

THE PRE CENTENARY  
STUDENT 1982



100 YEARS EDUCATING BODILY ABUSE

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FROM THE FRIENDLY **EDITORS DESK**

The whole crew of us, me and Bluey, in the precentenary year are terribly proud to present to you this, the centenary edition of the RAC student magazine. Many a magazine has come before and many will come in the future, but to us, me and Bluey, this is the edition. Indeed we have done our best to make this an enjoyable edition and we're sure that when you read it you'll agree. We have done as much as we can with what we got, and with what we concocted ourselves to produce the ideal publication. In the true college tradition, student contributions have been normal i.e. unimpressive, and thus we have been called upon to draw from the multiple brains of the magazine committee i.e. mine and Blueys, to extract deficient articles from thier absence.

So we present to you the 1982 Student magazine, in all its entirety, that you may in years to come, reflect upon the good times that college provided in this year. We must stress that this publication has not been approved or authorised by any member of the College Council or any member of the college staff and also we, the editors, are merely coalating articles submitted over the year and will not therefore take any liability for offending articals (we'll give the names of the authors so you can bash them up or what ever). Thanks to Falcon print for their aid and also to Tim Dolan for Student group photos.

The magazine has been published by the SUC, and the College and editors accept no responsibility for it. If you're greatly offended by any artical, scribble it out. If you feel we've missed you out, stiff poo, get on next years magazine committee and make sure you get your picture in. This magazine is one of the few printed on time and we hope you enjoy this luxury as it took a bit of work.

Other members of the magazine committee include

- Brendon Darvenesia
- Sean Sampson
- Duncan Appleton
- Jay Cummins
- Nigel Catt

So happy reading to you all. Enjoy it if you can;

Martin Stokes and Geoff Axford



"Where the Editor is a man with a cane, the Student Body is his Porcupine."

SALUTE

This publication will have a particular place in the hearts of students who will complete their courses at the end of 1982. It will provide them with one tangible record of one important phase of their lives.

For me, this publication will record some aspects of a year in an exciting new position. There have been some disappointments, but many reasons for respect for and pride in Roseworthy Agricultural College and the people who make it up.

I hope that those students who have completed their courses this year will find futures as enjoyable, rewarding, and challenging as I have found the past and, as I anticipate, the future of Roseworthy Agricultural College. My experiences, albeit spanning only a year, confirm that graduating students will owe a lot to Roseworthy Agricultural College as they enter then progress from the next phase of their lives.

Roseworthy Agricultural College and its graduates and its staff have an enviable record of successes in Australia and in many overseas countries in a wide range of different occupations. This year's graduates have a responsibility to themselves, to their colleagues, and to the College to emulate the successes of their predecessors. I am confident that each of them will meet this responsibility.

During 1983, perhaps more than during any other year, Roseworthy Agricultural College will be in the spotlight. A comprehensive programme of activities to celebrate the centenary will attract a large number of visitors from kindred organisations and from the community at large.

I hope that all graduands will be present at the centenary year graduation ceremony on March 25, 1983. It will be of special significance in the history of the College and, of course, of special importance to each individual graduand.

One welcome aspect of the graduation ceremony is that it will provide an opportunity for me, other staff members and former co students to learn how graduates are faring in the next challenges of their lives. I hope that this return to College for conferral of awards will not be the only link graduands will retain with their College. But my experiences and observations suggest that it is not until several years after graduation that former students begin to rekindle a direct interest in their College. I support strongly the work of ROCA and I urge all former students to become active members of and contributors to the Association.

Increasingly the College is becoming involved in short courses, conferences, workshops and similar activities allied to the advanced education courses and research conducted by staff. These activities will provide former students with more opportunities and reasons to continue links with their College. I hope that suggestions for these activities will come directly from former students, and I look forward to the times when our 1982 graduands will achieve success and status qualifying them to be speakers at their College's programme of short courses etc.

Graduates from all educational institutions, including Roseworthy Agricultural College, increasingly are changing career paths. This College, with its programme of short courses etc and its series of post graduate diplomas will continue to support the needs of its former students in a rapidly changing world.

Roseworthy Agricultural College has given the 1982 graduands a good start in their chosen careers. They now share custody of the College's good name and reputation. Those of us who remain at the College wish the 1982 graduands success and happiness in their personal and professional lives.



BARRIE THISTLETHWAYTE  
Director

24.11.82.



PRESIDENTS REPORT 1982

This, our precentenary year, has been a year of difficulty for the College administration and the student body alike. However life was never meant to be easy. (Heard that before?)

With all of the problems we have had in 1982 it is a credit to the more responsible members of the student and staff bodies that we have made as much progress as we have.

The year began a sudden spurge of new introductions to the Roseworthy system. With the ever active Tim Dolan as our first Executive officer, we experienced the beginnings of the Student Union bookshop, bank agency, trampoline and improved gym and recreation facilities.

Next task to tackle was orientation, a daunting task considering the reputation of Roseworthy's orientation. With about half the students opting in and about half taking advantage of the best of both worlds, I would say we all had an enjoyable and often hectic time. Term one continued along very slowly with a few Union shows and very little money expended.

Term two saw the regrettable resignation of our elected president, Norm McDonald. It is at this stage that I would thank Norm for his work over his 3 years at college.

Over the middle months of this year we virtually saw a total revamping of the Student Union. With first year re-elections, the election of a new president, and consequently a new secretary and a new council representative. A difficult task which could only bring more problems, especially with the later resignation of Tim Dolan. I would take this opportunity to thank all people who helped on the Student Union over 1982, it was greatly appreciated. Special thanks to Tim Dolan, a very enthusiastic and college minded person who deserves all the praise that can be given.

Second term with all its changes still had many high points and good times. With a sudden spurt the Student Union committed a heap of money and did launch the establishment of a typing room, an improved off-college students room, the cricket nets and the beginnings of the Volleyball court.

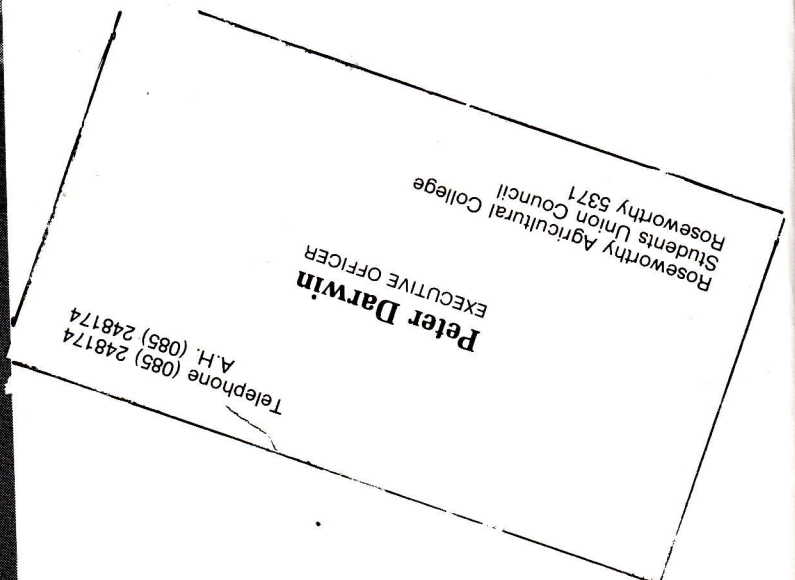
Student Union organised and run shows throughout the year proved very successful. Some of the old Roseworthy special student feeling was rejuvenated with a traditional keg party at the grand stand after second term exams.

Open day 1982 was a daunting task to undertake. An enthusiastic committee and a sometimes sober chairman and publicity officer managed to turn on an event did the student body justice.

Other events which groups of students should be thanked for include the Car Rally, thanks to Chris and Mike, the Droopers, the Open Day recovery and the 1981 and 1982 magazines. In fact, this is a good time to end with a very sincere thanks to the students and staff of Roseworthy College. Your help during 1982 has been greatly appreciated and will benefit the new student body to come.

Best of luck for the future,

Brad Butler  
President SUC.



## RECOGNISE THIS?

Take yourself back into the past, December 31 1931; the first terrible summer of the great depression. (Just make believe if you can't recall it.) The principal of Roseworthy College at the time was Mr Walter Birks, and he has commanded the return of his 60 students to start work on New Years Day. This, as we will see, was very bad timing and showed a lack of administrative forethought.

On the last day of 1931 the students returned to Roseworthy and immediately began organising New Years celebrations. Never to be outdone, the students turned on a typically high spirited show. During the course of the night, bricks were thrown on to the roof of a nearby local hall. Treacle was spread on the bannisters of the college stairway. A bucket of urine was tipped down the stairs.

Next day, as punishment, administration responded by cancelling all recreational leave for the year ahead.

On New Years day it was more than 100°F in the shade. It was in this shade that the students were served fly-blown meat for lunch. Students reacted strongly to all that had occurred by striking. The celebrated students strike of 1932 led to a debate in parliament and a royal commission.

Government of the time found Mr Birks to be 'In the right', though he was retired on a years salary. A few months later, Dr Allan Callaghan (Later to be Sir Allan), then only 28, was appointed principal. For 17 years Dr Callaghan ran Roseworthy College with much success. He never put a 'Must' on the students board and had no significant disciplinary problems. Roseworthy was rejuvenated. It became the staff college of the states agricultural services and helped to lead SA into the new agriculture of the 20th century.

..... Now that you have read this piece of our history, can you pick out the moral. Exactly fifty years later, in this, Roseworthys centenary and pre-centenary years, we have once again a very large problem with student 'Pranks' and vandalism. I would say, as much as harmless pranks are fun, and we can look back and laugh, far too often people and property are hurt and damaged.

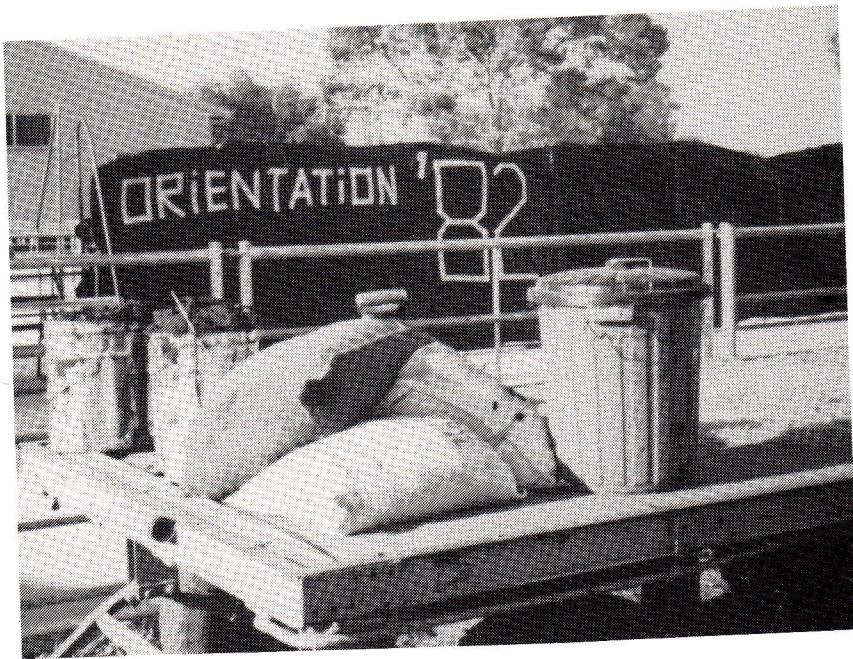
The college administration, the student union, the student body, and all the other people involved at Roseworthy still have many lessons to learn in community living, as I do myself. It does seem that we have made very little progress in fifty years. It is possible that we could all make a very big effort in 1983, our Centenary year, to make this college the great place it should be.

B.M. Butler  
President SUC.

Thankyou Brad, we're sure that these words of advice will be held in the back of the minds of many a student for a long period of time

-the Editors





ORIENTATION 1982 ✕

The orientation program for 1982 was similar to 1981, however in the final analysis it had one major flaw in comparison; The participation and general attitude of the Shits, or new students as they are sometimes referred to as, was far from the desired level. Many piked out of the more arduous ceremonies such as the trials, the steeplechase and the auction but were more than willing to indulge in the more pleasant aspects of the program: This is not good. Others went as far as entirely abstaining from the orientation program altogether. This, in our eyes, is disgusting, and should be punishable by death.

However, those more solid faeces which were able to stand up to what, on the surface, were not at all pleasant activities, such as having handfuls of wet, green Pig excrement flung lustily at them from all directions, came out of orientation feeling truly initiated, and thus rightful inhabitants of this delightful institution. Those that piked out I hope, by now, have regretted this move and if they haven't, they're not very exciting people at all.

Orientation this year was well enjoyed by all us 2nd and 3rd years, who have ourselves been through the stage of being just a shit on the pavement, and I stress that our enjoyment was highlighted by this fact. I thank the Orientation Committee who had a lot of organising to do, and did it well, those students who actively participated in the program, as well as the staff, and the administration who allowed it all to take place. Finally, congratulations to those Shits who, by now, have become second year students, and are thus Shits no more.









### A LITTLE ITEM FOR THE RAC KITCHEN

A fair swag of research is presently being done on the effects of various foodstuffs on the Human Being. In this research, some interesting but frightening statistics have been calculated concerning the effects of carrots on our health and tempremant;

- : 99% of all people who die from cancer have eaten carrots.
- : Most sick people have eaten carrots.
- : 98% of the people involved in air and auto accidents ate carrots within 60 days preceding the accident.
- : 93% of juvenile delinquents come from homes where carrots are served frequently.
- : Of the people born in 1839 who later dined on carrots, there has been a 100% mortality.
- : Rodents of smallish size force fed with 20 lb of carrots per day for 30 days developed bulging abdomens, and got really, really sick.

So the evidence supporting a claim that carrot eating has deleterious effects is undeniable, the acceptance of this fact inevitable. A suggested method of avoiding the problem is to exist on alternative foods, for example Orchid Petal soup.- Historical records show that very few people have had problems with eating Orchard Petal Soup.

So, take care in future when offered carrots, and consider; Do I really want to get sick, or die, or end up doing unpleasant things to baby Starlings? I think, when thought out properly, the only answer is "No thank you, I don't really want any carrots."





Two mindas



Ya blouse



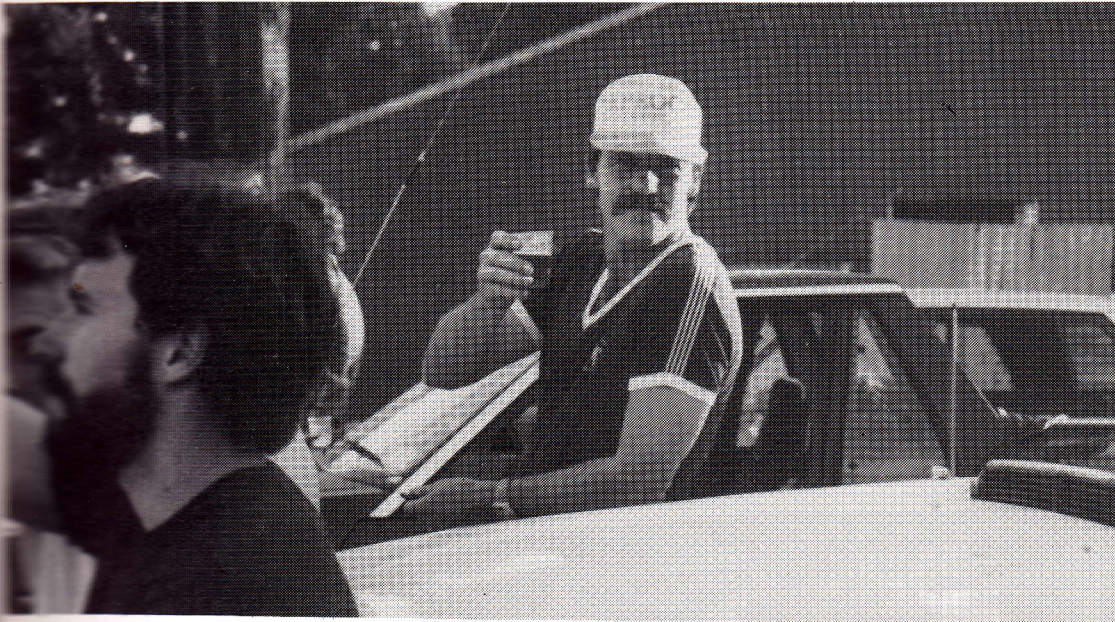
Joe: "lets have a break ----  
lets have a box of Kit Kats."



'll tell dad

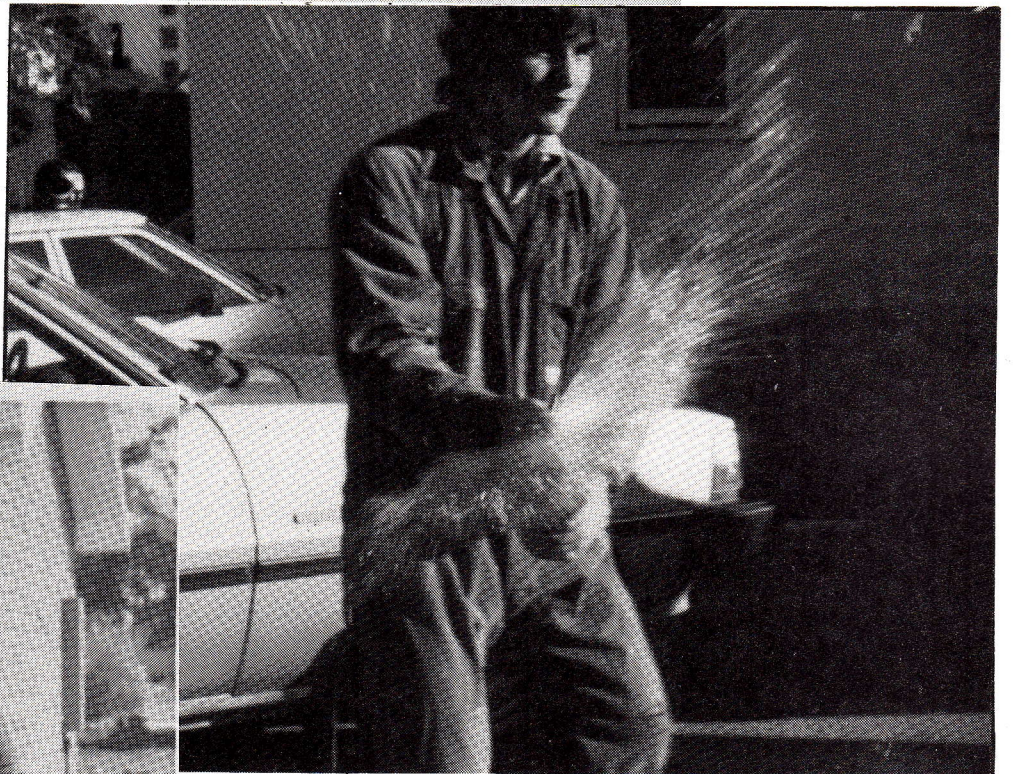


Harry Butler  
catches a  
sparrow.



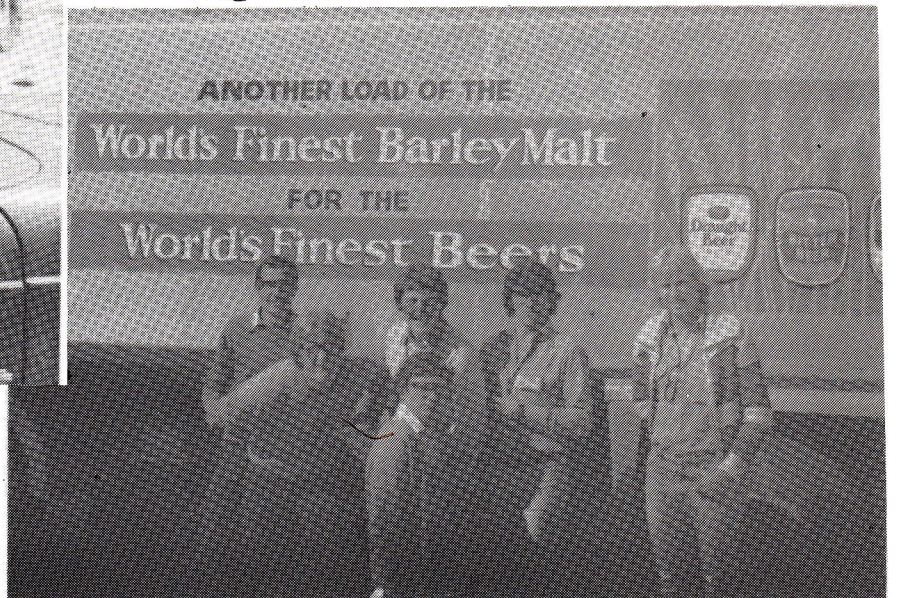
CHEERS  
BWIAN

His huge explosion did  
justice to his massive  
organ.



HOT STUFF !

THE BOYS AT CHURCH



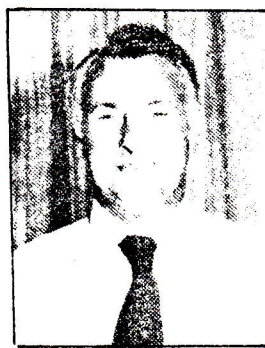
# THE COMPETITION



1



2



3

## THE COMPETITION:

1. Look, what's that Barry?
2. Oh, it's turtles!
3. They'll be allright there, the cute little things!

The above is the winning entry in THE COMPETITION, as described in the 1981 Student. Actually it's not exactly the best entry but the only one. Well done Mr Michael Black.

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP 1982

Well, here we are again, another magazine and so another full year of the wonderful closeness we experience in our close knit, 'family' fellowship. Yes, we have enjoyed this year immensely, as we enjoyed 1981 immensely and hope to enjoy 1983 immensely, too. We have not sworn, been nasty to people or kept guilty secrets all year. In fact we have spent the whole year smiling contentedly, radiating a deep inner confidence. May god bestow warm love over the editors and readers of this magazine,

A Dedicated CF Member.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF PHIL LAW ; THE SAGA CONTINUED . X

Bearded Phil , cool , smooth , calm and calculated , glides down to the Community Club on his slick , speedy , silver locomotive device . Upon entering the Club , he performs his arduous tasks that are expected of the manager to fill the day until approximately bar closing time , when the parade that to him and his ardent followers is his whole purpose in life : THE EJECTION FROM THE CLUB OF THE ELITE MEMBERS BEGINS.

