

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL



1974

PRINCIPAL'S REPORT

COPY 1

I thought that for a change, I would depart from the usual summary of the school year and instead tell a story.

Did you hear about the two students Idi Ot and Sen Sible? Idi had achieved a very high level in his chosen field. He had managed to be late for school every day and by carefully applying himself, late for at least three or four classes a day as well. He had achieved a high level on littering. It is not easy to avoid 30 rubbish bins but Idi proved it could be done. By not paying attention in class, being as noisy as possible and never doing his homework he had achieved his ambition straight Us. Idi's one disappointment was that some of his cleverest work had never been properly recognised. He had managed to rip off three locker doors and twice had successfully blocked up the toilets, but unfortunately this did not appear on his report card and he never received proper credit for them.

Sen, on the other hand, was by no means as well known as Idi. He was never late for school, always in his classes, worked hard, acted sensibly, scored six Cs and two Bs and was hardly noticed. He was, in fact, just an ordinary, sensible, co-operative student well on his way to being a solid citizen and later a responsible family man.

One day elections were held for a School Leader. To Idi's amazement Sen Sible received over three quarters of the votes. He couldn't understand it. How could that nondescript be elected School Leader? He was only honest, respected, hardworking and sensible. He never did a single notorious thing by which he could become well-known. Idi could run rings around him for that. Idi and the Ot supporters felt they had been let down.

In due time, both Sen Sible and Idi Ot were ready to leave school. Sen had always wanted to work in a bank and when the manager saw his report book and school references he jumped at the chance to get him. Idi, however, found his qualifications of unpunctual, lazy, disruptive and unreliable not so eagerly sought after. Finally, he found a job, but the boss failed to appreciate his talents for being late and getting out of work and soon he was looking for a job again.

Today Sen is manager of one of the branches of his bank. He is happily married, the Sible family are popular in the country town where they live, and Sen is active in a good many community organisations. It would be nice to report that Idi overcame his early problems, but I am afraid it is not so. He is more often unemployed than employed, and life is pretty difficult.

It makes you think, doesn't it?

PRINCIPAL

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

DEPUTY PRINCIPALS

A. T. McPharlin B.A., Dip. Ed.

D. T. Barrett B.A., Dip. T.

R. F. Kite B. Sc., Dip. T., Dip. Ed.

SENIOR STAFF

D. J. Andrew B.Sc.

D. J. Barter Dip. T.

B. J. Cookson B.A., Dip. T.

R. G. Hilton B.Sc. (Hons.)

F. J. Lee Dip. T.

P. R. Needle A.U.A. (P.E.)

J. R. Walton Dip. T.

K. M. Drawing B.A.

M. F. Peters B.A., Dip. Ed.

B. J. Strawbridge B.A., Dip. Ed.

P. M. Symons Dip. T.

STAFF

A. P. Abraham B.A. (till Sept.)

J. J. Aistrope

W. Barrett M.A., Dip. Ed

M. J. Butcher B.Sc.

A. N. Carr Dip. T., F.R.N.S.

N. M. Cavuto B.Sc.

G. B. Cornish B.Sc.

A. L. Curtis Dip. T.

E. G. DeGooyer B.Sc. (Hons.)

W. W. Einthal

W. B. Garrett (from April)

D. M. Hancock B.Sc. Dip. T.

N. F. Hardie Dip. T., Dip. P.E.

T. L. Hoggatt B.A., T.C.

C. E. Hopkins R.D.A., R.D.A.T.

A. L. Jacobs B.A., Dip. Ed

P. Lehmann B.Sc. Dip.T.

Y. P. Lim B.Ag.Sc.

B. J. Letcher B.A. (Hons.) (from June)

E. G. McDonnell Dip. T.

W. J. Michelson B.Sc. (Eng.) M.B.A.

(from March)

D. R. Miller B.Sc., M.Ed.

J. W. Miller B.A.

M. J. Moore B.A. (from June)

I. A. Norton

P. J. Reuter B.A. (Hons.), Dip. Ed.

D. F. Sandford B.A., T.C.

I. R. Smerd Dip. T. (from June)

B. L. Andrew Dip P.E. (late Sept.)

A. L. Ash B.A. (Hons.) (till May)

A. M. Brewerton

J. K. Burgess (till July)

C. E. Camac Dip. T. (Art)

C. A. Coutts B.A., Dip. Ed.

J. L. Degnan

P. J. Goonan B.Sc. (Hons.)

M. F. Gray

J. M. Kernich B.A., Dip. Ed.

C. Laycock Dip. T. (from Sept.)

J. M. Lee B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (from Sept.)

K. E. Logan B.Sc.

C. G. Mazzeo B.A., Dip. Ed.

Y. E. Mole

C. M. More B.A., Dip. T.

R. L. Nethercott (from July)

D. K. Orr B.A. (till Sept.)

D. J. Pearson Dip. T.

W. S. Picken A.L.A.A.

M. M. Pointer

A. Pyrpassopoulos B.Sc. (till May)

P. J. Rees Dip. T. A.U.A. (P.E.)

K. M. Sgro Dip. T.

M. V. Shaw (till June)

U. M. Smith B.A., Dip. Ed.

E. K. Smyth (till May)

J. Stewart Dip. T.

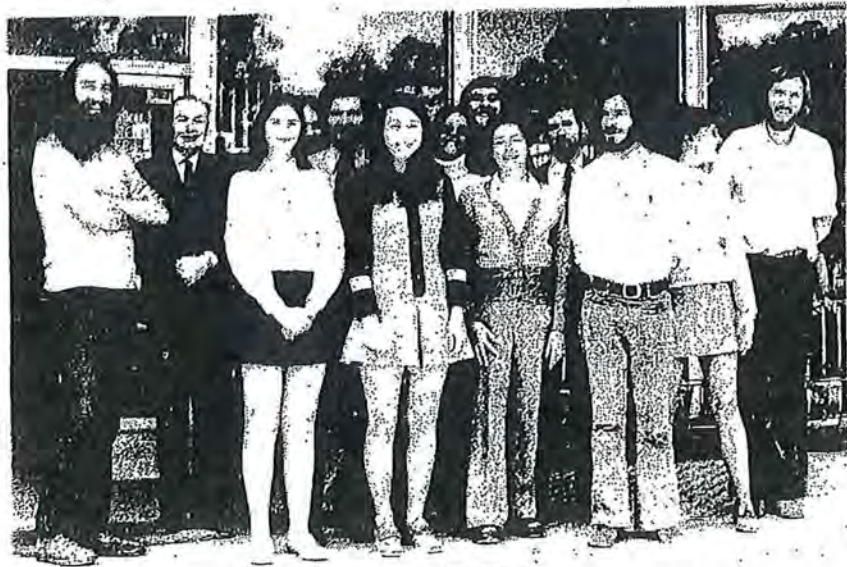
G. Vaughan B.A. Dip. Soc. St.

ANCILLARY STAFF

R. Hamms
A. Culley
L. Decelis
J. Duldig
G. Dunbar
B. Foster
M. Fuller
J. Harbord
C. Mahoney
J. Sayer
G. Skinner
D. Snow
M. Taylor

Bursar
Teacher's Aide
Lab. Asst.
Office Asst.
Caretaker
Storeman/Handyman
Lab. Asst.
Office Asst.
Teacher's Aide
Lab Asst.
Office Asst. (Lib.)
Groundman
Office Asst.







377



SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL

STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL REPORT

It has been my pleasure in 1974 to be President of the Senior S.R.C. I can confidently say that in my long association with the S.R.C., that this has been its most successful year.

This year began with the now traditional S.R.C. camp, held this time at Tatachilla Lutheran Camp, so as to familiarize the increased number of new members with meeting procedure. It was also at this camp that the Senior S.R.C. office bearers were elected, those being Scott Taylor, Treasurer, Leon Barmuta, Secretary, Marcia Forbes, Vice President, and Paul Turner as President. Also at the camp, the different sub committees of the S.R.C. were duly elected.

The first major function the S.R.C. undertook was the end of term social, and to the credit of the social committee it was an overwhelming success. The second term began with unusual vigour as both junior and senior S.R.C.s held a record number of meetings. The first function undertaken that term was done in conjunction with Mr. McKerlie, this being careers days, where the senior S.R.C. acted as host for the different career advisers. Towards the end of second term the S.R.C. was busily involved in the organization of Activities Day, which includes Miss S.H.S. Junior Social and the Senior Ball. Each class was responsible for the organization of fund raising activities which ranged from food stalls to novelty stalls. During these two days a record amount of \$1,656 was raised. It is here that I feel, that a mention should be made to the MATRICULATION STUDENTS who raised \$222.80 and to 3S1 who raised \$170.19. Anne Kennewell was judged Miss Salisbury High School 1974 and Karen Wood Miss Junior Salisbury High School. Both the junior social and the senior Ball (which are now traditional events for this time of the year) were enormous successes.

The next major task to face the S.R.C. was how to spend the money raised during activities days. The S.R.C. after a considerable amount of deliberation decided upon spending the money in the following ways:-

- 1) \$200 to Maths. Dept.
- 2) \$400 to camp site improvements
- 3) \$50 to Chess Club
- 4) \$150 to Audio Visual Aids
- 5) \$100 to Reading Room
- 6) \$60 to Electronic kits
- 7) \$120 to Geog. Dept. for purchase of a barograph.

Of the few remaining tasks of the S.R.C., the allocation of S.R.C. Merit Awards took priority and these will be presented today. To conclude this year's activities the S.R.C. has organized an end of year social to round off a good year.

CAIRNS HOUSE REPORT

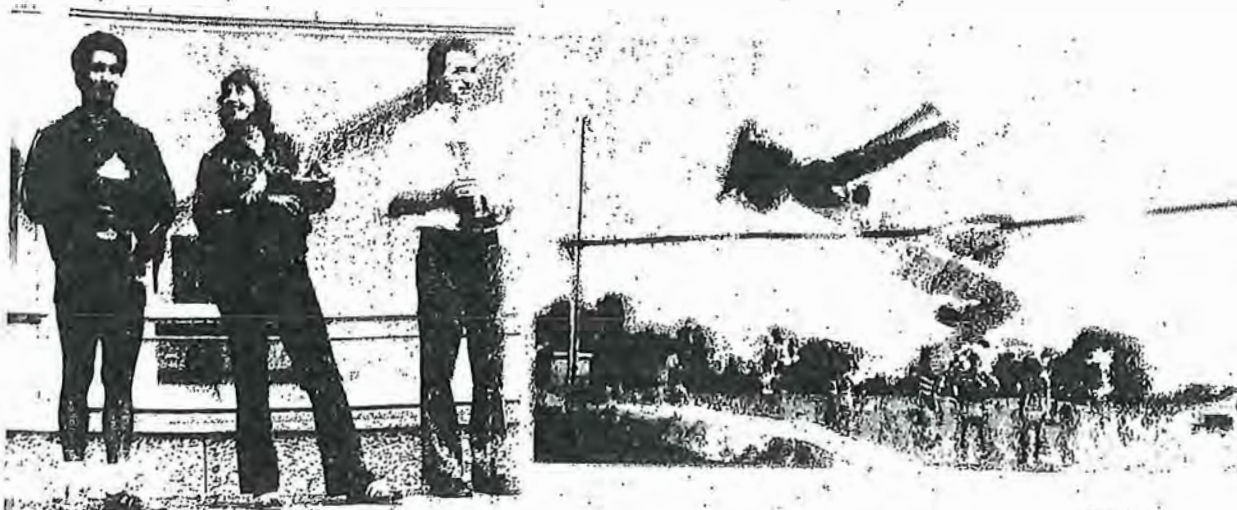
Cairns have had a good year in 1974, right from the start, by coming a close third to Mawson who gained second position in the Swimming Carnival and we had one Cup Winner, J. Strang. However, we showed our heightened form when we gained top position, with no worries, in the Athletics Day. It was no wonder we won as we had five Cup Winners, Linda McLeod, David Marrone, P. Scott, I. Cienciala and Jim McLeod, and our congratulations go to each of them. Also in the sporting field, Cairns came in first in the Winter House Matches, and we extend our gratitude to the Staff organizers and those who took time to umpire.

Academically, Cairns have done very well in scoring points through the assessments. In our first assessment, we were positioned second, but in the following assessments, the second and third, we came first. We also showed our community spirit by leading the other Houses in raising the most money for charity purposes.

We could not have done so well without the house spirit of all those who participated, and even small participation was a big help towards our top position.

It was not as easy for us to "breeze" in our wins, as it may sound, as the competition between the Houses was very keen and we believe, of a good standard. Our thanks go to the other Houses for their efforts and competition, and we also thank the Staff, especially the P.E. Staff, who organized all sporting events and those who did various jobs, such as keeping record of all the House Points. We can only hope that Cairns will have as good a year in 1975 as we have in 1974.

