

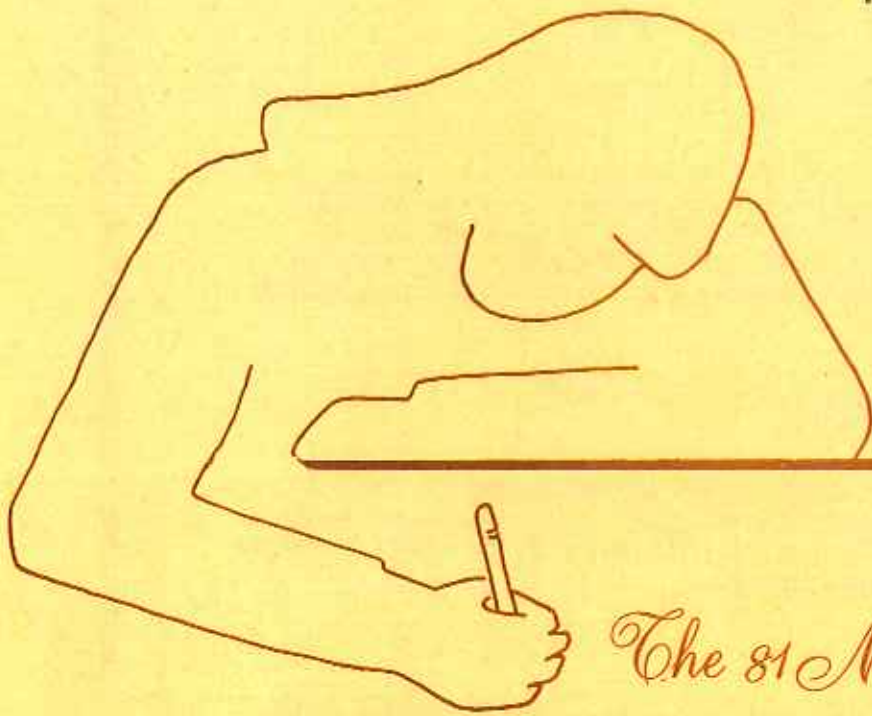
1981

SALISBURY
HIGH SCHOOL
RESOURCE CENTER

SALISBURY HIGH

MAGAZINE





The 81 Magazine

This is the school mag
For 1981
And when you read it
You'll have a lot of fun.
Some of you had a good year,
Others you did not
But nearly everyone of you
Deserved the marks you got.
In this magazine you'll find
Poems and short essays
Telling you about the slightly
More unusual days.
All of these were written
By other kids like you
And maybe you contributed
A little something too.
There are photographs of teachers
Some you like, some you do not
But you mustn't let them know
Or they may have you shot.
It's possible that some of you
Won't attend this school next year
And it's also very possible that that
Will make you cheer.
But whether you are going,
Or if you'll be back again
You'll remember Salisbury High this year
With your favourite school magazine.

Paula Kennewell

Into The 80's

In June of this year our Director-General of Education - John Steinle issued a very important policy document. It was made available to assist schools to develop programmes to take their students into the next decade.

The framework provided will help us all meet the challenges of our times.

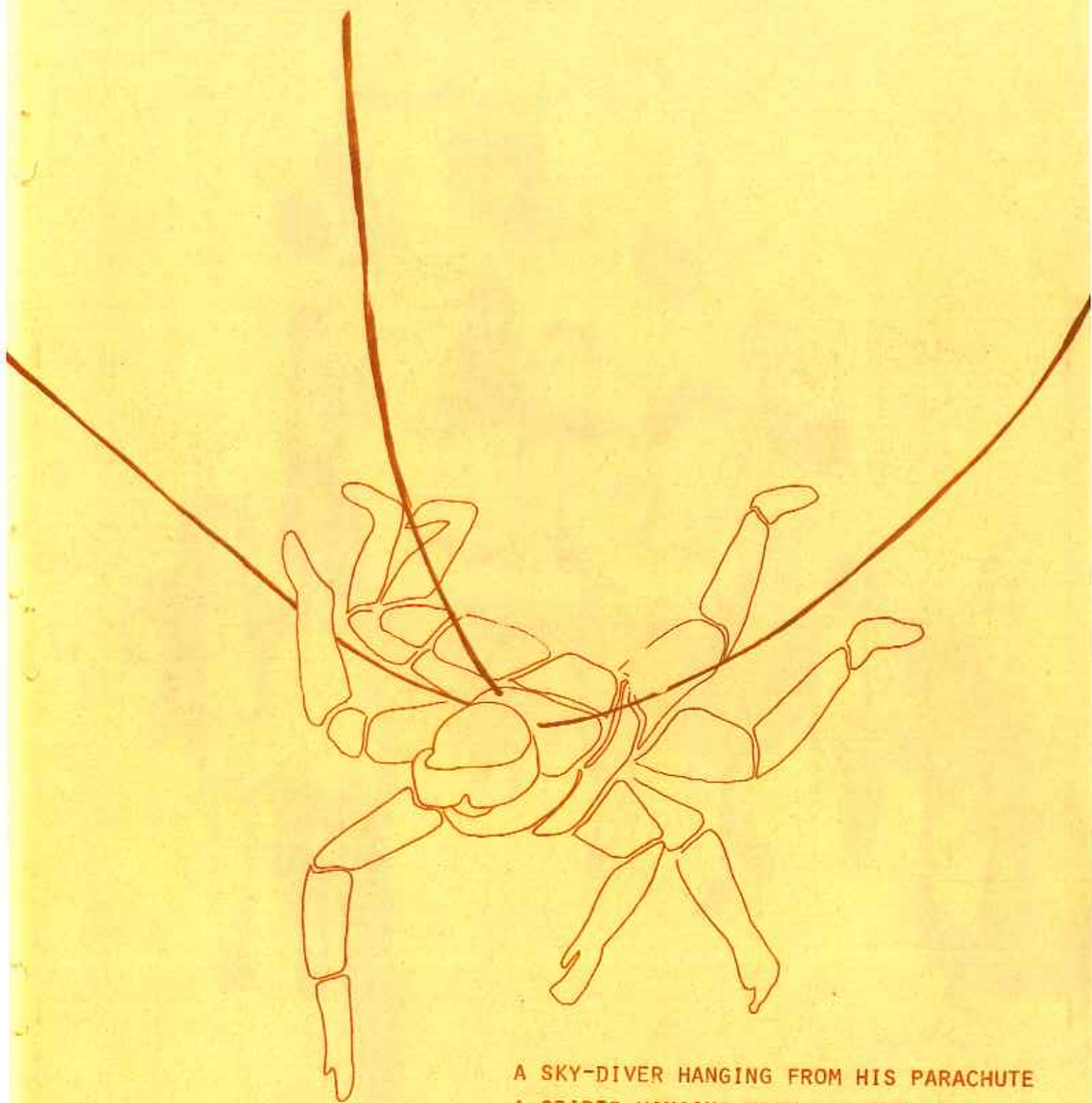
Will Salisbury High respond adequately to the eight curriculum areas of study? As we move away from 1981 let us all put an extra effort into preparing ourselves for our futures.

Will we:-

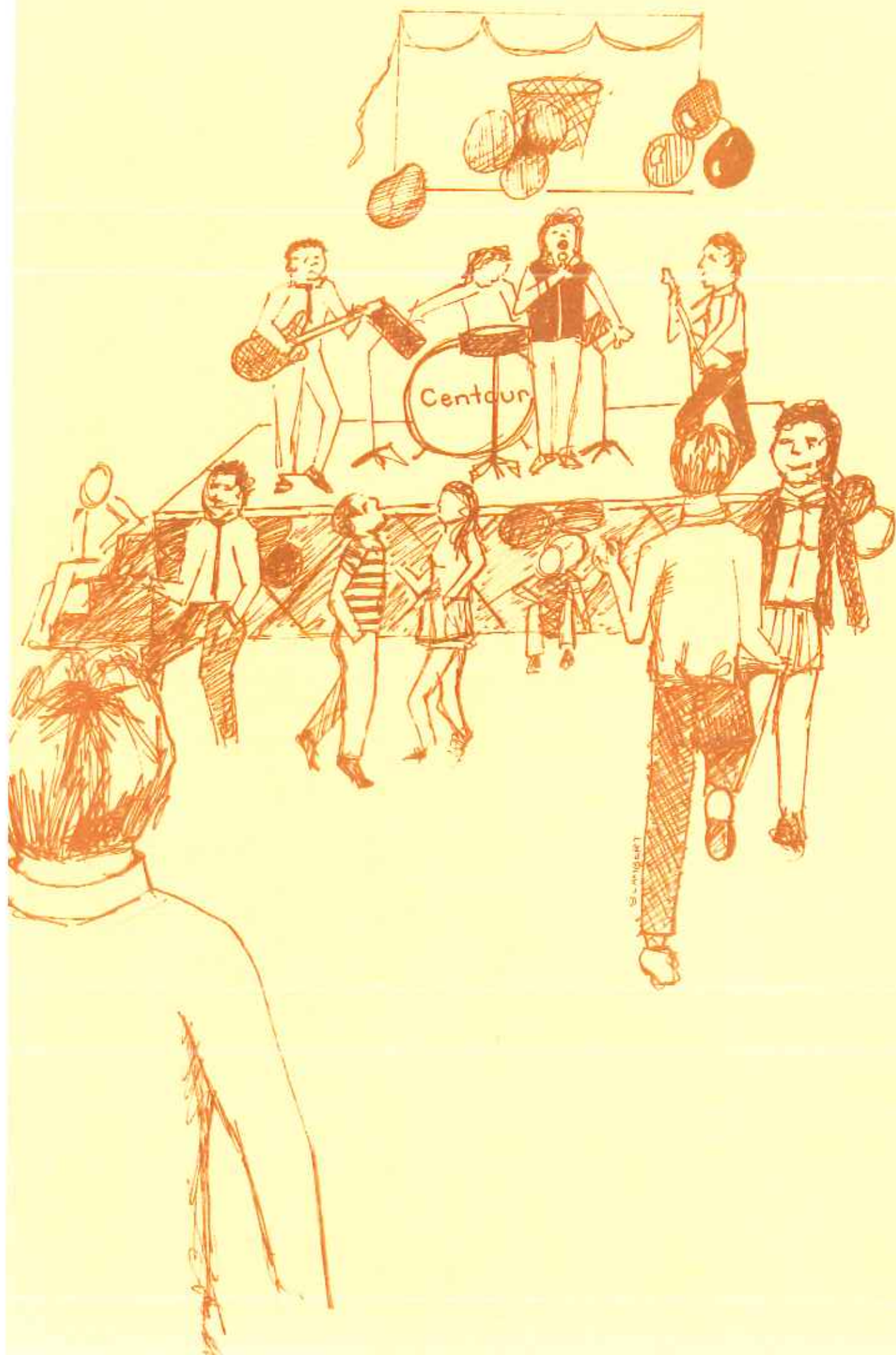
- * understand our world, the forces which have shaped it and the patterns which prevail in it,
- * set out to gain an understanding of ourselves before we pretend to fully understand others,
- * begin to grasp our own political, social, economic and legal environment,
- * try to master our own mother tongue and a second language as well to stimulate co-operation in the multicultural society that we are building,
- * try to respond to the intellectual challenge of mathematics at as many levels as possible,
- * learn as much as we are able about the science and technology that has and continues to shape our world,
- * respond to the challenge of the arts that rich source of learning, communication and creative satisfaction,
- * learn to cope with and master these times of great transition and change?

These are the measures for success in our times.
Best wishes to you all.

Alan Kennedy



A SKY-DIVER HANGING FROM HIS PARACHUTE
A SPIDER HANGING FROM HIS THREAD.



Let's step out and trip the Light Fantastic

Salisbury High School's very first Social for 1981 turned out very successfully. We had the D.J. Gary Bowgen who gave us some great music throughout the night. It was really good to see a lot of people attend. I think the S.R.C. members are overdue for a big thankyou for giving up their own time during the evening to come and help serve in the canteen.

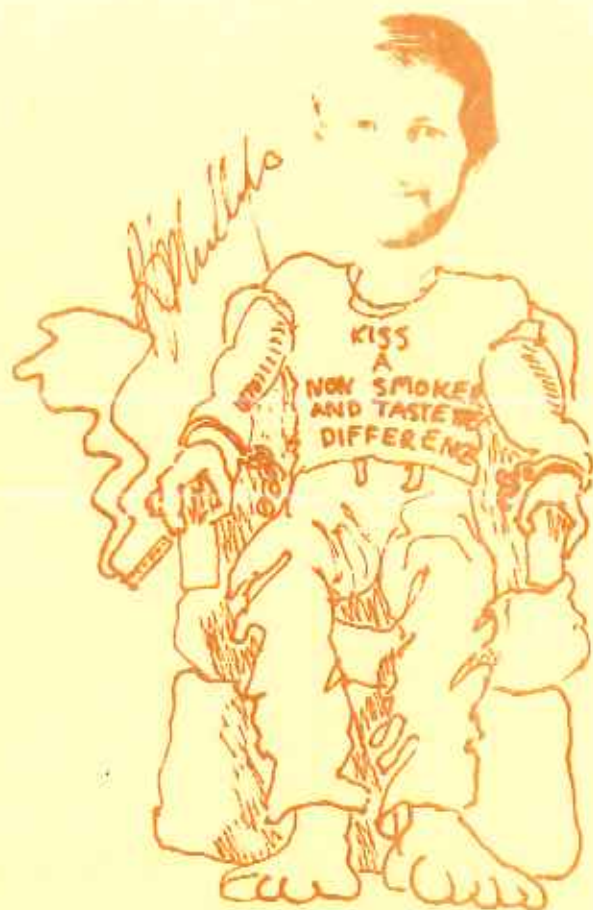
At our second term social we decided on Glenn Davies and Jeff Pethridge as the D.J.'s. They gave us an excellent evening of entertainment.

'Centaur' played for us at the Old Scholar's Ball. They handled the evening really well and kept the music going. They were a well co-ordinated band. At the Ball we had a chicken supper to which we owe many thanks to the Parents & Friends ladies. Then a lot of thanks go to the students who gave up their time to decorate the hall and help prepare for the evening ahead.

Of course all this entertainment couldn't have been possible without the help of certain people. I feel Mr. Kennedy should receive a big thankyou for giving us permission to hold the socials first of all, then two fantastic ladies who continually helped the social committee in many ways were Mrs. Decelis and Mrs. Duldig. Then of course thank you for all your help and time, Mr. Phillips, Mr. De Gooyer and Mr. Steele.

Hopefully our final social for 1981 will be a major success and with the help of the students and never ending planning from the social committee and the S.R.C., I know it will be.

Trudy Ware.



HIGH SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT

J. Trenorden

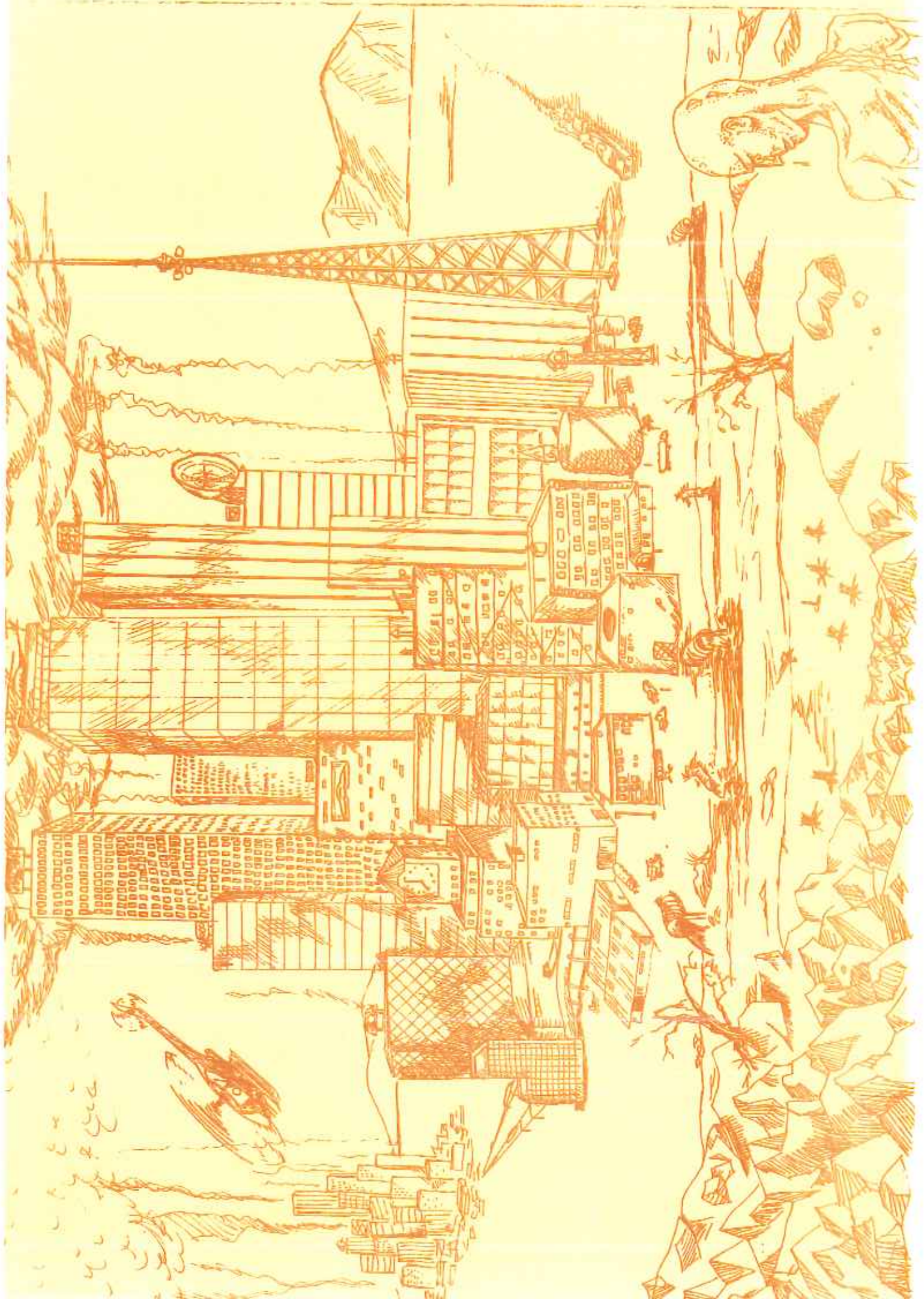
The High School Council is a representative body of parents, students, teachers and the wider community. As such, it strives to see that the students at Salisbury High receive the best possible education available from the facilities, resources and teachers we have. The council has an oversight of the total funding within the school. Money available for use by the council comes from

- (1) Parent donations
- (2) Education Department Groups for services and grounds
- and (3) Canteen profits.

