

...cool  
SALISBURY  
SCHOOL ...

HIGH

MAGAZINE MUSEUM

...own

1979







# Care for Kids

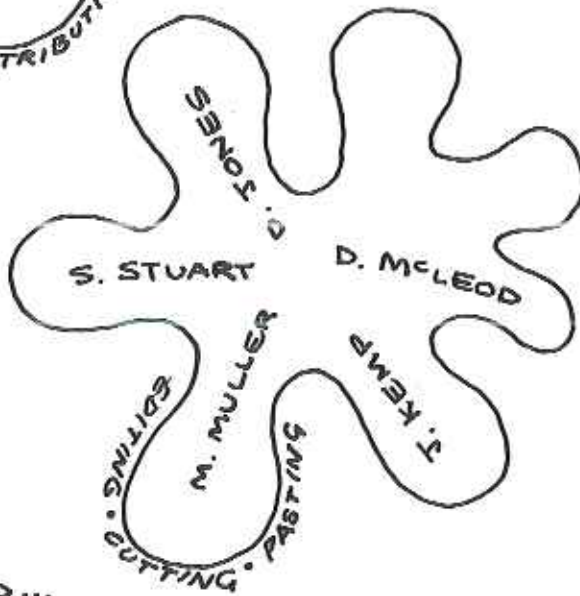
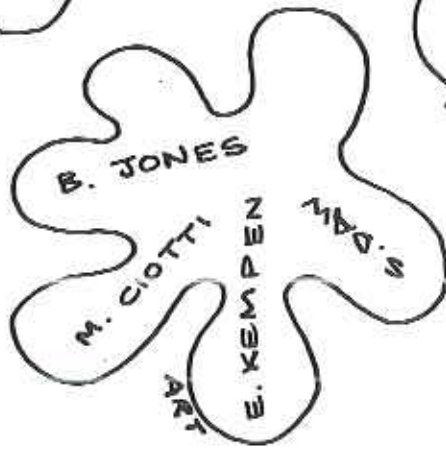
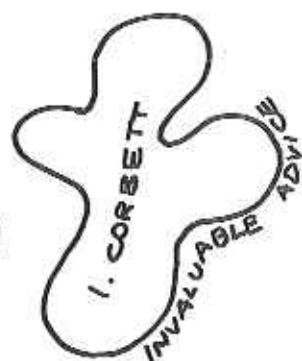
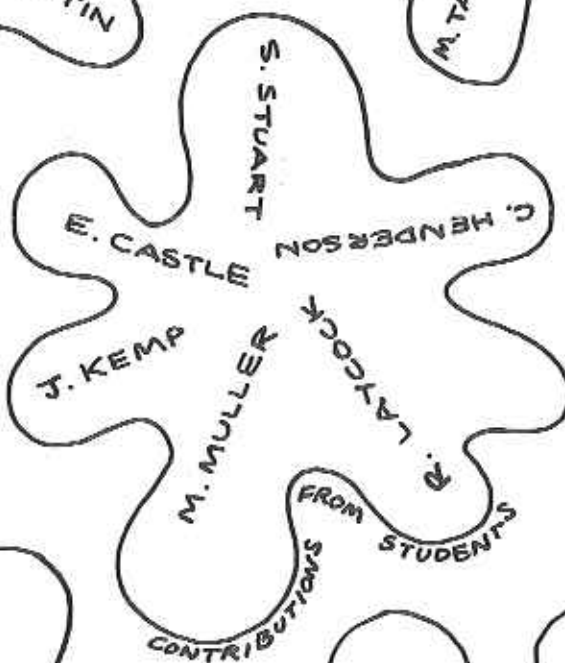
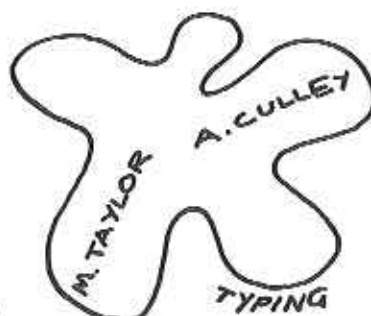
INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD





# THANK YOU

SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS  
WHO CONTRIBUTED



AND ANYONE ELSE WHO HELPED...

THANKS!

## NEW BEGINNINGS - THE PRINCIPAL'S NOTES



*I have always been enthusiastic about school magazines even from the days when I attended High School myself during the Second World War. Perhaps most of our readers feel the same way. It is a pity that our school has not had a magazine for some time and it is very encouraging that a group of students and teachers has come together this year to produce one. As an observer from the outside, I have noticed that the task has been both difficult and rewarding. I am very certain that our readers will agree that the group has produced a publication that is a very worthy beginning of a new tradition.*

*It is strange how voices from the past sometimes state real solutions to present day problems. Mr. Barbour, Headmaster of one of our country schools in 1938 said the following at the Annual Speech Night*

*"Education is for life and not only for livelihood; it is for the development of the whole man and not for the mere training of a factory hand."*

*The most serious issue confronting our school leavers this year is unemployment and it is my hope that in hundreds of little ways this school's community has been helpful in challenging you to an approach to life where thought and vigor and caring have been important factors.*

*The youth of the world solved the problems posed to them in the late thirties and early forties. Real solutions for the present are still needed.*

*Some of our new beginnings here in 1979 may act as pointers. Congratulations to those who revitalised the Student Representative Council to make it a vital factor in the life of the school and to those who came together to make the "Feierstunde" such an outstanding success and to all of those others who have made this magazine a lively record.*

*Best wishes for all of your futures.*

ALAN KENNEDY  
PRINCIPAL



in the swim...





At the beginning of the year the school held its annual swimming carnival. Instead of the usual four teams competing, there were six colour groups this year, each colour being represented by a particular class from each year level.

The heats were held a week or so before the final competition with competitors and officials giving up their lunch hours to participate.

On the day things were found to be well organized, with the carnival moving smoothly.

From each age group there were a few outstanding competitors.

U 13 girls	E. James	White	U 15 girls	E. Seidel	Blue
U 13 boys	H. Seidel	Blue	U 15 boys	R. Plant	Blue
U 14 girls	(A. Hallett	White	O 15 girls	V. Hull	Red
	(A. Schiller	Black			
U 14 boys	S. Campbell	Red	O 15 boys	G. Husdell	Green

Glynn Husdell broke two of the previous records on the day.

The novelty events which followed after the carnival proved to be very popular. These events added interest to the day, and enjoyment for those who participated.

On winning events in our school carnival, a team was chosen to represent our school in the Inter School carnival at Elizabeth. Several weeks of preparation was put into this event by the competitors and coaches.

A group of interested students attended on the day, to give the swimmers encouragement.

Unfortunately, we only came second this year, only just being beaten by Elizabeth High.

Next year with a little more enthusiasm from all, the school could improve on this position.



Valerie Hull.





## CITIES

The rushing and pushing of a main street,  
 may give you sore legs and feet.  
 The smell of all the freshly cooked food  
 may make you buy some and put you in a good mood!  
 You may see something you wish to buy,  
 but you don't have the money to spare or sacrifice.  
 So after that, you may take the next train home,  
 and you will be pleased to say you didn't spend your loan!





Mr. Williams



Mrs. Perry



Miss. Balogh



Mr. Thamm



Mrs. Mullen



Mr. Vandepenn



Miss. Gardone



Mrs. Stuart



Miss. Kemp



Mrs. Seare



Mr. Nathan



Mr. Jones



Mrs. Esposito



Mr. Gascione



Miss. Severin





## SCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVAL (APRIL 4TH)

The 19th Athletics Carnival for Salisbury High proved victorious for the Red team. On the day, twenty-five new records were set and the two new events, Tug of War and the Bike race, were well supported. Contratulations must also go to all the officials and parents who helped out. Mr. Daryl Hicks was our official guest and he presented the pennants, cups and shield.

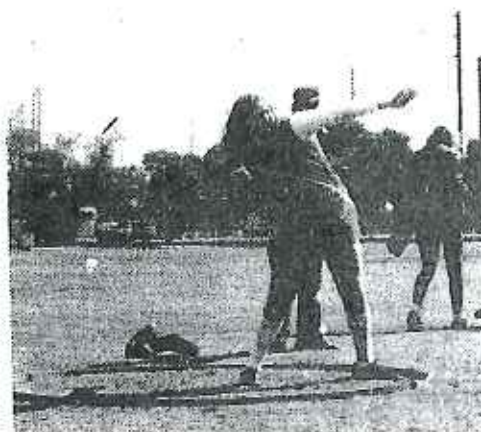
Outstanding athletics in their respective age groups included Jackie Rae, Wayne Minervini, Cathy Wilson, Mathew Dearaugo, Susan Green, Shaun McInerney, Maria Caruso and Guy Maloney. The Red boys were dominant as were the Yellow girls, but the final placings were Red-Yellow-Blue-Green-Black-White.



I.M. Fit







# C.P.S.S.A. ATHLETICS CARNIVAL (APRIL 19TH)

*The Combined Schools Athletics Carnival held behind the Lyell McEwin, turned out wet and muddy for our fine Salisbury High athletes. Never-the-less we fought the conditions, and managed a close runner-up to Salisbury East High on the day.*



N.B. I suggest we hold the next inter-school athletics carnival back here at Salisbury ground for two reasons: a much better ground and also the home-ground advantage (not to mention the fact that someone nicked my shoes up there).

## FRIENDSHIP

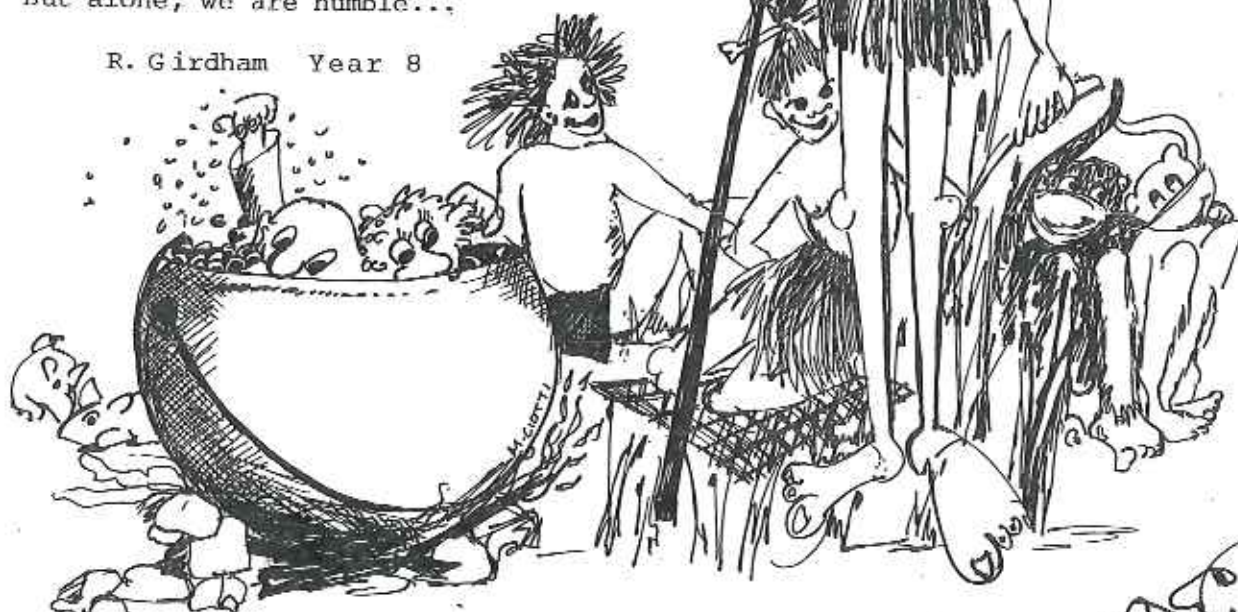
Friendship is something that everyone needs,  
Most people love it,  
I do indeed.

I think that friendship  
Is the best part of life,  
Whether friends be a cousin, a girl-friend,  
A pen-pal or wife.

For some of us people,  
Friendship is awful,  
Because "friends" don't understand us,  
Life seems so hateful.

But without friendship,  
Life would just crumble,  
We're a large group as friends,  
But alone, we are humble...

R. Girdham Year 8

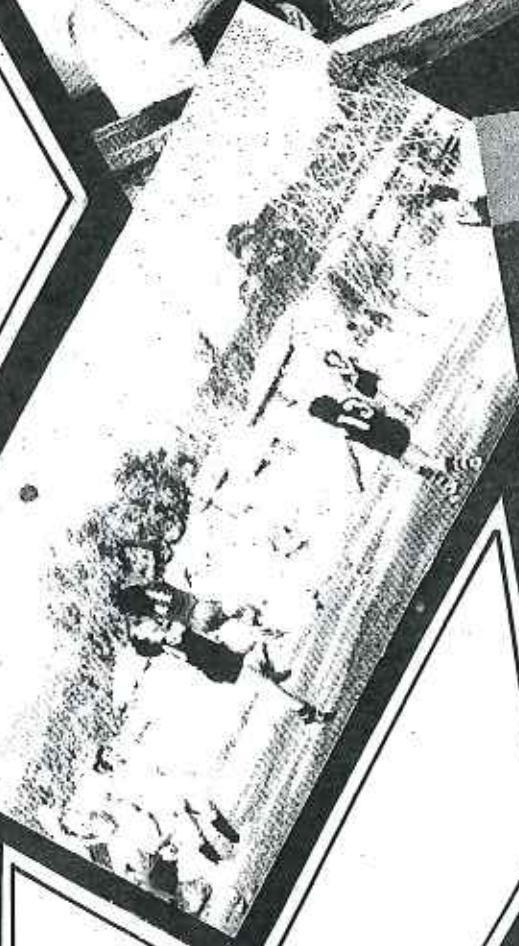
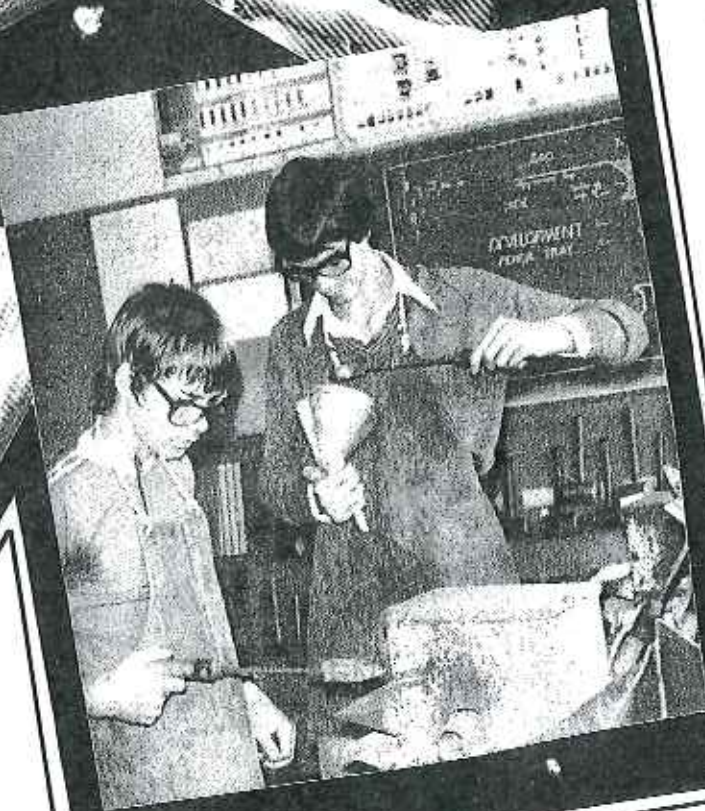


What gives us Australians our bad names?  
Those who are prejudiced about others - that's who!  
People came to our land from other nations,  
and when they do come,  
do we make them welcome? No.  
The children get names of all kinds thrown at them,  
and the adults get just the same.  
Think of yourself in time to come,  
if you decide to go overseas,  
would you like to be called names of all kinds?  
If not think before you start to tease.  
When you are born you become what you are,  
and what ever race that might be,  
you can't help it so remember that,  
when you next bump into a Vietnamese.



