



SALISBURY HIGH

MAGAZINE

1987

Salisbury
Gum tree studded
Brand new library opened
Award winning mural painting
Litter campaign
Fortnightly assemblies
Co-operative Year Twelve Scheme
New Music Suite
Old gum tree shades us still
Workmen renovating, painting
Staff and students
Nineteen eighty seven
Another year comes to an end
Our School



C. Perry - Editor

THE FUTURE AND MY LIFE

There are many people in Australia and overseas who call themselves "futurists" and make a lot of money predicting the future. If one follows through some of these predictions, it seems to me that they are, by and large, not much better at their predictions than when people made their predictions by reading the entrails of birds two thousand years ago. Of course the future can't be predicted because of the totally mercurial and unpredictable nature of human beings.

The major day to day factor shaping our lives in 1987 is Science and Science itself is not a very predictable activity. More people are realizing, however, that we have a huge reservoir of valuable and valid information which does give us some ideas about what the future could hold. This reservoir is the history of human events in Science, Business, Sport, Literature, Performing Arts, History and Politics.

An example of this lack of predictability may well shed some light. If the Australian Government had said twenty years ago, "We want to become the world leader in genetic engineering", how would they have gone about it?

Well the C.S.I.R.O. could have said, "Let's employ the best computer programmers, some geneticists and several biochemists". However, with the benefit of hindsight, we now know that employing people who studied snake venom, snails' stomachs and seaweed would have made spectacular progress in genetic engineering most likely.

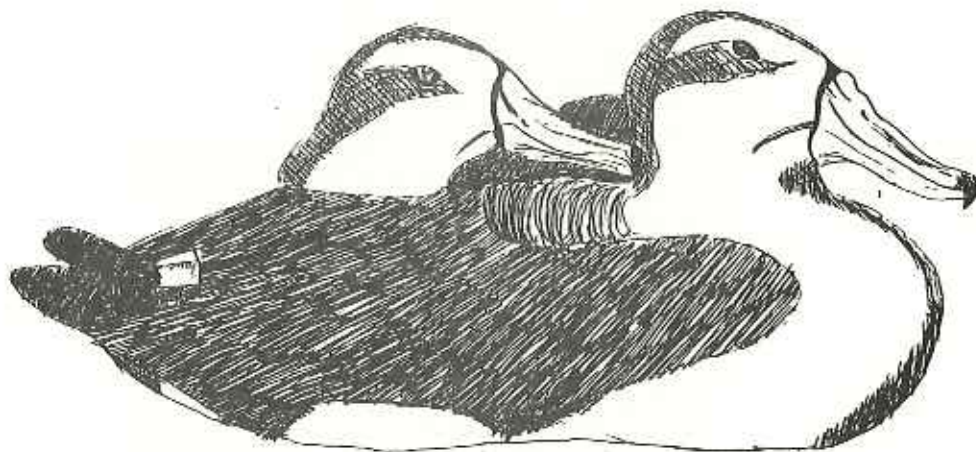
What of the future then for students in the 1980's? Learn the lessons of history carefully in all your subject areas in order to be best equipped for the future. Make sure that you are scientifically literate, that you can understand how science affects your life and can talk about the positive and negative effects of it on your life. Turn off the dreaded T.V. set (someone said that T.V. is only chewing gum for the mind!) and spend more time reading about and noticing what is going on about you in the world. Be optimistic about your future life because recent research shows that optimism lasts a life time in those who have it.

If you do all those things, you certainly have an exciting life to which to look forward.

Francis Bruce



Peter Sneddon yr 9



Megan Cochran yr 9

THE MIGRANT

My father scoffs at people who commend him for his courage in migrating to the distant, unknown land of Australia. He could divide his courage into two different components; ignorance and desperation. What else could have driven him from his secure, if unhappy, way of life to the sunburnt country down under?

The journey was trying for one man alone, but for one who also had a young wife of seventeen to protect, it was an ordeal. This thought suddenly struck him while they were battling their way down a German road during a mid-February blizzard. Later he saw the blizzard as an indication of what was to be the future for this was just prior to the horrific beginnings of World War Two. My father quickly thrust his thoughts out of his mind. It was too late to turn back now. They had escaped from Yugoslavia and could never return. Abruptly he stopped, took a deep breath and plunged forward not just down a snow-covered road but also into a rocky, stormy decade.

* * * * *

Their arrival in Sydney brought about a series of mixed feelings. The most prominent were confusion and fright for they were unsure of what lie ahead of them. The first glimpse of their new home was snatched whilst they were herded from the comfort of the aeroplane into the back of a dirty, foul-smelling truck. Their surroundings were blurred and obscured by the intense heat reflecting from the pavement. All they could see was a large, brown building and endless metres of black, sticky tarmac. Everyone was on and the back of the truck was closed. They began a rough ride. As the truck bounced toward the migrant camp they grew increasingly uncomfortable. They had left a freezing winter and none of the adults were well enough educated to realise that a summer was awaiting them in the southern hemisphere. As the droplets of perspiration trickled down their backs they received another lesson in endurance.

Stomachs long past the stage of rumbling, they arrived at the pathetic-looking cluster of tents and makeshift shacks. On descending the truck, they were greeted by a multitude of wails. Frustrated mothers unsuccessfully tried to calm their howling infants. There was a babble of incomprehensible tongues. Angry fathers, overcome by feelings of uselessness and failure, cursed at life. Nobody understood the words but everyone was familiar with the force behind them. However, my father had no time to absorb more than a fraction of the havoc. His task was to fill the stomach of his uncomplaining wife. Finding the kitchen, but not being understood, he jumped the counter and extracted some of the familiar foods, whilst rejecting the exotic-looking edibles. Shrugging off the restraining arms, he headed back to the tent where his young wife awaited him. He had the gleam of a successful hunter in his eyes.

Before the food had time to settle in their stomachs, they were guided back to the trucks by a very irritated officer. His piercing stare expressed his resentment.

"Stupid migrants, don't even know where they are going. They eat our food, create paperwork and then leave with out even saying thank you."

The truck started back to the airport. They didn't know what was happening but merely accepted that the officials knew best. Their experiences in Europe made them afraid of the consequences should they disobey.

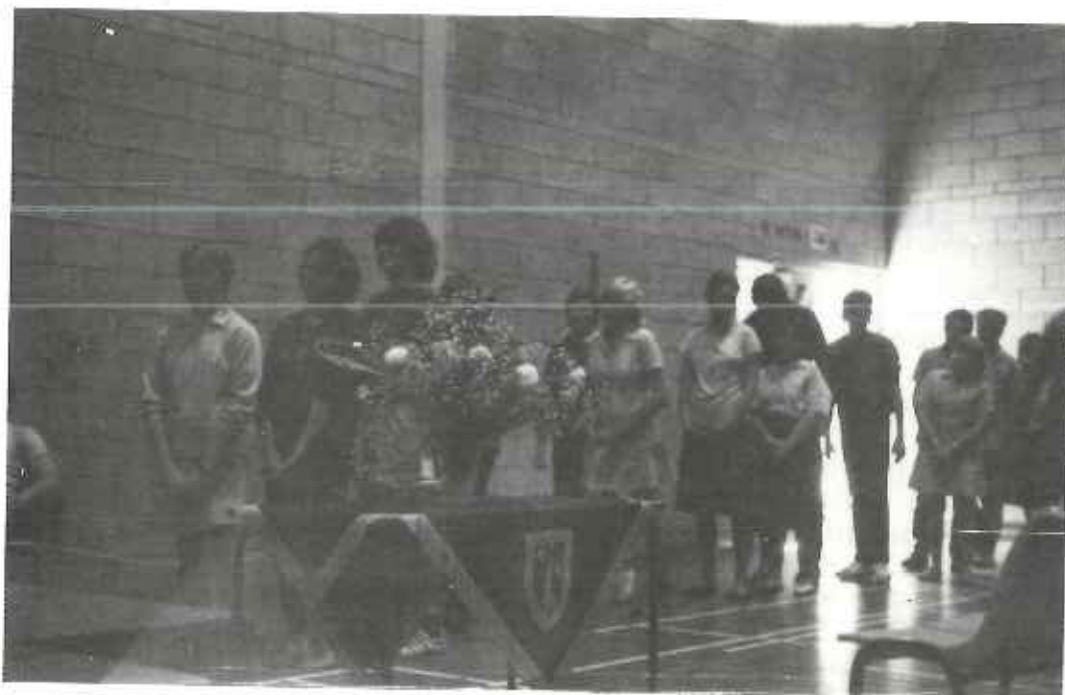
Finally they arrived in Melbourne where, with relieved sobs, they fell into the arms of friends. The trip from the airport was a vague picture. They arrived at their new home—a musty, sordid South Melbourne terrace house. The front garden patch was over-run with weeds and unpruned bushes, all covered with a thick film of grime. Paint peeled off the wrought iron fence exposing rusty patches caused by the elements. The battered, stained door barely served its purpose.

The interior matched the outside. The rickety bed sounded an alarm everytime the sleepers rolled over. The linoleum floor was worn down from constant scuffing. The two rooms cried out to be painted. But they brought to it a great deal of love, the most valuable thing a person can give or receive.

This is what helped the migrants to survive. Their love for one another and support for each other. For without this, they would have been lost in a new world, in a new life.

Pauline Jugovic

S.R.C INDUCTION



The willing band waiting their turn.



Mark Roberts Mark Robinson Lyndy Rivett Mark Redington
SRC Executive - 1987



Mark Redington, President, responding on behalf of the SRC at the Induction ceremony, held in the Hall.

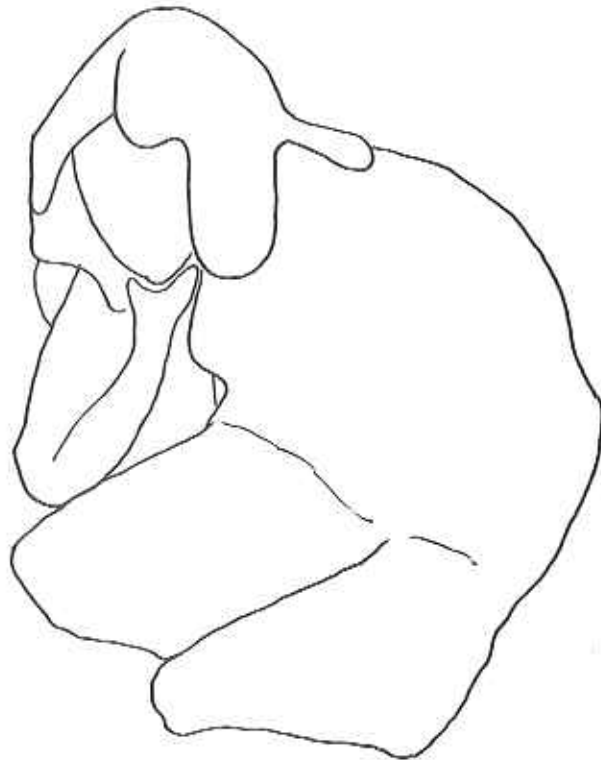
Lyndy Rivett, Vice-President, being inducted by Mr. Roy Magor, Principal, Tindale Christian School and an ex-student of S.H.S. Mr. Magor was assisted by Mrs. Matsen who worked with the SRC throughout the year. Mr. Bruce watches the proceedings.



IS THAT REALLY ME?

