



1967

SCHOOL HYMN

Lord, Thy Name be prais'd for-ev-er!
Teach us now to hon-our Thee.
May our work and our en-dea-vour
Be to serve Thee faith-full-y
Keep us safe from sin and dan-ger.
Guide our school con-tin-ual-ly,
And by Thy great love and fav-our
Grant the pray'r we bring to Thee.

A—men.

UNDERDALE WAR CRY

"Haka!"—"Torrens"—

"Haikiki"

"Underdale"—"Motto"—

"Integrity"

Yarawonga, Yarawonga, blood and tar,
Underdale, Underdale, here we are
Cackeraka, Cackeraka, crack, crack, crack.
Watch for the colours, red and black,
Wirrawonga, Wirrawonga, Wirrawonga, wo,
Come on Underdale, go, go, go—Yah—
Underdale!

FROM THE HEADMASTER

In this brief contribution I would like to say how much I have enjoyed my stay at Underdale High School. It has been a rare pleasure and a real privilege to be in the midst of this developing school.

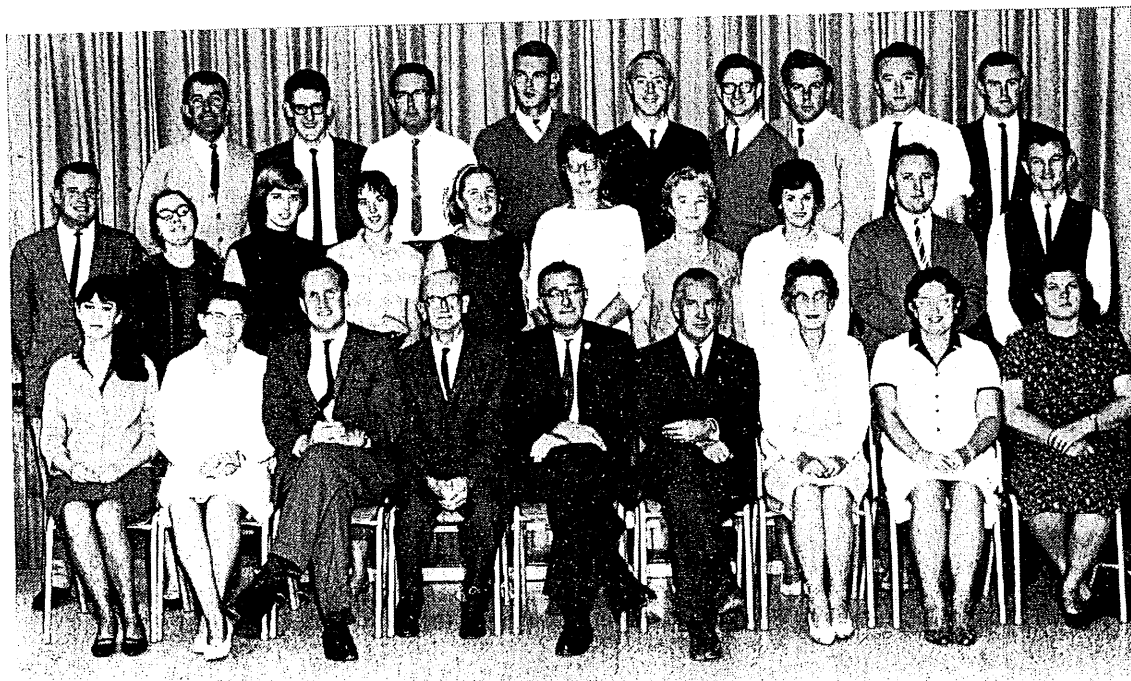
Its growth has been rapid and vigorous, with a consequent emphasis on the development of the playing areas and the provision of amenities. The need of a canteen building and additional grassed playing surfaces has been felt acutely and after only one year's occupation of the grounds. It is pleasing to know that these should appear next year.

In spite of the pressure for this development the development of the school has continued in all other respects. The increasing strength of student leadership has been particularly gratifying.

But pleasure has come equally from the increased activity in club work and sporting activities, more evident scholarship in class rooms and increasing maturity and self-discipline in the students.

A lot of excellent development is apparent.

And now it is time to wish you all the best of futures.



STAFF 1967

Back (L. to R.): Mr. B. Richardson, Mr. J. Lockwood, Mr. K. J. Young, Mr. P. Mahoney, Mr. P. McFarlane, Mr. D. Hatchard, Mr. B. Keane, Mr. N. Welch, Mr. D. Bottroff.
 Centre (L. to R.): Mr. G. Thurston, Mrs. B. Matson, Mrs. G. Palenschus, Miss S. Newland, Mrs. M. F. Carthew, Mrs. P. Carman, Mrs. E. Gabb, Mrs. J. Foggo, Mr. B. Abbey, Mr. M. Moat.
 Front (L. to R.): Miss S. Potter, Mrs. C. Harwood, Mr. G. Rigter, Mr. J. Burke, Mr. K. M. J. Tiller, Mr. J. M. Chapman, Miss M. L. R. Wyatt, Miss B. Wiesner, Mrs. A. Ferdinands.

HIGH SCHOOL COUNCIL REPORT 1967

In retrospect, the past year has been a frustrating one to your Council.

Reference to last year's report will show that our plans for 1967 were ambitious, and the reader could be forgiven for expressing disappointment at the results achieved. What are the results? A Hockey Field, it doesn't look very big surrounded by the acres of undeveloped ground around it, but it comprises 44,500 square feet of grass, planted in the heat of last summer by voluntary labour, and nursed through to survival.

Cricket pitches have been installed and will come into full use this summer. There were numerous other projects completed which could be termed minor, but which will stand the school in good stead in years to come. Due to circumstances outside the control of this Council, we have been thwarted at every step in our attempts to develop an oval.

You may not realise that the school was handed over with an absolute minimum of water supply. In fact, it is sufficient to water the lawns in front of the school, the Hockey Ground and the shrubs and trees planted around the grounds. In all this would amount to 3 acres. We have still approximately 9 acres to grass. The western area bordered by Garden Terrace to the south and the tennis courts to the north was ploughed and prepared, at no cost to the school, in August. This work was done by our good neighbours the Lewis Brothers, and in the hope of rain before summer the Council decided to seed the area and provide some grass at least.

Due to our problem with water it was realised this could not receive much attention, but it was hoped that by Christmas additional water would be made available.

Unfortunately, there has been no rain to germinate the seed and our hopes have been in vain.

As to the future, we must once again set our sights high, perhaps at the risk of disappointment, but unceasing effort must be exerted to ensure progress.

Some money has been spent already on underground water reticulation, but much remains to be done. Your Council will continue to rely on volunteer labour in 1968, every dollar saved on labour is worth two dollars with Government subsidy.

The response to our recent appeal for volunteers has been most heartening and with an increase of approximately 200 students next year we are hoping for a corresponding increase in willing Dads.

The target for 1968 includes complete water reticulation for an oval together with seeding and other auxiliary work, plus completion of the western area of course, on government aid in the already referred to. This work hinges, establishment of a bore, but we are confident that with the imminent official opening of the school this will not be delayed much longer. Meanwhile, please respond as you have done in the past to our calls for assistance, so that as much money as possible can be put into work of a permanent nature.

Whilst on the subject of money, the Council would once again like to pay tribute to the Parents and Friends Association and also the Ladies Auxiliary for their efforts in fundraising. Without these good people, together with the ladies who volunteer their services in the school canteen, there would be no money to spend on the grounds and we are fortunate in having such an energetic band of workers for the school.

This report would not be complete without a word of praise for the young people who inhabit this complex of teachers, buildings and grounds which we call the Underdale High School for a small part of their lives. Their general conduct at various functions throughout the year, their prowess both in the sports arena and within the classroom, and their standard of behaviour outside the school, deserve the highest praise. The future should hold no terrors for young people such as these.

The thanks of the Council are extended to the Headmaster and his staff for their able assistance throughout this third year of our existence, and to you, the parents who have supported us so well.

G. N. CLAMP, Hon. Secretary.

THE PARENTS AND FRIENDS ASSOCIATION

The present purpose of this body is to raise funds for school amenities and teaching aids, as well as providing social functions for parents and scholars. Unfortunately, because of the ever present need for finance, social activities have been rather limited, but this position should be reversed in the not too distant future as the school progressively becomes more established.

Finance has been raised by several methods, namely:—

- Gala day on 3rd March
- Family car drive on 12th June
- Amateur nights in August
- Cabaret on 23rd September

The profit from these totalled \$1,450, and with the Departmental subsidy, the Association has been able to allocate \$2,000 towards the total cost of Tennis Courts and a further \$860 for items as under:—

- Electric duplicator
- Film projector
- Tape recorder
- Loud hailer
- Tools for woodworking
- Equipment for science laboratory
- Bike racks
- Trestle-type tables
- Library books
- Timing clocks for sports

The Annual General Meeting was conducted in March and the Committee for the current year is:—

President, Mr. K. Stanford; Vice-Presidents, Mr. J. Hatch, Mrs. K. Lindsay; Treasurer, Mr. C. J. McGregor; Secretary, Mr. H. J. Dyer; Committee, Mr. L. Abbott, Mrs. O. Ash, Mr. M. Beart, Mr. B. Burford, Mr. J. Davies, Mr. J. Jeanes, Mr. G. Lampshire, Mrs. D. Lewis, Mr. G. Lewis, Mr. B. Lock,

Mr. A. Mitchell, Mr. R. Pattison, Mr. J. C. Thomson, Mr. A. Williams, Mr. C. Weir.

The Committee of the Association is keen and enthusiastic — proof of this is supported by 82% attendance at meetings and apologies recorded by those unable to attend through sickness, employment and other causes.

The half-yearly meeting in June was well attended by parents, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Eric Pfitzner, Principal of Western Teachers' College, and two teachers, Miss Wiesner and Mr. Chapman.

For the past two years, since occupying the Garden Terrace school, continuous approach has been made for school crossing lights on Henley Beach Road and on Holbrooks Road. In May this year, approval was granted for installation of lights, and the West Torrens Council will proceed with this work when possible.

The Association has been represented at meetings and conferences of the South Australian Public Schools Committees Association during the year.

Our next major fund raising function will be a Gala Day on 2nd March, 1968. The support of parents, both in patronising the stalls and also assisting in the preparation and organising, is greatly appreciated by our committee, and we look forward to this assistance again.

In conclusion, the Committee is appreciative of the co-operation afforded by the staff and students during the year, a factor which has helped immensely to make 1967 a successful year.

LADIES AUXILIARY REPORT

The Ladies Auxiliary this year has maintained the high standard of achievement set in the previous years. In fact, with an increase in our enrolments, the field of accomplishment has been widened.

Our Auxiliary seeks at all times to help equip the school and also to nurture a spirit of friendship and friendliness amongst the Mothers of our students. Any mother not in the habit of meeting with us on the fourth Thursday of each month, can be assured of a genuine welcome on doing so.

We are served by a very hard working committee under the very capable leadership once again of our president, Mrs. Tiller, the wife of our Headmaster, and many amenities added to our school are a testimonial to their foresight and planning.

Among the items we have been able to provide this year are:—An assembly rostrum, home science equipment, adding machine, demo. slide rule, first aid kits for sports teams and curtains for the Headmaster's office and framed prints to adorn the school walls.

Stalls were conducted on Gala Day, morning tea has been provided at two in-service conferences of teachers held in our school and supper arrangements have been organised for both Speech Night

and a welcome to teachers at the beginning of the year.

Many interesting speakers have been heard during the year, Mr. Carr on Careers, Mr. Haynes on Home and Family and two of our own ladies gave delightful talks on trips to Queensland and the United Kingdom. A curry luncheon held in September, with Miss Fisher from the Red Cross Blood Centre as speaker, was a great success.

Mr. Tiller's and Miss Wyatt's reports, which are heard at each meeting, are both helpful and informative and opportunities are given for ladies to ask questions on any matters pertaining to the school.

Once again the school canteen has been supervised and staffed by our ladies in a voluntary capacity and this has proved a very worthwhile service to the school.

This pattern has been set, good foundations have been laid, and we look forward with confidence to the future. The need for interest and support is great, let us band together and each do our part to make this school a worthy place of learning and friendships for our children.