Allison Jones Year 10





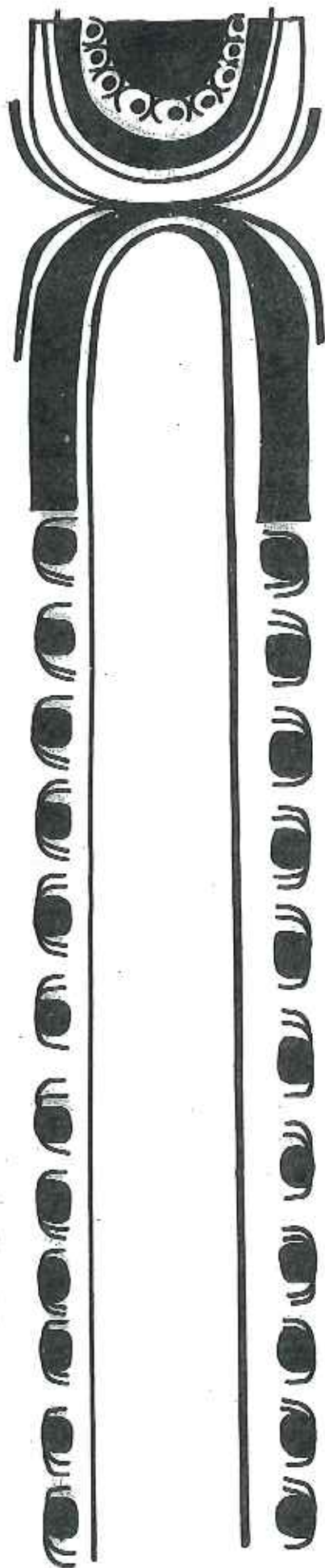




**S.R.C.**







# S.R.C.

*This year the S.R.C. has achieved a great deal, in way of direct benefits to the present and future students of Salisbury High; some, of which, may be unknown to several of my fellow students.*

*Due to the enthusiastic attitude of the representatives, the Executive and the Staff Advisory Panel, the S.R.C. was able to start 1979 very quickly and effeciently.*


*For the first time in many years, if ever before, the S.R.C. was deeply involved with its own induction, training and selection of Staff Advisory Panel members.*

*Of the less obvious achievements, but by far one of the most important, the S.R.C.'s constitution was radically amended to offer a more flexible, yet more stringent 'set of rules' by which the S.R.C. could operate. A draft of the amended constitution was put to a full meeting and was passed unanimously. To make the S.R.C.'s action moral and legal, one full cycle was allowed for any objections to be lodged; none were received and, hence, the amended constitution was ratified.*

*In 1979 the S.R.C. had approximately four thousand dollars for expenditure. A great deal of discussion was held and a final list went to you, the students, in the form of a referendum so that you could be involved as much as possible in the spending of your money.*

*As a result the S.R.C. is (at the time of writing this report) in the process of purchasing a 'disco machine', which will be well worth the money allocated. Special thanks must be given to the S.R.C. sub-committee and all staff involved.*

*I envisage that the disco machine will be put to good use in the future. Its applications are many and include lunch-time discos, which will pay the purchase off, in no time at all, and anything else which the students decide. I emphasize 'students' because the disco machine is the students' property, and will be administered by the S.R.C. of future years. I, and my fellow executive members, would be deeply saddened should the students lose their absolute control of the disco machine.*



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The S.R.C.'s income this year was a substantial increase on money raised in past years. This was mainly due to: extremely successful Activities Days and to very enjoyable and profitable socials which were only a success because of the energetic and dedicated work of Mark Shears and his social committee.

Activities Days were not to be in 1979, but you, the students, wanted them, so the S.R.C. resolved to get them. A lot of hard work, and 'behind the scenes' discussions were held and as a result, Salisbury High had two Activities Days on the 9th and 10th of May, which raised approximately \$1900. Next year, we hope, Activities Days will be included in the 1980 timetable, as they serve as a great fund-raiser, a break from work and most of all...., a lot of fun!

This year the students were involved with the drafting of the revised school uniform; in fact the S.R.C. actually designed the new school jacket and windcheater. The S.R.C. has come a long way in 1979, where student recommendations to staff and parent bodies have been held in high regard and in most cases adopted, as was the case with Activities Days and the school jacket and windcheater. For the first time in the school's history the S.R.C. and students were extensively involved in the supervising of our Athletics Carnival, and I thank the Physical Education staff for the opportunity. I hope such an opportunity arises in future.

I have been on the S.R.C. for four years now, and I have been a President in two of them, and of those four years, the S.R.C. of 1979, was by far the most enthusiastic, capable and achieving of them all. I am proud to have been associated with all of the members, particularly the social committee, and my fellow executive committee members, Heather Tilly, Roxanne Packer and Sherron Espeland all of whom have been invaluable in my year of office.

I cannot finish my report without thanking all the staff, particularly Mr. deGooyer for his dedicated and extremely capable work and guidance, in a position which was thrust upon him.

Last of all, but most importantly I thank all the students of Salisbury High for the support given to the S.R.C. this year. Good luck to all for 1980!

Darryl Willson  
President S.R.C. 1979





**S.R.C.**



### What You Are

You are the grass  
that grows on the trees

You are the rocks  
that blow in the breeze

You are the roads  
entering and crossing my mind

You are the politician  
who doesn't speak

You are the dancing sunlight  
about to die as the day grows old

You are the smile  
on a stranger's face

You are the excuse  
of all excuses

You are the stopsign  
on the stairway to heaven

You are the world  
that ruins my universe

You are the flower  
before it is cut

You are the distance  
between war and peace  
measured in blood

You are the distance  
between ocean and land  
measured in the drowning man's strokes

You are the distance  
between my heart and soul  
measured in light years

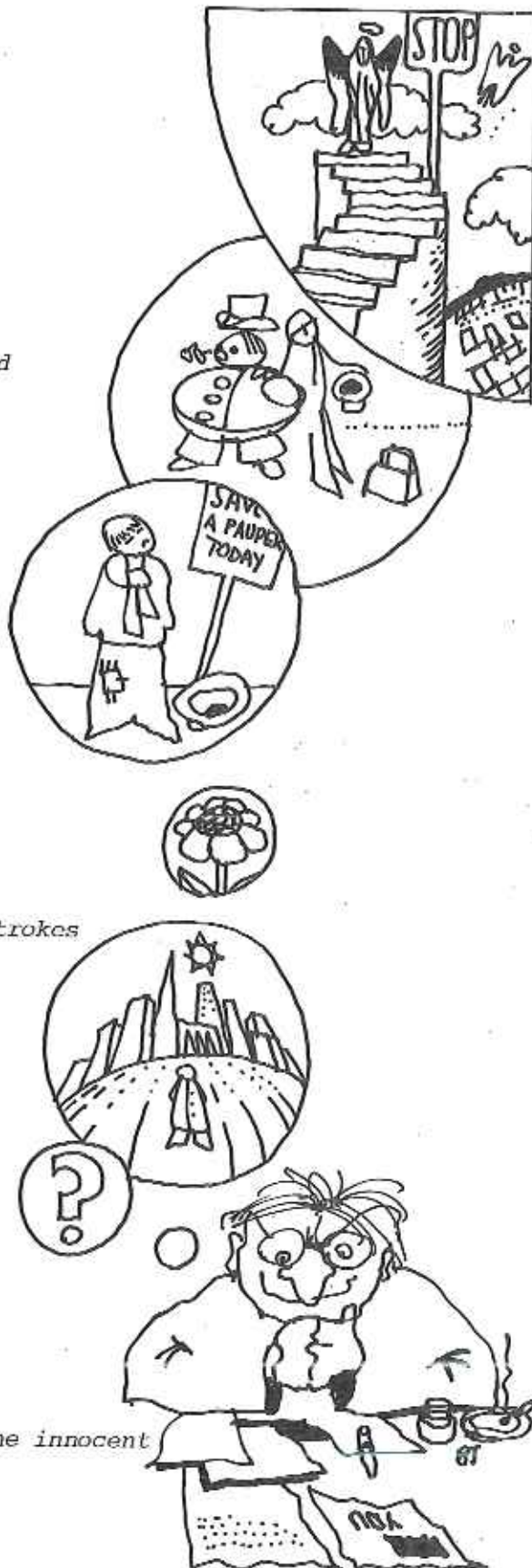
You are the distance  
between towering pillars  
measured in shafts of sunlight

You are the distance  
between you and me  
measured in love

You are the distance  
between passing and failing  
measured in zeros and noughts  
or noughts and crosses

You are the moment  
before experience is thrust on the innocent

You are the moment  
in which you see me  
but do not know what I am

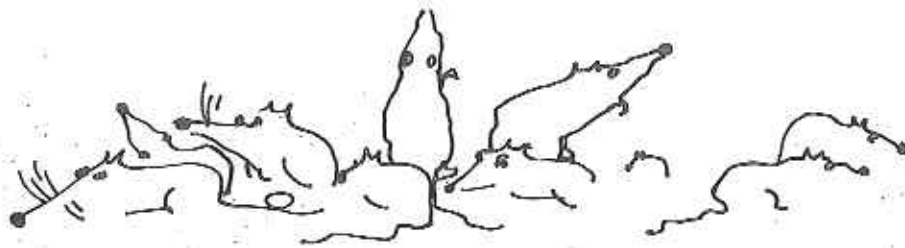


S.S.C English class  
'Inspired' by Roger McGough.





## INVASION



It all started in 1665, the year before The Great Fire of London, when rats and garbage, not people, ruled the streets. At this stage, no sewerage was yet introduced. All rubbish was thrown out of the window onto the street. Rats, rats and more rats lived in Paradise. Then The Great Fire of London came, wiping out almost all of the rats, while the remaining fled as far as their legs could carry them.

But, unknown to the people at this stage, the superior rats, who were viewing the disaster from their planet Lucon, fifth galaxy from Sunroid, through their visual, an interplanetary television, took revenge right away. Nothing seemed to happen because Lucon is three hundred light years away from Earth. The superior rats were travelling faster than the speed of light and taking approximately 300 years to travel to Earth. They were entering the Earth's atmosphere. They chose an island near the coast of England to land, because it was close to London and there were no telephones or radios on the island. After landing on Earth, the weary travellers rested for the night before taking action.

Next morning, at about 10.00am, everyone was stunned by a massive explosion. The rats' ship crash-landed, killing about one hundred rats. The other rats burst out of the ship. Everyone ran in fear and they saw not just ordinary rats, but rats that were four feet high and eight feet long, not including the tail. The rats swarmed out of the crippled ship until they were all out. Then they all turned to the centre of the swarm all twitching their tails alternately, as if taking a message. They then split up and went in all directions, knocking down almost everything in their path, chewing up the odd car, or almost bringing down the odd skyscraper with their tails. The rats seemed to pause every now and then to examine this and that. The army was quickly on the scene, the tanks killing about two rats each before being destroyed by another rat.

Suddenly everything stopped. All the rats turned and headed north where the signal was coming from. The rats gathered around the Embassy of Justice building. One rat was carrying a metal object and handing it to another, who talked through it. The words came out in perfect English. The rat said,

"I, Triumphant, have found you guilty of slaughtering thousands of rats of the miniature race. Speak, accused one!"

Then the Minister of Justice appeared out of an open window, was handed a type of megaphone, and asked.

"Is this a Court of Law?"

The reply was, "Yes."

"Then I want my lawyer, the Prime Minister, and anyone else important to the human race."

"It will be done. You have 30 minutes."

After all the important people arrived, the Court of Law started. It went on about the Great Fire of London, and how millions of rats died. The people said it wasn't their fault, no-one knew how or who had started it and that they hadn't wanted it to happen. The argument went on for an hour, and finally, the rats saw the point of view of the people and apologised for the damage they had caused. They offered to replace it, if N.A.S.A. would build them another ship and if humans realised that other animals belonged in this world, not just humans.

It was settled.



## SENIOR HOCKEY REPORT

As the 1979 Winter Lightning Carnival approached, a group of young and enthusiastic students, joined forces to produce Salisbury High's deadly Hockey Team. Students from years 10, 11 and 12 combined to form this elite group of athletes while Mr. Amos (our trainer, coach, Manager, water boy) who had no previous experience in hockey, moulded and shaped us into a closely knit, tight fisted, professional looking hockey team, (10 minutes before our first match).

The day of the carnival was a hockey player's nightmare - the ground was wet, slippery, muddy and the threat of rain was always present. This, however, did not dampen our enthusiasm (pun intended) and we were confident of winning at least one game....

The whole team quickly adapted to the adverse conditions and played extremely well.

After five gruelling matches, Salisbury was placed third overall, which isn't bad, considering only a few members of the team play competitive hockey. Of the five matches played, Salisbury won 2, lost 2 and drew in one game.

Several players in the team, showed some outstanding abilities and rate a mention. Players like Johnny Miliado, Mark Owen, Harold Gum and Lindsay Dick all played with skill and determination. Johnny Miliado, emerged as the team's best player, scoring all of the goals.

The third placing did not justify the team's ability and sheer determination to win for their school. Mr. Amos kept the players operating as a team with his practical suggestions and his encouragement and support were very much appreciated.

The efforts of the team were greatly appreciated by the rest of the school.

R. Fantin

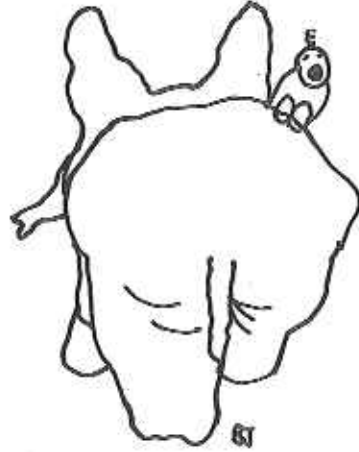


## BITS & PIECES

### JOY RIDE

*What a thrilling feeling  
To hop on a joy ride  
That never stops reeling.*

P.B.