Our Canteen, unlike many others, is still able to make a profit and supply lunches at a reasonable price.

This year has seen several large projects within the school come to fruition. The conversion of the girls shelter shed to a Drama Unit was a project which the Council initiated. We approached the Education Department for approval and assistance. The outcome was that they took over the project which is now complete. The whole exercise has taken about twelve months and cost us very little for a magnificent facility. The development of the Year 8 area was taken over and financed by the Council at the time of letting the contract for the work. This was because the letting of Government contracts was halted and we believed that the development of the area was of top priority. This year there has been formed a Grounds Committee which has looked at the whole of the school grounds. They have made recommendations to the School Council on needs of maintenance and improvement. We hope to implement many of these suggestions within the next 12 months. The tennis courts have been of great concern to us for a long time but I hope that by the time you read this they will be back in use, busier than ever.

Throughout the year the High School Council has made many decisions. We trust that our decisions were right and as a consequence the standards of life and education at Salisbury High School will continue to improve.



PARADISE

Twelve light years from Rigel is a small yellow sun called LGC 1502. It was called this by the inhabitants of a seemingly insignificant blue-green world which they called the Earth. LGC 1502 didn't seem very important to them until they discovered it had an orbiting world. Even more importantly this world had a nitrogen-oxygen atmosphere, was approximately the same mass as earth and had the same chemical compound, water. They immediately named this new world New Earth.

The inhabitants of Tralfamador, which had been mistakenly named New Earth, were an intelligent race. They were humanoid, mildly telepathic, and a pale green colour. They were about three quarters the size of the average human and looked thin and undernourished. Their bones projected sharply out from their moist skin. They looked vaguely reptilian.

When the first ship landed on Tralfamador the Earthmen couldn't believe their luck. The planet was almost a mirror image of earth. It had one moon (moons had had a strange psychological effect on humans where there was more or less than one). Its levels of compounds were almost identical to Earth's. However it had more oil, gas and uranium than Earth had lost long ago. It was a paradise. The life forms that the humans had seen looked strange but none of them seemed to have in any way captured any of the planet's natural resources.

When the first ship landed on Tralfamador the Tralfamads were furious. I use this word in a new context, for the Tralfamads do not understand and will not accept the concept of violence. When the ship landed it landed on a flat area of mossy looking plant life. For the first time in 16 star spans a separate life form had died from non-organic causes, Rocket burn.

When the Earthman leapt out of the hatchway, took the first step on New Earth and killed 365 moss spores the whole life of the planet turned slowly against him. However being non-violent, in fact not knowing that what the human was doing was violent, they could do nothing except look on in a kind of sickened anguish.

The human was extremely happy. He brought down his other foot and made a silly little speech. Then to the dismay of the Tralfamads he started to walk all over the wildlife.

The life on Tralfamador did not, could not, and most certainly would not kill. For energy, the life forms absorbed sunlight. They absorbed water for refreshment. There was no plant or animal life. There was just life, lower non-moving,

and higher moving. The Tralfamadors, the people who had named the planet after themselves (it means place of the Tralfamads), were, as I have said small and green. They were the highest order of life on the planet. They floated gracefully on waves of telekinetic energy. Moving silently over the lesser, equally alive life forms below. They lived in caves; had no need of bowls, wheels or electric toothbrushes (they didn't have teeth). They had lived for years peacefully undisturbed by the noise of mankind's progress; and rather hectic evolution.

Mankind (who had listened to their evolution for so long they had become deaf to it) had never heard of the Tralfamads, as they were non-telepathic and also deaf to the Interstellar path linkups. It didn't take them long to build a few buses and test labs. It wasn't much longer before they'd captured a few moving life forms and decided that they were either moving plants, or photosynthetic animals, which didn't tell them much at all.

The Tralfamads held meetings to debate what to do, but there wasn't anything much that they could do. The main law was to let life live as it will. If humans wanted to capture Tralfamads and other creatures did anyone on the planet really have a right to stop them? Always the Tralfamads decided no, even the ones who had been captured. And the humans just captured more, and more, and more.

There were now three cities on New Earth and no one really remembered the old days when there had only been one base and the world had been new and unspoilt. The Tralfamads had moved to another continent along with most of the other moving life. The less fortunate lower life forms soon became food, fuel and bristles for electric toothbrushes.

Unfortunately even under the planets excellent conditions life on Tralfamador was sparse and it didn't take long for the ever greedy man to deplete his limited resources and so...

Man had occupied Tralfamador for five generations; they had spread thinly throughout the entire planet. They tried to communicate and educate the tralfamads but soon gave up when the Tralfamads failed to respond. (Some people think they gave up when they saw the Tralfamads had no teeth).

For the sun loving Tralfamads, life went even if it was now polluted by the wasteful humans. But they sensed somehow that their cause was right and that the planet was with them. Meanwhile the Tralfamads suffered.

Ultimately, of course, there were only two courses for the Tralfamads - either they would be converted to man's lifestyle and, because the strain would be too great, perish, or, mankind would be converted to theirs.

Sadly the Tralfamads never got used to the humans trampling all over life. The humans never even tried to not trample all over life. No contact was ever set up between the races. Then inevitably something drastic happened. War broke out amongst the humans. In short, and, by human standards, involved little killing.

The Tralfamads were shocked; they gave up trying to understand the humans; they wandered listlessly. Humans, who had decided all life forms without teeth were unthinking, thought it would be a good pastime to shoot them.

The Tralfamads went first, the other higher life forms followed. In two generations all moving life was dead. Some were captured, some were shot, most just gave up living.

Who wants tickets for a space flight to the rock and concrete world of Tralfamador? It used to be a paradise.

Is it too hard for a non-violent life form to live on the same world as a human?

Kevin Spencer

1st Prize - Senior Essay Section, S.A. Oliphant
Science Awards 1981.







Office Bearers are as follows:

President	- Mrs Natalie Wood
Vice President	- Mrs Janette Graeber
Secretary/Treasurer	- Mrs Pam Lewis
Committee	- Mesdames V. Brown, A. Marsh, J. Girdham, D. Gregor, M.Nicol.
Council Delegate	- Mrs P. Lewis

Meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month at 10.15 a.m. This is the time for a friendly chat. We are not a fund raising organisation but our aim is to keep in close contact with the school and its teachers to the benefit of both parents and students.

The Principal or one of his deputies attend meetings to answer any questions and to inform us on events which are happening within the school.

Mr Grandison (Botanist, teacher, explorer of the outback) addressed the May meeting. He spoke of his research into a rare tree found only in select parts of Australia.

After the June meeting we were entertained in the Music Room by Mr Fee and members of the school orchestra. The selection of songs and presentation were most enjoyable.

Mrs Muller organised us into discussion groups after the July meeting and we discussed topics relating to difficulties which teenagers face today as say compared to our own teenage years. Everyone had so much to say that we ran out of time.

In August we were treated to a talk from Miss Johinke of the Special Education Unit and visited her class room. Her enthusiasm and dedication to the task deserve results which we hope she will attain.

We plan to visit the newly renovated Home Economics Centre in October and hopefully there will be a short visit to Regency Park Department of Further Education in November. December we will again provide morning tea for the staff as our Thank You.

New mothers will be welcome at any time.

DUNGEONS

Dark
Gloomy
Guillotines
Torture Chamber
Dead bodies - human
Bloodsucking, big,
Vampire bat.
Murder
Death.

Jovan Muculj
1052



SCOTT CAMPBELL

HERO

THE HERO

As he sat watching television he was thinking quite heavily on what he was going to be when he left school.

His mother yelled at him at the top of her voice "Why don't you go out and find yourself something to do? Why don't you ever take after your brothers?" That last statement really hit Jamie. "Why don't you ever take after your brothers?" meant more to Jamie than you realise. He had always been compared with everyone else and was never considered an individual.

It was 5 o'clock and Jamie's favourite picture was on. His mother was going out and left Jamie home to cook his own dinner. He hated that, he hated being left alone to do anything himself. After dinner Jamie purposely forgot about his homework and went to bed.

He lay down on his bed in a big lump. As he lay there thinking, the telephone rang. He decided not to answer it. When the telephone stopped he got up and got a glass of milk from the kitchen and turned on the television. "Happy Days" was on and following that was "Mork and Mindy". He thought it very strange that he could mix Fonzie and Mindy into the ultimate character who could handle any situation or problem.

Pretty soon he felt himself dropping off into a deep trance where he imagined he was this person who every girl wanted to be with and every boy wanted to be. But he wouldn't let them. He was him and nobody was allowed to be him except himself. He went off to bed.

He imagined himself in all different situations in which nobody except himself could get out of.

He was his Own Hero.



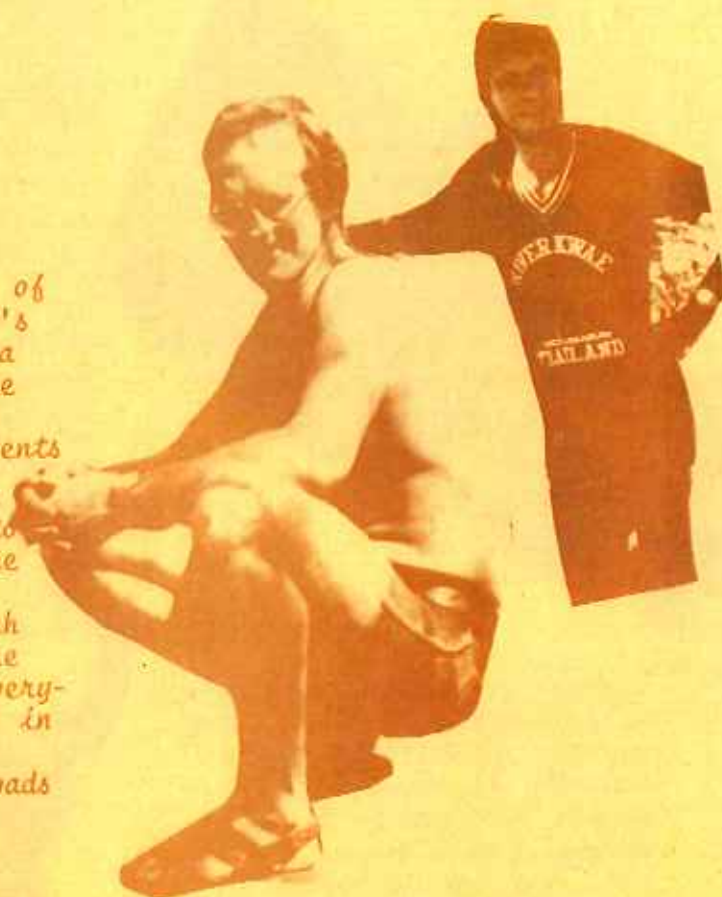
HERE TO PLEASE YOU! ... HERE TO TENSE YOU! ...



Year 12 camp

On Tuesday afternoon, the tenth of February, a bus load of Year 12's left Salisbury High School for a campsite at Walker's Flat. The main aim of this venture was to bring together the Year 12 students as a group.

On arrival everyone settled into their quarters, and explored the rest of the well kept campus, especially the kitchen in search of food - but the cupboards were bare. Later in the evening, everyone took part (some of the way) in a hike which led us across the river, tackling the country roads AND HAROLD GUM (who jumped out behind every tree and bush).



After a most refreshing TWO hours sleep, several year 12's were up and raring to go, the remaining students showered and stumbled to the breakfast table. Breakfast completed, everyone took to the water. The campsite was situated on the banks of the Murray River with lush green lawns on our side and high rugged cliffs on the other side. Several small rowing boats were provided for recreational purposes and believe it or not by the end of our stay were still afloat. The boats however did suffer a little, Steven Brown, Steven Eiffe, and Simon (GINGER MEGGS) Nye being the main offenders - they acquired the skill of rowing BELOW THE WATER LINE as well as above. Mrs. Muller's display of diving off the springboard left us all in AWE!!!!

Among Wednesday's events was the temporary breakdown of the toilet facilities, causing anxiety with the girls, however this was soon rectified by the Caretaker.





We had the pleasure of meeting our new Deputy Principal, Mr. Stuart, who visited us for the day and conducted the follow-up of our group discussion. After lunch Mr. McKerlie offered to share with us his vast knowledge of the employment situation, and guidance to future careers. The evening's entertainment was skillfully conducted by Mr. Jones, who engaged both students and staff in group activities, revelling in placing people in embarrassing situations (a weighty problem). A special feature of the camp were the card games which continued into the wee hours of the morning. Mr. Jones was the only one who knew all the rules because he had his RULE BOOK AT HOME! Whenever he was defeated, he became rather distressed (and believe it or not Marion beat him at his own game).

Thursday morning after breakfast, as the temperature rose, everyone took to the water again. Suddenly the "River Murray Queen" (paddleboat) appeared, cutting a path through our fun boats and leaving behind rather large waves in her wake. Later in the morning, an orienteering course was organized and everyone was divided into small groups. The weather was rather warm, and fortunately some students lost all sense of direction, but miraculously managed to find their way back to camp in record time. However, a few who shall remain nameless, were pre-occupied at starting time, and were left behind.

We did enjoy the water, the diving board, the pontoon, the boats, the surf mats, the water polo ('twas a case of the BLIND LEADING THE BLIND AS MR. APPS AND MR. DE GOOYER removed their spectacles in the water, because they could not SEE and they still cannot SEE!!!). Mrs. Miller and Mr. App's "cross the channel" swim was one of the day's highlights.



We were pleased to have with us during the afternoon, Mrs. Rohrlach, Mr. Rees and Mr. Bennett, who joined in the rest of the day's activities. Much to our amazement Mr. Rees managed to create a few smiles, then bursts of laughter, believe it or not we had him grinning from ear to ear, not an easy task - but a job well done.

Many thanks to Mr. de Gooyer for sharing his power-boat with us, it was much appreciated.

Thursday night, the last night of camp, a fancy dress social was held, and everybody who was anybody arrived in the most outrageous outfits.

Congratulations to Simon Nye who passed himself off as a pregnant "Virgin Mary". Lee Holland and Rooney Upton (not to mention Stephen Rowland) also looked very effective, and stood out in the crowd as everyone paraded around in a circle.

Mrs. Rohrlach introduced games and various dances, she had everyone "BOOGYING TO THE MILITARY TWO-STEP" and "WALTZING THE JIVE". Finally Brett, Stephen Dick and Rooney managed to involve all in several square dances which proved to be very enjoyable. A good time was had by all.

Equipped with sleeping bags and pillows Simon, Marion, Fiona, Alison and myself decided to sleep under the stars on the trampoline. We were soon invaded by a number of other people namely, Linda, Helen, Steven Brown, Steven Eiffe, Melanie, John and last but not least, Irene.