Some 20-25 minutes after closure of the bar Phil makes his first appearance. Often this takes the form of a brief stay near the glass doors of the Club , with occasional glances at his flashing wrist watch . Several minutes later he begins his erotic circuits of the small room . The first few heaters are extinguished with an authoritative **flair**. Throughout these circuits , he is totally involved in the time -glancing frequently at his wrist watch- and the extinguishing of heaters . 29 minutes after closure ; Phil continues his circuits . By now his more ardent fans may have spontaneously burst into songs of praise such as ;

" Phil Law , Phil Law , Phil Law Phil Law Pil Law ,  
Phil Law , Phil Law , Phil Law , Phil Law , Phil Law  
Phil Law , Phil Law , Phil Law "

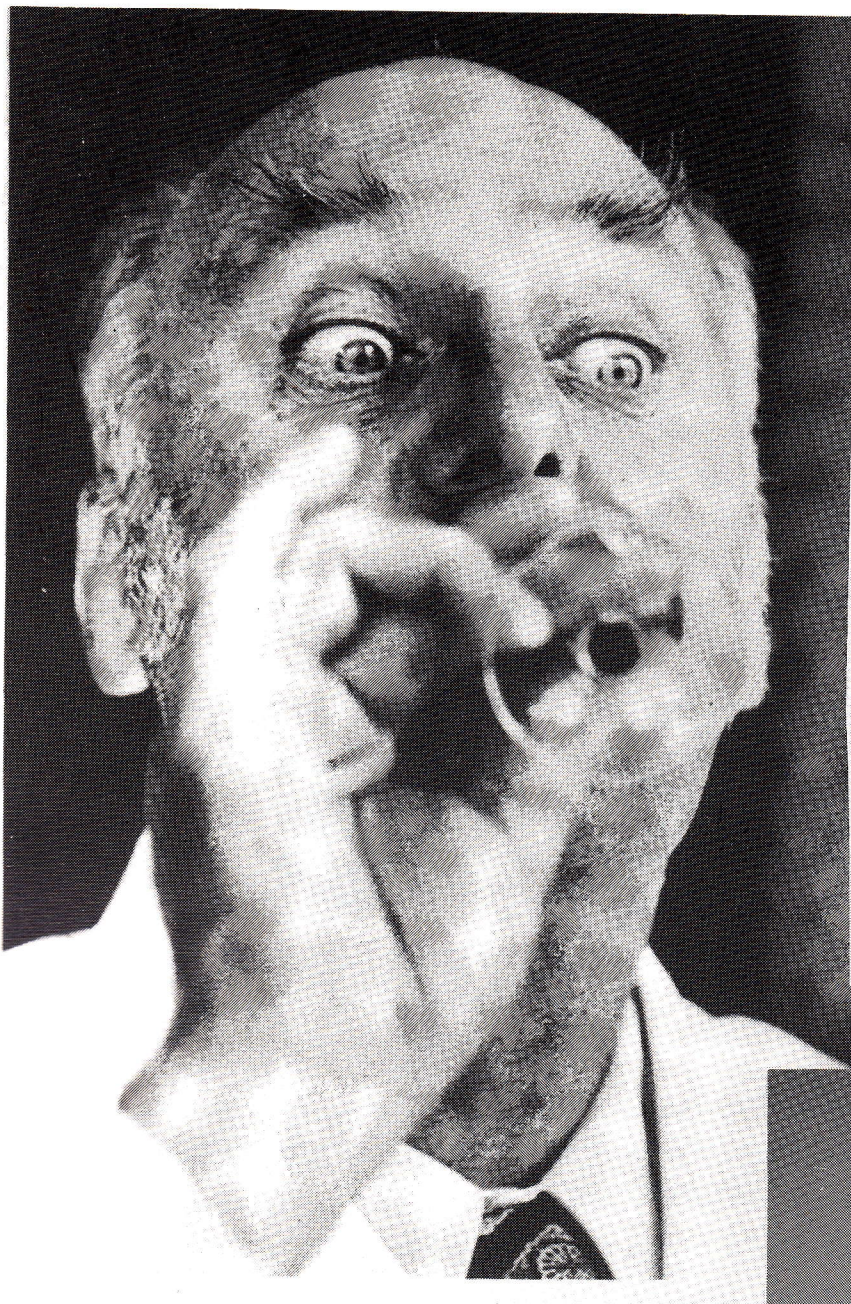
His movements are slick and confident , his bronzed thighs propell him comfortably around the room . His hands flick the heater cords gently , immediately extinguishing the soft , orange glow .

One minute later - the climax . The time has come for ejection . Approaching the table , Phil speaks in rich , soft tones " Whats the time fellas ? " The chant rises to a crescendo , the fans are going wild . Compliments , thinly veiled as insults such as " Fuck up Phil " , are flung to the air . Phil draws it out to the last momentous line, collects the last few glasses , extinguishes the last heater, and then . . .

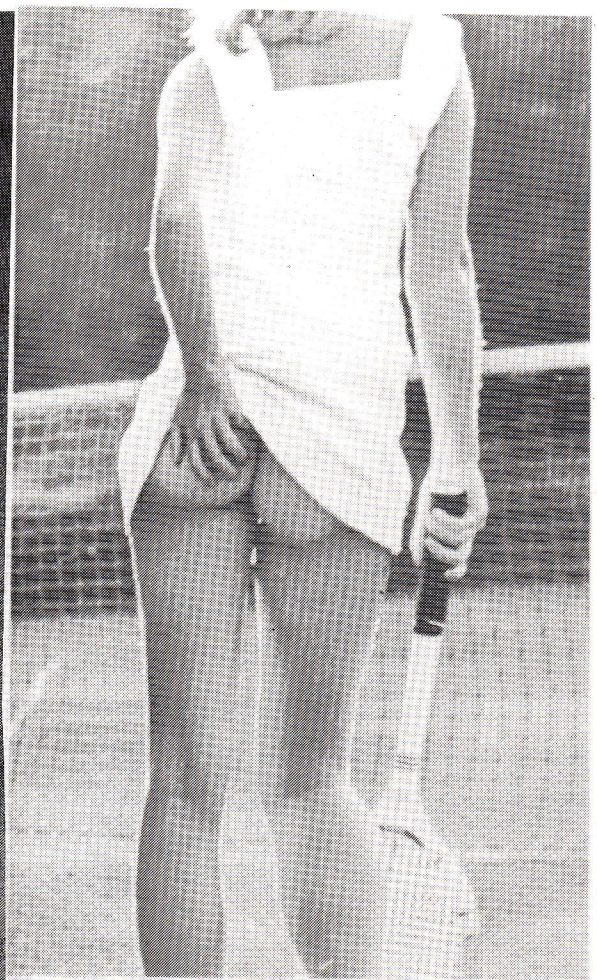
" Finish those beers fellas , it's time to go " : Ah !!- The release , the glory of that one sentence .

The crowd disperses , content and gets pissed somewhere else .

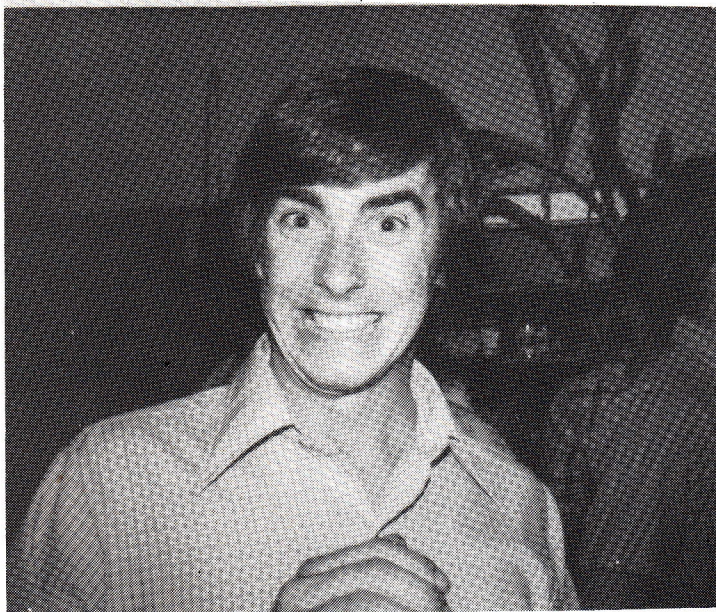




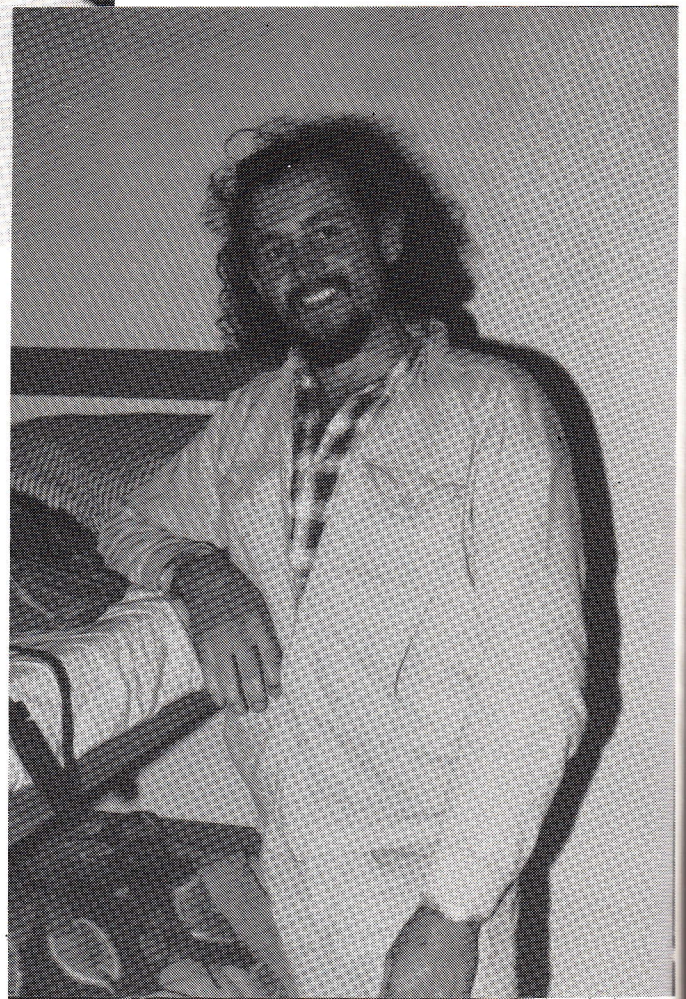
**What is this man doing? Dr. Bryce Rankine always votes with his eyebrows.**



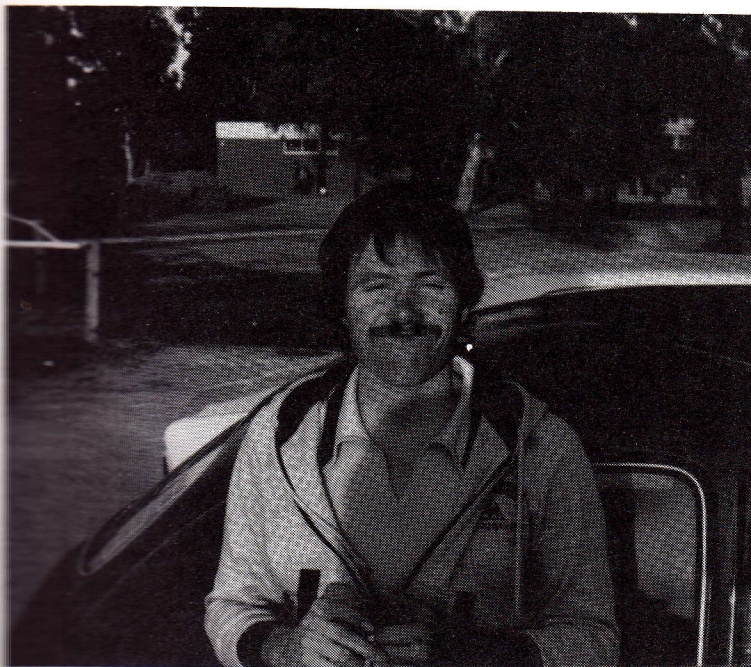
Advantage Summer - or deuce?



"I'm your 1983 president."



"Hey look, a real mattress."



He flatulated, and his flatis lingered  
in the evening air....  
Mavis: "He farted, and it stank."

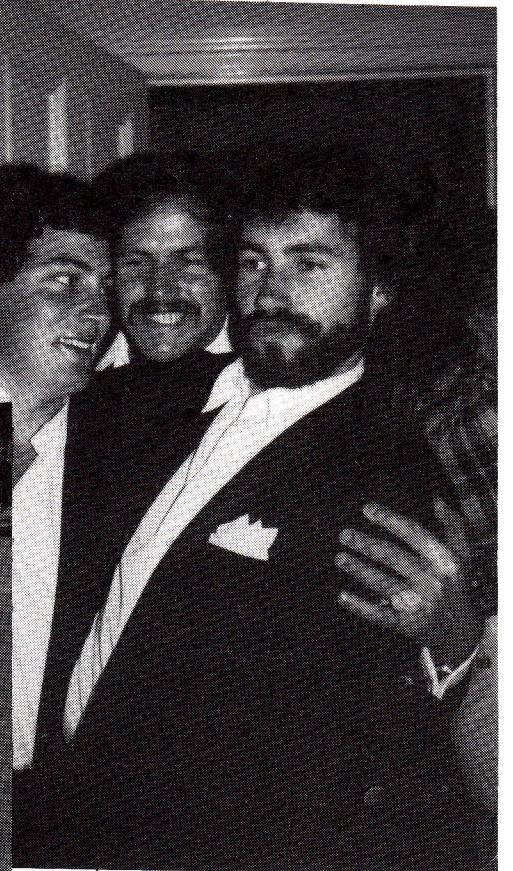


8:00 pm: "It's time we  
wandered off, Mel"



"I've had her twice,  
Suds"

"Have I wiped it clean?"



"Oh, Brian!"

STUDENT PROFILES : SECOND YEAR FARMERS.

DAVID TREASURE: "Daggers."

The sobering influence; Works constantly in his room (The Tabernacle of Knowledge). He smokes, drinks, womanises, and never comes home at all. Is working for the legalisation of Marijuana.  
Hopes; Jesus will return to earth to pat him on the back and say what a good job he's done. That there's no after effects from divinity.  
Vehicle(s): Kwaka 900 and G-pack Torana.

JOHN VIRULY: "Woodly"

John gave us an insight into the continental/european arrogance. He comes from the land of windmills and has forgotten to renew his visa, so he's hiding at the Roseworthy Country Club. He found farmers very hard to take; After a few run ins with mouth Rhode, he found living off college very applicable.

Hopes: That Holland doesn't sink and that he can finish R.A.F.M before he's sent back to Holland.

Vehicle: Brown H.G Holden sedan with built in pom. (Whine)

MILTON JAMES: "Funny little man" "Lepricorn"

Milton can tell you a few good stories about dogs following him home, so if you see a leftover from the flower power era with a black Puma bag, don't hesitate to ask him. He was in our class for 3 months before we realised he could speak.

Hopes: Roseworthy bus will pick him up from his front door. That he can give up smoking.

Vehicle: Souped up h cl Torana.- Metal fleck blue.

JOHN TURNER: "J.T."

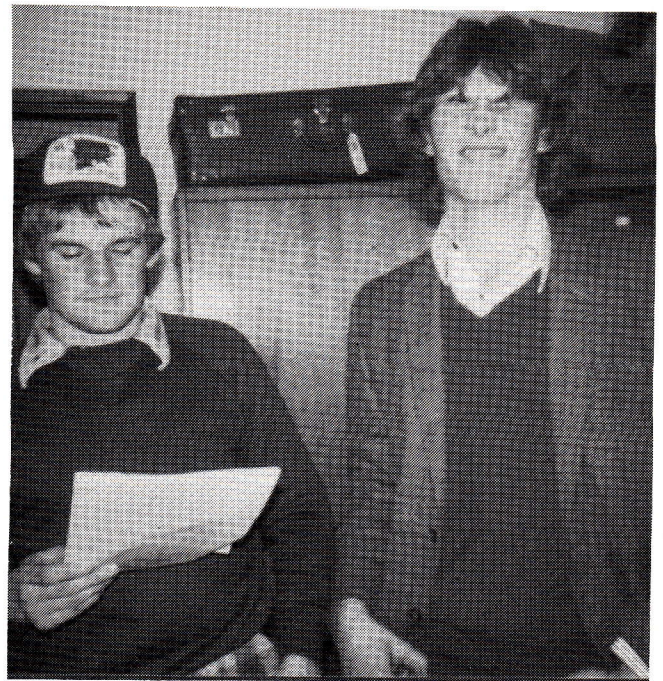
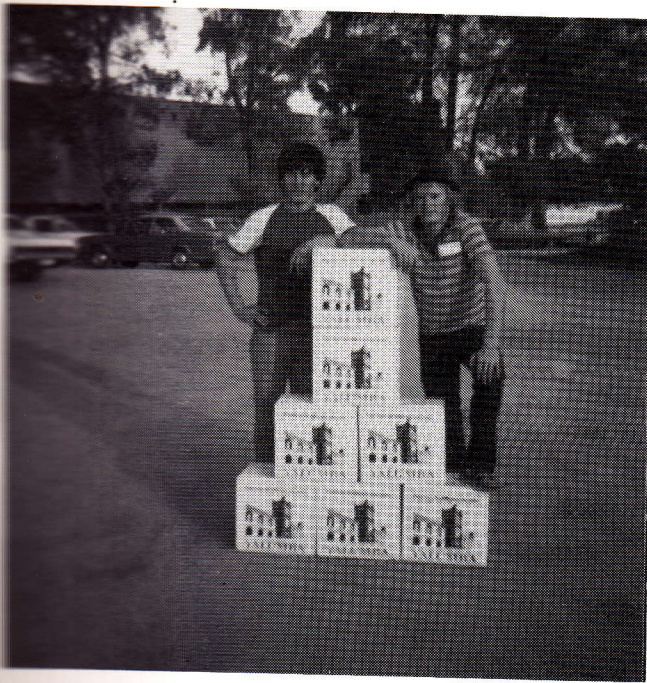
Quote: "G'day mate."

Rodeo king, wears the biggest bloody belt buckles embossed with horsey motifs (and snake skin boots). Often seen with the best looking birds on college: Bronco riding must be an aphrodisiac as he's always in the cot.

Hopes: A girl who can buck him off.

Vehicles: Datsun 1000 - Red with white roof (Keeps down resistance at over 200 km/hr.)





DAVE DINNING: "Dave Dinning"

Nothing abusive as he's a black belt in karate, SIR. Does Dave really do this course? He's never at lectures and the only time he's ever seen around the library, he's driving his brothers V8 Torana L34. Spends a fair amount of time in Perkins.

Hopes: To get a Viz Jag (E type) so he can get to Adelaide before he left and get back before yesterday. It's true: Ask dad.

Vehicle: Toyota Corolla. 4 On the floor with air.

TERENCE OSTERMAN: "Grazy"

Welcome back Grazy. Maybe they'll put you on the management staff. We've seen a certain girl A.P. around your room. -No wonder you have the darkest and dingiest room in block 4.

Hopes: McLaughlans appoint their management board. -Maybe Ian will step down to make way for you, Grazy. Who knows?

JEROME PILKINGTON: "Jeronk" "Smelly"

Quote: Last time I was wrong was in 1963.

When Jerome was built, they fumigated the mold. Has a coke and fantails for breakfast.

Hopes: His leg gets better and to prove Einsteins theory of relativity to be wrong. And to be liked.

Vehicle: Dodge Ute, Grey V.W.

JIM BUEDE: "Busta"

Quote: Could you hurry up and finish your assignment, I have to have it in by 12.

He could wreck anything, drunk or sober. A couple of drinks and he'll go through walls, fridges, and fire extinguishers. Likes girls but that's where the relationship ends,

Hopes: New nasal cavities.

Vehicle: Cortina.

MARK THIBLE: "Teabag" "Tantanoola Golden Boy"

Quote: I'm not going to get tied down tonight.

The man with the largest appendage on college. A very good organiser and has organised a number of girls from various courses into his harem. A mainstay of the cricket win in 1982. -A fine wicketkeeper.

Hopes: He can get a new car and sprog hollow doesn't sink after the pounding the foundations have had.

Vehicle: 120 Y Datsun. -With a good stereo.

DON BAILLY: "Dad"

Quote: What was that he said?

The father figure of the course; The 33 year old father of 3, reformed druggy and band leader turned to new thrills in farming.

Hopes: A couple more kids like Martin. A Sigma Turbo. 25" rainfall on Eyre Peninsula.

Vehicles: Dark blue Sigma Wagon.-Family Car

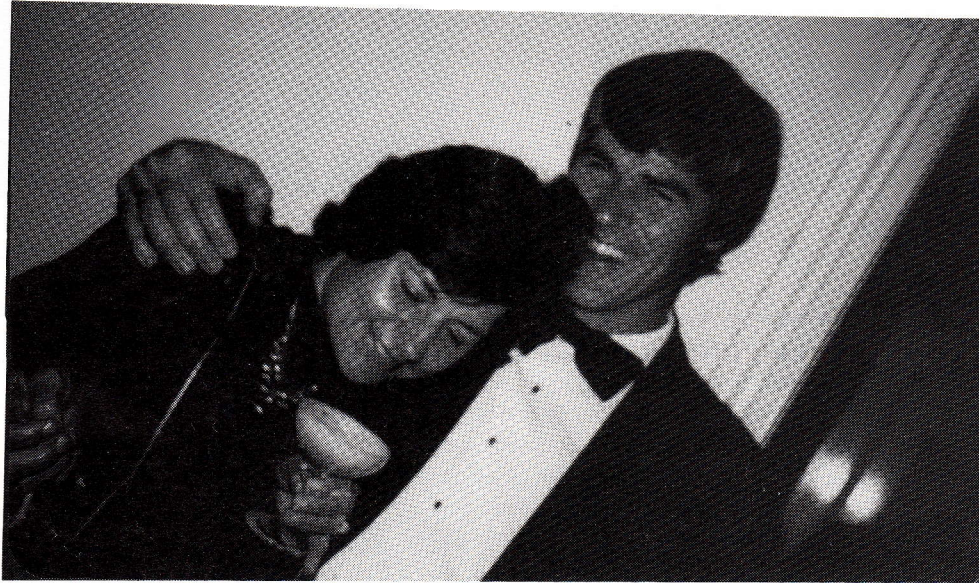
GRANT CRAWLEY: "Grantly" "Crawls"

Quote: Oh, it's much cheaper than drugs.

An uncomparable wit. An argent traveller to Adelaide - Thanks to Jackie. Loves sleeping with Porker.

Hopes: A cure for everything, all aches and pains, in one pill.

Vehicle: Blue top and White HQ whale.



KYM KLEMM: "Block"

Quote: Put one in for me, boys.

Petrol head from way back. Often seen undressing girls with his eyes, loves anything mechanical especially girls.

Hopes: Split system, twin barrel carbs and a full race cam. That

Gladstone rural youth is a free sex, nudist organisation.

Vehicles: XD Ute and Pea Harvester.

IAN MATHIESON: "Mattress"

Quote: (Numerous) Keith is the biggest and best at everything.

He'll be in anything and usually is, but draws the line at scabs.

Hopes: Keith will produce the most lucerne seed in the world, and

Keith wins the grand final. His ute lasts till next Teas cheque.

Vehicles: Thrice rebuilt XB Ute.

NIGEL CATT: "Killer" "Catty"

Quote: I'm going to town.

Likes to slow down on straights and speed up on corners. The man from the Droopers committee who drove to Bourke instead of helping the Droopers. Applied for many jobs but now an unwanted, overqualified.

Hopes: A job, passing Farm Machinery 2 and graduating with the rest.

Vehicle: White Ford XB Ute.

SIMON THORNTON: "Digby"

Quote: I think your'e taking the mickey out of me.

