea, we all wandered off to bed ready to catch up on some missed sleep.

Early Sunday morning we left the motel and travelled to Port Aurthur to see the old convict settlement and ruins. We spent a worthwhile morning here, finding out all about Tasmania's early history. On the way home we stopped and viewed some of the spectacular foreshore scenery, such as the Devil's Kitchen, the Blow-hole and the Tessellated Pavement. That night we were driven to the top of Mount Nelson to view Hobart's lights. Away in the distance we could see the Tasman Bridge, and the Wrest Point Casino - both gayly lit.

On Monday, we left our motel to travel to Queenstown. We passed through Tasmania's famous hop fields, and saw the power station at Tungatinah. We arrived early at Queenstown so we were able to wander down the street. At night, we were to make a visit to the Mount Lyell Reduction works, but unfortunately the guide had not arrived so some students decided instead to attend the local picture theatre, while others decided to use the hotel recreation room.

Tuesday morning, we left Queenstown and proceeded towards our overnight stop - Devonport. On the way we visited the Old Mining Museum at Zeehan. It began to snow during this trip, but there was not enough to build a snowman. That night we were accommodated at the Somerset Motel, where our units had its own television, radio and electric blanket.

At 8 a.m. next morning, we drove back to Launceston to view Wildlife Sanctuary, Entally House and Cataract Gorge. At the ract Gorge we were able to come back on the chairlift and see raging waters underneath.

n the afternoon we went back to Devonport ready to catch our rn flight to Melbourne. From the airport we were taken to the way station for our tea. At 8.30 p.m. we boarded the Express ravel home to Adelaide. It was a little bit quieter this time, veryone was so tire. At 9.00 a.m. we pulled in at the station e warmly greeted by our families.

ents who went on this tour:

D. Banwell S. Blows J. Baynes H. Barnes C. Bell S.
ingsley C. Bowcock A. Buch C. Buggy M. Charlesworth R.
oy J. Dent D. Diamond E. Dixon P. Fuller C. Fennessy C.
ard G. Goode J. Jones J. Keeland A. Lees J. McRae V.
er A. Nelles B. Pitcher C. Potts G. Pugh C. Robinson G.
r C. Savage J. Tiley W. Tillhon J. Vater K. Vrabec N.
ter G. Webster N. Wilson C.

*The annual pilgrimage is about to begin,
May is here!
Every Saturday afternoon the brethren are down
to their place of worship.*

*For those who cannot attend
the numerous television networks
obligingly broadcast wide coverage of a service
by screening replays of replays.*

*The presiding clergy
may suffer at the hands of the congregation
which, cans at the ready, sit in the pews,
huddled beneath a mountain of coats and blankets,
munching hot meat pies.*

J U N I O R S C H O O LOUTSTANDING EFFORT AND ACHIEVEMENT

101	Julie Alexander	S.H.S. Parents & Friends Assoc.
102	Carol Buggy	" "
103	Bernard Haseloff	" "
104	Judy Jedani	" "
105	Susan Kennewell	Vargeson's Newsagency
106	Shaun Allington	S.H.S. Parents & Friends Assoc.
107	Robert Schiller	" "
108	Stephen Stone	" "
109	Anne Tiley	" "
2S1	Deanne Windsor	" "
2S2	Jonathon Rodd	" "
2S3	Roma Hicks	" "
2S4	Lee Watson	" "
2S5	Kwitanna Zawko	" "
2S6	Conny Castlevetere	" "
3S1	Birgit Lohmann	" "
3S2	Angelina Fazzalari	" "
3S3	Jacqueline Cooper	" "
3S4	Teresa Castlevetere	" "
3S5	Pam Jones	" "
3S6	Sharon Bisset	S.H.S. Council

L E A V I N G S U B J E C T P R I Z E S

English	Judith Spencer	"Tubemakers Prize for English"
French	June Lister	Tip Top Bakeries
History	Dean Bond	John Scott Ed. Books
Geography	Leon Barmuta	Associated Products
Maths I and II	Steven Cannon	George Chapman
Maths III	Debra Varney	Amscol
Maths IV	Christine Petridis	Salisbury Drapery
Commerce	Christine Petridis	S.A. Toolkraft Design Co.
Shorthand	Christine Petridis	John Martins Ltd.
Economics	Norman Jones	Norris Bros.
Physics	Norman Jones	Mrs. Brodie
Chemistry	Norman Jones	Ruediger's Cakes
Typing - 40	Elizabeth Thompson	S.H.S. Council
Typing - 41	Connie Amuso	"
Clerical Studies	Vicki Hewton	"
Biology	Helen Cienciala	"
Art	Vicki Fairey	George Pritchard & CO. Ltd.

