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High School
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DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

Mr. W.B. Donaldson

DEPUTY PRINCIPAL

Mr. W.H. Reimann

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Miss T. Elverd	Mrs. A. O'Rielley

FROM THE PRINCIPAL

Secondary schools have changed markedly over the last decade and Underdale High School is no exception. We are required to provide a diversity of programmes to meet the educational needs of a wider range of student abilities and expectations than ever before. Students are staying at school longer and employment opportunities are changing. This need for change continues un-abated and it is interesting to reflect on some of the changes in 1981.

First, it must be clearly understood that the top priorities of our school are the teaching of basic skills of literacy and numeracy at the lower levels and a demanding, disciplined programme leading to Matriculation in the upper school. However, schools have never offered the choice and diversity in the programming available today. What have been the significant developments in 1981?

At Year 11, courses of study, of one term in length, in Government, Physical Education & Health and Career Awareness were introduced. The Motor Maintenance Course was made available for all students irrespective of whether they were in the academic or vocational programme.

Intensive Commercial courses continued to appeal with their strong Work Experience programme assisting students in the development of personal and job skills, and the added advantage of many participating students being offered permanent jobs with the firms to which they were placed. For the first time students were taught 'word-processing' skills and had the experience of full-time class instruction on electric typewriters. Both of these developments were possible by A.C.A.E. allowing the school to use their equipment and facilities.

I am very pleased that next year an Intensive Technical Studies Course will be available. In this programme, in which classes will begin at 7.30 a.m., students will concentrate on a wide range of practical skills to help them to take advantage of job opportunities in the trade and technical fields. Also in the upper school we have expanded the Work Experience programme with the majority of Year 11 students now participating. This experience aims to improve student awareness of career opportunities and assist in their social and personal development.

At Year 8, Greek Studies and Outdoor Education as a significant activity were introduced. Both of these programmes will be expanded in Year 9 in 1982. Also at this level, a joint programme in Physical Education, using the College's magnificent gymnasium, and supported by their staff and students, was initiated.

Mathematics and English courses have been reviewed to ensure that students work to the limit of their ability whether they are in an Advanced or Basic course.

As well as the study experiences, and most important in the all-round development of young people, is the school sport programme. Our inter-school sport programme continues to expand with over 40 teams participating.

We are now one of the leaders in School Sport and many of our teams, including the 'A' Softball who are State Champions, were very successful. In addition, our main aim of maximum participation by students was achieved.

These are some of the significant developments in 1981 and there are others which space does not allow me to record. I must emphasize that these programmes would have not been possible without the strong support of the School Council, the Sports Council, the P. & F., a co-operative student body, and above all a loyal and hard-working staff.

Finally I would like to pay tribute to Mrs. Begg for the production of the outstanding School Magazines in the last few years. Without her patience, persistence and dedication to this most demanding task, this high standard would not have been possible.

My sincere thanks to all of the school community.

D.N. MORLEY

On Wednesday 11th March 1981 an interview was held by C2 with Mr Murray Jackson, the Deputy Principal of Underdale High School. We had the interview especially with him because he had reached 65 years of age which is the retiring age, and he was leaving us on Monday, 16th March, after 45 years of teaching.

Murray Keith Wallace Jackson was born on 16th March 1916 under the sign of Pisces. He was educated at Riverton High School before going to Teachers' College. Mr. Jackson is married and has two sons, one of whom is called Brian, and the other, Ian. Brian is now a teacher and Ian is a Travel Service manager.



Mr Jackson first went to Mercunda Primary School where he started his teaching career. There he taught many subjects that were needing to be taught in most primary schools. From there he went to Corny Point, Cunningham, Maitland, Oaklands Woodwork Centre, Enfield High, Seacombe High, Plympton High and then he reached Underdale.

Throughout his years as a teacher he taught many subjects which include Art, Technical Studies, (which consisted of Metalwork, Woodwork, Leatherwork, Concrete and Shoe repairing), Maths, 10th Year Plays, and History.

When Mr Jackson came to Underdale High School he was already a Deputy Principal. He said that he really liked to teach but he also wanted to be someone more important. Since he has been at Underdale he has noticed several changes to the school.

THE JACKSON FILES

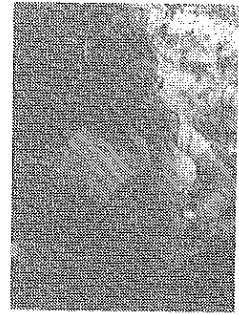
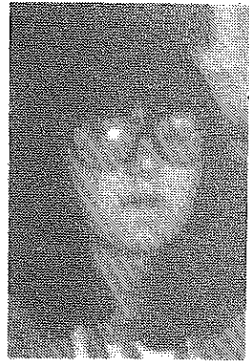
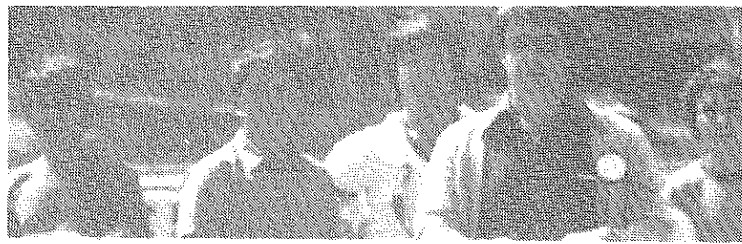
The numbers of the students have decreased a fair bit but there seem to be more students doing Years 11 and 12, which is very pleasing. The actual school grounds have also changed.

Mr Jackson stated that he enjoyed trying to help students with their problems. That is probably one reason why he wanted to be a Deputy Principal. He also thinks that the behaviour of the students has changed over the years that he has been here. He says that the troublesome students are now noticed right from Year 8 and not later on in their high school years as before. Mr. Jackson also stated that he disliked caning students, and only does it as a last resort when everything else has failed. He canes them across the hand as it hurts more and is more convenient.

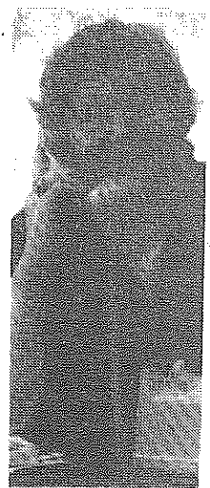
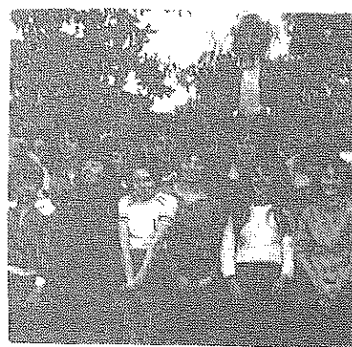
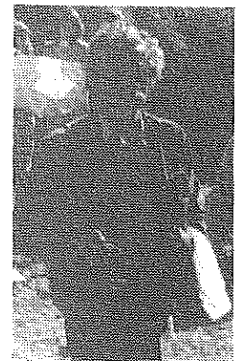
Mr. Jackson has had many happy moments while being here with us at Underdale. He very much enjoys seeing all the students competing against each other in a variety of different activities on the Annual Sports Day. He is also pleased when students achieve good results in their work and are able to get a good job when they leave school.

Being around his grandchildren also gives Mr Jackson much pleasure. He is a very happy man. He has contributed 8 years of good hard work to Underdale and has helped many students through their problems.

He should be just as proud of himself as the staff and students of Underdale High are of him.



GUESS WHO ?



HATCHED, MATCHED AND OTHERWISE!

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs Sih
Mrs Dixon
Mr Pappageorgiou
Mr Hilterbrand

who added to their families in 1981 thus contributing to future teacher employment!

BEST WISHES to Mr Ellis
and Miss Giles

who were married during the year. Our best wishes are extended to their respective partners too.

GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK to Mr Jackson - we wish him well in his retirement

Ms Kelly and Mr Lawrence - for their overseas study leave

Mr Richards, Mr Widera, Mrs Kirkman, Mrs Begg, Mrs Tamblin - who have left Underdale during 1981

TO ALL THOSE STUDENTS leaving Underdale in 1981 we wish you well for the future.

SPECIAL THANKS to the following for assisting with this publication:

Mrs Begg for her great enthusiasm and tireless efforts in making the magazine possible

All students who contributed articles and other material

Office staff, Intensive Commercial students and Mrs Anderson who did the typewriting

Mrs Donovan for drumming up most of the articles

Mrs Wilson for organizing the reduction of typed and Art works

Mr Phillips, assisted by Mr Moat, for doing all the photo developing

Mrs Keast and Mrs Kirkman for their part in collating the magazine

A L S O

OUR SINCERE THANKS to the School Council for their financial assistance in purchasing a new pottery kiln

the Canteen Ladies for their hard work and much appreciated financial help

the Parents' and Friends Association for the dinners they organized on Parent/Teacher nights

the Parents and Friends of the school who organized the Greek cabaret

All the staff and parents who coached and organized school Sports teams

Mr Donaldson and parents who organized the two Sports Presentation nights

Mr Oswald and parents for organizing and running the senior socials

Mrs Jones and Mr Ward and the parents for the junior social

Mrs Wilson and her band of monitors who manned the crossing on Holbrooks Road

Mrs Wilson who arranged the purchase of indoor plants to beautify Underdale High School

Miss Wichmann and the Year 9 students for their aid to Meals on Wheels during 1981

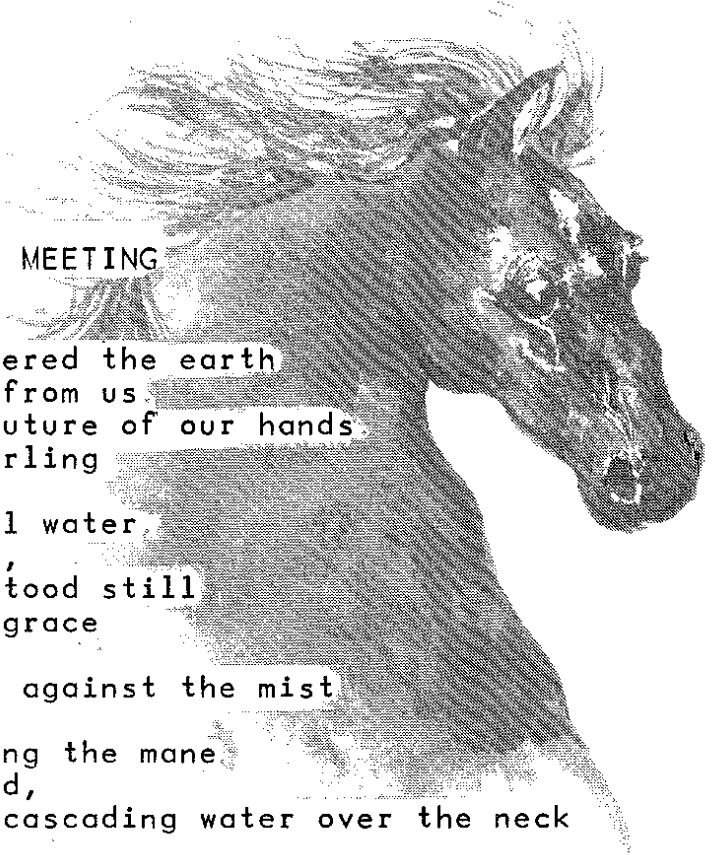
Mr Sutton for organizing the Walkathon

P.E. staff for the successful Sports Day held at Underdale

Mrs Donovan and the Interact Club for their work in collecting funds for many useful charities

the Library Staff for organizing games and activities during the lunch period

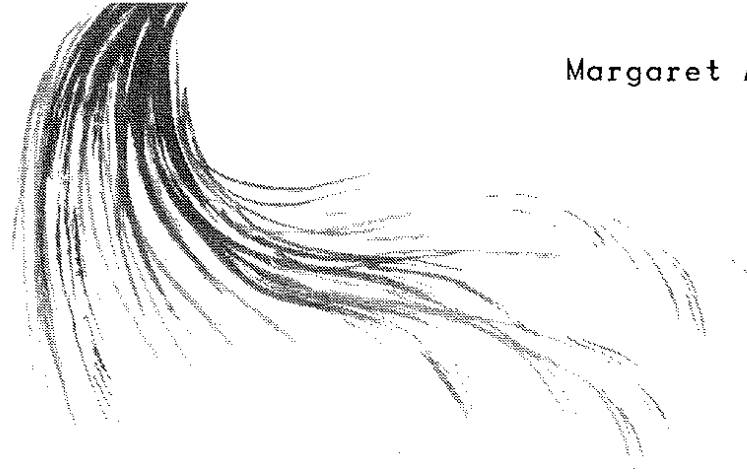
the many business firms and other institutions who so kindly allowed our students to gain Work Experience in their places of business