Irene made a desperate attempt to reach the centre of the trampoline, flew gracefully into the air, landed successfully, but a little less gracefully on Steven Brown (crushed I should say). The excitement of counting the shooting stars, and our singing, prevented us from going to sleep. The outburst of laughter and continuous chatter somewhat disturbed Mr. Apps and Mr. deGooyer from their sleep, and during the early hours of the morning Mr. Apps sprung into action. He jumped onto the trampoline, which for a short time left us all airborne. After ONE hours sleep, everyone rose for breakfast and went for their last swim.

Clean-up began shortly after, and it was not long before the campsite was left as we found it. The bus arrived an hour late, we boarded and prepared for the long trip home, feeling tired but very happy.

Mr. deGooyer's selection of chefs, Miss Woodhouse, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Warnes and Mrs. Graeber met with our approval, but the apprentices, Karen and Irene left much to be desired in the Pancake Kitchen (they looked nice from the outside).

On behalf of the students, THANK YOU to Mr. deGooyer, Mr. Apps, Mr. (Ice-cream) Jones, and Mrs. Muller for an excellent camp - "WELL DONE".



Michelle Graeber
120

Dream

Our inner self.

I always wonder why we dream.
Is it a form of letting our imagination run wild without being embarrassed?

An escape from reality?

In our dreams we can be Marilyn Monroe, Jack the Ripper or even Ronald McDonald and no-one need know.
We can live out our wildest fantasies.

What do our dreams really mean?

Are they our escape?

Is what happens in our dream really meant to happen in reality or is it just what we want to happen?

Sometimes we have very strange and complicated dreams. Is this a sign, and should we worry about what our dreams mean?

People say that all they dream about is being rich and happy. But can you be both?

Do these people really want lots of money or do they just think that's what they want?

People without money say "We would be happy with more". But would they be happy or would it just create different sorts of problems?

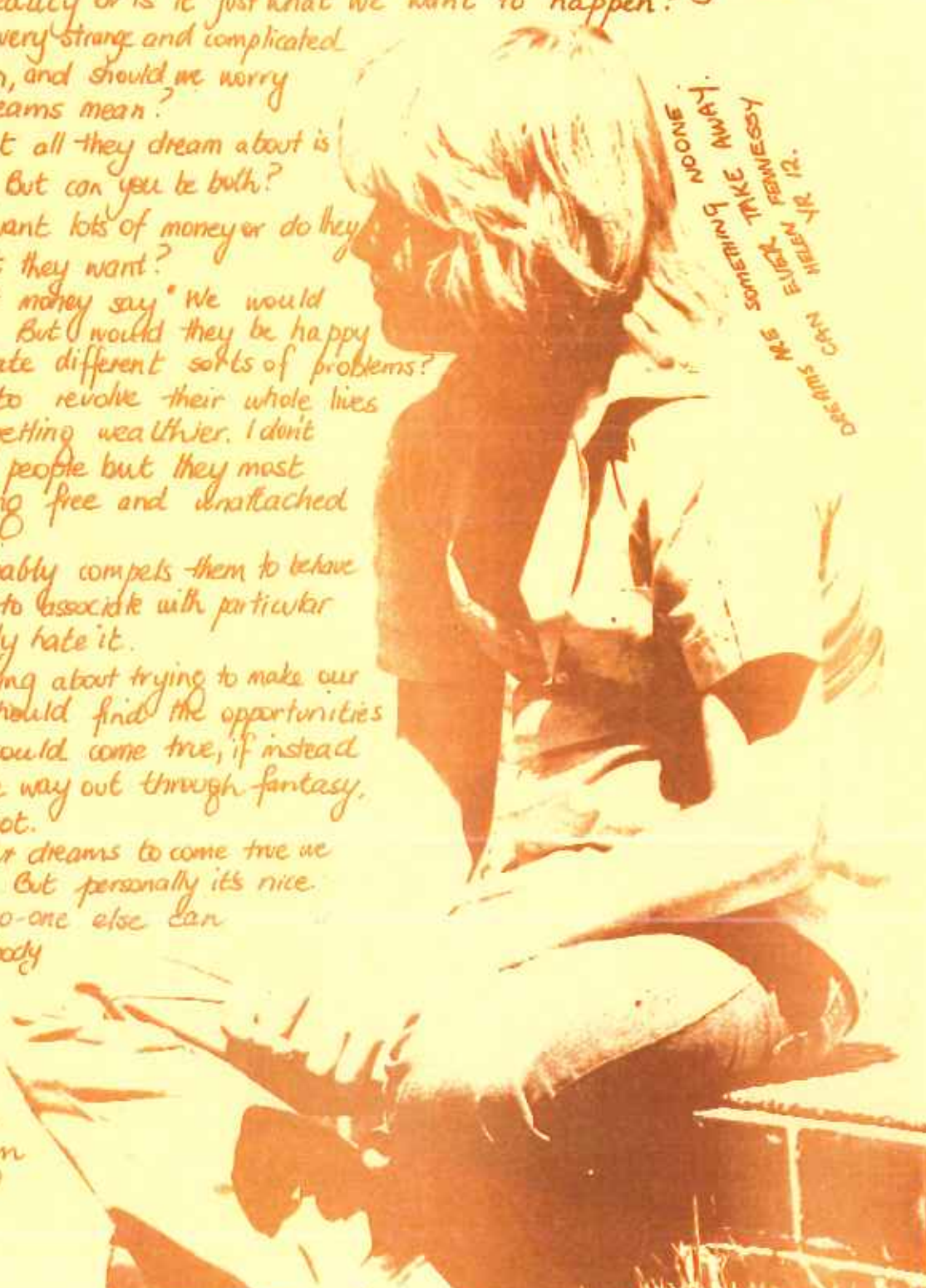
People seem to revolve their whole lives around wealth or getting wealthier. I don't really know many rich people but they most probably dream of being free and unattached to high class society.

Their money probably compels them to behave in a particular manner, to associate with particular people, and they possibly hate it.

Instead of worrying about trying to make our dreams come true, we should find the opportunities around us. Our dreams could come true, if instead of looking out for some way out through fantasy, we use what we've got.

If we want our dreams to come true we most probably could. But personally it's nice to dream something no-one else can spoil, something everybody can be in, but only if you want them to be.

You can have people die or be born, there can be imaginary people or places and things can turn out just how you want.



DESIGNS ARE
CAN BE
EVERY
TAKEN
AWAY
BY
NOONE

Raindrops are forever

Morning, dull, cloudy and wet with a feeling of anticipation. Something to come? Something past? It was Thursday, not raining but threatening to, the seas were rough, choppy. The day was grey; the half-light through cloud cast dim weak shadows over the puddles rippling gently in the gusty wind. Cold, very cold, ice hanging from the roof. Efil went out into the day, leaving the warm soft enclosure of protection, out from his shell slowly into the cold grey mist of the morning.

Down the road he pushed against the wind biting though his coat, through his jumper as if to numb the warm flesh within. For years it seemed he walked down the road, looking at the ice and the cold doors to the cold houses. There was warmth inside them he realized, but from outside they look cold, hard. He was lonely. He turned the corner. He saw the sea at the end, and the school just before it on the left. He walked down this road now, bending his head low, hiding it out of the wind. There was someone else on the other side walking the other way. They passed in silence. Then it started raining. The rain was cold and the wind seemed to blow right through him. His hands began to feel numb. He was miserable fighting his way down the road.

The white crests of the waves stopped against the beach sending spray flying high into the air. Efil looked longingly at the beach which looked wild and free, so much better than the school. He shivered and thrust his hands into his pockets and walked on. The ice was melting now, filling the already full puddles so that they touched each other and became one. His shoes were wet, his socks were wet, his hands felt blue with cold and his face was cold. He stopped outside the school. The red brick dreariness of it depressed him. It was a bleak place, he couldn't see anyone. It didn't look warm inside, but looked cold all the way through. He turned to face the sea's rugged wave warm beauty, then to the school.

Without regret, he turned his back on the school and walked against the wind to the beach. The sand was damp, the smell and feel of the air was good. He sat on a dune top and took off his coat. He didn't really need it anyway. Drenched by the rain, he sat on the dune, watching the sea, watching the sand, and the rain came down.



Darkness falls on the busy city corner. The lights on the street corner flash red to give the traffic hubbub a signal to settle down. The droopy tired faces sit in their cars patiently waiting for the yellow light to glow, to get their engines roaring. The green lights start to flash, the traffic roars its engines and the action starts.

Cars speed through the sheets of rain, the great trucks with drivers crouched, scream their pain. The rattles and switchings of wires in an overhead tram make up the noisy traffic.

On this crowded darkened corner, the traffic lights are flashing and glowing their bright colours. The soaking rain keeps falling, causing a rattling noise on the galvanized roofs of the city buildings. A tall young man stands waiting to cross the road.

What is the colour red? What is the colour green? What does traffic look like? All I can hear is the noisy sound numbing my brain, but I can't make a picture to go with the sound. Is it a beautiful sight? This tall young man with glasses on his eyes stands still in confusion.

Out here on this busy slippery street, cars, trucks, trams and hundreds and hundreds of hurrying feet, a man stands. Danger waits for this man. How will he know when to walk?

The lights have turned green. People move forward, the man screams out as loud as he could. The tall young man walks across the street with his head held up high not caring or bothering to think about the hurrying traffic that speeds by him.

At the end of the iron handle he holds in his hand, is the best of all friends man could find. Four feet, a head and a body that has the colour of sand.

Darkness would be a feeling hard to explain, it's sort of suffering but without the pain.

darkness
C. Lupton

THE PRODUCTION OF EGGS

NEW ZEALAND

*The production of eggs in New Zealand,
Once got terribly slow,
On account that all their chickens
Of an egg didn't want to know.*

*It started on an August Bank Holiday,
When some Kiwis were put in the zoo,
The chickens got awfully jealous
And wanted to go there too!*

*It caused a farmyard sensation
When the chickens went on strike,
The farmers gave out fish instead
Which their customers did not like.*

*New Zealanders tried to get their goats
To lay eggs instead of milk,
But the closest that they could achieve
Was watery looking silk.*

*A zoo keeper finally solved the problem,
By letting out all the Kiwis,
And making them stroll off leisurely
Home to get their teas.*

*The chickens were happy
And started to lay,
And haven't been on strike
Since that day!*

Margie Spencer

S.R.C. CAMP 81

I THOUGHT THE FOOD WAS COOKED NICELY --
A WELL DONE COOK NEVER HURT ANYONE.

I thought that everyone got on together
really well and I think that we may have
closed the generation gap between the
younger and older students.

Gee Jonesie and de Gooyer have sexy legs.

EXCUSE ME BROWNY OR MR. BROWN, SIR! MR. CHAIRMAN



ALL IN ALL, ON BEHALF OF US, WE THANK
EVERYONE FOR COMING AND HOPE THE S.R.C.
WILL HAVE A VERY SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

Diane's dislocated finger, Holly's bump on the head. The midnight
hikes were exceptionally invigorating. After the experience of nettles
and crossing the creeks, the encirclement of cows and bulls. It was
decided that the most dangerous event was trying to keep the amoebas
up out of our noses.

Guphead .. (BORING!!!) .. Penalties .. Acts of freakism

Paraphernalia ... Definition ... Bulk angry

Mr. deGooyer hid his gear under Mrs. Muller's bed
for an excuse to visit.

I would like to make a foreshadowed amendment on the yet to be voted on
amendment to the Standing Motion that has yet to be voted on. WHAT!
PARDON, I DON'T UNDERSTAND, COULD YOU REPEAT THE QUESTION, MOTION,
AMENDMENT?





F. SCAPATURA M. SEACOMBE J. MORROW A. ANCHUT F. KILMAN B. ROSE R. LUTCH
 S. BROWN J. CHRISTLOW
 A. JONES J. TODOROV E. FRANKS M. GRABER S. NICKS J. ZACCARA
 S. NEWSMA

S.R.C. Report

We have already achieved an enormous success as the 1981 Student Representative Council (S.R.C.) with only half the year past. We hope to continue this success for the rest of this year.

The S.R.C. Camp brought forward many good ideas from its group discussion and brain-storming sessions. The main topic in these sessions was a bettering of the communication between the triangle of the staff, students, and the S.R.C. The topic considered secondary in importance was that of bettering the school's physical environment.

The S.R.C. has tried to increase its involvement in socials, activities day(s), supporting charities, and the old scholars/senior students ball.

The first social of the year had an unprecedented success, with the S.R.C. involving Gary Bowgen, as the D.J. We hope the remaining socials continue to be such a great hit with the students at this school. Also many thanks go to SAD for providing us with the lunchtime discos. There are two more of these booked for later dates, Thursday 20th August, and Thursday 22nd October.

Activities Day this year, Thursday 14th May. This function was cut back to only one day this year to prevent prolonging any boredom which had occurred at previous Activities Days. Activities Day enables classes to exhibit their organizational and mental skills by trying to win the class prize for the most money raised, won this year by Mr. Bennett's Year 10 class. Perhaps awarding the most successful class prize has reduced the incentive of the majority. Previous Activities Days' profits went to charities.

Mr. Rees and Mrs. Rohrlach, our newly appointed sportsmaster and sportsmistress, in making efforts to ensure Salisbury High's great sporting tradition does not lag, received a \$300 grant from the School Council. They then contacted the S.R.C. and as a result we were glad to forward them \$400 for the purchase of a new set of football guernseys.

Many thanks must go to the six staff advisors to the S.R.C. who guided us in our commitment to the students. These six teachers, Mrs. Muller, Mrs. Rohrlach, Mr. Walton, Mr. Jones, Mr. Walton and especially Mr. deGooyer who organized the camp, enabled the students of the S.R.C. to have a very enjoyable year.

To the students of this school many thanks for their participation in the functions that the S.R.C. has organized so far this year and your continued support for the remainder of 1981.

Stephen Brown
President
Student Representative Council





THE BEACH ON A HOT DAY

THE BEACH ON A HOT DAY IS A REAL SIGHT. THE SAND IS SO HOT YOU COULD FRY AN EGG ON IT AND ALL THE VEGETATION JUST SHRIVELS UP FROM THE SCALDING HEAT. EVERYONE WHO ISN'T WEARING SOME KIND OF FOOTWEAR IS RACING TO GET EITHER TO THE WATER TO COOL THEIR FEET OR TO JUMP ONTO A TOWEL OR BLANKET.

MOTHERS ARE PUTTING SUN-TAN LOTION ONTO CHILDREN'S BACKS AND FACES, AND OLD LADIES ARE LYING UNDER MULTI-COLOURED UMBRELLAS. YOUNG TEENAGERS ARE LYING ON TOWELS TO GET A SUN-TAN.

A SMALL SWELL IS BREAKING ONTO THE SHORE WASHING UP PEBBLES, AND SEAWEED AND SHELLS. THE SUN IS HIGH IN THE SKY AND THERE'S NOT A CLOUD TO BE SEEN. IN THE DISTANCE ONE CAN SEE THE HEAT WAVES RISING OFF THE BARE WHITE SAND. ALSO OUT AT SEA YOU CAN SEE THE HEAT WAVES COME OFF THE WATER MAKING EVERYTHING OUT THERE LOOK LIKE A MIRROR.