JIM McLEOD
KATHY THOMAS



FLOREY HOUSE REPORT

This year has not been one of Florey's greatest years; yet, it has not been without merit. In the Swimming Carnival we did not do terribly well, however, those who did enter did so, with great enthusiasm, particularly amongst the boys. We did fare a little better in the Athletics, coming in third. Florey did, however, perform extremely well in the academic field, where several times we headed the House Points list.

In the middle of the year we lost our two House Captains, Karen Abbott and Paul Mersh, who had done a valiant effort in attempting to instil some enthusiasm. However, they were replaced by equals in Rhonda Velcheff and Brian Kelty.

On the whole, there have been better years for Florey, but we hope that those who follow us will restore the traditional good spirit and sportsmanship we are renowned for.

A. TILLY
A. KENNEWELL



Many of you may be thinking that this is all very well but what has the S.R.C. done for me. In answering the question quickly the Social Committee this year has been very active in the organization of a number of socials and non-uniform days, for the student benefit. We can again claim a record for the number of socials held this year in comparison with any other year, but we must not be complacent as there is still room for improvement. Although we can say that all the social functions this year have been a success, the attendances are still a disappointing aspect. The communication between the students and the S.R.C. has in general improved, but still classes can be found that don't really care and subsequently on those Day 6s when discussion is held, the period is wasted. I would also like to see the student-teacher relationship improved as it has done this year, and hopefully it will continue in the same vein in future years. The junior and senior S.R.C. relationship which has been in the past somewhat shaky has strengthened, and if it continues in this way will be a strong point of future S.R.C.s.

Among other matters concerning student welfare, the S.R.C. arranged with the Principal to have a step at the canteen drinks and icecream servery; a new recording of the school hymn made, to have the forms painted, for new sports uniforms to be purchased and that power points and heaters be supplied in the study areas. We made recommendations concerning the extra curricular activities we wished to see in the school. We discussed and discarded the ideas of a student telephone, and towels and driers in the toilets. We tried for but were unsuccessful in getting airconditioning in the library and shelters between the transportables. These are just some of the items that have occupied the Student Council during the year.

During this year there have been many people who have helped S.R.C. and should not go unrecognized. The three staff reps. on the S.R.C., Mr. Kite, Mr. McKerlie and Mr. McDonnell for their undaunted help. Mr. Wass who in conjunction with an S.R.C. sub committee helped make activities days the success it was. To the Bursar, Mr. Hanns, who helped in much of the organization undertaken by the S.R.C.

In concluding I would like to thank the S.R.C. representatives and my executive for their consistent efforts this year.

I would like to wish every success to Salisbury High School and the Student Representative Council in 1975.

OLIPHANT HOUSE REPORT

1974 has been a successful year for the members of the OLIPHANT House, much of this was due to Delma Neale's efforts at the beginning of the year, so we would like to take this opportunity of saying "Thanks, Delma."

We started this year with a fantastic first in the Swimming Carnival. Our thanks go to those who participated and scored points for our House, even though they knew they had no chance of winning. We offer our congratulations to those who did win, in particular to our three Cup winners - D. Clements, C. Ryan and D. Neale.

Again on Sports Day, we did well, coming a close second to Cairns. We didn't win, but we sure had them trembling in their track shoes! This time we had two cup winners - J. Reynolds and C. Ryan, congratulations to you both, and to all the "triers:" keep it up, and keep trying, its the only way to win.

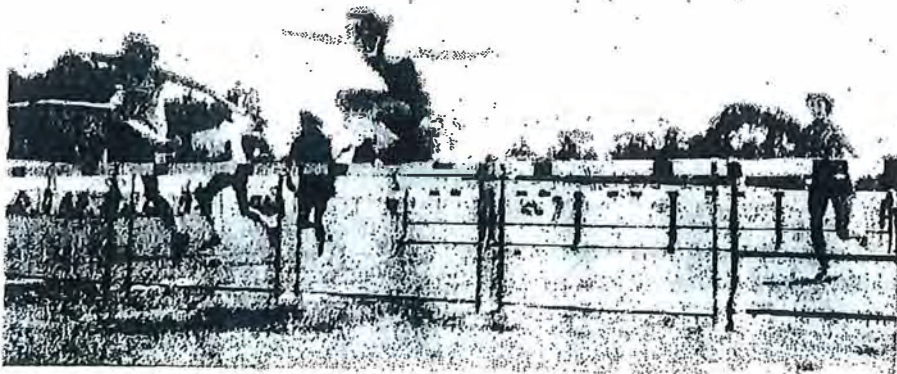
During the second term, we maintained our fine sporting record when we finished equal second with Mawson in the House Matches.

And now least, and certainly least, we come to our academic record - some things are not worth mentioning, so I'll say nothing except maybe we'll do better next year.

Also regarding Charities Days, it seems we are as poverty stricken as we're dumb, again we must strive for an improvement next time. So go to it all you Oliphant members, let's make 1975 a successful year in ALL SPHERES.

Thanks to you all for all the tremendous support you have given to us House Captains, and my very special thanks? go to Mark Hewish, who should be here right now helping me with this report, but who is conspicuous by his absence!

SIAN BRIDGES
MARK HEWISH



DEAR MAWSON!

We see your colour is green with envy. What put it there, we wonder? Was it the incredible degree of apathy amongst the exceptionally sports-minded students (sarcasm, sarcasm), or was it the wonderful effort made by the select few who were enough keen to run, swim and play for their banner?

In past years, Mawson has always done very well in displaying the members of its house as very enthusiastic scholars and sportsmen and women. Admittedly as the rival teams, but this was only because of the higher standard of competition displayed by them. This year there was no really outstanding team in any sports or academic field if all house members were taken into account and not only those who showed their enthusiasm during the great Sports and Swimming Carnivals. The only reason Mawson did so poorly was because Mawson seems to have a very apathetical majority compared with the ratio of enthusiasts and apathetical persons in the other teams.

Sometimes, we, the House Captains, Robin Heath and Karin Pieper, wonder whether we didn't try hard enough to arouse and stimulate the OLD Mawson spirit into life again. A Captain can do no more though at House meetings to describe the situation and coming events and try and arouse enthusiasm in a crowd of boys and girls whose main interest is what they are going to do on the weekend, or "What will Fred say if he sees me swim for the Carnival or run for Sports Day." "I'll be making a fool of myself," and there are other things we could add appropriately.

To us House-Captains and exceptionally hard-working Vice's - Michelle La Grutta and Brian Hull, and to the Year Reps., the only section of the Mawson House members we could really proudly call "Mawson people" are those who dedicated a little of their time to swim for their house, and run and jump for it, and those who actively participated in the House competitions at lunch-times during both winter and summer. Hardworking scholars are also worthy of a mention because, even though their main aim is to get the best grades as possible for assessments to take home and show Mum and Dad, they also enjoy to see how many points they can scrape together to add to the total for their house. Those who are apathetic in all regards of scholastic values and any active participation in relation to the school are not really worthy to mention as being members of Mawson or in fact any other house.

Perhaps now us House Captains and Vices have shown our reaction to such a pathetic effort by Mawson as a whole rather too bluntly and harshly, but as in one commercial, a quote can be applied to this situation - "Sometimes you have to be cruel to show how much you care". The House Captains and many members of the team care but it is not them that are cruel - it is those who are lazy who are cruel in not helping to achieve a standard for which those who are enthusiastic to be proud of. There is too much inconsideration on the part of many and so much enthusiasm in so few.

Fortunately, there are a number of people whose names are worthy of mention because of outstanding efforts in both Sports and Swimming Carnival participants. Firstly, Yvonne Hull, Jean Simpson, two very good swimmers and pennant or cup winners did very well and Jean has proven herself an excellent sportswoman in all fields of sports and is someone Mawson could really look to and be proud of having in the team. From the boys, two or three boys won cups in the Swimming Carnival - Under 13 - P. Dederichs, Under 15 R. Dederichs and the Vice-Captain, Brian Hull made an excellent effort to try and outshine the Oliphant opponent, Barry Beach, but only just managed to miss out.

In the past few years all Mawson Captains have been soft and almost unconcerned in the team apart from during competition and during the sporting part of the year and recognition has been given to ALL team members. This year is slightly different because the attitude of the students was different.

On behalf of the Captains of Mawson, we thank the Vice's for their wonderful assistance and, of course, the year Reps., and most of all those Mawson kids who were interested in the House and helped get us the few points we did manage to gain. We only sincerely hope that the team will have some new enthusiastic blood injected into them next year with the new first years and maybe the "OLDIES" can stimulate new life.

Last but not least, it is really the duty of our House to congratulate Cairns on their triumph in winning the Shield once again, since under great leadership and successful stimulation and good sportsmen and women and scholars their victory was well deserved.

LET'S SEE IF MAWSON CAN WIN IT BACK NEXT YEAR!!!

.... KARIN PIEPER
ROBIN HEATH

5A



THE JANUARY 1974 GOLD COAST TOUR

Two buses, filled with boisterous Salisbury and Gawler High School students, set off for Tullebridjera Creek National Fitness Camp, Palm Beach, and ten days of fun, sun, sand and tired bodies at 6.00 in the morning on the 14th. By 1.00 p.m., we had reached Mildura and had our first leg stretch and our first meal away from home. On the road to Hay everyone was frantically chewing chewing gum and producing towels and tissues so as to plug the rather numerous holes in the windows to prevent the rain from coming in and flooding us.

Passing through West Wyalong, Forbes, Parkes and Dubbo we drove mainly through torrential rain but the roads were not two feet or so under water as between Hay and West Wyalong. Coonanbran was the breakfast stop. Then came Gunnedah, where the recent floods were now just beginning to recede. Tamworth, Armidale and then Glen Innes. Then came the ranges and for another "fun" filled two or three hours we spent bailing the water out of the buses, chewing gum and producing towels and tissues. Grafton was our last stop and from there through Ballina to Palm Beach. The tired ones went to sleep while some tossed restlessly in uncomfortable bus seats.

4.30 a.m. Queensland time and all's well and asleep after an hour's unwanted job of settling into ten lovely little huts. 8.00 a.m. was breakfast time but, of course, everyone slept in. The beach was at our disposal in the morning, and Tweed Heads and Miami in the afternoon, the beach and river alongside campsite, and campfire in the evening. Next morning, we again invaded the beach, and in the arvo we all invaded Surfers Paradise. Because of rising boredom amongst the kids, the roller skating rink in Miami was invaded after tea, and, of course, the boredom ROLLED away.

The next morning, Friday 18th was our big day - our trip to the Safari Lion Park, Beenleigh, and Brisbane and its grey city sights. (What a hole compared with the well-groomed, park-lined Adelaide). That night all the kids came together as a group in front of a large fire and joined in singing songs with a girl playing the guitar.

Saturday morning, and Sea World was our destination, just outside Surfers. Then we went and admired Australian fauna in a private bird and animal sanctuary where we saw live platypi. After tea, we paid our last visit to Surfers Paradise. The teachers headed for the pub and the kids for the bowling alley, pizza hut and other places of interest. Gilltrap's Auto Museum and the Bird Sanctuary at Coolangatta or Tweed Heads - I don't know, were the main places of interest on our last full day at the camp. That night was also the farewell social for the high school students going on the next day, but a small group of adventure seekers set out to walk around Tullebridjera Mountain to Burleigh Heads; only coming back to camp to find a rowdy campsite. That night everyone slept soundly and had their first solid night's sleep, preparing themselves for the next two sleepless nights ahead of them.

A last minute excursion was made to Miami in search of souvenirs and T shirts, and then there was "OPERATION CLEAN-UP" and unhappy, glum faces from all members of the camp. 4.00 p.m. and 35° C heat saw us off on our way home through Lismore, Casino, Tenterfield and Guyra.

It was amazing to see that nearly everyone slept through the night in the bus. At Coonabarabran we again breakfasted and then went through Parkes and Forbes and at Marsden, due to the excessive heat, we all piled into the swimming pool except for one of S.H.S's buses which broke down somewhere between Parkes and Marsden. (Bad luck, kids!) By 9.00 p.m. we were being mauled by giant mosquitoes in Hay, but a can of Aeroguard saved the day - or nearly did and was sprayed lavishly about the bus and its inhabitants.

Truro was the next day's breakfast stop and here a certain M.H. and G.S. bought shaving cream and talcum powder and just before Gawler, both bus drivers and everybody was smeared with shaving cream, talcum powder and doused with water. What a pungent odour!! By 12.00 noon HOME was reality for most of the kids but for a really great time the combined efforts and enjoyments of the four teachers, the bus drivers and the really great mob of kids, all are to be congratulated.

It was a time of "fun for all and all for fun", and everyone had a great time.

... KARIN PEIPER
ROBIN HEATH

THE ODDBODS ARE COMING

Subtitle Frog Squad

It all happened one sunny afternoon in the middle of winter. A number of unsightly bins appeared around the school and then just sat there like stagnant pools of pollution.

This sight appalled this group of hardworking students who took some pride in this monumental building which stood for education, entertainment and expulsion - (SORRY I BECAME ALL EMOTIONAL) - anyway it disturbed us.

Numerous appeals had been made by a very sincere chap, Noel Atumrab*, but to no avail. Then the "Odd Bods" were formed.