THE MEETING

We stopped
Blankets of eerie mist smothered the earth
Hiding the immediate future from us
We; unable to see past the future of our hands
Softly the mist floated, swirling
So smooth.
Spiralling, flowing like cool water,
But suddenly the water froze,
All movement ceased: life stood still
Smoothly, with magnificent grace
The curtain of mist unfolded
And there stood, silhouetted against the mist
A horse
Head held high, wind cascading the mane
My eyes were as if transfixed,
Watching the mane flow like cascading water over the neck
A horse
Nothing moved, we stood, as if frozen in the mist
Drinking in the beauty of the fine delicate nostrils
Resembling an artist's impression of finely etched beauty.
Suddenly, the spell broken
The whole sky lit up in a dazzling array
Lighting: our eyes followed the electrical fight of the gods
As quickly as it had come,
The lighting left
Our perplexed minds looked back to the horse
I saw the last cascade of mane
As the mist closed over the ghost, obliterating it
Like it had never happened or existed
We resumed our path across the eerie earth.

Margaret Ambridge



JUNIOR DISCO

THE year 8 and 9 Disco was held on Tuesday July 30th. As soon as the music started, the dancing began. It was a lot of fun!!! Our D.J. was STEVE McNALLY. We had different kinds of songs: rock, disco, and slow tunes. Later on in the evening, everyone including the teachers, got in the mood for dancing. We not only danced all night; we also had competitions!!!

THE best girl dancer was Angie Sordillo and the best boy dancer (or should we say boys) were Jerry Tanner and Shane Carter - both being very good.

IT was a busy night for photographer Mr Moat, taking pictures of us all dancing. Some people were dressed up punk or western. Someone was dressed punk, wearing a black miniskirt, netted stockings and pointed shoes. Dressed in western style was Tammy. She had a cowboy hat which seemed to be worn by everyone during the evening.

WE are pleased to say that many teachers were there. It was great to see them dancing with us. During the evening we had a couple of dances, in one Narelle danced with Mr Morley.

THE night was terrific. We hope there will be another good disco next year. Thank you for attending.

ANGIE SORDILLO

"DISCO INFERNO"

Hi,

I'm here to talk to you about the lunch time disco which was held on the 24th of April, (if my mind serves me correctly).

My associate and I were walking passed rooms three, four and five when we heard a tremendous noise coming from the direction of these rooms.

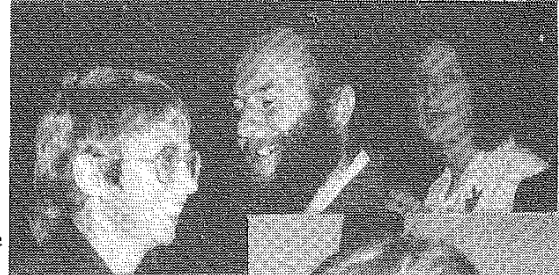
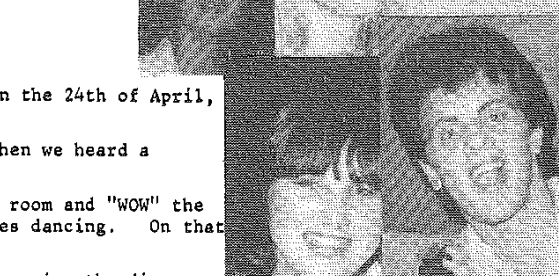
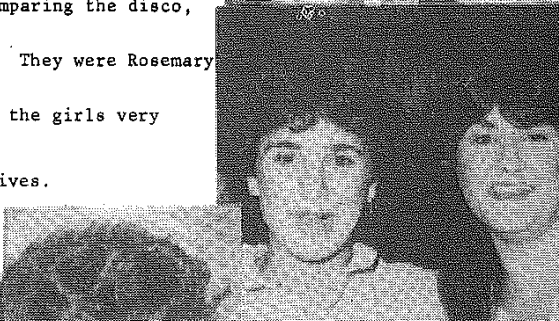
So we decided to investigate further. We casually walked into the room and "WOW" the atmosphere exploded with the sound of music and the warmth of bodies dancing. On that note I must say Underdale certainly has some swingers.

Investigating even further we found out that SAD's Matt Ford was comparing the disco, with a little help from one of his road-crew.

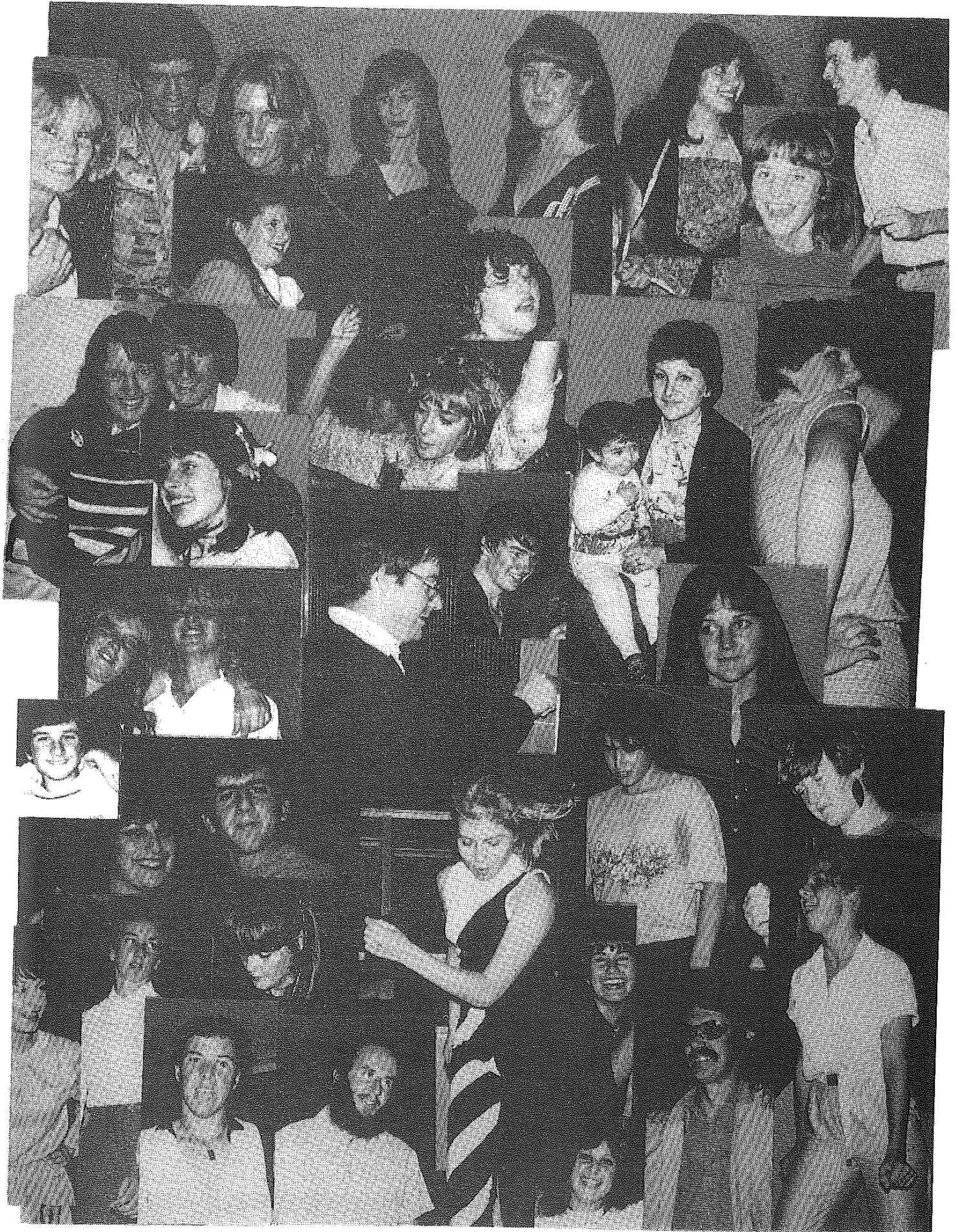
We later discovered that there were two ladies behind all of this. They were Rosemary Demasi and Lynda Sellars.

All my associate and I can do now to close this report, is to thank the girls very much, and congratulate them on doing such a wonderful job.

By the School Detectives.







A COLOURLESS WORLD.

The life of the blind,
Is a world of darkness.
A world of darkness,
So cruel and unkind.

As we walk down the street,
We hear lots of sounds.
Like the sounds of people,
And small running feet.

This colourless world.
So big and unclear.
Is a terrible place,
Of danger and fear.

And yes! it is terribly hard.
To pass the time.
In a lonely world,
With no sunshine.