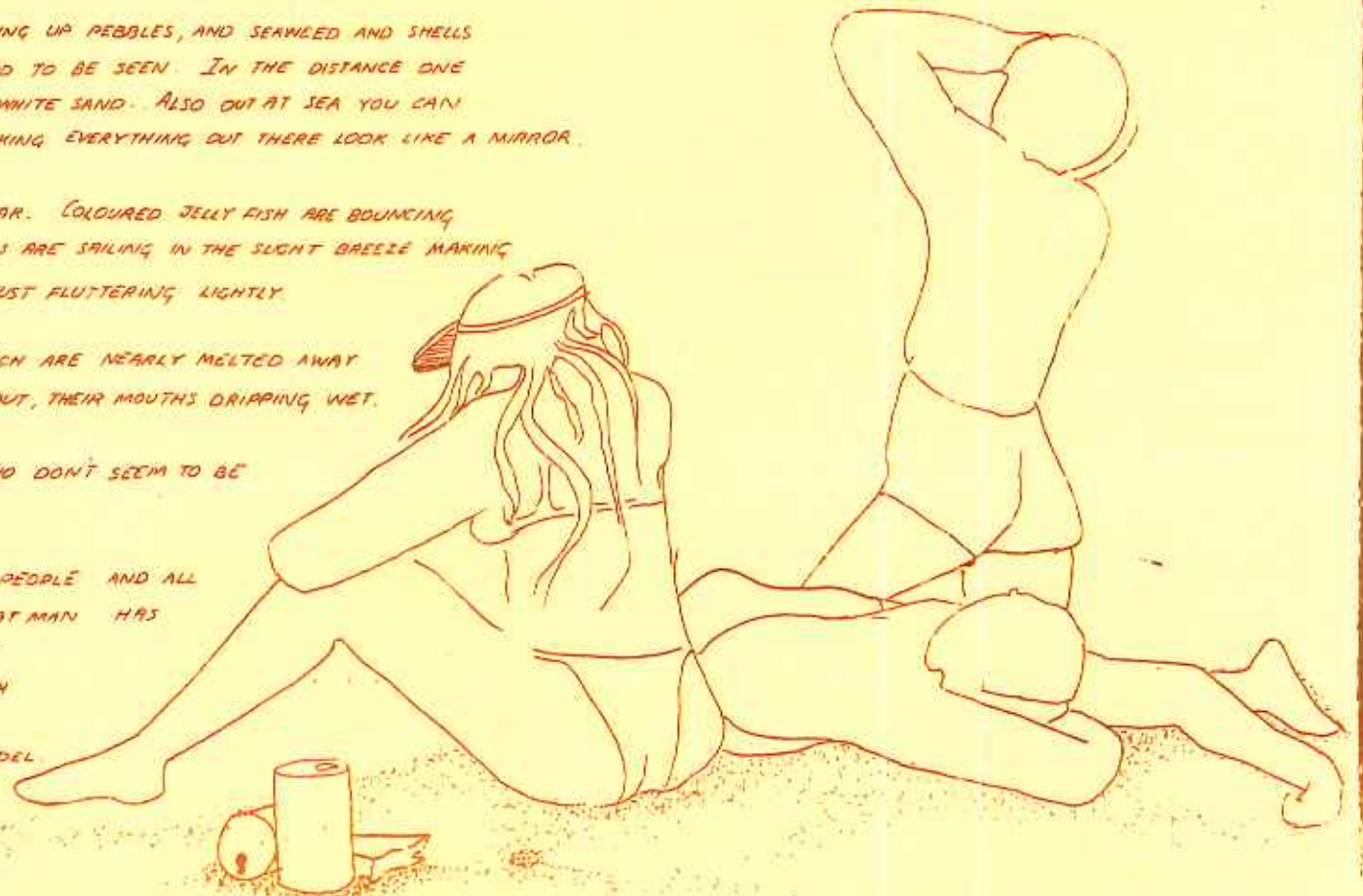
THE WATER IS A BEAUTIFUL BLUE AND IS VERY CLEAR. COLOURED JELLY FISH ARE BOUNCING AROUND UNDER THE WAVES. COUNTLESS SAILING BOATS ARE SAILING IN THE SLIGHT BREEZE MAKING NO HEADWAY AT ALL. THE COLOURED SAILS ARE JUST FLUTTERING LIGHTLY.

PEOPLE AT THE KIOSK ARE BUYING ICECREAMS WHICH ARE NEARLY MELTED AWAY. DOGS RUNNING AROUND, THEIR TONGUES HANGING OUT, THEIR MOUTHS DRIPPING WET.

THE JETTY IS CROWDED WITH EAGER FISHERMEN WHO DON'T SEEM TO BE CATCHING ANYTHING.

SOON THE BEACH STARTS TO EMPTY ITSELF OF THE PEOPLE AND ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE THE FOOTPRINTS WHICH SHOW THAT MANY HAVE BEEN ON THE BEACH. A FEW CANS REFLECT THE SUN-LIGHT AND THE FOOTPRINTS WILL SOON GO WITH THE DRIFTING SAND.

HARTMUT ZEDEL



WANT TO LEAVE
RIGHT AWAY
DAD WON'T LET ME
'CAUSE MUM SAID STAY.
WE ARGUE
DAY AND NIGHT
ONCE I MENTION LEAVING,
WE START TO FIGHT.

SCHOOL

THEY SAY I NEED IT
TO GET A JOB,
I STARE AT THEM
AND START TO SOB.
I GET BORED

WITH HOMEWORK AND STUFF,
ONE DAY I AM GOING TO CRACK
'CAUSE I'VE HAD ENOUGH.

I THREATEN THEM,
I'M GONNA RUN AWAY
BUT THE WAY THEY STARE AT ME,
I THINK I BETTER STAY,



NOBODY KNOWS
WHAT PAIN IT GIVES ME
FEEL LIKE CRACKING
BUT NOBODY CARES

I'M GONNA LEAVE,
I'VE MADE UP MY MIND,
I'LL CONVINCE MUM AND DAD,
IT WILL BE FINE

I TOLD THEM
I DON'T WANT TO GO,
DAD ASKS WHY
BUT MUM SHOUTS NO.
I'LL FIND A JOB,
I PROMISE TO,
I'LL WORK ANYWHERE,
EVEN 'COLES' WILL DO.

I STILL ARGUE
WITH MUM AND DAD
WONNA SAY SORRY
BUT THEY MAKE ME MAD,

WITH ALL THE HASSLE,
THEY'LL MAKE ME PAY
FOR LEAVING SCHOOL.
I THINK I'LL STAY.

THE CITY BY NIGHT

The party was over and the friend who was supposed to give me a lift had gone early. I was almost the last to leave, a few others lingered about trying to work out what to do. It was around three o'clock just as I started to walk home.

It was like walking through a deserted city, there was no one about, not a single soul. Fortunately for me, the moon was beaming down, and giving this eerie scene a soft, glowing touch. I continued to walk on and noticed that a slight breeze had picked up. It was cool and refreshing, so refreshing that I was now wide awake.

Finally, it hit me, I was alone. Walking along, fear started to invade my mind and I was now walking briskly so as to move faster. Horrible thoughts were being formed in my mind, thoughts that I never knew existed until now. Right now. Alone. Dark side streets, hiding a shadow that follows discreetly.

Fear had forced me to walk in the middle of the long lonely street. Buildings towering above, almost as if they were growing by the minute.

Listen. Did you hear it? Quiet! There it is again! Panic! My heart felt as if it was going to beat itself out of my chest. Faster and faster. I was almost in a running pace. Trying to escape. STOP! Wait a minute! Why am I running? Turning to look down the long, desolate street, out of the corner of my eye I saw it.

The shadow. It stepped quickly into the building and was no longer to be seen. Camouflaged. Again my heart beat loudly and fiercely. My feet, automatically started to run.

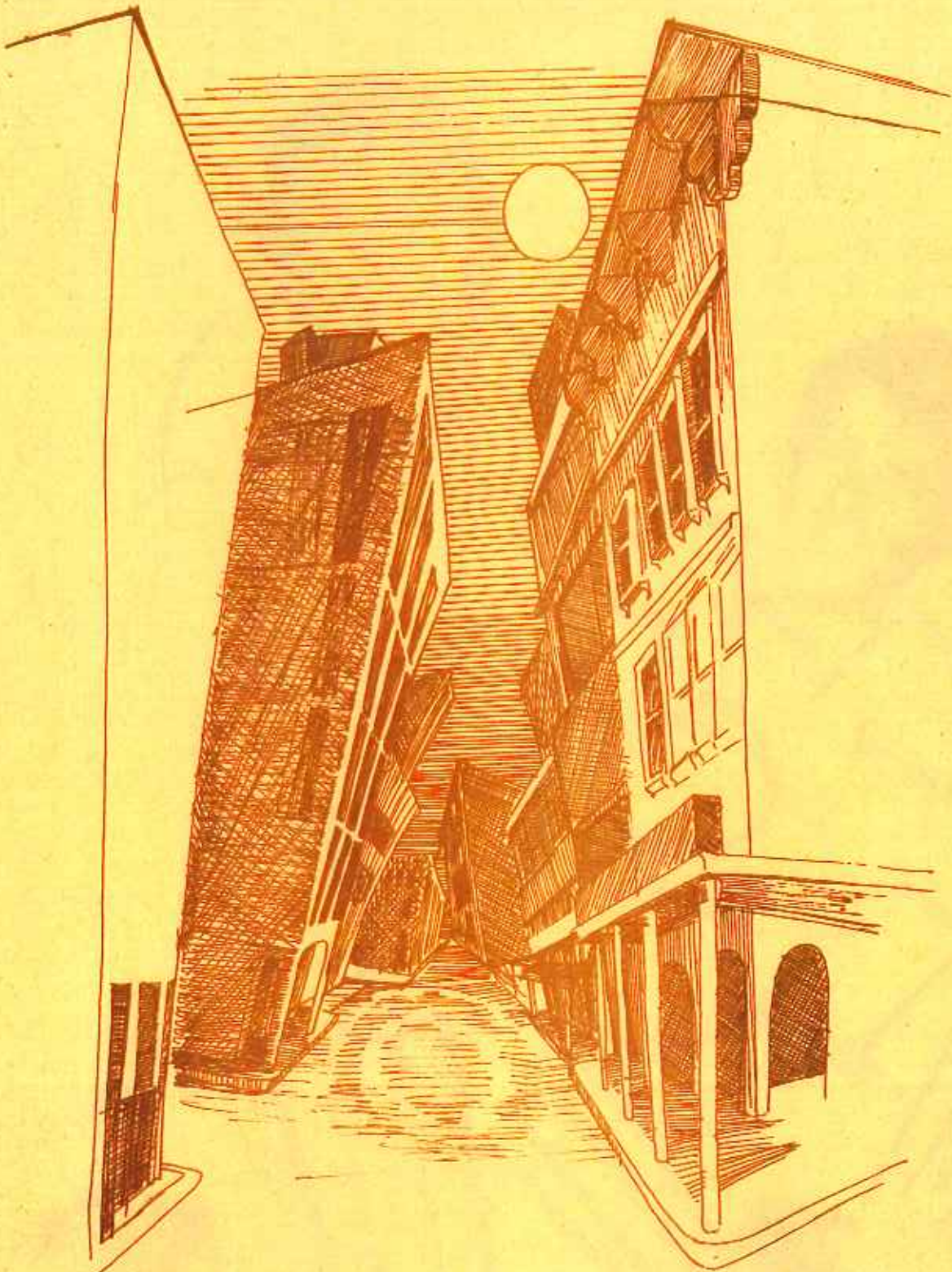
Now, fear had completely taken over. Forcing me to go faster and faster and faster, until no more. I can not go on any further. I must stop to rest, I must. I just plonked myself down, right in the middle of the street. Gasping for air, a sharp noise made me hold my breath to listen. A door was creaking open. Slowly I got up and turned to where it came from.

Out of the camouflage, it stepped slowly. As if in slow motion it glided into the middle of the street, opposite me, about one hundred metres away.

Waiting, I was hypnotised. The shadow started to walk slowly. I saw it, but I couldn't move. Frozen in place, I had to break free. Closer and closer it came, yet I couldn't run. As he continued to walk towards me, he kicked an empty can. At that instant I was free and ran. Faster, than ever before, in my whole life. Life. That's what I wanted to keep, my life.

As I ran, the footsteps behind me suddenly became fast as well. Racing for my life at full pelt I tripped. Went tumbling over and over. Quickly I got up. A cut was now pouring out blood over my leg, but when I looked down the street to see him he was gone! Vanished!

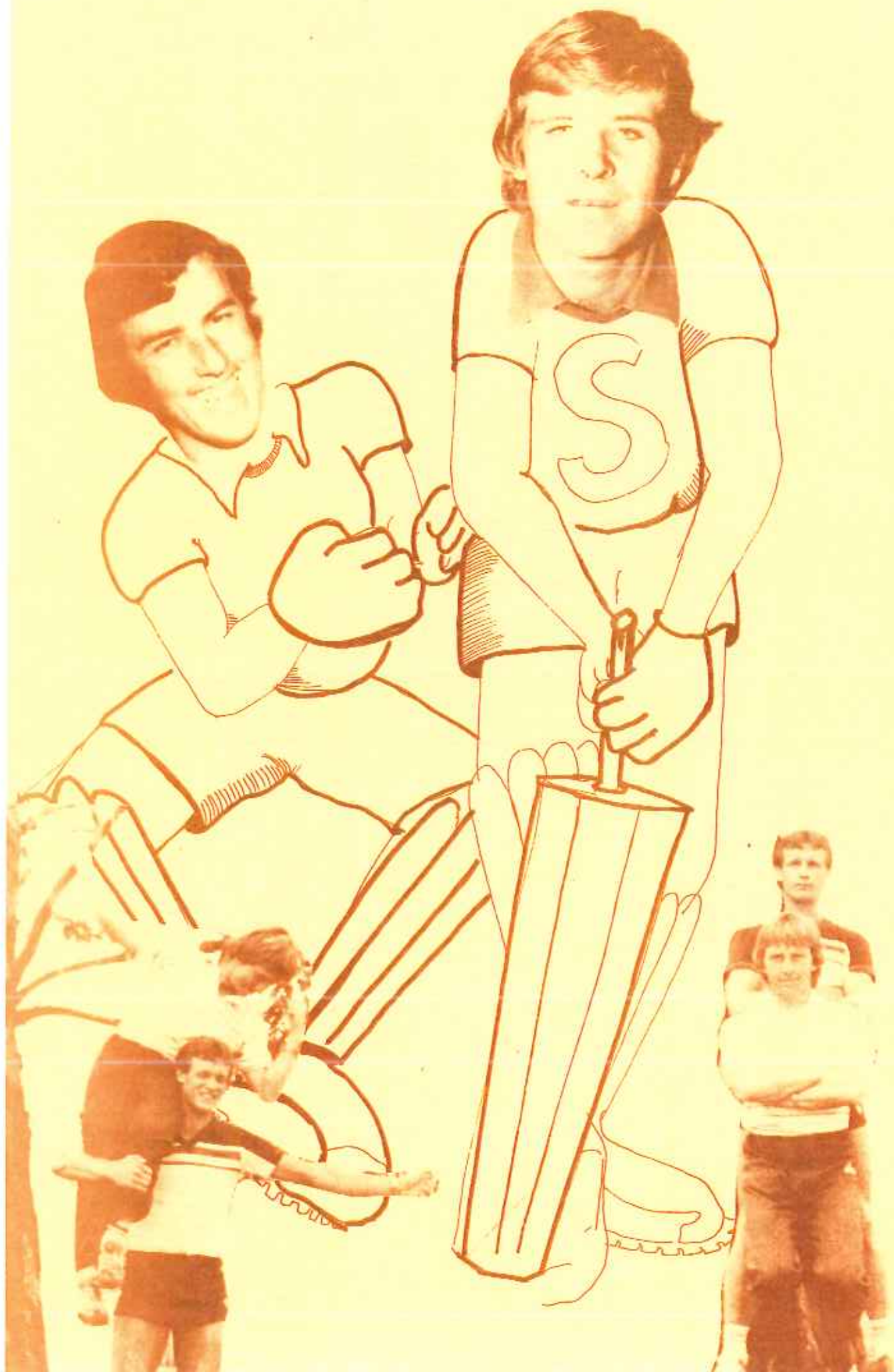
Again fear ran images through my mind. Images that sent chills to run over my body. I must get help. Have to get away from here.



Which way? At the cross-road I felt myself getting smaller and smaller, with the roads getting bigger and bigger.

"This way", a ghostly voice was saying. "Come this way." I ran in that direction. Hoping for safety, not knowing what awaits me.

As I ran, my head was continually glancing quickly at everything that went past. I came to a corner, I took it. Looking back to check I didn't see in front. Ahhhhhh!! It grabbed me. Both muscular arms squeezing me tightly. Struggling fiercely, I couldn't get free. No, no, no, no !!!!!



Monday Mail

Still only
\$1.50.

WEATHER: FINE AND SUNNY, BUT EXPECTED
DRIZZLE LATER IN THE DAY.



"SALISBURY HIGH HORROR"

IT WAS A CASE OF CHAOS AND CONFUSION FOR SALISBURY HIGH SCHOOL SCHOLARS, WHEN THE TWO STOREY WING CONTAINING THE SCIENCE LABORATORIES EXPLODED AND COLLAPSED ON THE HUNDREDS OF SCREAMING STUDENTS BELOW.

Ambulances and police rushed to the scene of charred and dead bodies. The students and teachers that had survived the disaster were crying hysterically, others were helpless under the tons of rubble and library books, waiting to be rescued from death.

Firemen feared there may be other smaller explosions, caused from the other dangerous chemicals stored in the labs.

It was believed that a science professor was conducting a dangerous experiment on the front bench of Lab. 3. Although not much more is known, investigators are inquiring for information and interviewing witnesses.

One witness - Mr. Curtis alias "Farmer Brown" to the kids of Salisbury High.

"I was driving my tractor past Wing 3 to pick up the bins on

the oval. All of a sudden there was this really big bang. I turned, and the whole wing blew up. It was just incredible!"

Resident teacher of room five explained - "there was a thunderous boom, accompanied by kids screaming - I thought it was the end of the world - or Russia dropped the bomb. The building just fell apart and it's too awful to say any more!"

The explosion has resulted in approximately 60 deaths, with more bodies being uncovered by the hour. The number includes three teachers dead - including Professor Heinz who was conducting the fatal experiment.

Hundreds of students poured out of the buildings wondering if friends and brothers or sisters survived.

Watching the rescue operation, many burst in tears.