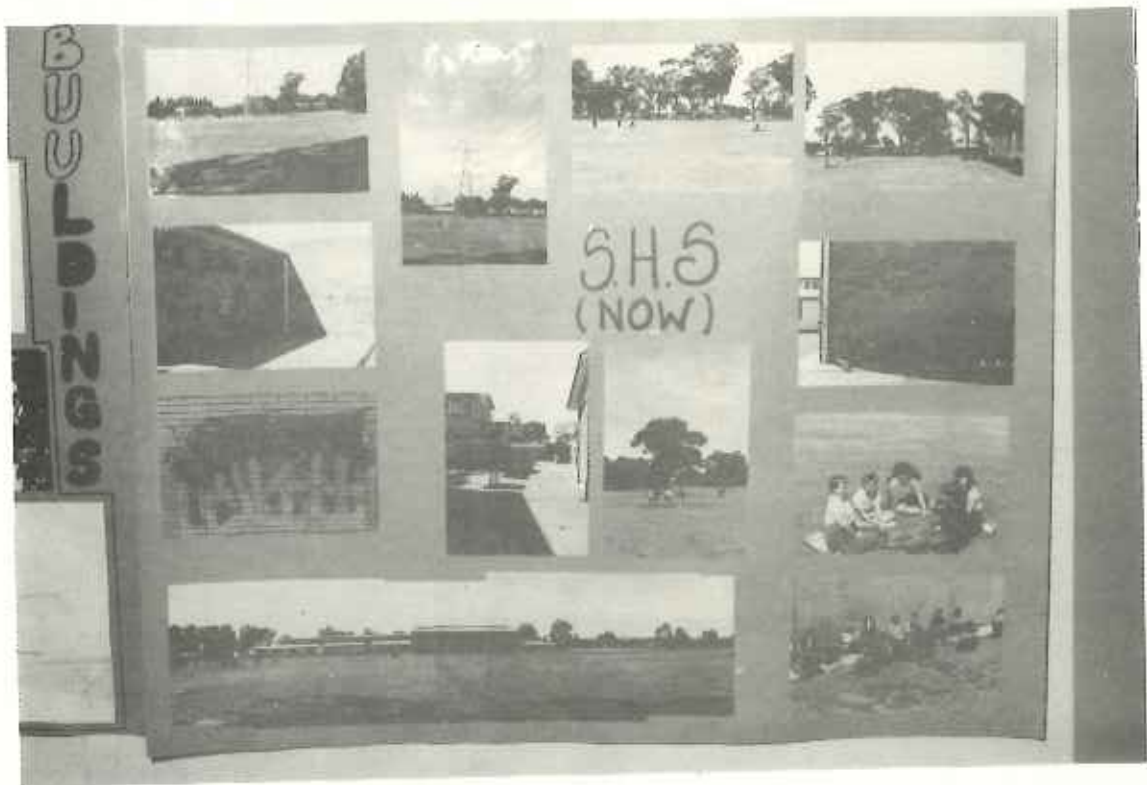
I stare blankly into the mirror, asking myself, "Is that really me?"
My reflection stares back, looking not at all like it used to be.
What's happening to me? Why did I have to change?
Now I feel weird, really strange.
I notice my slender waist, and swelling hips;
The look of fear, and the trembling of my lips.
I feel that I don't know myself anymore,
Why can't I be just like I was before?
My emotions are running wild,
And I feel like a small child;
But my body tells me differently.
Why is this happening to me?
I question myself, knowing answers will not appear
To take away my feelings of confusion and fear.
I close my eyes, only to find the same person's still there,
Standing there thinking how life isn't fair!
Feeling shy and confused, I slip into my nightwear, ready for bed
But with the same questions going around in my head.
Is that really me?

Sheree Tomney



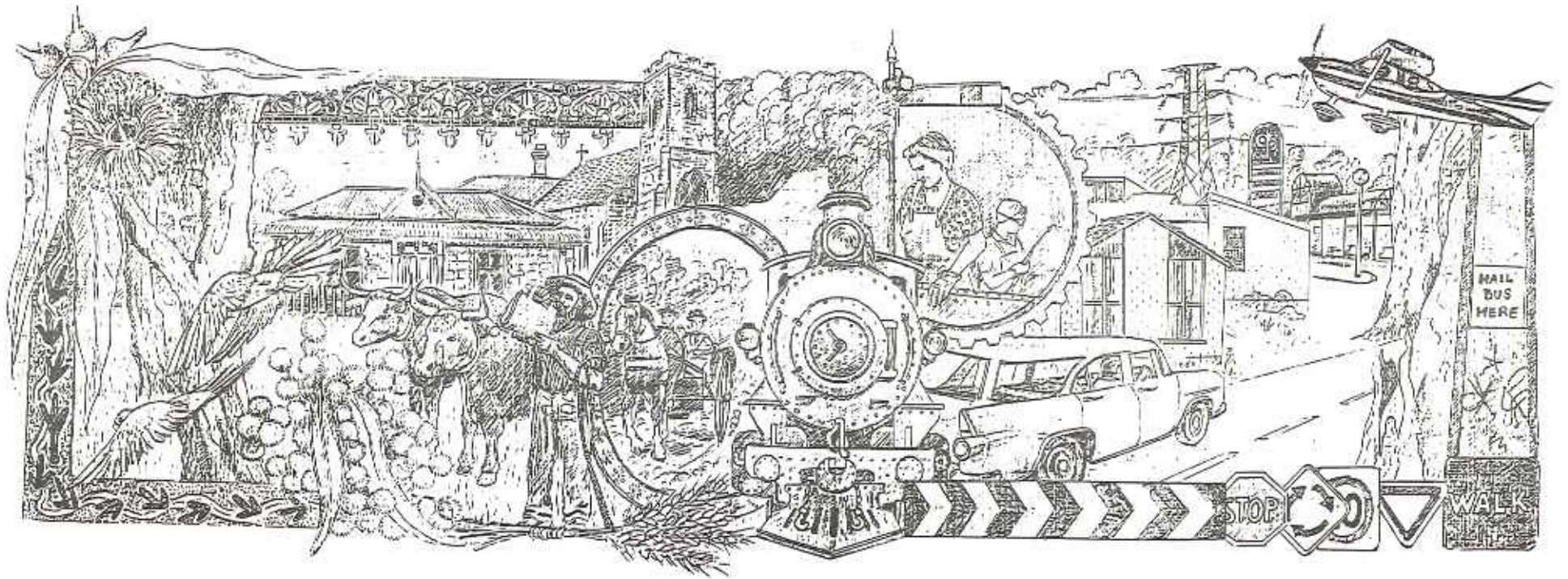
OUR MURAL

The idea for a MURAL began in 1985 with a submission written by Mrs.Kite.This was unsuccessful but Ms.Zerna-Russell tried again in 1986 and was successful. A programme involving Art,English and History students was prepared and work began in earnest in Term 1 1987 when our ARTIST IN RESIDENCE,Ziggy Moskwa was given funding for twenty working days. The Mural would not have been completed without the help of the School Council, SRC, Special Curriculum Committee, Barrys, Hazelgroves and Ron White.Many thanks.



Students worked hard researching,planning and designing the necessary information on the theme of SALISBURY- THEN AND NOW from which Ziggy could design the mural.

Ziggy's first design for the MURAL based on the research of the students. This was later modified to the design now painted on the Hall wall.





A core group of students worked on the painting throughout the project whilst others helped for a lesson or two.





Ms. Zerna-Russell, Ziggy Moskwa, David Garrick at the commemoration of the Mural.

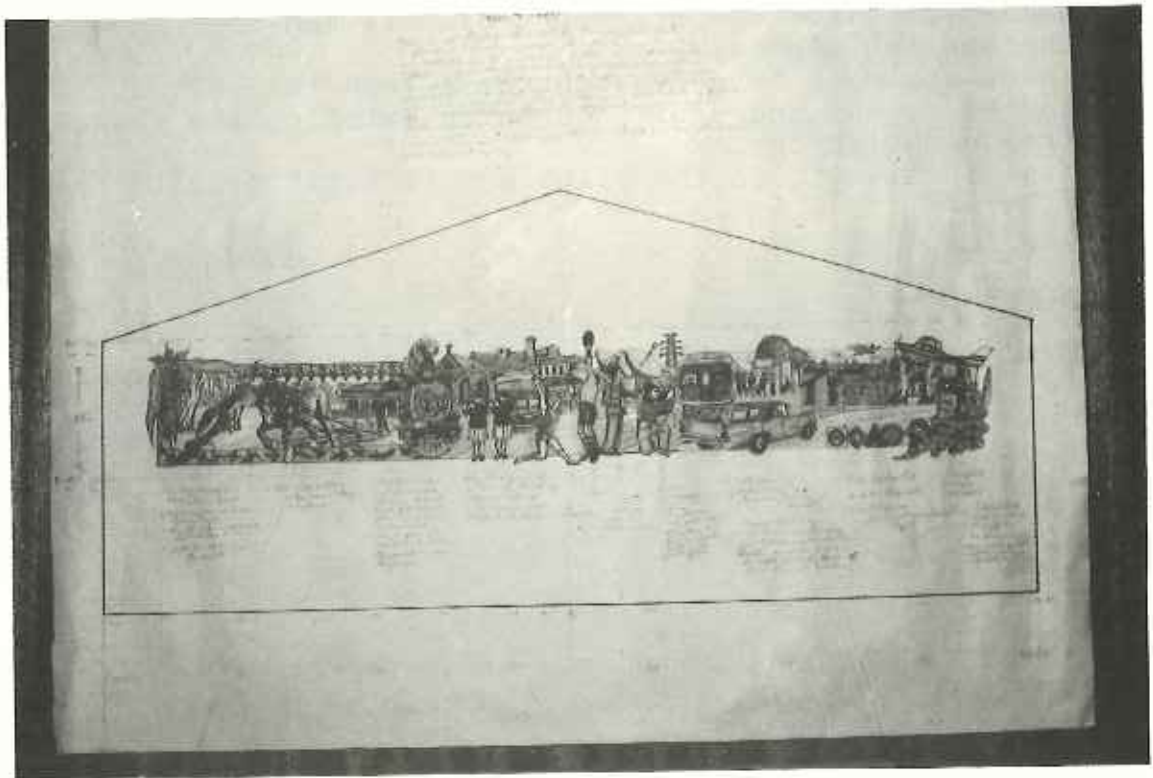
A special assembly was held "To open" the mural. The involvement of Mark Redington on behalf of the SRC, Mr. R. Thomas and the School Band and a fanfare from Mr. E. Thomas and his trumpet group as well as the cutting of the ribbon by David Garrick, a Year 8 student, made this a memorable commemoration.

An evaluation was required and responses were sought from staff and students and a video made of the whole process. The answer to the question "Is the mural a success?" was a resounding ..YES.

The co-ordinator of the ARTIST- IN - RESIDENCE program was so impressed by the mural that asked that a special display be mounted. This was on exhibition at the Education Department Central Office, Flinders Street, Adelaide. This display, prepared by Ms. Zerna-Russell was so impressive that a request has been made for it to be part of the BI-CENTENARY TRAVELLING EXHIBITION. This will be on display in the Adelaide parklands February 29 - March 6 1988.

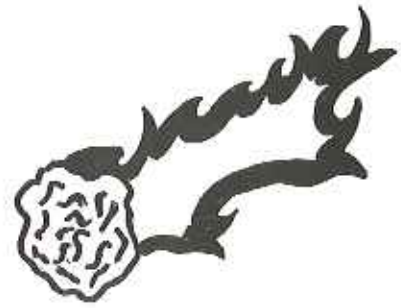
Thanks to our principal, Mr. F. Bruce, the mural was entered in the KESAB competitions and won an award. A small plaque and donation have been awarded to the school.

The experience of the mural painting was such a positive one that it seemed a pity to waste the enthusiasm it developed. THE PROJECT CONTINUES. Students have been producing work which is being used to beautify the inside of the school. These permanent pieces of art work will hopefully increase pride and respect in the school and its grounds.



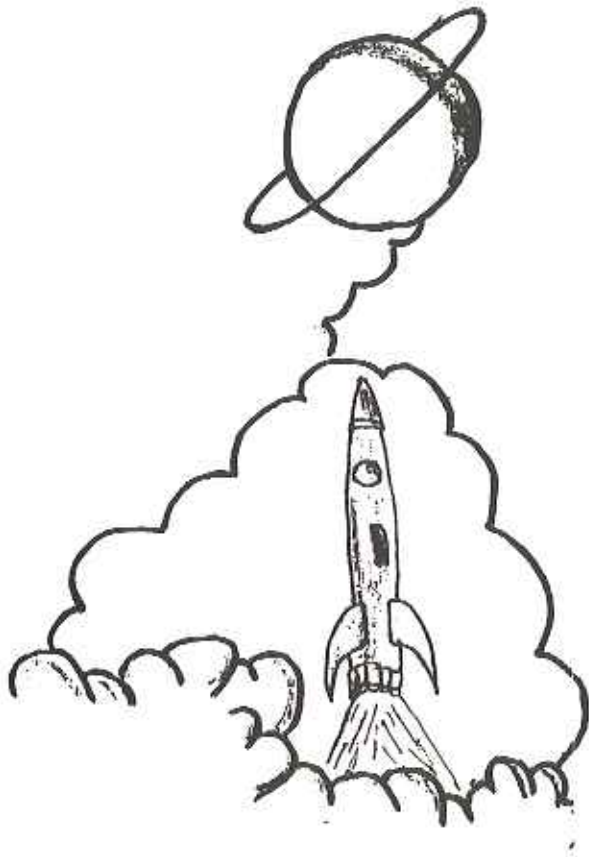
The Final Design

Space



Space just seems to never end
so dark and mysterious
Covered with white glowing stars
and hot rushing meteors plunging to their disaster
It's now inhabited by probes, satellites, space ships
and even humans, forever exploring the mysteries of space
finding something new every day.
I sometimes wonder how fantastic it would be to cruise the
galaxy, to visit the different planets and see
the amazing sights.
There wouldn't be anything better than to visit
the Milky Way and orbit the earth watching the change
from night to day.
I would like to be the pilot and to float gravity free.