The unsightly bins were kidnapped and then returned as new bins with a coat of plastic surgery. This led to bigger and better things. Odd jobs were devoured at an alarming rate and then we were brought to a standstill as the school was brought into perfect condition.

"Good on us."

This story was the responsibility of the ring leaders of "Odd Bods Anonymous", also the same nut who wrote "Fred".

* Spell it backwards: Ed.

WEST AUSTRALIAN TOUR

We departed Adelaide Airport on the 10.55 flight to Perth. This flight was completely made up of school students. After a pleasant trip over we arrived at Perth Airport at 12.30 a.m. Perth time, which is an hour and a half behind Adelaide time. We met the fourteen other students from Port Lincoln as well as the two bus drivers, Grant Gepp and Steve Henderson. Our group was made up of twenty four kids and three teachers, who were Mr. and Mrs. Symons and Miss Penny Mountzouris.

After a hectic night at Orange Grove Caravan Park, we had breakfast, and proceeded on our tour of the City of Perth. We went to King's Park, Legacy Lookout as well as many of the city's landmarks. We were allowed to look around and go shopping. That night we were taken to Perth's bowling alley. Next morning, we prepared to go on our day trip to Rottnest Island. We arrived at the dock at 8.30 a.m. where we boarded the launch, Temeraire II. The trip to Rottnest Island was a two hour trip through Freemantle and out in the Indian Ocean. Apart from some cases of sea sickness, the trip was very pleasant. Most of the kids were on the upper deck and in the bow of the Temeraire II. At the Island we could hire boats, bikes, or a horse. Also you could take a trip in a glass-bottomed boat. That night we went to see the city lights, also we went window shopping.

Next day we proceeded on our way with six new passengers from Taperoo High. We spent the day travelling through small towns such as Bunbury, Busselton and Yallingup. That night we walked the streets, and enjoyed sleeping in wet sleeping bags and leaky tents at Margaret River. Next day we travelled some more. That night we had a bush camp which was a lot of fun. The morning after we went to the caves and to the "Valley of the Giants", where we talked to a group of pensioners on a trip.

The next main stop was Albany, where we spent two days. On the first day we went into the township and looked around. That afternoon a group went and played golf and another group went back to the town and messed around and some went to the beach. That night after tea we went and played five-a-side against the "Kangas" who were a local team. After wards we went to the drive-in. When we came back, we had milo or coffee to drink and went to bed and slept in leaky tents again. At 8.30 a.m. next morning we left to go to the Whaling Station. When we arrived the workers were in the process of cutting up a small sperm whale. After this we went to see the Gap and the Natural Bridge.

We departed for Esperance. We travelled through Ravensthorpe. When we arrived at Esperance, we went to Esperance Shire Council Caravan Park where we would spend that night. That night we were allowed to go into town or stay at camp. In the morning we went to the look-out, and then we prepared to go on a thousand mile journey across the Nullarbor Plain to Port Lincoln and then to Adelaide.

We came across the Nullarbor when it was dark. We passed towns such as Eucla and Ceduna. When we arrived at Ceduna we were checked for fruit. We arrived at Port Lincoln at about 4.00 p.m. after a full day's travel.

After saying "Goodbye" to all the great kids from Port Lincoln, we came home via Whyalla, Port Augusta and Port Pirie. We arrived at the ridiculous hour of 3 a.m.

I think this trip was very good and that there should be many more.

THE SEA

The white horses galloping
Hither and thither,
Crashing against a surprised rock,
Hungriily devouring,
A lone ship is swallowed
In the hungry jaws of the sea,
Menacingly,
Gaining revenge on any careful
inhabitants.

"I'll get my revenge!" the sea roars,
And the words are drowned
With a mournful cry,
Thunderous,
A piece of paper,
Lays upon the sand,
After a tiring journey,
And is lifted with ease into the air,
Like a ball that is picked up by
A small boy,
Who carelessly, playfully tosses
The contents of his small sweaty palms
in the air.
A solitary willow,
Stretches itself to the direction of
the wind,
And sorrowfully creaks,
As its aching body is tortured.

The sea,
Tiring of this game,
Develops a new character,
Tranquility, silence and gentleness,
A game of whispering,
Peaceful.

The sun,
No longer looks upon,
A cruel world,
Overflowing with hate and bitterness,
It is a calm, vast green infinity,
The sun comes out of hiding,
Gleaming once more,
Warming,
Playful patter of feet upon the sand,
Happy
All is well,
Cheerful.

JAYNE TIBBENHAM

Peter Chambers, 401, represented Salisbury High School at the JACEES PUBLIC SPEAKING Competition, "Youth Speaks for Australia" at the Port Adelaide Town Hall on the 23rd August, 1974. His close second was encouraging and we hope will inspire others to compete in future years.

Public speaking and debating are not to everybody's taste, thus those students who helped make Peter a representative instead of a volunteer by competing in elimination rounds are to be highly commended. Leon Barmuta, 5W, and Stephen Ames, 106, both spoke well in the final round at the School Assembly at which Peter was chosen to represent the School. Many thanks to staff members' encouragement and participation in arrangements.



SCHOOL PERSONALITIES

- A - Ambition
- P.D. - Probable destination
- F.S. - Favourite saying
- APP. - Appearance
- I. - Idol

oooooooo

B O Y S

PAUL TURNER

- A - To be on \$60,000 a year
- P.D. - Unemployment benefits
- F.S. - "Cookie Boy"
- APP - Typical Australian chauvanist
- I - Belinda Green

CHRIS JONES

- A - Anything
- P.D. - Nothing
- F.S. - "That's nice that is"
- APP - Joe Cool
- I - Abebe Bikila

SCOTT TAYLOR

- A - Motocross rider
- P.D. - Flag Marshal
- F.S. - "Hot Dog"
- APP - Beyond all reasoning
- I - Roger De Coster

BARRY BEACH

- A - P.E. teacher
- P.D. - Sex maniac
- F.S. - "Nup"
- APP - Lady Killer
- I - Johnny Farnham

WAYNE DAVIS

- A - Wimbledon
- P.D. - Ball Boy
- F.S. - "Let's not be common"
- APP - Devastating
- I - John Newcombe

JIM McLEOD

- A - Farmer
- P.D. - Pulling up weeds
- F.S. -
- APP - "Sexy Legs"
- I - Ron Clarke

ALAN ELDRIDGE

A - Own a Munch 1200
P.D. - Honda 90
F.S. - Fredy Teddy
APP - Thug like
I - Bryan Ferry

ROGER THOMAS

A - Good athlete
P.D. - The P.Js.
F.S. - "Cheekey Monkey"
APP - Bloodshot eyes and shaky hands
I - Nelson Eddy

LEON BARMUTA

A - To be a garbage tin
P.D. - A garbage bag
F.S. - "Jelly Beans"
APP - Phillis Dylor of S.H.S.
I - Spiderman

CHAS. DECELIS

A - Doctor
P.D. - Psychiatric patient
F.S. - Cocee Cobber
App - Short and rowdy
I - Wilt the Stilt

G I R L S

ANNE KENNEWELL

A - To become Evonne Goolagong the second
P.D. - Social tennis on Sundays
F.S. - "How do I hate thee, let me count thy ways"
App - Petite, tanned brunette
I - Elvis (Sorry Mr. Hardie)

KATHY THOMAS

A - P.E. Teacher
P.D. - School cleaner
F.S. - "You know".
App - Bundle of joy, crying on the inside
I - Fat Cat

KARIN PIEPER

A - Medical Tech.
P.D. - Street cleaner
F.S. - "Aw Gee".
App - Tall decisive blonde
I - Great Gatsby

SIAN BRIDGES

- A - Cook
- P.D. - Dish washer
- F.S. - "I don't even care"
- App - Trim, barrel of laughs, brunette
- I - David Essex

MARCIA FORBES

- A - Prime Minister
- P.D. - Pres. Ladies Auxiliary
- F.S. - "Hi, Poopsy"
- App - "The Mind Boggles"
- I - Greg. Chappell

CATHY HANKS

- A - Dental Therapist
- P.D. - Toothache
- F.S. - "G'day Mate"
- App - Cute and cheeky
- I - Bucky Beaver

GAIL MEW

- A - Occupational Therapist
- P.D. - Ordinary
- F.S. - "Fiddle Faddle"
- App - A blue-eyed blonde that laughs a lot
- I - Robert Redford

LINDA McLEOD

- A - Get out of 4th Year
- P.D. - Professional 4th Year
- F.S. - "EH!"
- App - Appealing to all Scots
- I - Petra Rivers (Champion Javelin Thrower)

MICHELLE LA GRUTTA

- A - Concert Pianist
- P.D. - First triangle in Salvation Army
- F.S. - "Rough"
- App - Small and explosive
- I - Elton John

THE SUN AND SUNSET

The great fire Lord
Sits, shining, shimmering in the sky,
Like a king guarding his kingdom.
The sky around like, the colours of
a child's colouring book,
Pink, purple, orange, grey and blue.
Then suddenly,
It disappears and its silvery cousin,
Takes up its duties
Till the morning, when it rises,
In all its magnificence and glory.

FIRST TERM SOCIAL

The first term social, held on Tuesday 30th April at 7.30 p.m., was one of the most successful functions ever held by the students of Salisbury High. Approximately 400 students of Salisbury High, and a number of staff, shook, shivered and even jitter-bugged, for nearly 4 hours, and even the sceptics seemed to enjoy themselves.

A great deal of hard work and time came to fruition that night. Many, many people deserve thanks, and Cathy Hanks deserves a special mention for her efforts in beating people down from prices out of our reach, to enable the S.R.C. to make a profit on the night.

The night was highlighted by a "Treasure Hunt" for a ball ticket, and for those of you who didn't find it, it was under a table upstairs. Four very lucky people were awarded with records for answering difficult questions, and "Tubular Bells" was awarded to Julie Decelis for a lucky number, although our President would have done anything to get it himself.

Those of us who attended are indebted to 10 very hard-working bags of wind, who blew up nearly 150 balloons, only to see them destroyed at 11.30, along with the decorations. The night was made even more enjoyable by the presence of the staff members who came along and enjoyed themselves.

All of these ingredients, along with the talents of "Brass Carnival" made up the recipe for a most enjoyable night out.

M. FORBES

5W

THE

OCTOPUS

..... KERSTIN LIEBETRAU

2S4

This sea mollusc,
Having eight long arms projecting
from a saclike body,
Grasps and holds its prey with its
suckers.
Selfishly and greedily it devours
its prey,
With eyes watching out for intruders.
Suddenly it menacingly awaits its
next victim.

THE SKY

A stretch of blue infinity,
a cloudless quiet stream,
with all its glory reigns the highest.
A twittering object
glides freely,
the sky's the limit
The Sun shines,
with all her majesty and splendour,
to quietly die,
Spreading dancing lights across the sea,
her fingers of many colours
stretch
And taint the world with an array
of light
to let it know her end is near
A flash!
A roar!
It smells like thunder
Black clouds angrily pushing
and shoving,
Like Saturday morning crowds
in cities.
A thunderous word,
An almighty roar,
A tremendous flash of
piercing light
That briefly adorns the world,
lighting up the tiniest corner.
All is quiet,
A silent whisper
from the thunderous voice,
The war is won.
There is a feeble flash,
Like the flames struggling
in the lanterns of the
weary lamp-lighters
To fight for existence.
'Tis ended
The sun appears,
A beautiful semi-circle of
colour
Happily shines in glory.
The drizzle of rain
no longer seems monotonous,
They are now beautiful drops
of colour.
As the rain stops,
life is stirring in the shelters
of many.
The birds sing
with a clear, crisp melody,
quietly drinking in the pools
of offering.
Everything looks fresh and clean,
Mother Nature's bath,
A new coat for the old earth.

MACCLESFIELD FOR BEGINNERS

"Where do we go from there?" screamed the bus driver in near hysteria as we rocketed past a sign reading "Macclesfield".

"Left", said Mr. Andrews, with complete confidence.

As we cornered I personally thought that we came very close to the speed of light; there were all kinds of screams of agony from the little kiddies in the back as large particles of matter (known locally as luggage) zapped into their scrawny little bodies at ultra high speed.

"Macclesfield Congregational Conference Centre". Well, that's what the sign called this collection of dilapidated hovels.

"O.K.," said Norm. Jones. "The joke's off. Where's the real camp?"

"This is it, Norm.," said Mr. Walton with a sadistic little giggle as he carted off 12 metric tonnes of saveloys. (You'll hear more of the saveloys later).

Leon then went on a tour of what were laughingly called the dorms. "All mod-cons.," thought Leon to himself, "They've even got bunks".

I staked out my claim on a particularly unsavoury example of pre-historic bedroom furniture next to the dreaded left foot of Jim McLeod.

The next event worthy of any mention was supper. Norman Jones gained a Merit Award in Leaving Chemistry and consequently regarded it as being his duty to carry out all sorts of devilish experiments on the pea soup.