M. LAMPSHIRE,
Hon. Secretary.



LEADERS

Back (L. to R.): M. Lampshire, G. Weir, D. Lindsay, M. Zaknic, B. Davies, D. Richardson, D. Hewlett, B. Hunt.

Centre (L. to R.): C. Clack, A. Hopkins, S. Clamp, D. Bradley, A. Westwood, P. Coope, P. Greig.

Front (L. to R.): G. Lewis, J. Dyer, H. Nixon, S. Hall, J. Clarke, D. Humphrey, M. Stanford, H. Lewis, C. Coombe.

THE HOUSES

STURT HOUSE

In 1967 Sturt House has grown rapidly with the large incoming numbers of first years. The house has done very well under the influence of the house masters and mistresses: Miss Potter, Miss Wiesner, Mr. Moat, and Mr. Thurston. Meetings were called during the year for various occasions and were well attended. They helped to bring success in most activities dealing with the house.

Inter-House Sports Day was held during the first term, with our house coming second. Special mention must go to Brian Hunt for winning the 1500 metres. Karen Schultz broke the State record for the Javelin throw, bringing fame to the school and our house.

The Swimming Carnival was held at the Henley Pool during the first term. Sturt House came second. The Open

Boys' Relay Team won by a lap with B. Hunt swimming the last lap by himself. The team also included G. Napper, G. Ramm, K. Gale. Another outstanding swimmer was A. Inkster.

During the first term we had the Annual Gala Day. Helen Sutcliffe was chosen as the House Queen. Sturt came third.

Amateur Night was not so successful for us as in previous years. The second-year performance came third, and the first-year item came second.

Good marks were gained in the mid-year exams when Sturt came second, only nine points behind another House. Marks are also gained from banking each week. Sturt has been very successful, with outstanding efforts in some weeks in 31D.

At present Sturt is second with 1,896 points.

House Leaders: Kym Gale.
Anna Westwood.

HINDMARSH HOUSE

Speaking generally, Hindmarsh House has lagged behind the others a little this year. However, we have occasionally shown glimpses of our potential. Such was the case on the Gala Day. The coffee-house, complete with floorshow, was the best money maker. It resulted in Kathy Moulds winning the Queen Competition.

On the Sports Day, excellent individual efforts were made by Judy Collins, Julie White and Trevor Read, and, with an all-round team effort from everyone else, we finished first. However, at the Swimming Carnival, Hindmarsh finished in a lowly position, but Stella Maidment's effort deserves a mention.

Hindmarsh students competing in the Inter-school sport have always done well. Perhaps one of the best efforts was made by Dianne Panazola in hockey.

Hindmarsh might have gone better this year if the weekly scholastic

achievements had been consistent with other fields of achievement.

In closing, we would like to thank, on behalf of the whole Hindmarsh House, our house mistresses, Mrs. Matsen and Mrs. Carthew, and house master, Mr. Mahoney. Without their experience and inspiration, Hindmarsh might now have been in a very grim position.

House Leaders: Heather Lewis.
David Richardson.

TORRENS HOUSE

This year our House was glad to have the support of several new teachers, Mrs. Foggo, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Keane, and also the continued help of Mr. McFarlane.

Swimming Carnival. We found it difficult to find enough willing swimmers to enter for our house, but to the few enthusiastic people who did their best in putting Torrens equal third by the end of the day, we say a special thank you.

Sports Day, held at Lockleys Oval, was a happy day, and both the individual and team efforts on behalf of our house brought us into third place.

Gala Day. Our house spirit was felt during the preparation and throughout the Gala Day when everyone worked together tirelessly. Our House Queen was Susan Hall and every one was happy to work with her. The girls ran a Coffee Lounge which was a great success both in profit and in team spirit. John Zappia and his band played throughout the day in the Coffee Lounge . . . thank you, boys! We would like to thank Mr. Keane for supplying the milk for the coffee. The boys of our house were also busy raising money and having a lot of fun with their Slave Sale and Knock Him Down.

Amateur Night. Both first and second year students won first place for their

items, on their own particular night and gave Torrens a boost with many House marks.

We would like to thank all members of Torrens House who have in any way worked towards our success, and ultimately to the good of the school.

House Leaders: Kathy Powell.
Ken Horan.

FLINDERS HOUSE

Once again Flinders have come through the year very successfully. Our spirit has been high since we are determined to repeat last year's win. Increased numbers have not held us back, for the first years have caught on quickly to house competition. This year we have improved in banking, and our scholars have contributed widely to our success. In the weekly reports we are generally first, and now we hold a lead of over 100 points. Although our meetings held

no great number of people, our performances have been very rewarding. Our students have lived up to their house name:

F—Friendship
L—Loyalty
I—Independence
N—Need for Knowledge
D—Dedication
E—Enthusiasm
R—Respect
S—Sportsmanship

very well through the year.

Our accomplishments in sport have been high. We began the year well by topping the points in the Swimming Carnival quite easily. Although we tried hard, Gala Day was not a success for us, but we held our position well on Sports Day and on both Amateur Nights.

I am sure we are all thankful to Mrs. Palenschus and Mrs. Ferdinands, and to Mr. Hatchard and Mr. Bottroff, for their help and guidance throughout this year. Credit is also due to our students' parents for supporting us, too.

House Leaders: Andrew Hopkins.
Margaret Stanford.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

HARRIETVILLE TOUR

We left Adelaide Station on Monday night, the 28th of August, on the Overland Express for Melbourne. At first there was much confusion on the train but soon this was corrected. We travelled in compartments with about eight persons per compartment. It was very uncomfortable and no-one got much sleep.

We had breakfast at Ballarat Station. It was not very appetising, as it consisted of soggy cornflakes, rubbery toast and coffee. We continued on our way and reached Melbourne Station at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. We enjoyed a guided tour around Melbourne and then we had the afternoon free. At night we went to see a film at Cinerama, but most of us preferred to sleep rather than watch it.

Next morning we set out for Harrietville, and on the way we visited a Hops Farm and a Tobacco Kiln. Unfortunately we left four boys at Melbourne who had slept in that morning. Mr. McFarlane stayed back with them, and the five of them arrived at Harrietville late at night. We were all very impressed with the log cabins in which we were to stay.

Our first tour was to Mt. Buffalo. We were all very excited as for most of us, this would be the first snow we had ever seen. We watched carefully for it on the side of the road. At last we saw the snow-covered peaks between two mountains. After lunch at Mt. Buffalo Chalet, we set off very excitedly for the Mt. Buffalo summit. After arriving there, there was a mad scramble out of the buses, all eager to touch it. We spent most of the day tobogganing, but some of us did do a little skiing. At four o'clock

the bus departed, after nearly leaving behind a passenger. Guess who!

On Friday we visited Mt. Bernard. Much to our early pleasure and later dismay, it snowed all day. The snow made it very cold and wet and, although we had hired ten pairs of skis they were hardly used because of the weather. We returned to the hostel very slowly, because of the hazardous conditions, and we were all very glad to change into dry, warm clothing.

Saturday, without a doubt, was the best day, for we visited Falls Creek. Here there are about twenty ski chalets, all very beautiful and comfortable, but also very expensive. On one side of the road, only skiers were allowed and on the other side only people with toboggans. The slopes were excellent for both purposes, but we found one in particular which was very suitable for tobogganing. About ten of us made a really good track, and soon we were sliding down the slope at quite high speed. The only trouble was that it was hard to get up again. We were very sad to have to leave this beautiful spot.

On Saturday night we held a fancy dress ball. The four teachers acted out a skit called "Till Marriage Do Us Part". In this every actor was type cast. Two girls took us on a visit to an aviary, in which we discovered many peculiar and interesting birds. Ten prizes were given for the best costumes which varied from an angel to Lawrence of Arabia, and from a Bride and Groom to gypsies. After the judging, there was dancing and later, supper.

On Sunday morning we all packed our bags and set off for Melbourne by coach. We were all very tired as the tour had been hectic and packed full of

excitement and fun. We stopped at Wangaratta for lunch, and then went on our way again.

At Melbourne, we had tea at the People's Palace, and then waited for three hours at the train station. During most of this time we tried to buy Adelaide newspapers to find the sports results, or we just sat, talked or slept. On the return journey we slept on the train far more readily than on the journey to Melbourne. We were very tired and also were in sleeper carriages, which added considerably to the comfort.

All in all, everyone enjoyed the tour very much, and on behalf of the students, who participated in it, I would like to thank the teachers for making the tour such a success. They were never too busy for a bit of fun, and they joined in everything. I would like to thank Mr. McFarlane especially, for telling such enjoyable bedtime stories.

David Usher, 3A

A TRIP TO MELBOURNE

On 10th October Mr. Richardson and Miss Leahy, teachers of Speech and Hearing Classes, took fifteen children to Melbourne for five days. We went on the Melbourne Express and returned on a Redline bus. We stayed at the People's Palace.

Our first trip was to Glendonald School, where deaf children are educated. We were introduced to the pupils, who showed us around the classrooms. After lunch we played sport against Glendonald. Glendonald won the volleyball and we won the tennis and basketball. It was too cold for swimming.

After we left Glendonald we spent a short while at the Museum. We saw a huge snake that looked horrible and some very old chairs and paintings. We were all very tired when we arrived back at the People's Palace for a shower and some tea.

The next outing was a trip around Pt. Phillip Bay on the "Commissioner", the Harbour Trust launch. We saw many ships from various countries of the world. After a barbecue tea we went to Luna Park where we had laughs and thrills galore.

We visited the Sanitarium Health Food Co. at Warburton where we watched the printing of books. The Manager presented our class with one of the books.

The trip to Sir Colin McKenzie Wildlife Sanctuary at Healsville was very interesting. We saw many birds and animals. Among them were kangaroos, emus, koalas and a platypus.

When we visited the Supermarket I was very surprised to see on display an old yellow motor car full of pink packets of soap. In the Manager's office there were photographs of vehicles that had been used to advertise other products. We saw a refrigerated room full of meat waiting to be cut up and sold in the Supermarket. It is the biggest Supermarket in the Southern Hemisphere and owned by Saveway.

The flowers and shrubs in Melbourne are beautiful. We had a City sights tour, visiting the Botanic Gardens, Music Bowl, Shrine of Remembrance, Captain Cook's Cottage and Olympic Park. Another enjoyable outing was our trip to Cinerama to see "Khartoum".

In addition to the Glendonald School for the deaf we visited the Adult Deaf Centre and St. Kilda Road School for deaf where the children are taught signing. A teacher signed for us "The Lord's Prayer".

We made all our trips in an Avis Rent-a-car mini-bus, driven by Mr. Richardson. The weather was kind to us, as it only rained for one day.

A special thank you to Miss Leahy and Mr. Richardson, and the trip sponsors for making the trip possible. The sponsors were:—

Lions Club of West Torrens
Redline Coaches
B.P. Australia
and Avis Rent-a-car.

Eleanor Todd, Sp. and Hg.II.

TASMANIAN TOUR

Kathryn Ellis writes that she was a member of the party who shared the experience of travelling to Tasmania under the supervision of Mrs. Harwood.

One night we spent at an ice skating rink where we had a lot of fun. Most of us came home very wet and sore. Mrs. Harwood had a try but we could not persuade her to let go of the rail.

We did the normal things at night, such as short-sheeting beds and tangling clothes, which we enjoyed thoroughly. We also kidnapped a teacher.

On Mt. Wellington we gathered enormous amounts of snow which we were to take back to a friend who could not make the trip. Mrs. Harwood soon found out it was for her and after a great battle she came home as wet as any of us.

Our group decided to have a go at bowling. Most of us ended up with scores below 100 and I don't think that some people had seen so many gutter balls before.

Julie Green tells of their experience at Mt. Wellington. She, too, was fortunate to be one of the 19 girls who with Marion High experienced an unforgettable trip.

On the Sunday morning, while we were in Hobart, we left by coach to go to the snow capped Mt. Wellington. The scenery on the way was a magnificent sight and no photo could do it justice.

Suddenly someone sighted a little snow on the roadside. Some of us had never seen snow and so this was a most thrilling event.

Finally, when the bus did stop, and we were ready, we all hurried out of the bus in our warm, waterproof clothing. We had great fun in the snow that morning, throwing snow balls at each other and generally having a lot of fun. Then a group of girls built a snow man, with the conventional peek hat and scarf. Lots of photos were taken.