One child exclaimed "the school will never be the same again!".

At the same time, not many students were shocked, and were only concerned with going home.

The number of injured is expected to reach the 100 mark. Most children and teachers injured were lightly hurt.

One girl who was in the science lab. that exploded told the story -

"The whole class was watching Professor as he went about showing us this experiment - he said it was too dangerous for us to do. But he poured too much of one chemical into the beaker. I vaguely remember him swearing and attempting to add more of the other chemical he used to balance the solution - I suppose - but it was too late - everything blew up."



Professor Heinz, before the fatal tragedy.

An ambulance spokesman claimed "Most deaths were caused when falling debris and rubble collapsed on the victims."

One poor soul was killed instantly when a volume of the World Book Encyclopaedia series hit him on the head.

Most books were demolished and ruined as the school library was situated above the science labs.

The destruction of the event is said to cost around the \$1 million mark.

Mr. Kennedy - headmaster of Salisbury High is very disturbed about the whole event.

"It's heart-breaking to see all those unfortunate children - and their friends and parents. The whole matter has made me very upset - I never thought such a thing could occur at such a well organised and efficient school. I'm deeply affected and am ready to help in any way I can."

So what is to happen now - to the school and children?

"The whole incident would probably have changed the thoughts and

hopes for teachers and children at the school! It will never be forgotten, and will haunt every human-being attending this school.

The students will have a few days off till the rubble is cleared up - but as much as it may hurt - their education must continue." Mr. Bumstead, Deputy Principal talked openly about the future of the school.

Money is a major problem - but pupils of Salisbury High are all willing to help.

Many parents have arrived, awaiting news of their child. Many have already had the misfortune to have been told that their child is no longer alive.

This incident has affected children emotionally and physically, at such a tender age of their life. One shocked child said - "I can't believe it happened. It was a normal Monday morning, but it became a horrific tragedy. It just doesn't seem real. How can I go on living with three of my best friends dead - It's just not fair."

This is the first major accident resulting in death in a school. Let's hope that it will also be the last.

Reporter Maria Feo.
9M3



Children being rushed to hospital - the horrific tragedy

feierstunde



food tasting





SCHOOL PRODUCTION
(queer street)



compere of
TALENT QUEST



D Quick
M Ortuso

I Smith
K Spencer
J Rice
F VanDokkum

S Connor
Mr Wilson
Mr Rice

SCHOOL BAND



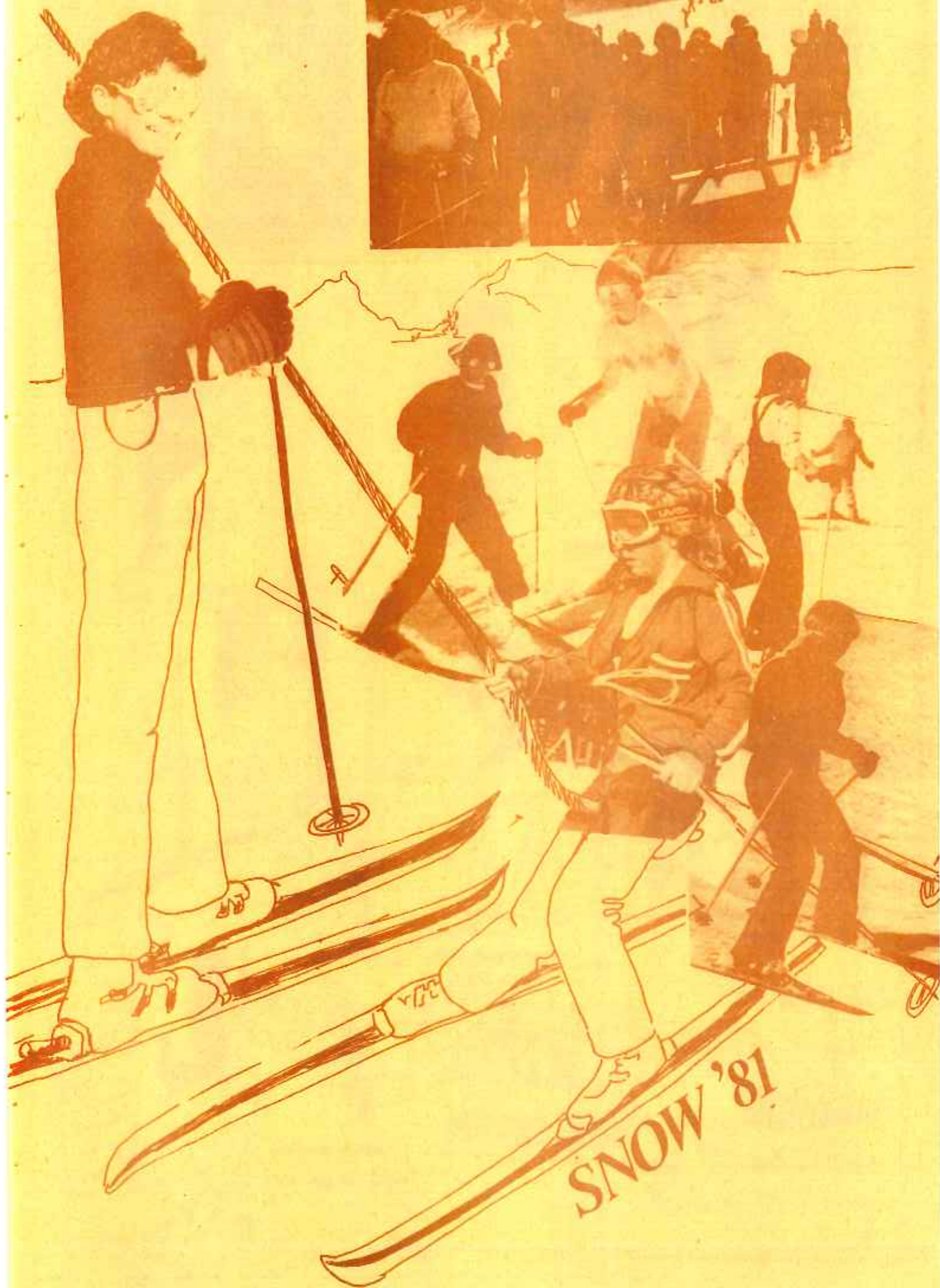
feierstunde

She



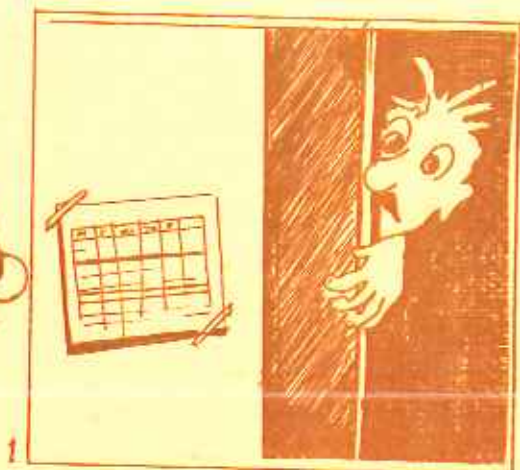
She stands in a crowded room, dressed as a teenager but really in the middle of mid-life. She is poised and upright holding her flabbiness in and not succeeding. Her dyed hair looks fake as the occasional grey roots appear. She is in a small group discussing little bits of nothing. She is listening but she is not because she tries to hear all the other groups talking about nothing. However she hopes she might overhear something which she could use against them someday. Her so-called friends in the little group all have one thing in common - their smiles, which are forced and show their age by the lines they create on their faces. She turns and glances at her husband talking to the spouses of her friends. They speak about politics and sport and generally enjoy each others company. She stands with so many people in a room yet she knows she is alone, but she has only herself to blame as she has not really smiled for years.

*Anonymous
Year 10*



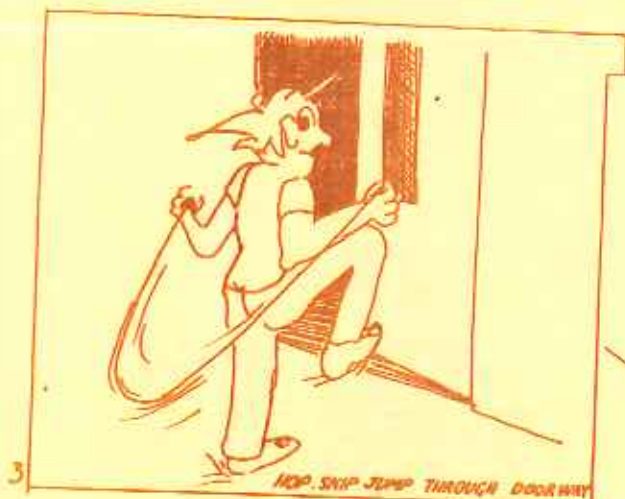
SNOW '81

HOW YOU COULD GET IN!



1. WALK IN DOORWAY

12. CARTWHEEL THROUGH DOORWAY!
13. USE FISTS ON DOOR.



3. HIGH SKIP JUMP THROUGH DOORWAY



11. SQUEEZE THROUGH DOORWAY



2. RUN THROUGH DOORWAY

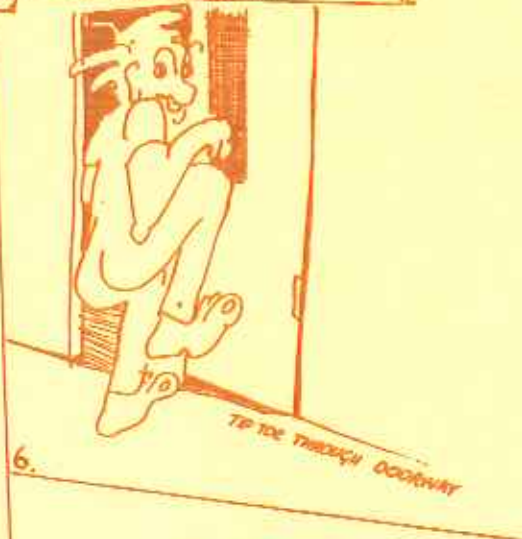
9. TOE THROUGH DOOR.



8. SMASH AND CRAWL THROUGH WINDOW

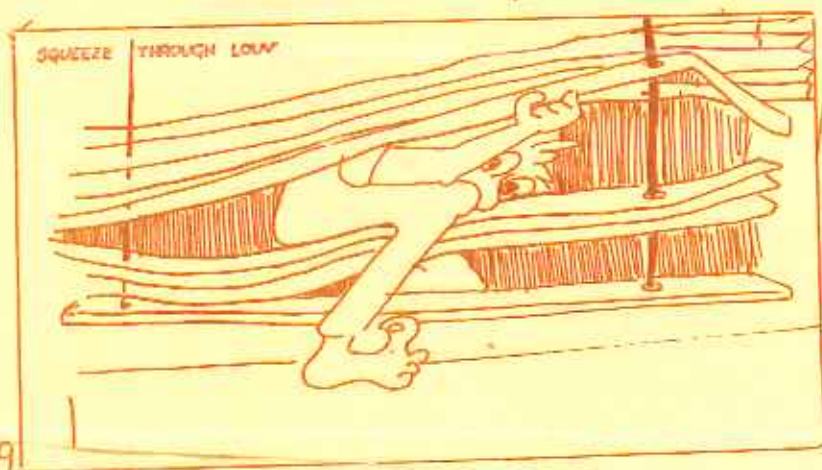


4. SMASH THROUGH WALL



6. TIP TOE THROUGH DOORWAY

5. SMASH DOOR DOWN.



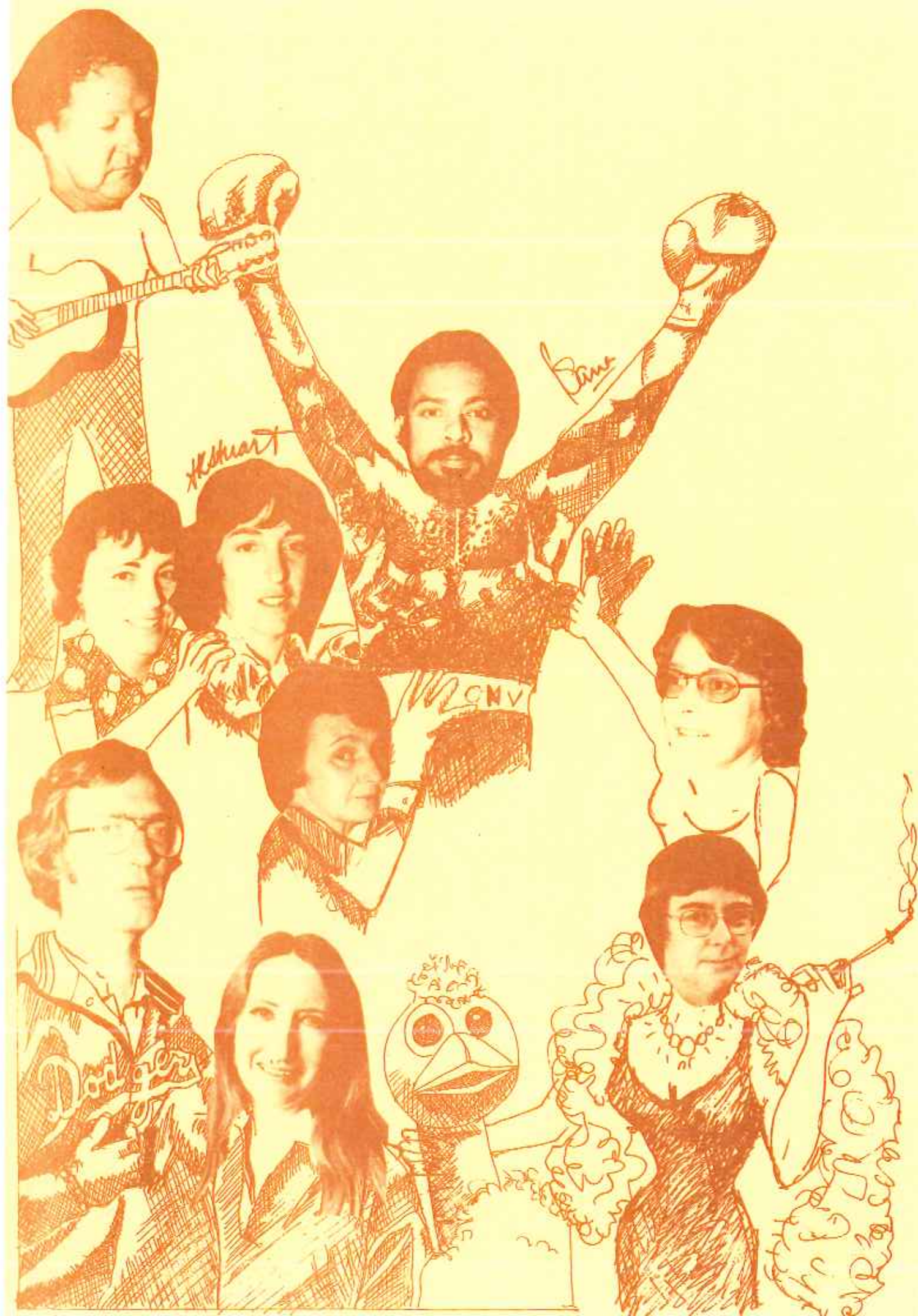
9. SQUEEZE THROUGH LOUV



7. SMASH DOWN DOOR

SMASH THROUGH WALL

JOHN BIRD.



'People of France were getting cheated off with Marie and Louis.
If only Louis would put Marie across his lap and give her a spanking.
THE ROMAN EMPIRE WAS A BIG RULER.

THE BREAD PRIZES HELPED THE FRENCH.

He was tops in my mum's ear-a.

*They fill the baths up with fresh water
and flush away the dirty water with gems.*

NAPOLEON WAS A SELL-OF-FISH MAN.

LOW FRONTS???

LOUIS XIV WAS A BIGHEAD.

This is the BIG FACT.

The fear-oh of Egypt was powerful.

RICHARD III WAS A GOOD KID.

THE PHAROH WAS A BIG RULER.

*This was caused by the Northerly
winds coming from the south.*

The Caesar often had problems
sending messages because of the
mice, rats and the weather
conditions.

*Many had poor eyesight
because of the light
conditions, they had
to work in the dark.*

'Marie was a Queen and Louis was a King. Marie was a nuisance and
Louis wasn't helping one bit. He had a bit of a say, but not once
told anyone how stupid Marie was.'