M.C. Hutchens B2 English

MONEY

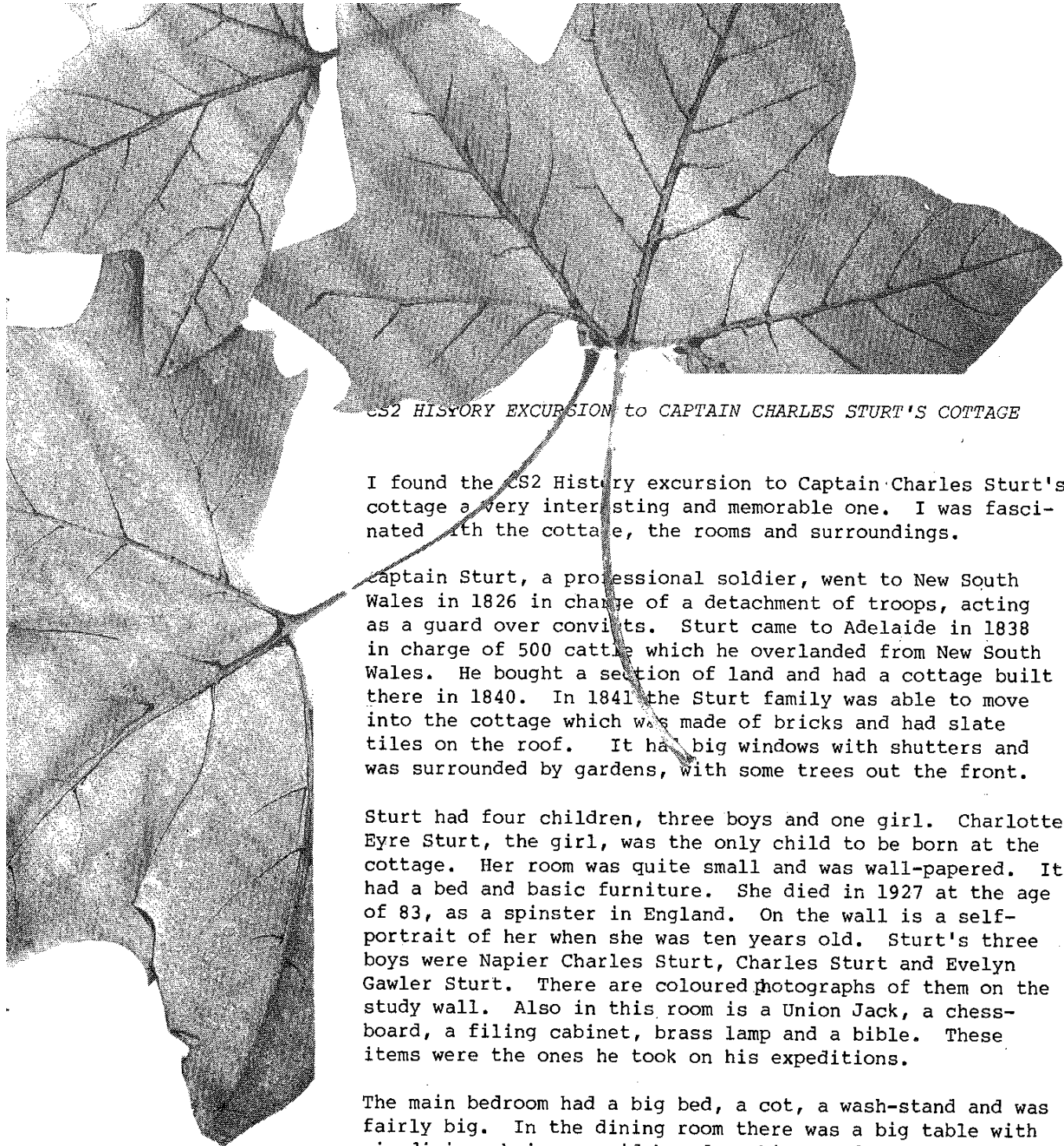
Living spend it
Dying leave it
Luck wins it
Government takes it
Forgers fake it
Rich increase it
Poor save it
Gamblers lose it
But I could use it.

Laura Naccarelli

B2 English

I'd like to know
What this world
Is about
Before it dies.

Laura Naccarelli



CS2 HISTORY EXCURSION to CAPTAIN CHARLES STURT'S COTTAGE

I found the CS2 History excursion to Captain Charles Sturt's cottage a very interesting and memorable one. I was fascinated with the cottage, the rooms and surroundings.

Captain Sturt, a professional soldier, went to New South Wales in 1826 in charge of a detachment of troops, acting as a guard over convicts. Sturt came to Adelaide in 1838 in charge of 500 cattle which he overlanded from New South Wales. He bought a section of land and had a cottage built there in 1840. In 1841 the Sturt family was able to move into the cottage which was made of bricks and had slate tiles on the roof. It had big windows with shutters and was surrounded by gardens, with some trees out the front.

Sturt had four children, three boys and one girl. Charlotte Eyre Sturt, the girl, was the only child to be born at the cottage. Her room was quite small and was wall-papered. It had a bed and basic furniture. She died in 1927 at the age of 83, as a spinster in England. On the wall is a self-portrait of her when she was ten years old. Sturt's three boys were Napier Charles Sturt, Charles Sturt and Evelyn Gawler Sturt. There are coloured photographs of them on the study wall. Also in this room is a Union Jack, a chess-board, a filing cabinet, brass lamp and a bible. These items were the ones he took on his expeditions.

The main bedroom had a big bed, a cot, a wash-stand and was fairly big. In the dining room there was a big table with six dining chairs, a sideboard, a big grandfather clock, a chandelier, a wine cooler, entree dish and a piano. Directly opposite the dining room was a sitting room. It had a mahogany bookcase, workbox, lacquer cabinet, fireplace, drawing room chairs and footstool. There were portraits of Napier, and Lady Augusta Sturt. In the tea room was a Union Jack that had been carried by Sturt on the Northern Expedition, a fragment of boat, a bracelet, telescope, sword, diary, quill pen, compass, letters, a paint box and a picture of a Family Tree. In 1858 the Sturt family left the cottage to go back to England.

The restoration of the house took six years and cost \$60 000. It was owned by the man next door who grew tomatoes for thirty years until it was decided to restore the cottage.

MARK LOBASSO

SKATEBOARDING

Skateboarding is not a well known sport to most people but to those who know about it and practise it, the sport is very exciting. The skateboarding which I am talking about is not the street-riding type but bowl and pipe riding. A sport similar to skateboarding is foot-rolling. This is more commonly called radical rollerskating.

The guys who are in the photos are South Australian skaters. They are shown skating at the Rota-Fest at Glenelg where the temperature in the shade was approximately 42° Celcius. They were not as good as international competition riders but in Australia they are good enough for the average person.

My friends and I are trying to use some of the Walk-a-thon money to build a half-pipe for the school. If you are interested we would like to know so we have more than a handful of people to persuade Mr Morley and the School Council. The person to contact is Ian Richards.

SKATERS

GRAB YOURSELF SOME AMMUNITION

HELMET STICK URITHUTION

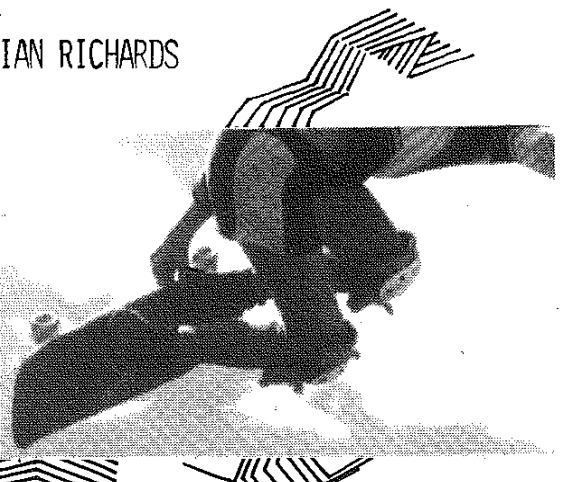
ROCK-N-ROLL ON VERTICATION

INVERTATION CARVELATION

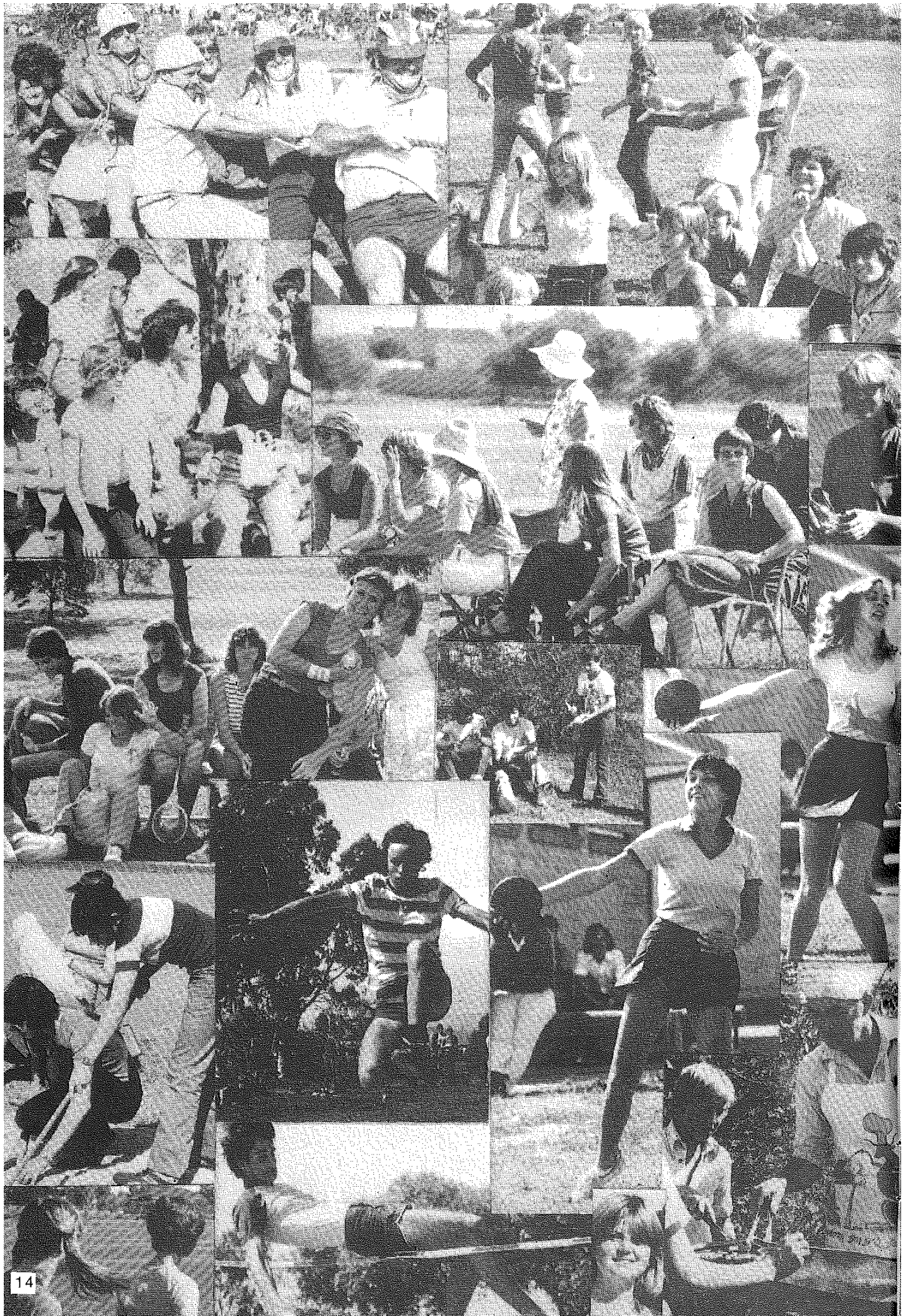
COME AND SHRED THE SENSATION BASIN!