David Cook



GIRLS AND BOYS YEAR 9 PHYSICAL EDUCATION

As many people are aware, there has been a trend over the last few years to try and give girls more opportunities in education. The Physical Education faculty over the last two years has held this as a priority, with a view to increasing girls' enjoyment and involvement in Physical Education.

In 1986, we trialled special all-girls classes at Year 10 level where the girls studied activities like self defence, aerobics and dance.

This year we have been able to have single sex classes at Year 9 level and have found these have worked well. Both the girls and the boys have gained more from the programme and hopefully we will see more girls involved in the Senior P.E. courses.

Although it is not possible to timetable single sex classes all the time, we have found this year, that both girls and boys can thrive in these classes for particular activities.

For 1988 we hope that we can continue to encourage the involvement of all students and promote a healthy life and healthy mind.

YEAR 12 PHYSICAL EDUCATION COURSE

This is the third year we have run SAS Physical Education at Salisbury High. The course began with fifteen students but this reduced as students left for employment. Nine students completed the course.

The students studied topics such as Exercise Physiology, Diet and Nutrition, Sports Injuries, Roles and Responsibilities in Coaching and Administration, Volley Ball, Squash and Touch.

A highlight of the year was the camp at Victor Harbour. Paul, Malcolm, Andrew and James took out the award for the CLEANEST[!] caravan while Mitzi and Karla were rewarded for being able to wake Hawky up at 5am for canoeing.

Thanks to all students for a great year.

A. Murphy
D. Hawkins

HOME ECONOMICS

1987 has once again been a busy time for Home Economics staff and students.

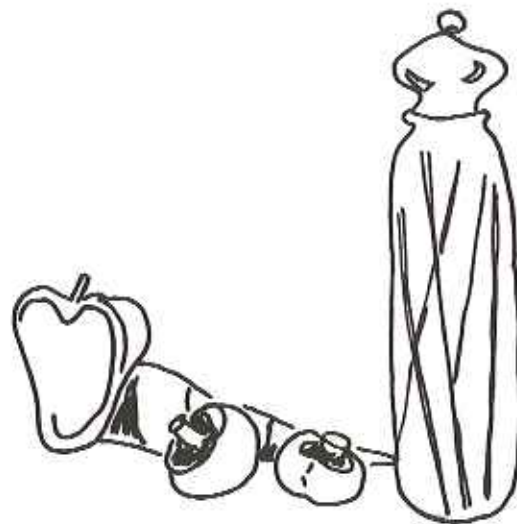
The senior classes have enjoyed catering for local Child Care Centres, Aged Homes and Parent groups as well as staff and students at our school.

Many clowns [fabric!!!] were produced by Year 8 students and Year 9's enjoyed making Bread Dough jewellery.

In 1988 we have more options for Year 11 students and the new Child Care, Catering, Fabric and Food Preparation courses have been popular choices for our senior students.

Ann Clark

Home Economics Senior



A NEW LIBRARY



Salisbury High has long awaited a new, larger library and at last we have one !

The new location is on the top floor of wing 3. Five classrooms had their walls removed, everything was repainted, and vertical blinds hung. New chairs and tables and airconditioning make for a most comfortable work area.

The library environment is now light and airy and we have had many favourable comments from students, parents and visitors. The new book security system prevents book loss and next year we hope to introduce an automated circulation and catalogue system.

There were many planning sessions

Finally
underway





MY GRANDMOTHER

I can remember when I was small, my parents were always busy so I stayed with my grandmother. She was very nice to me and also kind. She was old but still looked nice. She had a few white hairs and she wasn't very tall. She worked hard to look after the big house and the farm.

When I was small I didn't know how to do things like the cooking so she taught me how to do it. A few years later my parents often went out and I had to stay at home and look after the house. My house and my grandmother's house were very close so when I had finished all the work at home I used to run to grandmother's house. She would make cakes for me to eat. After that my grandmother and I would go to the garden and cut the grass, trees and flowers and water the plants. Every Vietnamese New Year I stayed in my grandmother's house. We cooked a lot of cakes for the New Year.

When I left my country I was really sad because I knew I wouldn't see my grandmother anymore. I hope one day I may be able to go back to my country for a holiday and see my grandmother.

Trang Tran

TIME

Time, the unstoppable juggernaut,
Here before us, and here after we are gone.
Time, the bringer of joy, the bringer of sorrow,
It brings intelligence, it brings ignorance.

Time, a way to harness his power is forever sought,
It brings us poem, it brings us song,
Who knows what time may bring on the morrow.
Time allows no second chance.

Time, it's here forever, but never here,
People cry for it to stop, but it pays no heed,
It brings death, but also life,
Time's depth is impossible to fathom.

But if time was stopped, would we cheer?
Time rides on his brilliant steed,
Time can destroy lives like a knife,
But he can also make, and remake them.

He is the reaper, he is the bearer,
Time is the essence of dreams,
And the maker of nightmares.
Time is the unstoppable Juggernaut!

Jason Downard

NO ESCAPE FOR THE INNOCENT

A howl filled the heavy night air,
As figures were seen running across the ground.
Blood curdling screams without a care,
Fear taking hold as you look around.

Fighting for a last chance to escape,
Sensing a tormenting life ahead.
As you feel the rapid breath on your nape,
You become a spirit which is not dead.

Hollow eyes and ghostly pale,
You take on your new devilish form.
You now begin to hunt.
A vampire seen during a storm.

Debbie Sylvester

Football Report

The Senior Knockout team fought valiantly to make the quarter finals of the State Wide Cocoa Cola Cup. We played Enfield High in the first round, where we were jumped in the opening minutes and found ourselves down by five goals at quarter time. Thanks to an inspired performance by Darren "Wilbur" Wilson and Andrew "Silvo" Silvestri and a complete lift around the ground, we won by four goals.

Next we had to make the long trek to Nurioopta where we met Renmark High School in a real 'battle'. The game went goal for goal, and we were three points down at three quarter time and we had to play into a strong breeze. At this point our coach, Dean "Hawky" Hawkins made the big move. Wilbur was playing at Centre Forward and Silvo in the pivot. Both were playing within themselves. Hawky swapped them around and things clicked. Kicking into a gale force wind, Silvo kicked three valuable goals while Wilbur kept getting the ball out of the middle. We had a memorable win by seven points - one of Salisbury's finest efforts in twenty-five years. Others to do well were Scott "the intimidater" Wilson and the rock of Gibraltar, Tony Kuzman, along with Geoff "Mow'em Down" Worden and Danny "Darby" Ryan.

Through injury to key players we were ousted by two goals in the next game.

Many thanks to Hawky for coaching us through the competition. His hints were valuable and his team tactics were a major factor in all of our victories. He has been a major influence on the team.

Finally thanks to Steelo for all his help and for keeping team spirit high with his jokes and card games.

Anthony Heinrich
Team Captain



HEALTHY LIFE FAIR



The idea for a Healthy Life Fair began in 1986 when the CYSS Health Caravan was on campus at the school. The effectiveness of the van was enhanced by the programming of class groups at specific visiting times. Meredith Norton, Student Counsellor, and Liz Middlemiss, a nurse from the Lyell McEwin Hospital who assisted with the Health Caravan, discussed the possibility of a Health Fair. From these small beginnings developed a three day fair which had the co-operation of many "outside" agencies.



The following groups organised workshops, displays and equipment for the Fair:

Salisbury CYSS
Shopfront
Volunteer Youth Program
Health Development Foundation
Health Connection
Salisbury West Community
Health Service
Family Planning Ass.
National Heart Foundation
Anti-Cancer Council
C.O.P.E
Salisbury Health Surveyors
Drug & Alcohol Services
Dept. Community Welfare
Child, Youth & Family Services
Elizabeth Women's Community
Health Centre
Elizabeth TAFE

C.I.T.Y
CAFHS
City of Salisbury
Aboriginal Health
Teenage Mother's Project
Nursing Mothers Ass.
Single Pregnancy & After
Resource Centre
Dental Ed. Unit
Diabetic Ed. Centre
A.C.H.P.E.R.
Pro Fitness
Life Be In It
National Cycling Fed.
Commonwealth Rehabilit-
ation Service.



Activities ranged from displays by the Anti-Cancer Council to workshops on the JOYS & FRUSTRATIONS OF PARENTHOOD.



The afternoon of Friday 5 June, incorporated a Food and Sports Fair. Parents & Friends supplied soup and wholemeal scones; the Salvation Army, steak sandwiches; the Pork Promotion Centre attended. Baked potatoes with healthy toppings and cakes and biscuits were also on sale. A White Elephant Stall was organised by Mrs. Murphy's Care Group. A Herbs & Plants Stall and Jewelry stall were also set up. Life Be In It games and other sporting activities were organised and we were entertained by Dance and Music presentations. A great time was had by many. A special thank you to Ms. Norton for the time and effort she contributed to the fair.

Ann Clark
Home Economics Senior

Juvenile Delinquent Murders

Gentle Giant

A country youth is being held in custody after questioning over the alleged murder of one of society's more reclusive giants.....

It all began with Jack stealing his poor mother's most valuable cow. He wanted to trade the cow for some cigarettes and magazines at the local market. On the way to market he was confronted by a traveller, one of many who often passed through the area. The cunning traveller convinced Jack that he held a pouch full of magic beans which would grant him three wishes. Jack was a slow child, very greedy and very gullible. He immediately agreed to exchange the cow for the pouch of beans.

On arriving home Jack poured the beans, which looked like ordinary broad beans, over his bed. He wished for a motorbike. Nothing happened. He tried again, but still nothing happened. In frustration he threw the beans out of his open window.

The next day Jack awoke bright and early, as he intended to go shoplifting with his mates. He opened his blind to see a giant beanstalk growing outside of his window. Nasty little Jack thought that if he could climb the beanstalk then he could throw things down at his mother when she hung out the washing. So out he went and began to climb the beanstalk. Higher and higher he climbed, until he reached the clouds. The beanstalk continued through the clouds so Jack climbed through.

Above the clouds was an enormous garden. In the centre of the garden there stood a giant castle.

"Great," thought Jack, "I've never broken into a castle before." He wandered around the castle trying to find a way in. The castle was so enormous that Jack only stood the same height as the first brick. He couldn't think of a way to get in. Finally he saw the keyhole. He managed to climb up the door and squeeze through it.

The inside of the castle was just as enormous as it looked from the outside. Jack decided to explore the castle to see what he could steal. He found a giant sleeping on an enormous bed, snoring loudly.

"I'll have to be very quiet," he thought to himself. Jack tiptoed around, looking through drawers and damaging as much as he possibly could (which was hard as everything was **SO BIG**) trying to find something valuable. As he drew nearer to the giant he saw a pile of gold coins. He crept up and grabbed as many as he could, then left the castle as quickly as he could. Jack raced down the beanstalk and into his room. He stashed the gold coins in the bottom of his wardrobe, and then raced back up the beanstalk for some more. As he entered the castle he could hear something singing. It had a beautiful voice. Jack began to search for the owner of the voice. Eventually he found a beautiful golden harp singing.

"Ha," thought Jack, "What a piece of rubbish. But it could be valuable. I'll pinch it just in case."

The poor giant slept on as Jack pillaged his home. Jack was becoming greedy. After stealing the harp he climbed back up the beanstalk a third time.

"There has to be something more valuable than this in the castle," he thought. Jack sat down on a giant chair to think for a while. It was then that he heard something honking. It sounded like a big, plump, juicy goose. Jack looked for it. When he found it he was surprised. The goose was in fact a golden goose.

"Wow," thought Jack, "A golden goose! That must be worth heaps. I'll be able to buy a motorbike with that." He lifted up the goose to find that it had laid a golden egg.

"This must be my day," thought Jack. He tiptoed past the giant on his way to the door, but as he did the goose honked again and the giant woke up.

"Hey little boy, what are you doing?" asked the giant.

"Oh, I thought I'd take your goose for a walk. See ya." said Jack and he raced away to the beanstalk.

"Come back with my goose, she's my only friend," cried the giant, "Come back."

"No way old timer, see if you can catch me," shouted Jack. He raced down the beanstalk. Slowly the feeble old giant made his way to the beanstalk. He carefully started to make his way down the beanstalk.

"I'll beat you yet," cried Jack. He grabbed an axe and started to chop down the beanstalk. The beanstalk began to waver and then crashed to the ground with the poor old giant in tow.

.....he is also charged with the theft of many valuable items from the giant's home. He will appear in the Magistrates Court on the twenty first of this month.

A Twisted Fairy Tale written by

Megan Farr, Tracey-Ann Jackson, Cheryl McKelliff and Corinna Riches.

Touch

This year we entered teams in the Junior Boys, Junior Girls, Senior Boys and Senior Girls State Knockout Competitions.

All teams were a credit to the school and upheld the tradition that Salisbury is a strong Touch school.