M A T R I C U L A T I O N S U B J E C T P R I Z E S

English 50	Brian Bowman	"Tubemakers Prize for English"
English 51	Luis Zanatta	S.H.S. Council
French	Margaret Parker	"
History 51	Gina Cufone	"
Geography	Ian Diment	Standard Book Co.
Economics	Maria Barone	S.H.S. Ladies Aux.
Maths I and II	Alan Potts	"
Physics	Alan Potts	S.H.S. Council
Maths IS	Claire Gooding	"
Chemistry	Michael Eiffe	"
Biology 50	Wendy Porter	"
Biology 51	Gina Cufone	"

D U X O F T H E S C H O O L

Betty Ferguson

DR. WOODS PRIZE
(High School Council)
SUNSHINE BADENOCH TROPHY

S E R V I C E P R I Z E S

Senior S.R.C. President	Gary Rella	Rotary
" " V. President	Gillian Hanks	Rotary
" " Secretary	Jane Rella	S.H.S. Council
" " Treasurer	Gaye Hollebone	S.H.S. Council
Junior S.R.C. President	Gaynor Sallis	S.H.S. Council
" " Secretary	Sylvia Bernhart	S.H.S. P. & F. Assoc.

Angela Farmer)	For consistent help in the Library during 1973.	
Yana Weaver)		
Anthony Bowcock	Contribution to the School via Fire Prevention Week Poster Competition (E. S. Wigg & Son Pty. Ltd.)	
Carmen Effinger	Taking down minutes of S.R.C.	S.H.S. Council

S P E C I A L P R I Z E S

Dusan Veljkovic	Most improved 3rd year	SHELL PRIZE
Gillian Hanks	Citizenship Award	BANK OF N.S.W. PRIZE

ATHLETICS: Cup Winners

Girls:

Under 13	Jean Simpson
Under 14	Carmel Ryan
Under 15	Ruth Sayer) Judith Savage)
Under 16	Linda McLeod
Open	Karen Harwood

Boys:

David Marrone
Ian Cienciala
Vincent Baker
Michael Davies
Jim McLeod

SWIMMING: Cup Winners

Girls:

Under 13	Joanne Bushten) Karen Thorpe
Under 14	Leanne Tidswell
Under 15	Delma Neale
Under 16	Elly Van den Broeke) Julie Andrew)
Open	Vicki Jaensch

Boys:

Michael Wellington
Ronald Dederichs
Robert Thomas
Brian Hull
Brian Hull

HOUSE COMPETITION SHIELD:

Won by: MAWSON

Captains:

Jane Edwards
Chris. McLay

S . R . C . M E R I T A W A R D S

Carmen Effinger	S.R.C. Minute Secretary
Anne Chalmers	" " "
Birgit Lohmann	Member of "It's Academic Team"
Gleb Webster	" " " and Pianist for
	"Time of Our Lives"
Geoff Oleson	Member of "It's Academic Team"
Peter Davies	" " "
Norman Jones	Success in "Jeopardy" (2nd)
Ian Diment	Leading male role in "Time of Our Lives"
Denise McGaughey	" female " "
Karen Drew	Leader of Cheer Squad
Vicki Jaensch	Achievement in Swimming, House Captain Florey
Jim McLeod	Achieving position in State Cross Country Running Team
Chris McLay	Achieving position in State Schoolboys League and
	House Captain Mawson
Gary Rella	House Captain Cairns
Gillian Hanks	" " "
Roger Thomas	" " Oliphant
Yvonne Babolka	" " Oliphant
Jane Edwards	" " Mawson
Tony Chiera	" " Florey
Karen Harwood	" " Florey
1st Year Girls Lightning Carnival	Hockey Team
3rd Year " " "	A Netball Team
3rd Year " " "	B Netball Team
4th, 5th Year " "	A Netball Team
5 Aside Girls " "	Basketball Team
3rd Year Boys " "	5Aside Basketball Team
A Grade Football Team	