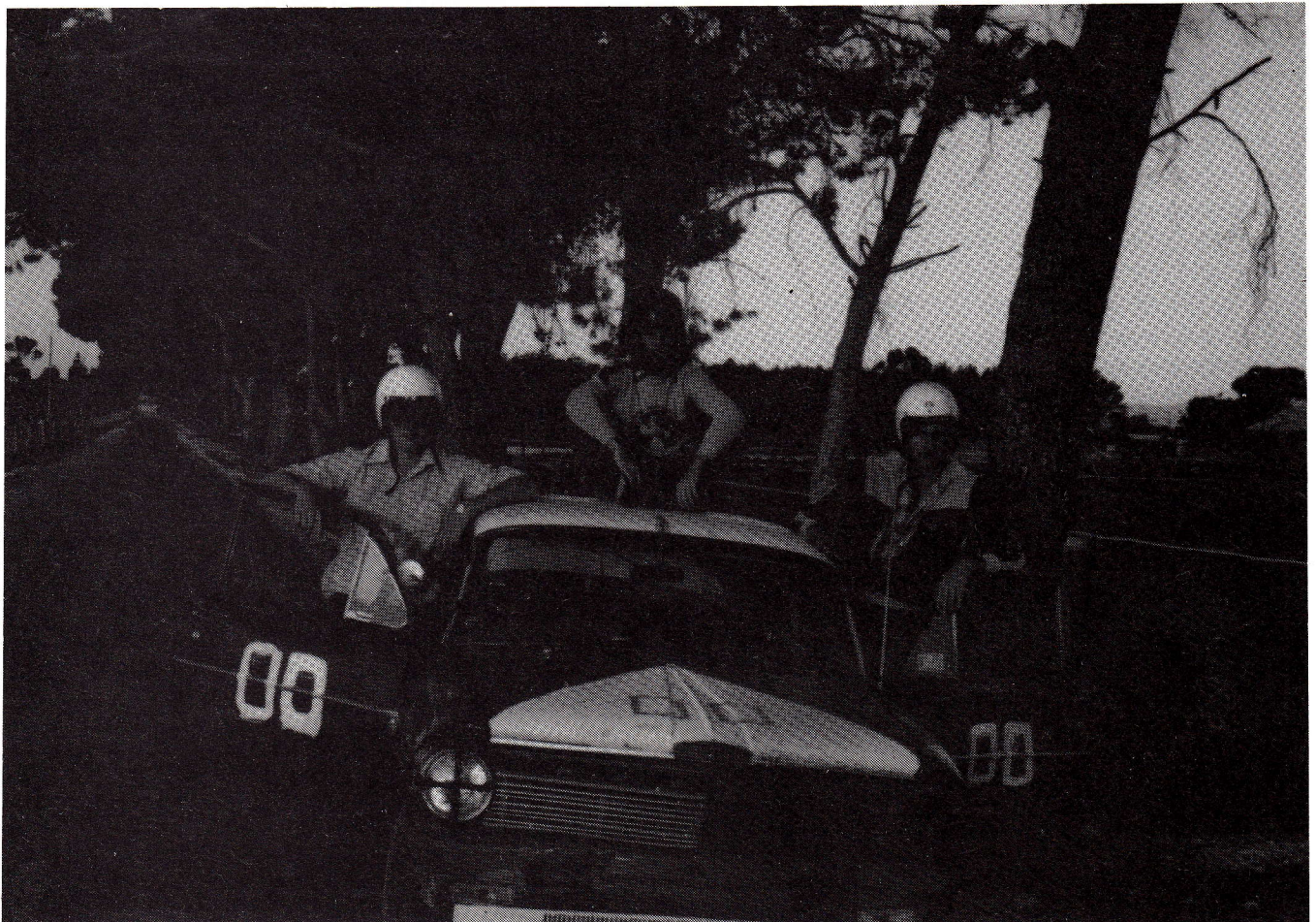
Likes to paint his ute in various colours and wants to produce milk in Dairy Vale. Loves Simones cooking. When Digby laughs, the whole world laughs with him.

Hopes: Langhorne Creek will recognise him as a footballer and inter-course with dairy cows is legalised.

### THE INTERCEPTOR.

Two days before the 1982 Car Rally, Andrew Gay, David Lonie and Sean Sampson were at the Wasleys Pub (as usual) when they heard tell of a car for sale. Thinking that they could use it in the Rally, they asked the car owner for a look at it. After just a brief perusal of the machine, they decided to buy it at the bargain price of \$50,000. The car- a late model Holden- had a 351 chev engine, fuel injection and was supercharged. In addition, it had a 5 speed heavy duty gearbox with a final drive ratio of 1: .0002. Mr Gay put up the \$50,000 and the newly formed members of the A.P. Dealer team took the car to College. Once at College, Mr Gay and Mr Lonie decided that the car was slightly underpowered for the job required of it, so they proceeded to make several modifications to the vehicle such as boring the engine out to a 425 and adding several scoops and spoilers to increase the aerodynamic stability of the vehicle when it hit 200 mph. Once the car had received its new paint job, administered by Mr Clarke and Mr Edgerton, the Interceptor was born, and was ready to win the Rally.

On July the fourth, Car Rally day, they started the Interceptor for the big day. Mr Lonie was to drive the first 50 miles and he, together with Mr Gay, Mr Clarke, Mr Edgerton and Mr Nipress climbed through the windows of the welded up doors and Mr Lonie drove the Interceptor around to the start of the 1982 Rally. Joining the end of the que, the car was immediately set upon by hundreds of other dissapointed competitors who realised that they had no hope. Despite their best efforts the members of the team could not prevent minor damage caused by sabotours trying to remove the sure winner.





As the car moved forward up the line, smoke could be seen pouring from the madly spinning 12 inch low profile propellers. Once at the start line, the members of the team donned their racing helmets and specially designed asbestos racing suits and climbed into the Interceptor. As the starter counted down the last 60 seconds, Mr Lonie pressed the starter button and switched on the fuel booster. The engine fired immediately and settled down to a throbbing roar, while the members of the team strapped themselves into the Jack Brabham, wrap around bucket seats. The starter was down to 10 seconds and the immensely powered engine began to rev. At 5 sec the engine was revved up to 12000 rpm and the members braced themselves. At 0 the heavy duty caterpillar clutch was engaged, and smoke began to pour once again from the pirellys. The Interceptor tore away from the starting line, leaving the spectators gasping for breath as the smoke engulfed them. As the car roared around the roundabout, the screaming of the engine was punctuated by a shrill whine as the supercharger was engaged. At the end of the drive the cross ventilated 4 wheel discs were engaged and the belt running the supercharger began to slip. Mr Gay leapt out and fixed the problem and as he climbed back into the Interceptor the clutch was engaged and we pulled out onto the road. Once on the road Mr Lonie opened up the throttle and cut in the supercharger again. The Interceptor was 40 yards up the road with the wheels still spinning when Mr Nipress saw a police blockade across the road, and the car began to slow. It stopped, as Mr Lonie pulled to the side of the road, and the police approached.

It seems that the secret had leaked out as to the power of the car and the police had been notified. The members were fined \$400 for unregistered vehicle, \$200 for noise pollution and \$1000 for speeding. Thus the race finished for the brave A.P members, and the Interceptor team was disbanded. The members all went their separate ways, but were reunited in a meeting celebrating their attempt in the 1982 Rally. Read on for an account of this meeting;



### THE INTERCEPTOR SHOW.

And so life returned to normal for the intrepid A.P Dealer Team, at least for a little while. Then one quiet afternoon, a few weeks later, the decision was made. Adrenalin coarsed through the Team's veins, and their pulses quickened at the thought: The Interceptor would be taken for it's final drive.

Quickly the members of the team gathered at the secret workshop which had housed the car since the Rally. They donned their asbestous suits and racing helmets, and slowly removed the covers from the stream lined form. They then clambered into the car, and strapped themselves down securely. Mr Lonie was, once again, to drive. He turned the key, the ignition lights blinked on, and the high pitched whine of the electric fuel pumps that primed the supercharger could be heard. The key was turned still further, and the awsome beast roared to life.

Soon they were hurtling down the dusty track that ran behind the dump and had crossed the Mallalla Rd in seconds. The car purred along effortlessly. As they reached the Sandtraps turnoff, Mr Lonie began slow deceleration, and an evil grin spread across his face. The corner negotiated, he cut in the supercharger and changed down to second, giving the Interceptor it's head. The team sank into their seats, and beads of sweat moistened upper lips. The roar of the car became a scream, and then it was in third. As the speedo just passed 180 mph, it happened; A sand patch. The Interceptor swerved first left, then right, and.....

As the dust settled it was clear what had happened: The Interceptor had run off the road and become airborne, over a bank, crashed through three trees, landed, skidded sideways, and rolled 15 times before finally becoming at rest in a perfect spot for a show. After a quick show of hands it was unanimously decided that seeing everyone was alive there would be a show to celebrate.

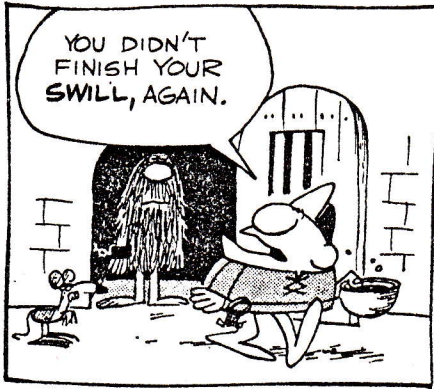
Due to their extraordinary organisation skills, Mr Gay and Mr Edgerton were to get everything together. And so it was that at exactly 5.03 pm the first keg was tapped, which marked the beginning of what was to be a fairly horrible weekend. From 5.30 onwards the guests arrived, and were met by the intrepid A.P. Dealer team looking debonair as ever in their elegant dinner suits.

The beer flowed, and the people were happy. Then the food was brought out. A few people began eating, but it soon became the inevitable food fight. The tapping of the second keg began to separate the men from the boys and towards the end of it, the horse tarts began to retire, the Plonkies gathered their coats and handbags, the Nat Rats went home (Claiming that sleep, too, was a natural resource.) and the others drank on. When the third keg was tapped, it was realised that those who were unconscious outnumbered those who could actually stand, and so drinking was adjourned until 7.00 am the next day.

After a quick dash into college for breakfast (In Doug the Bug), drinking continued until about 3.00 pm during which time some fairly strange things happened. The Interceptor show had been a great success. So much that two third year Aggies, so impressed with the show and the events behind it, went out to try and start another one. However the hospital staff would not allow booze in the wards, so the idea was called off.

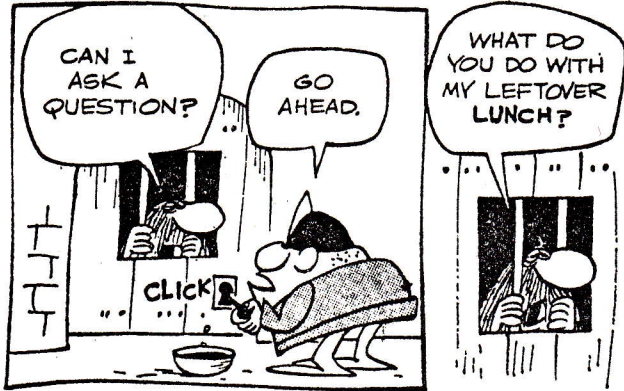


Dear Editor...



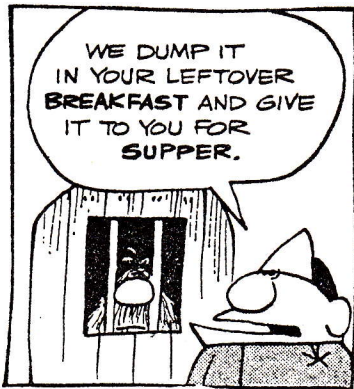
I saw jolly Droopy  
With a jolly gun  
Walking in the country  
In the jolly sun.

In the jolly meadow  
Sat a rabbit there  
Saw the jolly hunter  
Took jolly care.

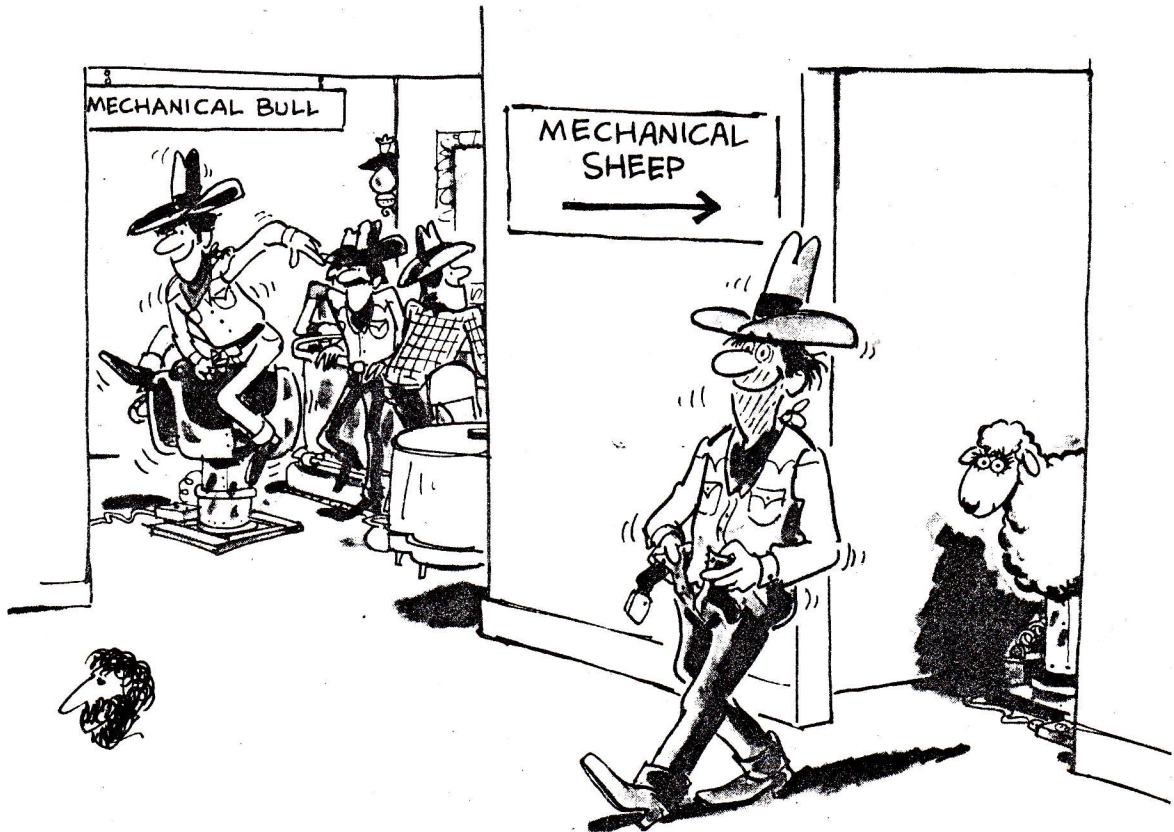


Hunter jolly eager  
Sight of jolly prey  
Forgot gun pointing  
Wrong jolly way.

Jolly hunter jolly head  
Over heels gone  
Jolly old safety catch  
Not Jolly on.



Bang went the jolly gun  
Hunter jolly dead  
Jolly rabbit got away  
Jolly good, I said.



### THIRD YEAR AGGIES PROFILES

JANICE ALTMANN: Over the three years Janice has miraculously retained a reasonable level of sanity . This can be attributed to her ability to shake off any shit flung her way . Her characteristic whining voice is a contrast to her composed appearance , as in her shearing ability ( ask Cecil ). In a few years time we probably hear of Janice as the gun shearer of the Riverland or fixing Brian Skinners broken hockey sticks.

JAMES ALTMANN: In his first two years at College Pecker was a sure contender for the R.A.C. animal award - his list of accomplishments include leaving skid marks on windscreens and shampooing Phil Laws hair from a Mezzainaine height . His football career has suffered over the years as a result of blows to his person which the female trainers could do nothing to help ( much to his disgust ) . Hamstring problems also occurred but from which a nickname failed to arise . James was always an active participant in the eradication of full flagons of Port and the like , as well as vaccating his senses as a result of some silly herbage .

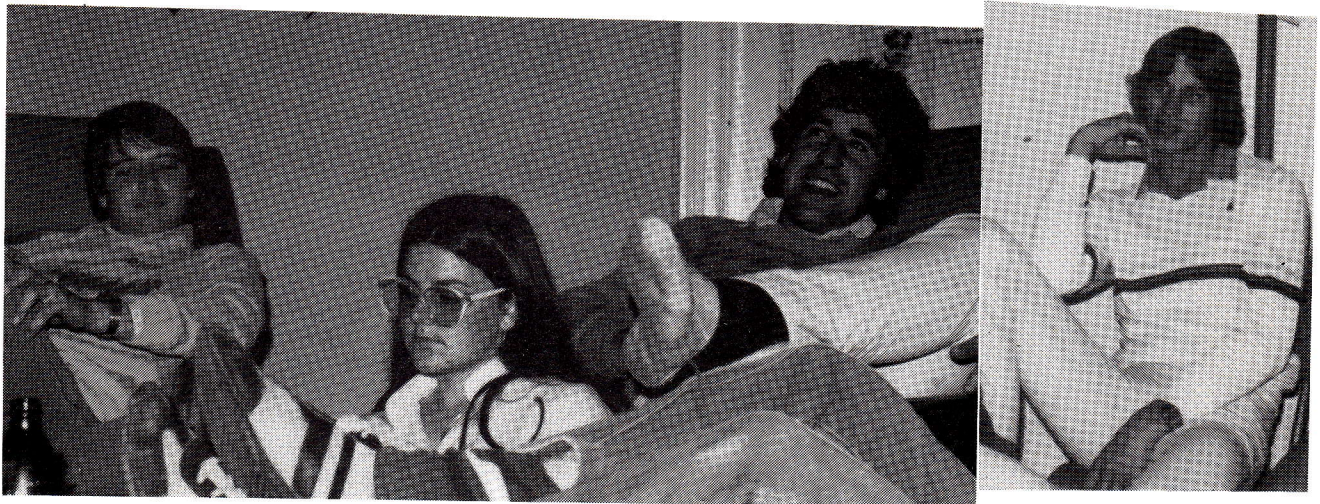
However in his last year of College , James attempts to clinch the award fell flat ! Under the guiding thumb of Merridy Pearse ( and to the relief of Pam and Frank ) Peckers social activities have dwindled due to his nocturnal commitment. In the future it is likely that James will seek employment chipping headstones in the mid northen town of Clare .



JOE MABBARACK: Voted the most friendly, real human being on college, Joe is the type of beautiful person you see in coke adverts. Joes attempts to clinch Oddballs record for staying at college were, in their early stages, commendable but this year have been really poor. In fact, the fool may even graduate this year! (Beaten by Barb and Snowy). With an attitude like that, it is no wonder he failed to make the college footy side. It certainly wasn't his football ability which was in deficit, as his C grade encounters prove. Joe had the uncanny knack of claspng balls on the horizontal. It is rumoured that Joe has a job with Rexona, testing deodorants for persistence and quality characters.

MICHAEL TEUSNER: Teusy wins the Christmas Bowl Appeal award for being the most generous person on college in 1982. Teus was always willing to pitch in an extra buck or two for a keg. Such a blase attitude with his finances was a real example for tight asses. (Pigs arse.) and it was a rare occasion that one had to ask him to contribute. Teusy will undoubtedly find his fortune in winning Southern Cross Rallies, unless he prangs and kills himself.

RUSSELL MEADE: The Wog. Meady started the course in great stead, somehow capturing the heart of the temptress, miss Karen Dezwart. (God knows how, as many others tried in vain). In his early years, Russell was a social megastar-Drooper Footballer, keg demolisher and so on. In his later years, with Pubes and Priestry gone, poor Russ was left vague and indiscreet. Leaving Perkins, he shifted off college. He just couldn't care; He had his moke, he had his *free-ee-dom*. Russell has left quite an imprint in the minds of his fellow students (His hairy brown arse) and three corner jack holes in Lisa Clanceys bum. His footballing ability will also be very dearly missed. Russell's future is uncertain, market gardening I guess.



DARRYL HIGGINSON: Poor Darryl.-This wreck of a human being arrived at college in 1980 as a social outcast. Liked by none, never had a girl, physically decrepid, pity was all that could be felt for this retarded figure of a man. His sporting attempts were met with ridicule, he had absolutely no idea at the games of Football and Basketball. Over the years we think he has made one or two friends, so he's decided to remain for another year, (He deliberately failed), We wish him well but, honestly, who could employ such a freak? Please, those girls who do come in contact with Darryl in the next few years, try to help him through though he may be thoroughly obtrusive.

TIM VAN LOON: The Flying Dutchman. In the early years, Tim spent more time in town than at college, but Mel soon quelled this habit. Nowadays it's rare to see one without the other. Tim maintained a solid footy career over his last two years. It's suprising what such a skinny pair of legs can take, the barrage of blows he recieved being shrugged off gamely. Tim will spend his working time on big tractors, but he'll be shooting back to Gawler fairly often.

GEOFF AXFCRD: "Bluey" was both the most sought after megastar on college and the most badly organised slob. Women from all walks of life tried in vain to catch this red-haired bombshells attention but his philosophy only included one night stands. His football and basketball skills were well matched by his drinking and sculling ability. His bedroom has been a well known chundering place for many a maiden in despair.

"Black Axy", (Son of a french gutter slut and an Australian bastard) was so badly organised that arriving an hour late to a semi final Basketball game, not remembering a dinner invitation and being at least five weeks behind in study commitments was nothing unusual. Blueys most memorable occasion this year was having a \$2 note which he didn't owe anybody. Geoff's future lies outside the High-bury CES office (If he remembers where it is) or engaging as a drunken trampoline instructor at the Highbury kindergarten.

MAX YOUNG: Max's legs and backside were considered so desirable by the opposite sex that he was continuously approached to be a nude centrefold in a ladies magazine. Unfortunately Max could not risk being gazed at by girls who were single and so declined the offers and continued his pursuit of "attached" females. His ability to "cut a lunch" was so well known that in the future we may well see Max opening a very successful chain of sandwich shops.

On the football field, Max drove his opponents to insanity by continuously bumping into them, pushing them over and generally giving them a hard time in a very unconventional manner. Max "doesn't drink" and "prefers dry shows" but was reknowned as one of the founding members of the keg demolition squad. Unfortunately these effects were felt the next day, and the plant breeder paper bags were found to be useful sick bags.



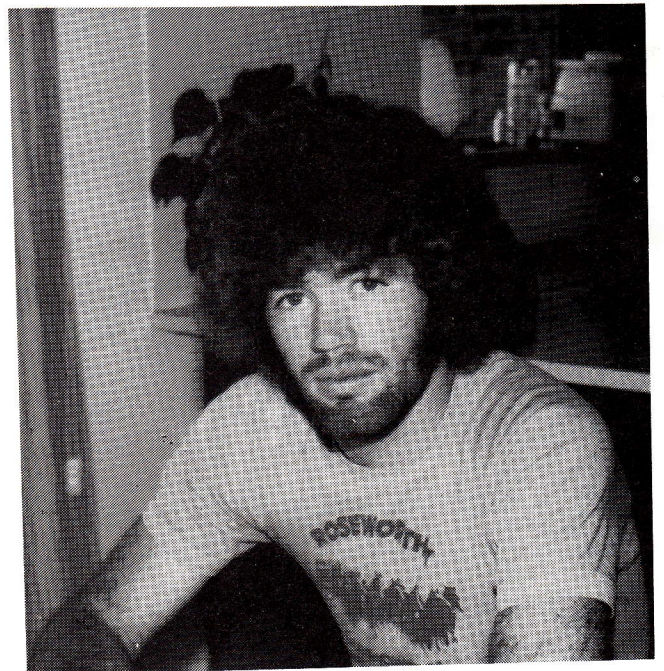
STEVEN BROWN: Steve is an extremely nice boy. He's quiet, rather shy and an excellent sportsman. He has been heavily committed to the Christian Fellowship over the three years and frequents church on Sundays. Congratulations Steven on completing your course and best of luck in the future.

(This profile is really nice because you cop heaps of shit later on in the Mag.)

GARRY JAMES: Arrived straight from Urbrae and still wears the uniform; green jumper and big nose; everywhere. From the start, Garry has had a case of Blacksticker fever, snatching up any reference even remotely associated with assignments. Consequently his GPA has suffered (Apparently it's over three). At college, Garry was the driving force behind establishing a branch of the Blackwood Korf Ball, but there weren't enough limp people around. Garry is most colourful in the shearing shed after defleecing (Or sort of) his fourth lamb. The transformation is quite amazing, as he strikes up a verbal argument with his quarry, tending to skin rather than shear the poor sheep. Garry will either get a job in the Department of Ag. or commit suicide.

LYNDSAY MILLER: Lyndsay, this warm blooded hermaphrodite, (not really) was throughout his entire time at college, clad in no less than 4 jumpers, 3 shirts and a singlet. This array of clothing only came off for showers and Tony Carter. Lyndsay has a fetish for "Most improved player" awards, moving from sport to sport after winning the respective trophy. He has, however remained at least partially loyal to the C grade competition, in which he scored quite well on the goalkicking table. Never before has a human being singularly produced so much hair, it's a pity so much genetic potential has gone to waste. Lyndsay will be going back to Mildura where the warmer temperatures will allow him to remove at least some of his jumpers.