The Junior Boys team made it through to the Grand Final but was beaten by Campbelltown in a close, fast-moving game.

As a result of this competition, many students from Salisbury High were invited out to State team selections. Three students were successful in going to Canberra to play in the National Titles.

These students were Karla Pickering, Robert Jackman and Lilly Pirri.

A. Murphy
Coach

OUT OF SCHOOL TOUCH

Many of our students play Touch in the Adelaide Central and North Eastern Touch Competitions. It is great to see these students enjoy an alternative sport and find that they can be successful.

Lightning Carnival

The Lightning Carnival produced a fantastic effort from both students and staff. The day saw Salisbury take out many pennants which will be hung in the Front Foyer of the school.

Our main objective for the Lightning Carnival this year was to increase participation. This was achieved through encouragement from the staff and many students who don't usually participate found that they could be involved and have lots of fun.

Comments from other schools in our area showed that Salisbury's students were well-behaved and good sports people.

Well done everyone who was involved and especially those students and staff who helped with the organisation of the day.

A. Murphy
Sports Co-ordinator



In a dark alley, they hide away from reality
Taking drugs and sinking further into insanity.
They don't know who, or where they are,
They only know that their homes are far.
The appalling mess they get into,
Only proves that they'll never win.
They can't give up now, it's been too long,
It would be agony prolonged.
From whom they obtain their drugs, they don't care,
They're happy as long as they get their share.
They just sit around wasting their lives away,
Not even knowing the time of day.
Their lives are worth nothing now, nothing at all.
The worst thing about it is it's their own downfall!
Gazing at you, glassy-eyed, they smile,
You have to walk away after a while
Their arms are bruised and infected,
Yet the heroin continues to be injected.
Their lives are worth nothing now,
Yet they think they'll work it out somehow!

Sheree Tomney

I've been forced
I've been forced
Pester,pester,pester
Why me?
Tomorrow is the day
I'm scared
I don't want to
but ...I have to
My reputation ... lost
What for?
God help me!
Don't let me die ...I'm too young
Tomorrow has come
The day drags on and on
LUNCH!
The needle coming forward
Prick!In it goes
Aaah! I'm in agony
Where am I?
I'm in oblivion
The world is spinning round,round
Down the drain goes my life
Slap,slap,slap goes my face
Side to side,side to side
Boom,boom,boom
Am I in Heaven?No
Am I in hell?No
Well,where am I?
The light is bright
My pupils adjust
I can see
Pinch
I'm alive!alive!alive!
The walls are white
The carpet non-existent
Just wait;is it green or is it blue?
I'm itchy;I think it is grass
All around me are people,teachers,everyone
"Get up!Get up!"someone yelled
"She did it,not me!"pointing a finger
My arms are all bruised
Am I addicted after one shot?
or am I confused?
There's the culprit,right beside me
Sharp and dangerous
Ugly
The needle!

SYRILINQUE

Peta Tamblyn



Souksavanh yr 9

SWIMMING CARNIVALS

The school Swimming Carnival was held in Term 1. It was a great success and included a STANDARDS event which allowed any student to participate. The carnival was won by Mawson House.

Students were then chosen for the school team which participated in the Northern Zone Inter-school Swimming Carnival. This was held on Feb. 24.

Outstanding performances were achieved by our students on this day.

Travis Pitman

Broke the U15 Boys 50m Freestyle Record.
1st position in U15 Boys 50m Backstroke, Breaststroke and Freestyle.
2nd position in Open Boys 50m Butterfly and 100m Freestyle.

Karen Jordan

1st position in Over 15 Girls 50m Freestyle.
3rd position in Open Girls 50m Butterfly, 100m Freestyle and 4 x 50m Medley Relay.

Simon Jordan

2nd position in Over 15 Boys 50m Backstroke, Breaststroke and Freestyle.

Shane Barry

2nd position in U14 Boys Div A 50m Backstroke.
3rd position in U14 Boys Div A 50m Freestyle.

Tracey Moore

1st position in U15 Girls 50m Breaststroke.
3rd position in U15 Girls 50m Freestyle.

Melissa Keating

Nicole Sneddon

Paul Walsh

Joanne Menaude

Brenton Foreman

Dianne Turner

Michelle Wisdom

Shane Bleasdale

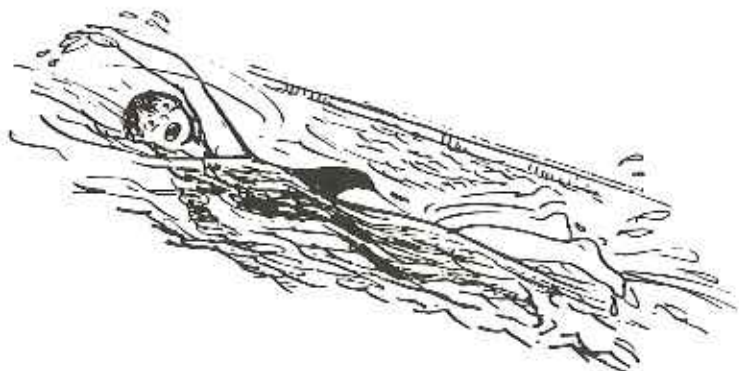
Samantha Cook

Lynette Gow-Smith

3rd position in U13 Girls Div A 50m Backstroke.
3rd position in U14 Boys Div B 50m Backstroke.
3rd position in Over 15 Girls 50m Backstroke.
2nd position in U13 Boys Div B 50m Breaststroke.
3rd position in U15 Girls Div B 50m Breaststroke.
3rd position Over 15 Girls 50m Breaststroke.
3rd position in U15 Boys Div B 50m Freestyle.
3rd position in U13 Girls Div A 50m Freestyle.
2nd position in U13 Girls Div B 50m Freestyle.

Relay Results

2nd position in U14 Boys 4 x 50m Relay
(S. Barry, B. Seravalli, M. Hughes, R. Jackman)
3rd position in Open Girls 4 x 50m Relay
(K. Jordan, M. Wisdom, Terri Moore, Tracey Moore)
3rd position in U13 Girls 4 x 50m Relay
(S. Cook, L. Gow-Smith, N. Sneddon, D. Turner)
3rd position in Over 15 Boys 4 x 50m Relay
(S. Jordan, A. Silvestri, C. Iilman, P. Rogers)



Swimming Champions



Julie Haines
[Yr 9]

Michelle Wisdom
[Yr 11]

Tracey Moore
[Yr 10]

ABSENT: Samantha Cook [Yr 8]



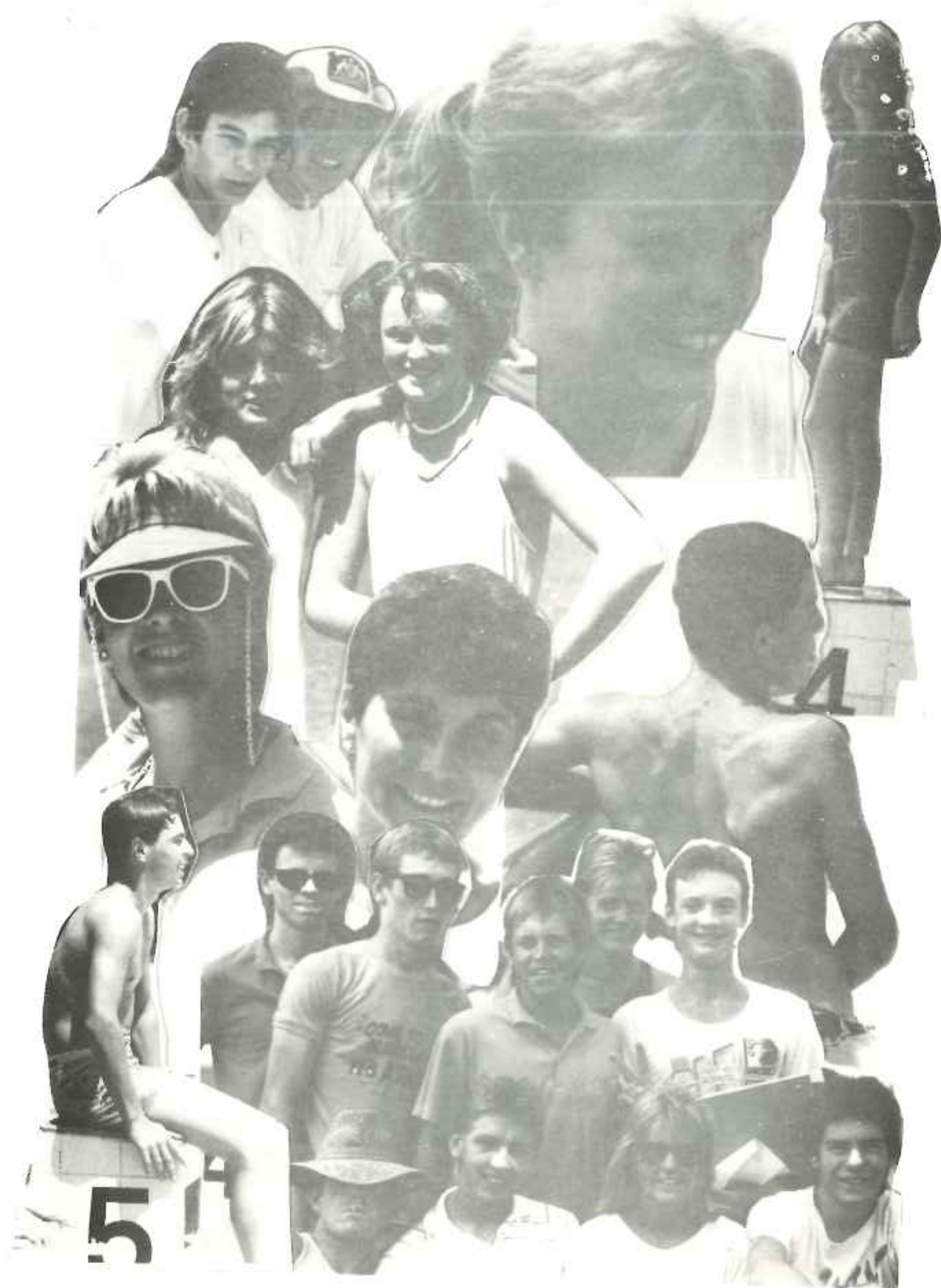
Travis Pitman [Yr 10]

Simon Jordan [Yr 11]

David Fryer [Yr 8]

Shane Barry [Yr 9]

At the pool-



FUTILITY

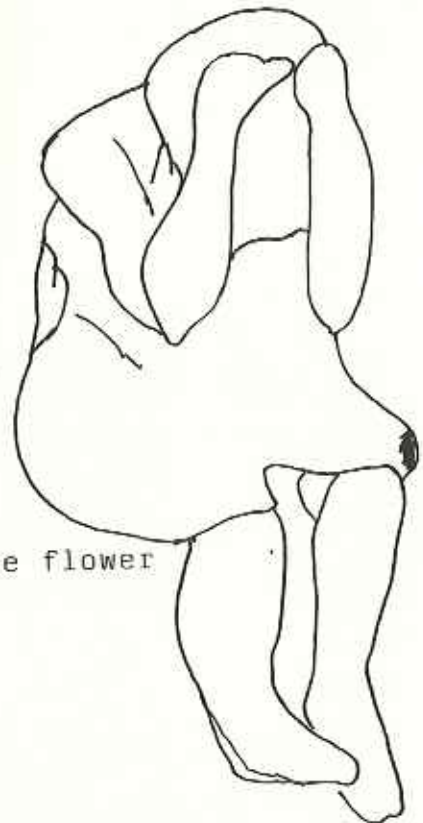
There I was, a laden train
Hurtling down the track
In the middle of the night
With the weight of tonnes
Riding on my back.
But it seems so weird
And all a waste of time
Because this time tomorrow
I will be hurtling back.