"Wanna slice of soup?" asked the Eldridge (a 77 tonne Matric, worthy of mention because of his 77 tonne bearing).

"No thanks", mumbled Leon.

The lamb chops were obviously synthesised either out of vast numbers of dead jellybeans or out of the remains of a horse that had miraculously disappeared from a next door paddock.

"Where's the camp dog?" asked Leon with sudden concern. By way of an answer the Eldridge pointed significantly to a scrawny piece of hairy carbohydrate occupying 3 squmm of Annette Tilly's plate of dessert was canned fruit; need I say more?

Leon and his "friends" did washing up (not voluntarily, I assure you).

"Thanks for doing the washing, Leon," said Wayne Davis.

"Uh?" said Leon

Mr. Andrews then gave some helpful advice on how to boil one's hands off, while Paul Turner suggested that I try placing some detergent in the water.

"You can do those too!" said Miss Degnan handing me some particularly unsavoury metal crucibles obviously used by the evil Count Norman Jones.

"Uh?", said Leon, still in a state of dazed bewilderment at this sudden rise to unanimous popularity.

Well, we kinda sorta zapped through the washing up (one "Zap" being a unit of Macclesfield Standard Time equivalent to 2½ earth hours) and got all padded up in warm clothing to face an after dark trek

The first night of a camp is always fun (I use the term "fun" in its losést sense) and the boys and girls are kept in separate dorms. Things, of course, all start off at the initiative of one person - James McLeod's left foot.

KLUNK! . KLUNK! "Are you awake Leon?", said the Jim

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!" whines the unsung hero and author of this story.

Situated on the other side of Leon is the Eldridge, 77 tonnes on an upper bunk bearing down on a frightened Steve Cannon.

"WAKE UP, LEON!", screams the Eldridge.

Now my co-Goon show fans, Robin Heath and Ned Wright join in with impressions of Neddy Seagoon, Eccles and Moriarity. Count Norm. Jones beats time with his army boots as Chris. Jones clambers naked into his sleeping bag to the tune of repeated proposals of marriage from Wayne Davis and (fanfare) Paul Turner.

Now come the sick jokes jeez, were they ever SICK! Rugby songs and crude adaptations of Mick Jagger's "Angie" are heard straining through a large lump of Eldridge.

"How about some sleep?" comes a desperate plaintive voice from a sleepy wrecked Mr. Andrews. He HAD to be joking.

At 2.13 a.m. the Eldridge stirred from his slumber.

"Jeez! Can't sleep in this hole".

"Nor me", said K. Bruce Rolph.

"Hey Norm, you can't sleep either can you?" said a sleeping bag disguised as David Ellis.

"What", said Norm. "No, I can't."

"ARGH, GO TO SLEEP", screams Paul, weakly.

"I can't sleep", announces Norm., placing his army boots on his feet. "Let's go get some coffee". Exit Tribe plus a very noisy pair of army boots. KLUNK, STOMP, TRIP, KLUNK, STOMP.

4:30 a.m. a cold draught hails the re-entry of a pair of army boots and the tribe KLUNK TRIP STOMP KLUNK STOMP.

"Hey, look! There's Jupiter," says Count Norm. Jones.

"Why me, God? Please!" whimpered Leon.

Breakfast actually resembled food that morning, You can't burn cornflakes.

Lively discussion about Matrics. and the rest of the School was followed by LUNCH. This time Yours Truly plus mob gets sucked in. Everyone manages to do something right even Paul Turner can slice fritz with a knife. Everyone excluding your hero of course.

"Can't you even cut celery up?" asks a dismayed Miss Degnan.

"Wot's celery?", answers Hero Leon.

After 24 Matrics and one Biology Teacher received treatment for food poisoning caused by faulty celery cutting we all have a soccer game on the famous Macclesfield Oval. Bruiser Barmuta nearly smashes in on own goal, while Twinkletoes Turner uses some language that is contrary to Standing Orders. Bruiser Barmuta noted for the smallest ever transfer fee (12 cents and a packet of "Weeties" to go to Mudgee United) played a spectacular game and was insulted by no less than 12 fellow players, the most popular printable saying being "WHAT ARE YA?"

Supper ... Paul Turner and myself fled to the fish and chip shop to find that they didn't cook fish and chips after 5 p.m. Paul Turner and myself returned to camp with a heavy sense of foreboding about the semi-frozen hamburgers that were being mercilessly tortured on the stove by a collection of matriculation sadists.

That night we had a visitor from civilization in the form of our much beloved (hem hem) Headmaster. Mr. Martin brought along his vast slide collection of his recent trip overseas and some pretty incredible tales of cheap Mustangs (the four wheeled variety) and of an American school where they have a permanent armed security guard just to control the dear little kiddies (and I thought our First Years were bad!). Anyway the evening turned out to be an absorbing experience. Ah yes, that evening also marked the debut of that luscious, ravishing, sexy 18 year-old tart, Richard Wiechec (alias Robyn Walton, the drag star of the Miss S.H.S. Quest). Mr. Martin was at a bit of a loss and so was the camp dog (named Deefa as in D for Dog

The next day marked the temporary departure of large numbers of assorted kiddies who wanted to play barbarian sports like footy and netball etc. etc. etc. The day was passed quietly kicking the teeth of a football in. In the afternoon one had a choice - play baseball or go for a long walk led by the courageous McBeod's left foot and Miss McPharlin. Out set the intrepid few to hunt for a town called Gemmels. We lost it and decided to return. Upon we returning we found Mr. Kite and his footballing offsprings making Leon's footy efforts look spectacularly pathetic.

That night various broken footballing bodies returned, with trnasport companions just in time not to sample the dreaded Macclesfield saveloys. "Ho! Ho! I ate well when I got home," chuckled Paul Turner or some other sadistic twerp that giggled profusely as I attempted to cram twelve of the dreadful, bloated little pink things down his throat (sideways). While my stomach was howling in agony, preparations were made for the movie
..."A Man Called Horse", a particularly gory film that kept on

breaking when we got to the juicy bits (rats!)

Ho, hum! so we came to the last day (sob).. Tears were not shed for the prospect of departing dear sweet Macclesfield (The town that gets stolen away everynight on a tray-top truck and is returned before dawn by some unknown idiot).. Tears were shed for what was for breakfast ... and lunch yes! the saveloys, boiled saveloys, stewed saveloys, barbequed saveloys, pink saveloys, white saveloys, round saveloys, square saveloys, bits of saveloys in your milo God they were everywhere. What twisted mind inflicted us dear sweet kiddies with the horrible images of man's inhumanity to his own stomach!

So to you Macclesfield, with your 3 inch camp dog, two public houses and 29 metric tonnes of randy saveloys violated in a special breeding centre we bid thee Goodbye.

..... THE LEON 5A



THE MYSTERIOUS LIGHT

It all started, I suppose, when electricity was introduced into lighthouses that bordered many a coast or island around the world. I am going to tell you of one particular lighthouse, called the Roughest Edge Boat Saviour or the R.E.B.S. Many people still don't believe the only explanation to the mystery, but, many did and still do after they had seen it happen themselves.

It all began after all the lighthouses, except R.E.B.S.'s had turned to electricity. R.E.B.S. was run by an old man by the name of "Sealight" - Robert Sealight - and his lighthouse was five or six years out-of-date, with no electricity or any of those other modern facilities. Everyone said he was to be "thrown" out and replaced by one of those even newer lightbulbs, the ones that turned on and off by themselves. This, of course, made Robert mad and he swore he'd never leave the lighthouse in a million years under any circumstances. Well everyone, who had no sense, laughed at this and said he'd need food and clothing if he was going to stay up there. So they got out a contribution of food and clothing for him, but added that he still wouldn't last on what they had given him anyway. But the elder ones knew he could and would, because they knew his (indoor) garden, his cow and the fish that he caught could keep him alive. A few weeks later, the Inspector of Lighthouses heard of this old-fashioned lighthouse, so he decided to visit the old building. This news reached Old Sealight in a few days, so he set about barring up the lighthouse so he could talk to the Inspector from a distance.

The Inspector came and was very kind about it telling him that he was to leave and he would be replaced by one of those new on and off automatic lights. At this the crowd, that had rowed over on the calm day, yelled rude words at the Inspector until kindly he told them he intended to let Old Sealight stay because he hated any such thing as throwing out an old man, when he had no place to go.

A few years later Old Sealight passed away. Ten years after his death the automatic light did not go on or off, and so on that night darkness filled the dangerous cove. There was no moonlight. Everything was quiet. Then out of the darkness came a honk. It was the horn of a ship, reaching out into darkness for help. It neared the dangerous cove, closer, closer, closer until, suddenly, the light of the lighthouse shone. It wasn't the light of the automatic, it was the light of a kerosene lamp shining, not on and off, but continuously on all the time.

The people on the shores who gathered hearing the distressing, violent but hopeful call of the ship, mumbled about this strange light ... And to this day, this strange light still shines when the other is out. And everyone says it's the ghost of Sealight keeping his promise.

... SANDRA BALL

OUR NEW CRAFT BLOCK

On the 1st October this year, the re-designed and extended boys' craft centre was opened and used. The existing woodwork centre was modified by the removal of the internal walls, removal of the wooden floor (replaced by concrete) and extended sixteen feet each end and approximately forty feet out from the middle part to form a "T" shaped block with a total floor area of 5,900 squ.ft.

While waiting for the building to be completed, students, accompanied by craft teachers, "bussed" to neighbouring schools, Fremont High School and Smithfield Plains High School. Our craft facilities were out of action for over twelve months, which has limited our students in their practical application of theoretical knowledge.

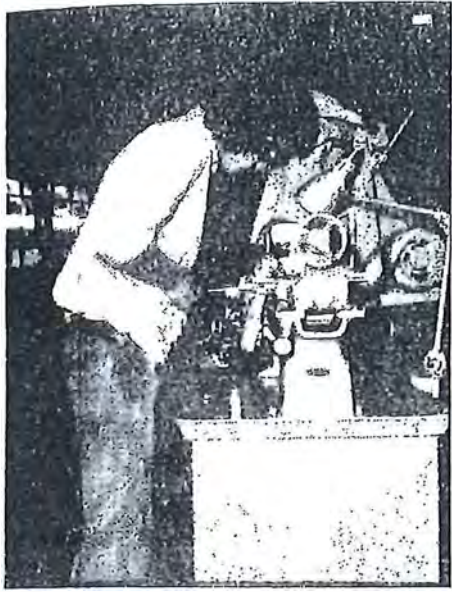
The building was well worth waiting, and waiting, and waiting for. It was built on modern educational ideas (flexible space teaching) with one huge area of virtually no partitions or walls (apart from storage and welding areas) to accommodate three crafts - Woodwork, Metalwork and Plastics - and a maximum of sixty students at once.

The equipment and machinery is both modern and abundant. There are 3 wood and 3 metal lathes, a power hacksaw, 3 drills (2 post and 1 cupboard type), 3 emery wheels, 2 bandsaws, 2 circular saws (1 watercooled for plastics), 2 buffs, 1 compressor, 1 6" planer, 1 12½" thicknesser, 1 Plastics heating oven, 1 spray booth, 1 sheetmetal guillotine, 2 rollers, 1 metal shear, 1 burring machine, 1 blow moulding table, 6 gas welding hearths, 2 electric welding machines, 1 spot welder plus numerous new benches etc. etc.

In less than a month since moving into the flexible space area, the craft teachers (assisted by Mr. Foster only recently) have done wonders in racking tools and generally fitting the whole area out for efficient teaching. My thanks go out to these men as also should the thanks of all the students, who avail themselves of the worth-while opportunities offered to them within the NEW CRAFT BLOCK.

... F. J. L.





MISS S. H. S. (SENIOR)

Being crowned the winner of the Senior Section of the "Miss S.H.S. Quest" earlier this year was undoubtedly the highlight of my Fifth Year. It was a tremendous thrill for me, and I would like to take this opportunity to thank the judges and also the other five finalists, who would certainly have made the judges' decision a hard one.

***** ANNE KENNEWELL *****



MISS JUNIOR SALISBURY HIGH

*This year I was crowned Miss Junior
Salisbury High. The quest was a lot
of fun and I would like to thank my
fellow entrants and the judges for
making it a highlight of my years at
our school.*



S E N I O R

B A L L

R E P O R T

The social event of 1974, the Senior School Ball was scheduled for Thursday, 25th July. With each passing day, the excitement grew in the upper school, all talk being dominated by one topic, THE BALL. When the great day dawned, last minute preparations were effected by the Social Committee with the decorations etc., and the frenzy mounted as the time neared.

At 8 p.m. the doors of the N.C.Y. Hall at W.R.E. were opened to greet transformed senior students, the girls in glamorous creations, clutching their partners' arms in one hand and their basket suppers in the other. As the couples stepped inside the hall they were met with the sounds of the band, "Insect", playing a mixture of modern and old-time music. The floor remained bare for awhile, no-one wanting to be the first one up. Eventually though, everyone was joining in, and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

The high spot of the evening was the announcement of Anne Kennewell as "Miss Salisbury High School", a deserving win, with the crowning by last year's winner, Josie Van den Broeke. A return to dancing, this time with everyone on the floor immediately which lasted until supper-time. A departure this year from the usual catered supper, with each one bringing their own. I'm sure all had enough to suffice, as well as ample orange cordial to quench the most raging thirst, the latter being supplied by the Parent and Friends Committee.