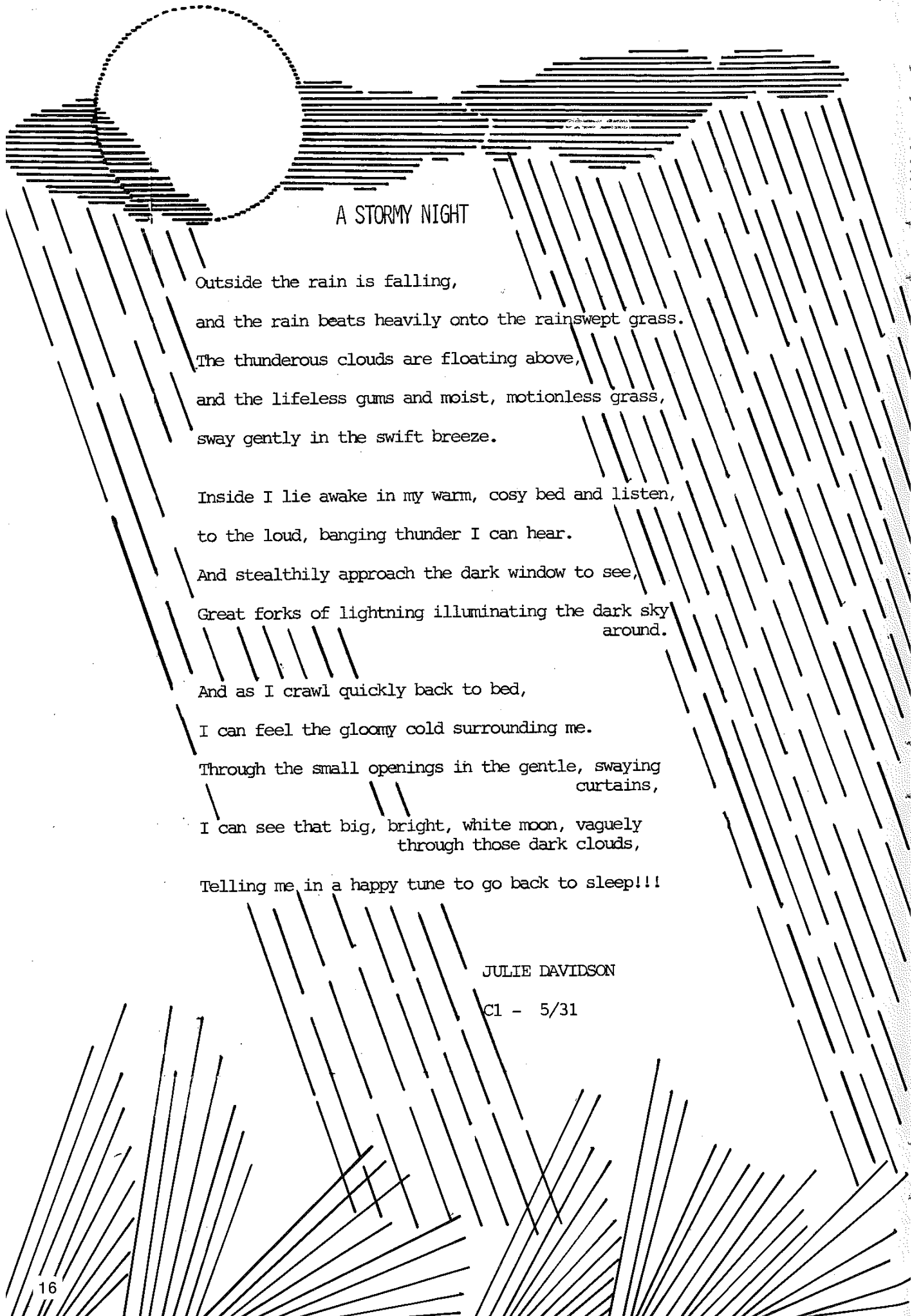
IAN RICHARDS











A STORMY NIGHT

Outside the rain is falling,
and the rain beats heavily onto the rainswept grass.
The thunderous clouds are floating above,
and the lifeless gums and moist, motionless grass,
sway gently in the swift breeze.

Inside I lie awake in my warm, cosy bed and listen,
to the loud, banging thunder I can hear.
And stealthily approach the dark window to see,
Great forks of lightning illuminating the dark sky
around.

And as I crawl quickly back to bed,
I can feel the gloomy cold surrounding me.
Through the small openings in the gentle, swaying
curtains,
I can see that big, bright, white moon, vaguely
through those dark clouds,
Telling me in a happy tune to go back to sleep!!!

JULIE DAVIDSON

C1 - 5/31

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED .....

All my fourteen years and three hundred and forty seven days, I've been trying to improve myself and believe me, there's plenty of scope for it; I've worked on sharpening my mind, softening my voice, tidying my hair and shortening my toes. I've bashed tennis balls into oblivion trying to acquire an Evonne Cawley style and worked my way through a crash course of gymnastics trying to prove that I could be Australia's answer to Nadia Comaneci.

I have tried to learn to sing (my family forced me to give it up), attended ballet classes at an early age (my teacher had a nervous breakdown) and struggled to produce a tiny tune on the piano (Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star was beyond me).

Last year about this time, I decided that long distance running was my true vocation in life - actually it was only jogging but 'long distance running' sounds more professional and impressive, don't you think? Anyway I got all enthusiastic and bought myself a pair of \$40 World Five Star running shoes, nifty black running shorts and an adorable little jogging suit, which I couldn't resist.

Well, now that I was fitted out with all the necessary essentials, I felt that I could progress to Stage Two.

DAY ONE of my training involved opening my eyes when the alarm rang just long enough to turn it off before closing them again!!!

DAY TWO I decided to outwit myself by placing my clock at the opposite end of my bedroom so that I had to get up to turn it off. Sneaky, hey? You have to be when you are up against yourself!!! Anyway, I got up, dressed, ran to the front door, opened it, froze and made a beeline back to bed.

Eventually, I felt so guilty having to lie to enquiring friends when they asked how my running was going that I decided to go all the way and a somewhat delayed DAY THREE saw me jogging around the block actually raising a sweat. THAT DID IT! I became a so-called "running freak", running every morning and competing in Fun Runs at the weekends. I thought I was pretty terrific but my dreams of winning the Boston City Marathon seemed far away.

This craze lasted until February this year when I bought myself a ten-speed racer and decided to be an Olympic Cyclist instead. HMMMMM - GREAT EXPECTATIONS hey?

Once I starved myself for a whole forty-eight hours with great ideas of a slim, lithe, new me but I was forced to end my diet when mum brought home prawns for tea. I mean, how's a girl meant to improve herself when everyone else is trying to keep her as she is? But I pressed on and soon I was enjoying the joys or rather frustrations of squash!

Endlessly the little black ball has beaten me to the second bounce and sneakily managed to avoid hitting my racquet. I thought I was safe taking up this game after my failures at tennis (which incidentally I gave up because of the rising cost of balls), as I thought that even I could not lose the ball on a squash court. Somehow (don't ask me for my trade secrets) I managed to delicately balance one ball on top of the light and another in the rafters. Opposition became increasingly harder to bribe to play with me and friends avoided me in corridors during that particular craze of mine; either because of previous injuries obtained or of warnings issued by those who had played me.

Finally I decided to give up my hopes of becoming a potential Vicki Hoffman and apply myself to something a bit safer.

This, in due course, saw me having my first piano lesson. I lasted about 18 months; not because of my ability or determination but because of my parents' threats if I gave it up too. I tried to tell them I was hopeless but my piano teacher told them I was a child prodigy; I suspect, of course, that he was merely after my two dollars fifty a week; or may be he was just plain stupid (and deaf as well).

Finally, he agreed that I had reached the height of my ability and somewhat reluctantly, let me go. If I remember rightly, I only learnt to play one tune with two hands instead of my usual two fingers.

After all this self-torture you'd think, wouldn't you, that I'd have finally faced up to the truth - I must surely be nearing the peak of my ability or I am beyond help - either way you'd think I'd have given up.

BUT still I remain hopeful - so here I am, signing up for a crash course in the bass guitar - yes, you've guessed it - I am planning to be THE NEXT SUZI QUATRO!!!

ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORLD

To see the waterfalls

To be free

I would have fun out there

To see the animals

To see the birds

To hear them sing

To see the waterfalls

And to see the water

hit the rocks

To see the busy city

To see all the different people

I wish I was out there

ANNETTE WILLIAMS

A POEM ABOUT THE BUSHWALK

The Belair Bushwalk is tiring for some,
But then for others it really is fun.
Climbing and sliding in slippery mud,
Then jump off a rock and fall in a thud.
Finally we arrive at the river bank,
"Gee, I'm so hungry I could eat a tank"
Then at last we get to our destination ....
.... Yes, you've guessed it's the train station.
Then on the train and off back home,
The most exciting day I've ever known.

By Elise Noel A4 5/31

I AM THE BUSHFIRE

I DEVOUR the green grass GREEDILY,

I DESTROY the rusted fences FIERCELY,

I CRUSH the gigantic trees CRUELLY,

I FRY the petrified animals FEROCIOUSLY,

I AM THE BUSHFIRE!

I WRECK the nice houses IMMEDIATELY,

I COOK the brown fields BEAUTIFULLY,

I INCINERATE the hopeless people CAREFULLY,

I BLOW up the small cars DISASTROUSLY,

I AM THE BUSHFIRE!

VICKI AMOS

RETARDED

I am a thorn amongst roses

A nightmare amidst dreams

A scratch on a record

Which may never be seen

I am a book without pages

A clock without hands

A chair in a room

Where people only stand

I am a flower with no colour

A toy with no care

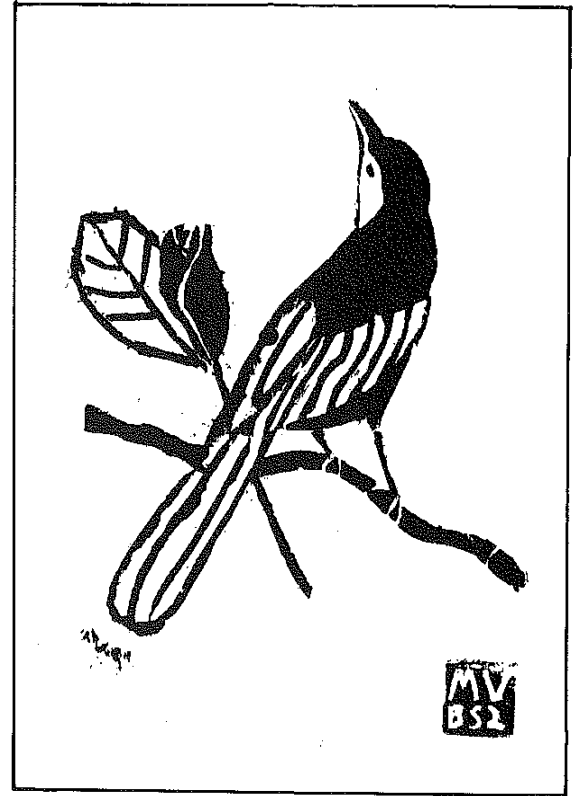
I am a cripple with no love

So give, instead of stare.

LAURA NACCARELLI R2



MARK MITCHELL B6



MICHAEL VATENOS BS2



TONY MALARAZOS B6

PERSONALITY PAGES





UNDERDALE FIRE ARMS SAFETY COURSE - YEAR 11 ELECTIVE

Every Wednesday afternoon a group of approximately 25 boys and girls from Year 11 assemble to form an elective group who participate in a "Safety Course" in the use, maintenance, care, types, practical application and law of the land, regarding fire arms.

The course consists of seven weeks of handling and shooting air rifles, coupled with lectures on the safe handling of fire arms; care and cleaning a fire arm, ammunition design and types, purchasing a fire arm, types of sights, licences, wild life study and talks by experts from clubs on pistols, shotguns, and rifles.