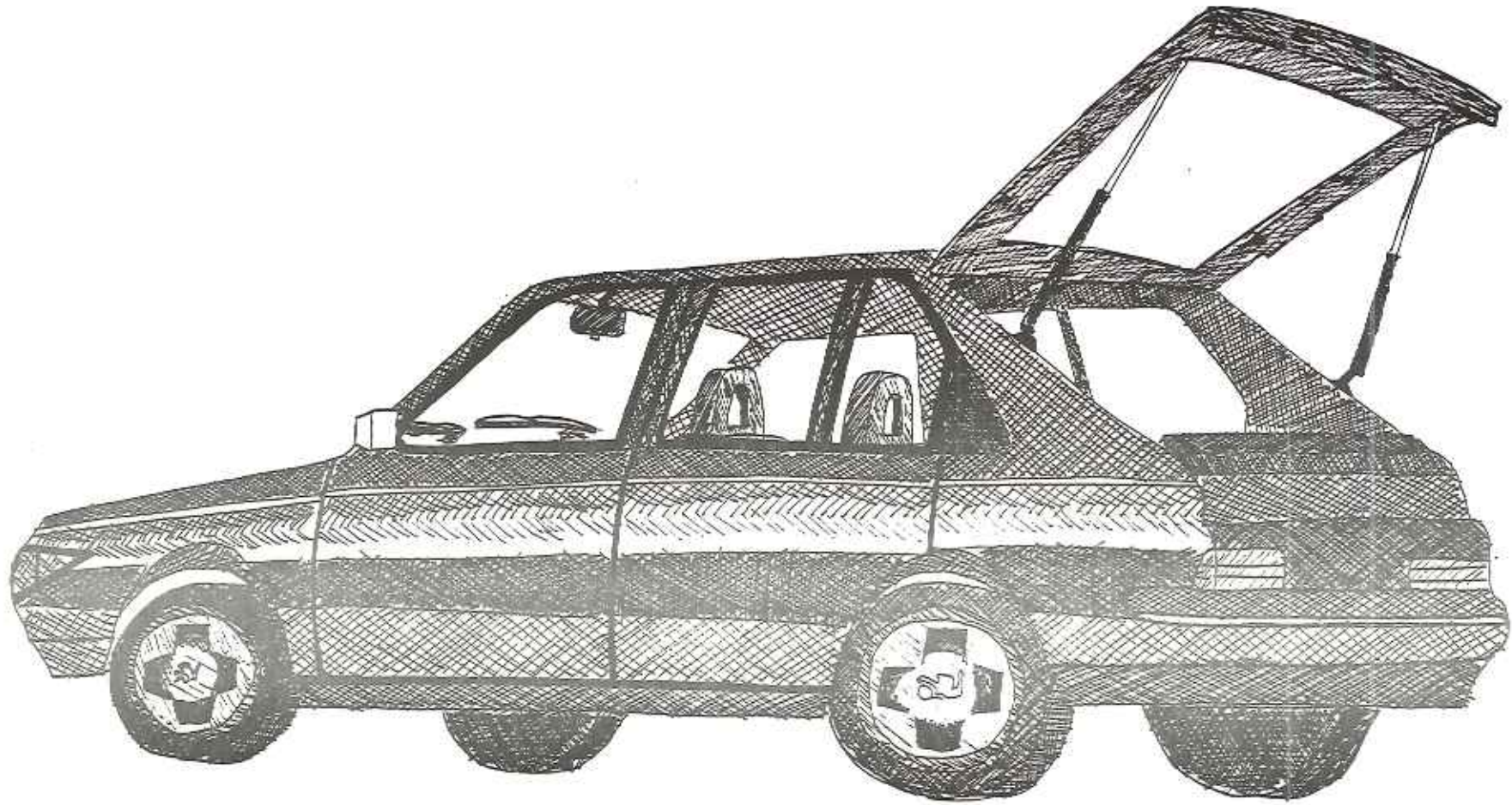
Richard Maltman

GOODBYE

I never knew sadness
Until this day
Weeping as a willow
As I never thought I could.
I remember being little
And we always played cards
Everytime I won, you joked
And told me how much you loved me.
But ...
When I touched your hand
For the last time, it didn't move,
I kissed you on the forehead and
It was frozen cold.
Looking down I place your favourite flower
There, the red rose
I feel this way because
We didn't say goodbye, Grandma.

Rossana Pace





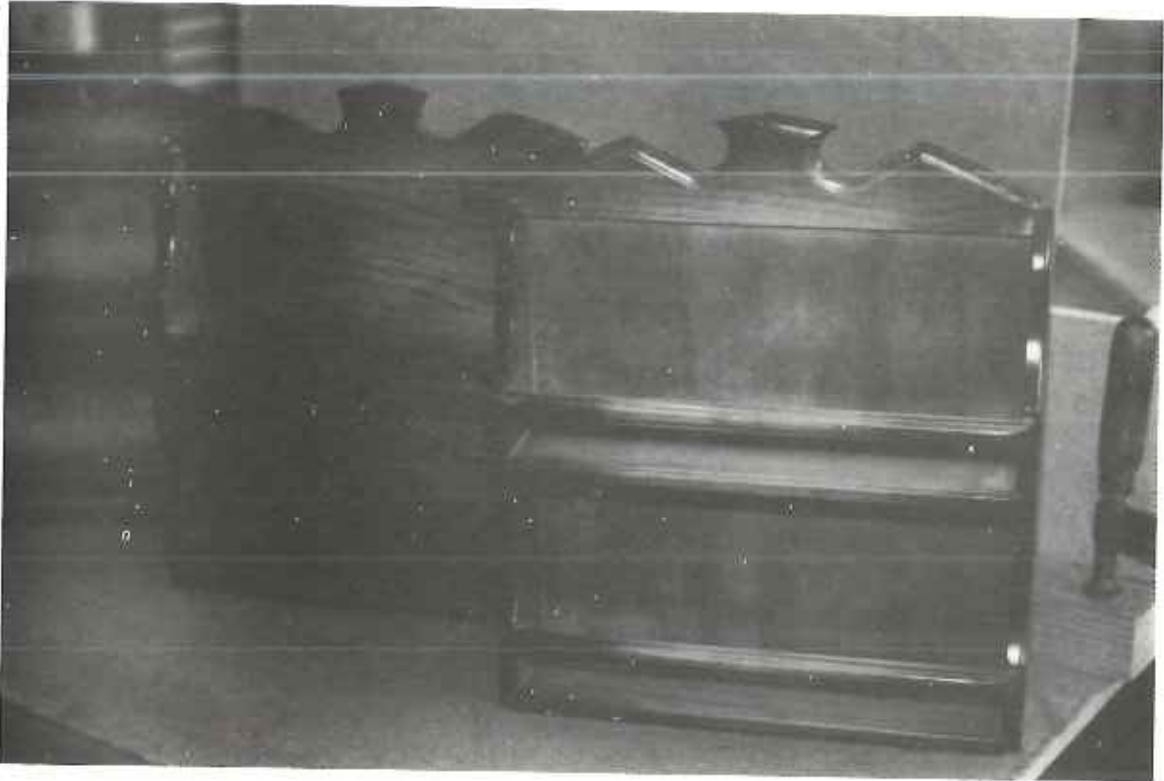
Scott Edwards yr 9

Technical Studies



S.A.S WOODWORK PROJECTS

YEAR NINE ~ SPICE RACKS



YEAR 10

WOODWORK PROJECTS ~ YEAR 11



Rino D'Alfonso



Peter King



YOUNG WOMEN AND WORK

On Monday and Tuesday, 14th and 15th of September, the Equal opportunities Committee organised a conference for Year 10 girls in relation to Self Esteem and Non-traditional occupations. Funded by The Participation and Equity Program, the conference was aimed at providing girls with the opportunity to consider the role of women in contemporary society and to look at the career options presently open to them, gather information about job requirements, focus on decision-making processes and skills and finally to look at alternative options for study and employment.

The conference was divided into two separate sessions. On Day One the girls participated in workshops on such topics as Body Image, Relationships, Self Defence and Sexuality. This gave the young women a chance to discuss the role of women and to discuss the way society views girls. It also let them discuss their self concept.

Day Two provided an opportunity for the girls to think about their own aspirations and how these may be achieved. They discussed alternative careers with various women who work in non-traditional areas. Finally, they focused on the choices they will have to make about their own future life goals.

I feel this conference was a tremendous success in both helping and challenging all who took part. I hope that it made the Year 10 girls re-think their career choices and consider the viability of looking at non-traditional female occupations which would allow greater scope and open up new employment prospects for them.

L. Hood
Equal Opportunities Co-ordinator





HAVE WE FORGOTTEN

They said;Lest we forget,
Well,we have forgotten.
They said;It wouldn't happen again.
But it did.
They said;It was the war to end all wars,
But it wasn't.
The past was;
Yet the future might never be,
Because we didn't remember.

Stephanie Raiseborough

The land was full of life,once
The birds flew in the blue,peaceful sky,
While the land-bound animals ran across
the green vegetation of the land,
Surrounded by the giant sun.
The trees grew as tall as the tallest mountains,
Once.
It came without warning.
It struck as fast as the deadly cobra,
Engulfing the beautiful land without mercy.
The trees,the grass,the animals,burned within seconds
As if they were dropped inside the sun.
The bombs had hit hard and fast,
Life didn't have a chance.
They said it would never come to this,
Boy,were they wrong.
Now the land is turned to black dust,
Nothing standing,nothing living.
The land was full of life,once.

Mark Hobby

Athletics Carnivals



The school Athletics Carnival was held on Wednesday 11 March. The weather was fantastic and due to the change in the organisation there was lots of fun and participation.

This year, for the first time, we ran three separate competitions which then melded into a final total for each House.

NOVELTY EVENTS

Each Care Group participated against Two other Care groups in fun activities of their choice - egg and spoon races, Tug of war, obstacle courses.

STANDARDS

Every student in each Care group tried the shotput, javelin, 40 metre sprint, long jump and high jump. Points were gained according to results.

ATHLETIC EVENTS

Each House was allowed to nominate two competitors for each of the usual Athletic events.

The winners of the day were OLIPHANT but only after close rivalry from Cairns, Mawson and Florey.

NORTHERN ZONE ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

Salisbury High competed in this carnival and some outstanding results were achieved.

Overall the school came Second on the day. The U15 Girls gained First position in their division; U16 Boys and U14 Girls gained Second Position and in the OPEN Girls division we achieved Third Place.



Many thanks to the parents who supported these Carnivals.

Athletics Champions



Back Row[Left to right]:Paul Swan[Yr 9] Anthony Heinrich[Snr]
Scott Wilson[House Captain-Oliphant],Mitzi Galic[Snr]
Peta Tamblyn[Yr 10]

Front Row[Left to right]:Tanya Worrell[Yr 8],Shane Bleasdale
[Yr 8],Lilly Pirri[Yr 9]

Absent: Paul Busuttill [Yr 10]



On the oval-

Northern Zone Results

U13 Girls

K. Shanahan	1st position	Discus
T. Worrell	3rd position	400m
H. Wilson	3rd position	shotput

U13 Boys

L. Lena	3rd position	shotput
C. Payne	1st position	800m

U14 Girls

L. Pirri	1st position	shot put, discus
K. Merritt	1st position	high jump
K. Ryan	2nd position	shot put
T. Reichsten	3rd position	discus
T. Prinz	3rd position	400m
J. Scarsbrick	3rd position	long jump
S. Tanner	3rd position	1500m
V. Canini	3rd position	high jump

U14 Boys

S. Harris	1st position	shot put	2nd position discus
B. Seravalli	3rd position	shot put	
L. Schulz	2nd position	javelin	

U15 Girls

D. Sturt	1st position	javelin
K. Richards	1st position	400m
F. Martin	1st position	100m 200m
R. Lamblyn	1st position	discus
W. Reese-Thorpe	1st position	long jump
L. Moffatt	2nd position	javelin, triple jump
D. Millard	3rd position	100m, 200m
K. Woof	3rd position	triple jump
I. Cotter	2nd position	800m and 3rd position 1500m
Relay	1st position.	

U15 Boys

P. Busuttill	1st position	100m, 200m and 2nd position	high jump
P. Clemente	3rd position	shot put	
R. Fazzari	1st position	javelin	
J. Fisher	1st position	discus	
L. Berry	2nd position	800m	
Relay	2nd position		

U16 Boys

A. Heinrich	1st position	100m, 200m, 400m and 7th position	1500m
S. Wilson	2nd position	100m, 200m and 3rd position	400m
A. Coleiro	1st position	javelin	
D. Ryan	3rd position	triple	
R. Vrabec	3rd position	shotput	

Open Girls

M. Galic	1st position	400m, 2nd 100m, 3rd 200m
G. Bonaguro	3rd position	100m
V. Goodrich	2nd position	discus
M. Williams	2nd position	javelin and 3rd position
Relay	2nd position	shotput

Open Boys

D. Wilson	1st position	800m, 2nd position	javelin
P. Barbaro	2nd position	400m	
S. Wetherley	2nd position	triple jump, high jump	
A. Silvestri	1st position	1500m, 3rd position	200m
M. Hughes	3rd position	long jump	
Relay	3rd position.		



THE STICK

"John Camton to the office."

"Damn," he thought, as the crackling of the loudspeaker subsided.

This was the third time this week that he had been called to old Johnno's office. He was sure he'd get the electrastick. Stepping off the travel belt, he walked the few metres to the principal's office. "Mr. Cahrstan" was boldly imprinted in the glass of the door. It was an old door, probably as old as the school. It was painted a sickly green colour that reminded him of mould on oranges. Plucking up enough courage, he opened the door.

Mr. Cahrstan was standing beside his desk. He was reasonably old, about fifty, and his hair was grey. He wore a beard which covered half of his face.