SONYA MARTIN: Sonya was the other remaining half of the female quota for 1980 to 1982, but Sonya made it another way. Miss Martin has represented the college in many upper social functions around the state, but still managed to indulge with us in a couple, in the absence of a Wompie or Plonkie. We all wonder why Tony Dunne gave her 10 for her last essay, god knows it wasn't for her writing. Sonya has developed a knack for being the perfect lady or the perfect snob, depending on the occasion and the company at the time. She will find something to do when she returns from Canada (I wonder if she'll pick up a mountie). For updates, just look for her photo in the stock journal.



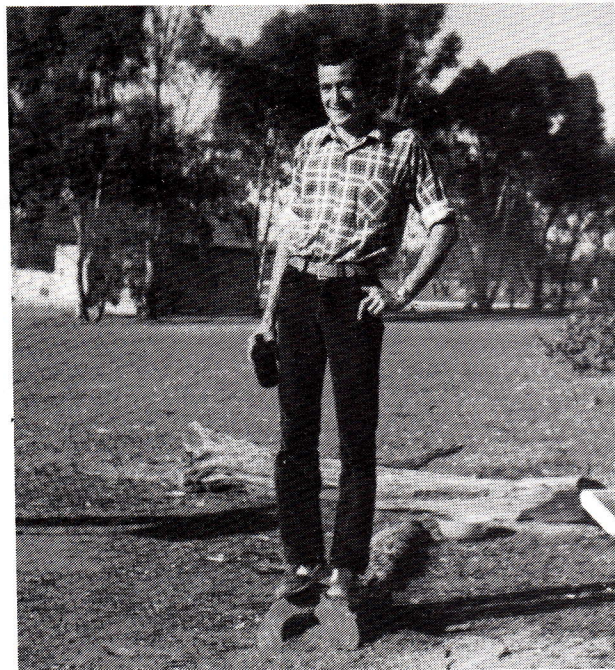
ANDREW NOACK: Snowy had very little to say during his start at college. He did play footy and tennis at Roseworthy. In the 3rd term, '82 he came into his own, and was seen with a different female at every show. Perhaps big Julie pounded him to life. Academically, Snow's full of surprises and can flunk subjects where no-one would expect. Just how long he stays at college depends entirely on how much more attention flunking a subject brings him.

PHIL ROBERTS: Phil's mum was a saddle, his dad a rabbit. Together they concieved a four foot monster that could jump horses, girls and so on. Somewhere along the line, Phil picked up Borocla, based on his exuding fertility. Phil's future is, as yet, doubtful, but he'll certainly spend many hours of court time fighting husband less mothers for support payments.

RON KOENIG: The funny oversized slant you see eating rice, and diving on 1 and 2c coins and half finished cigarette butts is our own traditional Vietnamese boatman. Ron lived off college throughout his stay, mending holes in his matchbox in preparation for a mercy trip back to Slant land to pick up a few hundred more brothers and sisters. Ron amused us on the footy field using his inherant martial arts to take advantage over his opponents. Ron's bow legged appearance is the result of his adventures when floating around in the South China sea. Ron will undoubtedly take a job knee deep in some rice paddy.

JOHN STUCHESBERRY: John originally came from the South East, but migrated midway through the course to Dadswells Bridge. His funny haircut will undoubtedly be more accepted in such a place. John probably had the worst G.P.A. in the course, indeed the college-almost 4.00, yet he accomplished this with such a minimum of effort. Think of how much more of a good time he could have had with a G.P.A. of 2.00.

In his last year John took up the position of SUC Vice President, and he often had to slap the presidents wrist during this time. He also participated in a good number of activities designed for the inebriation of individuals, a pastime in which he took much delight.



"The Cav."

DOMONIC CAVALLARO: "The Italian Stallion". This merciless lady killer swept many a College librarian off to his Angle Vale Almond orchard. His distinct waddle may be attributed to his immense libido, as many of his voluptuous victims will testify. Dom receives the Bluey Axford's Mum Award for the nicest bloke, but she has obviously never been to bed with him. His sexual prowess is only matched by his football ability. Walking before he could run, he played an A grade game in his first year and kicked a goal. He finally made the "C" grade team in his final year, and was snatched up by Carlton for an undisclosed sum (much to the jealous disgust of Michael Blake).

Having finely honed his seductive technique to ensare college female flesh, he has decided to remain for another year, his testicular relief ensured.

ANDREW SLATER: Slats is the son of a labourer who came to tea, and stayed to inherit a farm. 72% of his spare time is spent complaining, 15% on calculating his GPA, and the rest on bullshit about life on the peninsula or his hockey exploits. Slats could have been quite a lady killer only his pout, round belly and wingeing voice let him down. (Joes sister must be deaf) Andrew did complete last years magazine with little more complaining than a quiet sulk, and congratulations are due here. I guess he's learnt over the years. Slater will return to the Yorke Peninsula, but won't be lost forever, we'll still find letters to editors or notes of concern complaining about one thing or another.

BRAD BUTLER: Brad took up office as President to graciously enable Norm McDonald to commence his rather successful squatting career. With such power at his finger tips Brad metamorphosed into our own little Hitler. Whilst very few Jews were sent to the gas, many a keg and bottle met a tragic end during his reign.

This successful dictatorship is largely due to his verbose knack of avoiding inevitable confrontations with the beuraecracy. Unfortunately his mates generally copped the shit which was all too often resulting from his actions.

Brads near perfect relationship with Janet petered out over the year and a lounge room cremation cast off all memories, but the telephone bill (for calls to Queensland) still rings a bell.

At a glance, Brads future probably lies in either selling non-existent real estate or involved in some form of political corruption e.g. bottom of the harbour tax avoidance schemes. Not all of us come from Encounter Bay Brad Do-Da, Do-Da.



CHRIS JEFFERIES: (CJ). Chris helped nearly all third year Aggies pass Plant Path by allowing multiple photo copies of notes of his notes. CJ is basically hyperactive and no little job is safe unfinished in his presence. In his final term, CJ found more enjoyment in clearing sales than in consuming alcohol, and so forth.

At footy, CJ was a virtual steamtrain. No-one was safe, not even College folk, when he was stoked up. At training he caused more casualty than during the games! CJ is settling down now, at a Keith hideaway, but still well within reach of Struths appetite.

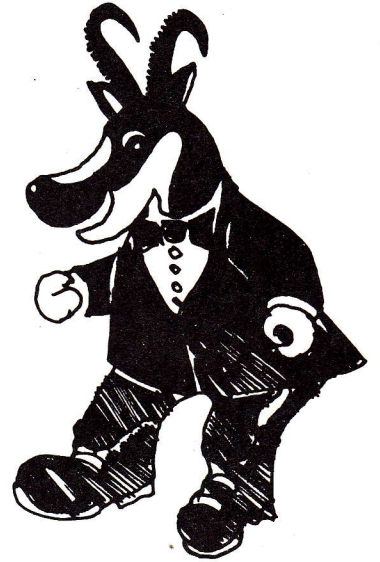
ANDREW CHAPMAN: No we don't know who he is either. This affluent farmer's son from Hoyleton-Hay Plain, Salter Springs, etc. was almost known for his keg demolition ability, however Jill Sumner, Sue Martin, etc. caught him first. Zooming swiftly in on his obvious eligibility, they soon doused his fuse.

Chappy suffered early from Consciensiality and never fully recovered. Symptoms included weak early assignments, blacksticker fever, etc. but luckily he has much room for improvement in spelling and public speaking. Earlier in his career his orange coon wagon could be seen zapping off to the Summer wirly-wirly for a flagon and a few dozen kids. Chappies latest hobby was interior decoration, leaving smooth, white patches all over the yellow wall paint of house thirteen, where somewhat less desirable darker gaps had appeared (due to wear & tear).

His obvious future is to settle down as a farmer's son in Hoyleton, Hay Plain, Salter Springs, Watchman-Auburn, Johannesburg, .....

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING

"Suddenly a huge, muscular, powerfully built buck strode majestically from the rest of the herd and stood proudly on his own. His huge head, adorned with the finest pair of antlers I have ever seen, gazed disdainfully around the clearing, and settled finally on my safari. Slowly, ever so slowly he moved around to face us, and in a deep, powerful authoritative voice growled "put those guns away, they will not have any affect on my herd. We are invulnerable to any kind of human influence on life or death"



And each and every man among us, without even a sideways glance lowered his firearm to the ground and stood before the kingly buck, waiting. The deer took his time. After a pause he smiled, almost imperceptably and said in the same sonorous voice, "you have done well. I will set you free. But remember, from this day onwards, this date will represent such a day on which all antelope; weak or strong, old and young, will be sacred, and in no way be harmed".

The date was April 16th ....



## ANTELOPE EVE BALL, 1982

The show this year was organized by a new committee, consisting of,  
Martin Peter Stokes  
Duncan Mark Appleton  
Ian Stuart Hopton.

Through backbreaking hard toil, these three brave and dedicated young men produced what was, to the college community, an event of such magnitude that not all that many people went home early.

In the hectic hours of the afternoon of April 15th, they were faced by an imposing wall of difficulties, misunderstandings and catastrophic last minute changes: The band had found they were double booked, technical equipment was misplaced, and the invaluable fluid labelled 'Antelope Nector' had been apprehended in its passage across the oceans from Africa.



However, with guts and determination, the men heaved the event back out of this pit reeking of failure and chagrin, and it was on the brink of being launched into success when a new terror struck the organisers. The band, finally free of other commitments, had been involved in a car accident on the way to the venue.

Would they make it ?

- They did make it just.

And the show got under way at the allocated time. - Just.

And the exhausted organisers, still pale from the agony fraught hours of the day, drank the liquid glory of an unchallenged success.

Hordes of people flocked from miles around; money poured through the till and transformed into keg after keg after keg !

And these people were not dressed normally: No, they were adorned in makeshift antlers of all shapes and sizes, and some mighty peculiar body coverings.





With a magnificent speech/slide show by a famous African explorer, the distribution of Antelope Nectar to prize-winners and the glorious pounding beat of The Cores, the show rocked on into the early hours of the morning, where the remaining numbers discovered a totally new phenomena;  
 The Wrath of Gillespe.

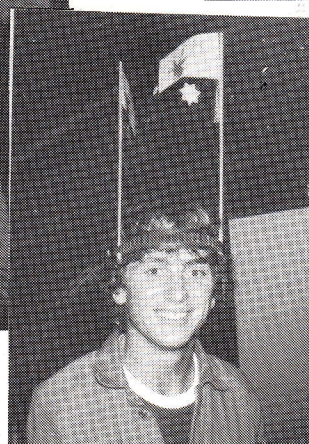
It was a show to remember, and an occasion to look forward to every year. Many thanks to the following people for helping,

Graham Brookman

Members of the Cores

Andrew Stokes (for getting into trouble)

Bar-workers and Gatekeepers.



## 2ND YEAR WOMPIES: PROFILES

- Malcom Stopp: Made an effort to fly up the social ladder in first year but dropped to the bottom in second year. Known as King Clone to his clonal underlings plus he had a bloody big nose which he stuck into peoples things quite often. Favourite pastime is keeping himself nice.
- Judi Goor: The clone with a hole in the middle. Never really taken but a wish almost came true. Basically a top heavy girl but a good sort. Actually she had bloody big tits. Favourite pastime is missing out on a good time.
- Jamie Hall: Nna nna nangalika bungalahr Clone. Basically a boring clone with a little nose. But by hell he has a nice red jumper!
- David Johns: Nna nna nangalika bungalahr clone. Basically a boring clone with a little nose. But by hell he has a nice red jumper!
- Peter Turnbull: Balls. Known to wake up under D4 (not the tractor type), have a chunder and lose his car. His ambition is to have children. Favourite pastime is screaming and running at people with poles while terminating horrible women.
- Ian Shaddock: Shads. A nondescript mexican. A person of very spurious odd habits. Known to love librarians from Kangaroo Island. Favourite pastime is drinking stones and stealing blackboards.
- Mark Mason: Kiwi. An alcoholic beveraged enebriate known to have six panadols for breakfast followed by Bourbon and rice bubbles. Favourite pastime is becoming an alcoholic while skulling nine Vermouths at once and eventually dying. Also jumps out of windows regularly.
- Michael Blake: A hero cricketer. Known to take his shirt off to flex his somewhat puny body to high school children. Actually, this person deserves credit for being the first four year Wine Marketer in RAC history. God he's dumb. Favourite pastime is failing everything he does.
- Alan Nicols: The RAWM representative. A kid from Elizabeth with a panel van and a whole ear ring. Actually he was a wacker. Favourite pastime was glueing purple fur to the inside of his panel vans doors.
- Paul Attenborough: A wisp in the wind. Known to blow away as he only tipped the scales at 7.5 stone, but had a big head. Actually, I don't know him.
- Chris Hill: Space Astrojet. Sent his wife to Tasmania and decided to bunt a 28 year old instead. Favourite pastime is riding a motorbike through horse tarts legs - especially old ones.
- Greg Lemte: A real lump who likes smoking drugs and bunting in the back of his car under a street light so he can see. Favourite pastime is having mag wheels and driving under barbed wire fences in Tasmania. Actually, I think he's got a big dick.
- Sue Curtis: A married woman with a nine axe head backside and a beautiful big toe; Actually not much to her, Les probably has a big one.
- Dave Waddilove: Waddi. A geriatric gent who loved steak sandwiches. Known to be penniless quite often and continually complaining that he didn't know his wife. Actually an exellant fat person who loved a drink. Favourite pastime is wife beating and abusing.
- Michael Kerr: Joomba. An affinity for white posts and directors. Grew his first pubic hair on his face at 14, and hasn't shaved it since. Is a spurious young man whose favourite pastime is bunting in dinghys. Has been decorated 'The best little seaman on the Murray'
-

To Whom it may concern ,

I'm writing this letter in regards to the excellent support that my fellow work mates and I recieved during the Royal Adelaide Show this year.

In my line of work the days were often long and dull and we appreciated the never ending support and presence of two RAC students , Brad "Elvis " Butler and Geoff " Bluey " Axford, during those long days .

Never before have I met two young chaps who were so punctual and dedicated, in fact so dedicated they often had to be persuaded to rest their weary frames.

Although the work load placed upon them was at times overly demanding , to their credit they always managed to bounce back to yet another gruelling day .

Thanks fellas , and hope to see you again next time round .

James A. Jackson

Head Barman

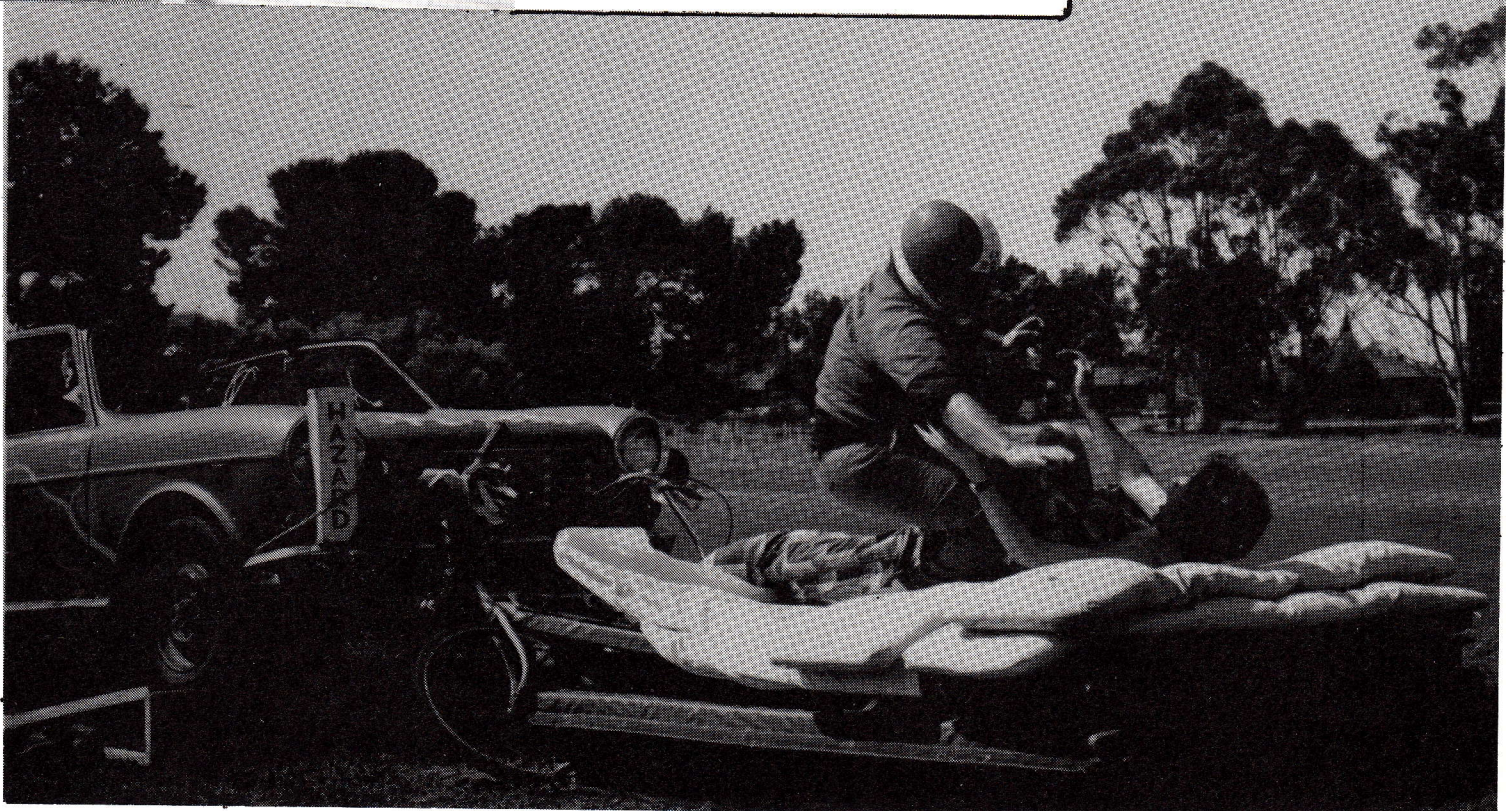
Jumbuck Bar , Royal Adelaide Show

( P.S. I hope that throat infection clears up Brad , as we are all looking forward to hearing that great singing voice that we missed out on this round )

Telephone (085) 248174  
A.H. (085) 248174

*TIM DOLANS REPLACEMENT*  
**Peter Darwin**  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

ny Agricultural College  
Union Council  
ny 5371



STOKES - EGERTON ALCOHOLIC  
BEVERAGES ASSESSMENT SCHEME

1. Palatability - out of 10  
    "P" - Yucky = 1.
2. Drinkability - out of 10  
    "D" - plus notes ( eg; drinkable only when pissed )
3. Horribleness - out of 10  
    "H" - ( really only applicable to the more unpleasant beverages ).
4. Inducement to vomit. - out of 10  
    "V" - ( greater than 200ml of vomit induced per mouthful of consumed beverage = 10 ).  
        - need notes to clarify score

\* (P+D) - (H+V) = Beverage Score \*

Example:

1/ " Spoof 'N' Sparkle "  
Responsible Party - RAC  
Beverage Type - Fizzy White Wine

- 1) Palatability = 1
- 2) Drinkability = 1 - 5 depending on mental status of taster.
- 3) Horribleness = 10
- 4) Inducement to Vomit = 7.

Assessment: i) Beverage Score

$$\begin{aligned} & (P+D) - (H+V) \\ & = (1+2.5) - (10+7) \\ & = 3.5 - 17 \\ & = -13.5 \end{aligned}$$

ii) -13.5 = Really Really Yummy (Brad).

(P+D) - score of 3.5 implies a  
urine-like substance.

(H+V) - score of 17  
likelihood of nausea and vomiting  
great. (note scores of 15 or greater  
belong generally to drinks of a  
death simulating nature).

iii) Avoid Beverage if possible, if not, drink  
only within range of a vomit receptacle.  
Likelihood of pleasure gained from ensuing  
activity = nil.

*J. J. [unclear]* - (Official 1)  
*M. D. [unclear]* - (Official 2)  
(Deceased)

Personal Note: We wish people wouldn't make Beverages  
like this - then we wouldn't have to  
assess them.



WORLDS BESTSELLER.

Consider a book

:Written over 1600 years.

:Written over 60 generations.

:Written by over 40 authors from various races and walks of life.

:Written on three continents in three different languages.

Yet a book which maintains overall continuity and unity of message.

History and archeological evidence have time and time again proven the Bible to be historically accurate, despite the attacks of critics and sceptics.

Certainly a book with these credentials deserves consideration and not discrimination.

D.Mitchell.



"The turps and methos gone... we'll have to fall back on the roseworthy port "

FLASHBACK

19-75

ALCOHOL

The council this week rubber stamped the Director's proposals to enable students to have alcohol in thier rooms during a trial period of six mounths and at evening meals .

To enable the old collegians to also taste this privilege , the ROCA executive will have Dinner here on Tuesday , 12th August ( served with complementary drinks .)

A.T.A. are probable future starters for a similar future venture .

.....& that was the dawn of heaven on earth.....

STUDENT PROFILES : 3rd YEAR NAT RATS

NAME : Robert Rosewall

FAVORITE OCCUPATION: Student

MEMORABLE OCCASION: Passed Chemistry on 5th try.

AMBITION: To write a book " 1001 personal reasons for handing in assignments late "

PROBABLE CAREER : Entrepreneur .

AWARD : Crudity award for shocking Andrea into silence on an extended Nat Rat tour.

NAME :John Pitt ( Pitty ).

FAVORITE OCCUPATION :Denting his car .

MEMORABLE OCCASION : Denting a newly painted , sale prepared car.

AMBITION :To give up smoking for longer than six weeks .

PROBABLE CAREER : Woolen beanie tester , scare crow .

AWARD :Haggling award for trying to reduce workload .

NAME : Jock Waugh

FAVORITE OCCUPATION : Producing great ideas .

MEMORABLE OCCASION : Rolled Surveying Datsun ute to win handbrake section of Car Rally 1980 .

AMBITION : To break land speed record in a Datsun Ute .

AWARD : The Jock Waugh award for being Jock Waugh ;

NAME :Craig McKenzie

FAVORITE OCCUPATION : Wanda .

MEMORABLE OCCASION : Getting  $\frac{9}{10}$  for a Frank Prac .

AMBITION : To become a South Australian .

PROBABLE CAREER : Tobacce worker .

AWARD :Smokers cough award for the most cigarettes in an hour .

NAME : Lyn Elder

FAVORITE OCCUPATION : Breaking down in RED mini in the hope of being rescued by a handsome , wealthy , illegible , young male.

MEMORABLE OCCASION : Watching a male stripper and loving it .

AMBITION : To work in a strip tease joint .

PROBABLE CAREER : Driveway attendant ,Mrs. Edmonds .

AWARD : Most dedicated Artic traveller while bird watching at Mt Crawford .

NAME : Roweena Wood

FAVORITE OCCUPATION : Being " conchi " .

MEMORABLE OCCASION : Getting drun k and lost ...? with unknown Grad student , 1980  
N. R . break up .

AMBITION : To repeat memorable occasion .

PROBABLE CAREER : House wife Chief " Greeny " .

AWARD : Most conscientious student ;

NAME : Andrea McMillan

FAVORITE OCCUPATION : Talking , Talking , Talking ; eating , Talking .

MEMORABLE OCCASION : Dated Joe Mabarrack in romantic scene at the dairy .

AMBITION : To continue to be never wrong , to remain a virgin until marriage .

PROBABLE CAREER : Doubtful , Craft consultant .

AWARD : Award for Never \*\*\*being stuck for something to say .



NAME: Marky Garrett:

NAME: Kym Luitjes:

These blank spaces depict a perpetual flaw in the character of our magazine, brought about by the extreme unreliability of LYN ELDER, who promised the above profiles many months past. However, no amount of egging on, pleading or even outright abuse could draw the promised articles from her.

## THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF A HORTI. TRIP.

It was just after a great Holiday when we returned to go away on our trip us RDAG 2's and the RAP2's (AYPEES). The trip got off to a good start, leaving behind Ian Koch, (no such luck with Bob, however this was soon to change).