### DOGS

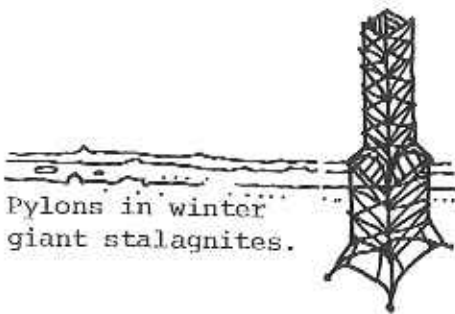
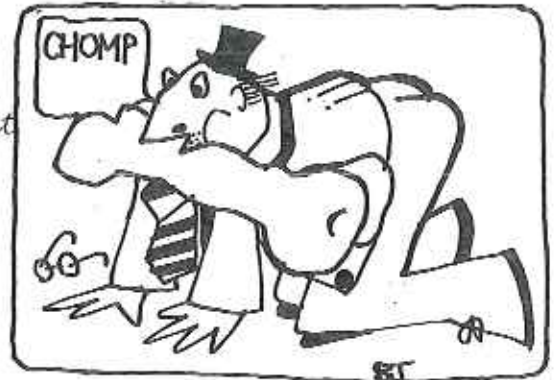
*dogs,  
lovable, funny,  
loyal and friendly.  
Always by your side.  
Dogs.*

S.R.

### LIGHTNING

*Have you ever seen lightning?  
So quick and quick in the middle of the night  
Scary as though God was sad  
followed by thunder - now he's really mad.*

P.B.



*Pylons in winter  
giant stalagnites.*

*People struggling for success in life  
Dogs fighting over a bone.*

*The word 'moon' reminds me of romantic moments  
on T.V.*

### WORKERS

*Men  
working hard  
the blistering sun  
looking forward to home  
builders.*





A funny thing happened on the way to the exam.....nothing!!! I couldn't believe it!! Nothing was different. I kept going but still nothing happened. No large black limousine glided up beside me so that four men in black suits could abduct me and take me to a foreign country. There was no dead body just barely visible beyond some bushes. Nobody came running up to me to tell me half a very important formula before being shot in the back. NO NOTHING!!

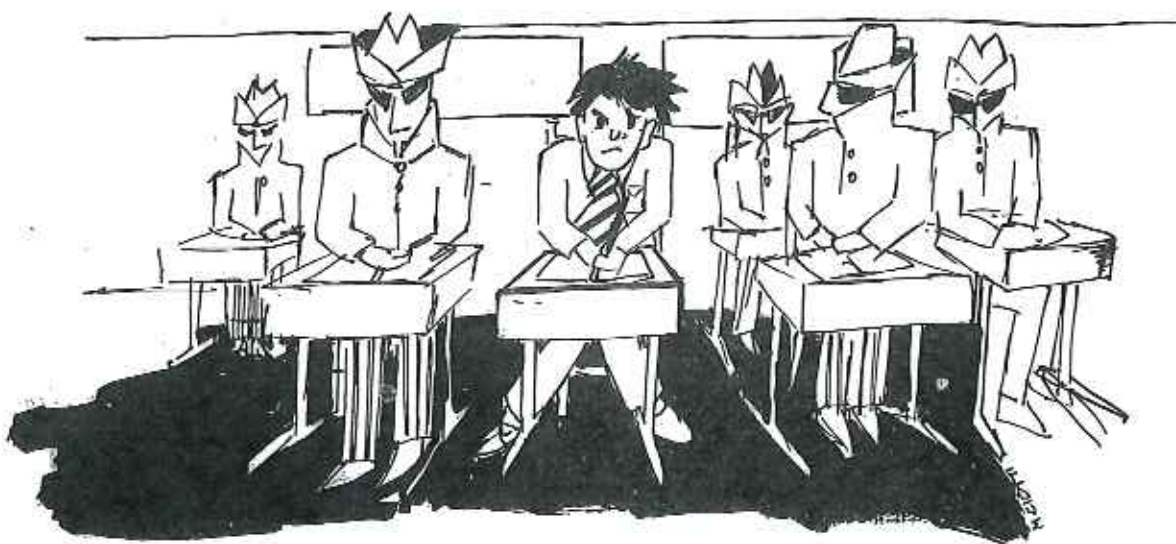
I arrived at school at exactly the same time as I usually did! Still suffering from my shock I staggered to the nearest set of boys toilets which happened to be (just by chance) the set which usually had spies carrying microfilm in the lining of their jackets. These spies were usually disguised as normal every day school kids. I entered the toilet cautiously, when again NOTHING HAPPENED!! I quickly searched the cubicles but nothing was happening!

This day was, for sure, odd. I sat down on the bench in the second quadrangle - exactly where I sit every morning! The events of the day had made me weary - or maybe it was my coffee which could have been drugged!! Yes, I was sure it was my coffee!! My eyelids slowly but surely began to close. I took maybe my last look at the world when.... I did NOT pass out.

My friend Henry tapped me on the shoulder just before I fell asleep. Henry stood back in surprise. He couldn't help noticing the complete absence of tiny but tell-tale bloodstains on my shirt. He was shocked that I had, in no way at all, injured myself on the way to school. I told him of my unusual day. At that moment the sun shone from over the top of the building. The light blinded us for a fraction of a second when suddenly... we were not in any way harmed. Henry and I wondered off to our English exam, puzzled and confused over the string of events which didn't happen.

I was now sure something must happen. My eyes centred on Mrs. Drewing, casually smiling at students as they flocked through the doors. She turned to look at me. Our eyes met and she said... hello! I thought this was a bit strange as she always says this every time she sees me. I strolled to my desk. I felt the whole of the people in the hall were watching me when I spotted something. There before me was something I feared, dreaded and hated!! Something was finally happening to me!! There before me, on my desk was....

AN ESSAY QUESTION!!! K.NIELSON



## BASKETBALL

This year Salisbury High had seven teams entered in the C.P.S.S.S.A. second term school basketball competition. As in previous years, Salisbury teams continued to perform creditably against strong opposition. At the end of the season Salisbury High had recorded two premierships, one third position, three fourth positions and one fifth position, indeed, a very impressive result. More importantly however, a large number of students was given the opportunity to participate in competitive basketball, many for the first time.

A precedent was set this year when Matric. student Debra Decelis coached the school's Under 15 girls team (to a premiership). Hopefully this may be the start of a trend whereby in the future, more upper school students take on a greater role in coaching school sporting teams. Salisbury has now established a tradition of success in basketball competitions. Student involvement both as players and coaches in the future can only enhance this tradition.

Thanks must once again be extended to the coaches of the teams, Mrs. Birch, Mrs. Rohrlach, Mr. Benzie and Debra Decelis.

The following is a record of each team's performance this year:-

### OPEN GIRLS

Two teams entered in this grade, team "A" and team "B". The "A" team were undefeated throughout the season. Salisbury High has now won the last three premierships in this grade. Notable performances came from Debra Decelis (a "veteran" of the last 3 winning teams), Tara Whitman and Millie Manno for their "sharp-shooting" efforts and Maria Caruso and Karen Savery for their good defensive work. Members of the team included the above five players in addition to Maria Manno, Davina Beale and Judith Pawelski. Coach - Mr. Benzie.

The Open Girls "B" team had less experienced players than the other Open team but nevertheless performed admirably to finish fourth in the competition. Team members included: Sue Green, Lynette McGrath, Teresa Sabadin, Marion Secombe, Barbara Neil, Ros Sincock, Sheree Elbourne and Angela Window. Coach - Mrs. Birch.

### UNDER 15 GIRLS

Another undefeated team throughout the season. Won a very closely contested grand final against Salisbury North High School. Team members included: Lisa Decelis, Maralyn Dreihus, Andrea Urry, Anne Mysko, Bernadette Hillard, Carolyn Urlaub, Angela Schiller, Karen Watkins, Sharon Barker, Debbie Tierney, Linda Whitman and Liz Toby. Coach - Debra Decelis.

### UNDER 8 GIRLS

The girls showed much talent and skill throughout the season. It is hoped they will continue to play for the school in future years. The team finished fourth. Team members included: Christina Krajacic, Leonora Manno, Janina Baldwin, Fiona Jones, Cathy Schutz, Cherie Barnes and Maria Pullino. Coach - Mrs. Rohrlach.



### UNDER 15 BOYS

Third at the end of the season. Won their position final against Gawler High School, had there been a different finals system where they could have played the winner of the other semi-final, they could have finished higher in the competition. Team members included: Fortu Costanzo, John Greatrex, Michael Byrne, Matthew Deraugo, Thomas Horne, Michael Mitchell, Andrew West and Stephen Brown. Coach - Mr. Jones.

### YEAR 8 BOYS

Finished fifth. A large number of students turned out to play in this team, many of them with little basketball experience to start with. The team showed much improvement through the season. Team members included: Mark Cameron, Grant Oxenham, Steven Schembri, Stephen Bain, Stephen Gifford, Geoff Whait, Stephen Lind, Stephen Flynn, Tony Kember, Peter Burge, Malcolm Green and Sean Sinfield. Coach Mr. Jones.

Phil Jones



## NETBALL REPORT

Throughout the year on two occasions, the school's two netball teams have had the chance to prove their mastery at playing netball. The Winter Lightning Carnival proved our teams successful, as we displayed our ability to play match-winning games. These were played in great team spirit and commendable sportsmanship. During the second term, two teams spent the morning playing against Murray Bridge here at school. Our performances were again extremely good, even though the A team weren't as successful as the B team in winning. However, the A team applied constant pressure throughout the match and it was very entertaining to watch. Success throughout the year could not have been achieved without the help from coaches, Mrs. Rohrlach, Mrs. Birch and Miss Baldock. Their efforts were appreciated by all the members of the teams.

Debra Slattery.





Mr. Lee



Mrs. Birch



Mr. Granwell



Mr. Thomas



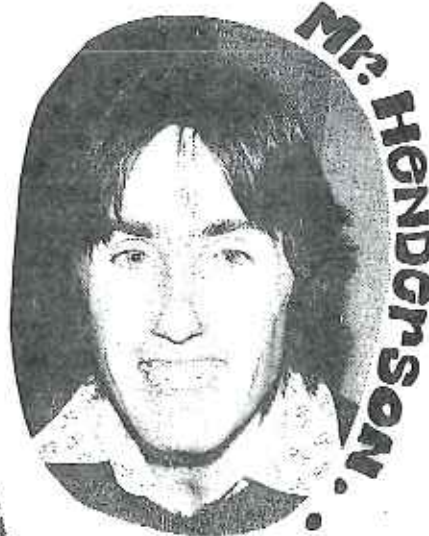
Mr. Sogkou



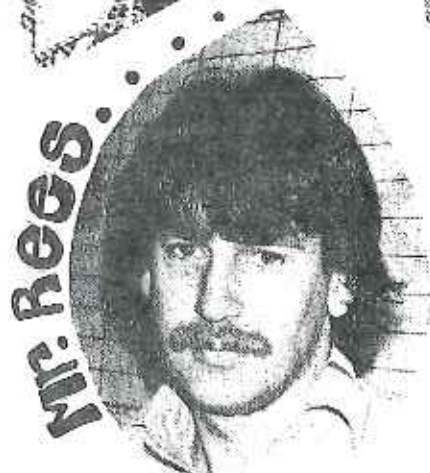
Mr. Scgin



Mr. McHerlig



Mr. Henderson



Mr. Rees



Mrs. Daw



Mrs. Robinson



Mrs. Rudge



Mr. Fahy





## SCHOOL PLAY

The school play was for me a valuable experience in the respect that it taught me the meaning of the word teamwork and also the words panic and pain.

For those of you who saw "Wanted One Body" would, I'm sure agree, that it was an overwhelming success. John Greatrix was morbidly amusing as the undertaker, Darren Quick, Johnnie Calagori, Adrian Van Dokkum were superbly confusing as the doctor, Sherron Espeland and Alison Morton effective as the terrible twins as were Janet Hay, Davina Beale, Nigel Morley and Karen Watkins as the not so subserviant servants and Stephen Johnson as the shrewd Mr. Blundell.

These were the members of a smooth running machine churning out a professional performance under the expert guidance of Mr. Ian Short - Director, producer, (and towards the end - nervous wreck).

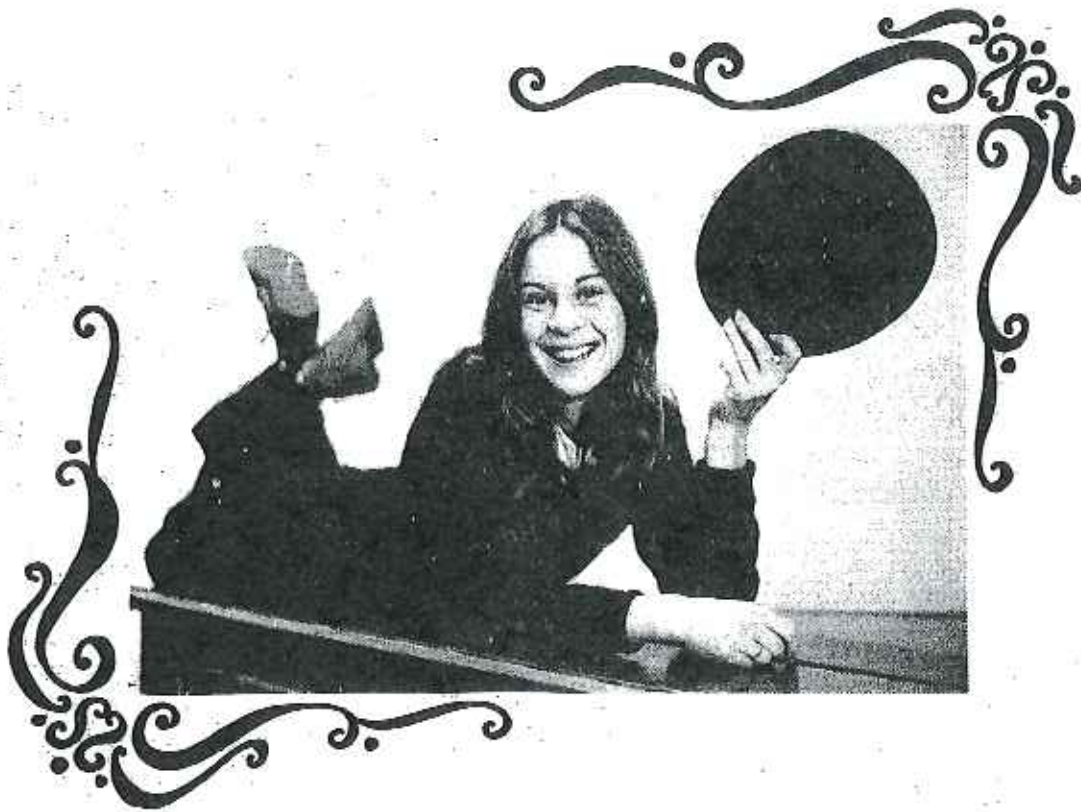
Of course, the set and special effects were as much a part of the play as the actors and special thanks must go to the 'thunder girl' Karen Sim, our props lady - Kelly Westell and various backstage helpers all under the guidance of Mr. Richard Hilton.



These are the people who gave you what you saw on stage but there were often more dramatic and comic scenes behind the curtain than in front. For instance, there was a situation where one of our most important props - realistic replica of a revolver was stolen from backstage, the curtain was due to rise in an hour and we had no replacement. We considered using a block of wood but the idea of somebody being threatened with a beating 'at the count of three' didn't really appeal to us. Finally our props dept. saved the day and purchased a genuine toltoys colt pistol and, after a dab of paint and some sandpaper..... it still looked like a toltoys colt pistol! However, it was carried off well by Nigel Morley who looked as though he actually believed the gun could 'go-off' and by Sherron Espeland who held an expression of disregard as she stared down the barrel of that plastic pistol.

cont'd





On another occasion some foam rubber sandwiches which were used in some business on stage caused a minor disturbance. One particular sandwich had to have a chunk cut out of it to simulate a bite, however on this occasion it was buried beneath a mound of other rubber creations.