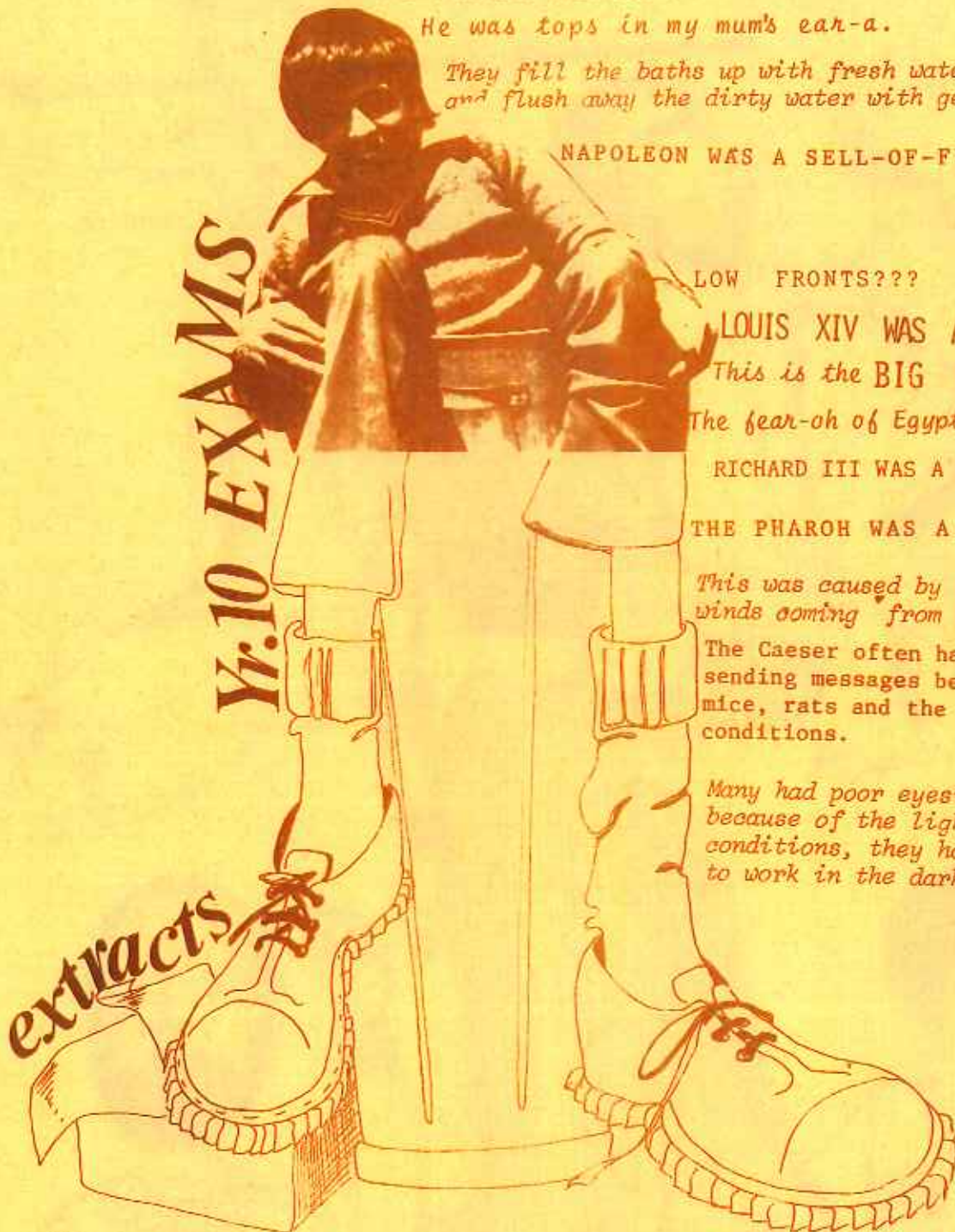
A COUPLE OF MEN NEARLY GOT AWAY WITH THEIR BODIES.

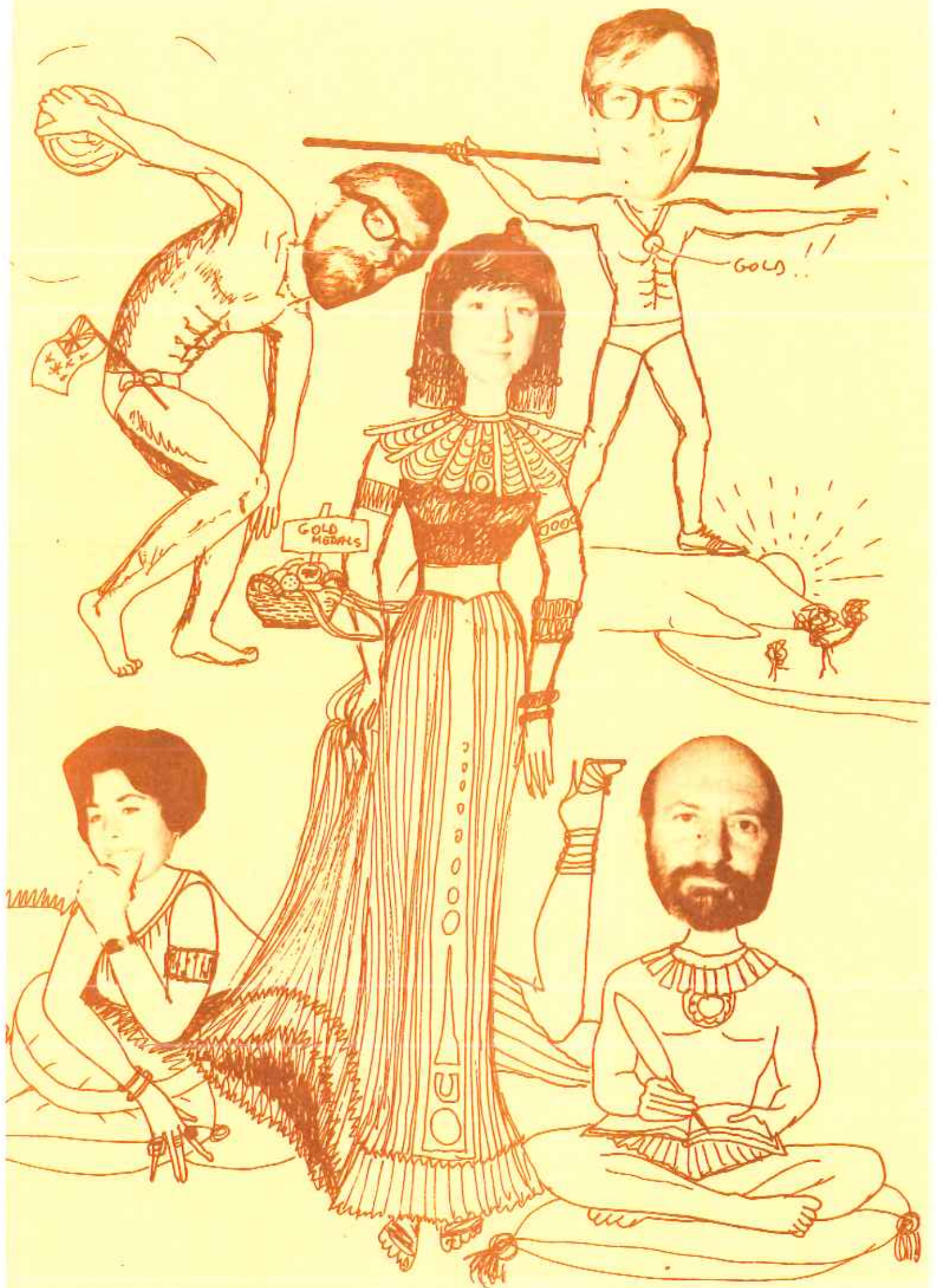
THE EGYPTIANS RAPED THE BODIES IN CLOTH.

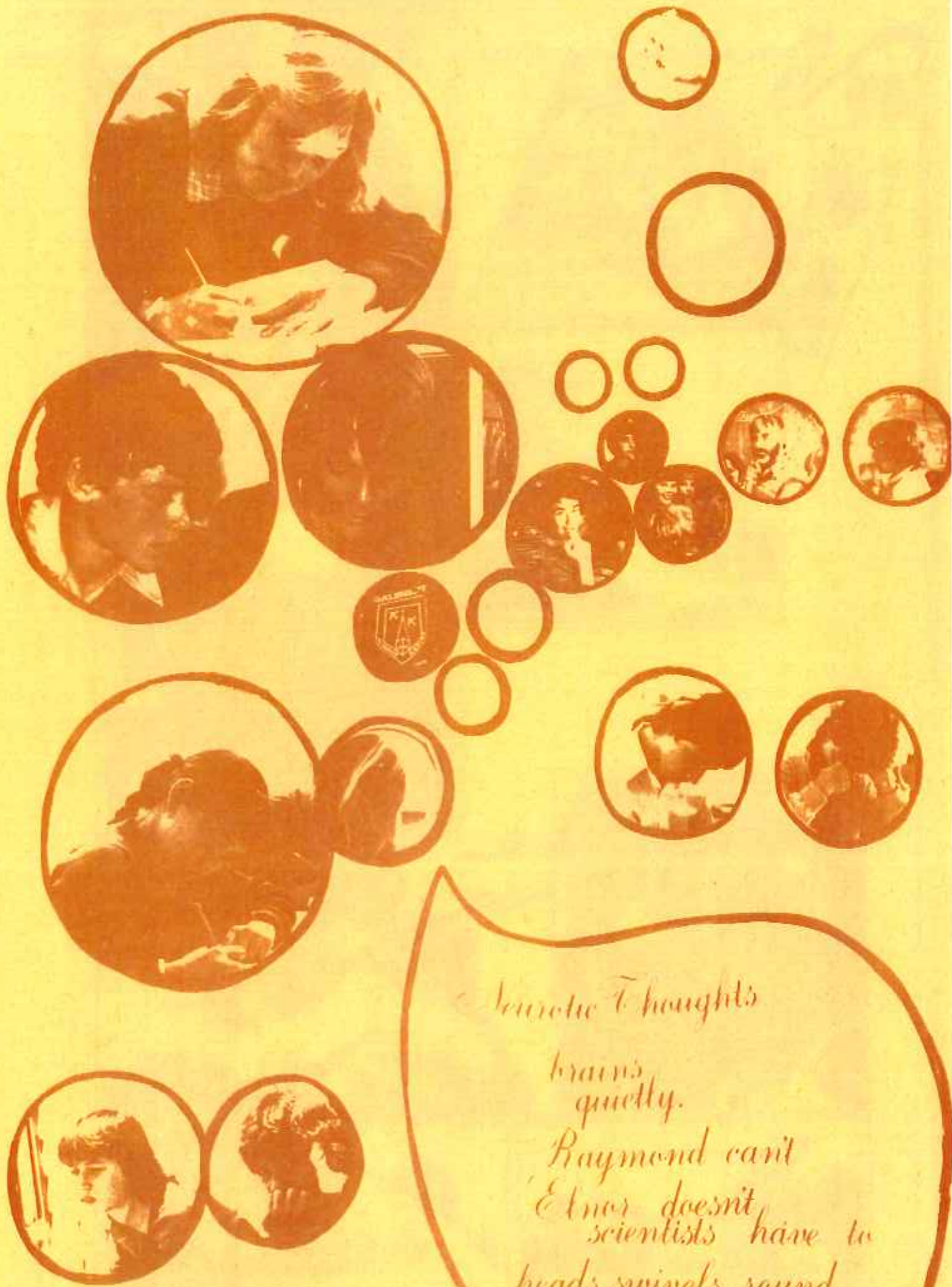
The Roman upper class woke up in the morning
..... the poor couldn't afford to.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE WAS HELPED BY A SEIZURE.

*The men and women go to separate parts of
the building and bathe together.*



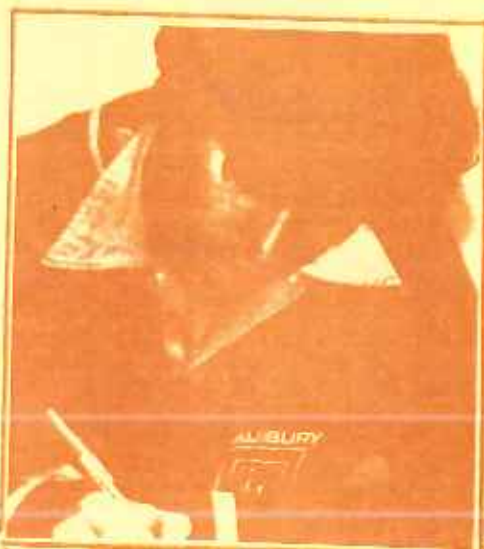




Neurotic Thoughts

*brains
quietly.*

*Raymond can't
& nor doesn't
scientists have to
heads swivels round
thoughts flash past
brain cells work*



activities day







STAFF 81

These terrible dreams

I awakened to find myself rolling in rage, and swimming in sweat. I tried to calm myself, by just not thinking about what I was dreaming, although thinking back I can't remember what it was about anyway. I looked at the glowing red numbers of my clock but not absorbing the time, just that it was night time. I recovered my blankets, forcing them around me. I slept again.

I woke in the morning to find myself worn out, feeling more tired than what I was when I first went to bed. I dragged myself out of bed and stood on the bedroom floor trying to recover from the icy atmosphere which circled my warm body. I grabbed my dressing gown, which lay over my chair. I went to the bathroom, falling over the dog. The warm tingling water awakened me immediately. I came out of the shower, and was greeted by the dog's warm friendly pant.

It was getting late, and I had to be at school soon. I grabbed at the curtains releasing them from their set position. The sun immediately lit my room, melting the frosty atmosphere. I looked out of the window to see the fog curling over the hill tops and the neverending battle between night and day.

On the way to school, I passed my Arab colt Shandy. He danced back and forth in his yard, his rug hanging sideways off his back. He bucked anxiously, warming his young unsteady body.

I walked on and arrived at school. School went on and it came to the last lesson of the day. We had a free; my free time was going to be spent sleeping. The lesson ended before I got to sleep. I just seemed to provoke the tiredness which already dozed my body.

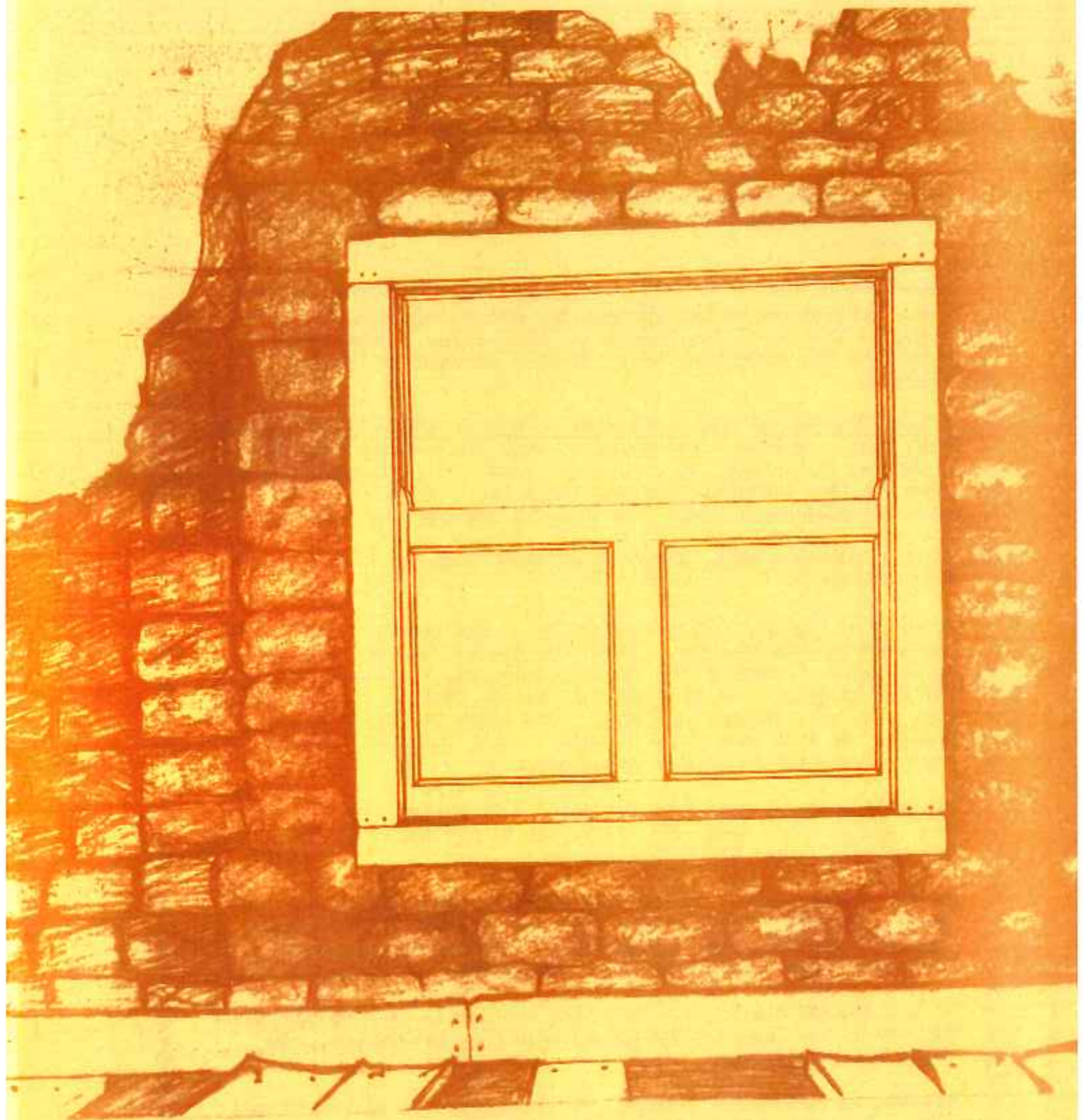
It took me ten minutes to walk home whereas it usually takes me five. I passed Shandy again. He was grazing, unusually placid, ignoring my presence. I went into the house, threw my books down and grabbed my saddle and bridle. The door slammed behind me, rattling all of the windows.