Our first call was at the Nuri Research Centre, where we ran into Iko who was with A.J.. After a short discussion we were on our way again, with our next port of call at the Swan Reach General Store. For the first time on many occasions the footy came out for a few kicks.

After we left the River our next stop was at Nildottie, where a stimulating discussion on nuts was made. After lunch and a few kicks we left the big smoke of Nildottie and headed for the Wanbi Pub. The scenery was breathtaking seeing mile after mile of Mallee scrub and eroded sand dunes. At the Wanbi Pub we met up with Kevin Westbrook, the local land King- who seemed to own half of the district. Kevin hopped onto the bus, to guide us around the local area while Bob Barrett followed closely behind in the old Landcruiser Ute.....

After about ten miles we had lost Bob ; or was it that Bob had lost us? This gave us the opportunity to have a few kicks for a while, half an hour later uncle Bob turned up. The day soon came to an end, when we finally arrived in et Loxton.

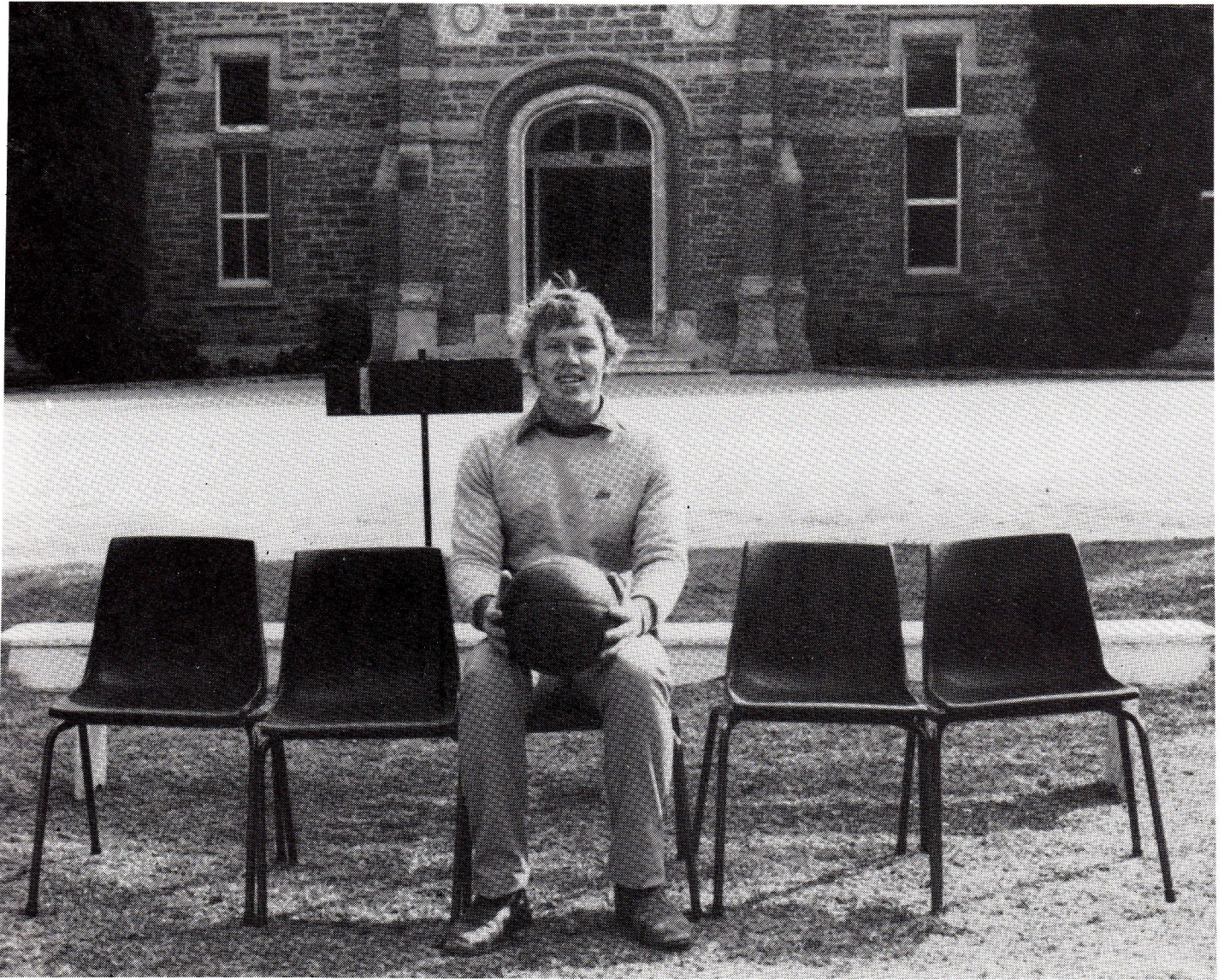
After tea we ventured into the local, where liquid refreshments were strongly patronised. The cold winter weather drove some poor ~~Dairy+Farmers~~ students to 'lagons o' parwt, which ending up having some unpleasant side effects.

Next morning we once more boarded the bus, and spent the day visiting a few fruit blocks, Nurseries etc. etc. That night we really hit the big smoke; Renmark The apees ended up going to the Paringa Pub while the better half settled for the Renmark Hotel. That night was spent at Grimshaw's Caravan Park - not a bad little venue at all. The park was almost set on fire- courtesy of Mr. Grimshaw who was making some of the students a fire to keep warm.

The following day was spent looking at the local district in general, with the highlight being the rides on the fruit picking cart things. After an overnight stop at the Hilton (Lutheran Youth Hostel- Barmera ) and even more kicks, we headed onto Waikerie where we met up with J.J.snr. who showed us P.W.R.'s avocado and citrus block. The afternoon was spent at the Penfold's vineyard at Morgan, who told our bus driver where to go. We also received a warm welcome from some of the heavies from RAC.

After the bus coughed and spluttered ,we soon made it home to RAC, eagerly looking forward to the next day's Hills Horti trip.

p. s. I forgot to mention the highlight of our trip; The Monash Playground...



MENS BASKETBALL  
FRONT ROW-

, G. Axford (Coach),  
MENS BASKETBALL, 1982. ✕

This years Basketball season was, in comparisin to poor seasons, an absolute success. Indeed only about 3 games were forfeited throughout the year in both grades. This could be credited to the complete dedication shown by the players. Their enthusiasm for the game was displayed in the training sessions. Monday night trainings saw rivulets of perspiration, induced by the intense physical exertion, falling to the special court surface of the college stadium making the floor rather slippery. No less than 100% turned out to each training and it pained me each week to have to knock back a large number of potential players, their tears an indication of their passion for the game.

While many games were lost - More than half, but less than 20/23rds - it was the keen spirit and love of the sport which filled the hearts of the players. Some of the most disgusting scenes which degraded the college image as a Basketball force occurred during the holidays. In these games, such revolting goings on occurred as players being drunk, players running around with no number on their backs or no shorts on their ~~firm young~~ buttocks and -yes- unregistered players on the court!

From this season also, some bright and new ideas have arisen. Max Young has developed a new marshal fighting art, and a new uniform is on the drawing board, based on the M. Stokes design. The new uniform includes pink sandshoes, light blue socks with dark blue stripes, Blue and White oversized board shorts (For ease of movement and slow descent after high jumps), and the regular singlet.

I wish the team at least the success in the next few years that I have earned it in the last two.

Thank you...The Coach (Bluey)



RUGBY 1982:

back: R. Whitford, C. Sim, Jackson, M. Dravitske, P. Hodgkins, C. Pederson, Jackson  
 middle: G. Wall, Jackson, M. Kerr, C. Whish, J. Lennard, J. Bramley, Jackson  
 front: Jackson, P. May, J. Griffiths, S. Bird, K. Vaurela

1982 RUGBY REPORT. ✕

By all accounts, this years rugby season was, as far as I know, a reasonably successful one. Jack the pom recieved a rather painful blow to the face and Charlie Whish, Steve Bird, Gary Wall and a few others played during the season. I reckon that we won a few games but unfortunately lost the rest. Next years season could also be pretty good as some of next years 1st years might be able to play, too. In particular if we get a New Zealander or two they might be good at it as that's where Steve Bird comes from, and he's pretty good. I wonder why the guernseys are Purple and White when the football guernseys are Pink and Black. Anyway, till next year, practice on a brick wall or two keeps the indiv idual in shape.

Signed; A Keen RAC Rugby Follower.





WOMEN'S HOCKEY REPORT.....from the Captain.  
-----

At the beginning of the year we weren't sure if we were going to be able to fill a team. After a few weeks of training however, the players started to roll up. Our next hurdle was to find a coach. Jim Watkinson offered to train us for fitness, and we then discovered that our new Director had previously played and coached hockey; so we pounced on him. We then proceeded to train in conjunction with the Men's hockey.

We went well through out the season, winning most of our games, and at the end of the minor round we were third on the premiership table. We played through to the preliminary finals, but lost to remain third on the table.

I wish to congratulate the team on a fine effort and all the support you gave me as Captain. I would also like to thank Margy for her help with the teams. Finally thanks a heap to our coaches Jim and Barrie.

I wish you all good luck next year; and hope you go out and get the Premier-ship that we've been so close to - ever since we've been in the Barossa Association.

Roweena Wood . (Raalph)



## The Players that made our Team;

### Marg MacKinnon

Marg is a skillful and consistent player who received the Best and Fairest for the Club. She was Vice-Captain of the team and helped in organisation. When Marg got the ball there was no holding back. "Good on ya' Marg" and congratulations on winning the coveted CURLY HAIR Award \*\*

### Jo Needle

Jo was a very consistent player whom I think deserved more credit than what she got. She was an excellent full back and occasionally filled in as half back as well as Goalie. Her favourite pastime was sunbaking in the goals.

### Lee Heard

Lee also played consistently throughout the year. She started off the year in the forwards, but was taken back to the half back; where she settled in and became a very valuable player. Perhaps size is related to velocity after all.

### Kate Berriman

At first we didn't think that we were going to have Kate playing for us, but she soon saw the light. She was a valuable right winger, who was able to take great control of the ball, sending it to the circle where conversion to a goal usually resulted. Once again she took out the Punctuality award.

### Judi Goor

Judi once again played centre half at which she did a good job. Judi just missed out on Kate's award, but made up for it with her discussions with umpires on their decisions. Most notable events was hearing her swear on the field.

### Jane Pick

only played a few games in goal and had to pull out due to illness, just as she was beginning to understand the game. Thanks for trying Jane.

### B.J. Thistle\*

B.J. was a great little player. He started off just filling in for us, but he proved to be vital and ended up playing in the finals. Spent most of his time speaking to ~~Arvy~~ Howe during the games.

### Silvanna Rodella

Being a fresh player at the beginning of the season, and having problems with even hitting the ball (it was the sticks fault) she managed to gain skill and grasped the right fullback position. Her great improvement earned her the club's Most Improved award. Her favourite past time was running the ball down to the forward lines from the back..

### Jane Robertson

Jane was unfortunately only able to play with us for the first half of the season, due to the occurrence of a serious knee injury. As well as her great verbal support, Jane showed great signs of improvement.

### Andrea Thistle\*

A new player with the skills and aggression that would even flatter a Director. She quickly settled down as a forward and played well. She gained the club's best team players award. Her most notable skill was removing her mouth guard without making a mess.

### Lisa Clark

Young Lisa was another new player who took a while to settle down. After a short period her best position as right inner was found. She began to shine and improve greatly. Don't forget to bring that black headband next year..

Annie Howe

After deciding to extend her course at RAC, Annie decided to play Hockey once again. She was our left wing-er from which she assisted in scoring a few goals; due to her powerful backhand. Her most acclaimed habit was the Hockey stick throw...

Kathy Betheras

As the season progressed, so did Kathy's skills. A very adaptable player, playing in most of the field positions. Kath will be remembered for her stamina and for always trying her hardest.

Benita Thistle \*

Always played well what ever the position she filled. A dedicated player who travelled from Wagga Wagga just to help the team out. Once heard to state that if she played at half back she would not last five minutes. After the game she quietly collapsed, then requested to be placed at full back or as water girl for the next match. In all a valuable player. Perhaps next year she may be able to make weekly trips from Wagga Wagga...

Vicki Levett

Showed more enthusiasm for training than any other players, and played for us when she wasn't doing day duty as a nurse. A consistent trier who always threw herself into the game. She was our chief first aid officer and a No. 1 Glenelg supporter who often preferred to wear gold and yellow socks onto the field.

Roweena Wood

Captain, scintillating in goal and faster than the speed of light, especially off the field an when on crutches. After J.P. left her true value was found in the goals. Good on ya' Raalph...

\* thistlethwayte (shortened for simplicity. Ed. )



## 1982 NETBALL REPORT.

This season saw a much improved side which just missed out on the finals. Some new first year players and some added enthusiasm contributed to a better team spirit and we hope to continue this next year.

The holidays are always a problem and this year we managed to throw together a team. Thanks must be given to Petina Green, Joanne McLean, Helen Hodgkins and others for filling in for us when we were short. Thanks also to people like Merridy Pearse and Lee Dreosti who travelled long distances to play in the hols.

Mrs Sheahan and Vicki Linton were our coaches and did a great job keeping our enthusiasm up. Thanks to all our spectators who cheered us on. -Jane Ferrari, Sue Ferguson, James Altmann, Claude Radenti and others helped us kill the opposition even if we didn't win.

The team consisted of :

Karen Legett: A speedy basketball convert. Played centre or wing.

Linda Muddle: A good strong voice, occasionally has run-ins with the umpire. Plays in goal and defence.

Merridy Pearse: A dainty ballerina, but don't get in her way. Plays goalkeeper.

Jane Jenkins: Runner up for the best and fairest. A reliable all rounder who plays in defence and keeps our spirits up.

Bev Baillie: Outstanding player who is not afraid to stand up to the dreaded Regina. Plays well in all positions.

Jan McIntosh: Always arrives at the last minute, but never fails to put in a good game. Plays at goalshooter or defence.

Jayne Sangster: Often the punching bag for the other team. Jayne spent a lot of time on the ground. A fit and consistent player who did a lot of work for the club.

Sophie Petho: Sophie always played a consistent game and was a good team player. Helped out at stalls, grounds duty even when she wasn't playing.

Sue Hodder: The secretary. Often finished the game with the opponents blood on her uniform. She nearly died of paranoia in every game, but managed to score a few goals.

Kirsty Gurner: Our best and fairest player. A fast centre or wing player who joins Sue in being paranoid almost every match.

Tracy Low: Never misses a goal. Often the victim of the goalkeepers finger nails but that didn't stop her.

Michelle Carter: A speedy centre who can jump higher than any player on the team. Always in the right place at the right time.

Lee Dreosti: The most enthusiastic player on the whole team who has an uncrushable enthusiasm. A great goalie, but can play anywhere.

Next year we hope to start training early and hopefully put in two teams. This will mean players should commit themselves and come out to practice regularly. Hopefully we will have a full time coach next year.

Telephone (085) 248174  
A.H. (085) 248174

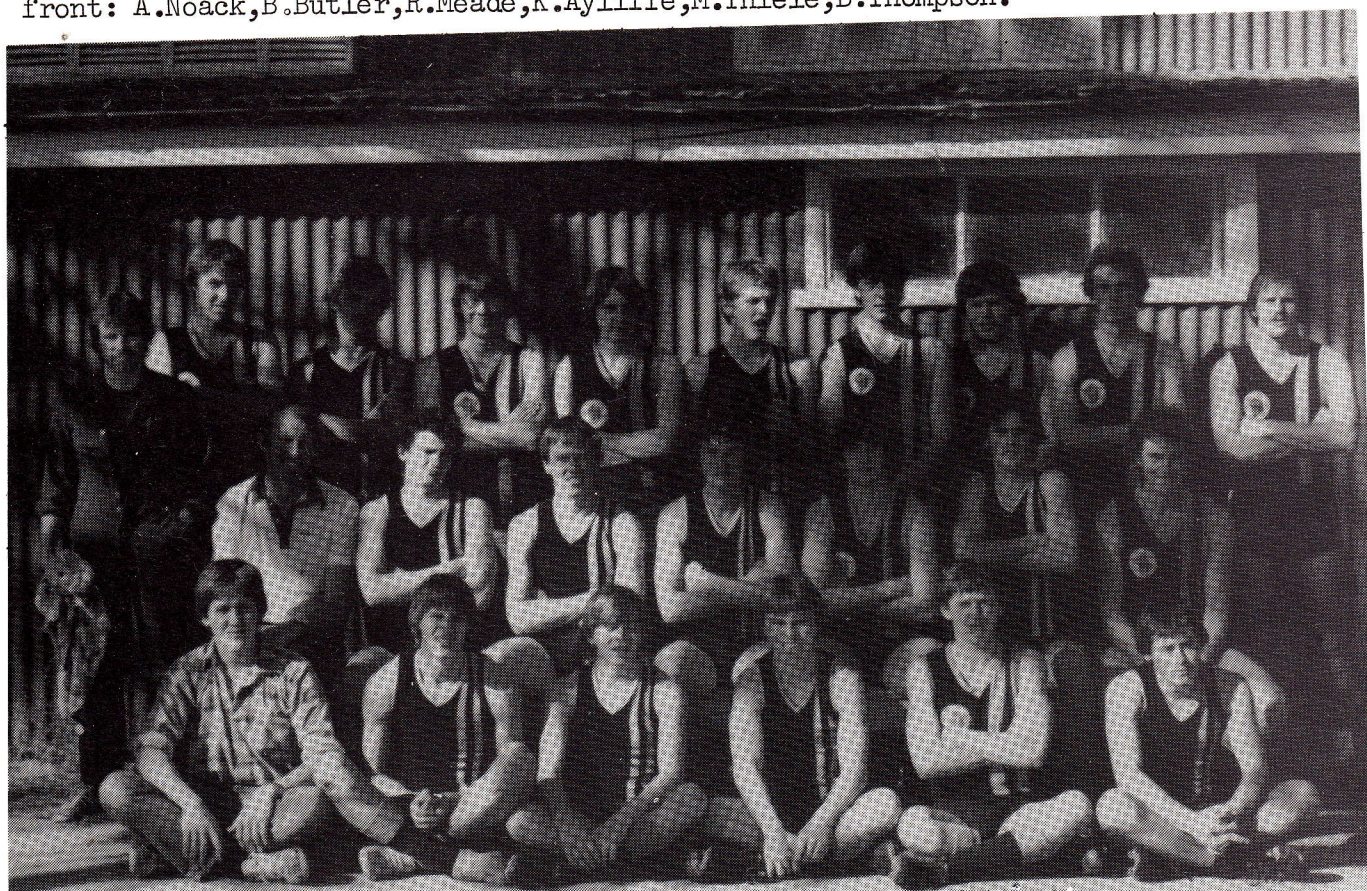
**Peter Darwin**  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Roseworthy Agricultural College  
Students Union Council  
Roseworthy 5371



A GRADE FOOTBALL 1982

back: C. Jefferies, A. Peace, B. Riggs, A. Gay, W. Price, M. Young, S. Morrison, M. Aldridge, P. Blake  
 mid: I. Picken, G. Axford, A. Sutherland, L. Prior (Coach), S. Brown, R. Koenig, A. Chapman,  
 front: A. Noack, B. Butler, R. Meade, K. Ayliffe, M. Thiele, B. Thompson.



B GRADE FOOTBALL

back: M. Blake, P. Lintern, G. Martin, D. Smith, M. Basford, C. Kadenti, J. Cummins, G. Woolford,  
 B. Wilson  
 mid: I. Picken, G. Anderson (coach), A. Stokes, P. Furst, D. Pfeiffer, G. Wotton, A. Clarke, S. Roeger  
 front: I. Hopton, T. VanLoon, T. Mortimer, B. Pfeiffer, M. Stokes, S. Lubliana.

Roseworthy Agricultural College Football Club

Football Report 1982; ( A and B grades ). X

This season saw the club run by an entirely new sphere of faces, featuring

Barry Sumner (president)  
Chris Jeffries (vice president)  
Lyndon Prior (senior coach)  
Jeff Anerson (assistant coach)  
Peter Nelson (secretary)  
Jill Sumner (assistant secretary)  
Andrew Chapman (treasurer)  
And others.

A Grade

Coached by Lyndon Prior, fresh from the dubious background of a rival club, the sides pre-season build up was promising. The new coach had the whole team right behind him, and his enthusiastic training sessions had us all fit, and raring to go.

However, the eventual outcome of this enthusiasm was not so encouraging. In fact, the A grade side did not manage one victory. Despite this unimpressive record, the persistence of the side in the face of continuous defeat, the excellent social structure of the club, and the sheer enjoyment we weaned from playing football for college pay due credit to the efforts of Lyndon: Many thanks to that man.

Considering that;

- we are the only side in the competition that doesn't pay players.
- our players are mostly young, without much experience.
- the side is constantly changing, players haven't played together long.
- we lost many games by slight margins which we could easily have won.
- holiday matches tax our sides severely.

I think that our efforts during the year were not as futile as the premier-ship table would suggest.

Many of our players put in more than useful seasons. Awards went to Steven Brown (Best and Fairest), Russell Meade (Runner Up), Andrew Noak (Most improved) and Nick Butler (Best 1st year player). Other good players included Tony Sutherland, Kym Ayliffe and Lyndon Prior. Our main goalkicker was Russell Meade, with 32 goals, with Lyndon Prior a distant second on 17.



## B Grade

With Jeff Anderson being promoted to assistant coach to Lyndon, much of the coaching responsibility naturally fell on his shoulders. For the first half of the season, the B's also had a drought managing no wins in the first round. However, with Jeff's persistence and encouragement, we found something extra in the latter half of the season, winning five matches, including knocking off first and second sides in successive weeks.

Considering we had the same problems as the A grade side, and the fact that for much of the season we were understaffed, I think our performance in the competition was quite a respectable performance, credit to Jeff is due here.

Awards went to Phil Lintern (Best and Fairest)

Tim Mortimer (Runner Up)

Martin Stokes (Most improved)

and Matt Aldridge (Best 1st year player).

Other commendable seasons were put in by Andrew Clarke, Mark Basford and Tim Van Loon. In the goalscoring division, we had no clear spearhead; 12 goals by Clarke was the list topper.

Many thanks to the Coaches, Club Officers, trainers, runners, players and supporters for sticking with us when it wasn't much fun and also to our patron Basil Sheehan, and anyone else who contributed to the club this year.



Martin Stokes  
RACFC Publicity Officer



28 June 1982.

To The Members & Supporters  
of The Roseworthy College Football Club.

On behalf of the players that represented you on the 26th June last in the 'A' grade game against Barossa I would like to apologise for our dismal performance on that day. For a team that can boast so much talent and that has worked so hard towards victory, building enthusiasm and hope in the club, especially in the last month, to perform so poorly and score only two goals is inexcusable.

As the players and representatives of this club, at the most senior level, we are bitterly disappointed that we have let you down so badly, as indeed we have ourselves with such a lowly performance.

As senior coach I would like to express my sincere disappointment at last Saturday's performance, and together with all senior players undertake to restore the enthusiasm and hope that has surely been lost.

Yours Sincerely,

*Lyndon Prior*  
Lyndon Prior.





C GRADE FOOTBALL MEN

standing: P. May, M. Grant, S. Ryan, B. Pitt, D. Short, I. Osterman, D. Pfeiffer, M. Stokes (Coach),  
M. Stopp, P. Leske, S. Michael, D. Appleton, J. Maberack, A. Wilson, G. Axford, D. Lovell

squatting: B. Skinner, B. Oborn, P. Wooley, M. Tomlinson, M. Moore, J. Griffiths

lying down, holding the ball: D. Ferguson, S. Sampson.

## C Grade, 1982

'C' x

1982: The C Grade Phenomena Fights Desperately For Survival,  
And Succeeds.

As 1981 was the beginning of C Grade, 1982 was nearly the end: Initially, the tale continued as of 1981, except with a new power in being as the honourable Mr C Grade Coach: I, myself was hugely honoured to accept this gargantuan task for the duration of the C grade season.