After everyone was wet through and

tired, we all piled back into the bus, towards the warmth of our motels, after enjoying ourselves in the snow of Mt. Wellington.

Sharon Turner explains the historic Entally House.

While on tour of Tasmania the party visited many lovely places. Some were interesting, others not so interesting, but educational. Entally House was one place we all enjoyed immensely.

Entering through the gates, we found ourselves faced by a large white house surrounded by lush green lawns. It was first built in the 1820's by the Reibys and later restored and conducted by the Tasmanian Preservation Board for tourists. Entally House has been furnished and recreated in the early colonial style. There is also a quaint private church, coach house and carriages. Rooms are very well kept and quite beautiful. The bedroom is a small room and in the centre is the four-post bed, carved out of dark wood. Pictures on the walls are colourless through age. Near the bedroom on the upper floor is a small enclosed room decorated with many dolls once owned by the little girl of the house. The kitchen is very large, a wood stove is placed in the corner. The copper utensils were well shined and the table well scrubbed.

HEATHER DAVY'S ESSAY

Heather Davy tells of our trip to Patons and Baldwin's Knitting Mills — This place is situated in Launceston and is a very old place. We were taken through the factory by two women who explained the processes by which the wool is treated from when it comes off the sheep's back to when it is ready to be made into such articles as blankets and jumpers. Some of the work looked quite interesting whilst on the other hand some of it was quite repetitive and became boring. All the work is done by machines spinning the colourful yarns.

The next tour we made was a young child's dream and a dentist's nightmare, and that was to Cadbury's. Cadbury's factory, which is at Claremont, is nine miles from Hobart and is bounded by the beautiful Mt. Wellington and the Derwent River. It occupies a two hundred and forty-six acre peninsula on which the firm has built employees' homes, bowling greens, an eighteen hole golf course, and library for the employees. It was amazing the different processes taken by the chocolate to the finished product. Firstly, the cocoa

bean is packed, dried, picked and grated in Ghana. Then it is shipped to the wharves of Hobart and then trucked to Cadbury's factory, where it is cleaned and made into brown shiny pieces of kernel called nibs, which contain a large amount of cocoa butter which melts into a brown liquid called mass. During the tour samples which were being made by the women were offered to us. After the tour, we were taken into the spacious cafeteria where we were given morning tea. On the whole both tours were very interesting and informative.

SPORT & ATHLETICS



TENNIS

Front (L. to R.): L. Hobbs, C. Amber, S. McGregor, C. Burford.

Second (L. to R.): P. Kleiman, M. Stanford, D. Humphrey, J. Bewert, J. Bullings, A. Meakes.

Third (L. to R.): N. Watts, G. Lewis, T. Skinner, A. Chambers, D. Watts, D. Davies, S. Learnihan.

Back (L. to R.): K. Csaba, S. Nitschke, L. Kitto, V. McLean.

TENNIS—GIRLS

"A" Team

The tennis team for this year was not very successful owing to the strong competition from other schools. But this did not stop the members of the

team from going out with an urge to win. We were thrilled with the victories we did achieve during the season, but hope to do better in the future inter-school sports.

We would like to thank all teachers concerned for their help and interest during the tennis season.

I would like to thank all the members for playing and hope they will be more successful this season.

Julie Bullings, 3D (Capt.).

"B" Team

The "B" team was comprised of Margaret Stanford, Kaylene Wilkinson, Susan Clamp and Diane Humphrey. During the season we did not have many wins to our credit, but as we become more established our team will perhaps win a few more games. However, although we did not win many games, we enjoyed playing and actually these games much improved our own tennis.

Diane Humphrey, 3D (Capt.).

"C" Team

The second year tennis "C" team this

year was not successful in winning many matches, but there was certainly no lack of team spirit or will to win. All the girls tried hard during our matches.

Our thanks to Mrs. Carthew for the coaching during the season.

Julie Geen, 2D.

"D" Team

This team was captained by Ann Chambers and her team mates were Shirley-Anne Larnihan, Susan McGregor and Kathren Smith.

This team played against many other High Schools, but were unsuccessful in all matches.

All the team members played well and are very promising tennis players. We would like to thank Mrs. Carthew who helped us with our difficulties and also coached us.

Ann Chambers, 2F.



SOFTBALL

Front (L. to R.): K. Moulds, D. Edwards, R. Poole, D. Adams, J. Dyer, A. Clarke, J. Trzesinski, H. Lewis, J. Jeanes, K. Smerdon, J. Vitkunas.
 Second (L. to R.): J. White, R. Doherty, E. Codrington, J. Coombe, C. Vozzo, M. Abbot, K. Golding, M. Piper, S. Dowsett, J. Wilson, J. Parfitt, H. Fenwick, R. Turner.
 Third (L. to R.): K. Anderson, J. Pattendon, M. Leverenz, C. Zacher, C. Chilton, P. Harvey, J. Williams, J. Green, S. Turner, J. Howe.
 Back (L. to R.): M. Mitton, R. Brunton, P. Hall, F. Boundy, V. Zuaigzne, J. Weir, J. Hamence, A. Cooper, J. Caruso.

SOFTBALL—GIRLS

"A" Team

The "A" softball team has not had a very successful season. Captained by Heather Lewis, the team played consistently each week, but were not rewarded with a victory. Most of the teams played were in an older age group, but the girls managed to keep their scores down by tight fielding. However the girls did not do as well in batting and were not able to score many runs.

The team would like to thank the patient efforts of Mr. Bottroff who has spent many hours after school coaching us.

D. Adam.

"B" Team

We are a young school but our new teams did fairly well. The determination of our teachers did much to drive us on.

The consistent players throughout the season were C. Vozzo, K. Podgorski, C. Coombe and S. Dowsett. Most of our losses were due to the experience of other teams, but we hope in later years to gain this same experience. Quite a few home runs were made in these matches as many players gave a lot of time to their batting. The fielding was extremely good and our team-work helped a great deal.

On the whole, the team enjoyed playing these matches. On behalf of the members, I would like to thank Mr. Keane and Mr. Bottroff for their coaching throughout the year.

S. Dowsett.

First Year Team

Although the first year team was only successful in winning one game, which was against Taperoo, we were a very

enthusiastic team all through the opening season. Most of the girls started their first season of competitive sport and had a lot to learn. By the end of the season they were a really good team who looked like being more successful in the next term. Unfortunately some of the girls decided not to play and therefore other girls were able to play and these proved to be even greater triers than the others. Many thanks must go to Mr. Abbey, who has helped the girls a great deal with many practices, which were much needed, especially at the beginning of the season.

Throughout, all players played their best and never gave up even when they were being beaten by quite a few runs. Some of these girls will prove to be good players.

Anne Clarke.

HOCKEY—GIRLS

"A" Team

Although the hockey season opened with the "A" team drawing their first two matches and winning against Henley High School they had no further success for the remaining games.

A pleasing improvement was the forward line which combined well together and as a result kept the opposing defence busy.

Some of the best players for the season were Trudy Hawke, Heather Lewis, Glenda Lewis and Alison Heuchan.

On behalf of the "A" team I would like to thank Mrs. Greenham for giving up her time and coaching us.

Dianne Panazola.



HOCKEY

Front (L. to R.): J. Noakes, D. Panazola, T. Hawke, G. Lewis, M. Mount, D. Adams, H. Lewis, D. Giles, C. Vozzo, J. Jeanes.
 Second (L. to R.): E. Codrington, J. Parfitt, S. Dowsett, J. Bullings, K. Moulds, J. Taylor, J. Wilson, J. Taylor, M. Whitwell, H. Fenwick, L. Watt, K. Golding.
 Back (L. to R.): M. Savas, N. Chicco, G. Phillips, K. Maidment, J. Andrew, K. Smith, L. Payne, P. Eglinton, P. Hall.

"B" Team

The "B" hockey team enjoyed a good season and, although it did not come top of the premiership table, we feel that we have done justice to our school. We were ably coached by Mrs. Greenham and owe our wins to her patience in coaching us.

The most improved player was Anne Gooley and we hope she will again play for the school. All the team played very well, but the most outstanding ones were Janette Taylor and Dianne Giles. The most consistent was Kathy Golding and our goalie, Meredith Philp, although new to the game, did very well.

Julie White.

"1st Year" Team

No member of our team had played the game before this year, but all players were very keen. Miss Wiesner coached the team at after school practices.

The hardest game was against Adelaide Girls' High School. The most outstanding players were Pam Hall and Maria Saras, although Nardia Chico, Lee-Anne Graham and Sharon McPherson played well.

The team was captained by Brenda Greenham and Gill Andrew was vice-captain. Although unsuccessful in most games the whole team played well.

Brenda Greenham.



BASKETBALL

Front (L. to R.): R. Poole, S. Clamp, K. Smerdon, H. Nixon, J. Green, R. Ash, D. Murphy, C. Pattison.
 Second (L. to R.): S. Newman, S. Hall, J. Gibson, J. Skinner, M. Abbott, D. Jones, A. Meakes, J. McTavish, S. McGregor.
 Third (L. to R.): M. Schultz, D. Davies, L. Holdaway, M. Del Col, M. Williams, A. Chambers, S. Turner, G. Bradbrook, L. Hobbs.
 Back (L. to R.): J. Wilson, A. Clark, V. Ringer, C. Amber, F. Boundy, E. Brand, H. Smith, J. Hamence, H. Kohn.

BASKETBALL—GIRLS

The 1967 basketball season was again a successful one. The first year teams settled down to inter-school competition very well, winning a good number of their matches. The second and third year students combined to form the "A", "B" and "C" teams. The thanks of all the girls go to the mothers, Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. White, and the teachers, Mrs. Carman, Mrs. Carthew and Mrs. Palenschus, for devoting their time to organising, umpiring and coaching the teams.

"A" Team

This year the "A" basketball team has not been as successful as last year owing to the fact that we were upgraded and consequently competed against girls older than ourselves who were thus more experienced. The team was captained by Helen Nixon and the best players for the season were Helen Nixon, Kay Smerdon and Rosslyn Poole. The best match of the season was against Taperoo where we played our most consistent

basketball and ended the winners of a very good game.

"B" Team

The "B" team was captained by Susan Hall this year. The team began the season very well, but unfortunately were not able to continue their run of successes. Consistent players for the season were Terry Skinner, Ann Meakes and Jillian McTavish.

"C" Team

During the season the "C" team were not very successful and only able to win two matches. The team was captained by Glenys Bradbrook and had an outstanding player in Sharon Turner who was our main defence. Ann Chambers also played quite well as our goal attack.

The First Year "A" Team

The first year "A" basketball team was formed at the beginning of the second term by Mrs. Carman and Mrs. Carthew. Julie Wilson (Capt.) and Cheryl Amber (Vice-Capt.) were elected to lead the team. We were well coached by a parent, Mrs. Leslie, who gave up much of her time to make us a team. We had some success in matches, but all players tried hard. Faye Boundy, goal attack, played strongly at her position.

First Year "B" Team

The first year "B" team did not have a successful season but all the team played well. Captained by Susan McGregor, the team's best players were Susan McGregor and Elaine Brand. It is to be noticed that although we were not very successful, we only lost our games by a narrow margin in most cases.