Needless to say I was somewhat concerned when I received the plate of sandwiches on stage and couldn't find the 'rigged' one. In true theatrical form (or impulsive stupidity - it's hard to tell) I bit off an appetising chunk of simulated sandwich, complete with bleach. I made a monumental discovery - it's very hard to appear as though you're 'not all there' when your stomach is very much with you!

These two problems were all that were destined to go wrong and the rest of the play ran smoothly (apart from when I sat on my bowler hat during a blackout between scenes).

'The wings' were always alive with technical personnel who actually decided whether you were going to be a success or not. - A pull of a rope and you could make your entrance through a closed door - a flick of a switch and you could find yourself illuminated with a complexion which could put the Intredible Hulk to shame. Needless to say we treated the backstage crew as gods.

The scene in the dressing room an hour before the performance was one of sedate peacefulness in which actors and actresses discussed various scenes and what they had for dinner. Ten minutes before the curtain-up the dressing room was in a state of organized pandemonium. Someone would have mistakenly put on the wrong base make-up and resembled a black and brown minstrel rather than an english servant. Another would be wearing a bowler hat so large they could have bathed in it and would feverishly be searching for their own.

cont'd

Two minutes before curtain up the room would be quiet - not because we had all passed out from fear but because we had psyched ourselves into a state of mature professionalism.

Davina Beal WAS a secretary

Janet Hay WAS a maid

Steve Quick, Johnny Calagari, Adrian Van Dokkum were the doctor and

Stephen Johnson WAS an elderly solicitor.

## WANTED ONE BODY



WANTED ONE BODY

We worked on the stage as a team and applause awarded to one person was received by all.

Mr. Short and Mr. Hilton had once again provided a success and saved their jobs and the actors finally received the ultimate reward for months of sweat and toil, hours of careful study and moments of anguish. One thing above all made this all worth while ... tea and biscuits with Mr. Kennedy after the show.

The last statement is not quite true - there were no biscuits.

I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the cast, to thank Mrs. Matsen and helpers without whom we would have been too embarrassed to show ourselves on stage. They sewed on our buttons and ironed our clothes and darned our socks for which we are truly grateful.

Well, I could say a great deal more about the production but I feel it is sufficient to conclude with the statement; Never before had so few done so much for so many.



WANTED



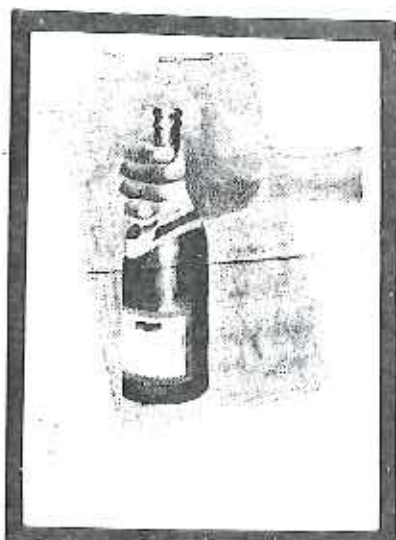
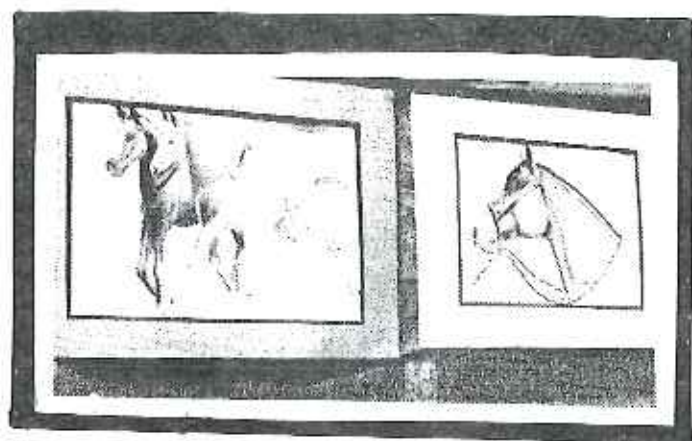
ONE



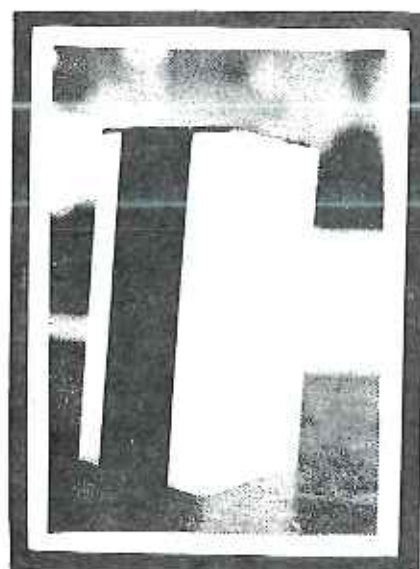
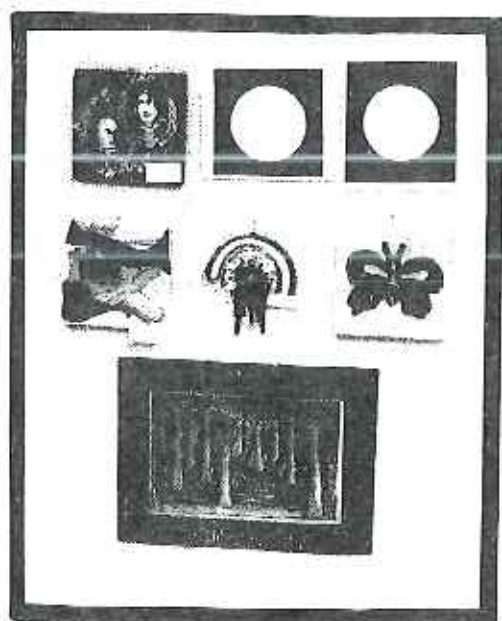
BODY







## STUDENT art work



tech. studies.



An Extract from 'A General History of Man from So & So to So & So'

"That was boring, dad."

"Yeah, great wasn't it."

"Great! It was boring, boring, boring. That's all I've ever known - boredom, boredom, boredom."

"You don't know how lucky you are. Before you were born everything everybody did was exciting and people were just getting bored with it all. So the Senate passed a motion that nothing in the future was to be exciting, until, as people had been bored with excitement, they become bored with boredom."

"Well I'm bored with boredom. I want something exciting."

"Now son, we live in a democratic world. You can't run the world on what the minority says...that will not be tolerated."

"But, but, but."

"Listen son, the by far majority of class 1 citizens on Earth are terribly excited with all this boredom. They haven't had such a dull and utterly uninteresting time for 3 or 4 Ages. It might have been as long ago as the Platinum Age since people were excited. But that doesn't matter. Not until 50% plus of class 1 citizens on Earth are bored with boredom and want something exciting to excite them, decide they are bored, will you get something to excite you. And then sooner or later you will get bored with excitement and you will want something boring to excite you in place of the excitement that bored you."

by A.Nony-mouse Year 12  
(Cleverly disguised as Peter Dederichs)





Mr. BENNETT



Mr. FEE



Mr. BUSH



Mr. WALTON



Mr. KELLY



Mrs. RONIS



Miss. NICHOLZ



Mr. STEELE



Mr. DAVEY



Mr. CHURCHMAN



Mrs. TOLLY



Mrs. ARTHUR



Mr. JONAS



Mrs. ROHRBACH



Mrs. SYMONDS





## ACTIVITIES DAYS' REPORT

What does one think when one is told:- "I want that Activities Days' report on my desk first thing tomorrow morning?". Obviously one considers getting an Activities Days' report in on a particular desk first thing in the morning, or failing Geography. But fair crack of the whip, Mrs. Editor. Seventeen hours warning is not exactly a life time. Do you know of those seventeen hours, I spend eight in sleep, two playing netball, two and a half doing History homework, one and a half eating and two for crawling out of bed, showering, breakfasting, dressing and dashing to school, reading "Industrial Evolution" by L.W. Cowie. If you're cluey on your Maths, like I am, you will realise that this leaves exactly one hour. Now I ask you, Mrs. Editor, how am I supposed to ring the boyfriend, watch "Eight is Enough" and write up an Activities Days' report? Let me inform you now, I can perform the possible in a couple of minutes, but the impossible takes just a little longer.

Activities Days this year, were held somewhere in May. To those of us who had never experienced these gala days, the whole aspect of Activities Days was very exciting. Whilst these people were busily preparing rosters and fighting over milk brands, the rest of us were trying our utmost to squeeze out of all responsibility. ...Not so easy. When Mr. Barter is the father figure of your year, the impossible is virtually...impossible. Thus, nearly every matric was roped into one form of activity or another. Once the initial apathy wore off, however, people could not get enough of the pre-Activities Days' excitement. Personally, the highlight of Activities Days was staggering out of bed at six a.m. to pick up a catwalk and then sitting at school for two hours, cutting up strips of alfoil. I know that this too was extremely rewarding for the other girls who volunteered their not too much needed beauty sleep for this amazing encounter of the third kind.

I think that this year's Activities Days showed a vast improvement over any other year in the variation of activities. It seems the new teachers and younger students were not marred by previous Activities Days and thus, had original ideas. I think that the most commendable of these was the introduction of Asian, European and Ethnic food "restaurants". By providing something different, these activities had a great amount of success. In fact, class 11A, which won the class prize for the greatest amount of money per student, held such an activity. In line with the food stalls were hamburger stalls, fried chips, toasted cheese sandwiches, cake stalls, popcorn, milkshakes and of course the quaint "tea room" in T7.

Another new feature was the swami. And quite publicly, I would like to say that he was a FAKE. He told me that I would be married in my sixteenth year. Well Mr. Swami, I am now seventeen and still unmarried. However, I give him seven out of ten for being a good liar, and he was worth the fifty cents.

Other activities included bottle smashing and car wrecking for the more violent students, pinball machines, various money consuming games and of course, the traditional teacher auction. Although the auctioneer was not all that crash hot this year, teachers, were, none the less, sold to only too eager students. I would like to draw attention to Mr. deGooyer, who copped a facial of eggs, flour, mud and who knows what else, dunked and then left to fend for himself on a pair of roller skates. Thank you Mr. deGooyer - I know we've had our differences at S.R.C. meetings, but you were sure worth the \$8.57.

Obviously the highlight of activities days was the social. A good attendance and fairly orderly student behaviour (the behaviour of some male teachers left a lot to be desired) ensured the most successful social seen at our school for some time. In all, Activities Days raised an approximate \$1900, a worthwhile profit for the effort made by students, teachers and ancillary staff.

By one very rushed student.



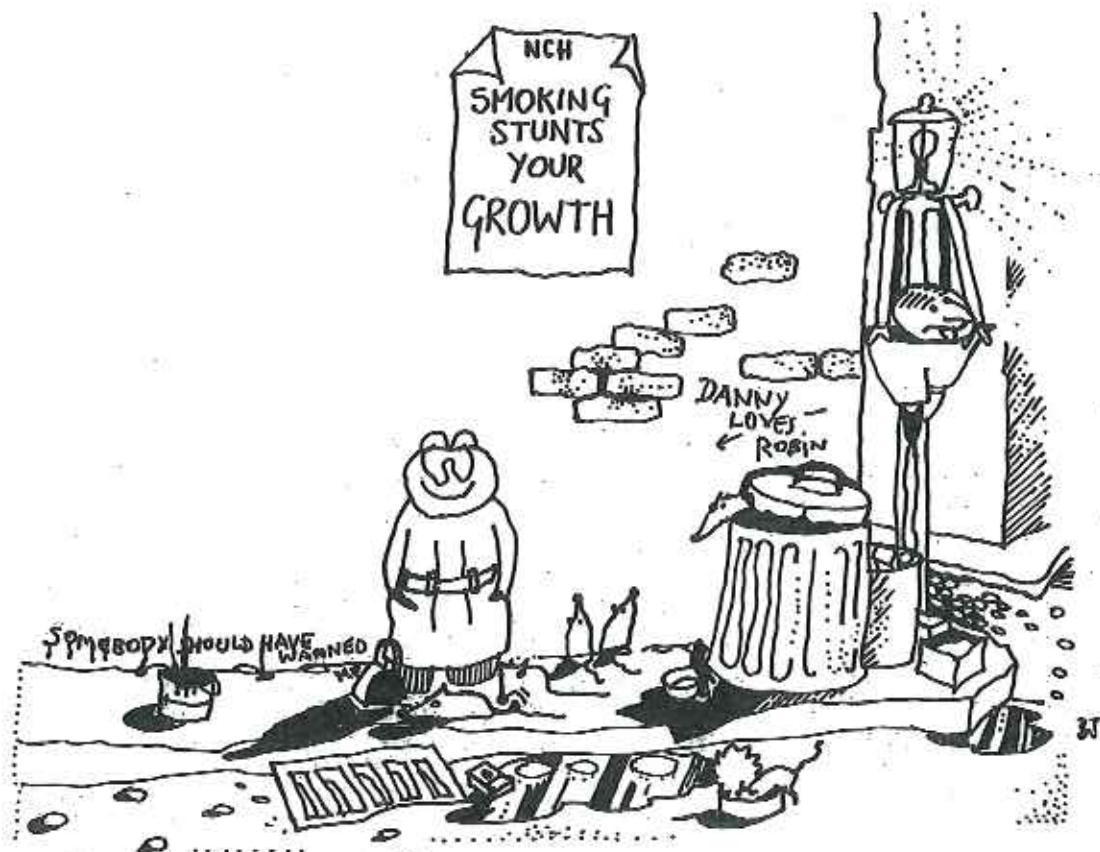
# activities Day



LORD OF THE FLIES







# JOURNEY ON THE HANDS OF TIME

I was a boy, four years old,  
 who lived in a safe and simple world.  
 My world was only small,  
 but stretched from right to left, and front to back.  
 On the edges there was a shield,  
 keeping me out of the other worlds...

When I was eight and growing in size,  
 I realized my world was not only my world,  
 but belonged to everyone around me.  
 I didn't know how far it stretched,  
 but it seemed to end right around me.  
 This is where the sun left the air and sank into the ground.  
 By the next day it would rise again,  
 from the other side...

I am now, sixteen years old.  
 My eyes are open to the beauty and temptation,  
 that the world holds.  
 The world is now much larger than the horizon.  
 but I couldn't begin to see it fully.  
 I now know what the world holds,  
 will come to me when I open my eyes wider.  
 I can appreciate the weather, animals and,  
 scientific beauty of the world.  
 But at this age, I can only behold with eyes,  
 of a sixteen year old.

# S P I D E R S !

## Spider

death

horrible thing

screams

an ugly looking creature

black

hairy legs

T.C. Year 10

My class had just been dismissed for lunch. I broke off from the main group, and headed towards the quadrangle. I stopped, sat down and began to eat my lunch. A few yards away from me I noticed a tiny fight. A red-back spider was on top of a caterpillar and both were fighting courageously. After a while the red-back got off the caterpillar and began to drag it into his web, by a web-string. The spider nearly succeeded, but the caterpillar got away. It was dying. I knew, so did the red-back. It started to climb the wall but fell straight down. It was dying, and dying quickly. My friend walked over and decided to put an end to it.