With everyone, students and teachers alike, intoxicated with the gaiety of the evening, the last brackets of dancing were responded to very well, the Mexican Hat Dance being extremely "boisterous". As midnight arrived, people began gradually to drift homewards, all tired, but all having attained their full \$2.00 worth of entertainment and more. The Senior Ball is an excellent tradition, and one proven to be successful over the three years since its introduction.

I hope the many senior students to come will experience the enjoyment and fun that we all did this year.

..... ANNETTE TILLY

R E P O R T

on

J U N I O R S O C I A L

The first big social event on the S.H.S. calendar for the Second Term was none other than that of the Junior Social held on Wednesday, 24th July, the night of the first of the two Activities Days for

The venue chosen for the occasion was the "Octog Elizabeth, which was expertly decorated with bordered the large expanse of the dance floor, and balloons which were placed in a net high over the centre of the floor ready to be released later in the evening.

Soon after 7.30 p.m., the students began arriving, gaily-clad and anxious for their night to begin, only to be met with nearly an hour of waiting, as the band, "Webster" had only just been let inside and had to set up their equipment. The lost time however did not prove to be too much of a disappointment for many, especially after listening to them for an hour or two.

The highlight of the evening was the crowning of the winner of the Junior Section of the "Miss S.H.S. Quest", KAREN WOOD, who was chosen from the four other finalists selected earlier in the same day. This announcement was made by the President of the S.R. C., Paul Turner, and Karen was crowned by last year's winner, Delma Neil.

ANNE KENNEWELL

5A

--- SARN PRODUCTIONS ---

We need TV actors for our next programme (WEASEL OVER SALISBURY HIGH).

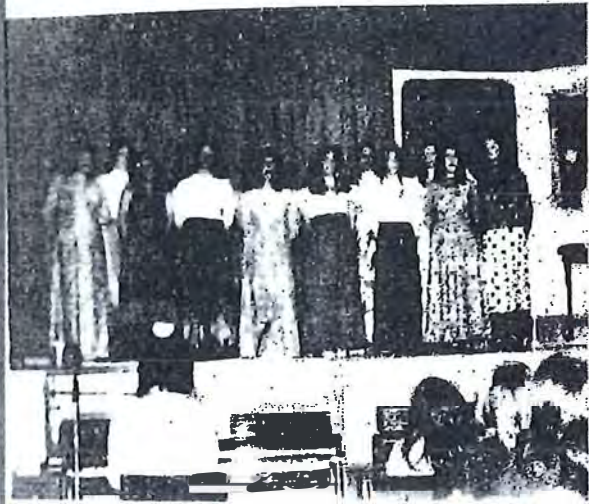
We want people who can do anything like a Dance, Drama, Tapdance, Trained Animals, Sing a Song or Two. Just Anything. We will take a look at the act at some future date and you might become a BIG STAR. This also applies to TEACHERS: If you like to sponsor the next programme or any programme see SARN's Producer or Assistant Producer in a meeting.

DON'T CALL US WE WILL CALL ON YOU.

(This is a real life advt. for a new club, folks, that begins next year.

BE IN IT!)





F O O T Y

by

WALLY MAY, PAUL TURNER, BART CUMMINGS, LEON AND TINKERBELL.

LETHAL LEHMAN

Believed to be a close relation to Leigh Mathews. His superb ball control and hairy legs makes him one of the crowd's favourites.

HANNIBAL HARDY

Infamous coach of both staff and students so as to ensure that he would be on the winning side at one time or another.

BIG BAD BUTCH

As suggested by the name he is a rugged customer. A meek, mild character of the field, but as soon as he dons his togs he becomes as aggressive monster. Hard to believe it, isn't girls?

KILLER CURTIS

Straight from Thebarton Town Hall. Another good handler of the ball, when he decides to get it. If this character could direct his energies towards the game instead of girls, he too could be an alltime great.

MAULER MARTIN

A ring-in from the country, plays the pivot with incredible ease. This character could make a good teacher one day.

Mr. "STICKY-FINGERS KITE

This man must have shares in a factory, also known to give great support to the point post when in need (still trying to find out whose need).

SMILEY SMERD

His chants of "Kill, Mame, Gore" was his biggest contribution to the game.

"WACKER" WALTON

A member of Salisbury North Football Club and is thus beyond help. This is reflected in his shocking footballing ability and addiction to absolute alcohol. Enough said.

HAIRY HOPKINS

This Vat dreg was resurrected by an ailing league team, who happened to be scouring Salisbury gutters for any talent that Central Districts had missed. Centrals hadn't missed anything, so they adopted this parasite that would at least keep the girls and the gay young boys coming along to ogle at his groovy legs and blonde stubble that appears during wet weather and moults again during the mating season. He might come good as a replacement for the Hairless Cassidy, but he won't replace the Hairy Huppatz.

BLAKE - LAUGHING SONG

*"When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
and the dimpling stream runs laughing by;"*

and the wind blows gently on your face as you run down the valleys of yellow blossom. Years of joys glisten your eyes and twinkle in the sun. Birds are chirping in the trees as you whizz past them, their song fills the air with delight and you feel glad you are alive.

In the distance you see that beautiful black stallion that was given to you by a friend, but you alone have to catch it. Impossible they said, you the weakling of the year could not even catch a tortoise if you tried, but your mind's made up, you will show them. So when you reach the stables where your trusty gelding is tied, you mount and coax him and the chase is on.

The wind beats hard against you, the sun dazzles your eyes and blinds you but you still persist. The stallion laughs at you in the distance with a fiery gleam in his eyes, you come even closer to him till he almost in your grasp then like a spoilt child he turns and gallops away. The beast has tricked you, but you don't mind because you know that your undaunting courage will win in the end. Yes, you lack no confidence even though they all jeered at you when you accepted the challenge. Now you must win; your whole life depends on it, how could you face the country ladies' tea party again if you failed? No, you must go on.

Your gelding is making good speed now. You feel you are part of that gelding, you are at one with nature, yes you, that little weakling is now part of that wild overpowering nature, People appear from nowhere to cheer you on; your heart is beating fast, pounding in your chest. Your head is swimming with excitement, pride and delight; the stallion is now closer than ever before, he gives you a coy look and sharply turns away, but he has faltered. He has made one mistake and you have got your rope around his neck and you have one. They come from everywhere to congratulate you, and you pass your stallion into the strong hands of your farmhand and relief fills your whole body like a sudden heat flooding all over you. Now here comes your favourite tea-party ladies to tell you that they knew you could do it all along; they were only testing you when they jeered at you. But it's too late, you have fainted; out cold.

... GAIL WALKER

5A

MOST DEARLY BELOVED DIARY:

These words are gathered here today on this solemn occasion to express our view on thy sacred immortal presence. The dictates of our creed lays down that thou must be tended to at least four times during each day. Thou must be kept up-to-date at all times. Thou must be informed of our every move. Truly, O benevolent diary, thou art great. In these troubled times of the paper shortage, thou, through thy very being, providest a shining example of the wise use of paper. And, through the imagery and poetic qualities of thy divine words, thou providest a shining example of lucidity. Alas, O guardian of our faith, I confess my style is no match for thine own, and I will cease for fear of polluting thy being.

AMEN

402

A LETTER TO MY SCHOOL DIARY:

Dear Diary,

Just lately, I have noticed that you have not been keeping up with your job. You are not recording my test grades; you are not filling yourself in after each homework assignment is set; you are not reminding me of the important engagements that I have to attend; you don't get signed after each week; you don't fill in the amount of time spent on homework and lastly, you are too often hiding yourself from me which makes it very hard for me to keep you up to the standard that my teacher has set.

I am afraid that if you don't buck up your ideas, I'm going to have to dispose of you and buy myself another diary. I know that you wouldn't like me to do this and you know that I wouldn't want to do it to you, but I haven't much choice so you will just have to make an extra effort.

You can start by making a note of the following important dates. On the 23rd October, there is a non-uniform day and the cost is 10c. On Friday the 25th October, I will be going Roller Skating, or P.E., and the cost will be 50c. Later this week I will give you the date of my first exam in November so be ready.

One last thing before I go, I would like you to remind me each day how long I have left until my exams, and also to remind me to study for them. Make sure that you are ready to be passed up on Day 4.

Signing off,
Your great owner,
ROBERT

DIARY LETTER:

Dear Diary,

What would I do without you in my everyday life at school? I would do everything except homework. You are a persuasive force which is unbeatable in any way. You are such a tremendous help to me in the way of organization and fluency, and to reward you for your kindness to me, I have protected your neat little covers with a transparent plastic coat so that you will not dirty yourself when I accidentally drop you on the ground. I have even put my name on you so if you are lost, the finder will know who to return you to. How sincere of me, and how do you repay me? You repay me by losing yourself and I get into trouble. However, I am more careful than others and I do not lose you because you are unique and trustworthy. You remind me of my duties to perform and essential things that need doing. Over a long period of time, I would normally forget anything important that I would have to do, but with this little book I can remember a thousand things and that is why I am so grateful to you, my diary. You are all the one important factor which will mean success or failure in the end and I hope in this case that you will bring success to me. Thank you very much dear diary.

Affectionately yours,

24809X

WE WISH TO THANK ALL STUDENTS
FOR THEIR LOYAL PATRONAGE THRU
THE YEAR AND LOOK FORWARD TO YOUR
SUPPORT NEXT YEAR.

AND REMEMBER
WE OFFER 10% DISCOUNT
TO ALL STUDENTS* ON

*JEANS, TROUSERS, TIES, JACKETS
TEE SHIRTS, SHIRTS, BELTS, SUITS
etc.*

TROY MENSWEAR
PARABANKS SHOPPING CENTRE
Ph. 2586713

*Subject to production of Library card

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ATOMIC MUTATION

About this work: I completed this work before I began it because I was writing faster than the speed of light. While decreasing my quantum number in inverse proportion to the plus density of ambidextrous black jellybeans infesting T. S. Eliot's right nostril at the time of writing. When he read the proofs of this composition, T. S. Eliot described it as "thinly disguised slander"; upon reading T. S. Eliot's palm, Fat Cat declared Queen Victoria unfit for human consumption and she was consequently demolished (BANG). Meanwhile, Leon merely chuckled and scribbled on:-

SCENE: On the outer fringes of the unexplored recesses of T. S. Eliot's right nostril stands the suburb and penal settlement of Swordsbury. Amidst the pleasant, suburbanoid surroundings that are positively reeking with banal, shallow bourgeois innuendo in this sociological catastrophe of an unhomogenous community of petty penny-pinching capitalistic swine that couldn't give a brass razu for the honest working classes what work their flaming guts out for self-centred overfed upper-class 'elitist ratbag bosses', the author has forgotten what he was going to say.

After a black jellybean and a fortnight's rest in a bath of hot vegemite somewhere in the south of T. S. Eliot, the author has remembered what he was going to say (Loud cheers).

In Swordsbury stands an appalling movement to man's inhumanity to dumb atomic mutations like Leon - The High Skool. This edifice constructed entirely from vast quantities of formalized pink jellybeans stuck together with a solution of Perkin's paste and a funny yellow excretion obtained by turning the tap on T. S. Eliot's right cheek counter-clockwise, towers out of the swirling purple nicotine smog exhaled by countless thousands of teeny little third year lungs. Presiding over this evil establishment is a sub-human sadist, hand-picked by the Education Department from one applicant for this unenviable position; his name - Count Fred (Loud boos), commonly known as Count Fred von Dong B.A., M.A., PhD., Dip. T., N.B.G., S.P.Q.K., etc. etc. Count Fred is variously supported by yellow fanged cronies with minds warped beyond the limits of T. S. Eliot's imagination. Also among his gang are hydrophobic maniacs; infected vegetables with minds destroyed by generations of education inspectors; pitiable sub-morons, their brains gone, their pathetic carcasses slowly rotting in Departmentalized agony as their pay cheques become ever more infrequent (5 cents please). Poor cretins! One feels almost sorry for them. Enough of the heart-wrenching meditation and on to the juicy scenes of violence, uninhibited quotations of T. S. Eliot, (groan, groan) and more!

One fine day, while the stench of rotting flesh was temporarily covered by the stench of burning flesh, a horrible, horrible sight is seen stumbling across the oval. A ghastly piece of human (!) protoplasm slowly takes form while a small group of Matrics. led by PAULUS TERNERUS (Anti-hero); large beer belch and a promise of a Brandy-and-coke if he's very good is required at this point) observe this genetic catastrophe with something akin to conscious curiosity

and what, pray tell, could this unsavoury specimen be? Could it be - could it be --- LEON? Too bloody right it is. What else could it be? METHINKS: EEECH?)