"Have you quite finished?" Mr. Cahrstan asked.

John immediately stopped scrutinising the old man.

"Why, sir, have you asked for me?" he asked, half hoping he wouldn't be told.

"Young man," the principal began, "I've heard reports that you were behind the substitution of powered dye for washing powder in the Home Studies wing."

Yeah, John thought, Jimmy probably turned me in for not giving him any of my lunch.

"Err,"he stuttered,"It was just a joke,sir. I didn't mean it,honest,I didn't."

"Obviously you did mean it,young man, or else you wouldn't have done it.That is logical."

"I wish you and your logical mind would drop dead,"John thought.He pondered what might happen next.It was almost definite that Mr.Cahrstan would get out his ELECTRONIC STYLE TWIN IONIC CORRUPTION CURBER,or just elctrastick,for short.

The air crackled as the principal withdrew the electra-stick from its pouch.A blue arc of electricity grew out of the handle.He lashed this across the boy's body making his limbs twist to and fro. After he had put the weapon away,he called his assistant in.

"Put him in the recovery room,Brian.When he awakes he will never be able to break the rules again,for the stick wipes his memory of bad things so that he will be a changed boy.If I get my way,the members of planet Earth will be unable to commit a crime."

A knock sounded at the door.

"Pardon me sir,but you called."

Brenton Foreman yr 8

Hockey

Salisbury High has once again enjoyed a very successful season in Hockey, winning the Senior Mixed After-school Competition and being runners-up at the Lightning Carnival.

The After-school Team suffered only one defeat during the season to Craigmore, the same team it then thrashed in the grand final to capture the Premiership. Two teams were entered in the Lightning Carnival with the A team being runners-up. Although the games at the carnival were only 30 minutes long, the A team scored 25 goals on the day including a memorable 17-0 victory over the Salisbury East Girls' team.

Competition for positions in the team during the year was keen with up to 20 players vying for places. This undoubtedly contributed to the high standard of play achieved.

Consistently good players during the season were Anthony Coleiro, Richard Vaughan and Paul Jeffree. James Thompson and Sherie Dedman provided valuable help to the players as Assistant Coach and Lightning Carnival Team manager respectively. The team's successes were conveyed to the rest of the school at assemblies by the irrepressible and flamboyant Mr. Wayne Renney.

The one low point for the students during the year was yet another loss to the all powerful staff team. However, things look more promising for 1988. Neither Mr. Buxton nor Mrs. Wise, who have coached the teams for the past eight years will be here. At last the students may have a chance! Mr. Buxton is off to Prince Alfred College and Mrs. Wise is having the year off to begin producing her own Hockey team.

A. Buxton
Coach

Camping Reports

YEAR 10 CAMP

Eighteen Year 10 students left Salisbury High on the 22nd of June. We travelled to Gepps Cross by car and then twelve of us caught the bus. The teachers who accompanied us on the camp were Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. Dow [jnr] and Mr. Dow's brother [snr]. Within the first two kilometres of the camp, Action Jackson [David James] and Captain Commando [Scott Filsell] realised that they'd dressed a bit too well for the occasion. AJ decided to empty some of his nine water bottles and to take off some of his many jumpers, while out came the bandaids for CC who decided that G.P. boots were not all that comfortable for blistering feet.

That night David "Chunkan" Duncan managed to bruise his ankle and was unable to participate in the gruelling trek through the bush the next day. He'd been blessed with only having to walk 3 kms on a track, while we had to "bush bash" our way for about 10kms or more over steep hills. Most of this time it seemed that we were lost although Mr. Dow Jnr assured us we weren't, but who believes teachers?

After lunch we put up our tents and set off on a walk, without backpacks.

[What a relief!] We were told that at the end of the walk we would be able to sit on a decent toilet and get fresh water. The toilets were a big hole in the ground covered with a toilet seat and the water came from one small tap.

That night we discovered two comedians in our midst. Mr. Dow [Snr] amazed us with his "Cat that chewed your new shoes" joke, while



Mr. Dow Jnr. had everyone in hysterics of laughter with his mud crab and sand crab joke, well almost!
A little while later we arrived back the place where we had started our walk, only to be told that there were still 4 kms to walk to the bus!
On the trip back Marie Foreman and Scott Filsell were lucky enough to fall asleep. The rest of us had to put up with AJ talking non-stop.
We arrived back at school at about 7pm Wednesday. Everyone was worn out and ready to fall to sleep, if they hadn't already. Altogether though, it was a great camp.

Andrea Richardson

YEAR 11 DEEP CREEK CAMP

Day 1 We had a nice "casual" drive through the Conservation park with Mr. Leak taking the hills in fifth!

Eventually we got to Tapa-Napa Hill, home for two of the four nights and set up camp. Hawky boiled the billy and "Johnny Rambo" Kennewell blew it up with a fire cracker!

We walked to Boat Harbour Beach, which despite its name could never see a boat launched. We played cricket with a piece of driftwood but "Johnny" had a taste for rocks.

Back at camp we had stories about ghosts and flying 44 gallon drums as we watched the fire.

Day 2 RISE AND SHINE! It's 6:30 and Scott has already polished twelve weetbix.

We left for Second Valley. Fun and games when campers decided to answer the call of nature.

Day 3 We set after after fighting for part of the fire to cook our breakfast. Finally got back to Tapa-Napa Hill. Had some trouble starting the fire but "Johnny" came to the rescue with a lighter with a two metre flame!

Day 4 Scott ate twelve weetbix again. We packed up our camp and set off. We had a rest break at a waterfall where we cooled off in anticipation of the walk ahead. Two large water containers waited at the top of a 800 metre, 50 degree climb. It took us 45 minutes. We set up camp and some of the group went fishing, returning with 14 rainbow trout which some locals gave them!

Day 5 Breakfast - the last twelve weetbix for Scott - and it's time to go home, at long last.

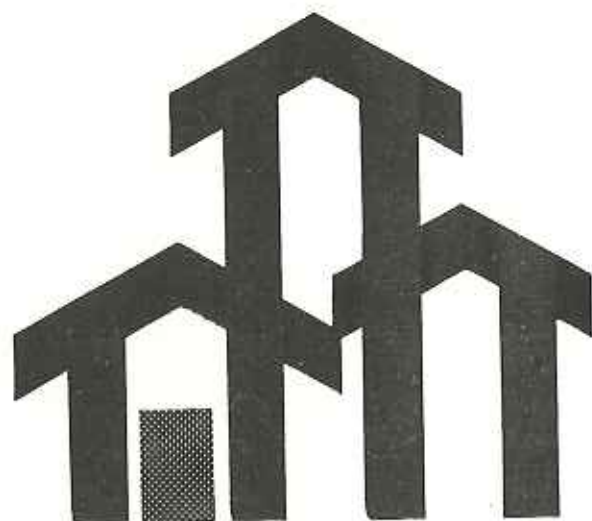
"Johnny Rambo" Kennewell

Writing Competition

During this year the English Faculty ran a Writing Competition with the theme of Shelter for the Homeless as its contribution to THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS.

Student entries covered this theme from the point of view of the old and the young.

Prize winners at each year level received a certificate and a voucher for either a book or a record. These were awarded at a whole school assembly. All students who entered the competition are to be congratulated for their concern for those who are unfortunate enough to be without a home.



| I Y S H | 8 7 |

THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS

AMIE

"They just threw me out",said the old woman."threw me out 'cause I didn't 'ave the welfare cheque yet".

The writer was busily recording this in his small notebook. If this book was a hit,he thought,he would have instant fame for exposing the unjust ways in which society moves.

"Now Amie",he enquired,"how about telling me how you survive in the back streets of New York?"

"Well",she began,"first ya 'ave to eat good...lots of raw vegies.Ya can get get lotsa good vegies out of the bins at the back of those posh restaurants."

"Surely you don't eat what they leave in the garbage?"replied the writer,scribbling furiously.

"Indeed I do",said Amiein a defiant tone."There's nothing wrong with eatin' vegies!"

"But what about germs and that?"questioned the writer.

"My innards are as tough as old boots!"Amie shouted above the roar of a passing street cleaner.

They were sitting on the corner of a backstreet,so as not to be disturbed.The writer,with pen,paper and tape recorder,and Amie with her trolley of what others would call junk but which to her meant everything.He had met her while she was fighting off another woman who was trying to steal her trolley. She had fought viciously,scratching,biting,tearing and punching.That was when the writer,John Blask,stepped in.He sent the thief running while Amie gave him a strange look.

"Hey mister",she asked,tending to her clothes,"Why'd you do that?"

So he told her how he had been looking for a story,an interview with someone who had been treated unfairly by the law.Amie was it. She had been evicted from her flat after a postal dispute had stalled her welfare cheque,making her payment late. Her belongings had been thrown onto the pavement where they had been thoroughly looted.Everything that could be sold was gone.Without an address she couldn't get a cheque and without money she had become what she was.

Several weeks later the writer visited Amie again.

"What is it this time?"she asked.

"Well",John said,"The book I wrote about you."

"Yea,so what",Amie grunted.

"I forgot to tell you".

"Tell me what",Amie asked,obviously annoyed.

"You get thirty percent of the royalties from the book".

"So", she said, "how much is that? Do ya reckon I could get some new shoes?"

"The fact of the matter is Amie, if the book continues to sell as well as it has been, you could be looking at somewhere near two million dollars.

Amie fainted.

In the years following, Amie set up a shelter for the homeless. She provided many people with free "fresh vegies", hot meals and lodging. After many years the money ran out and Amie returned to the life which she had once lead. A few months later she was accidentally shot by a policeman who mistook her for the thief he was chasing. She was rushed to the New York Hospital, but was pronounced dead on arrival.

John Blask, millionaire, lifted the receiver of the phone. He was holding a cocktail party for the many friends he had acquired after the success of his book. The hospital informed him they had found his name and phone number in the pockets of a homeless old lady. For a moment he thought it could have been Amie, but she had two million dollars and must have a home.

"Did she have any identification?" he asked.

Everybody turned around as the receiver crashed to the ground. They just managed to catch him as his body slumped. Later, while recovering in hospital, John had a memorial planned and after built, to honour the life of a wonderful woman, AMIE.

BRENTON FOREMAN
Writing Competition Winner - Year 8

Lie in the gutter,
Lie on a bench, old man
Lie where you please
Don't you know that this is the lucky land?



Lie with your bottle,
Lie by yourself.
No-one will notice you
Or your vanishing health.



So, raise a toast to life, old man
Though there's not much left for you.
So drink and be happy, old man
And drown away your blues.

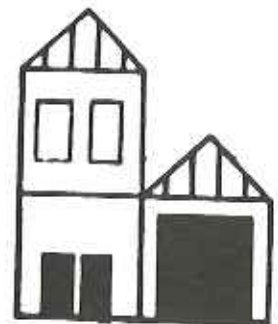
CHRIS MURPHY
Writing Competition Runner Up - Year 10

Tim

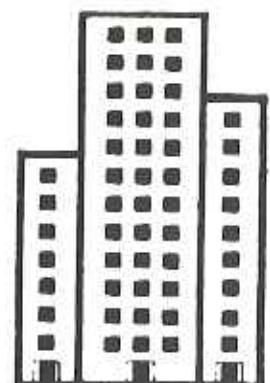


There was a boy called Tim
Who lived in the gutter.
He had no home,
He had no schooling,
He had no food,
He had no-one at all.

He didn't have friends,
His mother died,
His father left,
To be molested is an everyday event.
No-one cared, no-one even knew what it meant.



TROY COOK
Writing Competition Runner Up - Year 8



IYSH

We should provide adequate shelter for those people who need a good home to live in. Special places should be set up where people can stay or live, if they get kicked out of home.

In this essay I will talk about how kids and adults are affected if they are kicked out of their home or choose to move out. They then have nowhere to go so they turn to stealing, robbing homes and drugs. Some girls turn to prostitution to keep themselves clothed and fed.

A lot of people just look at the kids and think, "I would never let my child do this or that", or look at them and think that they don't care what they do for money.

Not all people feel this way as some feel sorry for the kids and wonder how any parent can throw their kids out of the house and never care for them again.

Most kids think if their parents don't care for them, no-one else cares for them either. They feel rejected and don't to feel that way ever again. They choose to stay on the streets rather than go to a home to stay with people they don't know. A lot of kids take drugs to ease their self pity. They feel it is their fault that their parents kicked them out of home. They take the drugs as an easy way out of their problems. Sometimes they take overdoses and end up in hospital. Kids and adults also get drunk to ease their problems.

We should help those who are homeless and also who don't eat the right food. Some kids and adults die because they've got no place to go and no-one to care for them. Most have no safety and can't fend for themselves. It would be a lot nicer if people would just help them. Sometimes, of course, they don't want to be helped. These people are afraid of what might happen to them or they can never forget what it is like to be on the streets.