ATHLETICS CLUB—GIRLS

The Underdale High School Girls Athletic Club is again competing at Olympic Park, Kensington. The girls have begun training under the assistance of Mrs. Carthew and Mr. Keane. A few of the girls have dropped out owing to illness and the change of times for our

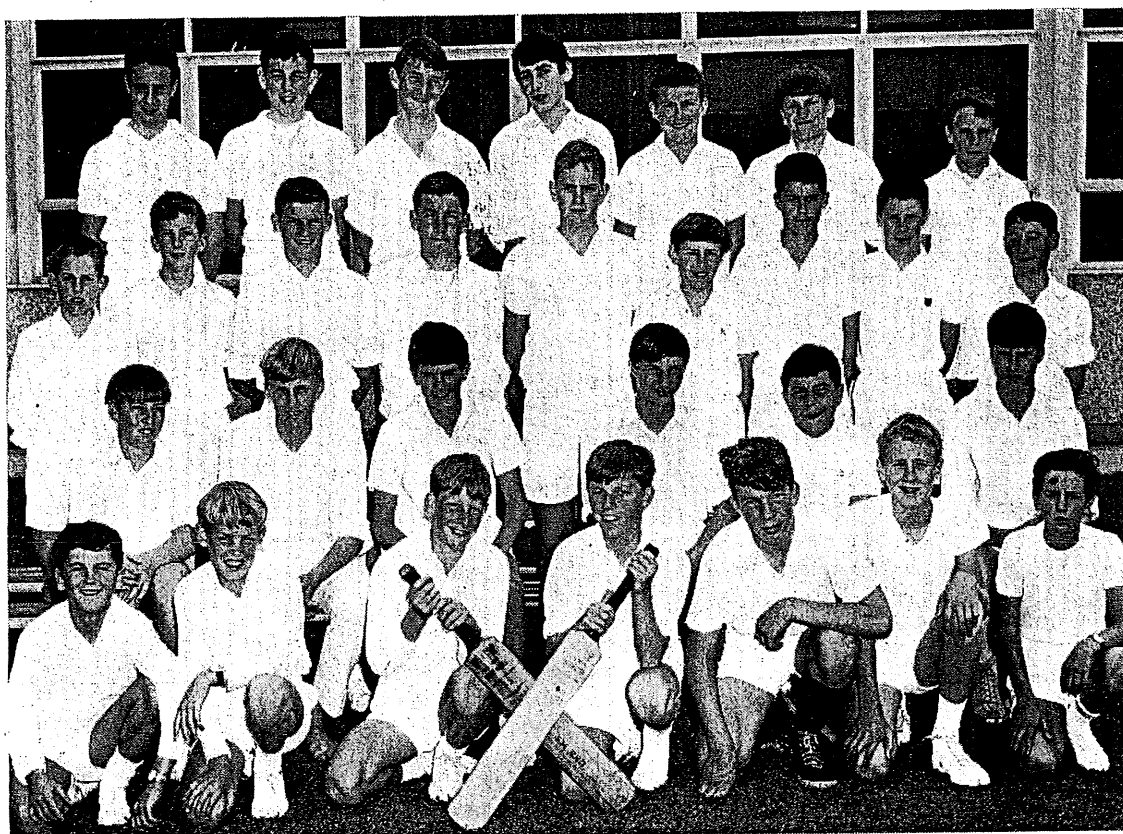
Saturday competition. However this year we are fielding six teams in two sections. Grades A, B, C, D and E in Sub-Junior and D in Junior. The competition will be much harder this year but we are hoping to do even better than we did last year. The first Saturday morning of competition will be on October 28, commencing at 9.30 a.m. and finishing at 11.40 a.m. On Saturday the 21st there is a mixed carnival for all secondary schools. Underdale is entering a team and we hope to do well. The girls thank Mrs. Carthew and Mr. Keane for their assistance in preparing us for the season.

Michelle Piper, IIOB.

CRICKET—BOYS

Overage: Captain S. Konstantinoff led his team to three victories and two defeats. Their best performance was against Daws Road High. They nearly won this match outright. Underdale High batted first and declared at 6 for 130. In reply Daws Road were bundled out for 87 and in their second innings they were 9 for 37. Best performances during the season with the bat were S. Konstantinoff, D. Lindsay, V. Ferrone and R. Marsiglia. Best bowlers in the team were V. Ferrone, D. Lindsay and S. Konstantinoff. Good performances in the field came from R. Marsiglia who kept wickets and D. Cramer, who was the most improved in the side. The team would like to thank Mr. Hatchard for his help in coaching. This term the team will be led by Robert Manning and is hoping to pull off the season without any defeats.

Under 15: The Captain, L. Thompson, led his team to four victories out of six matches. The team's best performance was against Woodville High at their home ground. This was due to some fine bowling from Trevor Gore, who took 7 for 9 in the first innings and 8 for 11 in the second innings including a double hat-trick. Underdale, who batted first, scored 135 in which A. Hopkins scored 55 not out and L. Pearce scored 26. We nearly



CRICKET

Back (L. to R.): T. Gore, L. Pearce, L. Hatch, W. Vasilakis, P. Hough, G. Lindsay, G. Harrison.
 Third (L. to R.): D. Hookes, N. Oakey, A. Hopkins, R. Fidock, L. Curnow, R. Clack, L. White, T. Palmer, B. Hughes.
 Second (L. to R.): D. Cramer, D. Lindsay, R. Manning, R. Marsiglia, J. Pantelos, T. Brady.
 Front (L. to R.): D. Simmons, B. Kingshott, K. Allen, D. Scott, T. Lamont, D. Hawkes, L. Ingham.

won outright, but time was against us. There were many good batting performances, but mainly the batsmen were inconsistent. Best at bat were L. Thompson, L. White and T. Gore. Best bowling performances were by T. Gore, R. Fidock and R. Farley. The team would like to thank Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Hatchard for their time in coaching and would like to thank Mr. Thompson, Mr. White and Mr. Farley for their help regarding transport and umpiring.

Under 14: The under 14 cricket team played only 2 matches and to the team's disappointment, lost both. Their first match was against Henley at Henley.

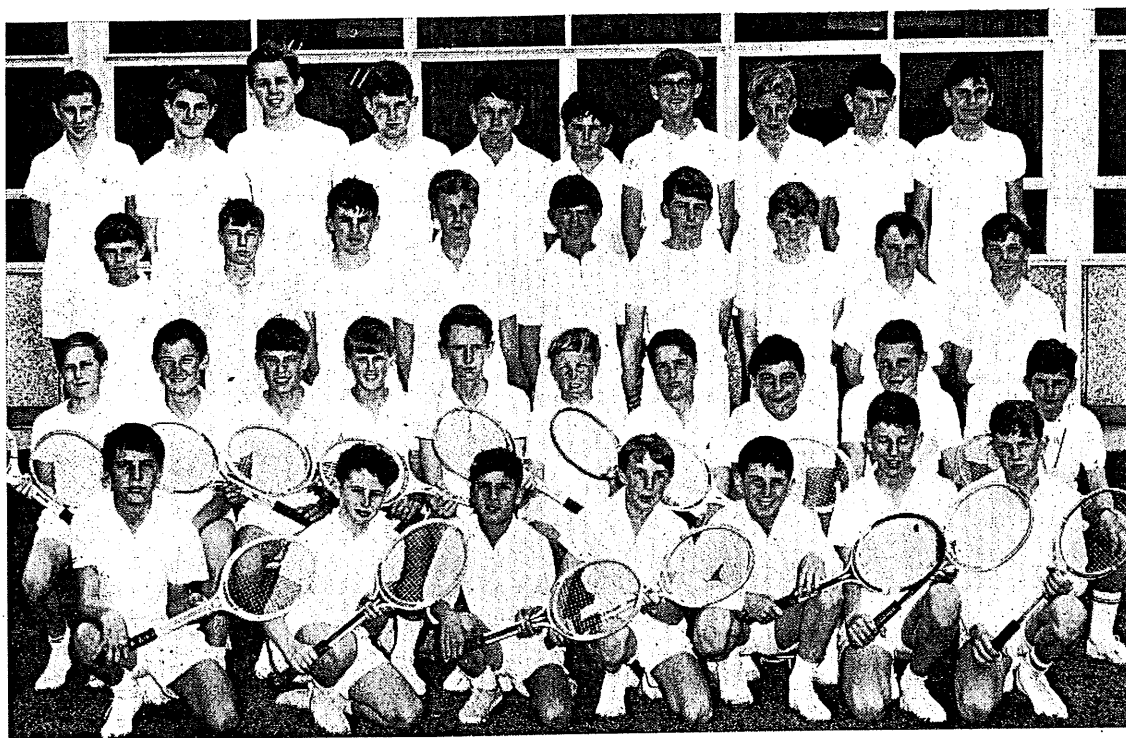
Underdale lost the toss and batted, being dismissed for 68. The top scorers were Clack, La Mont and Harrison. Henley were supreme and made 130. In the second innings, Underdale were completely crushed, the whole team out for 37. Ashby top scored. Underdale played the second game at home. This was against Findon and again Underdale lost the toss. Underdale batted first and were dismissed for 51, top scorers being Smith, Clack and Hayward. Findon declared at 6 for 96. Underdale in reply were 5 for 96. Hough top scored with 29. The best bowlers in this match were Clack and Smith. During the two games the

most consistent batsmen were Hough, Clack and La Mont. The team would like to thank Mr. Lockwood for his help in coaching.

Under 13: The Junior side of the school won 1 match out of 3 games. They were led by L. Curnow who is captain of the team this term. Their best performance was when they defeated Findon on the first innings. Good efforts in this match came from B. Kingshott who scored 32 runs and D. Simmons with 21. Very

good bowling came from B. Hughes who took 7 for 30. In the second match against Woodville the best players were G. Lindsay, D. Simmons and D. Gray. In the match against Henley, our last for the season, the most outstanding performance came from D. Hookes, who scored 71 and again D. Simmons and G. Lindsay scored well. R. Henning established a good bowling average.

The team would like to thank Mr. Hatchard for his part in coaching.



TENNIS

Back (L. to R.): C. Clack, A. Beart, M. Atkinson, G. Beilby, K. Gale, D. Usher, G. Gepp, K. Witters, P. Cronin, D. Zampagna.

Third (L. to R.): G. Lewis, G. Randall, D. Lehmann, P. Adams, T. Zollo, T. Quaine, R. Smith, S. Bennett, G. Curnow.

Second (L. to R.): P. Thomas, S. Price, G. Tietzel, P. Thiel, G. Slipper, K. May, F. Pangello, J. Pantelos, R. Alexander, R. Mansell.

Front (L. to R.): K. Loader, J. Kabbani, T. Trimboli, M. Ahrens, T. Karapas, S. Hall.

TENNIS—BOYS

Tennis has very keen players among the boys and the top teams have a good team spirit. We will have more coaching to prepare us for the coming season and should do better.

Under 15 Team

The under 15 Underdale High School tennis team did very well in the division of "B" grade under the captaincy of Kym

Gale. We had many worries and worrying moments playing against other schools, but in most instances we came out the victors.

The most exciting match was that played at Blackwood where the team won on a disputed decision by one set. The team came through the season either first or second. At times we were also let down by other schools not arriving at the arranged places for the matches.

The most consistent players during the season were Andrew Beart, Graeme Gepp and Kym Gale who all won most of their matches comfortably. We also attribute some of our wins to Greg Beilby, Colin Clack, Michael Atkinson and David Usher.

We would like to thank Mr. McFarlane, Mr. Smith and Mr. Thurston for their co-operation and also Mr. Beart, Mr. Beilby and Mrs. Usher for their help in transport, making all in all a very good season.

Kym Gale (Capt.).

Under 14 A₂ Team

The under 14 A₂ boys tennis team played very well this year, winning a greater percentage of our matches.

The boys from Henley High proved to be our most formidable opponents. Their team defeated us twice but we only managed to beat them once. We defeated almost every other team we played during the season, although some matches were very close.

By far the most consistent players for the team were David Botten and George Doyban. We depended on them to win their sets to ensure our victory and they never let us down.

Ken Whitters has been very reliable for us and is a good, consistent player. Philip Adams and George Karapas, although not winning a great number of their sets have improved very much since the beginning of the season and both won quite a few sets near the end. Kym Russell, fortunately, was able to play when Philip Adams left and was a successful replacement. He proved to be a boost to the quality of our play. I

think we had a successful season and I would like to thank all the boys for playing so well throughout the season.

Deane Lehmann (Capt.).

FOOTBALL—BOYS

Football is a game which still attracts its enthusiastic players, but they are too few and the school has only three teams in competition. However, interest is keen among the regular who respond well to the coaching of Mr. Bottroff, Mr. Hatchard and Mr. Mahoney.

"Over age C"

Under Mr. Bottroff's coaching, team individuals improved considerably and near the end of the season, courage and determination were shown by most players. The season began with two determined victories and ended with two determined games which were unfortunately defeats. Of the ten games played we won five.

When we won the whole team was part of the victory and even when we lost all players tried their best. Some of the consistent players were Kym Gale, Ian Baird, Robert Manning and Leigh Thompson.

David Lindsay's strong marking and long kicking at full back stopped many attacks by the opposition. He deservedly won the trophy for the "fairest and most brilliant". Peter O'Brien was awarded with the trophy for the "most improved".