The remaining seven weeks of term consists of five afternoon trips to the "Parra Hills Rifle Range" at Golden Grove where the students shoot the following variety of weapons:

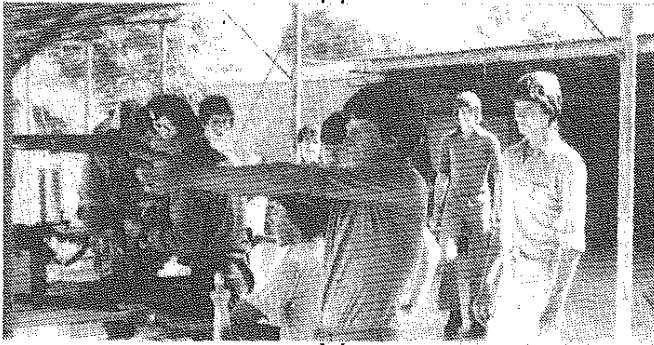
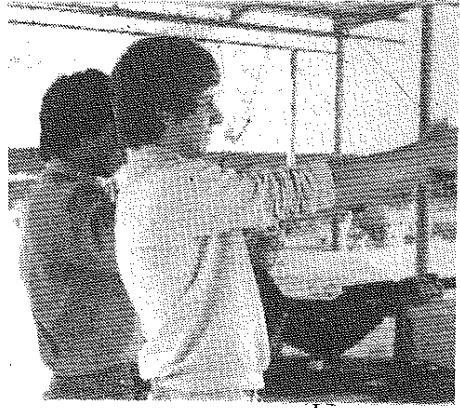
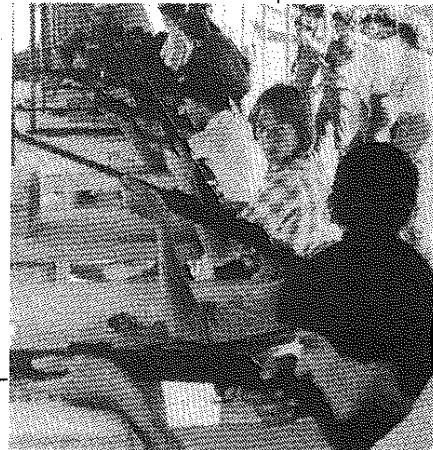
- 1 .22 rifles
- 2 .22 pistols
- 3 12 gauge shot guns
- 4 centre fire
- 5 muzzle loader guns and horse pistol

These are thoroughly controlled by the Range Officers and helpers from the Para Hills Rifle Range club.

The remaining two weeks involve a visit to the "Warra-dale Army Camp" to see films on safety, lectures on weapons and safe handling, and inspection of the camp and workshops; and in the final week, an inspection of the "Fort Largs Police Academy" consisting of pistol range, Pitt collection of old fire arms, cadet quarters, canteen, gymnasium, swimming pool and library.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank all organisations and people involved in this elective for their efforts and help in making it such an outstanding success.

D. FEWSTER.



YEAR NINE GEOGRAPHY CAMP AT WILLOW CREEK

On 2nd March we left to go to Willow Creek Farm. Before we arrived, we stopped at the Mt. Compass Dairy factory. It wasn't exactly the most quiet place on earth, and the smell didn't help either. After the dairy factory, we stopped in Victor Harbour where we got off the bus and walked around for half an hour.

Finally, in the wind and rain, we arrived at Willow Creek Farm. After settling in, we went out and rode some horses, (if being led around is what you call riding). After that "muck" they gave us (which 'they' called food) we played some games.

On the second day we sheared a sheep; when we had finished "experimenting" with it, it looked like it had been through an ordeal. Next we had turns at milking a cow (she had to have her hind leg tied up so that she wouldn't be tempted to kick us - after our attempts at milking, I don't blame her).

After lunch we split up into two groups. Half of us did Field Sketching with Miss Wichmann while the other half did Orienteering with Mr Sutton. These activities were not exactly the most THRILLING on the camp.

Later we went on a hay ride - a bumpy one. Every time a certain person looked at the cows (don't worry, Nancy, we won't mention your name), it did a ..... . After tea we saw some interesting films (cough, cough!!!).

When we were lost on our night hike, Stephen Peters suddenly decided to start practicing his German from the top of a very dark and lonely hill. After tramping our way through mud, bog and cow manure we finally reached the homestead, where we sat around a warm fire and drank Milo.

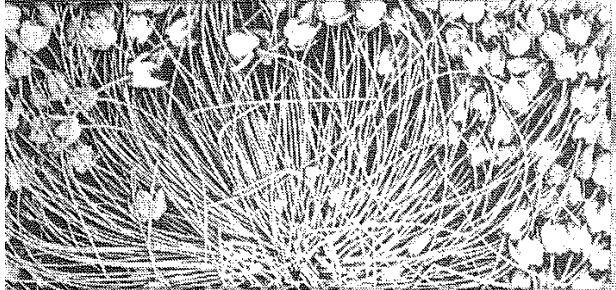
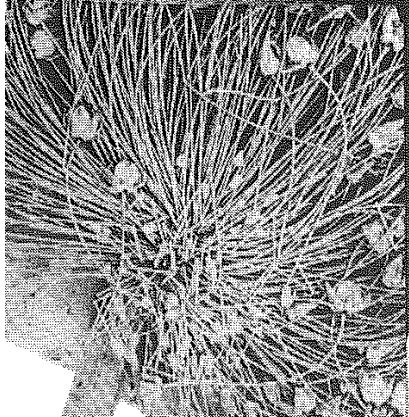
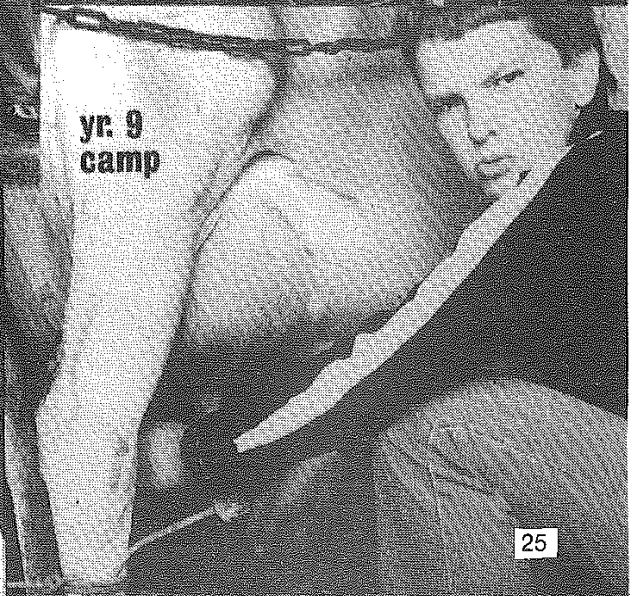
The next morning Miss Wichmann had us up at 6 o'clock (just like a concentration camp). After breakfast we went to feed the emus (which were not exactly the most tame animals on the farm). Then we had another great 'go' at our fantastic horsemanship skills. Zac, David and Steven couldn't quite master the donkey; she kept bucking them off!

Before we left, we stuffed ourselves with jam and cream.

While at the camp we had great 'stirs' and met many new people, and got to know them better.

Mr. Sutton and Miss Wichmann were really great considering..... The camp was a lot of fun but we were all glad to be back home.

JENNY NORRIS
NANCY KOULIZOS



YEAR 11 GEOGRAPHY/BIOLOGY CAMP

It was morning of March 22 when the year 11 Geographers and Biologists left for the Mylor Recreation Camp to make new discoveries in the world of Science. It didn't take us long to inspect our dorms and work out who was sleeping with whom. We suddenly noticed that the teachers once again had us under their thumb and were getting us ready for our first boring work session. After what had seemed like hours of studying plants (How Boring) it was time for lunch.

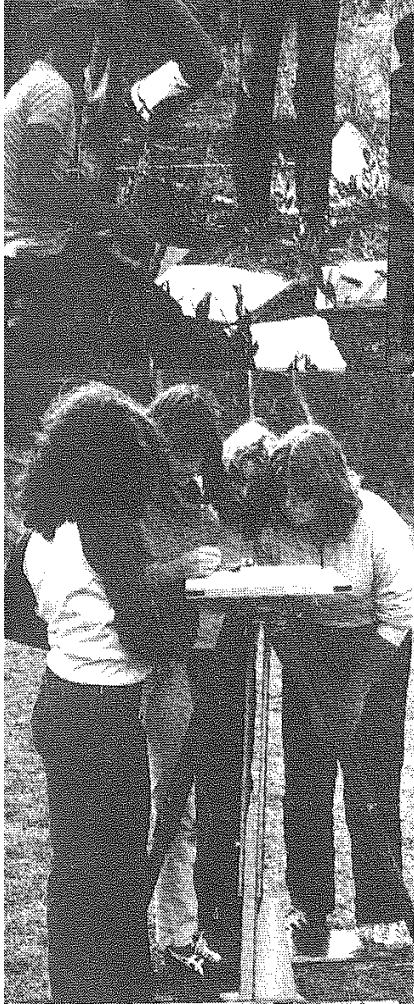
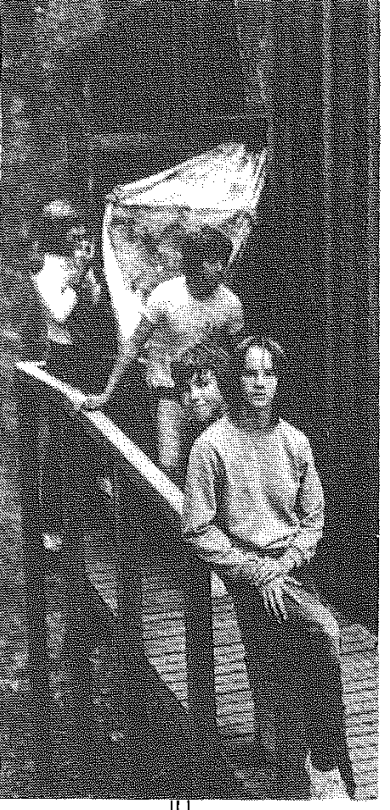
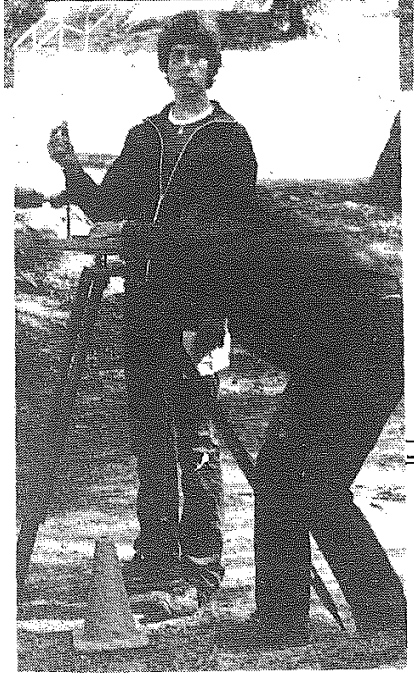
We were quite surprised when we walked into the kitchen to find a meal fit for a king set up before our eyes, and after about 4 servings everyone seemed to be content before going back to work.

As the sun set the first night, the shaving cream arose from our bags, (with a little help from some hot little hands), and from that moment it was an ALL OUT WAR. At first sight it looked like Mark and Spyro had been holidaying in the snow but after a hug, we found it was shaving cream. Finally, everyone snuggled into bed for the night (but we won't bring up the question of whom they snuggled up with to keep them warm. HA. HA!!) We're still waiting for an explanation from Spyro as to why he slept fully clothed with shoes and socks on. By the way..... did anyone awake in the morning to find that their shoes were filled with shaving cream? I think you should ask Janice about that, and why was Helen's bra hanging on the door handle?

Were there any volunteers to do morning exercises and quick jog (only about 10 laps of the oval) with Ms Sara at 7 o'clock in the morning? Or did anyone feel like doing the sweat course with Mr Sutton and Mr Pappa at the same time? I wonder how many people actually did wake up in time for this fine event.

Congratulations must go to Ms Donohue and her team for winning the volleyball competition. Thanks must also go to our host, Sue, and our cook for providing us with such a fun-filled camp.