Stephen Warren Year 10

The word spider reminds me of a big black ball of hair climbing up a wall.





### STRANGE BUT TRUE?

Oh I wish I didn't feel so sick. Dad, the ruler, held a big banquet last night because we won a Gladiator, and next week being the new year, Dad is holding another feast to celebrate the coming of 900 A.D. Mum keeps telling him all these big feasts are a health hazard but he just tells her to stop nagging or he'll feed her to the lions. I just wish I didn't have to join in on all these feasts, I'd much rather be left alone to study my manuscripts but if I get caught with any they get burnt, my Mum enforced this rule ever since I was caught in the following situation.

I was studying the theory of relativity when Merlin, our family magician, stumbled on me and asked me how serious I was about this learning business. I told him that my one ambition was to become a great scholar but as he knew, in our kingdom this was frowned upon as only a chosen few were allowed to learn. After questioning me for quite a long time to make sure I was genuine and not just spying for my father, he offered to help me. I was to meet him at a quarter to midnight on New Year's Eve in the dungeon of the moat tower.

It wasn't hard to slip away a week later, but to me it seemed like a year, as the wine was flowing freely as the feast was brought in, led by two bearers carrying a roast pig on a spit. This was followed by a dozen boys, each carried a bowl loaded with fruit and vegetables of every kind. Soon everyone was engrossed in their feasting and I slipped unnoticed behind the pillars outside. I was petrified as I crept past the torture chamber, and I was positive I heard groans but my thirst for knowledge was greater than my fear. As I reached the dungeon, Merlin was already waiting for me. I began to have a few doubts as he explained his plan. He told me we had to hurry as I had to be ready for transportation. When I asked him what he meant by transportation he explained that the only place to get the degree of knowledge I hungered for was in the future and at midnight I was to travel time into 1980. He then proceeded to unfold a very unusual costume the likes of which I had never seen before but he assured me that it was necessary if I was to appear in 1980 unnoticed. The white garment was very much like my night shirt, but considerably smaller and when I expressed my thoughts on it's length, I was assured that it was not worn by itself. The next garment caused Merlin some fun as I held up two tubes of material joined together at the top and I eventually found that they went on your legs and not your arms. Merlin told me these were called trousers. By now it was getting very chilly so Merlin gave me a garment similar to the first one only it was the same colour as the trousers. By now it was approximately 5 to 12 so Merlin took me to a special place in the forest. He told me to stand very still on a certain spot, and as no one was allowed to see someone he transported he left me. Unfortunately Mum who had just gone for a short walk came up to me just before twelve and said in an astonished tone of voice, "WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING DRESSED LIKE THAT?" but just at that moment, ZAP! we were transported and I'm still here as I can't get back as Merlin didn't come with us.

Karen Coniff Year 9





## KNOCKOUT FOOTBALL '79

\*\*\*##??!!



The knockout competition brought some prestige back to our school. We all knew we had a good team, but only needed the opportunities to prove it to the rest of the school.

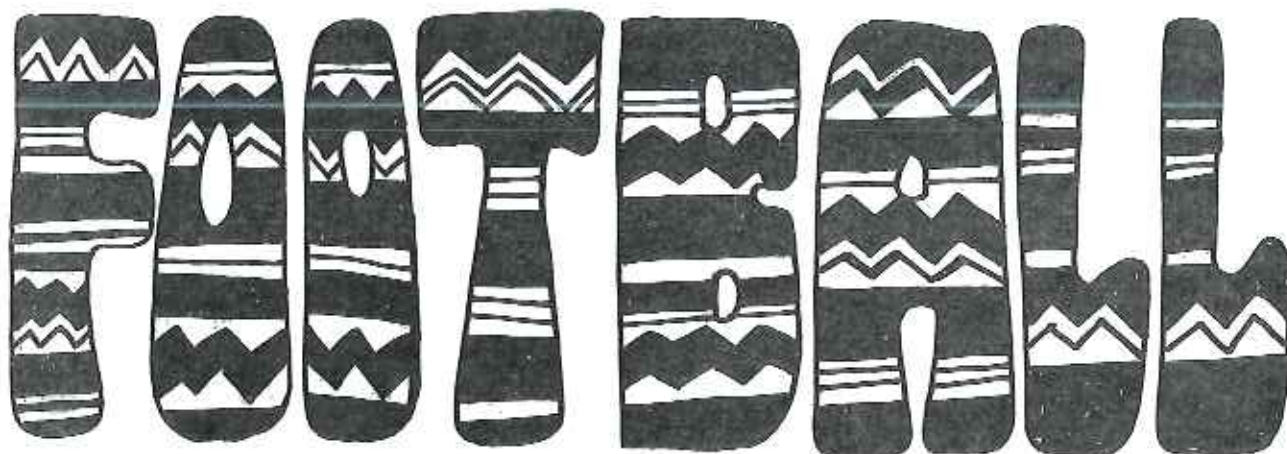


In the first round we played Elizabeth High, at home. The scores give a fair indication of the game, with Salisbury winning easily. Scores were:

Salisbury	32 . 21
Elizabeth West	2 . 3

Major scorers were McGrath 6 goals, Martin 5 goals, Brown 4 goals, McLeod and Dettmann 3 goals.

This score could have been vastly improved, but for inaccuracies close to goal (i.e. one person who scored 3 goals also kicked 8 behinds. Hint; it wasn't Ian Dettmann). The game, however proved successful as practice for later games against more proficient teams.





Our next game was against Giles Plains, also at home. The result was in doubt until the very end (we were losing). Luckily, Martin Brown kicked several late miraculous goals (there are other names for them), winning the game for us. Our thanks go to the goal umpire. Scores were:

Salisbury	11 . 13
Giles Plains	8 . 5

Major scorer was Brown 4 goals.

In the third round we played Morialta, once again with a home ground advantage. The result was once again close with the home team trailing most of the game and winning with two of the last kicks of the game; he missed, I didn't. Scores were:

Salisbury	11 . 5
Morialta	9 . 13

Major Scorers were McLeod and McGrath each 3 goals, Foy 2 goals.

In the quarter final we played Adelaide High. This team proved formidable, as it was using the knockout competition as a warm up for an annual interstate game. We started with a distinct disadvantage as the game was played in Adelaide, and so our horde (?) of fans were not present. We started the game according to a master plan. That is, lull the opposition into a false sense of security and then storm home in the last quarter. Somchow, part of our plan failed, as they stormed further in front in the last quarter. However, Adelaide High narrowly lost the grand final. Scores of our game were:

Salisbury	4 . 6
Adelaide	16 . 12

Scorers were Dettmann and Brown each 2 goals.

However we had reached the final eight in the state, which is the best our school has ever done.

Dennis McLeod 12G



## The Deserted House

The poor dog, who was thrown out of his home, lay on the side of the road, fur all knotted, feet all blistered and blind in one eye.

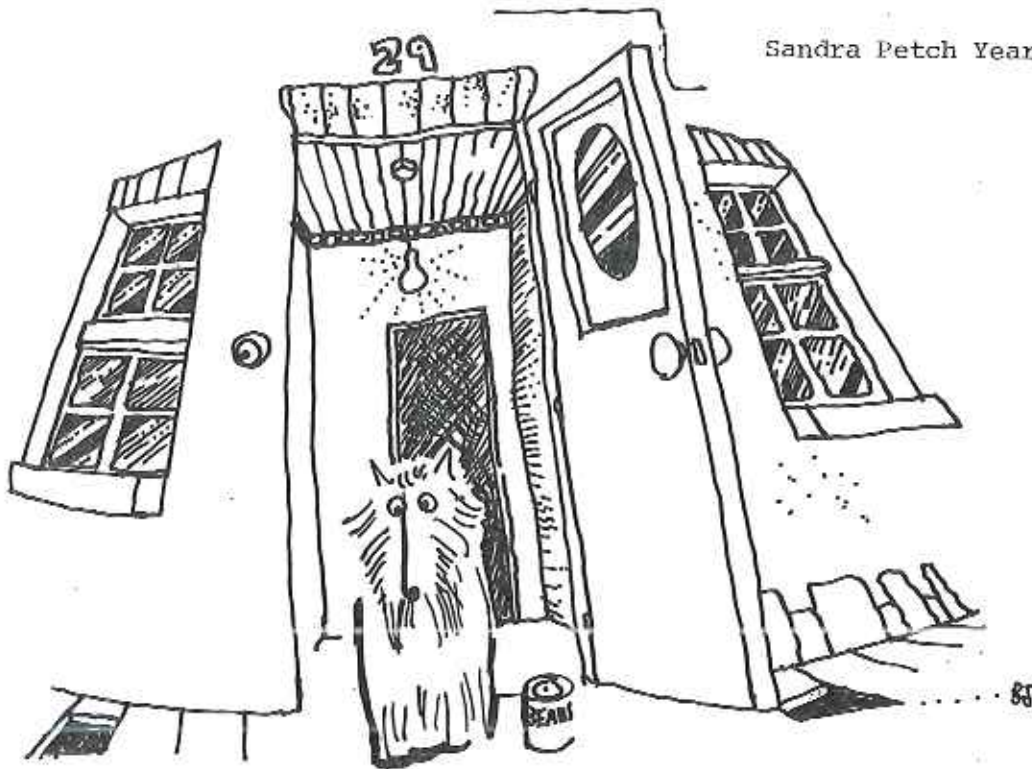
He stumbled slowly along the road and he came to a school where the kids would all hit him, kick him and throw stones at him. He couldn't run, so he walked as fast as he could to a deserted house across the road.

He lay on the wet, soggy mud, hungry and sad. He knew he wasn't wanted so he just lay there. Then he heard a noise and a man walked in. He said, "Hi there, where are you from?" The dog just lay there. Then he said, "You look hungry". He lifted an old worn box up and poured a can of beans out. The dog could hardly move but he managed to eat the beans.

Then the man said, "See I won't hurt you", and the dog just sat next to him and went to sleep.

The man got up and he went to his home to beg his wife to take him back. She said "Yes", and so he went back to the deserted house, collected his things and the dog and went home.

The dog had a bath - and a nice home - where somebody cared.







## SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

This year has seen quite a few new faces on the High School Council. Thanks to past members and in particular to Mr. L. Sharp who gave many years of untiring service. Also thank you to Mr. D. Franks who has stood down this year as Chairman. The Council is a body with representation from all sections of the school and parent bodies and as such has had discussions and made decision on many important matters relating to our school. With the completion of the additions to the hall a new Hall Hire Agreement has been drawn up and each application for hire will be carefully considered on its own merits. We are having an outlet fitted in the hall so that the red phone can be transferred to the hall whenever school functions are held. A Uniform Committee has been doing a lot of work and as a result the uniform will be updated for 1980.

Much work has been done by Mr. Walton and a team of teachers on all phases of the curriculum which the Council was pleased to endorse and trust that our children will leave school better prepared for the uncertain years that lie ahead. Finance is a growing problem for School Councils as more and more facets of finance and control are being handed to the School Council by the Education Department. As a result we have to look hard and long to find out what our priorities are over the next few years. One area which we now have to take responsibility for is the paving around the school.

To all those on the Council I say thank you and I hope that those who retire at the end of the year will offer themselves for re-election in 1980.

Jim Trenorden  
Chairman



Mrs. Cullley



Mrs. Mahoney



Mrs. Curtis



Mrs. Duldig



Mrs. Brook



Mrs. Hillier



Mr. Miller



Mr. Dunbar



Mrs. Harbord



Mrs. Decelis



Mrs. Curtis



Mrs. Sayer



Mrs. Fuller





### The Return

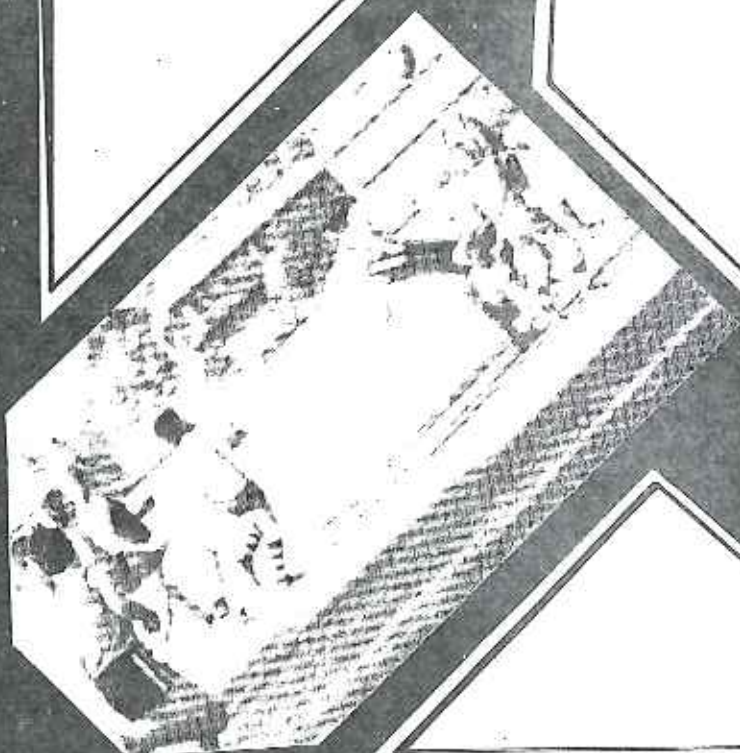
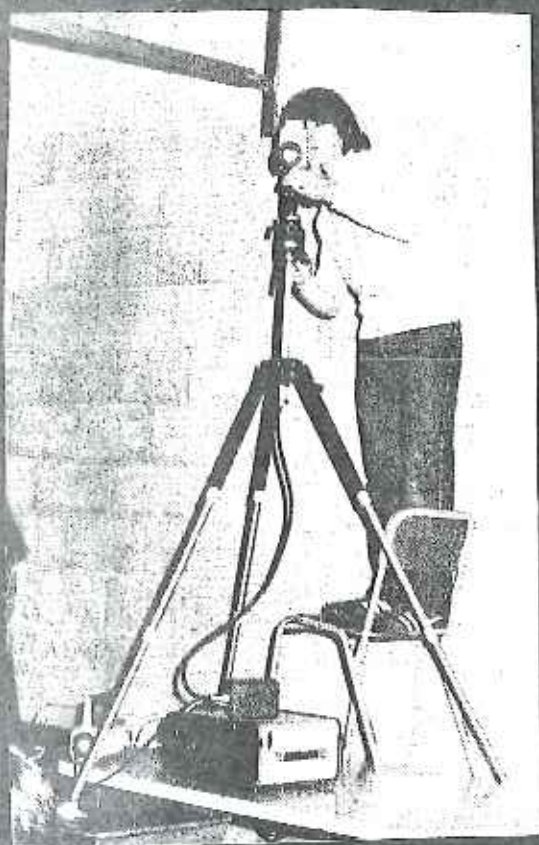
The key turns in the lock  
And I enter my room.  
I can hear the solemn clock  
Being bold in the gloom.

Through the dark pane  
Comes the moon's light,  
But it does not explain  
The secret way of night.

Only strange shapes  
I can see  
The evening drapes  
The room with black sorcery.

Pausing for light, I can hear  
The clock, in the gloom  
Talking to the queer  
Ghost in my room.