Slowly it crawls, diffusing its ugly existence from one point in space to another, the Leon approaches casting greetings to friend, many enemies, school dog and a small despondent lump of Minutes Secretary who is wondering why she has become subservient to this, this accumulation of synthesised organic tissue. (Quiet sobs of self-pity).

In crawls the Leon, being very careful to prevent his 750 cc solid fuel foot from laying a filthy great track from the study area to room 18. Immediately, some 60 Matrics set up a soft wailing noise: "Why US! Why us!" Leon is SO popular! (Wild screams of affection).

While all this is going on a blood curdling scream rents the air, followed by fitful sobs promising always, always, to remember the constant when integrating in future.

LEON: Who was dat?

THUNDERLUMP ELDRIDGE: Supernose Twitbred.

LEON: And he just forgot the integration constant!

THUNDERLUMP: Yeah.

Leon feels his precious throat and wonders what "HE" has in store for pathetic little weeds that can't even do probability yet. The thought of being plastered across the walls of room 18 does not appeal; I promise dutifully to work very hard in future especially at Maths. (grovel, grovel).

The bell rings (PING), the roll is called; the sun is shining, and the grass is growing, and the birds are singing and the garbage tins need painting Suddenly, unexpectedly Physics invades Leon's private daydream world. Leon knows it is Physics because he is aware of an immense 11 foot bearded slug slobbering insults into his left ear and while the slug sonorously drones on Leon remembers that Ted Tugfield's contraceptive grenade waits for no-one; just send \$10.27 and a plain brown wrapper to Tugfield, Davies, Barmuta and Crotch Sex Kids and Refrigerator Mechanics, 27G Lantana Avenue, Toorak South, T.S. Eliot 2553. (That was a crafty free plug).

Meanwhile, back down the dungeons the evil Count von Fred is plotting the downfall of Leon; in the wracks, screaming for mercy is Skool Brain Jones:-

FRED: Heh-heh-heh-heh-heh-heh.

BRAIN: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEEEEEEEFAAAAARGGGGGHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEE
(The longest scream in the school mag. folks)

FRED: Does it hurt? (Creak!)

BRAIN: Well, quiet frankly, YES.

FRED: Well, what I want you to do is give Leon a lift on your groovy powerful dangerous RB 350 motor bicyclic treddely ped.

BRAIN: Oh, is that all?

FRED: Yes.

BRAIN: Can I scream again? I haven't had much to say so far in this article.

PAULUS TERNERUS: Come to that, I haven't said a word yet and I am your Fearless Leader. (Pose! pose!)

A LEGGY WOODPECKER: Huh! What are you complaining about, sweetie, he hasn't even mentioned my footballing legs, yet, either.

GROUNDSMAN: Can I say something? I want to send a big cheerio to my Aunty Edith.

LEON: SHUT UP!

EVELYN DE DROOG: No. I want to give a lesson on leaving stoichiometry.

LEON: But it's MY bloody article!

DE DROOG: I don't bloody care. I've got to give this bloody lesson on bloody stoichiometry. By the way, it's rude to bloody swear in a bloody skool mag.

LEON: Oh, I'm bloody sorry.

Later Skool Brain returns with a Leon strapped to the back of his R.D. 350.

FRED: (in disgust) He's still on the back there.

LEON: That's a matter open to debate.

BRAIN: Well, you told me to give him a ride.

LEON: I've lost my plastic scale model of T. S. Eliot.

FRED: I want to cry.

LEON: Ahh!

BRAIN: Ahh!

T. S. ELIOT: Can I send a cheerio to my Uncle Bert.

A BEARDED IRISH ECONOMICS SUB-MORON: No.

T. S. ELIOT: Hey, you said something!

IRISH MORON: Hey, I did too.

LEON: Shut up or I'll put your bum in concrete.

TO CONTINUE: The afternoon of Leon's typical day is frittered away examining the incredible depth achieved by John Donne's intense metaphysical imagery which by soft sibilant sounds, trochaic feet interspersed with defective iambs and plausibly constructed masculine endings is deliberately designed to confuse the average Atomic mutation.

Maths. terminates the day. A sinking feeling is in Leon's stomach as HE approaches

HIM: (blowing his nose) Ahh, Leon.

LEON: (grovel) Yessir

HIM: Don't you think this article is rather silly? I mean its defective in the basic construction and er .. er... anyway unless you terminate it now, I'll throw your worthless remains to my pet differential coefficients.

LEON: Oh, Well folks ---

JIMMY McLEOD: Just before you go can I go "PING" .

LEON: Yes, but only if I can.

JIMMY & LEON: "PING!"

THE END

"LEST WE FORGET. AT THE GOING DOWN OF THE MATRIC SUITE"

The Doom of the Matric. Suite.

"Hey - you can't go through there, this is the Matric area and it stays that way."

CRASH- BANG - SHOUT - CHEER and he's through! Another fourth year or even first, second and third years has broken through the Matric. barrier. The once treasured, prized private and clean Matric. suite - toilets and corridors are now polluted with shouting, irresponsible Leavings and juniors. What has the Junior School got to look up to and say - "Well, when I get to Matric I'll have many privileges." But now the Junior School begins to accept the title - BIG MATRICS. - as an everyday name of fun and games and not as something to aim for.

What with this departmentalization? Instead of 50-60 teachers migrating from corner to corner of the school, now 1,100 students clutter up the staircases and corridors and trudging from one extreme corner to the next. No longer any peaceful working atmosphere in which the Leavings and Matrics. can work. Oh well, Leaving is abolished next year, but what about the Matrics? A two year Physics course to cram in one year with a rowdy First Year class and an irresponsible Third Year class on either side...

The promised lounge chairs for the Matric study area, the assurance of the best study facilities including quietness - Where are they?

To all you First Years of 1974. What do you think Matric. is to you? To us Matrics., when we were in First Year it was privileges and the name of seniors of the institution. Are you going to let it happen? Your potential privileges will soon be nullified if you don't do anything about it. Set yourselves high - consideration for the Senior School and your own future privileges which at the moment are in grave danger of extinction.

By a CONCERNED, NON-BIASED MATRIC.

*** CHRISTMAS ***

When I was a child I lived for Christmas. Not for the presents or the parties and games, but for Christmas Eve. Until I was eleven, I lived in a cottage in the country in England, and the sweet memories I have will last me ten life-times.

Christmas was so beautiful. The snow-laden trees would glisten in the sunlight like a diamond chandelier and the ground would look so fresh with its layer of snow covering all plant life. Yes, the atmosphere was certainly there. I used to feel so happy when I was in the snow, that the only possible way I could describe the joyous feeling was that I felt like flowers were going to suddenly bloom out of my body and fingertips. Each Christmas Eve was the same

As I lay in bed, the snow fell gently outside and the moon shone through the opened curtains. Slowly, I sat up in bed and crossed the room to lean on the windowsill and watch the stars sparkle and the excess snow slither off the heavily-laden branches of the trees. Everywhere was quiet and serene, just how I would imagine it would have been on that very first Christmas Eve.

My parents had long since gone to bed, but I had fought away all sleepiness just to try once more to see Father Christmas. I had left him two nice mince pies and a glass of my father's best wine. Father Christmas liked these because every other year he had always left a small token of appreciation, especially from him, where the glass and pies had been.

I looked beyond our garden and over into the nearby fields. They were like big white blankets inviting me to run all over them and leave my footprints behind.

When I had feasted my eyes long enough on the beautiful sight, with glassy eyes I slowly returned to my bed. I had left the curtains open now so that I could see into the still, white night. Oh, how calm and pacifying this sight was. Soon, I could not longer keep awake, and with a little explosion of joy, I fell into a deep sleep. In the morning, I would get up and hold my breath as I walked down the stairs for fear I was still dreaming.

With a screwed-up face and closely shut eyes I would open the living-room door and see all the presents in their pretty papers under the beautifully-decorated Christmas tree. There, on the mantel-piece, would be the token of appreciation, from "Him"

Now, alas, I find I can no longer believe in Father Christmas and I feel as though I have lost a dear and cherished friend. At Christmas, I feel a great emptiness and pine for my childhood days. With great reluctance, I have grown up.

*** CHRISTMAS ***

The family were seated round the plastic Christmas tree, singing aimlessly Christmas carols they knew in word but not in meaning. Then there was silence as we turned on the television to listen to the Christmas message given by the Queen. We watched intrigued as she stood majestically speaking, whilst a banner fluttering in the background proclaimed that "Weeties and Christmas go together." Fed up with the monotonous celebrations I retired to the bedroom, where my tired mind transported me to another world

I found myself walking through a thick mist towards a large star in the distance. The closer I walked towards the star the clearer my view became, until suddenly I was confronted by a sight which took my breath away. There before me lay a manger in which many people sat. In the centre of the manger lay a small naked doll, whose eyes seemed to be alive and shining. As I watched three men, one at a time, approached the central figure and each lay before it a gift. The first was a gold-plated crown bought at a specially reduced price from Woolworths. It seemed to me, as I watched, that as the gift was put down, the doll turned its head away from it. The next gift was a Christmas stocking filled with the rejects from Easter. Again, it seemed to me as if the doll's head turned away. The third man approached and his gift was the gift of love. The doll seemed to lift his hands out to reach the man but before he could do this my horrified eyes saw the first two men with their gifts block the path between the doll and the third man. I struggled to try and help the man who wished to give the gift of love but I was only an onlooker and could not interfere

I woke to find myself staring at the bedroom ceiling. My experience had only been a dream but it had seemed so real. I'm sure there must have been a meaning behind it somewhere.

L I G H T

From the varying intensities of the sun
from which all life is dependent
The reassuring brightness of a fluorescent
light bulb
The flashing vibrant neon lights that seem
to bathe the world in excitement
And the comforting dancing flame of a candle

Its powerful beam can slice through the air
Turning night into day
Giving life to the world
And radiating over all the land.

F I R E

Flickering flames of beauty
melting twisting
flaring in to one

Warmth and security
beauty and pleasure
comfort in its warm hands
slowly creeping towards
surrounding you in a feeling
of happiness

Scorching and burning
wood and cloth
flesh melting
dripping into a puddle
a stale smell of horror

So mean and cruel
so comforting
so wrongly used
so many times

..... HELEN GREIG

2T4

THE
WEDGE-TAILED
EAGLE

The eagle soars
His great wings spanning across the hot blue sky.
His opaque black eyes scanning the landscape.
Feathers glistening his quick eyes sight a mouse.
Body poised, ready to strike,
He swoops on the unsuspecting victim,
Fierce, giant talons wrap themselves around the
unfortunate mouse.
Then up he goes,
Higher and higher,
Soaring into the dry, dusty horizon.
His wedged tail, fanned out to its fullest,
manoeuvring him from east and west.
He disappears gradually into the hot, afternoon sun.

..... ANNE TILLEY

2S1

W
A
R

The rumbling, shooting, and screaming ended as I burrowed out of my caved-in bomb shelter and begun wandering through the deserted, shambled, dusty town heading for what I called freedom. As I passed the damaged buildings and smouldering ruins, I saw bloody bodies squashed in between the heaps of deformed rubble. The eyes of the bodies were blood-shocked and torn, some were torn and camouflaged in dust, to disguise their identification. Tanks, cannons, weapons and mines were shattered about by previous exploding disturbances. My mind trembled of the thought of these horrifying happenings.

... CAROL BUGGY

2T1

**** WAR ****

Advance! and thousands charge
to their death,
in one surge of power,
Little more than boys,
fighting real men.
Wrong, you might say?
Yes! it is wrong.
They should be playing
games that others play.

Kicking a ball around,
playing with tin soldiers.

But no,
the hungry dog
of imperialism
raises its ugly head.
"Americans leave us alone,
you have your world,
we want ours."

Like vultures
waiting for the drooping
exhaustion of prey,
they'll wait.
Wrong?

Wrong, you might say?
Yes, it is wrong,
but all we can do,
(Until the world returns to sanity)
is wait, and wait, and wait

REQUIEM FOR A MOUSE

Flying like a leaf in the wind,
glowering, watchful eyes
hungry for a small morsel
of food that,
perchance to pass his way,
unperturbed,
would swoop,
to kill the unsuspecting
victim of hunger.
Performing amazing feats
in the air,
he spies,
a tiny mouse,
unsuspecting the oncoming danger;
washes himself,
as the sun has already played tricks
with the clouds,
creating the most beautiful colours,
like an oil painting which has won
an artist many praises.
Darkness, normally deceiving to the eye,
looms, awaiting silently to pounce,
but not so far the Eagle,
whose eyes at night
are of a luminous glow,
lighting their way
for the victim.
Then, plunging down,
no,
swooping,
talons piercing and sharp,
puncture flesh and fur,
a red carpet of gloom,
spreads over the picture,
like the hand of death,
the mouse is dead.
As the eagle thrives on the deaths of others,
the eagle lives on.
The sun, tinted the tips of his wings,
as the Eagle soars to a new vicinity,
taking the life of the mouse with it.
Goodbye!