I walked down to the dusty paddock. I looked but Shandy wasn't anywhere in sight. I ran, half in desperation, half in hope of seeing the colt still safely grazing as I had seen him before. I had strange feelings. The dusty ground scattered beneath my feet, the ants panicked as I came closer and they too scattered. The flies hit my face hard as I was running.

I ran to the creek. The sun was swallowing up the already drought stricken water, the willow trees hung low, and swept the path before my feet. I saw the shredded bottle green rug which Shandy once wore, plastered to the ground with blood.

I looked out into the distance, and saw Shandy lying on the ground. I ran to him as fast as I could. When I reached him I heard the brief whinnies which strained the innocent colt as he lay there. The innocence was expressed in his facial expression. My eyes filled with tears, I lowered myself and patted his cut neck. Shandy straightened his neck out and stretched out to stand on his legs.

I got Shandy back to the freshly laid straw in his stall. The vet came. Hours seemed to pass. The vet came out with a normal



expression on his face. He said that it looked as though somebody had tried to strangle Shandy with wire.

Night came and I lay in my bed worried. I dozed off. What seemed like hours passing was only a few minutes.

Morning came, I woke, covered in sweat, the blankets lay alone in a heap on the floor. I had been dreaming again.

Nights and days passed and Shandy's condition neither improved nor deteriorated. I dreamt and dreamt. I tried to think of who'd try to kill Shandy.

Shandy died after a difficult struggle. My dreams ended. I think Shandy's illness had been making me restless. As much as I missed Shandy it was good to see him out of pain.

The star grew brighter. Brighter than any star he had ever seen. Yet it did not glare or blind him as he expected, but it gave him comfort.

Strangely he was not scared. The light was reassuring, attracting, reaching out to him and all the time he was just beyond its grasp. Even so he was content to float along. Some force seemed to be controlling him. A force in which he trusted entirely.

"I hope Mum and Dad aren't too sad. This is much better than all that pain. I feel a bit sorry for them but I wouldn't go back. I want to go to that star. I need to go. It's stronger, more powerful than anything I've ever imagined. It is God. My pain has been taken away. He wants me now and I want to go.

"It's so peaceful here, I don't know where I am but I'm on my way to somewhere."

A child is coming. Do not be afraid. His spirit is good. He is ready for the journey. It is not far but farther away than he expected. Come child, let your suffering be over; your worries be gone. Be at peace for you are ready. I will take you. He is a shimmering light. The light is shaded in some areas. He must take leave of them. Only the pure, revealed light of the spirit will be taken here.

He never took his eyes from the star. He guessed that he did not have physical eyes any longer but it did not worry him. His spiritual eyes saw better things.

It was a dark tunnel he noticed, thick as black velvet and seeming to last for eternity. The star's light was stronger though. Anything that was hidden in that dreaded blackness could not reach him now or ever. He belonged to the star.

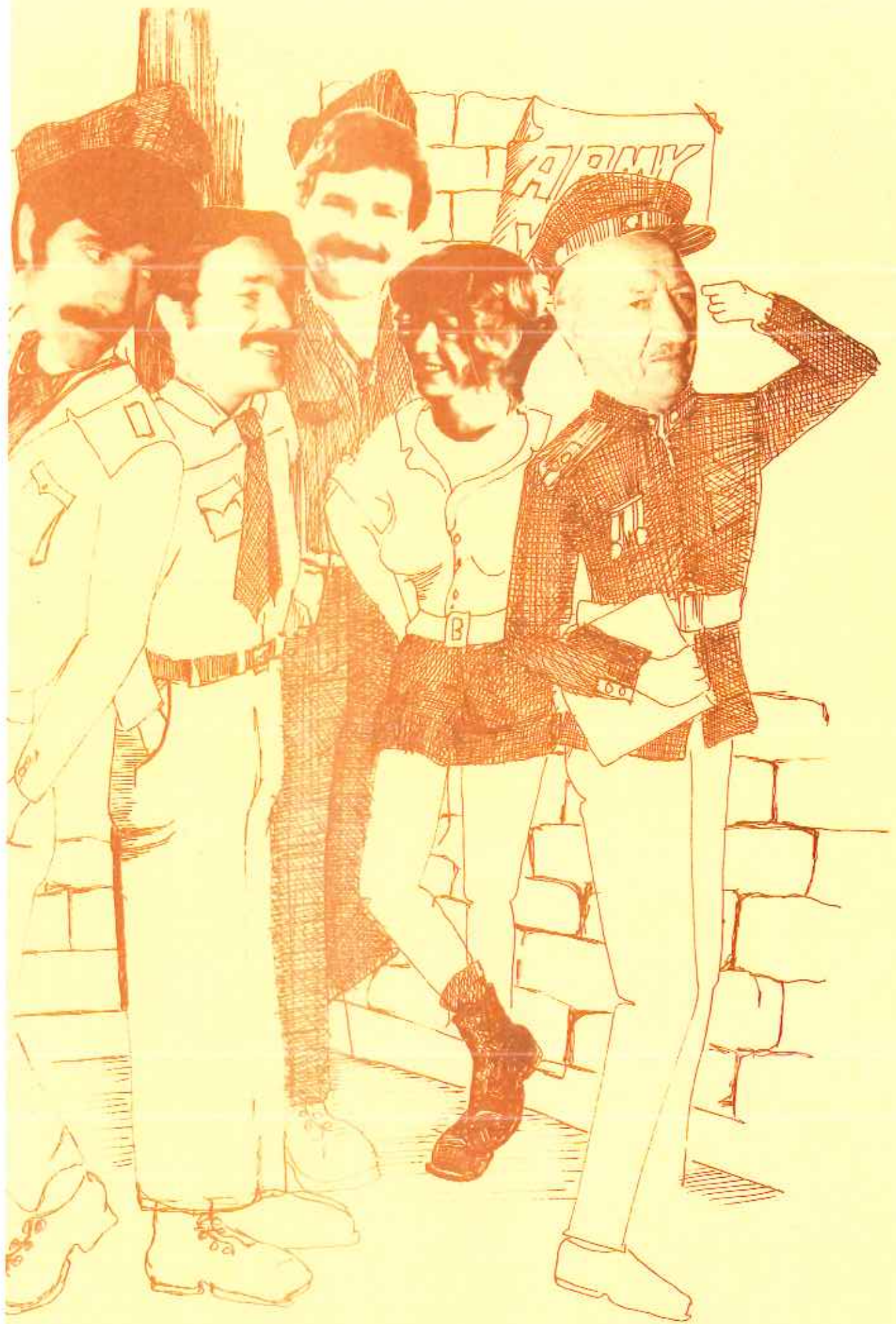
It was drawing him towards it faster now and he saw the wavering picture of his family brighten and then fade before him. He could let them go now.

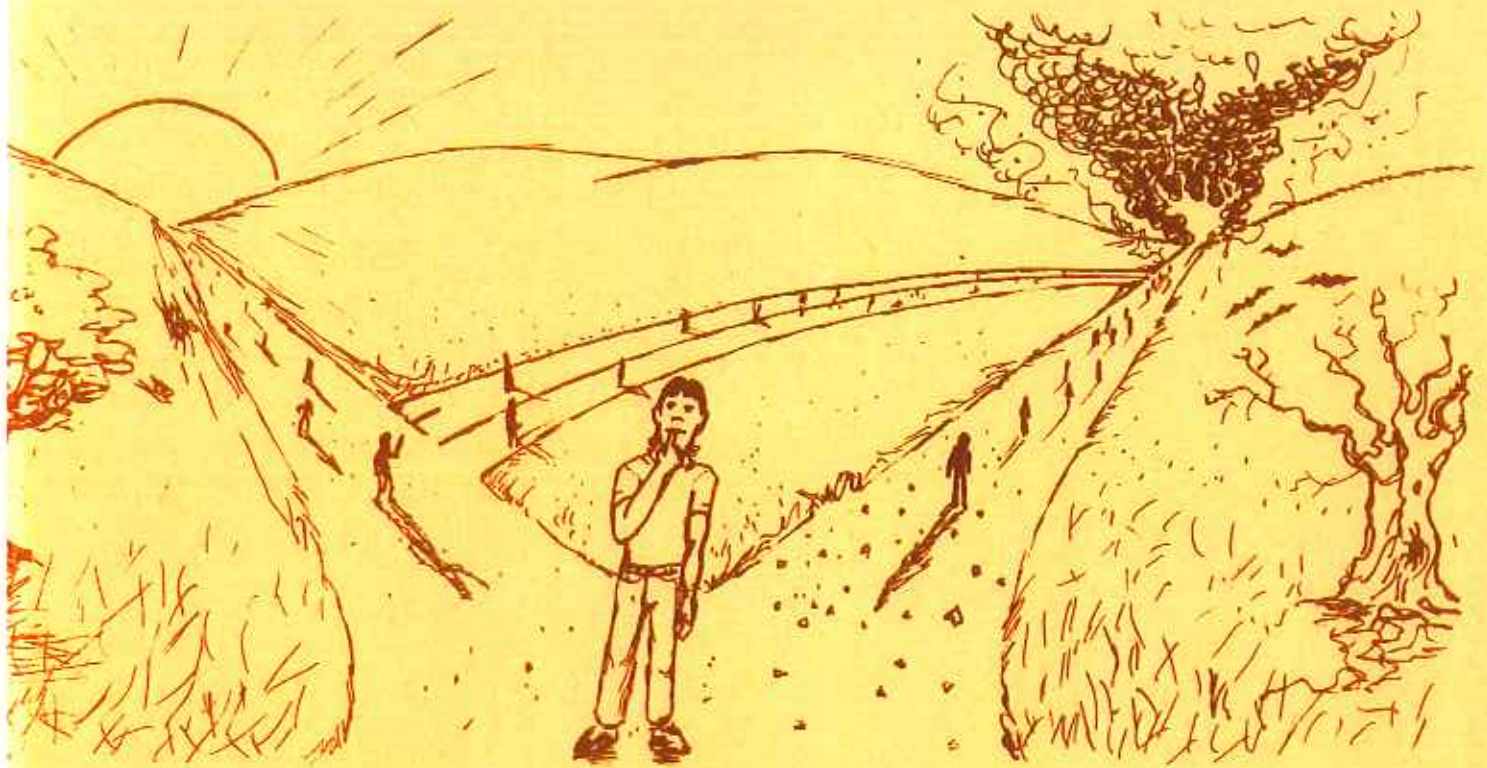
"Goodbye to that world. Hello to the other. I feel so strong now. I must be reaching the top. Now the star is coming over me. The radiance is surrounding me. Oh, powerful star, help me. It's so white.

Goodbye, far away world. Goodbye pain. Goodbye a different life. Hello, everlasting one. The tunnel is behind me. The light is surrounding me. The love and peace seem to seep into me. It was such a long journey. I'm so tired, but I've reached it.

Welcome child. It was not so long. Now you will sleep. Afterwards..... Afterwards will be yours....."







"HUMAN NATURE IS BASICALLY GOOD."

This means that people are usually good, that deep down inside every body is good even though sometimes people are mean and nasty. What it says is that everyone in the beginning is born good and just gets side tracked into being dishonest and mean. The majority of the human race are kind hearted and try to be pleasant.

I agree with this statement, I believe that every person has something good about them. I also believe that every person must have done one good thing for somebody else in their lives. I'm not saying that people have no hate or are perfect - everyone has also done things that are wrong in their lives. You can like somebody one minute and hate them the next.

There are lots of good people and bad but I like to believe that most are good and caring.

Many films and books are for and of course against this statement. One that is for, is the book 'The Outsiders'. Even though the 'greasers' were looked down upon, they risked their lives to save some small children in a burning building. The way they cared for each other and looked out for each other was really good.

Television 'soapies' often prove this point: Prison officers who really care and help; Friends who always come to the rescue. Of course these things are portrayed unrealistically, but do prove that other people also think that human nature is basically good.

One film is 'Boy in a Plastic Bubble' - his parents cared enough to sit with him and talk to him and understand him. So did the neighbours and friends.

Most people couldn't kill. Murders and bashings are always put on the news and the radio but you never hear much about good things. The handful of rotten people give the rest of us a bad name.



SWIMMING CARNIVAL Term 1

winning house - Florey

awards - most outstanding on the day

junior - N Morgan

V Levandovsky

senior - H Siedel

L Siedel

INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

held at Elizabeth Swimming Centre

positions - Fremont

Playford

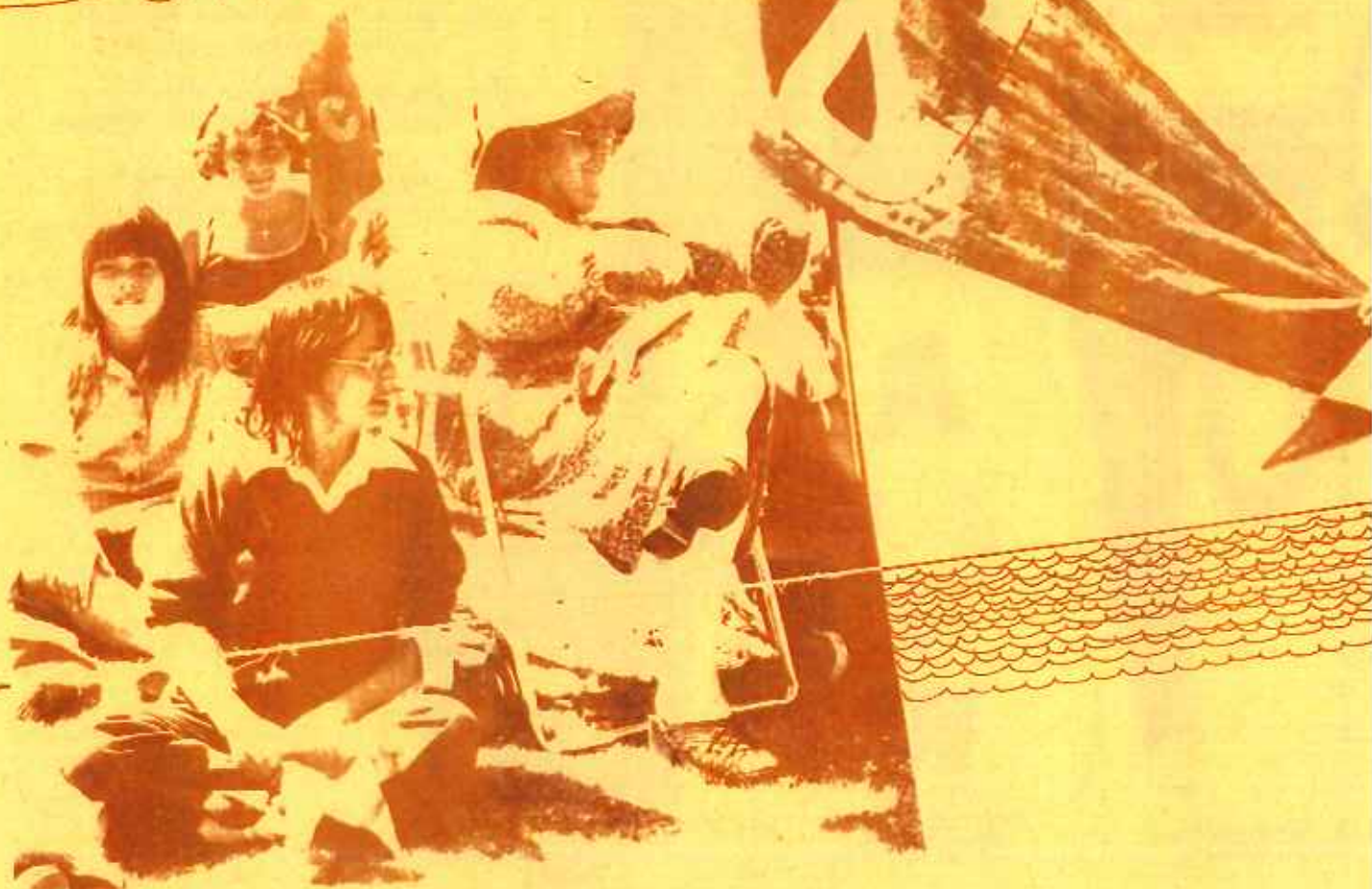
Salisbury East

Elizabeth

Salisbury

Paralowie

SWIMMING CARNIVAL



INTERSCHOOL ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

Held at Salisbury East High School in 1st TERM

There were some excellent results especially from the juniors.