HELEN AND LEIZA



UNDERDALE UNDER 14 FOOTBALL

At the beginning of the second term, a notice went out for students wishing to play in the Under 14 school football team. Nine of us attended the meeting. Mr. Donaldson who was to be our coach said that we had a week to find another 9 boys to fill a team. The first match to be played was the next Wednesday and training was on Tuesday. By training night, we had fifteen boys, but once it had finished we had over a full team comprising most of the Under 13 players, who were also training that night.

Mr. Donaldson informed us that night that a few schools had pulled out of the competition, which left four teams remaining. Our opening match did not have to be played for another two weeks. Fortunately, this was just enough time for us to get to know each other.

On the last training night before the matches started the team elected Greg McLeod as Captain, Gavin Baker as Vice-Captain and Heath Langdon as Deputy Vice-Captain.

It was difficult to pick the first side since we were not too familiar with each others ability at football and too many players to choose from.

The first game we played was at home against Croydon, which was quite a small side with little confidence. We had an easy win, but we should have thrashed them. Perhaps we were over confident and definitely, lacking in team work.

The next week, playing away, West Lakes defeated us, by a good margin. After that we were defeated by Woodville. Every week the games became harder and the opposition seemed to grow in size.

At the end of the term we had won only two matches out of eight. Although we did not do too well, we had many doubts about the oppositions ages. Considering our team consisted of mostly Under 13 players and having only about half of the team who did have some skills at football, we didn't do too bad coming third.

SOFTBALL

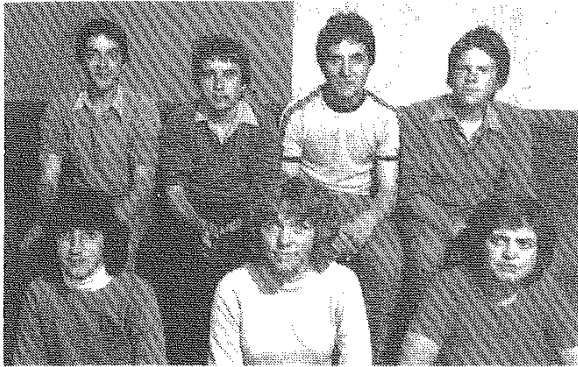
During this year Kerren Carson, Connie Zanes, Trina Pritchard, Mary Doherty, Kerren Ettridge (Capt.), Sharon Marshall, Tammy Labraham, Christine Frisby-Smith, Tracy King, Georgina St. have worked well as a team in competing against other neighbouring Schools on Wednesday afternoons and have won many matches. We would like to thank Mrs. Keast for coaching and encouraging us.

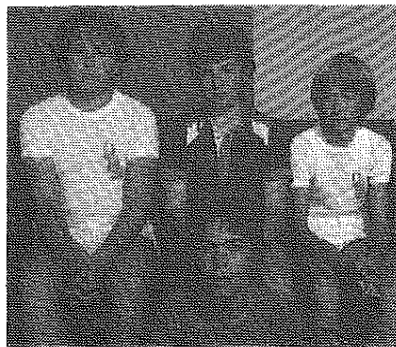
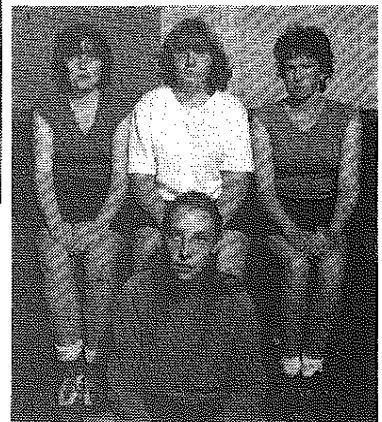
SOFTBALL SCORES WERE:

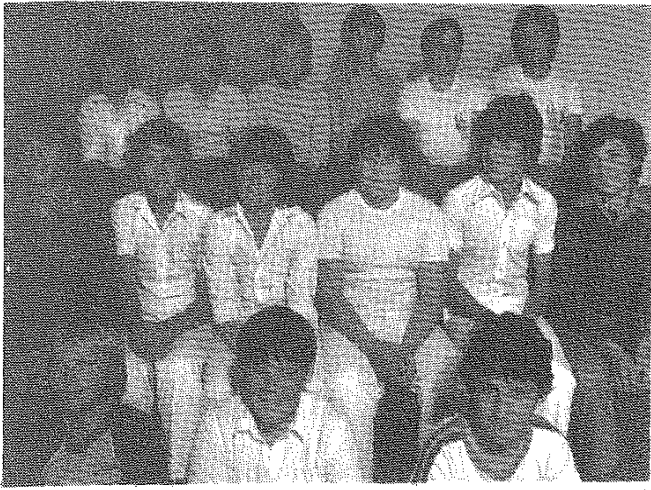
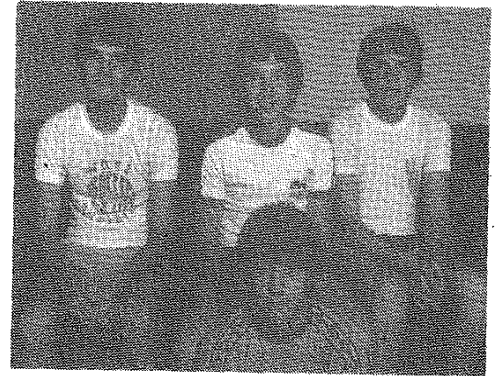
Underdale vs. Woodville
Match Drawn 5 - 5
Underdale vs. LeFevre
Won by LeFevre 5 - 10
Underdale vs. Taperoo
Won by Underdale 6 - 4
Underdale vs. Findon
Won by Underdale 10 - 2
Underdale vs. Kidman Pk.
Won by Underdale 14 - 7

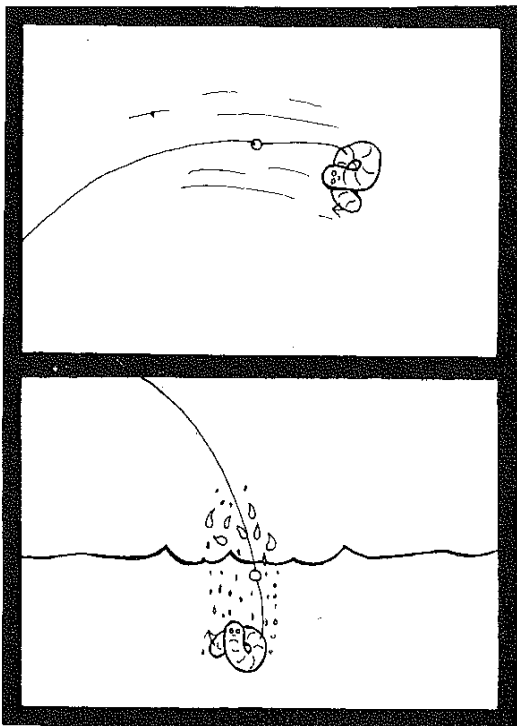
Greg McLeod B1

Kerren Ettridge A5



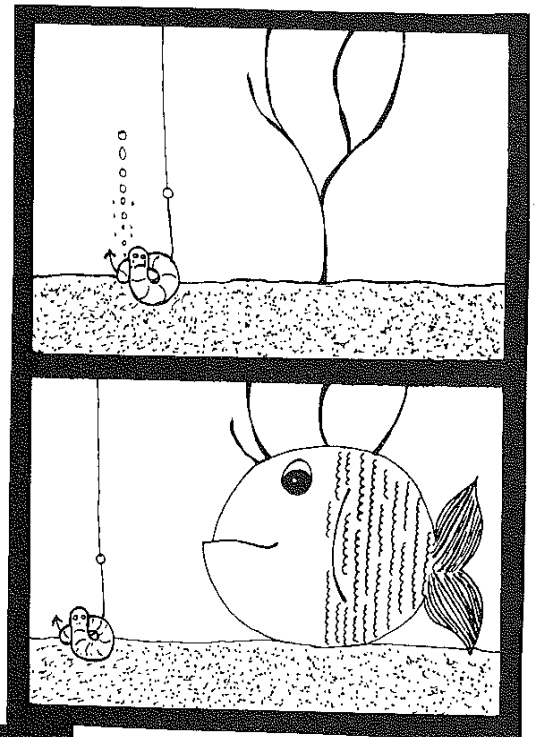






DROWNING
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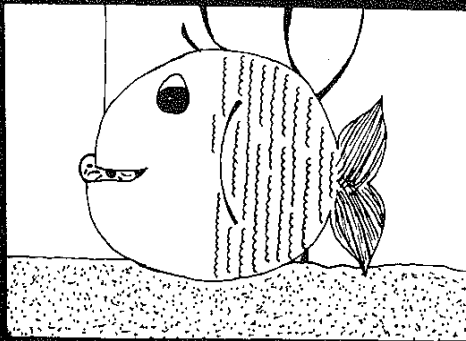
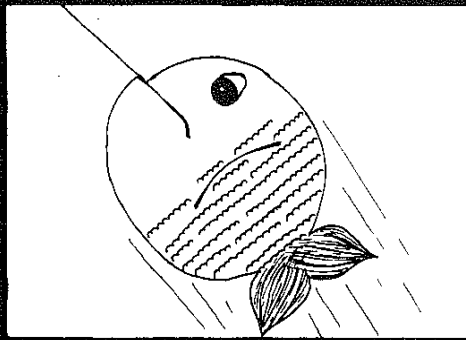
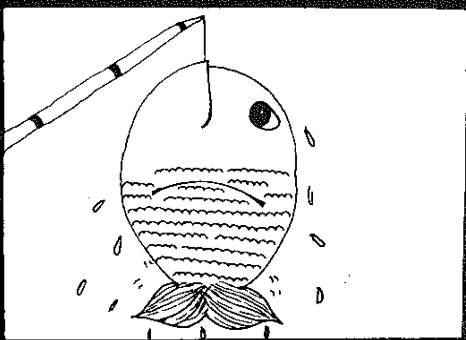
Manuella Semola B2 English



"ABOUT THE OUTSIDE WORLD"

I wish I was out there
To be free,
I would have fun out there
To see the animals
To see the birds
To hear them sing
to see the waterfalls
and to see the water hit the rocks,
to see the busy city
to see all the different people
I wish I was out there.

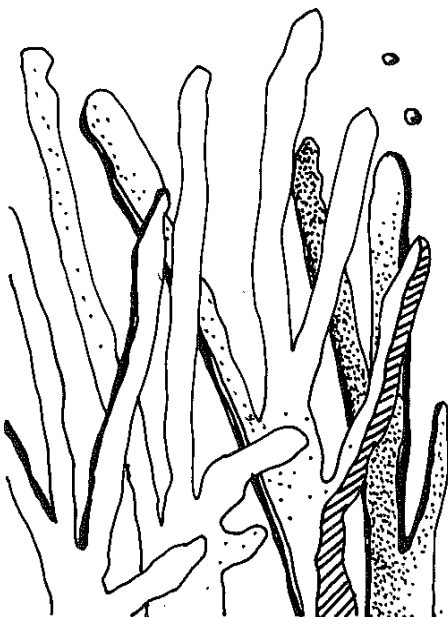
By Annette Williams
First Year English



RETARDED

I am a thorn amongst roses,
A nightmare amidst dreams,
A scratch on a record,
Which may never be seen,
I am a book without pages,
A clock without hands,
A chair in a room,
Where people only stand.
I am a flower with no colour,
A toy with no care
I am a cripple with no love
So give, instead of stare.