David Pisoni Year 11





Mrs. GULLEY



Mrs. MAHON



Mrs. DULDIG



Mrs. BROOK



Mrs. CURTIS



Mr. MILLER



Mr. DUNBAR



Mrs. HILLIER



Mrs. HARBORD



Mrs. SAYER



Mrs. DECERIS



Mrs. FULLER



Gianna M. CURTIS



Jim Thorne  
Chairman

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## AN EXTRA\*ORDINARY TALE

My name is Marvin Mumble and I live up the down-the-up-road. I was riding my bike near the old Miller's house on the hill, when there was a sudden crash in the house. I stopped, got off my bike and went inside. I looked all over the house and all I found was this old tape-recorder that was plugged into the power-point on the wall. It was a wonder that the power was still working in the old dump.

Anyway, I took the tape-recorder and when I got home, I played the tape. All it said was 'M.M. Please contact. Urgent. D.S.' I figured it was some kind of code and so I went to my laboratory where I had previously been mixing a batch of hot chocolate, which I had previously drunk and had previously suffered severe stomach pains. My conclusion to that experiment was: Too much carbon dioxide and not enough gas had made it a bit hard on the gut.

After doing a thorough examination on the tape-recorder, I found it was made in Japan and had a sauce stain on the cover. Further investigation proved that the sauce stain was from my lunch which I had eaten earlier.

When I was just about to give up, I found another tape inside the tape-recorder and so I played it. It was definite proof that Rod Stewart is a rotten singer and I also knew that there was only one nut who listened to him and that was Wally Wombat. At least, that was what the kids at school called him because he resembled the one at the zoo.

I immediately started down the street to Wally's house, when I was confronted by a crocodile. I was just about to run when he took off his head. I've heard about people losing their heads, but this was going a bit too far. It was only my little mate, Tom, trying on his costume for the fancy dress party. I, therefore, continued toward my destination.

When I reached Wally's front gate, he came running, or should I say bouncing, out and snatched the tape-recorder from me. He told me he had been playing in the old house and had forgotten his recorder. The playing around part explained the dents I had seen in the floor. He told me that he was going to plant the tape-recorder in his little brother's room to make him think there was a spy in the area.

So that's the end of another case - and well done, too!



Michael Graham Year 9



# YEAR 12 CAMP



On the afternoon of Sunday 25th of February, a busload of Year 12's left Salisbury High School for a camp at O'Sullivan's Beach. The main aim of this venture was to bring the Year 12 students together as a group.

On arrival everyone settled into their respective quarters and were divided into working groups. Mrs. Decelis was the prime organiser of meals and tea consisted of salads and meat. After dinner, we all assembled in the main room where Mr. Kennedy introduced us to Mr. Castle who gave us some interesting advice on handling the matric. year. A film entitled "If" followed and was presented by Mr. Short after which we had a long walk up the beach led by Mr. Benzie. We all took our torches and searched for each other afterwards.

Monday morning was an early rise for some. A group of about six decided to start the day with an early morning swim (in the rain). After breakfast, several games were organised on a rotation basis. That afternoon, Mr. Barter segregated class groups for discussion with their teachers concerning school matters. Monday evening was organized by the P.E. Staff, Mr. Benzie, Mrs. Rohrlach and Mrs. Birch who came down to the campsite with the intention of teaching us how to dance. This resulted in much fun but unfortunately highlighted a lack of dancing ability in most.

On the final day, Tuesday 27th of February, a walk down the beach began the morning. Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. Muller and Mrs. Perry dared to go for a swim whilst others preferred to play cricket on the beach with Mr. Warnes. Other students merely threw a frisbee around or flew a kite. In the afternoon everyone packed up their gear and loaded the bus. We left the campsite about 2.00 p.m., arriving back at the school about 4.30 p.m. Overall, it was a very enjoyable and worthwhile camp due to the co-operation of the teachers and students.

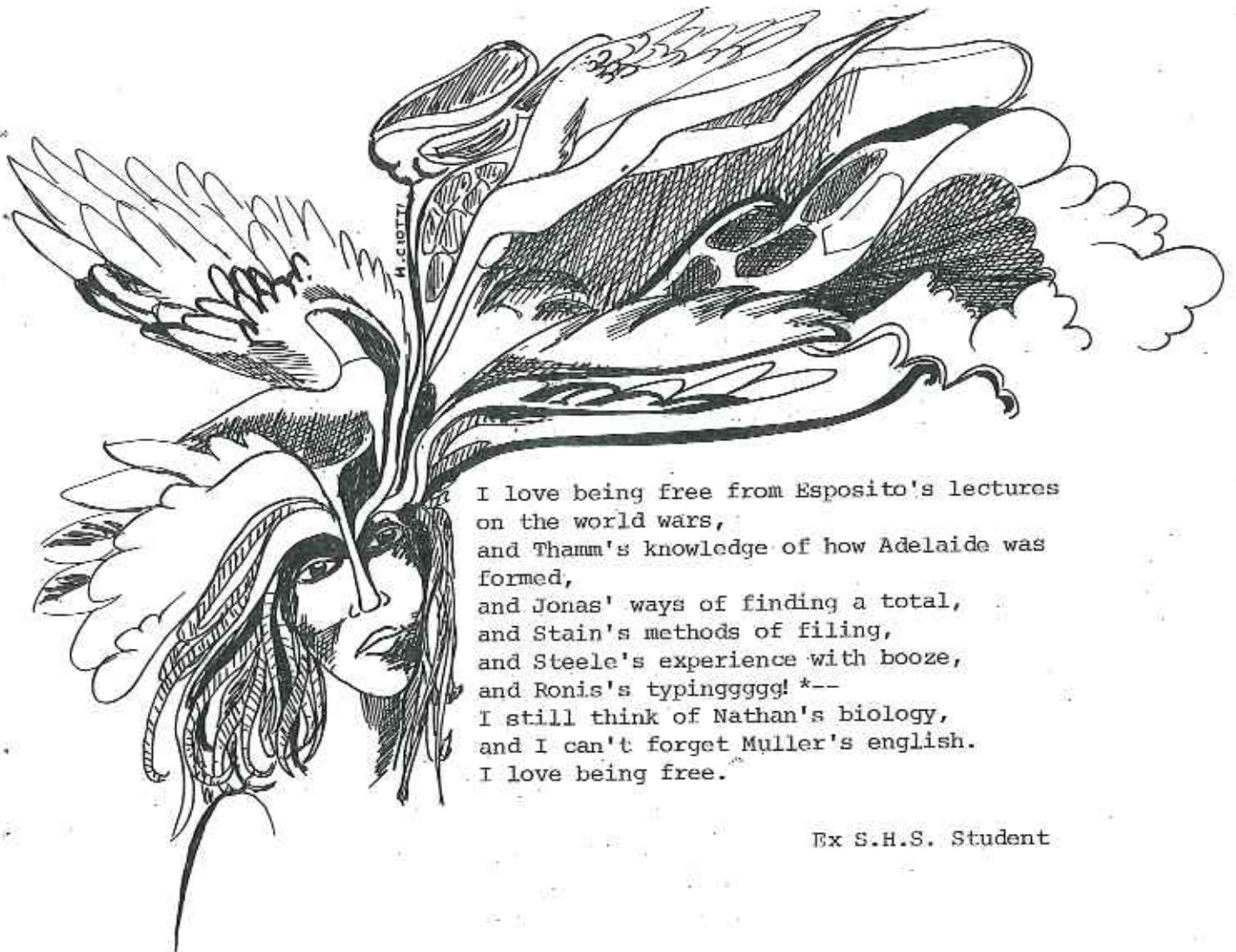
Heather Tilly



## A WISH

I wish that I could fly. I'd do anything just to fly. The feeling of just gliding at 10,000 feet would be just amazing. You'd spread your wings and fly away. When you got into a fight and there were more of them than there were of you, you could just fly away or dive down and kick them in the head. Or if your car went off a cliff, you could grab the other people, open up the door, and float to safety. Or if you only had five minutes to catch a bus, you could fly to the bus stop or fly on top of the bus and ask the driver to stop. Anyway, instead of catching a bus, you could fly to where you wanted to go. It would be tops!

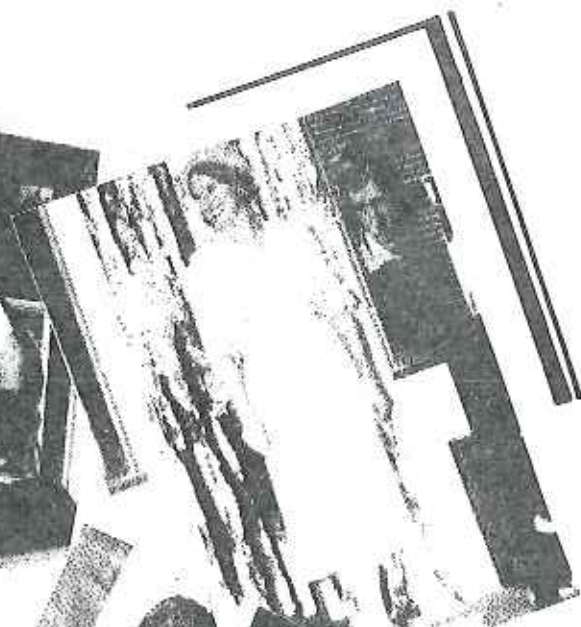
KARI, MORRIS Year 9



I love being free from Esposito's lectures on the world wars,  
and Thamm's knowledge of how Adelaide was formed,  
and Jonas' ways of finding a total,  
and Stain's methods of filing,  
and Steele's experience with booze,  
and Ronis's typingggggg! \*--  
I still think of Nathan's biology,  
and I can't forget Muller's english.  
I love being free.

Ex S.H.S. Student







## OPEN FOOTBALL - THE WINNERS

The open boys football team experienced a very successful year in 1979. We reached the quarter finals of the State High Schools Knockout Cup and also reached the Grand Final of the district competition, incurring only 5 losses throughout the year.

The team was composed of the following people:

Malcolm "Mullet" McGrath: Our vice-captain who later assumed the role of captain. A high flying froak but also useful with mouth and fists.

Darryl Window: A usually reliable backman who on occasions amazed the whole team by foolish (I think stupid) actions. Who else do you know who would play a full game with a broken ankle?

Martin Brown: The person who won our game against Gilles Plains with some incredible last quarter goals. Our goal umpire, fortunately.

Murray Chance: The enforcer type. I wouldn't like to get in his way, especially when he's going for the ball.

John "The Hulk" Foy: Earns his name by his physique and the way his clothes split and his eyes glow.

Tony Grigg: A classy follower who specializes in the spectacular (fights).

David "Marty" Martin: One of our younger players. Usually in the best players, Marty does good work all over the ground.

Jon Paschke: The original "good guy" of football. Never indulges in the usual team violence, but, somehow, is still an important part of the team.

Robert McPartland: Played all but one game, missing Adelaide High due to an un-named teacher giving him our departure time as one lesson later than the time we had been given.

Brett Dixon: A rugged player whom we can always depend on - to start a brawl.

Dominic Tripodi: Another high flyer; an attacking player, whether on or off the field.

Robert Griguol: A strong reliable backman who never gives up without a fight (usually with a fight). Always goes for the ball, but is sometimes diverted if an opponent comes close (enough to hit).

"Smokin" Joe Costanzo:

Usually in the best players - he's in good with the coach.

Michael Dilley:

Our dependable full back, although when played at full forward he kicked a "bag".

Paul Roberts:

An exciting player, considering his pre-match antics. His inspiring speeches before the games sometimes meant the difference between winning and losing (remember those 5 losses).

Shane "Whitey" Butenko:

Often stood out, because of his hair, although still managed to be a useful player.

Dennis McLeod:

My favourite player. During the year I have often yearned to be as skilful, courageous, and modest as him.

Ian "Lefty" Dettmann:

Ian was our captain until leaving school mid-year. He was a member of the State under 17 Teal Cup team, gained All-Australian selection and was also runner-up for the umpires trophy in that competition.

#### COACHES

Mr. Warnes:

Did a great job; when he turned up for our games.

Mr. Bennett:

Jack Oatey's protege, he was usually more confused than our opponents.

#### UMPIRE

Mr. Gregory:

A good umpire, he even knew some of the rules. Always wore a pink shirt.

#### TRAINERS

Deb Slattery:

Deb Decelis:

Roxanne Packer:

WE LOVED THEM

Other people who helped us throughout the year include Mr. Vandepoer, other members of the P.E. staff who helped me find Mr. Vandepoer, any spectator(s) who watched us play and Mr. Curtis who once cheered us on from his tractor.

Dennis McLeod.



### The Bewildered Death

There she is in the horrible, crowded  
Sticky streets of London, awaiting  
Nothing,  
Nothing but her death.  
She has Leukaemia and only  
A few months to live.  
She is so young.  
Been nowhere,  
Going nowhere.  
She has gone now.  
Gone 100 miles away  
From nowhere.  
She sits all day,  
In front of the window.  
With only a faint light,  
From the candle,  
To accompany her.  
She has faced her death,  
Bewildered.



T.S. Year 10





**FEIERSTUNDE**





THINK AROUND US

They are U<sup>P</sup> STAIRS  
They are D<sup>O</sup><sub>W</sub>N STAIRS

They are everywhere  
Surrounding you.  
I dream about them.

They are

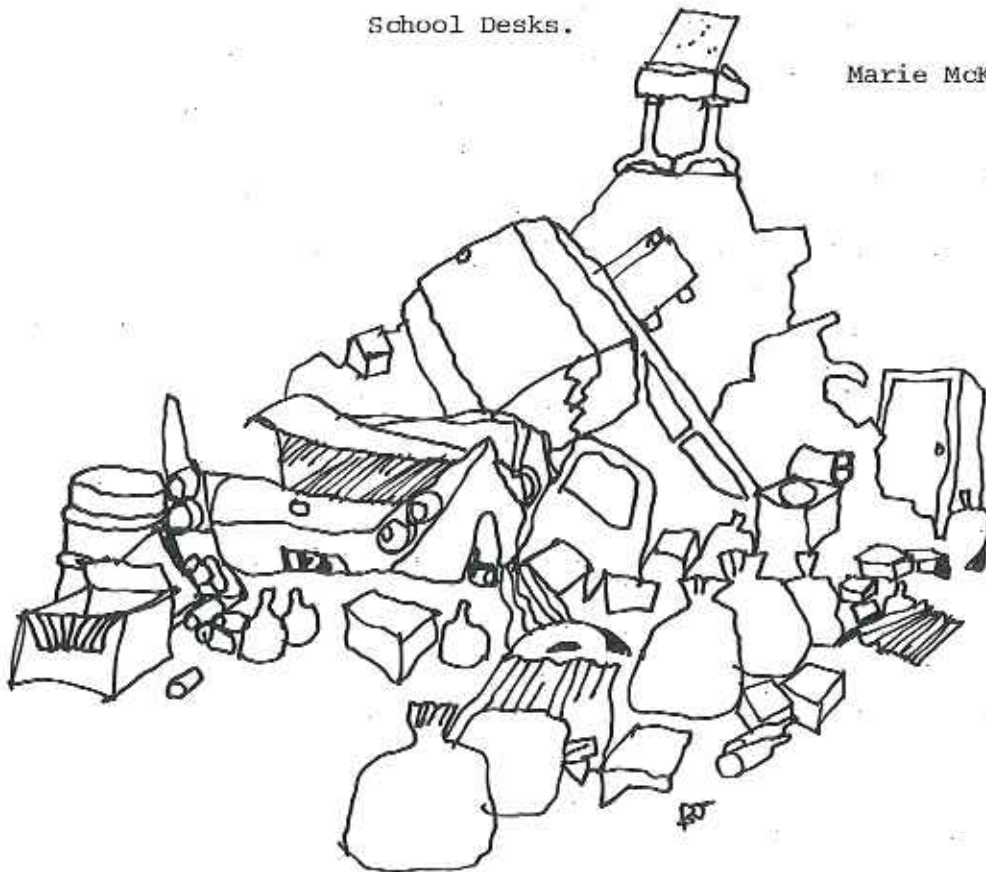
HORRIBLE  
TERRIBLE  
DISGUSTING  
SMELLY  
RUDE  
CRUDE  
UNTIDY  
covered with obscene language.