Most kids who are on the streets give up on hope and will themselves to die so they don't have to face the fact that they have nowhere to live, no-one to care for them and no safety.

LEANNE DOONAN
Writing Competition Runner Up - Year 9

IYSH

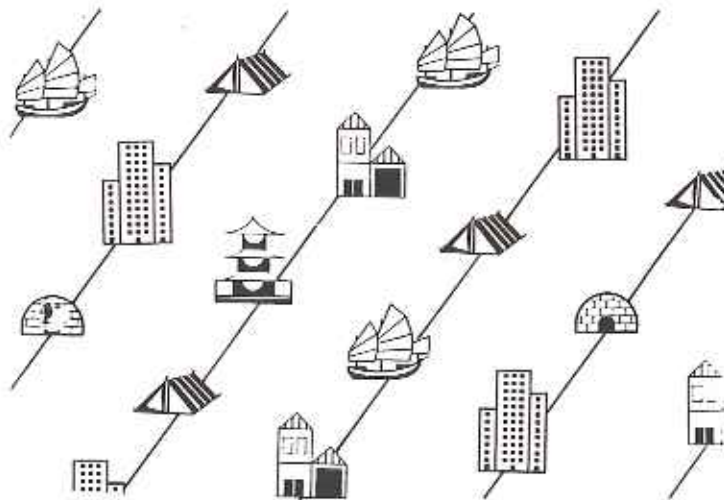
It's 1987, The International Year of Shelter for the Homeless. Our school, Salisbury High, is having a competition to help IYSH. The kids of our school are going to either write stories or poems or draw posters. There will be prizes involved. First prize is a \$15 voucher and Second prize is a \$10 voucher, both for a record or book store.

I think it is a good idea to have IYSH, because, hopefully, fewer people will be homeless and there won't be as many people sleeping on street corners, park benches and places like that. While being on the streets, kids can get themselves into all sorts of trouble such as drugs, alcohol, rape and other bad things.

One of the reasons I think kids go on the streets is that they are encouraged by their friends, and start telling their parents they're going to a friend's house when actually they jump a bus or train to Adelaide. Once there they go to fun parlours, hotels and meet people that are in contact with drugs or alcohol and they get "conned" into all this. After they have started this they find it hard to stop and when their parents find out it causes a lot of friction in the family. One thing leads to another and they leave home and sleep anywhere they can.

This problem is not confined to poor families but also to more affluent ones as well. Parents are as much to blame for the kids being on the streets because they should check up on where their children are.

JULIE SCARISBRICK
Writing Competition Winner - Year 9



Homeless

Bare feet treading on uncertain road,
Cold, hungry, tired.
You don't belong anywhere,
You have no-one you can call friend.
You're homeless.

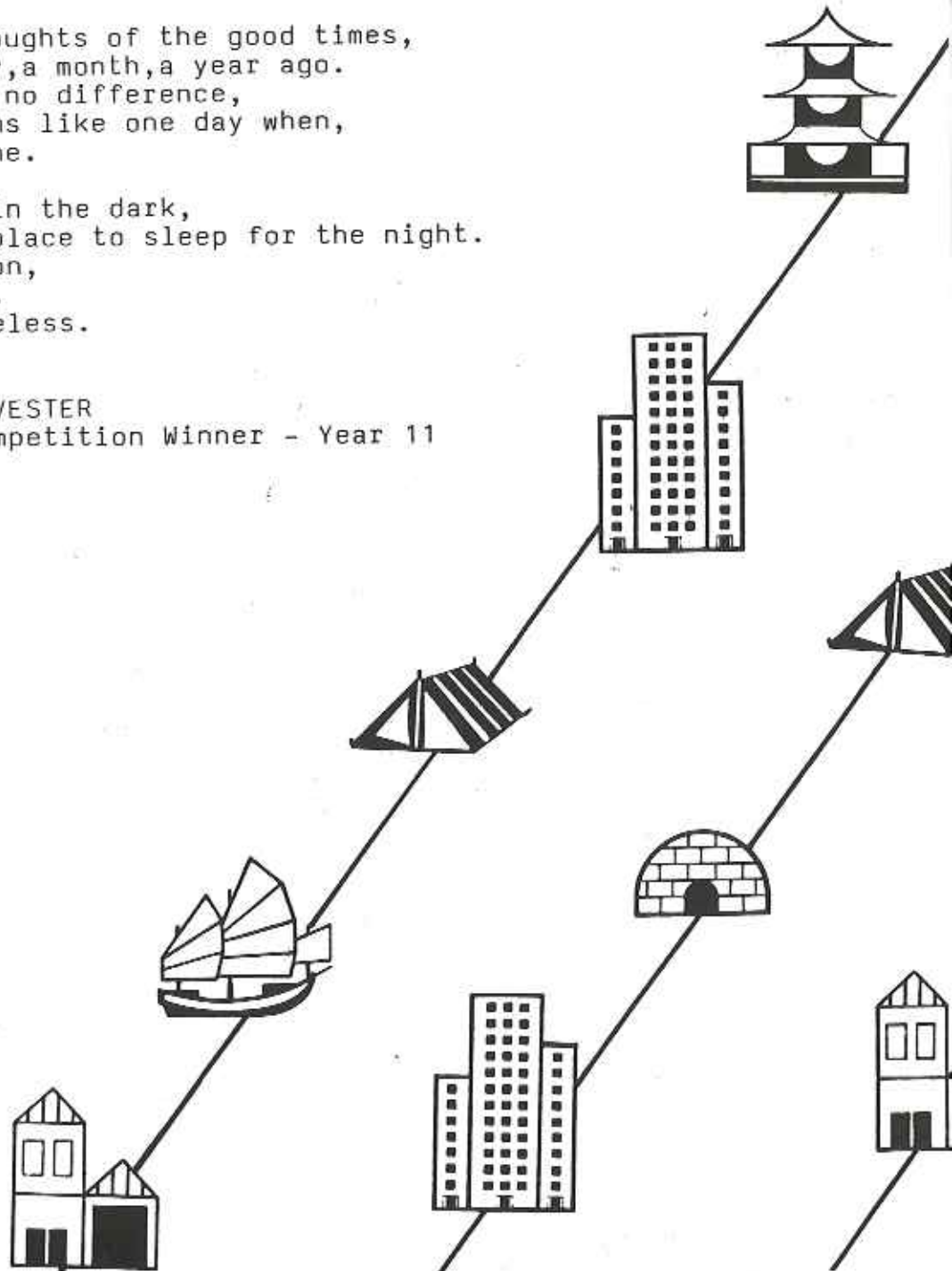
Kicking a can out of your path,
Looking into sheltered doorways.
You wrap yourself tighter in your coat,
To cut out the stormy night.
You're far too cold.

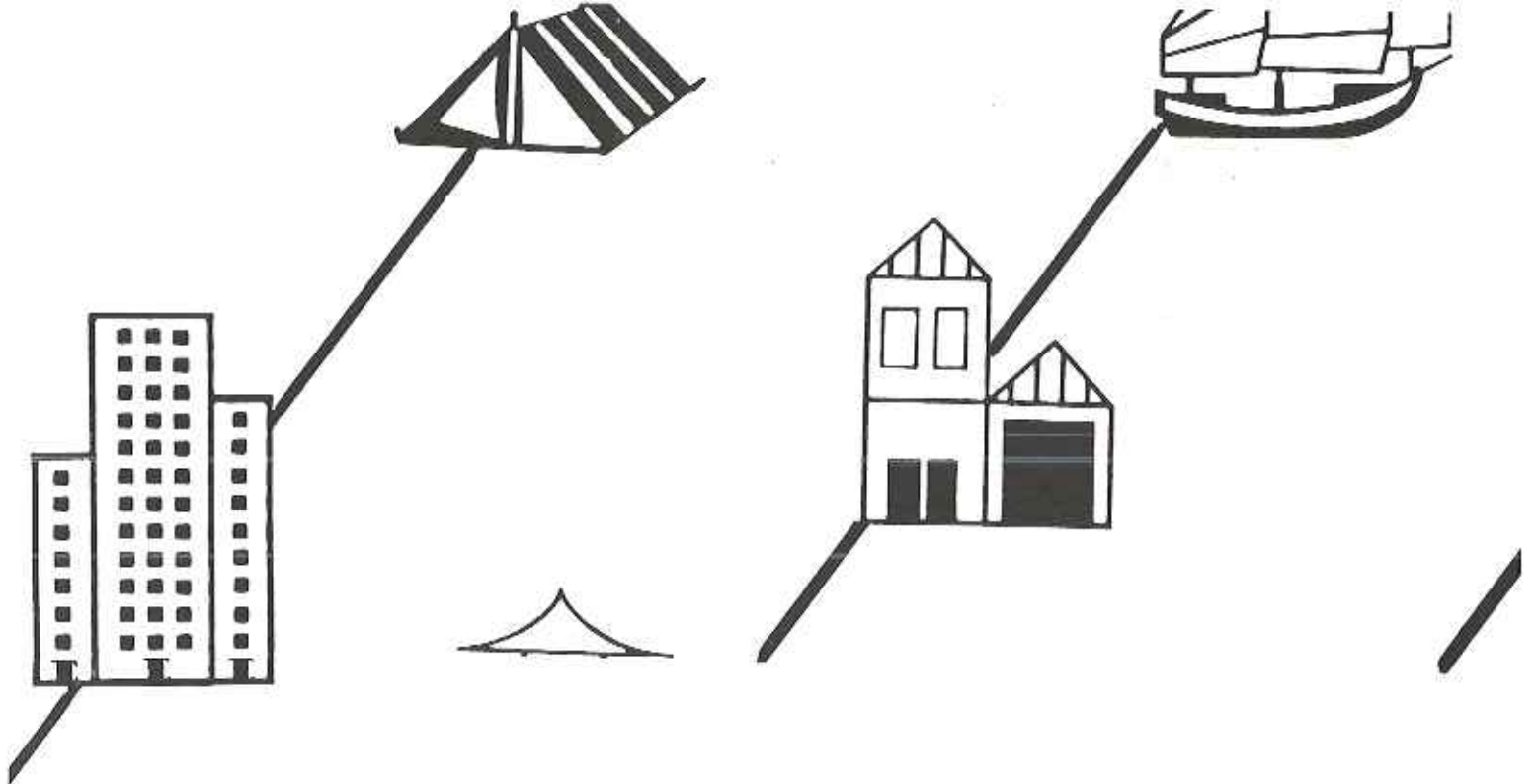
Hunger pains from inside,
Visions of a meal never prepared.
When you ate last,
You can't remember.
Your famished.

Distant thoughts of the good times,
Maybe a day, a month, a year ago.
Time makes no difference,
It all seems like one day when,
You're alone.

Stumbling in the dark,
Finding a place to sleep for the night.
A prevention,
Not a cure.
You're homeless.

DEBBIE SYLVESTER
Writing Competition Winner - Year 11





Alone and Homeless

His mother turned him out on the street
He was cold;
He had nothing to eat
He had no friends to rely on
They turned away,
Pretended he wasn't there
He didn't need them,
Anyway.
His new home was a box,
With not much room.
His furnishings,
An old, dirty blanket.
His friends,
A couple of cats.
His clothes,
A grubby old cap
And a jacket he found
On one of his rounds
To the rubbish tip.
People would pass him
And say, "Oh, what a shame",
But then, their noses turned up,
They would walk away.
He didn't care
He didn't need them,
Anyway.