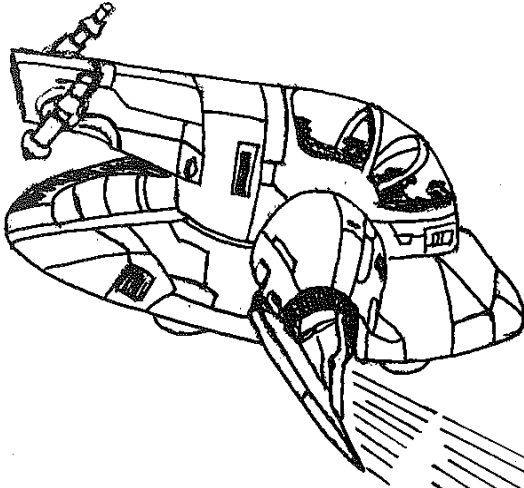
By Laura Naccarelli, B2.



There wasn't a moment to lose,
I rushed to the gun,
he was almost on top,
this was going to be fun!

I flicked a few switches,
and took a deep breath,
when I pressed on the trigger stud,
I put him to his death.

His craft or what remained,
was only an insignificant flash,
I quickly rushed back to the cockpit,
grabbed the controls and avoided a crash.



A JUMP TO HYPERSPACE

by Paul Williams

Dark, lonely, tense, lovely,
dangerous, exciting, rolling, banking,
dimlights everywhere, not all of them star,
they all become streaks of lights,
a sudden jolt and pressure, indicating speed,
then complete darkness engulfed the ship.

NOISE

noise noise noise
noise noise noise
noise NOISE noise
noise noise noise
noise noise noise

Manuella Semola B2 English

LOUD IS

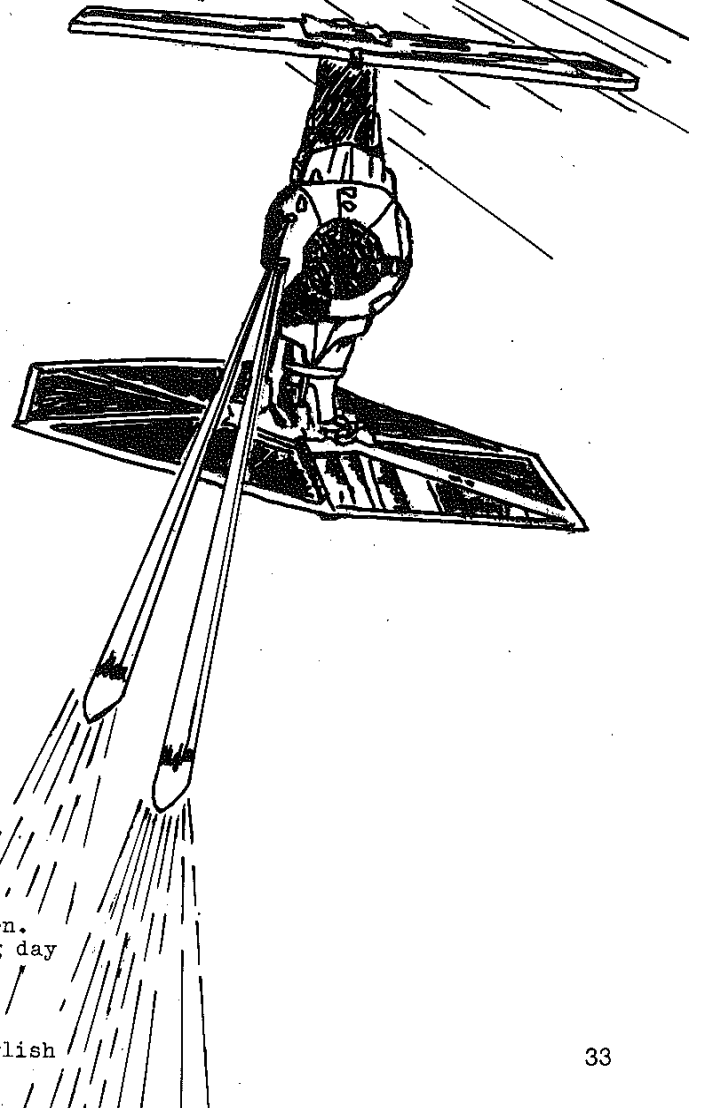
Loud is, traffic in the silent night.
Loud is, planes roaring over-head.
Loud is, the cheer of the crowd.
Loud is, the passing sound of speeding cars.
Loud is, the music at a disco
Loud is loud.

Anne Marsland

REMEMBERING

I will not ever meet you agin,
not in the fires of hell or the peacefulness of heaven.
Maybe if I return to the open fields on a fair spring day
there, would be a small figure in play.
And yes it would be you,
You whom I have forgotten.

Toni Griffith B2 English



BIRDWOOD MILL VISIT

The day started at 9.00 am. When we left the school the rain was pelting against the windscreen. It continued spasmodically all day. However, this did not curb our enthusiasm since we had plenty to do.

On arrival at the Mill the entrance abounded with all types of postcards, key tags, transfers, jars of an antique nature and many other things which tempted the buyer's pocket.

Then into the motor bike pavilion where we gasped and "ooh'd" over Levis, Triumphs, Matchless, A.J.S. Indians, and Velocettes to only mention a few - there was even a penny farthing.

The car pavilion was next with all the shiny brass of the veterans, the glossy chrome of the moderns, and a 1912 Rolls Royce whose chassis had been used for a gate at Mildura before restoration. There were Army vehicles in their Khaki colour, old fire engines and gleaming "M.Gs".

Then into the Old Mill itself to view household effects i.e. cutlery, washing machines, gramophones, organs, guns, aeroplanes, models, swords and telephones, all dating back to an interesting past era, but still remembered. Then into the blacksmith's shop, joinery shop, clothing shop and bric-a-brac shop.

The rain stopped long enough for us to swarm over all the farm machinery out in the yard - tractors, ploughs, stationary motors and horse drawn vehicles. The motorised train, as it glided along its steel track, was the next to suffer the invasion of the students.

Time for a home-made pastie and pie at the antique cafe. Home-made cakes and tea were served by a charming hostess while we warmed ourselves by a pot-belly stove.

The bus then headed for a wood carving studio where we saw carving skills being carried out on locally grown cherry and oak timber.

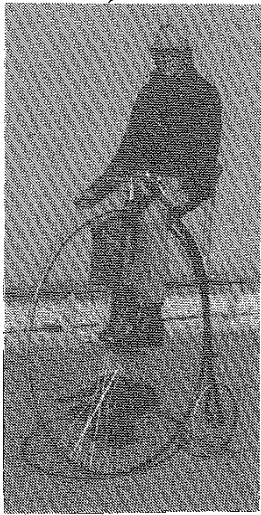
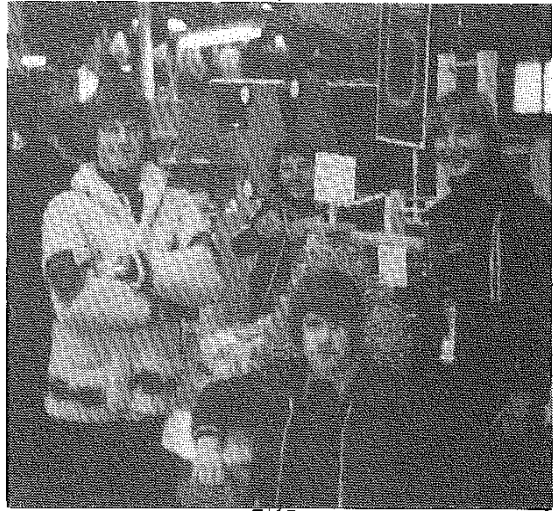
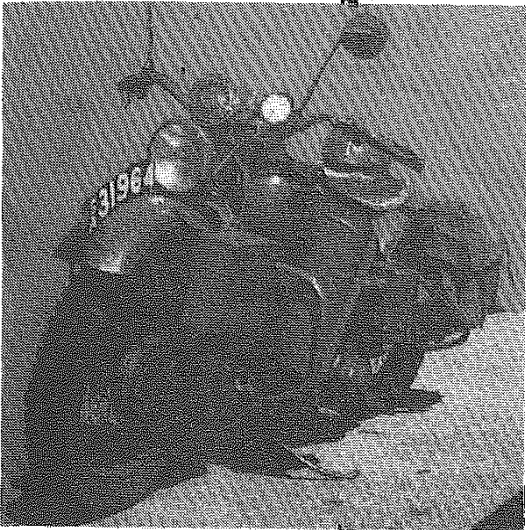
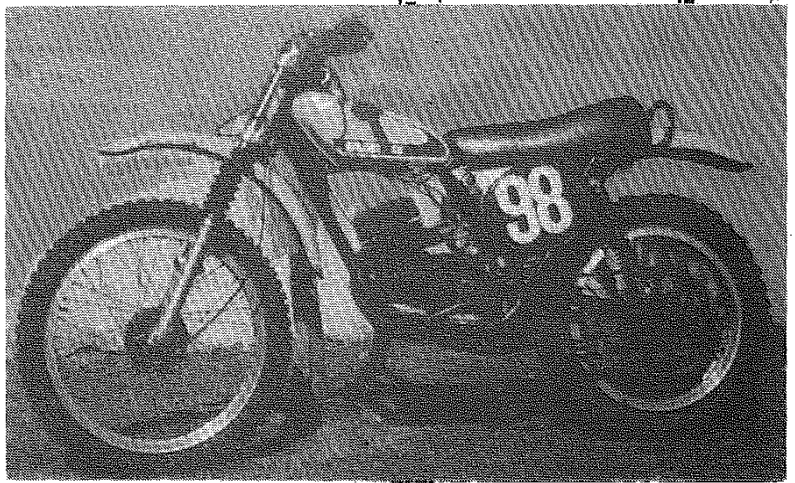
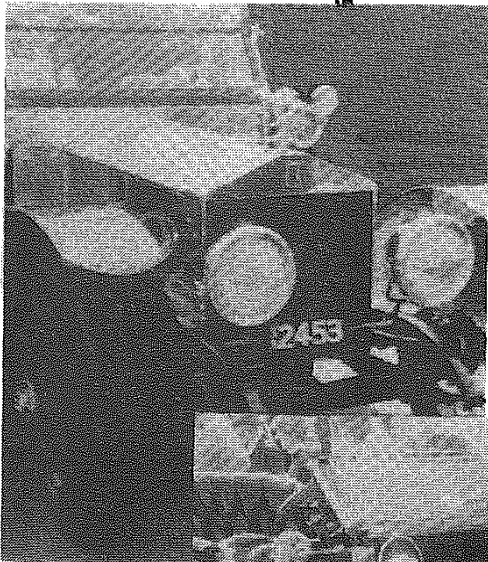
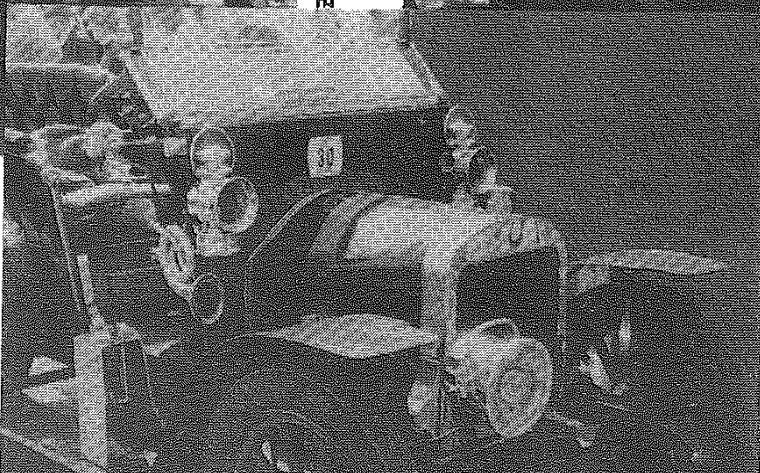
The Toy Factory at Gumeracha was then invaded and everyone was soon engrossed in assembling the various puzzles and looking at prospective Christmas toys.