<u>SCHOOL POSITIONS:-</u>	Salisbury East	1,247
	Salisbury	1,043
	Playford	1,014
	Fremont	912
	Elizabeth	771
	Paralowie	735

<u>DIVISION WINNERS:-</u>	U13 Girls	-	1st
	U13 Boys	-	2nd
	U14 Boys	-	2nd

Tania Driehus and Jamie Orrock were both outstanding and gained 5 firsts.

ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

WINNING HOUSE: MAWSON

AWARDS - Winner of each age group

U13 Boys	: Ian Woods
Girls	: Tania Driehus
U14 Boys	: Michael Walters
Girls	: Jane Hounslow
U15 Boys	: Geoff Whait
Girls	: Christina Krajacic
O15 Boys	: Rooney Upton
Girls	: Trudie Ware and Alison Mildren

D.Green D.Wauchop



E. Roberts.

A. Mildren G. Whait R. Upton C. Krajacic.
T. Driehus I. Wood.



B.R- Mr Wasylenko
D. McFall
H Marko
S. O'Brien
Mr. Rees.

F.R-G Costanzo
J. Goodes.
D. Martin
T. Gasparetto
J. Imbrogno.

JUNIOR SOCCER

LIGHTNING CARNIVAL - Held in 2nd Term

This year we joined with the Central Para Schools of Nuriootpa, Gawler, Craigmore, Smithfield and Elizabeth West for a larger and more comprehensive Carnival. A much wider range of sports including the winter sports and others such as Squash, Chess, Rollerskating, Rugby.

Approximately 400 students took part. We won 5 pennants:-

Chess
Senior Table Tennis
Junior Girls Basketball
Junior Boys Soccer
Junior Football.

We were narrowly defeated often only by percentage in quite a few other sports.

TABLE TENNIS.

BASKETBALL



B.R-S. Berki, H. Danielson, S. Schlechter
M.R-J. Baldwin, J. Delo, C. Krajacic, N. Cotter
F.R-J. Rice, K. Fenton, K. Pocock, M. Spencer



B.R-Mr Marino, K. Geister, J. Pitt,
S. Hemmings.
M.R-D. Staines.
F.R-H. Bradley, N. Lagos, K. Pollitt.

CROSS COUNTRY

Coached by Mr. Tokarski and Mr. Jones. A team of 15 competed in the annual cross country held at Carisbrook Park in July.

Outstanding Positions

U13A	Gary Campbell	9th
U13B	Darren Ballentine	8th
U13	Elaine Robert	8th
Open	Rooney Upton	20th

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.



B.R.-D. Brooks.
T. Driehuis.
R. Upton.
J. Woods.
D. Penley.
G. Bussenschutt.
F.R.-E. Roberts.
D. Spokes.
G. Campbell.
T. Nolan.



B.R.-H. Osborne.
J. Ferguson.
L. Jacka.
J. Osborne.
L. Haynes.
M. Gibbons.
S. Lewis.
S. Meyers.
M.R.-L. Heinrich.
K. Dunn.
J. Baldwin.
M. McKay.
E. Berlyn.
F.R.-M. Costanzo.
K. Owens.
G. Fleet.
S. Skepper.

SOFTBALL

KNOCKOUT COMPETITION

Played throughout the State.

Senior Netball - defeated in first round.

Senior Football - defeated in the first round.

Senior Boys Basketball - defeated by Smithfield Plains High in the second round.



JUNIOR
FOOTBALL



NETBALL

M.R. M. Middleton W. Schmidt
K. Smith S. Ryan

AFTERSCHOOL SPORT

TERM II WINTER

SENIOR - Played on Tuesday nights.

NETBALL - coached by Miss Woodhouse.

BOYS BASKETBALL - coached by Mr. Jones.

GIRLS BASKETBALL - coached by Mrs. Rohrlach.

MIXED HOCKEY - coached by Mr. Buxton

JUNIOR - Played on Thursday nights.

A & B NETBALL - coached by Miss Ciotti

B NETBALL - 1st.

FOOTBALL - coached by Mr. Amos - 1st.

SOCCER - coached by Mr. Rees - 2nd.

MIXED HOCKEY - coached by Miss Severin and Mrs. Wise - 2nd

BOYS BASKETBALL - coached by Mr. Jones - 2nd

GIRLS BASKETBALL - coached by Mr. Vandepeer



JUNIOR BASEBALL



C. Pocock B. Jackman

CRICKET



S. Noel M. Miller

TENNIS



G. Stevens J. Trimball D. Ellbourn R. Rowe

BASKETBALL



B.R. S. Spurgeon S. Brown A. West D. McRae
M.R. P. Fry S. Noel D. Green A. Feddesin
F.R. D. Bampton G. Campbell M. Miller A. Kolaroff A. Cienciala.

JUNIOR & SENIOR HOCKEY



B.R. Mr. Buxton D. Penley R. Switalski T. Kember P. Bong H. Seidel R. Rowe
M.R. S. Rice C. Smales D. Ballentine T. Nolan G. Costanzo M. Christelow
F.R. T. Penfold B. Baker J. Morrison V. Christelow

...TENNIS...TENNIS..

On Tuesday 29th of September I went to Paralowie to play tennis. We went out onto the court looking professional (like Mrs. Stuart tells us).

We had a few warm-up hits and then the game started, all four of us went into the net and I spun my racket to see who would serve, we ended up serving and I served first.

About half an hour later the score was six games to three their way. Mandy and I walked into the net to shake hands with them and they walked straight past us to the other end of the court. We asked the umpire why they were still playing and he said that we were playing to nine games.

We went to our end of the court and continued playing, the score went like this: six three, six four, seven four, seven five, seven six, eight six, eight seven, eight all, eight nine.

We won!! Mrs. Stuart was waving her arms in the air and Mandy and I were all smiles.

We shook hands and then jumped the fence, (not very lady-like says Mrs. Stuart) to Mrs. Stuart's car.

We all directed Mrs. Stuart to where we lived and she "dropped us off" at our houses (well nearly).
It was a fun day.

P.S. Mrs. Stuart yells at people who turn right, in front of her on the road. If you are doing that... and Mrs. Stuart is behind you DON'T!

P.S.S. She also takes it for granted that people who turn right in front of her, are men.

This one wasn't

oops! P.S.!

STATE REPRESENTATIVES

The following students have represented the State in various sports throughout 1981 - a very commendable effort by all of them.

<u>U13</u>	Julie Stansfield	-	Australian Junior Roller-skating Speed Champion.
	Tony Gasparetto	-	Soccer
	Ian Woods	-	Athletics
	Scott Noell	-	Squash - 4th in the Australian Championships.
<u>U14</u>	Brenda Webb	-	Calisthenics
	Herbie Brown	-	Judo
<u>U16</u>	Michelle Ware	-	Judo
	Trudie Ware	-	Judo
	Bernadette Hillard	-	Irish Dance
	Karen Whallin	-	Softball
	Ian Cole	-	Soccer
	David Gale	-	Rugby
	James Hislop	-	Chess



STATE REPRESENTATIVES

HOUSE CAPTAINS

BR - J. Hislop B. Hillard D. Gale
MR - M. Ware I. Woods T. Gasparetto
S. Noell
FR - K. Whallin T. Ware

BR - J. Christelow A. Morten S. Spurgeon R. Upton
MR - S. Brown
FR - S. Nicks M. Graeber M. Hendry.

I ENJOY PLAYING NETBALL BECAUSE IT IS A FAST ACTION FILLED GAME, FULL OF EXCITEMENT AND MANY HOURS OF PLEASURE.

NETBALL IS A GOOD SPORT TO PLAY AS IT IS A WAY OF SOCIALIZING WITH PEOPLE AROUND YOUR OWN AGE WHO HAVE THE SAME INTEREST. I HAVE MADE QUITE A LOT OF FRIENDS THROUGH PLAYING NETBALL WHO GO TO OTHER SCHOOLS. I HAVE BEEN PLAYING NETBALL FOR APPROXIMATELY 4 YEARS NOW AND HOPE TO CONTINUE AS LONG AS POSSIBLE.

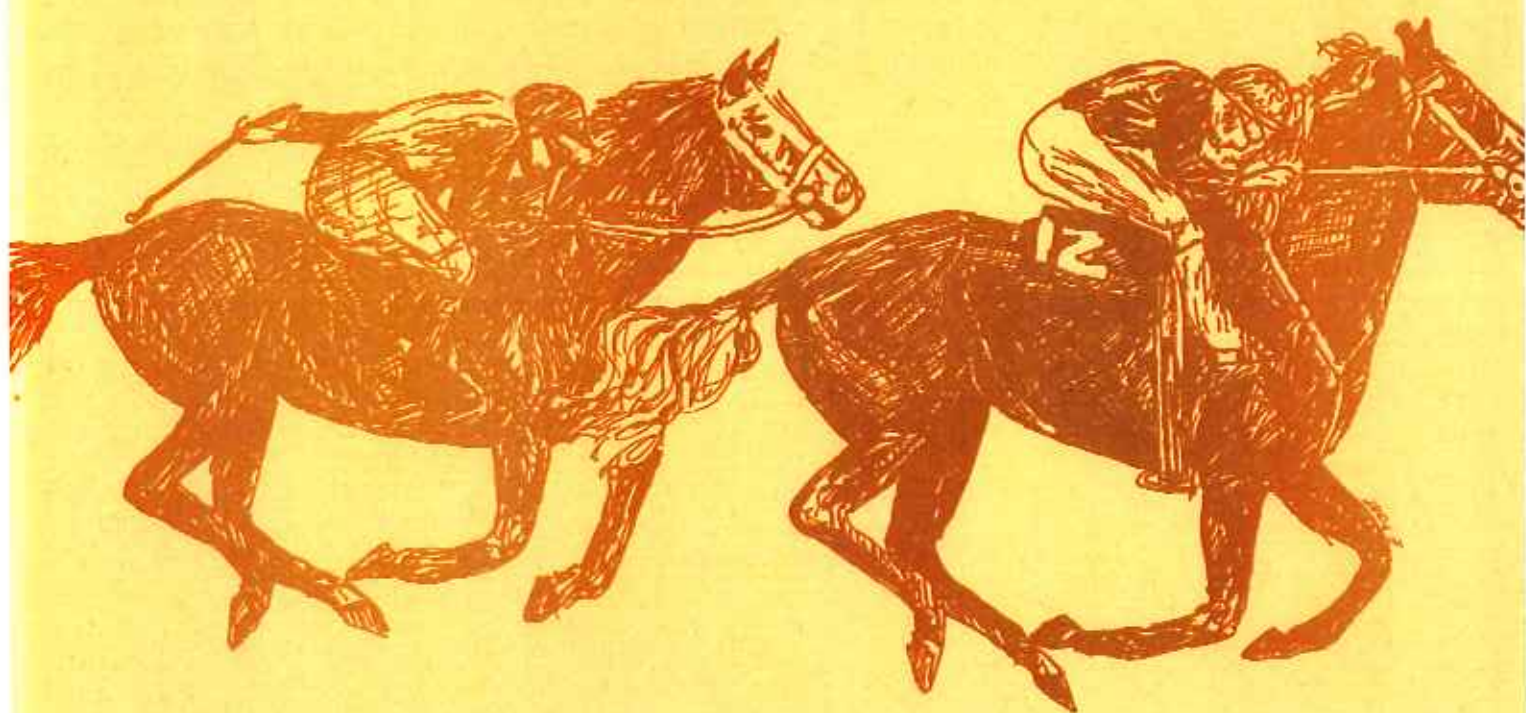
NETBALL IS A GAME THAT YOU HAVE TO BE FIT FOR THEREFORE A LOT OF HARD TRAINING IS NECESSARY WHICH IS OFTEN VERY STRENUOUS.

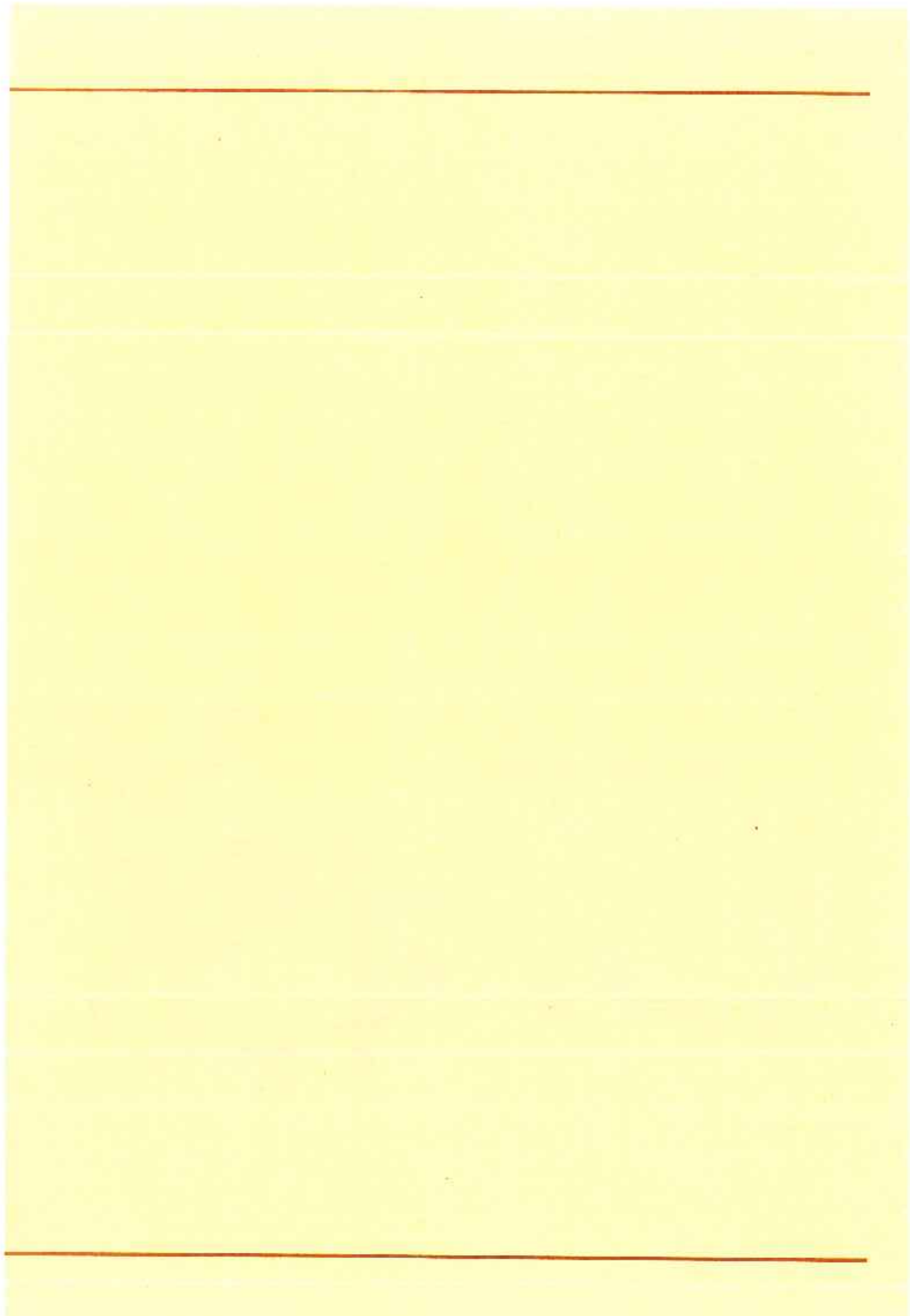


NETBALL IS A GAME I REALLY ENJOY BECAUSE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU ARE A VITAL MEMBER OF THE TEAM AND THAT EVERYONE IS NEEDED IF THE TEAM WANTS TO WIN.

THE THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT NETBALL ARE WHEN YOU HAVE A ROUGH TEAM WHO KEEP CONTACTING OR WHEN YOU HAVE A ONE-SIDED UMPIRE. ALSO WHEN YOU MAKE A MISTAKE YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU HAVE LET THE TEAM DOWN, IT'S EVEN WORSE IF YOU LOOSE. ACTUALLY I WOULD RATHER PLAY A GOOD TEAM THAN A ROUGH TEAM WHO HAVE ONE-SIDED UMPIRING. AND THAT'S WHY I LIKE NETBALL AND KEEP PLAYING IT.

Leanne Hislop







School days



THANK YOU

STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS

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Other staff who helped