The whole team would like to extend thanks to all parents who showed interest in our matches and to those who provided transport. A special thanks to Mr. Bottroff for his coaching.

Under 14

The Under 14 team began the season with a lost match and managed to win only four matches for the season. We were thus even with our rivals and our



A — FOOTBALL

Back (L. to R.): L. Hatch, B. Davies, P. O'Brien, D. Lindsay,
G. Brown, L. Pearce.
Centre (L. to R.): I. Baird, G. Woodlands, A. Hopkins,
K. Horan (Capt.), K. Gale, R. Fyfe, M. Berry.
Front (L. to R.): R. Manning, J. Socratus, T. Gore,
R. Marsiglia.



FOOTBALL

Back (L. to R.): A. Swincer, P. Adams, B. Tiernan, G. Saris, I. Siebert, I. Harris, T. Lamont,
A. Jackson, B. Hayward, P. Rosenthal.
Third (L. to R.): K. Russell, T. Moatsos, J. Socratus, R. Clarke, T. Bradford, G. Smith,
L. Curnow, A. Robertson, P. Hough, R. McEvoy, R. Clack.
Second (L. to R.): G. Tietzel, R. Alexander, J. Pantelos, P. Godfrey, R. Henning, D.
Simmons (Capt.), D. Hookes, L. Day, G. Curnow, B. Giles, T. Palmer.
Front (L. to R.): S. Price, W. Miller, R. Manson, Smith, K. Loader, G. Fyfe, G. Lindsay,
D. Thiel, R. Thiele, D. Hayward.

spirit undimmed. We finished in fifth position on the premiership table.

Robert Clack, who was a driving force for our team each week, won the trophy for the "fairest and best" player. Ian Harris was awarded the "most improved" trophy. John Socratus, who represented South Australia in the State Schoolboys' football team, also played well for his team.

Under 13

These "little lads with a big spirit" won 6 out of 10 minor round games and reached the preliminary final. Much

credit is due to Mr. Mahoney, our coach, and "Captain Simmo" for our success. Parents also helped with their staunch support and cheering.

The courage, tenacity and skill shown by "Simmo" which caused him to be rated often best afield rightly earned him the "Best and Fairest" player award. Rex Manson was named as the most improved player. Other consistent players were P. Godfrey, G. Fyfe, L. Curnow and B. Giles.

Team spirit was always high and an older and more experienced band of players will move into a higher team next season.



BASEBALL

Back (L. to R.): R. Cullen, A. Taylor, K. Gale, L. Smith, J. Dimoglides, J. Markham, B. Kingshott, K. May.

Centre (L. to R.): G. Heinrich, P. Oke, R. Petratus, R. Fidock, P. Greig, M. Paxton, G. Kingshott, G. Beilby, C. Clack.

Front (L. to R.): Sullivan, D. Johanssen, P. Thomas, L. White, A. Mansfield, D. Hewlett,

BASEBALL—BOYS

Under 14c baseball team would like to thank Mr. Keane and Mr. Abbey for their time and coaching throughout the

season.

It was through their efforts that we made the preliminary final, where we were

defeated narrowly 13-12 by Brighton, who went on to be the eventual Premiership winners. During the season we won many matches by large and small margins.

The best players during the season, who helped us get to the finals, were Andrew Mansfield, John Markham, who was most valuable, and Leon Smith, the most improved player. However, there were other good players such as Bruce Kingshott for his good pitching, Allan Sullivan was the best outfielder. Lindsay McCulloch stole the most bases and John Democleties was consistent at first base all season and helped win many games.

Under 15c baseball team would like to thank Barry Jones and Mr. Abbey for their coaching and time during the season.

Barry Jones, with his good coaching during the season, helped us get to the semi-finals, but only to be defeated on a replay. In another game against Elizabeth Tec. we fought back in the last innings, after being 4-3 down, with good batting to get eight runs and win 11-4. During the year we lost only 4 matches.

During the year many of the players have improved their baseball and their baseball knowledge. Those players showing most improvement were Greg Heinrich and Dean Hewlett, especially in batting. Some of the most useful players were Mark Paxton (pitching), Robert Fidock (pitching), Romas Petratus (3 home runs) and Philip Greig (3 home runs). Greg Beilby played consistently during the season.

Those players to win trophies were Mark Paxton, who was best player, Robert Fidock who was runner-up and Greg Heinrich the most improved.

All in all it was a very successful baseball season for Underdale High as both teams made the finals for the first time.

Philip Greig, 3C.
(U15C baseball Capt.).

BASKETBALL—BOYS

The boys' basketball teams, representing our school, had a most successful

season. We had four teams playing inter-school matches on Saturday mornings and every one of the four teams reached the finals. All the boys played and practised very enthusiastically.

Under 15 "A" Team

The Under 15 "A" team fared extremely well during the season. The team reached the preliminary final and therefore finished third on the premiership table. Mark Lampshire, captain of the team, dominated the scoring and Graeme Gepp was the most improved player.

Under 15 "B" Team

The Under 15 "B" team also did very well during the season. The team was captained by Rodney Williams, while Peter Matikulas top scored for the season. The team won 6 out of 12 matches played and this performance resulted in them gaining third position. Gary Phillips playing in his first season played very well.

Under 14 "A" Team

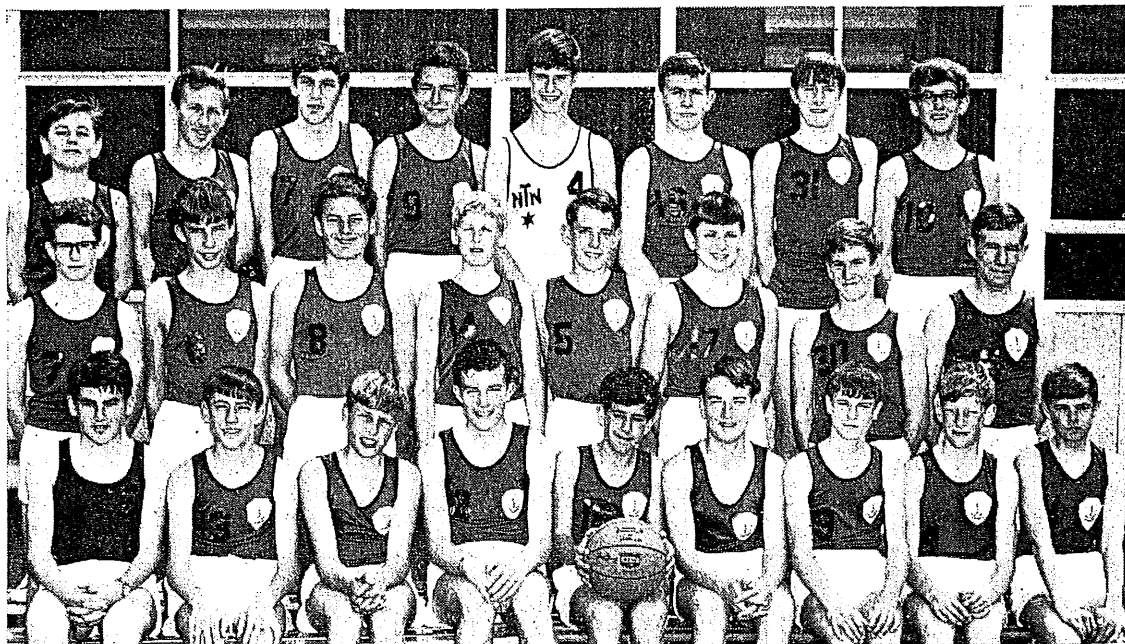
The most outstanding team was the Under 14 "A" team. This team was defeated only once in the minor round and were therefore minor round premiers. However, they were defeated by Adelaide Boys' High in a most thrilling grand-final, the scores being 27-24. Captain of the team was Stephen Young whose height was very valuable in the pivot position.

Under 14 "B" Team

Last but not least is the under 14 "B" team. The team finished fourth, but were very pleased with one outstanding match during the season. They beat Elizabeth High 65-2. The team was captained by Andrew Richards and the top scorer of the team was Alan Roney.

All the boys would like to thank Mr. McFarlane for his valuable assistance throughout the season.

Mark Lampshire.



BASKETBALL TEAMS

Back (L. to R.): R. Kempster, W. Busbridge, G. Stokes, K. Huekel, T. Brady, A. Jones, Hammence, G. Gepp.
 Middle (L. to R.): N. Fitzpatrick, P. Simons, M. Radestock, M. Lampshire, R. Williams, I. Ziebart, A. Scarborough, G. Phillips.
 Front (L. to R.): D. Lehmann, C. Stuart, T. Acfield, S. Young, A. Richards, A. Roney, G. Randall, K. Allen, G. Lewis.



HOCKEY — FIRST YEAR

Back (L. to R.): L. Ingham, B. Murrie, D. Jeanes, K. Buckley (Capt.), D. Burgess, G. Lamey.
 Front (L. to R.): D. Hawkes, C. Banitt, D. Carstensen, A. Mount, G. Connelly.

HOCKEY—BOYS

U.H.S. U.13 Hockey — Boys

This was the first year for boys' hockey at Underdale and, although we were not extremely successful, we gained much experience. None of the boys had played previously. Although we met superior opposition in most of the games, we succeeded in winning 4 of the 11 matches played, and achieved 5th position, just missing the final four.

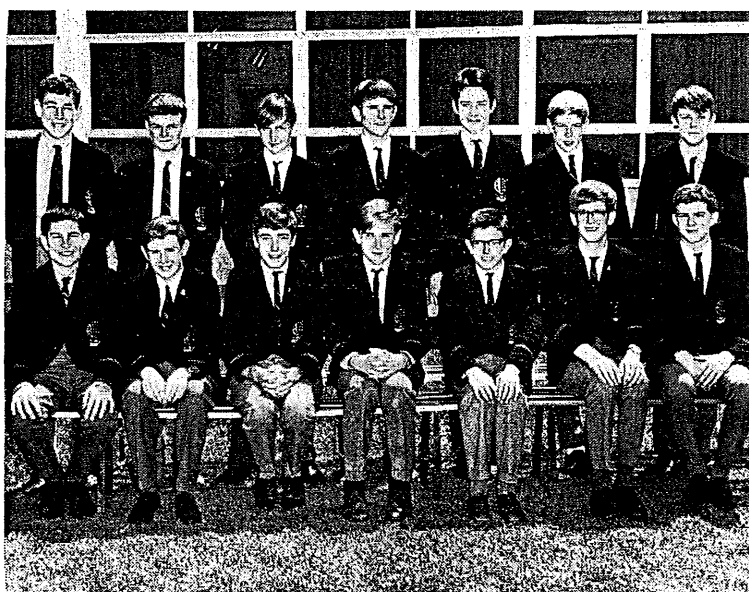
Outstanding efforts in attack by D.

Jeanes, L. Ingham, G. Connelly, and in defence by K. Gregory, D. Carstensen, D. Burgess.

The boys would sincerely like to thank those fathers who gave up their time to help in the transport of the team to other grounds.

We would also like to thank Mr. Moat for the time he gave up to organize and coach the team.

Kym Buckley, 1A.



CHESS

Back (L. to R.): L. Pearce, M. Berry, J. Markham, G. Trzesinski, P. Burke, K. Whitters, R. Bowen.
Front (L. to R.): W. McPherson, C. Clack, J. Laslett, L. Paprzycki, L. Campbell, G. Gepp, I. Paterson.

CHESS

The teams continued with a solid membership and regular players. The teams were forced again to compete with other school teams within our standards.

"C" Grade had a favourable season against tough opposition. All members played well and should continue to do so. We came equal 6th from 24 teams.

"D" Grade team did very well to come equal 7th from 34 teams. This team will

do well later in a higher grade. Michael Berry was Captain of this year's team.

"E" Grade team, with John Laslett as Captain, did well to reach 11th position from 29 teams. Two very improved players were L. Pearce and C. Clack and will strengthen another team next year.

Generally prospects are bright for the Chess teams for next year and after.

E. Paprzycki.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL



SWIMMING

Front (L. to R.): R. Fyfe, G. Lindsay, K. Allen, M. Smith, G. Harrison.
 Second (L. to R.): R. Doherty, J. Parfitt, M. Leverenz, C. Henderson, A. Meakes, K. Schultz,
 S. Clamp, S. Maidment.
 Third (L. to R.): A. Watkins, J. Taylor, A. Chambers, K. Smerdon, G. Harvey, A. Calvert,
 S. Chilton.
 Back (L. to R.): G. Bugg, J. Brown, K. Horan, E. Brady, B. Davies, G. Smith, P. Greig.