On to the apple and honey farm. The apple and honey farm was soon minus a few bags of apples when we arrived. Everybody put in 10c, thus giving each person four lovely delicious apples.

Into the bus and off to the Kangaroo Creek Dam site where we viewed the water spilling over the safety channel alongside the dam. The drive through the gorge, with water cascading down the hills each side of the road, set us into a final mood of relaxed pleasure of a good day.

As we turned into the school gate we waved to the other students leaving the school after their hard day's work.

D. Fewster



WORK EXPERIENCE → WORK EXPERIENCE

WORK EXPERIENCE AT A BAKERY!

The work experience which I did was at the Golden West Bakery, where for a few nights I was a baker. This work experience was a surprise for me because I found out that we had to put three choices of jobs which we would like to do. Then the forms went back to Mrs White and she tried to find us our choices. A few days later, Mrs White came up to me and told me that she couldn't get me my first choice but got me my second one of a baker. Then, with a large smirk on her face, she told me that I would be working from 9 o'clock at night to 2 o'clock in the morning. I smiled and walked away.

The daily routine of a bakery involved, first of all, arriving at work and ringing a bell so that the baker could let me in. I would walk in and go to the locker room and hang up my coat. Next I would walk into the main part of the bakery and would help the baker make the rolls. After finishing off the rolls, I would help make the loaves, the round bread, frenchsticks and other breads.

The problems experienced with the job concerned was the baker I had to work under. He had the habit of talking under his breath, of talking with a smoke in his mouth or even a razor blade, which he used for cutting the bread. This wasn't very good because when he told me to do something I could never hear him very well. The other problem which I had was keeping up with the conveyor belt which carried the bread which I had to take out and put into tins.

From my experience from working in the bakery, I didn't learn much except the names of the loaves of bread which I baked. The other main thing I learned was how to fit as much into the oven that you can, and also enable the bread to be taken out quickly.

I recommend that the S.S.C. classes in the future do work experience because it is worth much more if you go for a job interview and you have a reference from a business saying you can work well. I think also that a week at work experience does you a lot more good than a week at school! This is because it gives a look at what is expected of you when you get out into the workforce. It also teaches you how to be quick and efficient and to do things when you are told.

COLIN WEBBER

WORK EXPERIENCE IN A DELICATESSEN

For my work experience, I worked with my dad in his Delicatessen which is in Thebarton. The deli is open 12 hours a day, from 7.00 a.m. to 7.00 p.m.

In the morning, we get people who come in and buy cakes, milk, and coffee. These are mostly factory workers who work nearby. When it is 12 o'clock, the nearby factories (John Drings and Coca-Cola) have their lunch break and before we know it, the deli is full of starving workers, and there are only two or three people serving. Sometimes we get someone with a large order which occupies all of us and leaves so many others waiting.

Between two and three, when everyone has left and gone back to work, we hardly get any customers unless it is someone just passing through who needs some bread or milk or smokes.

At three, the newspapers (NEWS) are delivered and there is a customer coming in every five seconds for a paper, and again at 4, people returning from work come and buy bread and milk. We also get school kids coming in and buying chewing gum, sweets and cakes.

At 5.30 p.m. after the supermarkets have closed, many people have forgotten certain things, so they come in and buy things like ham, cheese and other smallgoods. This goes on until about 6. After that, everything dies down and not many people come in.

At seven, I pack up all the signs and bring them in, count out the money and lock up the doors. My dad then mops the floor and by that time all is done, and it is 7.30 p.m. If there are any empty freezers, I have to fill them up with the drinks that have sold.

This is usual every day, except for Saturday when we open 10 hours and there is no lunch time rush. On Sundays, I work at the deli by myself because the rest of the family goes to church.

Every Monday at 6 a.m. my dad and I go to the warehouse which is only about two minutes drive from the shop. I don't really love working in the deli because it is boring and the hours are long, but it is not bad because there are not many jobs where you can lie down, watch T.V. and eat while you work.

BILL PAPAZOGLU



WORK EXPERIENCE AT THE BARTON D.C.W.

I managed to get my job at the Department of Community Welfare due to the fact that I wanted to do some work that would be beneficial to other people who needed help. In this job, the people who come in need the help that is being offered to them. They come in with a variety of problems and there are many people capable of handling them. The help available varies from plain social work through to Family Day Care for people who need to work to support themselves. I shouldn't say plain social work as this section of work covers many different fields of problems, from runaway children, shop-lifting and truancy through to absconding and arson. It is a very interesting job that requires the full attention of a person and their understanding.

This is often one of the basics that you are assessed on, the fact that you are able to understand their problems and counsel them. One thing that you are not allowed to do, or not supposed to do, is get involved. This could impair your judgement and then you cannot fully realise and complete your work.

While I was there, I learnt that all people have their own problems, not only the poor but also those people high in society can have their problems as well. Many of these people are too ashamed to bring them out into the open and tell somebody and seek guidance, so they can (and do) go unnoticed, increasing in size and difficulty.

I learnt while I was there that it is a hard job, but you have your rewards when you see somebody you've helped achieve something. For other S.S.C. students to go there, or into this field of work, I would suggest that they have several abilities. One of these is that they are capable of keeping confidential information to themselves, and the other one is that they are able to understand the problems placed in front of them and be able to help the people concerned. If other students did go there, it is a suggestion that two weeks be made available as one week is not long enough for people to really get into the work. Also, that more than one person goes there, as with two people there, it is possible to cover twice as much work and experience twice as much.

JULIE BALDOCK.

A CHANCE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE "REAL WORLD"

Quote from the Transition Education booklet:

"Schools can neither create jobs nor influence patterns of employment. They are unable to change the demands of the work-place or many of the social problems that emerge as our society changes at an ever-increasing rate. They can, however, through appropriate transition education programmes, help students move from school and their adult years more smoothly."

More than one hundred eager Underdale High students bravely faced the outside world this year as they launched themselves into work experience programmes across the city.

Students filled out their application forms and showed us the type of work in which they were interested. The Work Experience Staff team then got to work! Mrs. White, Mrs. Prider, Mr. Ellis and Mrs. McLuckie spent many interesting and sometimes frustrating hours organizing the students into their choices.

It was all worthwhile! Results for our students were remarkable and full credit to them for their presentation, enthusiasm and courtesy. Thank you to the employers for encouraging and providing opportunities for our young people.

Some extracts from some of the reports we received.....

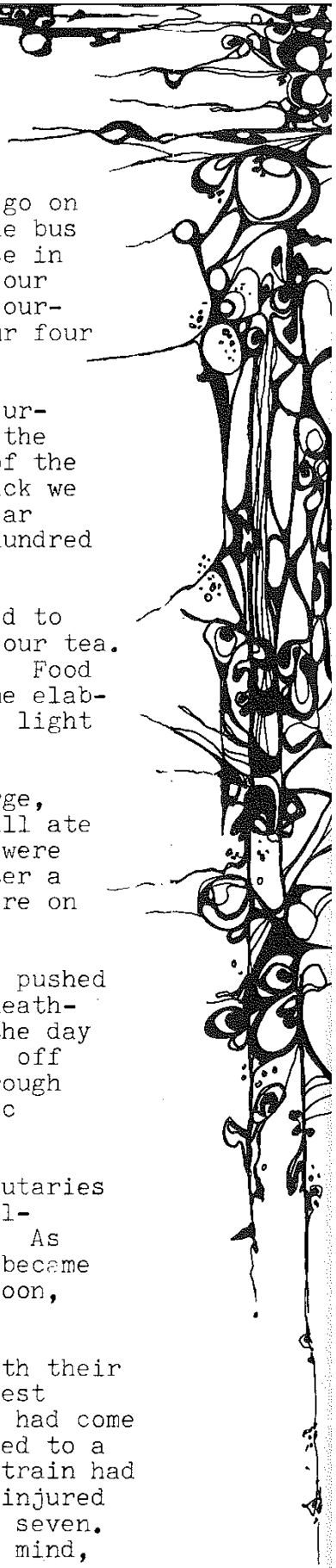
VERY SENSITIVE
TO THE NEEDS OF OTHERS - IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE
TO HAVE HER WITH US. YOUNGER CLIENTS FOUND IT TO
BE A PERSON THEY COULD RELATE TO AND FEEL COMFORTABLE
WITH - EXCELLENT LEADERSHIP SKILLS THAT ARE REALLY
WORTH DEVELOPING
I have no hesitation in
this field of work as
has a great future
recommending her for
I am sure she
is working with

SOMEONE WITH HER PERSONALITY
IN & TAKE PART IN OUR SALON
ACTIVITIES.

Adapted well - worked well
Will give him first opportunity when next a

A very pleasing and courteous
young man. (Full marks!)

IS A VERY GOOD
ENTHUSIASTIC WORKER. HE HAS PROVED TO
BE A RELIABLE KEEN AND HONEST PERSON
AND WE FULLY RECOMMEND HIS SERVICES.



THE ONKAPARINGA STRAIN

Rain threatened the day, as we left school to go on our camp. Not long after reaching the stop the bus came our way, and the trip had commenced. Once in town we changed buses, and were on our way to our destination. After quite an ordeal, removing ourselves and packs from the bus, we commenced our four kilometre hike to our campsite.

Sundews, is the name they gave the campsite, surrounded by the pines. A small walk away from the camp, one is impressed by a spectacular view of the Onkaparinga Gorge. Teacher points out the track we are to hike down, and eyes boggle. It is a near verticle descent which narrowly misses a one hundred foot cliff.

After seeing where we were to hike, we returned to the camp and revived from our shock by eating our tea. Everyone to themselves for cooking and eating. Food ranged from baked beans to T-Bone steaks. Some elaborate students brought gas powered lanterns to light their temporary accommodation.

At day break a spectacular mist filled the Gorge, making it look like a nice covered lake. We all ate well, as we knew we had a hard day ahead. We were packed and ready to leave at nine thirty. After a short check and clean up of the campsite we were on our way.

The hike was rough and difficult. At times we pushed our way through thick undergrowth, or jumped death-defying leaps across moss laden rocks. As the day went on, injuries increased. Students slipped off rocks, were cut. Although the hike was very rough and demanding the Gorge provided us with scenic surroundings.

We passed large cliff faces, moss laden tributaries and large crystal clear be seen. We had a well-deserved lunch break beside a large rock pool. As the day grew older, complaints and grumblings became frequent. At last at about five in the afternoon, we arrived at the bus stop.

We had "beat the bush" and all were pleased with their achievement. We had covered some of the roughest areas in the hills in a six-hour battle and WE had come out on top. We boarded the bus and then swapped to a train at the Noarlunga Centre. I believe the train had never seen such weary bone tired muscles, and injured bodies before. We arrived back in Adelaide at seven. There was one thought going through everyone's mind, that was sleep!

. . . . . **happy holidays**