They remind me of a place which hasn't been cleaned for years.  
I get angry and disgusted

looking at them  
working off them  
leaning on them.

School Desks.

Marie McKay



SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL

L A D I E S     A U X I L I A R Y

The Annual General Meeting was held on 14th March, and the following officers were elected for 1979:-

President:	J. Graeber
Vice-President:	P. Tilly
Secretary/Treasurer:	J. Window
Executive:	J. Girdham, A. Marsch, P. Urlaub, D. Gregor, V. Brown.

The objects of the Auxiliary are:-

- (1) Combine business meetings and social gatherings and discuss matters of interest.
- (2) Keep in close contact with the school to the benefit of parents and students.
- (3) Give assistance to the Parents and Friends Association when required.

Our meetings are held on the 2nd Wednesday of each month at 10.15 a.m. in the Resource Centre.

We have appreciated Mr. Kennedy's presence each meeting, and his interest in our activities.

On April 11th we were privileged to meet the school executive: Mrs. Rudge, Mr. Barter, Mr. Laycock and Mr. Walton, and have the opportunity to know them a little better.

May 9th, Mr. Castle was our special guest, an English teacher, and an author, he shared his teaching experiences with us.

In June we welcomed the Art Senior to our meeting. Mr. Somers showed us his wonderful gift of Batik, and we realized how fortunate our children are to have a tutor of his capabilities.

Mr. Gow, a P.E.O. from the Regional Office showed us an extremely well-produced South Australian film on "Parent/Teacher Interviews" during the month of July.

August saw us, accompanied by Mr. Kennedy, inspecting the S.A. Government E. & W.S. Department Bolivar Treatment Works. We all came home with a little more knowledge about such things.

September we were indebted to Mrs. Kramer from the Economics Centre. She gave us an "A+" and an insight into the workings of her department. We enjoyed our morning's effort for lunch!

Mr. Lee, the Technical Studies Senior, welcomed us in October, some "mature age" students mastered the bandsaw, some of us used a jigsaw.

In November the mothers showed their appreciation of the Staff by arranging a morning tea to say a big "thank you" to them for 1979.

One can see, by the varied activities, that the Auxiliary do share in some of the aspects of school life.

If you have been unable to join us in the past, but find perhaps your Wednesday free in 1980 - a special invitation is extended to you to support us and your school.

Janette Graeber	President
Joy Window	Secretary



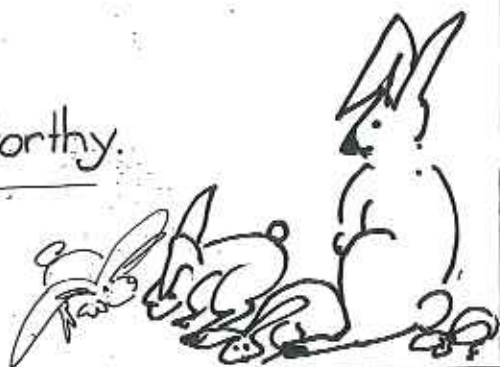
Easter is a time of:

an egg,  
joy love,  
presents,  
chocolates,  
hopping bunnies,  
making (bird) nests,  
going to church,  
collecting (easter) eggs,  
visiting (talkative) relatives,  
having hot delicious roast,  
turkey at night .....

BUT — isn't it

Funny how thousands  
of people are  
starving !!

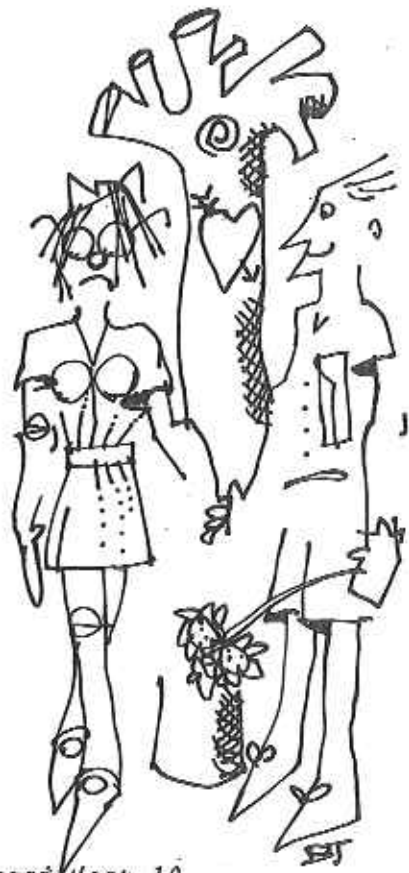
by David Goldsworthy.



## *The Peaceful Tranquility of Love*

*The peaceful tranquility of love  
forever caring,  
The joy, pleasures of life,  
understanding one another.  
Happiness, peacefulness, togetherness,  
emotions of which love is made.  
Trust, loyalty, faithfulness,  
feelings that coincide with love.*

*A world without love is a world  
without feeling,  
A world without love is a world  
without caring,  
A world without love really isn't  
worth living in.*



Paula Liddicoat Year 10

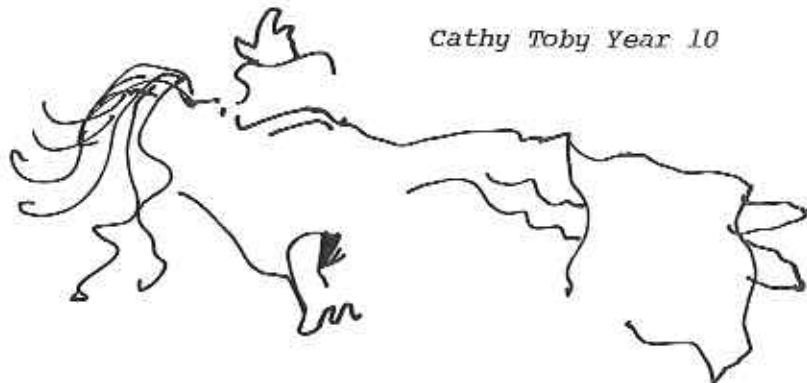
## *LOVE IS CRUEL*

*Love is cruel like blood on a knife,  
Hate and fear bottled like an expensive wine.  
The fight emerges, the bottle is broken, blood flows.  
Hate and fear poison the air.*

*Fragments of glass hit surrounding friends;  
The glass plugs the feeling of friendship,  
The glass scrapes the bottled hate.*

*The fight has finished, blood is shed, her love flows  
deeply rich and red.  
She lies there cold, as her scarlet love flows scarce.  
Death is drawn as her breath holds fast while the  
skies darken in shame.*

Cathy Toby Year 10





## WAR OR PEACE, LIFE OR DEATH

We are, as one is; a being as beings.

Today we hope for peace, whilst tomorrow perhaps war.

One conflicts with the other, leading to where?

Still, hope is strong, dynamic, unconquerable, yet not flawless.

Will this hope begin the race for conquest of self-preservation or self  
destruction?

Might we have a chance to bargain for what is still ours,

Could we rid ourselves of our evil bonds, an idealistic world would result.

But, we cannot. Evil and Death still loom.

One person's hopes and dreams, lead to annihilation and persecution of life.

He leads his army against a few who are not what he is.

The few because of their race and upbringing are all but gone.

He who dissembles, stands so tall and asks for help, help for what?

For killing, to place people, an entire race in unsanctified graves.

Putting all of those murdered into one huge earth coffin.

He is taken and himself shot through the head, melted into nothing.

Will we continue to live in a violent, corruptible, noncaring world,

One which is set apart and unlike any other?

Life as we know it, alone but appreciative til an act of injustice,

Between many and many, destroy what is ours.

Everything which is and could be ours is gone.

We have destroyed what we had, Nothing is left.

Just a dark empty vacuum, stationary, deceased, not a sign of life.

Movement, a new beginning.

D.Z. Year 11



One fine day I woke up to find I had turned into GOD.

One fine day I woke up to find I had turned into God. I wasn't in my nice, warm, comfortable bed any more but in a place completely strange to me. It was like something out of the Arabian Nights. There were Arabic buildings, churches, cathedrals and public houses.

The first thing that made me suspect my new identity was the number of voices calling out for me and asking for help. It was unbelievable. No wonder the original God resigned, like me he probably couldn't understand all the languages

"Excuse me, your most worshipful self but the last God, Idi, asked me to give you some advice."

"You may proceed", I told him in my own divine way.

"The first thing I must advise you on is the people's prayers. If you don't want to listen to them just pull the chain by your throne but that does not work between eleven am. and three pm. Don't ever listen to Protestants, Jews, Buddhists or Atheists. The Roman Catholics are divine in the eyes of God. It is the traditional way. The last God, Idi, which is what we affectionately called him, never listened to them unless he was tired and then only to help him sleep. He counted prayers instead of sheep or rising prices."

I can tell you this job for sure beats the hell out of school. It seems very easy, but that's not its main attraction. The best thing is that I can have anything I want. I can just imagine banana and mayonnaise sandwiches for breakfast, lunch and tea and enough booze to make the world go round.

I really celebrated that first night. I had Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, Paul and Mary plus a few hundred angels around the throne and we feasted all night on banana and mayonnaise and drank Southwark's Holy Brew.

The next morning I realized something - God can have a hangover too. I didn't feel like God at all. I had to do something about it. So I said unto my children on Earth, "Let the hangover be no more." As I said this unto man I saw racial prejudice and I said, "Let ye all be Australian", and I heard many languages and I said unto man, "Let ye all speak Lithuanian", and I saw war and I said, "Let ye all be friends", and I saw over-population and I said unto man, "Let half the people be cabbages."

I had made the world a better place but then I saw Malcolm Fraser and I saw my work was incomplete. So I said unto him, "Let all your promises be kept." Malcolm Fraser just knelt down and cried. I saw that he did not appreciate my good work so I said unto him, "Get thee to hell." He was gone in a puff of smoke.

Now I shall rest. A couple of hours later I had Matt, Mark, Luke, Johnny Pete, Paul and Mary plus the angels round for a feast again. There were plenty of banana and mayonnaise sandwiches and plenty of Southwark's Holy Brew.



We decided to listen to a few prayers for a laugh. In all we listened to 400 prayers in Lithuanian. "Too much I said", and pulled the chain. But they would not be silent. Finally after all else had failed, I had to get Dial-a-Prayer on the Holy Telegraph and get them to take the stupid thing away.

Oh God, this is the life. Old Idi must have been stupid to give this up. What a twerp!

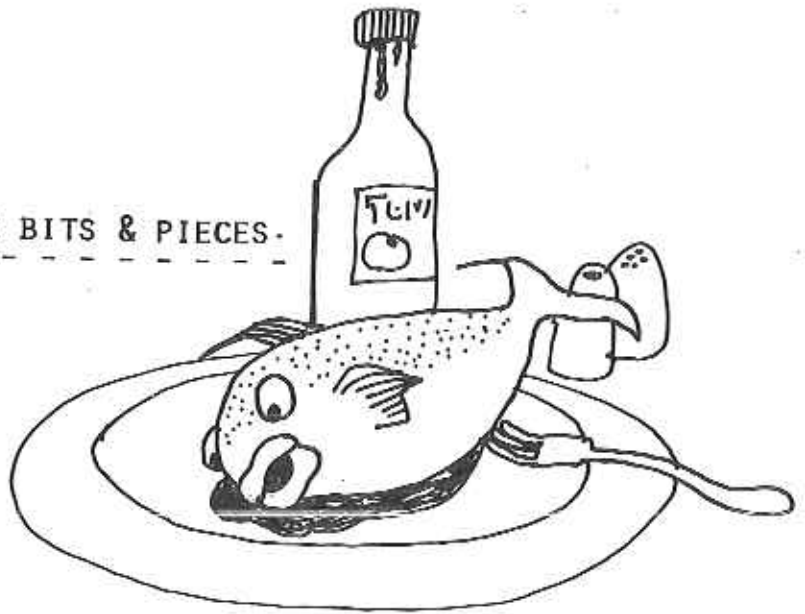
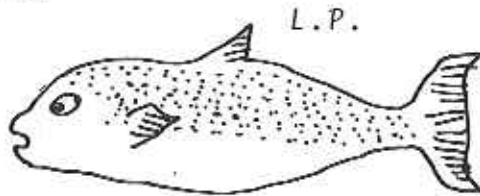
P.D. Year 12



MORE BITS & PIECES.

FISH

fish  
swimming, jumping.  
Flying, eating, leaping  
fit for a meal,  
fish.



A busy day in Rundle Mall  
A track of ants going back and forth

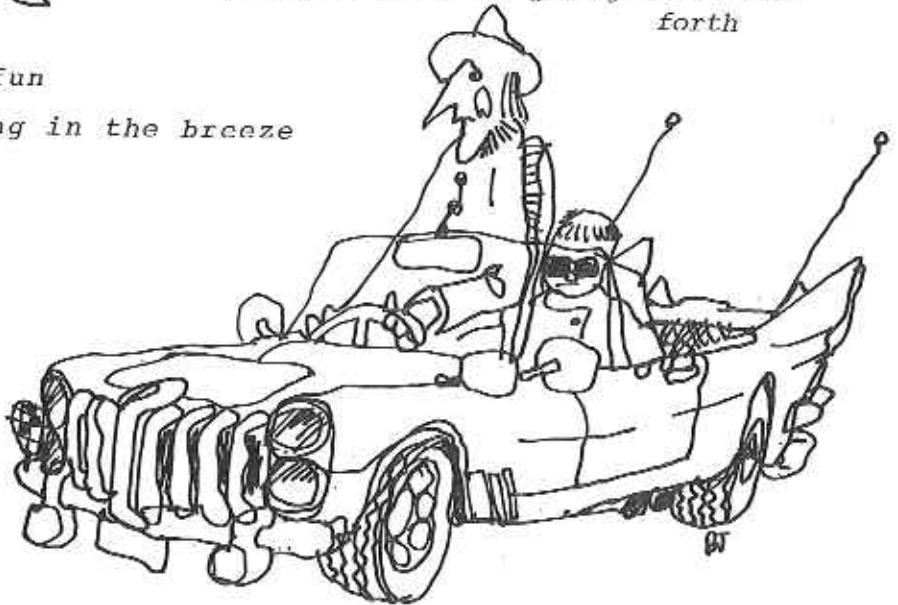
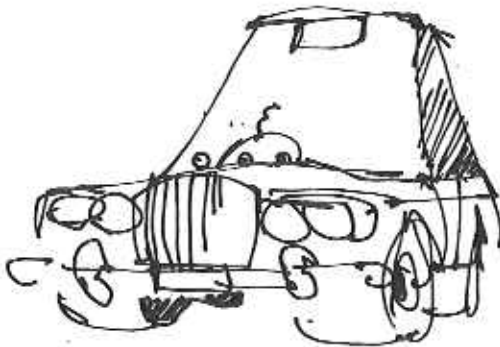
Evil - the devil having fun

New love - a flower waving in the breeze

WIND

Moving, blowing  
Whining, cold, windy  
messing up my hair,  
wind.