This year came our third Swimming Carnival. It was held in March at the Henley Pool.

Despite the windy conditions, the Carnival was held in high spirits for the competition was again very keen. Enthusiastic spectators hit a high point with some wild barracking inspired by keen house competition. Flinders ran out a clear first on the day's events.

Winners of their races were chosen to represent the School in the Inter-High

School Swimming competitions. Ted Brady, Andrew Inkster, Ian Patterson and Bryan Davies swam extremely well. We gained 5th place among the seven schools competing. This was a good effort considering the size of the team and those of the more established schools.

All swimmers swam well and gave their best, and next year we expect to gain a higher placing.

HOUSE RESULTS

Flinders, 191; Torrens, 130; Sturt, 123; Hindmarsh, 89.

EVENTS

Boys:

Open, 110 yds., F/S, B. Davies.
U/13, 55 yds., F/S, A. Inkster.
U/14, 55 yds., F/S, I. Patterson.
U/15, 55 yds., F/S, T. Brady.
U/16, 55 yds., F/S, B. Davies.
Open, 55 yds., F/S, C. Harrison.
U/14, 55 yds., Br/S, I. Patterson.
U/15, 55 yds., Br/S, T. Brady.

U/16, 55 yds., Br/S, B. Hunt
Open, 55 yds., B/Fly., A. Inkster.

Girls:

Open 110 yds, F/S, J. Taylor.
U/13, 55 yds., F/S, G. Andrew
U/14, 55 yds., F/S, J. Green.
U/15, 55 yds., F/S, A. Chambers.
U/16, 55 yds., F/S, S. Clamp.
Open, 55 yds., F/S, J. Taylor.
U/14, 55 yds., Br/S, J. Parfitt.
U/15, 55 yds., Br/S, A. Chambers.
U/16, 55 yds., Br/S, C. Henderson.
Open, 55 yds., B/Fly, J. Taylor.



ATHLETICS

Front (L. to R.): S. McPherson, I. Graham, P. Berry, J. White, S. Clamp, M. Caporaletti, J. Socratous, D. Hookes, G. Harrison, G. Curnow.
Second (L. to R.): S. Learnihan, A. Meakes, M. Piper, K. Maidment, D. Giles, K. Golding, J. Skidmore, S. Hall, T. Hawkes, D. Panazola, E. Codrington.
Third (L. to R.): D. Ware, M. Del Col, S. Maidment, C. Podgorski, K. Smerdon, K. Schultz, A. Watkins, G. Phillips, A. Calvert, H. Nixon, D. Bradley, H. Lewis.
Fourth (L. to R.): P. O'Brien, P. Coope, K. Gale, A. Fidock, D. Fidele, T. Gore, G. Colella, A. Hopkins, P. Godfrey.
Fifth (L. to R.): B. Hunt, J. Dimoglidis, K. Horan, R. Verbis, T. Brady, G. Weir, G. Doyban, J. Laslett, P. Rosenthal.

ATHLETICS DAY

Underdale held its third successive Athletics Day this year at Lockleys Oval.

There was a good response from boys and girls to enter the carefully planned programme of events.

Besides team games for the four

Houses, which included Corner Spry, Spoke Relay, Tunnel Ball and Circular Relay, there was a variety of individual events. These consisted of running, hurdles, high jump, long jump, javelin, shot and discus.

Students competed in four age groups. These were Under 13, Under 15 and Over age. Others, who wished to compete for one of the three cups, were graded into either the Sub-junior, Junior or Intermediate section. These people had to participate in every event named in their respective sections. The Cup winners in the boys were David Hookes, John Socratous and Mario Caporaletti,

whilst among the girls, the Cup winners were Pat Berry, Julie White and Susan Clamp.

All the houses scored well, but Hindmarsh won the day with the highest tally of points.

Thanks must go to all the teachers and students who assisted in marking the oval, arranging the programme, supervising events and recording the results, as well as to all those who either participated, or supported their house in some way. It is hoped that Underdale will continue to hold more successful Athletics Days in the future.

Susan Clamp.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

MY STAY IN ROTORUA

During the Christmas holidays my family and I toured New Zealand. Spending one week in the North Island and two weeks in the South Island it was a very enjoyable trip. The town that most caught my attention was Rotorua, known the world over for its hot pools and geysers, as it is situated in a thermal region.

After travelling through scenic and historic towns such as Auckland, Hamilton, the beautiful Tongariro National Park and Wanganui from Wellington we arrived in Rotorua.

Approaching the city, we saw clouds of steam arising from a swamp like area and as we passed we commented about acridly smelling gas rising from these pools. Suddenly the question was asked, "Why are those pipes steaming at the backs of those houses?" We found out the next morning that the water heating is produced by thermal water which contains a large amount of silica. When the pipes stop steaming it means that the pipes are blocked and need cleaning out.

We went to one of the famed thermal regions next and went with a guide and saw some ovens, cement bores with slats to rest the saucepans on. One of the largest clear pools, which was bubbling all over, we found that a cabbage could cook in 3 minutes and puddings about an hour. We continued on to see the silica deposits produced by the geysers. We were told that the geysers might start playing and could cause serious burns so we moved on quickly to the mud pools. This particular pool was called the "Frog Pool". It was boiling hot mud and anyone who fell in would be roasted, so we all stepped back a pace. The sulphur smell permeates everywhere. The geysers then started playing

and the click of cameras was prominent.

We finished up in a small area, fenced in with the Maoris huts and their meeting house. We came to the highlight, a Maori concert. All wore traditional dress and sang and danced with poi. These are dyed balls on flax strings.

Leaving this reserve, we went back to the youth hostel and then went to the Rainbow Springs. This is a place where trout are enticed upstream from Lake Taupo and are put on display for tourists. The water is alive with them everywhere you go, and are regularly fed. We went on to the Buried Village. In 1886 Mt. Tarowera erupted and completely buried some of the surrounding villages. We saw many houses and utensils, some Maori, some European, which were excavated in the 1930's. By taking a path to the right we branched off to inspect a fantastic water fall. We were forced to sit on the seats provided many times on the ascent to the entrance.

After an enjoyable night's sleep at the Youth Hostel, we went to the warm baths. It is unwise to wear bathers for the mineral content in the water would gradually disintegrate them. We felt tired and heavy afterwards but benefited from it.

Bruce Murrie.

THE STOCKMAN

Tall, lean and brown,
His hat slouched lazily
Across a weather-beaten forehead.
He stands against the sun,
The hot, blistering sun.
His clothes hang shabbily,
His horse plucks slowly at nothing.
Dust swirls.
Derelict fences mark off the parched land
And the sun beats down.

David Usher, 3A.

FIRE

It had been a hot day, a warm north wind blew the golden wheat of the plains to and fro, and in the distance the purple hills stood out plainly. Greg had just returned from his trip to Adelaide and was glad to be back at his birth-place.

Port Moores was a small typical country town. All its inhabitants were concerned with farmlife. They were all preparing for the oncoming harvest which was forecast to be large.

Greg ran cattle besides growing a crop and on his return home began the task of preparing his cattle for slaughter. A slight column of smoke could be seen from his farm, but he took no notice of it because it came from the vicinity of Johnson's farm, where the rotting hay was probably being burnt off.

Absorbed in counting his cattle, Greg did not hear the faint wail of a siren in the distance, but when he saw the gathering cloud of thick black smoke by the main road, he quickly realised that the E.F.S. unit from the neighbouring town was disturbing the quiet.

He raced inside, found his helmet and coat, then ran quickly to his jeep, and sped towards Port Moores. As head of the local E.F.S. unit, he quickly prepared it for action. He fully realised the threat at hand. If the fire crossed the main road, the whole plain would go up in smoke.

The cloud of smoke had increased its size dramatically, as the firetruck sped towards the scene of the fire. Time was against them. When they reached the blaze four appliances were already at work trying to stop the blaze from spreading.

Under the cloud it appeared to be twilight, but the heat was searing and men were unable to get close enough to stop its forward movement. On the flanks it had a good hold on the grass, but was slowly being pushed back. What was needed now was a good cloudburst.

The main road was their only hope as the fire increased its front. Men fought desperately to keep it back, with the little water they had. Soon trucks

would have to refill but from where? A whole wheat crop had already been destroyed as well as fifty animals, a barn, fire fences and a windmill. Above the smoke the sky was slowly darkening and hopes of rain rose. The larger rain clouds appeared as if from nowhere, and the rumbling thunder could be heard.

One of the eucalyptus trees fell across the roadway. There seemed no way of stopping it as only one truck remained, even that had little water left. Would it rain in time? Firebreaks were being desperately cut, only the rain could stop it. A crack of lightning . . . a rumble of thunder . . . a few drops began to fall . . . men hoping it would keep going . . . it did! Shouts came from the men as it began to pour. Their crops were saved!

Graham Randall.

GREECE

I was only a little girl when I left Greece, but it is hard to forget what a beautiful country it was, and how much fun we had when living there.

We were one of the luckier families for our house overlooked the beach. My father was a fish merchant and we were great friends with the fishermen around us.

In summer there, everyone wakes up very early. I shared one of the front rooms, with my sister, and we could see the beach from the window and stare at the sea which stretched for miles before us. The sun used to come pouring through the window and sparkle so brilliantly on the sea that it hurt our eyes.

All the fishing boats would be bracing themselves for the work ahead and proudly raising their heads and sails to the onslaught of the wind.

We never saw a dull boat. They were all brilliantly painted in greens and blues chiefly, but there were other bright colours, too. They were moored in neat little lines beside the jetty, and the scene could easily have jumped out of a gaily coloured picture book.

Despina Retsas.

A RAILWAY STATION BY NIGHT

A small gaslight shone dimly, causing everything to look ghostly, yet somehow beautiful. It cast long, "stretched" shadows everywhere. Being the only light for miles around, it looked out of place, and made the stars seem sombre.

Nearby was a lonely building, really little more than a wooden shed. It had a pathetic door, and one window which badly needed cleaning. A verandah was built to the front, though very unstable. A platform had been erected below it. On the platform was no more than an old bench on which an ancient stationmaster slept soundly. He looked unreal, rather like a waxed figure, with his snowy white moustache protruding from under his blue cap. An old tomcat rubbed himself against the stationmaster's legs and purred contentedly.

Next to him stood a battered garbage bin, with its lid placed untidily on the ground beside it. A few of its scrap-papers were blown in the gentle wind. Nearby was a tall post, on which a sign showed the words "Jacksonville Station". It was a wonder this station existed, because the entire population of the town was thirty-three. Perhaps this was the basic reason for utter peacefulness.

Below the platform ran two parallel lines visible only because of the gas light. They ran monotonously for miles in either direction. Around them grew several pitiful daisies, wild and unattractive because of the want for attention. A tree's leaves were rustled by the breeze, and the sound of a train could be heard not far away. The stationmaster awoke with a start and readily abused the train. As it pulled into the little station, all peacefulness was lost while its wheels screeched painfully.

Two people alighted, and by their expressions, it could easily be seen that they were not in the least impressed by the small town. The train pulled out again, and the couple looked after it longingly. Their thoughts were plainly visible, but I suppose it was quite natural. Jacksonville was so different

from the Melbourne station where they had begun their journey. That was so much more lively with its beautiful lights, hundreds of people and shops everywhere.

But somehow I felt a strong dislike towards the city, and would much rather live in this tiny but extremely peaceful town of ours.

Susan McBeath, 2A.

A STORM IN THE NIGHT

Last night had been cold, with a freezing wind howling continuously. This afternoon had brought light rain and now the sky was pitch black. The moon was not to be seen and outside you could hardly see two feet in front of you because of the fog everywhere.

At eight o'clock, with extra blankets, I crawled into bed. Outside the wind howled and the trees swayed in the frightful gale. The rain pelted on the roof and inside you had to raise your voice to a shout to be heard. Through the eaves the wind roared and sounded like the "devil" himself.

It was a good feeling to be inside under warm covers while from outside you could hear the cats hiss, the dogs howl, and a tremendous flutter of terrified and homeless birds. Still the storm raged, rampaging everywhere and belabouring everyone in its path.