And, yes, I think I can confidently venture the suggestion that the finely honed machine which was passed into my caring hands, did not even miss a beat over the wasted months when the men of opposing clubs weren't subjected to the punishing experience of on-field clashes with the panther device, and it smoothly slid from 1981 - 1982 in an unadulterated rythm.

In fact the punishing force of the side was so great, that the rest of the known world conspired against it midway through the season, not out of any lack of respect or admiration but rather through a feeling of insignificance of being overshadowed by an obviously superior opposing force !





Yes, through the agency of the G + DFL powers that be, the human race threw all the strength of its multiple sinews the most punishing weapon they could lift: It hit the camp in the following form, as we take a flash back to that fatal day....

BARRY: Hey Martin, have you heard the new legislation they put through ?

MYSELF: No Barry, what is that ?

BARRY: I quote, ' Any player not wearing regulation uniform, which entails pink and black shorts, a guernsey, pink and black socks, will be asked to leave the field or change into the above uniform. And this applies to C grade, from this week; no hats, no masks and no silliness.

MYSELF: Oh, shit.

And that Sunday, I had to break the news to the team; what would be the reaction ? I knew the team spirit, the mechanism of the C grade was so closely enmeshed as to be almost unbreakable but: No silly hats, no coloured shirts, no masks, wollen caps or lovely socks, oh my goodness, could even the Machine take this ?

And yes - the team took the ultimate test on the chest, and flung it afar, crying,

' No, we will fight: The eternal spirit of the C grade will not be quenched: On Sundays we, the components of the above machine will fling ourselves wholeheartedly into playing a game which, though not actually exhibiting the garments denied us by the powers that be, will still exude the spirit, the unquenchable love of fun that these garments represent. '

And they did. Yes, even clad in the 'regulation uniform' the team, maimed by this inopportune blow clawed its way determinedly to the peak again and excelled in the Phenomona that is C grade. No human being in anyway associated with this mammoth task, could fail to be moved beyond words.

Any player who hit the field for us in 1982 has done himself proud, and I am loath to single out any single part as it takes the whole works to make a machine drive, but I will list here the award winners for 1982:

- G. Axford ( Best & Fairest )
- B. Pitt ( Runner up + top goal scorer with 16 )
- I. Osterman ( Most Consistent )
- S. Michael ( Best Team Man )
- S. Sampson ( Best Dressed )

At the end of the season to punctuate the extent of our revival the G + DFL Umpires requested specifically to oppose the mechanism in a social game. Of course, being really really polite, we agreed to play them, and not to beat them by too much: As it was, the match was fought hard by the umpires, and with loads of cheating they even managed to get within 2 goals of us.

So despite the fact that the C grade spirit came within frightening proximity of annihilation, with guts and determination it was saved. Bags of credit to the team who did it single handed against the whole world. So, three cheers to the components of the C grade machine, who probable were associated with the most enjoyed season of sport in the history of the whole wide world.

Hip hip, hooray  
Hip hip, hooray  
Hip hip, hooray

*M. Stokes*

Martin Stokes

C Grade Coach



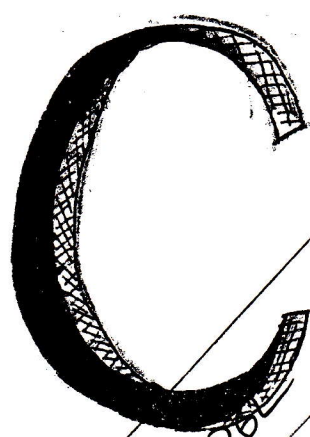
THEY'RE  
KICKING  
SAD, THE  
JUST WENT

Roseworthy Agricultural College  
Football Club

NOT GENUINE - ONLY A MODEL

1982

1982



highly recommended player

NOT GENUINE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

.....  
HAS ACHIEVED FOOTBALL EXCELLENCE IN SKILL,  
FITNESS, COURAGE AND TRAINING AS DEMANDED BY  
THE TEAM AND DISPLAYED BY THE COACH.

signed

*M. Stokes*  
.....  
Coach

NOT GENUINE - ONLY A MODEL

*[Signature]*  
.....  
R.A.C.F.C. President

YES!! - Your own personal HIGHLY RECOMMENDED PLAYER SHEET !!

Just cut around the edges to include all of the writing in an oblong shape, shade the paper pink (Ideally with flower pigments), and sign your name under the writing saying CERTIFY THAT, and you have a life size model of a genuine 1982 C Grade Highly Recommended Player Sheet! - Boy, what a bargain! And all included in your 1982 magazine at No Extra Cost!

# TOP SECRET

Dear Mr Prior,

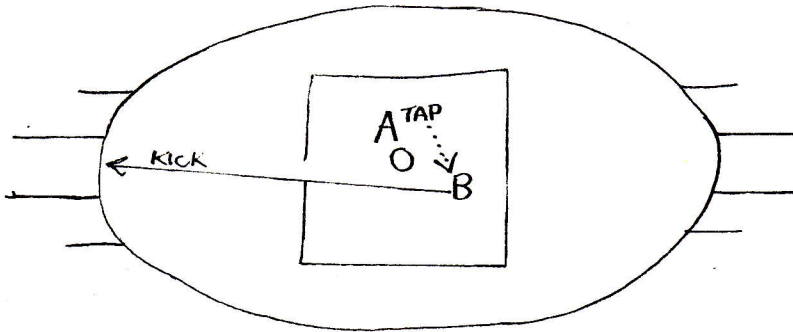
Following the successful use of the Roman Infantry Charge Plan in the C grade match on Sunday, Mr C.B. Sumner requested that the mastermind behind the tactic, me, would jot down a few equally brilliant plans in case the A's or B's feel like using them.

Here, then, are a few faultless plans guaranteed to result in 6 points. I have seen Sturt do them, and they work.

I hope they come in useful,

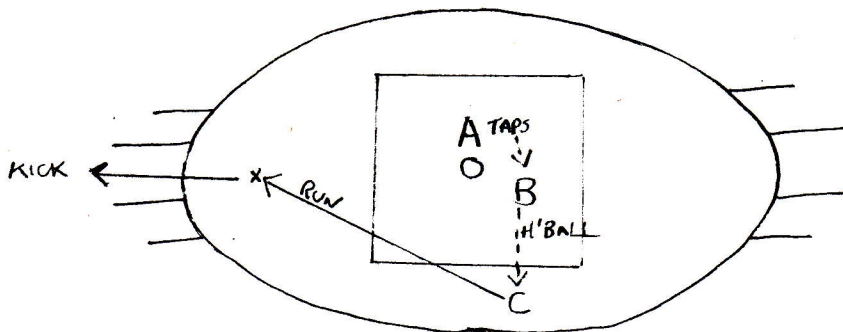
DAVID SHORT.

## PLAN A: "The Surprise Super Punt"

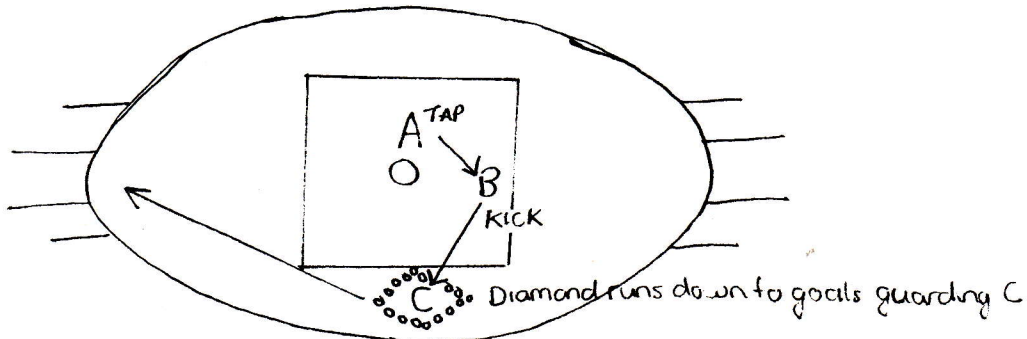


Ruckman A taps the ball to Rover B who kicks a goal.

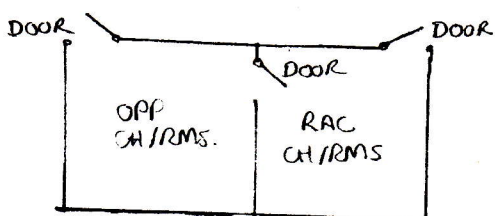
## PLAN B: "The Dazzler"



## PLAN C: "The Diamond Bulldozer"



## PLAN D: "The Foot Shredder"



Someone who can get hold of some umpires clothes goes into the oppositions changerooms on the pretence of checking sprigs. He says "Boots fellas", and as he checks the boots, he secretly slips a piece of sharp glass in one of each players boots. They won't be able to run properly.



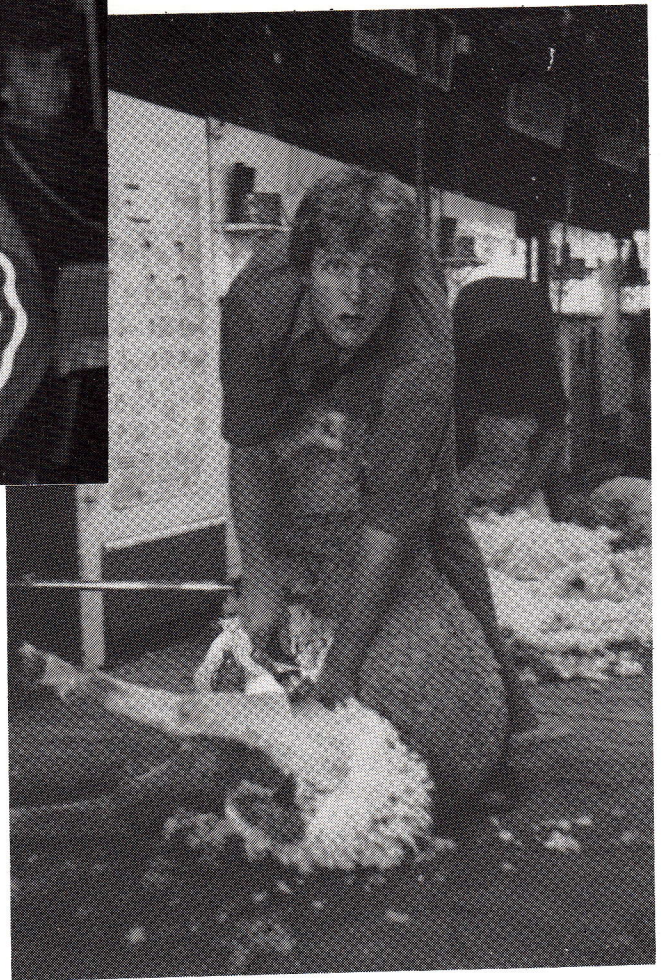
" Oh, shit! "



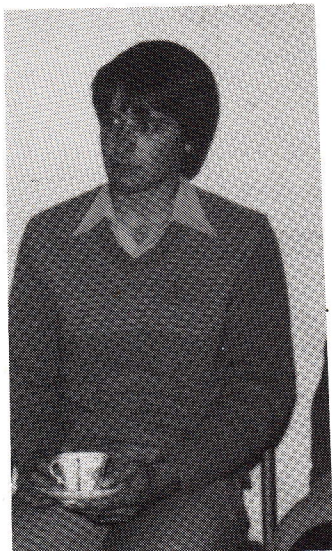
Cluck.



President of the Phil Law Fan Club.



"Oh my god, I cut it off ...."



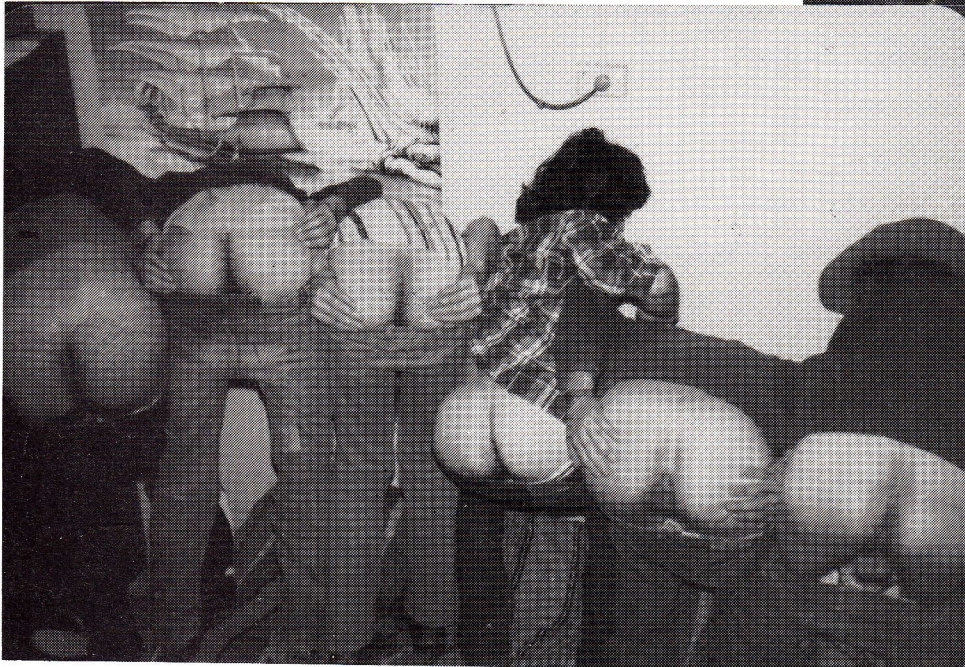
" Pass the scenes,  
please "



Note sid trying to strike a chord



"My names Cunta Cinte"



Firm young buttock flesh.



A shy young country kid.

But if he was a bit bigger he would have Friends ...

Since arriving at college we have noticed many varied styles and types of burps. Confusion has reigned when recounting stories of who burped where and how, so a scale was developed for ease and clarity in conversation.

Most burps and chucks can be recorded on the scale below, although ' off scale ' burps have been recorded and are covered in the special " off scale " burp section.

### BURP SCALE

1. Hiccup.
2. Multiple hiccups.
3. Hiccups accompanied by a small passing of wind through the mouth.
4. Little burp ( no noise ) pathetic attempt.
5. Little burp with no noise ( eg. pardon my eno ).
6. General purpose burp.
7. Loud burp showing appreciation for meal, drink, etc.
8. Loud burp in public place attracting attention and comment.
9. Loud resonant burp reverberations, can be near a chuck.
10. Clean chuck - no embarrassment factor.
11. Clean chuck - heard by someone.
12. Clean chuck - seen by someone.
13. Chuck in public place on the way out.
14. Chuck in a public place ( on shoes , tables, etc. )
15. Chuck in a public place accompanied by chocking, blood content, noise and generally attracting attention.

### NOTE

1. Low scoring burps can be improved by farting at the same time.
2. Resonance can improve scoring.
3. Burping in the presence of the director will increase score.
4. Obviously forced burps lowers score.
5. Apologising for burp lowers score.
6. Off scale burps are not to be attempted without the presence and supervision of Reg Hutchinson.

### EXAMPLES OF SCORES

6. Burp most commonly heard in the Community Club.
9. Typical full time " Shags "
10. Common amongst " Horse Tarts " and " Bugger-All " evidence found in the morning.
11. Sting from upper story, block 3.
- 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Chuck by persons unknown ( upstairs, Block 3 ), extra 0.5 for length of chuck.
13. Good example, Murray Dravitski at club after Drooper's recovery.
14. Rob Johncock after Term two exams.
15. Sambo's at the Drooper's recovery after sculling sauce and beer.

SPECIAL OFF-SCALE BURPS

- a) Duncan's B.I. chuck; was a good 13 chuck but due to eating it, followed by another chuck, went off the scale.
- b) Doing a brown eye while throwing up.
- c) Chucking over one's girlfriend in bed.
- d) Chucking and producing it out of nose.

NOTE - Special off-scale burps are distinguished by thier absolute disgustingness, revoltingness, repulsion end revulsion.





GRAD AGS 1982

Denice Rendell, Ian Picken(standing), Pam Brookman.

GRAD AGGIES 1982 PROFILES

DENICE RENDELL:

NN: D4, Louvre Douvres.

FS: "Oh balls!"

Ambition: Taking it away with a certain 2nd year Wompie.- Or anyone!

T.S: 'I don't wanna talk about it', 'Do you wanna touch me'.

Com: Likely to take over college piggery as general manager.

PAM BROOKMAN:

NN: Brooky.

FS: "Fair go, Phil(Tow)!"

Amb: Headmistress at Port Augusta high school.

TS: 'Theres no hair like mohair'

Com: Have you had your Micron tested lately?

IAN PICKEN:

NN: Pickles, Pickled.

FS: "Dry as a cuckoos fart", "Dead as a dead dingoes donger",

Amb: To get a bunt before he leaves college

TS: 'We've got some bloody good drinkers..'

Com: Can't keep away from a good time no matter what he's got to do.

//

# THE HOUSE BOAT SONG.

TED EGAN

## CHORUS D

We've got some bloody good drinkers, on houseboats 1, 2, 3 A  
the astro crew, of these craft are always on a spree D, 3  
you'll find them whacked, on the deck G  
or in the pub at Waikerie G  
We've got some bloody good drinkers, on houseboats 1, 2, 3 A D

Now there's a lad named Stephen D  
to be green was his only wish A  
While Russell Meade's on the roof, biting the heads off fish A  
and Jamba's in the dingy, covering the place with cum G  
The rest of the crew got sunburnt, especially on the bum D

George got, off his face D, had to have a spew A  
Unfortunately his teeth, wouldn't let it through D  
Out upon the back deck, trying to have a - drink G  
Suddenly his left one, landed in the drink D

Paul's a northern fella, who's a little rude A  
He's also very clever, at cooking Mexican food D  
Everyone was taken, by culinary desire G  
Later in the evening, 30 rings of fire D

Although we don't like black men, niggers, coons or bungs A  
there's been no segregation, as we've gone along D  
With seven kegs and fifty dogs, we've forgotten where it's at G  
calling for a hands up, who's as whacked as a cat D

Now we're a happy family, that's what most of us think A  
But Crowley got a little dark his glasses in the drink D  
our numbers grew by two - the boats were in a park G  
Raided by commandos, on lie lows in the dark D

And as our trip nears its end, we're showing no remorse A  
back again next year, that's for sure of course  
We won't get caught next time, never in the pits G  
We'll bring along a special can, just for Russell's shit D

THIRD YEAR RBOE, 1982: PROFILES

JIM PEARSON: (Shout.)

Who?? - The noisiest guy in class, hates to stay at home and have a quiet time. Everywhere there is a rage, you will find Jimbo.

"You guys are a load of shit"

Every time he slept at McCulloch he woke up with terrible memories and painful physical defects.

WAYNE DUTCHSKE: (Dutchie)

Nice to see him occasionally. - Usually has better things to do up at Clare. Top night at his 21st, waited for the big announcement to hear that it wasn't actually his birthday that night. Bad luck Clare. (I think we know what the next party will be.)



BRENDON DARVENEZIA: (Manuel - Fawltly Towers.)

Another of us magazine men. His ambition for 1982 is to see a magazine come out on time. We're doing our best, Brendon. Also wrote most of these profiles.

STEVE WEBBER: (Stumps, Wally, Obnoxious, Abusive.)

Often found in bed before 10 o'clock and his language leaves a little to be desired. His favourite line is "I'm going to win you tonight" and the usual reply is "Oh no you're not." Referring to a wine is sensory evaluation; "It tastes like chunder."

Known to ask a girl to his room to have a look at his etchings.

GARRY WALL: (Gazza)

Last we heard of him he was still looking for his project. Showed signs of a Stud with the first year horse tarts: Sprung in someone else's bed with such.

KEITH TULLOCH: (Buzz.)

Staying back for more sessions in Bryce Technology. See next issue.

TRACY LOW: (VA)

Miss Mortein of RAC.- Eat your heart out Sonya M. Staying back to meet the new release af men! (Saga continues in next magazine.)

ROSS WHITFORD: (Esky, Rotundifolia.)

The micro man of McCulloch has been known to, under the influence of Qland wine, upset a few girls, especially at the end of his tertiary studies. Fortunately for him he cannot remember this. Equal champion for playing "Zoom" with chillies.



CLAUDIO RADENTI: (Slug, The Italian Stallion.)

Still has potential for Barossa Wine Queen. Bit of a dark horse with the Sparrows. After two years, still could not work out how much it cost to phone Tassi. Outright winner of the Mr Sincere and Great Bloke award of 1982.

EDDIE PRICE: (Fart, Thalidamide,)

Too young to be married. Mr GPA of the course, known to visit RAC on week days only. Colours which will rule his life are White and Brown. Eddie "I'm so good" Price, we know!

TARSIA AHLADAS: (Suzi)

Can not be seen for dust on friday afternoons, soon to tie the bow. Great to see her at the pub after exams. Gets turned on by wrestling at Barmera.

TONY ROYAL: (Chocky, Bum Chin)

Not really an obnoxious young whippersnapper, despite popular belief. Been known to be locked out of the house. Isn't that subtle. Gets el cheapo haircuts in Ballarat, amongst other things.

GORDON GEBBIE: (Bud, The Flying Wedge.)

Known for saying "Why the hell did I do that?", been muddled up with Porker on several (many) occasions. Popular man (yes he is) with the Oenology faculty. May be here for another year if he can't talk Tony Dunne to pass his project.

PETER DOUGLAS: (Sumo, Gutman.)

Just completed his second degree, still hasn't got a job.... But big prospects in Japanese Sumo Wrestling training. Heard yelling at exam times "Aahhh", while pulling his hair out. Occasionally gets tounge tied with certain people for months on end.

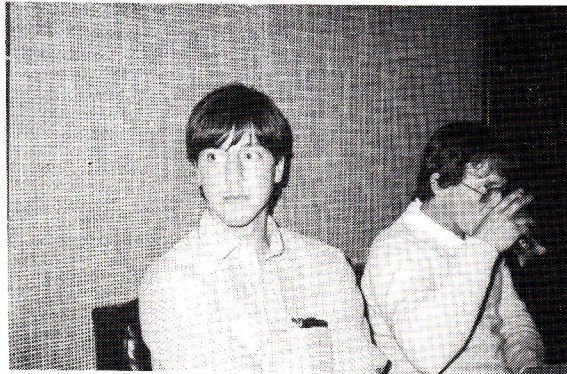
BRIAN WILSON: (Sleeze, Rockjaw.)

Life was never so sleezy. Outright winner of the Burt Reynolds non look alike contest. If you need anything, anytime, anywhere just ask Brian. Specialises in panel beating anonomously of his mates car doors. Seen sneaking in a sleezy manner out of many girls rooms late at night.

JANE FERRARI: (Spunk No 1)

This seductive temptress deliberately failed subjects just to finish with Gebbie and co. Does the best suck jobs, especially in BCR's subjects. (And then slags off behind his back.) For a great time 'Dial a Barby' or 'Dial a Cock tail Party', see Ferrari.

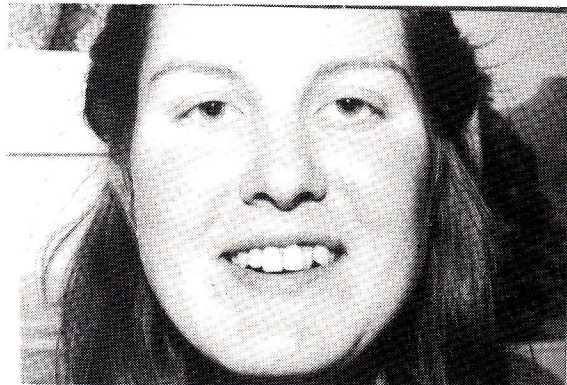
P.S: she never liked Andrew Ewart either, contrary to popular belief.