MATRICULATION 1972

E - Entered

P - Passed

M - Matriculation or Registration

	E.	P.	M-R		E.	P.	M-R
ARMITAGE Marie	5	5	M	MANCINI George	5	5	M
BABOLKA Yvonne	5	4		MAWER Robert	5	5	M
BEASLEY Michelle	5	5	M	MAY Anthony	5	5	M
BRIDGES Kenneth	5	5	M	MONTELEONE Mario	5	2	
BYASS Edward	5	5	M	MORRIS Charles	5	5	M
CHIERA Evelina	5	5	M	MOSCHOS Steve	5	5	M
CHWESIUK Stanislaw	5	4	M	MUSCARDIN Robert	5	2	
CIENCIALA Eve	5	5	M	NOVAKOVIC Dusan	5	5	M
CROCKFORD Heather	5	4		OSIS Zig	5	3	M
CUDARANS Laura	5	5	M	PAPANOTIS Cristos	5	0	
DELEO Mimo	5	5	M	PASCHKE Jillian	5	5	M
DICKSON Harry	5	2		POTTER Kathryn	5	4	M
DIMASI Anthony	5	4	R	PTAK Edward	3	0	
DIMENT Ian	5	3		RANDALL Melvyn	5	5	M
DUBAJ Jan	5	1		RELLA Gary	5	1	
EDWARDS Jane	5	2		RHYNE	5	4	M
ELDRIDGE Paul	5	4		RUGGIERO Beatrice	5	4	M
ELIAS Thomas	5	3		SCOTT Christopher	5	3	
ELLIS Ian	5	5	M	SHANNON Philip	5	5	M
EMMERSON Julie	5	5	M	SCHULTEN Erwin	5	4	
EMPTAGE Kenneth	5	3		SMITH Stuart	5	5	M
FARRELLY Peter	3	0		SPENCER Glen	5	2	
FORBES Geoffrey	5	5	M	SPURLING Margaret	5	5	M
GOEVAERS Alice	5	4		TAMBLYN Margaret	5	5	M
GRADY Hugh	5	5	M	THOMPSON Briony	5	5	M
GRIGUOL Ivan	5	5	M	TOBIN Barry	5	0	
GRIGUOL Rosetta	5	3		VAN HOMELEN Josephus	5	5	M
HAUSLER Ray	5	4	M	VELCHEFF Narda	5	3	M
HOFFRICHTER Kym	5	5	M	WALMSLEY Howard	5	4	M
HUTCHINSON Neil	5	3		WATSON Andrew	5	4	M
JONES Michael	5	5	M	WATTS Kenneth	5	4	
KENNEWELL Jillian	5	5	M	WILSON Anthony	5	5	M
KOHLER Meredith	5	5	M	WISSENBURG Tony	5	2	
LARKIN Kevin	5	5	M	WRIGHT Hilary	5	3	
LAVERICK Mychel	5	0		ZUMMO Peter	5	5	M
FEDERICO Luigi	5	5	M				

STUDENTS

STAFF STUDENT BASKETBALL

	1	2	3	4	5					
						2	2	222	6	8
C.	/	/				/	1	22	4	5
B.	/	/	/			2 /	3			3
								2 /	3	3
	/	/								
	/					/ 2	3			3
TOTAL							9	TOTAL	13	22

TEACHERS

	1	2	3	4	5					
	/	/	/	/	/					
S	/	/	/	/	/	2 2	4	2 2	4	8
	/	/				2 2	4			4
	/					2	2	2	2	4
	/	/								
						2 2	4			4
	/	/	/							
H	/	/	/	/		2	4		1	5
							18		7	25

WIN

TEACHERS

25

UMPIRES: J. Crofts
B. Jones

LOSE

STUDENTS

22

***** PSYCHODELIRIUM TREMENS *****

Remember when HIPPY meant big in the hips,
and TRIP involved travel in cars, planes and ships.
When POT was a vessel for cooking things IN,
and HOOKED was what Grandmother's rug might have been?
When FIX was a verb that meant mend or repair,
and BE IN meant simply existing somewhere.
When NEAT meant well-organized, tidy and clean,
and GRASS was ground cover usually green.
When lights and not people were SWITCHED on and
OFF, and the PILL might have been what you took
for a cough.
When CAMP meant to quarter outside in a tent,
and POP was what the weasel went.
When GROOVY meant varied with channels and hollows,
and BIRDS were winged creatures like swallows
and robins.
When FUZZ was a substance that is fluffy like lint,
and BREAD came from bakers, not from the Mint.
When SQUARE meant a 90° angle form,
and cool was a temperature not very warm.
When ROLL meant a bun, and ROCK was a stone,
and HANG-UP was something you did on the phone.
When CAT was a feline, a kitten grown up,
and TEA was a liquid you drank from a cup.
When SWINGER was someone who swung on a swing,
and PAD was a soft sort of cushiony thing.
When TOUGH meant too unyielding to chew,
and MAKING A SCENE was a rude thing to do.

Words once so sensible, sober and serious
Are making the freaky scene like PSYCHODELERIUS.
It's GROOVY, MAN, GROOVY, but English it's not,
Methinks that the language has gone to POT.

***** ANONYMOUS *****

CrEDiTs

W_HO_LI_Y sEt Up &

PrIN_tEd bY Us.

(with a little help from our friends)