... JAYNE TIBBENHAM
253

THE DOORS OF OUR MIND

The shepherd sits on the green grass watching over his few sheep. He has much time to contemplate and day-dream as he slowly goes about his day's work. In his mind he sees six doors of varying size but of the same design and materials.

Man has always been envious, with a greed to discover and become more intelligent. This facet of his make-up has always led him to downfall - it all began with Adam and Eve who were promised wisdom and equality with God, by the Devil. Being no different to any other human being the shepherd is curious to discover what is behind the doors of his mind.

Advancing in a dream world he turns the big-ringed handle and slowly opens the door. The scene before him offers all the material goods the world can offer. Should he decide to accept the contents of this door, he would be the richest man in the world. Think of all he could buy and the comforts wealth would bring! Of course, he will take it!

Hurriedly, he advances to door number two and eagerly bursts through the door. Knowledge piled high, like a library, about him waiting, just waiting for his empty mind to devour all until it is full and satisfied, no longer ignorant. Of course, he will eat his fill!

Racing, breathless, he opens the door number three and surveys the empire below him. His power is superior to all other and by using his wealth and knowledge he can only help to increase that power. Of course, he will be a success!

Being quickly carried by servants to his power, he enters door four to trumpet calls and loftily surveys the avenues of fame before him. Great achievements by he himself are available to him, waiting to be conquered. Of course, he will be a success!

Placed on a pedestal he reaches and opens door number five, to view a world of wondering people surveying his achievements. Of course, he will accept their admiration!

Floating on a cloud above all other humans of the world, he eases through door six where he does everything to his liking. He has everything to his liking and of course, he will be self-satisfied!

Waking from his dream, the shepherd is left pondering over methods of improving his meagre and ignorant existence. Never again will he be satisfied with the simplicity of his life, the pure air, green fields and gentle baa-ing sheep, the equality of himself with nature.

It is a shame that dreams never show a complete story, that for some inexplicable reason, the dreamer manages to wake leaving him questioning his dream. Should the shepherd have looked further in his dream, he would have discovered door seven.

In his confidence and self-conceit he would burst through and be confronted by a scene foreign to his eyes. The shock of seeing such elements of prejudice, hatred, bitterness, misunderstanding, jealousy, selfishness, exploitation and fighting would more than deflate his ego. He would see in one horrible moment where his success of the previous six doors really was. Those trodden on and left unheeded on his climb to each door's contents, the fate of the many he left behind,

and the betrayal of so called "fair weather" friends for their own benefit would I am sure convince this lowly shepherd of his happiness in his present life, and his foolishness at opening the doors of his minds and accepting the contents behind them. However, man is never satisfied with what he has - it could not be human. Of course, he will open and accept the contents behind each door!

A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF A SENIOR STUDENT

DIARY ENTRY

Dear Diary,

This morning I dragged myself out of bed promptly at 7 a.m. and staggered around getting ready for school. I left the house at 7.55 a.m. in order to give me plenty of time to catch the 8.00 a.m. bus. I missed it. Well, no doubt the walk has done me good.

Arriving at the school-gate just as the bell went, I somehow managed to drop my folder and scatter my Physics notes over half the school. With such a propitious beginning to the day would you believe that I managed to survive unharmed until lunchtime, with four pages of Physics notes and two free lessons (sorry, UNCOMMITTED PERIODS) to show for the morning. Not to mention the 7 impossible questions set for homework.

Then came the afternoon: Two gruelling Maths. lessons, followed by French and Chemistry. But the crowning glory of the day came during the Chemistry lesson, when I tipped over the bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid. Of well, I didn't really need two legs anyway.

However, nothing lasts forever, not even purgatory, and at last it arrived; the end of the day. I managed to hobble home without further mishap, only to find that I had another three hours of homework to cope with. What a lousy life. Nothing but continuous work and worry.

Now you can understand my cries of anguish. I am scribbling down this hasty message between Physics and French, but I think I must abandon it for the conjugation of s'asseoir. Till tomorrow (I can hardly wait for the next grizzle session),

BIRGIT LOHMANN

HECTIC DAY

Sometimes school is so frustrating that you feel you could just throw down your books and pencils and rubbers and storm out of the classroom. Some people have.

Today you have done quite a lot. You've left your homework at home and you are accused of not having done it, and you got a U. Then the other kids made fun of you and pretended not to believe you when you insisted upon having done it. You went to Lesson 2 and dropped someone's test tube on the floor and got screamed out of the Lab. On top of that, you had to clean it up with people looking at you and whispering.

Lesson 3 was P.E. You left your towel home for the fourth time and on top of that you also left your P.E. uniform at home. You were given an old grey uniform, from the cupboard and you are told to use it to dry yourself with. Everyone laughed at the hideous grey uniform, which almost swept the floor.

Then it was recess, and you dropped your cream bun in a puddle and you bought a coke, opened it, and the coke spurted out all over everyone and you got yelled at and chased. Whilst you avoided getting caught you tripped over someone's foot and dropped your bottle of coke which broke and you got the job of cleaning it up. After recess it was Lesson 4. In the mad rush to get up the stairs you dropped your Maths. book after bringing it out patiently to learn for the test you had in Lesson 4. When you received it, it is much trodden-on and you feel like crying. Once in the classroom you realized that the hazards of the day have made your mind a complete blank. The teacher yelled at you for trying to learn in the 3 minute period. You are fully aware that you will get a U for the test.

The next lesson, Lesson 5 was English. You had to produce a speech and you couldn't have your learning paper with you when your turn came. You had to go first and you weren't even given time to look over the paper. You made a fine mess of your speech and everyone laughed at you. You were told to do it again the next day. Lesson 6 was after lunch. When you got your lunch someone knocked your apple out of your hand and you had to go chasing after it. By the time you got it, it was bruised greatly and you couldn't even eat it.

You ate your lunch and then the bell went for the next lesson, which happened to be Art. You were doing painting and the teacher had praised your work. It was a person's face. You felt relaxed now, and casually knocked over the pot of paint (black for the eye-brows) and it went all over your work of art. Everyone screamed at

you for spilling the paint over the bench. Then the Art Teacher came along and yelled his fill, telling you how stupid you were, and you were told to begin again and everyone was way ahead of you.

Lesson 7 was Typing, and you were doing a Speed and Accuracy Test. You stopped for a little while though the test was still going, took your fingers off the keys to point at your work to detect errors. There were none. You put your fingers back on the wrong keys and merrily typed on, completely unaware. You realized your mistake when you went to type an A and it was not there, your finger went on to the shift lock and you typed in capitals. When you did chance to look down, you were mad with rage. You typed the rest correctly, but your mistake gave you a most definite U for the test.

Lesson 8 was Maths. again and you did get a U for the test. The remainder of that lesson went successfully, and then the siren went. It made you jump, and you dropped your ruler on to the floor. On the way home you were carrying your Maths. homework books in your hands, as there was no room for them in your bag. You were also eating your favourite pack of fizzies, and were completely unaware of the large stick on the ground. Your steps allowed you to walk straight into it, flinging you forward. You dropped your Maths. books and your fizzies into a convenient puddle which fizzed up suddenly. You retrieved your sodden Maths. books from the puddle, purple, red, yellow and green colours from the fizzies, which were completely beyond repair. You have had it. You are finished. You burst into tears and rushed home, checking each foot carefully.

This was the one morning you wish you'd never got up.

DEBORAH HOOPER

357

DO SOMETHING, QUICK!

*Write a poem
Or a story.
Make it sweet
Or make it gory.*

*Draw a picture,
Take a photo,
Of yourself,
Or of some hobo.*

*Do something, quick!
We need some stuff.
What we have
Is not enough
--- For the magazine.*

Y. P. LIM

T
R
* E *
* E *
* S *

*
*

*Like great arms of strength
Reaching to the sky
The tree stands at length
As you're passing by.
It sees you in the morning
And doesn't say a word
You whisper back, but still it whimpers
As if it never heard.
Its leaves begin to fall
Like great torrents of colour
Like a beauty queen in a pageant
It stands out from the others.
Its bark is brown and wrinkled
As though its aged a thousand years.
The winds bear down on it
But still it sheds no tears.
Of feelings it shows none
It wouldn't know of how.
Its only friend is sun
Plenty of it, it needs
To enrich its body and leaves*

... SANDRA BALL

101

A SOBER REFLECTION

*Farewell, ye hallowed walls
of learning and
great "stuff"
I'm going to another
field
because I've had
en"uff"*

*To see you all again
before
the passing of the year
Would bring to mind
some convivial times
and a "jug" of tears (?)*

... N.F.H.

A Transferee

ELEGY FOR MY LEFT FOOT

or

K.I. IS VERY WET

This chronicle of the events of the ill-fated S.H.S. Flinders Chase Exploration Expedition was found in the frozen tent of the impetuous Sir Leon Barmuta. Unfortunately, his body was flown back to Adelaide where it now lies in state in a P.E.B. Maths II exam. May the maggots eat his brain out. (That won't take too long).

DAY 1: Arrive Adelaide Airport 17.5 kilos in my pack. Notice Jim McLeod's left foot is on floor. Very strange. Sherpa Curtis staggers in; I greet him with the respect due to craft teachers. After I pick myself up off the floor Mrs. Miller starts taking photos. We are then herded into a converted Sopwith Camel. Very stuffy and I couldn't even open the windows. Arrive Kingscote with a perfect 27 point landing and only one wing fell off along the way. An Ansett record. We set up camp in Kingscote Area School and go to sleep on a CARPET; except it was HARD carpet. No rest for the wicked.

DAY 2: Depart Kingscote in a gas oven disguised as a bus. We see two echidnas on the way to Seal Bay. At Seal Bay we see some seals and a bay full of sand and water and Mrs. Miller taking pictures. We then proceed to Kelly Hill Caves where our guide (previously employed by Jules Verne and Rick Wakeman in "Journey to the Centre of the Earth") points out elephants hanging from the ceiling. Trogbody Gleb Webster makes a pest of himself asking about caves in the Ravine des Casoars. We are then transported to Remarkable Rocks (which are big) and then on to Rocky River. It is here we say "Goodbye" to our first coward - Vicki - who had a destroyed ligament which is a good enough excuse. I make a pest of myself by (1) asking Kay Gosnold how "Aqualung" starts off (la-la-la-la-der-der-der BANG BANG) and (2) by enjoying our dehydrated food. Mark Buggy joins me in the latter while Ian Cienciala complains and complains and guts himself all the same. We slept in a horizontal position that night.

DAY 3: Fearless Lehmann, Masher Miller and Reckless Reuter set off along the left bank of the Rocky River while Cunning Curtis and Terrible Trenberth struck out along the right bank. Miss Logan - the only one with any sense - went along the road. We are later joined by Reckless Reuter who takes a crash course in compass reading. The river valley is full of acacia amata or more commonly (and quotably) known as bugged bush, because when it attacks you as you go through you say "Bugger Bush!" (Actually you say something else which I can't write here). Because of the prickles, we head for the road. Water falls

out of the sky which means that it's raining. We find the road and eat soggy biscuits for lunch. Arrive Breakneck River later on (encouraging name). We suddenly notice the absence of Mrs. Miller's camera (and hence Mrs. Miller) and Mr. Lehmann. We eat (or rather ingest) our food; later Trog Webster, Ian Cienciala, myself and Mr. and Mrs. Sherpa Curtis, Mr. Trenbert and Mr. Reuter toast ourselves around the camp fire. It is dark. Suddenly, I recognize Jim McLeod's left foot. Wow! "Where did you come from, Jim?" "Rocky River." That was 7 miles away. Messrs. Lehmann and Miller had apparently discovered the bugged bush too, and had to turn back. What fun. Apparently some people got wet (Ho! Ho!) and wanted to go back. Some wanted to go on. Mr. Trenberth volunteered to keep his group at Breakneck and wait for the fragments from Rocky while Mr. Curtis volunteered to drown me if I passed any more smart comments about craft teachers. Jim returned but cheated by twisting his ankle on purpose while going up the hill so that he had to walk back. Three loud cheers and a jelly baby for Jim. It turns out that night that Leon had pitched his tent in one of Nature's drains and it rained. I did not sleep.

DAY 4: Sherpa Curtis decides upon the road route while Leon decided upon a coastal route; Leon consequently transfers to the Logan/Reuter Coast Walkers, while Sherpa Curtis ensures he steals Day 4's lunch from me before I leave. En route Lindy Axford is always last until James (NOT Jim McLeod) wrecks his ankle. Arrive West Bay with the Reuter Advance Party in a tired condition. Discover Messrs. Hopkins (and legs), Butcher and De Gooyer, who are losing fishing rods and not catching any fish. Jim McLeod's left foot and Mr. Lehmann set off in search of Miss Logan and James, and Lindy FINALLY arrives. I discover I have been going 49 hours on the trot with no sleep. I so I go to bed

DAY 5: Set off with the impetuous Mr. Lehmann in a trek up the creek and reach the road before the lazy bludgers who went along the road all the way did. Mr. Lehmann and Jim McLeod rattle off all these plant names and make me feel very stupid. Dull like, teach obscene rugby song to a deaf ant which was a bit futile. Arrive Ravine des Casars. Mrs Miller took some pictures- Not enough time to go to caves (which are down on the coast), so plans are made for our departure of a privileged (?) few next morning at 5 a.m. I sleep like a mentally disturbed ant that night.