S.B.



CARS

cars,  
Beeping, revving,  
Speeding, cruising, braking.  
Rapping, noisy, stupid, killing.  
cars.

L.H.



## S.R.C. FINANCIAL REPORT

1979 has proved to be a successful year of achievements for the Salisbury High School Student's Representative Council, known more commonly as the S.R.C.

At the beginning of this year, the S.R.C.'s bank balance stood at \$2169.24 as it had stood at the last entry made by the Salisbury High School students on December 18th 1978.

Throughout the school year, the fund has grown considerably, reaching its highest maximum of \$4010.79 on July 27th. At the present, as standing on August 3rd, the S.R.C. fund is \$3842.97 which is \$901.18 above the total amount within the fund on August 4th 1978.

Our increase of \$901.18 can be attributed to the fact that various activities were held by the S.R.C. in order to create an atmosphere of relaxation, to ease the monotonous schedule of school life.

Before any of these activities actually took place within the school the S.R.C. agreed to pay out \$400 on the payment of a Year 12 study room situated at the end of Wing 1, next to room 6. The Home Economics students asked for permission to be granted that they be allowed to decorate the room as a part of their course in interior decorating due this expenditure.

The first social took place on May 9th 1979. A total of \$848.64 was raised for the function, \$400.22 of which was paid out as expenditure leaving an overall profit of \$448.42. This social was held in conjunction with two (2) Activities Days which took place on the 9th and 10th May. The amount raised during these 2 days came to a total of \$1699.95, \$279.68 of which was drawn out for expenditure, leaving the total profit for Activities Days standing at \$1420.27.

The total profit of both the Activities Days' takings and the social intake came to \$1868.69, a profit which the S.R.C. and the students of Salisbury High School were extremely proud of, especially because they knew they had worked hard for it.

At the end of May, the S.R.C. financial affairs stood at \$3623.40. Due to the various expenditures and payments received, the S.R.C. was able to raise this total by some two hundred dollars to \$3842.97 at the end of August, as has been previously stated.

July 25th brought our second social to the front, prepared by the S.R.C. social committee. This social, although a great success, did not exceed the profit made by the first social; but in spite of this, all staff and students who attended the event claimed that it was both extremely well-organized and prepared. \$706.22 was raised, \$428.33 was paid out as expenditure leaving a total profit of \$277.89.

continued

Thanks must go to Mark Shears, Chairman of the Salisbury High School Social Committee and to the other members of the committee: Cherie Dempsey, Simon Spurgeon, Leanne Tedmanson, Debra Decelis and Debra Slattery, for their organization and preparation contributing to both socials. Further thanks should go to all members of the Activities Days Committee and to the Student Advisory Panel, as well as to the many other members of both staff and student populations who offered their services to co-operate in the Activities. Mrs. Decelis and Miss Julie Decelis are thanked for their attendance in the foyer canteen at both socials. Their help was greatly appreciated.

At the moment the students of Salisbury High School are considering buying a Disco machine and already, the S.R.C. have begun to unravel the exciting business of collecting relevant information concerning the purchase of such a piece of equipment. We, the S.R.C., hope that in the near future, the students of Salisbury, will be able to put their disco machine to use.

The approximate cost of the Disco machine is \$2000, however, it will pay itself off very quickly, as the S.R.C. plan to hold regular lunch-time discos in an attempt to bring staff and students closer together and to create a bit of enjoyment for everyone. Two lunch-time discos have been held already during the year which have indicated that the students are ready to accept them willingly.

Records will be purchased by the S.R.C. for the Disco machine and maintenance of the equipment will be accounted for by that same body of people.

A special thanks is given to Mr. deGooyer for the amount of help he gave to the S.R.C. and the understanding and consideration he showed during all decisions made by the S.R.C. during the socials and Activities Days and between those events. He has been a valuable asset to the S.R.C. and our gratitude can only be expressed in a small way.

As the Treasurer of the S.R.C., I would personally like to say thankyou to the three other members of the Executive for their help and support and to Mrs. Hillier, the Treasurer of the school, and Mrs. Duldig, the Bursar, both of whom have assisted in producing the accurate and up-to-date reports for the S.R.C. meetings.

The S.R.C. of 1979, hope that in 1980, everything will run as smoothly, if not smoother than it has this year, concerning its financial affairs.

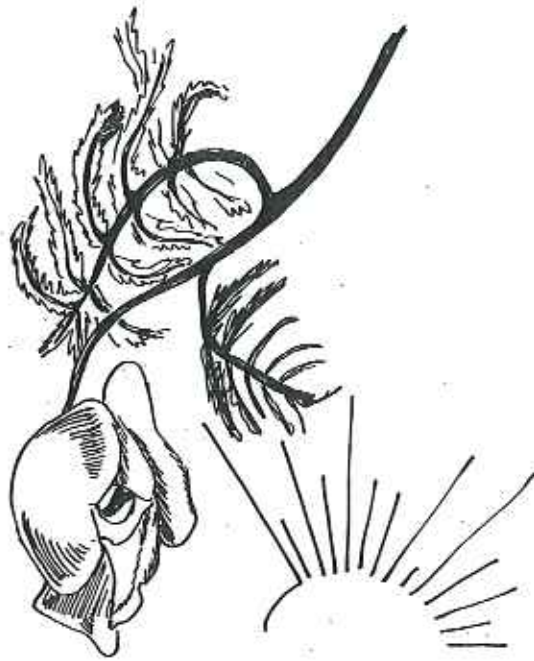
Best of luck to the staff, students and the Salisbury Representative Councils in the future years.

Sherron Espeland  
Treasurer S.R.C.

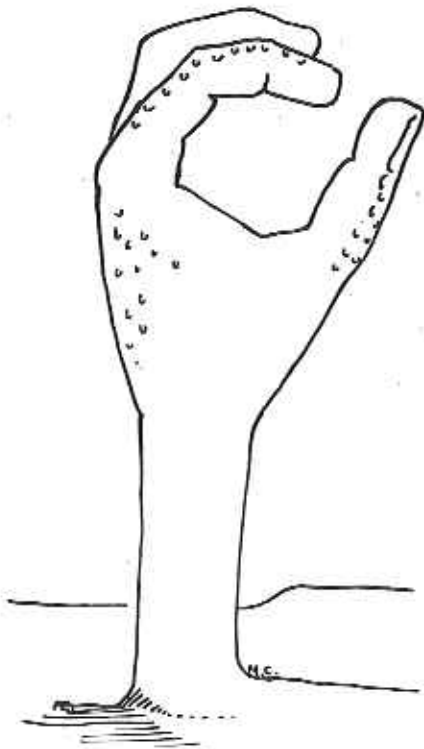


## ROSE

Like a heron rising slowly,  
I awake,  
The sun opens my leaves  
and petals.  
I soak up the dew left from the  
recent night.  
Ah, it feels good to be free.  
No worries.  
Only one. The humans.  
They pick me  
and put me in a vase to make me  
look beautiful.  
When this occurs,  
we die.  
We die in unbelievable pain.  
We drown.  
If not that we are too weak to  
drink the water.  
Please don't use us for beauty.  
We are  
beautiful as we stand and as nature provides us.



H. Goodhew Year 9



## CACTUS

At daytime, very  
Slowly, silently,  
Very steadily

Our prickles, our hands  
Stand to the sun  
Gather the water.

Nobody notices us  
Touches us, smells us  
Our spikes fall.

Strong hands catch  
Dust, store water,  
Stand still.

We are quiet, we  
are hard, and  
We will stand alone.

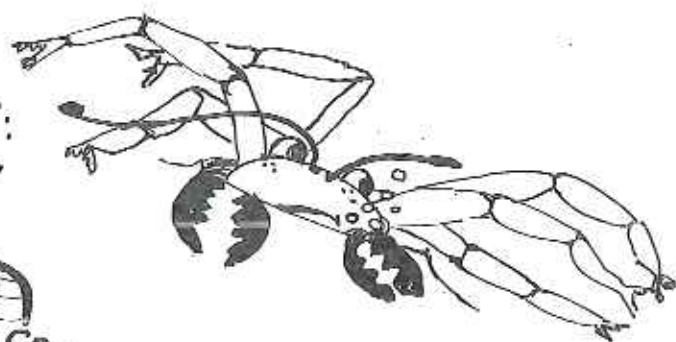


Kelly Westell Year 9

CRABS

are  
eerie  
squashy  
slimy

They send chills down  
our spines .....



CRABbing EXPECTATIONS

Sparkling Sand  
No work  
Excitement  
Food  
Romance  
Beautiful Beaches  
Fun .....

THE REALITY

Ploughing through  
seaweed  
Shacks  
Deserted beach  
worse than St. Kilda  
Walking miles to reach the water  
Rocky sand to reach the water  
And only 8 crabs .....



Still it is all in a  
days crabbing

and it was  
fun.

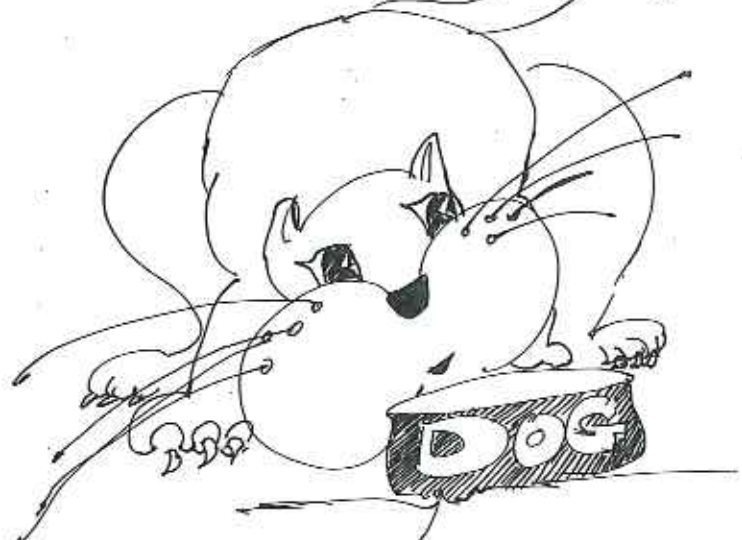
871 CLASS



## ABANDONED DOG

I had a dog and he had to hide  
because he was afraid of a cat  
So everytime the cat came around  
the back of the yard  
The dog would run and hide  
One time  
I saw a dog run right up a tree.  
One night  
The cat came round the back again  
and the dog ran  
and the cat ate the dog food.

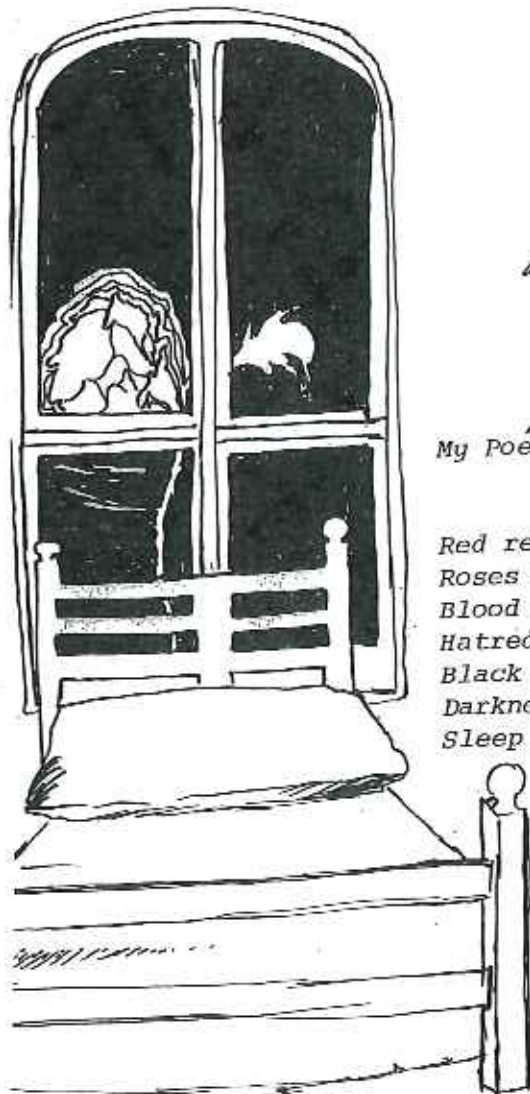
Neville Year 9



My Poem

Red reminds me of roses,  
Roses remind me of blood  
Blood reminds me of hatred,  
Hatred reminds me of black,  
Black reminds me of darkness,  
Darkness reminds me of sleep,  
Sleep reminds me of bed.

Wendy Lewis Year 8



## A Guide to Hypochondria

A hypochondriac must always feel ill or be about to catch something.

- Step 1 - notice a symptom
- Step 2 - PANIC
- Step 3 - Check your book of symptoms
- Step 4 - Ring doctor for an appointment
- Step 5 - Take a dispirin.
- Step 6 - Rest until it's time to go see doctor

Remember a common cold could become something to discuss at your local hypochondriac club. (But only if you dress it up which shouldn't be any trouble at all to any experienced hypochondriac.)

Some diseases or viruses:

- \*\*\*\* English
- \*\* Flu
- \* Throat infection
- \*\*\* Urti (Upper respiratory tract infection)
- \*\*\* Chicken pox
- \*\*\* Measles
- \*\*\* Mumps
- \*\*\* German measles
- \* Cold

Rating - according to the story it makes:

- \* - boring
- \*\* - getting better
- \*\*\* - serious
- \*\*\*\* - call the undertaker



Anonymous Year 10



## THE MOST LIKED T.V. SHOWS

Q8.

A deeply symbolic show with hidden and probably lost inner meanings behind each joke. Those who like comedy, sex, violence and music would find this show boring.

### Monty Python's Flying Circus

The infamous British series which was written and directed from the inside of a looney bin. This was proved to be popular with the under two year olds.

### Another World

The continuing story of how Jean falls madly in love with Steve, whose wife has just had a child, who wasn't Steve's but Brad's. Brad is Jean's brother's uncle and his sister's husband has just left his sister to go into a homosexual relationship with Janet's son Dennis, who writes this stuff.

### Nationwide

This programme is a great favourite with insomniacs, who are trying to O.D. on boredom. A current affairs programme which has nothing for anyone.

### Skippy

All Australians have something to be proud of when they see this show. The character of Skippy was a great credit to the writers as it shows they can come up with something original and still terrible.

### Count Down

This show is worth watching just to see Molly Meldrum enter the Guinness Book of Records for repetitive speech. Every song, record, performance, concert or hair spray is "really great".

### FAMILY FEUD

Favoured by most commoners because it enables them to gauge just how common they are. This is a show where the most average person wins.

### MIKE WALSH SHOW

Favoured by the majority of Matric students as it provides an entertaining alternative to school.

David Jones Year 12





# Social Page





... *Autographs* ...