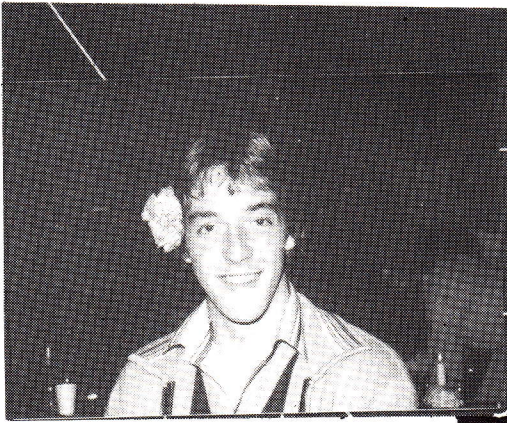


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"Hi guys!"



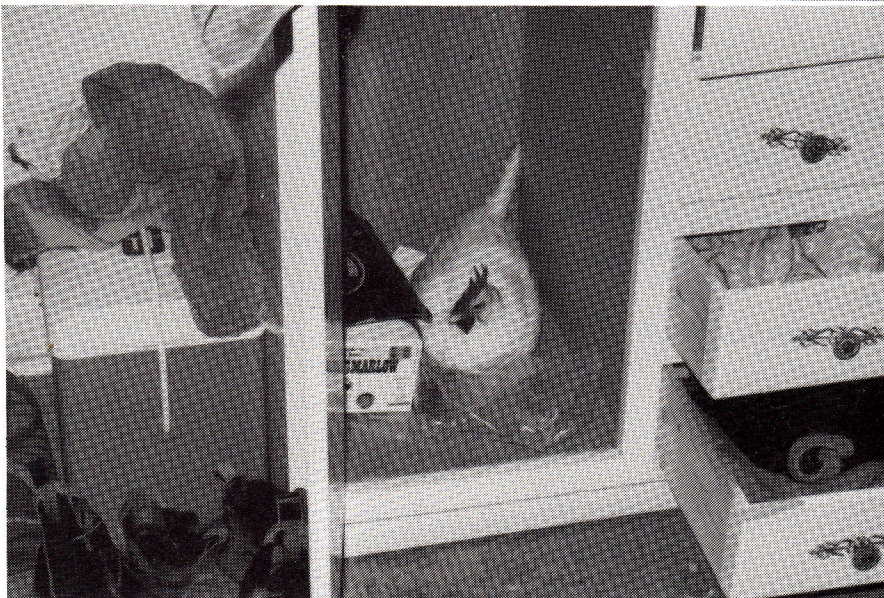
Hey, we're cool. - Except for Blag.



T.C. - High again.



Don't wait to be told...



He keeps me here till late  
at night  
- a lonely cloaca.

AN ODE TO A MAN WHO TURNED TWENTY ONE

There was once an innocent white volkswagon  
Whose owner, A. Comas was an angelic young man.  
But what we didn't know was the way Comas would go  
At the completion of drinking at the Interceptor show.

Travelling home rather cramped in the front of the bug,  
From the side of the road a white post he dug,  
And completely removed it from its half buried station;  
This post he still hoards to mark the occasion.

At tea a week later, This boy was the instigator  
Of an attack on one Stokes with spoons.  
Jim Watkinson arrived, said " Young Andy's allright,  
But the rest of you pick them up soon!"

But leaving the pub in the Volksey that night  
His wheel he did swerve to deal Stokesy a fright;  
And poor little Andy caught the blue light;  
Bad Stokesman stood by and laughed at his plight.

It was several days later, in the hours before dawn,  
that evil young Andy dissappeared.  
Assignments unfinished, door left ajar;  
Obviously the worst was feared.  
But lo and behold, the very next day, a call from a hospital bed;  
His tute was unfinished, was not fit to give;  
He'd chosen appendicitis instead.

The angel was wicked, and what can you say,  
-When the little white Volkswagen is bulging with hay,  
Swiped from a paddock by the side of the track;  
And inside you find Andy, with Kath in his lap.

The fall of the Comas is decisive, complete,  
His escaping of hanging a remarkable feat.  
Drunken gangs of students, they flock in his wake,  
Whilst the arms of the law await his next mistake.

---

WORK WANTED:

- Hay carting: 17 capable hands will remove hay for you.
- To any place you wish
  - Strictly off college work, only carried out after sunset
  - Will supply own transport and hay carting vehicles, no petrol costs.
  - Fees negotiable.

For further information contact  
Spiders McPhee.

---

SEVERAL SHORT STORIES

1. At a fable telling conference, Abraham Samual raised his arms and bowed his head.  
The others clapped.  
He had told a good fable.  
Fable telling was what he was good at.  
In fact, that's the reason he was invited to the conference.
2. There was this mental staggering down the road waving for a taxi cab. Everyone thought he was drunk, but he wasn't- only spastic.  
The mental couldn't wait until nightfall when he would crash a party- Where people would respect him.
3. "Cheer up" the headmaster said sternly.  
Young Edward blew his nose and wiped his eyes.  
Proud of the young lads courage, the headmaster opened the cupboard.  
- out sprang several cats.  
"Oh thank you sir" cried Edward, as he hugged the animals, and eagerly put them in his school case to take home and show his sister.

A SHORT POEM: "INSECTS".

MY ROOM

As I sit in my little room,  
People knock at my door.  
I say "Come In"  
And in they walk and sit on my bed.  
"Oh, I'm tired!" they say,  
"I've got so much work to do."  
"Making a cuppa?" they say.  
I say "O.K, put the kettle on."  
So on goes the kettle,  
And then no-one gets any work done,  
Until my little room is still and quiet again.

Roweena Wood.

Insects are great.  
Insects are good.  
But I don't like insects when they bood.  
  
Insects fly  
Insects die  
Have you ever heard an insect sigh?  
  
Insects sail.  
Insects are pale.  
Insects have difficulty flying in a gale.  
  
Insects prance.  
Insects dance.  
Isn't that quite fanc --- y.

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MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTIONS? - HA!

They ask me to write a poem or prose,  
What can I write about? God only knows!  
Shall I write something about being a Horse-tart?  
About racing and breeding - well at least it's a start!  
I'm using my brains and trying real hard,  
I wonder if I could just copy a verse from a card?  
Now, let's see....What can I say?  
There's Droopers-the show-and there's Open Day.  
Normally I can talk all of 24 hours;  
Now I'm as quiet as a drunk after a shower!  
I give up.- Well at least 'till next year,  
Maybe I'll be better then, after a cold beer.

## THE SOUTHEAST TRIP - MY IMPRESSIONS

I woke with a start, it was several moments before my senses had placed themselves. Yes, that's right, last night, it all came back and I turned to the beauty asleep beside me. She was young-14, 15 maybe; old enough to bleed... that funny little phrase typified my sentiments. What was her name? I thought for an instant Kay? Mary? ah who gives a shit, her passion satisfied, her prestige climaxed by a night with a football Megastar, she was just a lay.

I rose from my bed, it was 6.00p.m., shortly our journey would begin and in anticipation a flood of adrenalin sent my senses tingling. The girl in the bed stirred and cast her eyes upon my body. A glowing smile appeared on her face.

"You're going?" she questioned. "Yes," I replied, explaining to her my quest to conquer the great unexplored south, whilst I slipped into a pair of brown cords, buttoned my brown body shirt and doused on a brown Naracoorte windcheater.

The rest of house thirteen began to stir. I wandered into the lounge room and poured myself a jug for breakfast, nearly emptying the contents of the silver-grey totem. I reflected the yester-years, before I'd found my salvation, those lost, sober empty days. People had tried to show me but I resisted. Now my whole existence means something, to West End I will be eternally greatfull.

Soon the rest of the house were contently sucking piss whilst Treas tapped the other keg. By 6.30p.m. we were clambering aboard the transport provided. Clutching the bucket full of provisions I attempted to pass onto the machine, but an unexpected mass blocked my path. Stepping back, I assessed the authoritative figure before me. He was a man of reasonable stature, his physique masculine yet round (including his guts and forehead). He was a man of the outdoors, the squinty eyes and busted cap-illaries across his cheeks gave that away. Sumner was his name, Barry Sumner they told me. It meant nothing till Bluey whispered "that's Right-off!. watch him!" Right-off, I'd heard much of this living legend and decided to yeild to his requests to dispose of the material so neccessary for my sustanance.

.....the journey was filled with awe and wonder, and the entertainment was swell..

Scenery whizzed passed whilst colleagues droned on and on, their seminars as boring as a night without grog. I resolved to sucking on a flagon of Vermouth and soon passed out. I do remember some parts of that morning, like lunch at the Meningie Pub, Three jugs and two slices of buttered bread. Also that bastard Sean Sampson, thinks he's funny but he's a dead shit. I could make people laugh but I'm either too shy, making passionate love or intoxicated



That afternoon I 'd sobered up enough to realise that the chuck I'd had earlier was still stuck to my windcheater making the insignia illegible. Stiff shit. Later we were finally allocated billets for the night. I'd ended up with some old Cocky and his missus. She was about 45, a bit of experience I thought. As soon as the old fella was out of the house I began the con on his wife. Sweet words of seduction flowed easily from my mouth in tones of temptation. Before very little time indeed I'd had her on the kitchen table, in the pantry and on the laundry floor. Satisfied for now I made my way to the bedroom to push up a few "Z"s. Thinking back, Woolyback was right, older women do make better lovers.

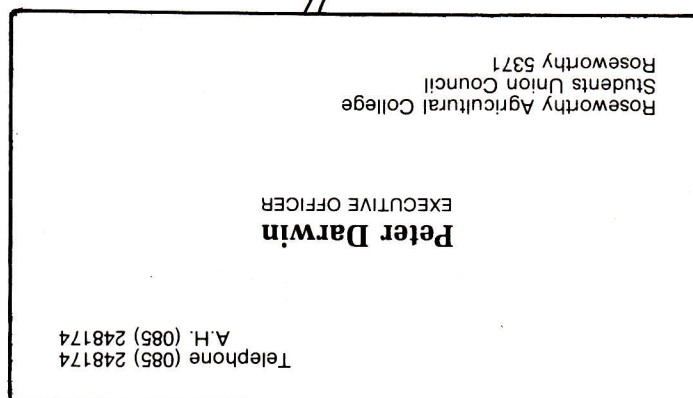
The next day was just as boring, the man they called Sumner kept a tight rein using a bizarre technique of verbal confusion. The pressure was building, the motion, the utter monotony of seminar after seminar, the unceasing flow of shit thrust upon us by the inhabitants of this Southeast (they must be inbred). I could see it in their eyes, that glassy, dazed look, their speech slurred, it revealed the delirious frustration in their minds. Surely Sumner and his shadow, young Tappo, could not keep these poor souls from the release they find in the kick of a footy. At last the authoritarians, feeling the tension, conceived the leather egg and with joy the APs and the rest of the Aggies were free, a calamity avoided. I myself had no need for such a release, a cheap and short term method had no place for an individual such as I. My only hope was that foul swill contained in that last flagon.

.....we spent that night in the pub, and the next.....

The last day begun with no grog, and my depression was intense. To wake hungover was fine, that familiar fury tounge, head-ache, queezy stomach, such familiar and homely feelings. But to be without a wet alcoholic beverage pressed to my lips my confidence faded, my emotional stability on the threshold of collapse. Climbing on the bus I took a position midway down the aisle. From here I could survey the goings on about me. There was Sid, a man to be respected, his complexion -sorry, composure, near perfect, yet hidden behind his stylish dark rimmed glasses. Following down each individual, I assess their characters: There was "The Cav", a man equal to me in his accumulation of chicks; a cool character. Brad Butler, "Potsie", his voice bellowing out, pleading each girl for her name. God he's loud! There's Bluey, "Ritchie", he's just stuffed and Sambo, "Ralph mouth", his jokes, the pressure, the pulsations in my head. God, I can be funny too! Clarke, damn him, always fondling Jayne. -He can't con chicks, whats going on?... Further along, Slats, calculating his GPA. -Oh shit.

Our final talk, some bearded chisel chin with no lips and narrow eyes, on non wetting sands? Bullshit, Barry Sumner!, that egg-head! -I jumped out of the bus and emptied my bladder upon the dry, thirsty soil and the urine was swiftly absorbed into the soils structure. "Sumner," I called, pointing to the wet patch before me, "Non wetting sands, whats that!"... "Well, you've got to realise now.... it's a hassle... very difficult...." I knew it! -That garble, no longer, no more.... I grabbed him, kicked and punched him, warm blood flowing freely where my fists met his mangled face and, damn him, he still would not shut up... I was shaking, my mind a complete disarray of emotion, no longer could I take it. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, but was only an hour, we arrived back at Meningie. I could at last seek the pleasure of relief in a glass of just about anything alcoholic. .Bliss!

We arrived home, quite a journey; A nice place, the South-East, but I wouldn't like to live there.



SECOND YEAR HORSE TART PROFILES.

CATHY RINEY:

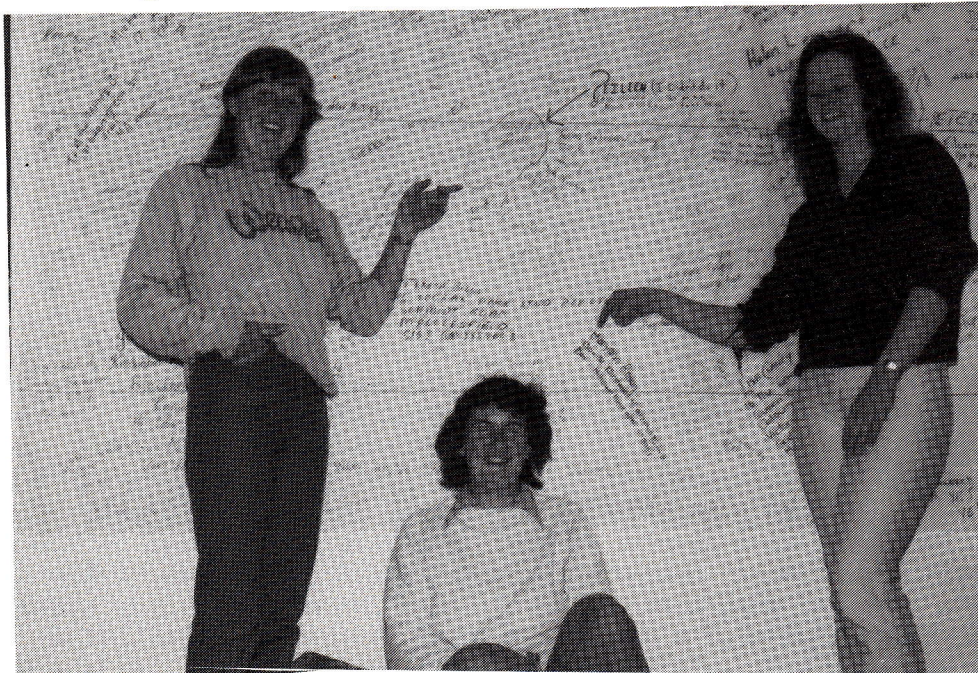
Nickname: Cath  
Favourite Pastime: Talking, Riding Mungo.  
Ambition: To get Mungo excited.  
Theme Song: Ummm....

TERRY BIGGS:

Nickname: Terry, Biggsy.  
Favourite Pastime: Ummm...  
Ambition: Ummm...  
Theme Song: Ummm...

LISA CLANCY:

Nickname: Weifa, Lis.  
Favourite Pastime: Riding at night. (Endurance.)  
Ambition: To graduate from a training bra.  
Theme Song: Hot Stuff.



MARY-ANNE RITSON:

Nickname: Ritz  
Favourite Pastime: Going to parties.  
Ambition: To be a top rider.  
Theme Song: I'd love to have a beer with....

Eileen CALVERY:

Nickname: Calverly.  
Favourite Pastime: Kelly.  
Ambition: Top jockey.  
Theme Song: Ummm...





ANDREW WILSON:

Nicknames: Bill, Tart.  
Favourite Pastime: Ummm...  
Ambition: To be a real Horse tart. (ie:Female.)  
Theme Song: Ummm...

SIMONE FORD:

Nicknames: Sim  
Favourite Pastime: Gavin Topper.  
Ambition: To get a tan.  
Theme Song: Ummm...

SIMONE WETZLAR:

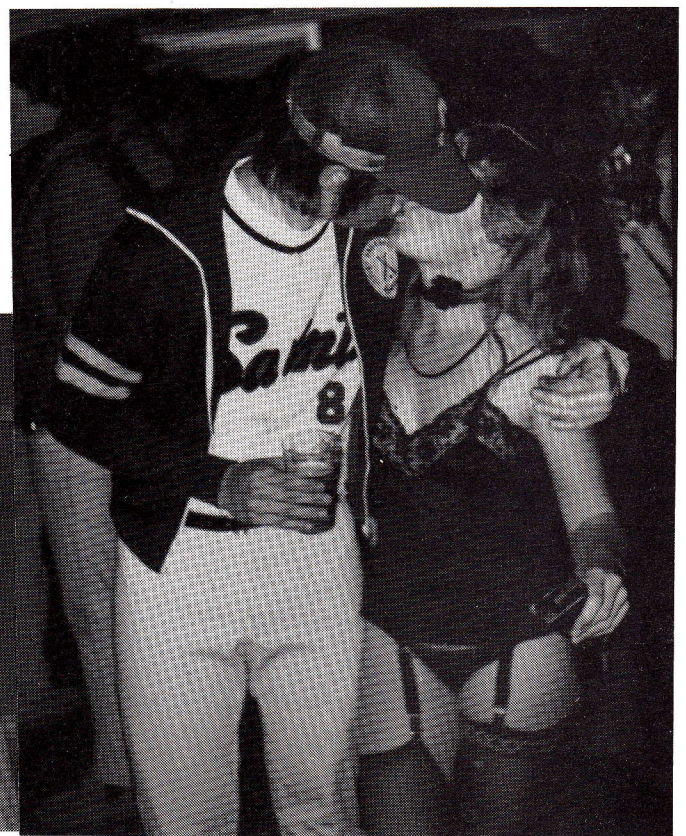
Nickname: Wetz.  
Favourite Pastime: Spending Money.  
Ambition: To have an open cheque book.  
Theme Song: Money money money.

MICHELLE GRAY:

Nickname: Mich.  
Favourite Pastime: Peter.  
Ambition: To become Mrs Peter.  
Theme Song: Ummm...

MELANIE HOLLOWAY:

Nickname: Mel  
Favourite Pastime: Tim.  
Ambition: To be tall.  
Theme Song: Short People.



ALISON BURGER:

Nickname: Buckets.  
Favourite Pastime: David, Soli.  
Ambition: David.  
Theme Song: I want to marry you too.

HELEN LENNARD:

Nickname: Fluro Legs.  
Favourite Pastime: Riding her scooter.  
Ambition: Ummm...  
Theme Song: I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts.

JO ROWETT:

Nicknames: Jo.  
Favourite Pastime: Gavin.  
Ambition; Ummm...  
Theme Song: Ummm...

DEBBIE FORD:

Nickname: Deb.  
Favourite Pastime: Sting.  
Ambition: Ummm...  
Theme Song: Ummm...



## HORSE TART TRIP

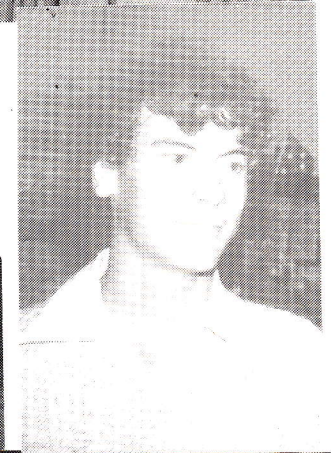
The horse tart trip this year was as usual. Everyone seeing lots of interesting things and writing notes looking like real twits. There was the usual singing on the bus, charades led by Terry and Mary-anne, and of course the inevitable joke session led by P.J himself.

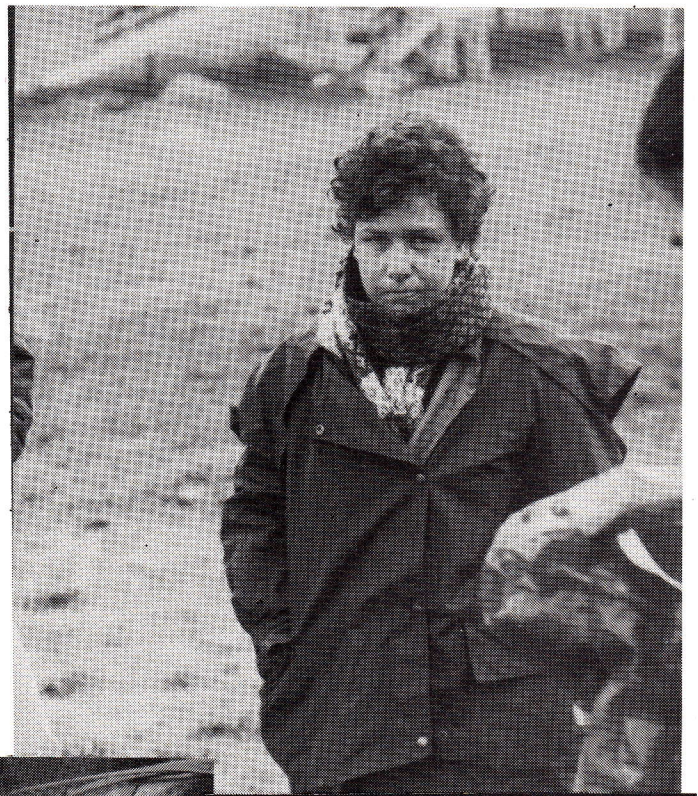
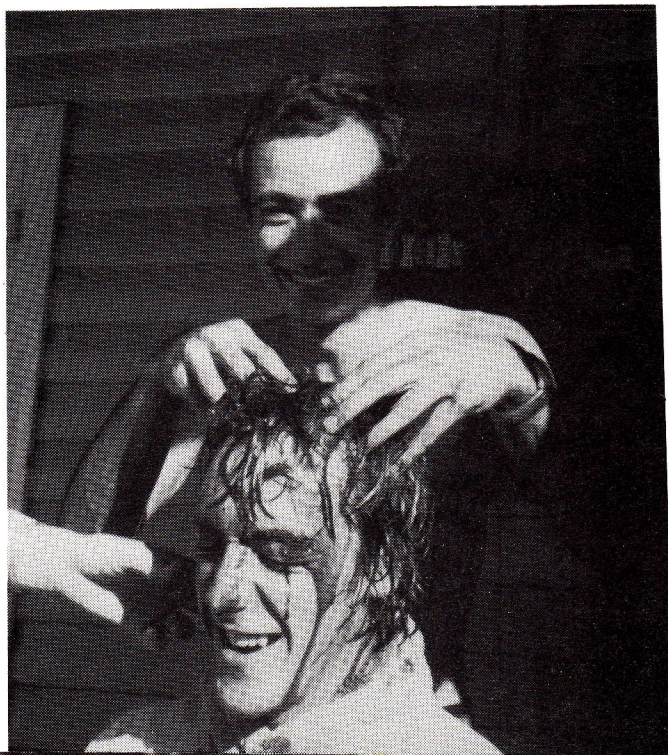
Alison was dreaming about someone tall long and blond, while Lisa was busy, and enjoying being conned. Sim was missing Gavin, while other Sim was recovering from nights down the tavern. Rebecca was pining for Chris, while Andy and Eileen were doing things amiss. Cathy was making her usual din, while Melanie was missing Tim. Mary-anne and Terry were up to no good, while Helen talked all she could. Jenny and Debbie enjoyed their smokes, while Jo and Michelle missed their blokes.

---

Mary had a little clock.







HOUSE 10 (13)

Front Porch Walls filthy - cobwebby - dusty. untidy.  
Door handle door broken - door frame broken. Cartons of rubbish. Whilst house is in poor repair no excuse for state of unclean appearance as hose and brush would do the trick.

Garage A mess. Grass needs cutting

Back Porch Repeat for front

L/Dry Cobwebby - Dirty walls - dusty rubbish (old cartons) - no attempt to clean thick ancient webs round hot water service & windows

Toilet Filthy - Smelly - cobwebby.

Room 6. Untidy, dirty, a mess.