DAY 6: Mr. Lehmann, Wayne Hensel, Ron Dedericks, Trog Webster Ian Cienciala and cowardly rotten ugly little Leon depart for the caves. After wading through the cold water we reach the caves pleasantly carpeted with wallaby droppings. At first, it is the most frightening experience I have yet been through. But once used to the world of darkness and the atmosphere of

pure methane these caves proved to be the most spectacular awe-inspiring sight I have yet seen. Ian sat on a penguin. Nearly got lost on way back as we scrub bashed through eucalyptus scrub which seemed determined to rob me of my manhood (OW!). We think we have arrived too late for the barbeque feed-up at Cape Border. Correction Messrs. Hopkins, Butcher and De Gooyer are later than we are. Mrs. Miller took some pictures. Board school tank which boils its way to Kingscote. Jim and Dennis McLeod and little Leon decide to visit the launderette as we are going to eat a counter lunch at a Hotel. We eat our first live chips in days. Counter lunch was pathetically small. Got to use a real live toilet with dry toilet paper. Eventually go to sleep after an eating orgy of jellybabies, jellybeans, chocolate frogs

DAY 7:

We go home, but not before Mrs. Miller takes some more photos and Mr. Miller fails to catch any fish. Leon, Dennis, Kay, Mary and Muriel start compounding new obscenities e.g. drung, warple, fripple, pring, grommet. Arrive Adelaide drugged with airline-strength coffee. I have had my picture taken 2.237×10^2 times by the same Mrs. Miller which is 10^3 times less than the more imposing members of the party, which goes to show just how tough Yashica lenses are, folks.



THE S.R.C. CAMP

It was on a cold, overcast, drizzly Sunday morning when the unsuspecting elite of Salisbury High School first met. I may as well introduce you to the stars of this account: Paul Turner (who had managed to remove his acne problem with 24 gallons of 400° F hot fat at Kentucky Fried Chicken), Christopher Jones (who is Welsh and therefore totally nuts), Jim McLeod (House Captain of Cairns), Scott Taylor (renowned 5th year worm) and me. (I'm the good-looking one). There were also three teachers, Messrs. McDonnell and McKerlie and Miss McPharlin. The bus that groaned to a halt belonged to the same famous company that drives old age pensioners into the wetter parts of the Snowy Mountains Scheme; I felt very safe as I hurtled towards Aldinga at 15 miles per hour.

Overcast weather induce insanity into certain people, because Mr. McKerlie actually thought that we ~~wanted to go~~ for a swim at Aldinga. Nevertheless, conditions were getting better as there was an 18 inch surf on the water. I, being a natural body-surfer, thus felt impelled to go for a swim even if my floaties did refuse to inflate. The surf was improved even more when the sun came out and attracted Mr. McKerlie into the water; our kind student adviser added 12-14 inches to the waves by jumping up and down at the right times. However, we did not pay over nine bucks just to get smashed by Aldinga polar bears and we were eventually driven at high speed to Tatachilla Lutheran Camp, a former winery. (Mr. McDonnell spent the rest of the camp in futile pursuit of any spare leaky vats).

We entered our dormitories and Ned Wright's left foot found some three-corner jacks; Ned Wright, at that point in time, regretted that his left foot was attached to Ned Wright. The dorms. were large cubical buildings partitioned off into smaller areas containing 6 beds in each. The wooden partitions were about 6 feet tall leaving a gap of several feet between the top of the partitions and the ceiling (a strategic point to remember for later on, folks). Each bed had a pillow and two blankets and our dorm. was furnished by a Mr. McDonnell as well as several other bodies.

At our first meal that night, Mr. Martin sits next to me and sells me his piece of cheese. I do not like beetroot, potato salad or three bean mix, all of which made an appearance on my plate next to my ample slice of ham. Now, Mr. McKerlie is a basically benevolent character, but he is only human. At the end of the meal he stood up, and said that the children on breakfast duty the next morning would be up at the ungodly hour of 7.40 a.m; he also said (seconds before I sprang at his throat) that a certain Leon Barmuta was to be among the selected unfortunates. Everyone in my dorm. take note of this fact with sadistic glee.

After Mr. Martin opened the camp officially and left us with a little bit of work to do, somebody discovered something. The names of the supervisory teacher. All began with "Mc" * and this was the ideal excuse for a corroborree. Paul Turner, Marcia Forbes, Scott Taylor, Leon (cheers, thank you), Mr. McDonnell, Miss McPharlin and Jim McLeod on bass drone. All participated to the tuneless shrieks of our respective fan clubs - we were lucky that we didn't take a holiday to Glenside as a result.

BEDTIME! and Mark Hewish started filling sleeping bags with talc while everyone watched the fascinating spectacle of Scott Taylor shaving. Leon drowsily crawls into bed asking his friends to wake him up in time for breakfast duty. My friends did wake me up in time - 6½ hours in time. It all started with Paul Turner:

TURNER (an absolute nut): Hey! Hey! LEON! Wake up!

LEON: Ur! Ur! Ur! ***** !

Then children in the other dorm, partitions joined in!

MARK HEWISH: Anybody got any more talc? (choke)

NED WRIGHT: Hey! Is Leon awake? Hewish! Stop puffing talc (coff)

CHRIS JONES: (hitting Leon in Welsh) He is now!

LEON: (miserably) Arrgh! Leave me alone - (groan, moan)

Then came the fabled Jim McLeod with his five minute time checks.

JIM: Leon! Oh, Le-e-e-eon! LEON It's one o'clock!

LEON: Happy New Year (snore)

Five minutes later.

JIM: (turning on his alarm clock) FIVE PAST ONE LEON! GET UP!

LEON: Wrack off.

Then by courtesy of Wright, Turner, Hewish Sick Jokes Inc., and Jones, McDonnell Limericks Pty. Ltd., we were treated to some real gems:

TURNER: May the fleas of a thousand camels infest your armpits!

VOICE: H E W I S H! (splutter) QUIT THE TALC! (Cough)

All this resulted in somebody declaring war on Scott Taylor. Now then folks, did you remember about the gap between the partitions and the roof? Well 32 blankets and 7 pillows came sailing over the top.

BRIAN NELLES: Hey! Is Leon awake?

LEON: NO!

The next day I was informed that conditons were not much better elsewhere and Mr. McKerlie had problems in keeping his charges awake, though things livened up at the mock S.R.C. meeting that afternoon. Correspondence came from Santa Claus of Oodnadatta and from the Myrtle Higgin's Memorial Cat's Home (which was having trouble with the local nomadic parrot herders). A Kung Fu Camp in Tibet was on the General Business and it was decided to move Tibet to Farley Grove. As might be expected, this mock meeting was the work of a couple real live idiots. These two real live idiots may be seen on the stage at each assembly (I'm the good looking one, and my side kick calls himself Paul Turner; he's a bit dim but we had to give him his part).

That night, everyone went on a wild delicatessan crawl to McLaren Vale, though Mr. McKerlie cheated and took a short cut. That night was also taken up in concocting sadistic mthods of reeking horrible vengeance on James McLeod, (who happened to be on breakfast duty next morning).

The last day of the camp came, and nothing much really happened except of course the election of the S.R.C. Executive. Also I think a hairy Economics Teacher (who shall, for reasons of my personal safety, remain anonymous) burgled a wine tanker that came along to drain plonk from the secret Tatachilla Vats. But I won't say any more or I'll get him into trouble.

Well, fans, luckily for you, I've got writer's cramp and a bad attack of homework, so I'll stop now.

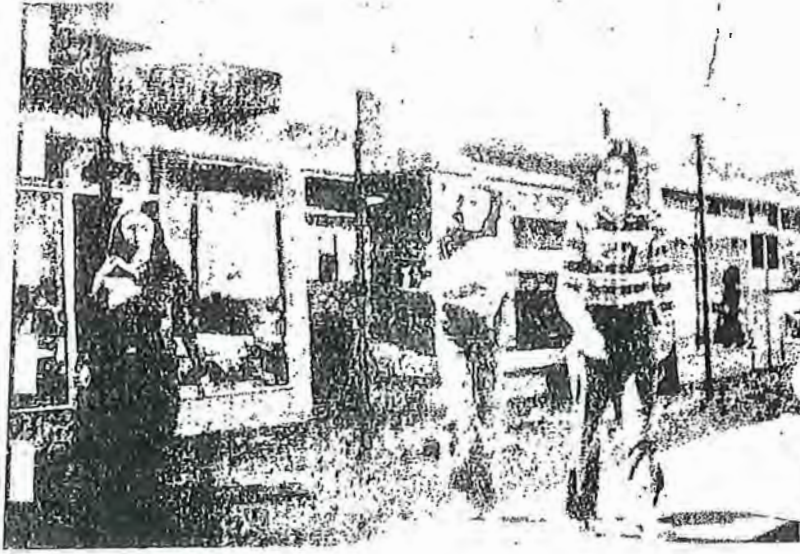
THE END

NOTE THE PROFESSIONAL FLAIR WHICH
TERMINATES THIS ARTICLE; THE MARK
OF A TRUE LITERARY GENIUS.

* McKerlie, McDonnell, McPharlin.



F MATRIC ART RAKU HAPPENING AT
DUBLIN - 1974."



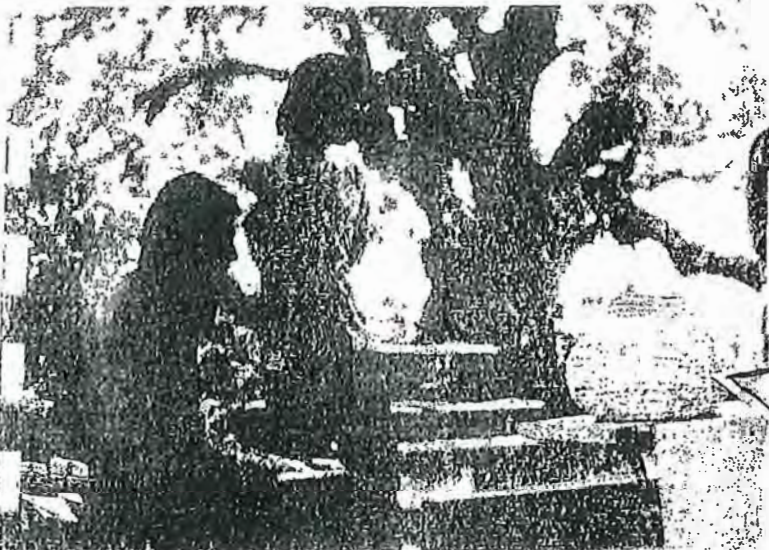
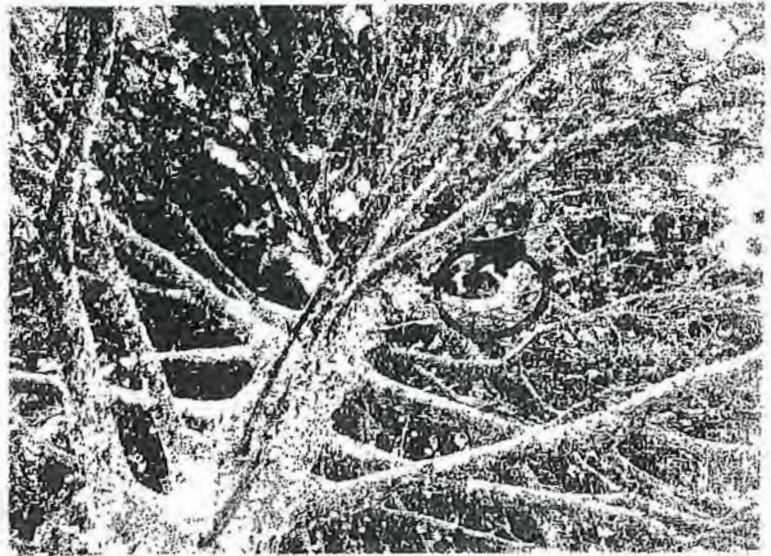
← GIRLS
GETTING
"THE MEAT."

**The
Giant Killers.**

RICHARD LOOKING
FOR ARMS IN TREE



WARNING
TO ALL BOTTLE USERS AND OTHERS



WATCHING
RICHARD'S FIRST
ARM BURNING!

\$6⁹⁹
each



"YA WANNA KNOW SOMETHIN'?
CLEAN ROOMS ARE *BORING!*"

RICHARD BURNING
HIS FIRST ARM



RICHARD
BURNING TRENBO'S
ARM WITH
SPATULA →

ART?



B.B. Q'ING
A SERIES
OF
COLLECTED
← ARMS !!!

\$100m. 'remedy'





SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL

Author..... Magazine

Title..... 1974

Name

Grade

Due Date

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL

Magazine

1974