The rain eased for a while and then returned to the monotonous pelting on the roof. I thought of the reservoirs filling up and I was happy, but then I thought of the wet and slippery roads becoming more treacherous with every drop of water.

Many people would have flooding problems and even in our backyard I began to hear loud splashes, indicating rain drops falling in large puddles.

Now the storm was at a climax. Rain came down in streams. The wind whistled and howled as if it hated and despised everything and everyone around it.

The wind became worse and as a result, brought more rain than ever and with the rain more terror for everyone. From the back I could hear the sound of

palings being ripped from their lodgings by the "demon" wind and I thought of roofs being lifted and windows breaking. Then the mighty storm, with all its fury, uprooted a tree and whistled through its broken and desolate branches as an army moves in for the kill of a weakened force.

Now it is morning and, as I look through the window, I see the torn and battered mess from the night's storm. All is quiet now, quite different from the fury of last night. The violence of the storm has subsided. Its rage has left much heartbreak and sorrow. Its destructive power has affected the lives of many animals and human beings.

David Simmons.

THE PICNIC

Mrs. Forthingworth said it looked like rain and Martha said she was right and as likely as not we'd get to the picnic spot and it would start to pour and Gran said when she was on a picnic (in her youth) it poured down and drenched everyone and her boy friend caught pneumonia and got very sick and died three weeks later Mrs. Forthingworth said if it didn't rain there was sure to be ants and mosquitoes and Gertrude said yet there was sure to be ants there always was and Gran said she knew a lady who knew a lady whose cousin-in-law's friend's grandfather was allergic to ant bites and came up all yellow and puffy once when he got bitten and he died and Henry said Martha give me the keys and Martha said she hadn't got the keys I thought you had them so everyone searched through their pockets and said they didn't have the keys and Mrs. Forthingworth said we weren't going to get anywhere without the car keys and Gertrude said we certainly couldn't go far without the keys and Gran said she knew a man once who couldn't find his keys and he leant out of his car to see if he had dropped them on the road and a bus came along and nipped off his head and he never was the same after that and Henry said he must have left them inside and he went in to look for them. Then Martha said

she had found them in her purse and Gertrude went to get Henry and we set off. Then there was a bang and Mrs. Forthingworth screamed and Martha screamed and Gertrude screamed and Gran said it was probably an enemy spy mistaking us for some important people and shooting at us and Henry said it was a flat tyre and got out to fit it and then Mrs. Forthingworth said look its raining and Gertrude said yes indeed it was definitely raining and we went back into the house and ate our lunch on a rug on the lounge room floor.

Lynette Doyle.

SLOT CAR RACING

This new hobby has swept Australia over the last eighteen months, attracting many boys, men, and even some girls.

Enthusiasts race 1/24th and 1/32nd scale cars on difficult circuits. In the chassis of the car is a small motor connected by wires to a plastic "slot" about $\frac{3}{4}$ " long and $\frac{1}{4}$ " high, which is fitted into a groove in the track. The current, through the base of the groove, passes through the slot to the motor and so the car is set in motion. Each driver has a hand control connected to the electrical source and so can regulate the speed of his or her car. Many enthusiastic drivers, in their desire for speed, "throw caution to the winds" and spectacular crashes may occur. However, the experienced driver should be able to maintain a consistently high speed.

In South Australia there are about twenty slot car centres, several of which are in country towns. In the area near this school there are two centres, one public and the other with private membership.

Although the sport is fairly costly, many people, as members of clubs, can race at quite a modest subscription.

Possibly, as some "addicts" apply the pressure skillfully to the hand control, there is the hint at a thwarted desire to be racing around the circuit at Le Mans or Indianapolis.

Andrew Beart

THE DISUSED MINE SHAFT

Ask any person in Siberia, and they will tell you. Tell me what, you may ask? The history of the disused mine shaft . . .

It once used to be one of the main mines in the area, giving a very good yield; that is, up to the time of the accident. . . . The person who owned and worked it, Kurtosh, was extremely pleased at having been given it by his father. It yielded a lot of gold for little work; and, with the money he had gained, he was able to set up his family, and live with ease. He had one son and two daughters.

He arose every morning about seven o'clock and walked to his mine. One day he did not return at the usual time of five o'clock. His wife, Maisie, became worried, and his son went to the mine. He returned in about half an hour, with hair ruffled, eyes staring, and gasping for breath. . . . He had found his father's body.

It was not mangled; as if it had fallen; no stab wounds could be found. In fact, he looked like a child, curled up and asleep, with a peaceful smile on his face, and arms under his head . . .

The mine passed into the hands of Sartog, his son, who was twenty years old. Within a week Sartog was dead, and Maisie with her two daughters were again dressed in mourning robes. Sartog was found in exactly the same posture as his father, and he, too, was apparently sleeping.

A body of ten men then decided to camp at the mine to see what was going on. One returned alive; and what a sight he was . . .

All the people of the village remember his return. It was Jock, the miller, who saw him first. He had his hair tangled, his eyes were red and large, and his cloth shirt and pants were torn showing his hasty departure. He managed to mumble out his story before he collapsed and died . . .

I waited impatiently for him to continue, but his eyes were watery and had a faraway look in them. Eventually he died . . .

Several weeks later scientific men came and explored the mine. They came and told the villagers what had happened . . .

An earthquake, they said, had opened a hole through which poisonous gas came out, and killed the men . . . Well now you know its history; and perhaps are a little wiser. . . .

Today, a sign has been erected over the mouth which reads, "Danger".

"Why is it now not used?" I asked. "Surely the gas has now gone."

"Yes, the gas has gone, but the fear has not. No, the fear hangs around like a gas, and nothing can remove it from the mind."

Now reader, pause and consider. Look with me across the snow covered plain, at a desolate, forlorn looking heap. . . . That is the grave of the mine.

Russell Edgecombe.

HOCKEY

The whistle blows,
We all turn round,
Someone has fallen
On the ground.
Someone's obstructed,
Someone gets hit,
This game gets worse,
Bit by bit.
Someone pushes,
Someone shoves,
This is hockey,
The game we love.

Susan McBeath.

THE WORLD

Great columns of water
And not so much of land
Join together to form
This beautiful earth.
Thanks to Him who made it all
And gave us everything we need
So that we can enjoy
This part that we live on.

Marko Zaknic.

LAST TRAIN

A great cloud of billowing black smoke arose in the distance, while at the crossing thirty to forty had gathered. Many of the people there had cameras and two men had even climbed an old signal tower to get the best possible picture.

Over the low bushes of the flat, dry country between Quorn and Hawker could be seen a small black dot at the base of the column of smoke. In a few minutes the old dot grew into the form of an old steam locomotive pulling four very old red coaches.

As the train drew slowly nearer, cries of astonishment broke from the lips of the small crowd, for in front of the train a kangaroo bounded along. In an attempt to break away from the train it charged a fence and in a flurry of dust it broke through and continued on.

Two small white clouds came from the engine and then the shrill blasts of the whistle reached us. From the coaches people waved, while in a separate coach there were several men with cameras and all wearing locomotive caps.

The engine driver waved and gave a broad smile as the black engine thundered over the crossing. Further on it gave another blast on the whistle and passed through the old deserted siding of Wilson and then slowly disappeared. We had watched the passing of an era.

Colin Clack.

ice-boxes, chairs, food, rugs and transistors. Young children rush to the water with expressions of joy or paddle around in shallow pools, carrying bright red and blue buckets and spades. Even babies enjoy the day's delight.

The glare of the white sand is almost broken by the new fantasy of colour, red, white, green, blue, orange and purple umbrellas have opened out. Towels of every imaginable colour cover bare flesh or spread on the beach. Big beach balls, red and white, bounce off the sparkling water. Bodies appear and disappear in the blue of the sea.

Everyone is happy. Transistors blare, people shout and laugh. The oppressive heat is quite forgotten by the swimmers.

One scene is different, that is at the beach kiosk. Here many people stand in a hundred-yard queue. The serving is slow and tiring. Drinks lose their chill, chocolate and icecreams melt, and the relief for the hot and thirsty, is very short. A disconsolate scene.

As the day wears on, people become tired. Few are swimming and a wave of languor comes into the air. All is quiet and peaceful. Parents rest in some shade and the children play in the damp sand.

When night nears, almost all pack up their belongings and leave. A few remain to battle later with troublesome mosquitoes and delay their return to hot, insufferable houses.

Lindsay Ingham.

A HOT DAY ON THE BEACH

The temperature soars almost to 110 degrees. More and still more people flock to already crowded beaches searching for relief from the heat. Cars crawl drearily along the approach roads and turn away reluctantly from the crowded parking areas. There is little room for free movement anywhere for people crowd together from the hot esplanade to the cool blue-green water.

Adults, laden like donkeys struggle over the sandhills, carrying umbrellas,

THE VULTURES

The vultures looked down
To see if their evening prey had come,
And, alas, they heard a loud, agonizing
moan

Of a tired and weary traveller, struck
dumb

By the hot and overwhelming sun.
And as the showering glow in the west
slithered away,

The vultures finished picking the bones
Of the moaning evening prey.

Wayne Turner, 3E.

THE MARKET

Enticing odours creep from each stall you pass. Roasted nuts, cotton candy, shrubs, flowers, vegetables, fruits, fish, bread, and foreign goods are all displayed on brightly coloured stalls.

Bargain hunting newly weds looking at tropical fruits, think of faraway places. Young, tired two-year-olds dolefully cling to parents' arms. When passing sweets stalls, they noisily ask their parents to buy candy. The crying of lost youngsters is sometimes heard among the throngs of voices.

Other young children, who are going home, think happily of the treat which they will have after dinner if they eat their "horrid spinach". The older children run from stall to stall saying, "Aw gee, Mum, it's only thirty cents". Adults, arguing with barterers often say, "Well, its very tempting, but the price . . . Forlorn looking storekeepers watch as the price of their goods goes lower and lower.

Everywhere you move, the people are buying, selling or just looking. Moving people hurry as they try to avoid getting caught in the rush hour traffic.

Slowly you walk out of this moving wonderland of people and colour wishing you could stay longer. It was only wishful thinking as you must return home to do schoolwork or have dinner.

Gail Phillips.

MOAT MONSTERS

Every castle should have moat monsters. After all who are you going to throw the Black Baron to? The monsters are much more efficient than a mob of snapping alligators. They make very little noise while digesting their tea and they are much neater and tidier in cleaning up.

Monsters come in a range of shapes, colours, and sizes and are available for hire at the Transylvania Monster Service. A special offer gives seven days free trial to the hirer (if he lasts that long).

The most common monster is the size of a truck. It is slimy, hairy, a bright

orange with red spots, and has a tremendous roar to scare predators away. However, its roar often backfires and causes a castle to crumble, or mighty earthquakes. The super deluxe model is very economical.

Monsters are extremely useful for disposing of garbage, corpses and other unwanted objects. They will eat anything, including you, but don't worry about that unless you are not insured.

Wars with the Baron across the way are no problem as the monster acts as a one THING army. It is completely indestructible and was born and raised in only the best of marshes. Prisoners can be easily forced to talk by threatening to throw them to the monster.

Of course, owning a monster has its disadvantages. One is the messy carpet when it comes in for a midnight snack and another is the gentle drone of its snoring.

Monsters like to be pampered. They eat ten tons of weeds a day. If it is not fed, serious repercussions can follow, like the disappearance of several guards during the night, and a contented look on the monster's face in the morning.

That is just about all there is to know about monsters. Remember a well fed monster is a happy monster.

Philip Blumberg.

THE SEA

A blue tarmac
for the winged hunters.
An endless horizon
for the scaly hunted.
A deep grave
for proud men and fools.
It will always be,
the Sea.

John Laslett.

SUMMER

Water slowly trickling
Down slimy streams,
All is bright now,
Summer is here.

Reece Line.

DESTRUCTION

The river was a mass of swirling menacing rapids. It was a man-eater devouring every obstruction in its victorious path. The rolling, crashing water seemed to laugh with its success. Sweeping away trees, homes and land, dashing itself on the rocks, it advanced steadily forward. The racing currents carried debris: logs, saucepans and household utensils, fences, doors and things which show floods have come. There were screams as the raging water came in under the door, then through the window, until there was no standing room left in the house.