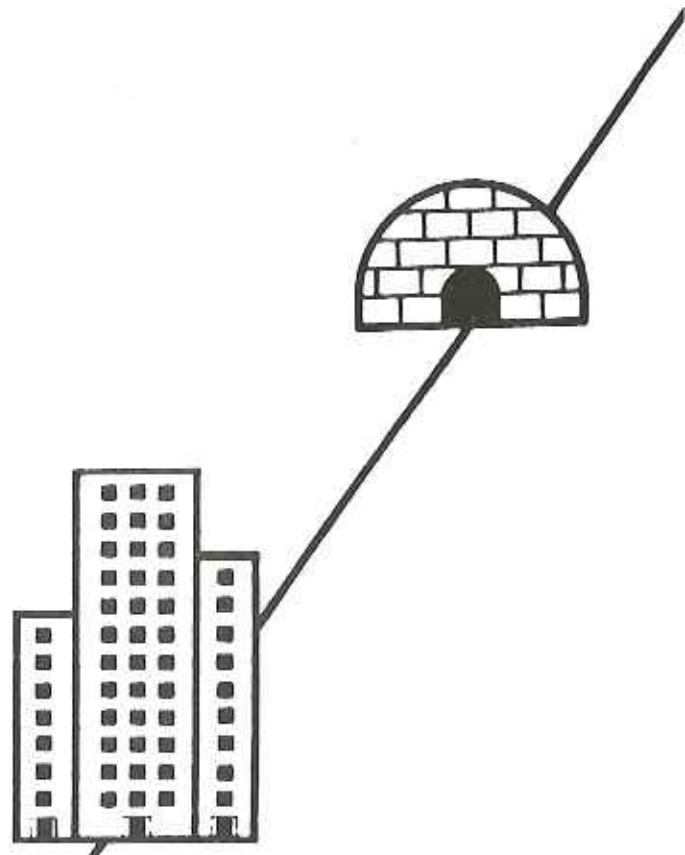
KATHY WORRELL
Writing Competition Runner Up - Year 11

Street Kids

Two strangers on a bus seat,with lives so full of hate,
You suck upon your bottle,then pass it to your mate.
You curse,you spit,you womanise,and make my poor heart ache.
I can't say,"Pull your socks up",because for you it's too late!
You should be going home from school saying,"Sorry Mum,I'm late,
I've been around our neighbours' house having coffee with my mate."
You should be playing football or skating on a rink
Not sitting on a bus seat,cutting your life so short with a drink!
You must be only 16 and life has sold you short.
You've given up,you've chucked it in,before the battle's fought.
It makes me mad,it makes me sad,to see you waste your life,
To hear you talk of guns,of dynamite and knives
I feel so sad,I have to speak,my heart is full of pain,
To see the way you hate the world-you pass the grog again.
You tell me,"This is my life.I'll live it how I like
And if you don't like it,lady-you can go and take a hike!"

Two strangers on a bus seat,with Christmas Day so near,
What will you do,where will you go - will you be here next year?
Why can't you see some joy in life.Why must you have such hate?
You glare at me,you stare at me,then giggle with your mate.
Your bus comes first,you stagger on,you're having so much fun.
You didn't hear the wind blow,you didn't see the sun;
You didn't hear the baby laugh or see the cards in the store.
You leave behind a sad young girl,whose heart cries out -
NO MORE!

KELLY McCAULEY
Writing Competition Winner - Year 10



Christmas of Love

Marie Stevens sat quietly on a hard bench in the city park amidst the screams and laughter of young children as they happily played on the equipment. Marie was feelingslightly depressed because Christmas was approaching and somehow she knew that it wouldn't be as full of happiness as it had in the past.

Last year's Christmas celebrations were the best for Marie, and her three year old daughter Jacinta. Her beloved father had given them the love and extra support that Marie needed to cope with a young child. A mother at eighteen, Marie was all alone with the sudden departure of Jacinta's father. Through this traumatic time she felt as if her whole world was falling apart - she had a newborn child to consider and she had to pull herself together both financially and emotionally.

Marie's mother had died six years earlier in a tragic car accident and her father had remained strong to take good care of his teenage daughter. His decision to re-marry was accepted and blessed by Marie, and she managed to develop a wonderful, friendly relationship with her stepmother. Little did she know that her step-mother would become nasty after her father died. She sold the family home and suddenly disappeared with everything, leaving Marie and Jacinta homeless.

This had all occurred seven months before and during this time Marie had managed to spend some nights with old friends but she had also had her fair share of nights in lonely parks. These nights were frightening for Marie especially being alone with a sacred three year old. She hardly slept and spent a lot of time trying to console Jacinta when she was freezing cold, hungry and scared.

Now, as she sat in the park, Marie was pondering a recent invitation from a local women's shelter social worker, to spend at least a few days around Christmas at the shelter to join the celebrations with other young mothers in the same position as herself. She liked the idea very much but, at the same time, she saw the invitation as an act of charity and this was when personal pride stepped in. The only reason she was still thinking of the invitation now was that she had Jacinta's feelings to consider.

Marie's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Jacinta grabbing her arms, crying. Marie collected her daughter in her arms and gave her a cuddle.

"Hey, what's the matter sweetheart.. Why are you crying?"

"Those ggg.. girls over there said my dolly was old and ugly, Mummy".

Marie glanced at the old-fashioned rag doll in desperate need of repair that Jacinta clutched. She really wished she could buy a new one but she just couldn't afford it.

"Don't you worry about those girls darling. Maybe they're jealous that your dolly has beautiful long hair and theirs hasn't."

"Really, Mummy? My dolly loves me and I love her, don't I?"

"Yes sweetheart, your dolly is beautiful, just like you".

The warm summer nights were perfect for staying outdoors and this is what Marie and Jacinta did in the days leading up to Christmas. The actual day before Christmas, Marie walked through the city streets with Jacinta close by her. She was purposely avoiding the toy stores so Jacinta wouldn't get upset at the sight of the toys.

By midafternoon Marie suddenly found herself seated on the grass directly opposite the local Women's shelter. The lovely old home seemed to offer warmth and friendship. She was there only about ten minutes when a young woman approached her and sat down on the grass next to her.

"Hello there," said the woman.

"Ahh hi", replied Marie. "Don't I know you?"

"Yes, I'm Miss Lacons, the social worker from the shelter. We talked a few days ago. Aren't you Marie?"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

"The sun's hot. Why don't you bring your little girl over to play. You can join the adults for some cool drink."

Marie consulted Jacinta who was obviously delighted by the idea of other children to play with. When Jacinta was occupied with a game Miss Lacons introduced Marie to the other women. As they talked Marie

realised that she wasn't alone in her troubles and that these people cared about her and her daughter.

It was 7a.m. when Marie rolled over onto her side and pushed the soft blankets up around her neck. She slowly opened her eyes and saw Jacinta smiling at her from the bed opposite.

"Good morning, sweetie," croaked Marie as she rubbed her eyes.

"Merry Christmas, Mummy," replied Jacinta smiling.

Tears surfaced as Marie managed a smile for Jacinta. There was a faint knock on the door and an invitation to come and see the presents. Jacinta ran off as fast as she could. When Marie appeared in the spacious living room a few minutes later she was a little shocked when she saw Jacinta cuddling a new doll. Miss Lacons told Marie that the presents were bought from funds raised by the shelter during the year. Marie was grateful for the gift and thrilled that her daughter was happy at last.

"Look Mummy, Santa brought me a big dolly."

"Yes darling, it's gorgeous."

Glancing behind her she could see the other women sitting with their children. Smiling, they rose and approached Marie.

"We have a present for you too, that we hope you will accept."

Marie squealed with delight and accepted the present. She hugged the women.

"You are like sisters," she said, "even though we only met yesterday. My father always said Christmas was a time of love and a place of love is your home. He sure was right."

Marie hugged her daughter to mark the beginning of their new future together. The shelter provided the loving and warm atmosphere they needed to be happy. This was what Marie and Jacinta wanted - happiness and most of all, a loving home.

Samantha Tanner yr 9



Samantha Tanner

BOYS' CAREER CONFERENCE

On Sept 14th and 15th, a two day Career Conference was held at the school for the Year 10 Boys. All boys in Year 10 were involved in a range of activities designed to give them a broad view of what their futures might be.

Each student was involved in six different sessions which ranged from using the Career Planning Pack booklet supplied by the C.E.S. to using the JOB OPTION BANK computer programme, which gives students a set of questions which lead them to possible career paths.

Students also viewed and discussed video tapes on a variety of jobs, Tertiary Study and how to apply for jobs.

Some students were also able to visit the Salisbury C.E.S. for a session run by Mr. Alex Andrew on the services offered by the C.E.S.

Fourteen staff, male and female, gave time in preparing for and running the conference.

One session produced a document which was eventually duplicated and given to every Year 10 student.

An evaluation at the end of the conference found that all students had received valuable information. The staff discovered some modifications which can make any future conference more effective.

Thank you to all the staff who gave time to help the Year 10 boys during those two days.

L. Fahy
Career Counsellor



Thong Trang Thanh yr 9

POOR WEATHER-MEN

It was



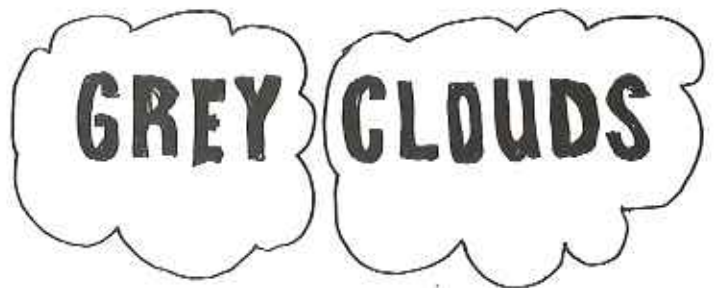
Hard

The sky

was

OVERLOADED

with



The weather
men

were getting

depressed

Announcing **RAIN**

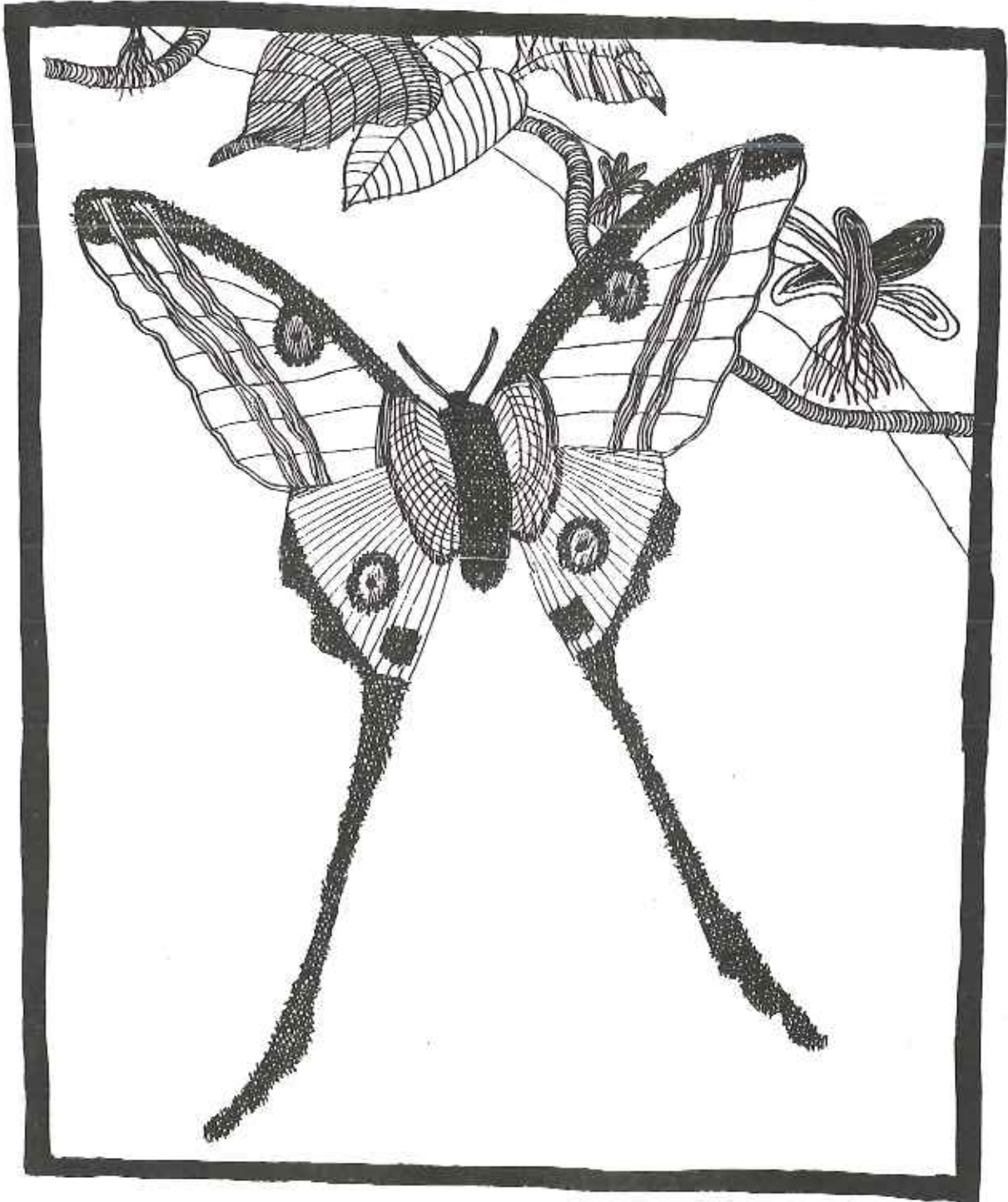
was so

Boring!

And;

Of course everyone believes
it was
THEIR FAULT!

Concept: Stephanie Raiseborough



Christie Dewett yr 8

S.H.S STAFF 1987

Teachers

E. Angel
G. Argyropoulos
M. Bafile
R. Barkla
M. Bockman
A. Bratis
F. Bruce
A. Buxton
A. Callahan
J. Capoccia
M. Carter
B. Carter
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B. Wishart
R. Zerna-Russell

Ancillary

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