Desperate, cold refugees retreated in mournful processions to higher ground. Lives were not spared. Nothing was spared. For many nights and days the storm raged on. The swelling clouds, full to capacity could stand the strain no longer and burst, adding more spice to the chaos. Lightning, yellow and devilish in design, flashed through the darkness. Thunder spoke its sarcastic words and the wind roared with laughter at the fate of all.

Then a miracle! The rain stopped. The lightning stopped. The thunder and wind stopped. The sun made its way through the exhausted clouds and began to soak up the excess water. The river showed little signs of being the roaring, destructive power it had been. The only thing that showed there had been a flood was the desolate sadness that was in the atmosphere. To a passer-by only one word could describe it — Destruction!

Lynette Doyle.

A RUBBISH DUMP

Here and there were old cans with rotting labels. At what a variety of places they must have been opened and their contents eaten or put to some use by people — maybe they were kings or marquises! But now their only use was for an occasional tramp to kick them and chuckle to himself as the sound of tin upon some other kind of waste from the city amused him.

There were other kinds of rubbish in the dump, much to the delight of countless rodents which resided on the premises. There were even old cars and trucks in which the feline enemies of the mice slept or held their nightly bombardments of cans and boots from the tramps, who were trying to slumber amongst the debris, their heads resting on cans for pillows, and their feet amongst the protruding springs of some discarded settee.

Sometimes, in the winter, the wind seemed to sing songs as it whistled through the old cans and cars. The atmosphere became ghostly when the cats added their dreadful chants to the wails.

The wind did not blow so frequently in the summer — maybe that was why the tramps came back in the summer from the park benches — were they afraid of ghosts? A rubbish dump could be such a delightful place in the day, but at night no-one stirred but the cats or a small insect in the grass which sprouted between spaces of the debris and received the first drops of dew in the early hours of the morning.

Janet Gross.

THE CREEK

The creek gurgled on with a splashing,
splashing

Over the rocks it went dashing, dashing.
In the sky — thunder clouds breaking,
breaking

Rumbled the earth with a quaking,
quaking.

The creek hurried on with a splashing,
splashing

Over the rocks it went smashing,
smashing

Down the falls it went crashing, crashing.
Under the bridge it was swelling,
swelling

Over its banks it was welling, welling.
No more was the lightning flashing,
flashing

The creek gurgled on with a splashing,
splashing

Over the rocks it went dashing, dashing.
Marion Chugg.

OLD WALES

There is a street in Wales
With old colonial houses,
There is no electricity
For modern man has not yet found it.
There are no cars or trams
No wires or phones,
But the people do not mind,
Because to them, it is home.
Heather Warschauer, 3D.

LIBRARY

We realise that our school library has three main uses: It is a place for quiet study, a place to gain knowledge from a range of reference books, and also a place to borrow good novels for pleasant reading at home. The library is well used and is growing as quickly as we can afford good books. The shelves are beginning to fill in most sections.

This year special attention has been given to the literature section in preparation for Leaving classes next year. Another large addition to the reference section is a twenty volume set of Encyclopedia International. The staff members are pleased with the number of students who come in during the lunch hour to make good use of our growing stock of books.

Students have been doing useful work behind the scenes in cataloguing, preparing new borrowing cards, and covering books. Some work at the charging desk to help cope with the borrowing of books. These students are all members of the Library Committee.

The students on this committee deserve special thanks for the time and patience they willingly give to ensure that the books are in the best possible place — in the hands of other students.

Janet Wilhelm.

THE DRINK

Reflecting light beams of every shape and size,
In success of failure;
The lumps of solid misty water,
Hazy and lifeless.
Nevertheless,

Bobbing up and down,
On a hazy skin of bright sunny light,
Which stands on a stick of orange,
Enclosed by a cage of glass,
That keeps most things out,
And most things in.
Vast numbers of boats of grapefruit seed,
Raise their sails and race,
Then sink into the depths of orange,
Made of a lump of orange chewing gum,
Which is soft and watery,
As if someone had put it into the glass
To save their treasure,
For a later date.
Below, I walk through an aqualine water
Of some strange enchanting tone
An impudent piece of orange,
Broken from the large piece above,
Hanging over the side like a wet rag,
And giving a taste of glee,
Floats by holding his nose
As if he could smell
The strong enchanting orange.
Now it disappears,
And a thousands pairs of eyes watch me,
They dance and sing in witching,
iridescent tunes,
Derived from the Romans and Greeks
Of knowledge of the extra ages.
Suddenly, a dark striped rod
Probes the depths
Inhaling the gooey monsters
Exhaling large bubbles of invisible
bubbles of air,
That float to the surface,
Then explode,
Releasing the carbon dioxide to the air.
The drink gurgles and drains,
Sounding like devils and witches
I suck at the straw
And finish my drink.

Noel Oakey, 3A.

THE HEART ATTACK

A man,
Alone in his house
His friends, next door.
Suddenly,
A stab, like a knife
Is plunged into his chest,
He falls.
Concealing the pain,
He fights against Death,
Who pulls him onward to Doom.

Struggling, he tries to get aid,
 He slumps to the floor,
 The pain is overbearing . . . !
 Then it's all over
 He lies,
 Lifeless on the floor,
 With Death the victor,
 Standing over him,
 As help rushes through the door.

Noel Oakey, 3A.

THE ROLLING STONES

Lead singer Mick Jagger has big blue eyes,
 Wild long hair and go-go thighs.
 He does "The Shake" like nobody does,
 He's a friendly, and impulsive about the things he loves.
 Acknowledged leader is Brian Jones,
 Harmonica and guitar are what he tones.
 Frail, fair, intelligent and warm,
 A frantic vocalist; he works up a storm.
 Dreamer, Bill Wyman, a big favourite with girls,
 Has kind brown eyes and lots of curls.
 Gives Mick vocal support; has a warm, warm face,
 Quiet and gentle, he plays bass.
 Lead guitarist Keith Richard is next on the scene,
 Youngest of the group, he's no less keen.
 Loves his guitar, writes songs with Mick,
 Has a flip sense of humour, his hair's long and thick.
 Drummer Charlie Watts is a modern jazz fan,
 Occasionally has haircuts; odd man in the clan.
 He has a slow spreading smile that covers his face,
 His melancholy looks go without a trace.
 There are but five Rolling Stones, all told,
 Some are shy; some are bold.
 An untidy group with long, long hair.
 They make wild music and have fans to spare.

Sue Hall, 3A.

NUISANCE IN THE NIGHT

Drip, drip, drip and a drop, drop, drop,
 Maddening sound that will never stop.
 Warm toes wishing that they nevermore

Would need to feel a cold, cold floor.
 Blankets over our ears shut out all sound
 But it's most persistent — and goes round and round
 Till feeling our sanity at last will snap
 We rise to still the dripping midnight tap.
 Susan Chilton.

SWIRLING LEAVES

The leaves from the trees
 Are drifting, drifting,
 Drifting to the ground.
 On the breeze, the leaves
 Are turning, turning,
 Some by cobwebs bound.
 When the wind comes
 hustling, bustling,
 The leaves more thickly fall.
 They are swirling, whirling,
 curling, twirling,
 At the wind's beck and call.

Meredith Philp.

THE EVE OF JUDGEMENT

The natives' drums beat through the night
 in a tone which filled the jungle with fright.
 The leopards hid in the foliage green
 While the air was filled with a deafening scream.
 The time of decision would come at dawn
 And all the women would weep and mourn,
 For one of the menfolk would choose to die
 So the rest of the tribe could live and thrive.
 For if the God's wishes were not complied
 His wrath would terrorize everyone's lives.
 He would force them to live to the end of their days
 Never forgetting this wrong of gone days.

Fotis Bologiannis.

THOUGHTS

As I look into the sky,
 Birds of many kinds pass me by,
 And as I gaze at a flowering tree,

I think how wonderful it is to be free.
 As the wind blows my hair,
 And the sun is shining bright,
 I see floating in my view
 The graceful outline of a kite,
 And I think how wonderful it is to be
 free.

As I smell the sweet air,
 My life is filled without a care.
 And as I hear the small birds song,
 I begin to feel that I am free.

Kay Morcombe.

MY PERSIAN CAT

My dear Persian cat,
 So meek, so sweet,
 On her smooth mat,
 She sleeps at my feet.
 But my dear Persian cat,
 When the night comes,
 Turns into a wild cat
 (With her best chums)
 And she spits and she fights,
 And she scratches and bites.
 But when the dawn comes,
 And when breakfast is near,
 She once more turns to
 My dear Persian cat.

Catherine Weatherall.

A CHOCOLATE CAKE

Some strong smells from the oven rise,
 I take a breath and rub my eyes.
 I quickly peep through the glass,
 And there it is, as bold as brass.
 A black masterpiece, there it stands,
 I press it and I burn my hands.
 With gradual ease I lift the tin
 And make my way to the rubbish bin.
 I return to my kitchen, to begin again,
 Another chocolate cake which I start to
 blend.

I cross my fingers and close the door,
 For after this there will be no more.

Colleen Coombe.

A YOUNG MAN OF TWENTY

He was only a young man of twenty,
 When he went to fight in Vietnam,
 It was not of his own choosing,
 He was called up by "Uncle Sam".
 A tommy-gun was thrust into his hands,

And he was taught how to fight,
 When they sent him over the sea,
 There was an attack the very first night.
 The young man lay awake,
 Not being able to sleep,
 For the ground was cold and damp,
 And through his blankets the water would
 seep.

A yell broke the night,
 The young man grabbed his gun.
 The troop marched forward bravely,
 To meet the rising sun.
 Bombs exploding, tommy-guns spitting,
 As they fought in the morning light.
 Shrapnel flying, men dying,
 The enemy drew back and out of sight.
 The men tramped back to the solitary
 tents
 And there was an empty bed,
 One brave man had been killed that
 night,
 The young man of twenty was dead.

Dianne Parks.

THE SURFER

All summer the surfer goes down to the
 beach,

If the surf is good and easy to reach,
 All he does is come in on a great wave
 And get a dumping or have a close shave.
 And sometimes in winter he goes to the
 beach

When the surf is better and not so hard
 to reach.

He puts on his wet suit to keep out the
 cold,

And goes for the largest wave in
 adventure bold.

Surfing might be a healthy sport,
 In summer most refreshing,
 But in winter only for the hardest
 To endure the freezing cold.

Dean Rollbusch.

FIRST YEAR

Haiku

January.

Birds fly, sun shines:

Fresh year,

Fresh winds,

People cheer and celebrate New Year.

Paula Kleiman.

CITY BY NIGHT

When darkness falls upon the city
And neon signs their garish light display,
In the streets young moderns gather
To idle, wander, chat in aimless way.
Juke boxes blaring in the coffee shops,
Cars and motor bikes screeching by:
Young girls, giggling, gay and gaudy
Like parakeets, are startling to the eye.
Lolling lazily against store windows
Packs of tightly trousered youths,
Eyeing eagerly the enticing parade
Like spectators at carnival booths.
Gone where, with the break of day,
These creatures of the night?
Replaced now by stolid, purposeful folk
Facing life's never-ending fight.

Andrew Beart.

NOISE

On the carpeted floor
A sleeping dog
suddenly wakes . . .
There is a great noise.

Susan McGregor.

JAPANESE HAIKU

Test tubes with liquids,
Men and women,
In white . . .
Science Laboratory.

Valda Zvaigyre,
1A.



LIBRARY NOISE

Quiet is the library, little is the noise,
No noise of cars, of wind or voice.
No rattle, clink, or hum of speech,
No chatter of old ladies or cry of little
boys.

But! There is a sound, a different sound,
Of minds and books combined,
A sound of wisdom, of knowledge,
Being consumed by lively minds.
So on a day of noise and bustle,
Of wind and ears and voice,
Step into a room where silent vessels
speak

And hear a different noise
Of page on page, of word on word,
From minds that think and speak.

Ian Baird.

NIGHT

A light dew forms
Upon the grass.
And down in the rushes
A frog croaks.

Philip Blumburg.

NOISE

Noise,
Perpetually sounding,
Replacing the out-of-date
Silence.

Lindsay Ingham.

SILENCE

A deep silence,
A sudden scream "Help!"
A gathering crowd,
He is dead.

Gregory Connelly.