Kitchen Filthy. must be seen to be believed. Dirty dishes, food left on table, Dirty pan on stove, rubbish - Yuk. Broken chair - Dirty fridge

Passage Hole behind Postcard. Hole behind No Parking sign (patched - other holes the same)  
Hole behind Diners sign. Dirty & Dusty

Room 5 Hole in North Wall - Bed not made. Dirty window cills - flies in window. Dusty

Room 4 Looks like a bomb has hit. Dirty Filthy

Room 3 A mess - Hole in South Wall & West Wall  
Hole in ceiling

Lounge A mess - 'Orange' <sup>town</sup> sign over fireplace. ashes in hearth. clothes scattered all over place. Dirty, Dusty, flies in cills. Lock recess broken.

P.T.O

Room 1. A mess. another bomb. Red unmade  
Bits and pieces all over floor  
Broken drawer to dressing table/wardrobe  
handle missing

Front passage - National Park & Wildlife sign  
Aisle behind door caused by door knob

Signs - Orange, Diners N.P.W. all borrowed + Top fertiliser  
Patched up holes all over place.

Map missing Broken lounge chair on lawn  
rubbish etc. stubbie in gutter!  
The record speaks for itself YUK!

Quote of the week year?

Its better than it normally is! Big Youngie

Inspected 9.11.82 by J. Watkinson

Reinspection 16.11.82

In view of exams no inspection will be carried out

J. Watkinson 15.11.82

House 13 won the "Best House Of THE Year" award for 1982. Its list of accomplishments include;

- the most kegs
- the most chooks
- the most ducks
- the highest concentration of C.F. members under one roof
- the most road signs covering the most holes in the walls
- the highest damages bill
- one of the cleaner houses
- etc.....

Best of luck to next years occupants, may they continue in similar stead.

Dear Ron Spain and Associates,

It is with deep regret that we must inform you that we have been unable to clean the premises to the desired level of cleanliness as requested by the residential services. The reason is simply apathy induced by an excessively demanding work load. Whilst our long term aim is to provide and maintain an improved level of cleanliness, it is however necessary to eliminate some short term troublesome factors, some of which include 1) nocturnal possums which dig air-holes in walls and interrupt essentially adequate slumber (ie. S. Brown's wall), 2) Distraught young females trespassing upon the premises seeking the advise, refuge and counselling services provided by the more mature members of the college student community ( all members of house 13 ); 3) poultry infected with barbers pole worm reducing thier hen housed production by a drop of 50% has necessitated the introduction of individual hand feeding and inoculation. This in particular has required a substantial proportion of our working time. 4) The inconvenience of an inefficient substandard refridgeration unit in which the closing apparatus has malfunctioned, has lowered general tenant morale and has generated some concern with respect to the safe-keeping of perishable foodstuffs.

We are impressed however, with the efficiency of the flushing mechanism contained in the water closet. Maximum disposal is now achieved per flushing litre, without which the high effluent flow induced by modern society's high pressures and highly processed foods could not be capacitated.

In the line of duty our major implement of cleanliness ( ie. long handle with bristles ) has come to an untimely end ( ie. long handle without bristles ). It appears that Residential Services have grossly underestimated the effective production span of this unit.

In conclusion, it is evident that the house 13 tenants have hygiene and cleanliness as highest priorities, even though action towards this ultimate end appears obscure at the present time. Also it is clear that our over-riding motive is the general well being of mankind, and concern for the continued association of mankind and nature in general.

Love

House 13

(Max, Browny, Chappy

Brad & Bluey)



(later  
Treas.)

## OPEN DAY 1982. 7

Unfortunately, the weather which greeted us on October the 16th, our Open Day, was far from desirable. It was windy, it was cold, and it rained several times during the day - Including a brief, but very wet torrent during our BBQ lunch. However, the solid organisation of the day, the thorough advertising campaign, and the generally high public interest in the event were sufficient to save Open Day from failure. Although several events, such as the Helicopter joy flights were disrupted by the conditions, the indoor events went off well - For example the Devonshire Teas and the Natural Resources Display were well frequented - and most of the outdoor events managed to put on a fair show between rains all morning, and as the weather cleared in the afternoon, more and more people visited.

The standard fire fighting display was varied this year with a mock victim (Courtesy of AKM) who struggled from the burning vehicle into the able hands of the St John crew, while the Mudla Wirra team quickly extinguished the blaze. An other event which brightened the day was Jane Ferraris 'Leap of Death' from which it is rumoured Gordon Gebbie has never fully recovered.

So I extend general congratulations to all those individuals who in any way contributed to the day, and helped turn what could have been a flop into an enjoyable occasion, and a definite success.

The traditional follow up, the Open Day Ball was held at the Gawler Institute this year and, compared with 1981, was quite uneventful. Not one college student was arrested, although we did almost have a physical confrontation with the local 'toughs', who would have been at least 14 years old! However, generally a quietish show, and quite enjoyable, despite the fact that we didn't manage to finish - or even half finish - the vast quantities of Vermouth very sensibly and economically ordered by Sean Sampson.

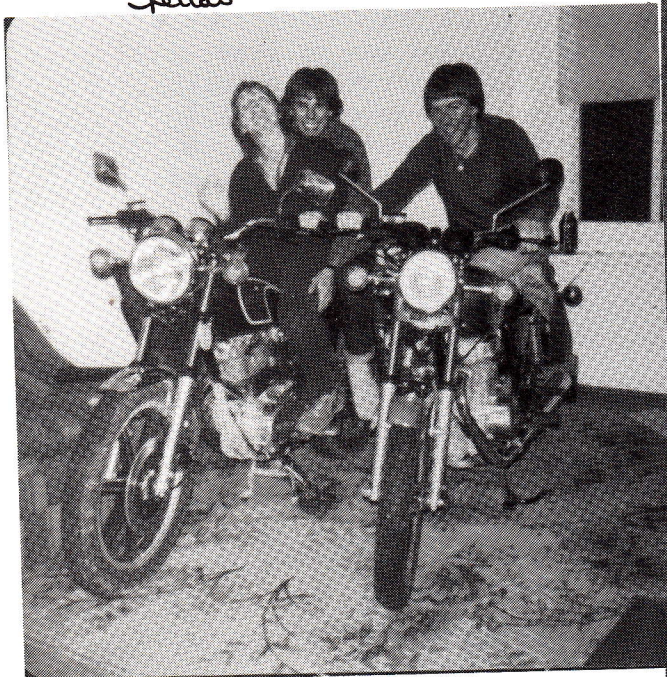


The recovery after the ball was also full of fun and excitement. The rugby match was won by the Australian side and copious quantities of beer was drunk to flush down the chops and assorted salads provided by the kitchen crew. Meanwhile the organisers of the ball were doing their damndest to dispose of the left over kegs. Indeed these last kegs remained a source of refreshment to many a passer by of house 13 for the next week, whilst the flagons of Vermouth helped to pass the long hours of travel in the bus on the South East trip. The Centenary year Open Day will be a major event and it is hope that the organisers receive at least the amount of student participation to equal this years.

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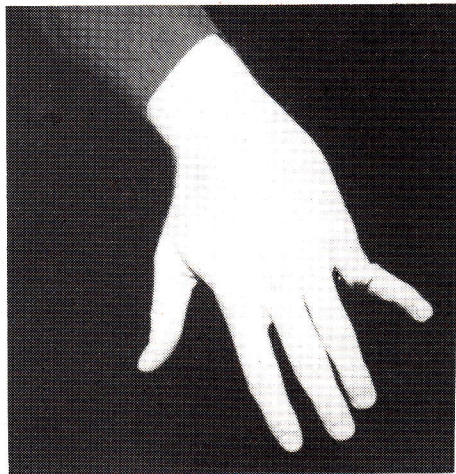
Maybe in a couple of years  
fellow



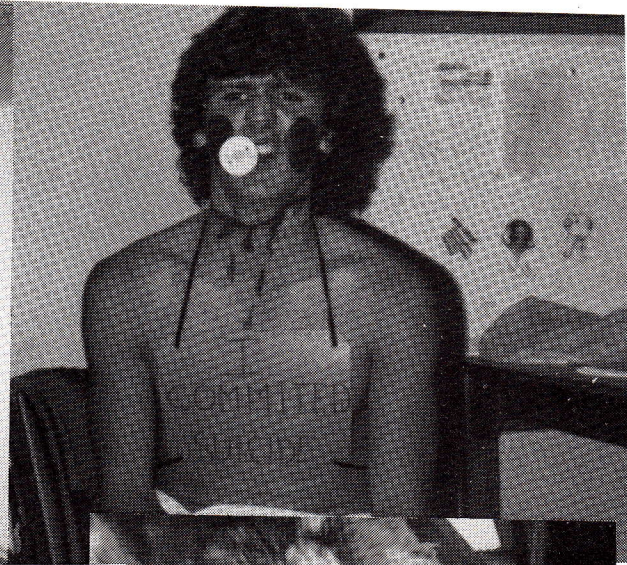
"When I'm bigger, I'm allowed  
to take it outside."

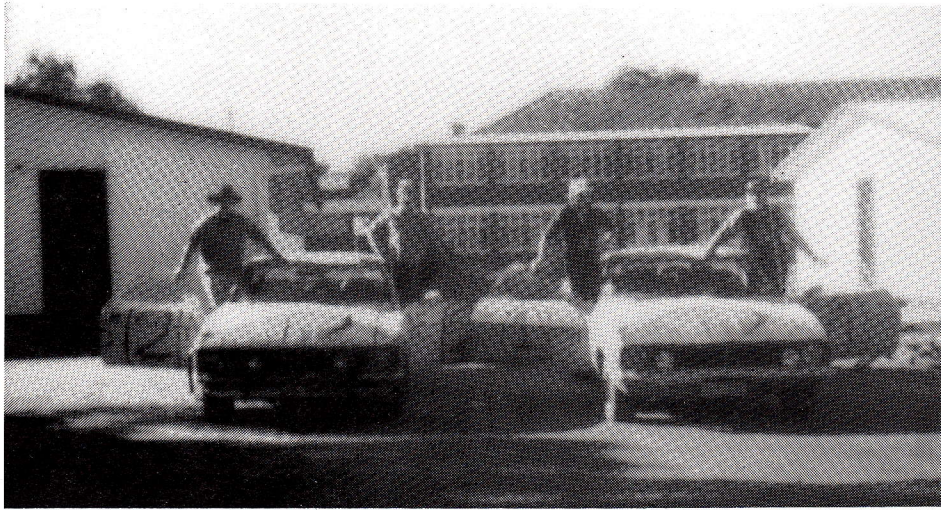


- The Clones.



Men of low intelligence





CAR RALLY, 1982 ✕

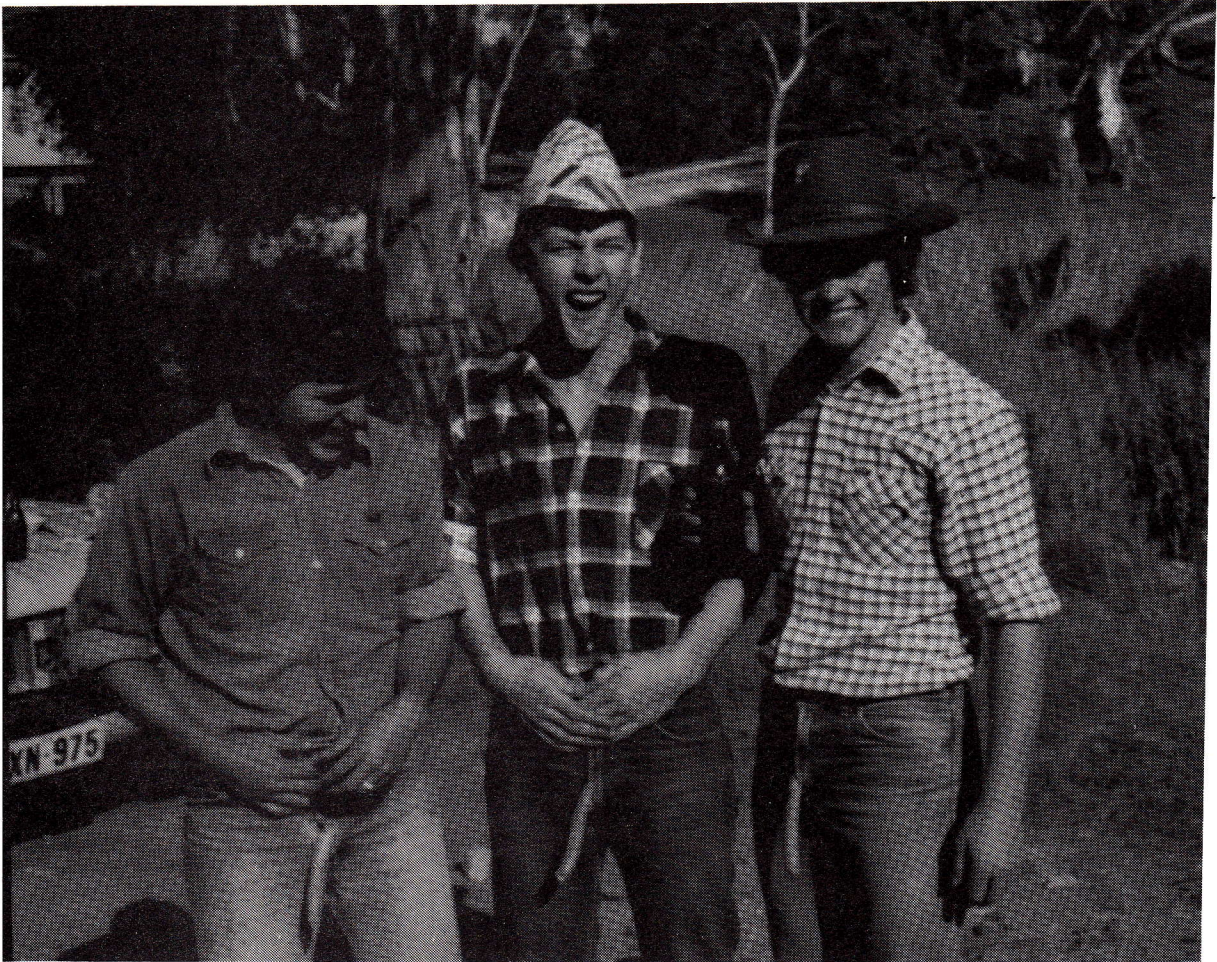
It was a very eventful Car Rally we had this year. In fact it was so eventful that everyone was so wrapped up in who had been pulled over by the police, who had been in a crash, and what rope had broken towing whose car sending it careening into whose parked Mazda, that we don't really know

- Who entered the race
- Who finished the race and
- Who won the race.

But the show wasn't bad, except that by the time the second keg got there, most people had gone home. However the remaining 10 of us punished that keg pretty badly, and got fairly wrecked.



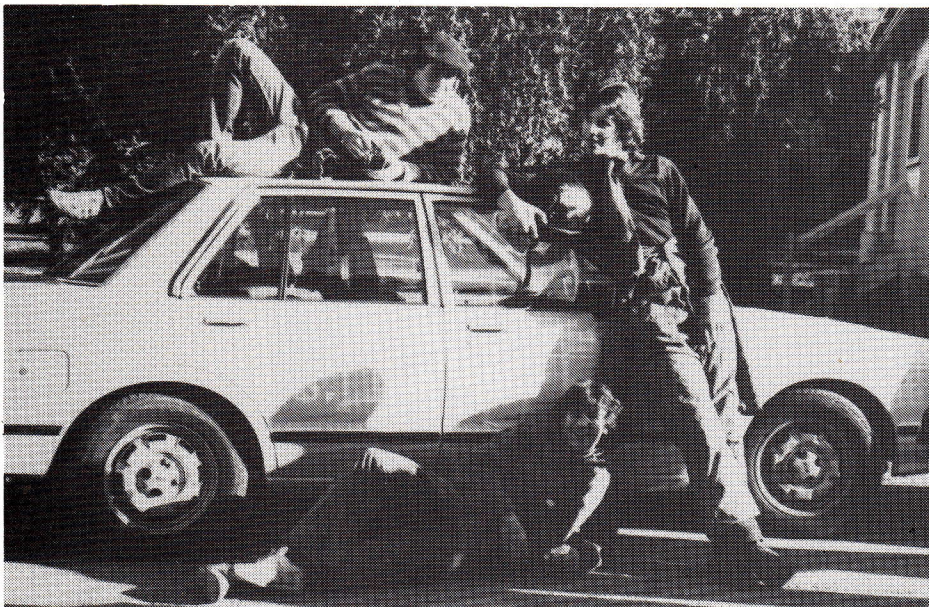
*THE MEN FROM SNOWY RIVER*



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STUDENT PROFILES : SECOND YEAR NATURAL RESOURCES

Compiled by Rasputin Burnchild.

APPLETON, DUNCAN:

Nicknames: Animal, AP3, Toecutter, Rounder than most.  
Features: Well groomed, tall and slender, adverse to drink and food  
A quiet and unobtrusive fellow, tends to wear socks with  
his thongs.  
Activities: C Grade football, and many less desirable actions.  
Sayings: Often unprintable, but has been heard to say "But I'm  
really a very nice person".  
Positions: Committees including Antelope, Social and Community, Club  
House.69  
Prized Possessions: Holden car, Pluto poster.  
Personal Dislikes: Combs, Brushes and Razors.

AYLIFFE, KYM:

Nicknames: Fat porky rat, Arselift, Kymmy, Cutie bum.  
Features: Nice curly hair, lovely bottom, gorgeous body, women flock  
about him. Photography of a very poor standard.  
Activities: Football, Football coach night before selection, cricket,  
Praising Port Lincoln.  
Sayings: "Heath is a wasteland", "Small is beautiful"  
Positions: Hay Baler Extroadinair.

COMAS, ANDREW:

Nicknames: Position, Andy (Handy), Borie.  
Features: Plain, but so stylish, Unfortunate birthplace.  
Activities: Golf, 8 Ball, Basketball, Cards, Having a beer down the  
club (literally).  
Achievements: Winning the Coober Pedy Open (Golf), 2 bales and 4 people  
in the Volksey.  
Positions: Comas, Hay Baler.

GANINO, DEAN:

Nicknames: Serge Casino, Brownnose, Axeman, "The Wog".  
Features: Loudness of voice, Gusto, Often seen in greenhouses, Foreign  
origins.  
Activities: Ringbarking, Typing, Studying and bellowing, Lisa every  
weekend,  
Sayings: "Filamentous" and other assorted booming cries.  
Favourite Objects: Axes, Chainsaws, Overalls and Mark Smith.  
Colour of Nose: Brown.  
Colour of Ug Boots: White.



GOULD, PAUL:

Nicknames: Number 7, Gouldium, Gouldy, Varanis, Red.  
Features: Trench Coat, Red windcheater, Stylish Walk.  
Activities: Hockey, Dancing, Doing question number 7.  
Sayings: "Have you done question number 7 yet?"  
          "At least my hairs not like yours" (To T. Lawry)  
          "Seen my swag, Pete?"  
Sources of Pride: Swag (c/o P. Hanish), Completion of question number  
                  7 in genetics test.



GURNER, ELIZABETH:

Nicknames: Kirsty, Kirsten, KEG, Kristen, Crusty.  
Activities: Netball, Masculine attire.  
Sayings: "Blowfly"  
          "Thirty white horses on a red hill, ....."  
Dislikes: Skirts and dresses, trains.  
Achievements: Netball best and fairest.  
Faults: Port barracker.

HEARD, LEONIE:

Nicknames: Tiny, Smallest, Lee.  
Features: Lack of size  
Positions: SUC member, House committee, Bumper GPA, Hay baler.  
Activities: Hockey, Wine tasting, Studying, visiting Kym.  
Favourite Place: Victoria.  
Ambition: To scull like D. Ferguson.

HOLDEN, STEVEN:

Nicknames: Steve, Acid, Top Jam.  
Features: Magnificent facial hair, top car, top glasses.  
Activities: Shooting up, Sporting wonderful facial hairdos,  
          Being abused by Danny, staying in his room.  
Sayings: "Top jam, top fresh jam, top jam!!"  
          "You talking to me, Danny?", "If that was a real fight.."  
Favourite Objects: Bow, Photo of Girlfriend in wallet.  
Achievement: Not being able to see the big E on the eye chart.  
          Having a plain pie at the Piccart.

HOPTON, IAN:

Nicknames: Minda, Mandible, Hoppy, Hopsy, HPI.  
Features: Mandible, Spastism.  
Activities: Football, Insect smears, Cats, falling over and off bike.  
Sayings: "Obviously disturbed by the light"  
"That shot was a mere formality"  
"I'm sure John understands my problem"  
Achievement: A four week medical certificate for an immobilised arm  
which was better in 3 days.

LAWRY, TONY:

Nicknames: Phelps, Organ, Playboy.  
Features: Haircut, Stuffed shoulder.  
Activities: Going to bed with Fat Cat, Going to hospital, haircuts,  
football and forklifting.  
Achievements: Failing Geology, Starring on T.V.  
Dislikes: Quiche, The word Jobby.

LINTON, VICKI:

Nicknames: Paris Major, Springhead, Legs.  
Features: Of prominence- None that we have noticed.  
Activities; Being mature, Working in McDonalds, avoiding the manager.  
Sayings: "Why?" "Blech."  
Ambition: To mother a score of small children.



MACDONALD, CHRISTINA:

Nicknames: Macca, Chris.  
Activities: Hiking, Climbing and Skiing,  
Sayings: Giggling, "Bizzo"  
Ambitions: To raft down the Franklin, to be a Chemist.  
Prized Possessions: A Lowrie Organ.

MATSON, GRANT:

Nicknames: Pig, Pugcat.  
Activities: Not playing football, using Pig Lingo, Leslie.  
Features: Blends well with the crowd, recognised only by RDNR2.  
Sayings: "Grubby maulers", "A grade daggy gear."  
"Zack off down to..."  
Achievements: Invention of Pig Lingo, development of lumpy  
hairdo.

MILLER, LEIGH:

Nickname: Gerry  
Features: Extreme age, Iridescent green bag.  
Activities: Giving Frank heans, Falling on Gus, riding motorbikes  
Sayings: "Wait until 8.30", "I'm a country member."  
Losses: Beard, Youth.  
Dream: Being 19 again, or even 29...



PEARSE, MERRIDY:

Nicknames: Anything but Ginger.  
Features: A diverse wardrobe, The occasional language slip.  
Activities: James, Speeding, Netball.  
Positions: House Committee.  
Favourite Place: Clare.

PETHO, SOPHIE:

Nickname: Frog, Owl, Slutphie, Metho, Soph.  
Features: Owl like appearance.  
Activities: Netball, Innocence, Jumbuck, missing Jumbuck on w/ends  
Achievements: Resisting Jumbuck for 10 weeks, Saying "Mudla  
Wirra one this is Mudla Wirra two."  
Peculiarities: Getting french letters from her mum.  
Faults: Jumbuck, Considering changing to Ag.

SAUNDERS, GARY:

Nicknames: Gus, Greg.  
Features: Balding, Extremely hard to write a profile on.  
Saying: "Where's Frank?"  
Activities: Balding, Saying "Wheres Frank?", Being driven thru'  
walls by Jill, Working at the Bottlo.

SIMPSON, DANNY:

Nicknames: Scum, Anthony  
Features: Exceedingly unpleasant character, Facial growth.  
Activities: Violence, swearing, Giving Steve shit, Day student.  
Sayings: "Play the game, Steve.", "Wacko the duck"  
"I just saw a Goshawk!"  
Positions: Varied, including the passenger seat of Marks car.  
Favourites: Centrals, Goshawks, Steve.

SHORT, MICHAEL

Nicknames: Uncle Pervy, Shorty.  
Features: Photogenic and aromatic end, Not being Short at all.  
Activities: Organising car accidents, Hay Baler, Port drinker.  
Fault: Not keeping anything in his fridge.

SPARROW, LYNN:

Nickname: Spog.

Features: Always rushing towards library, or lecturers, Willowy frame.

Activities: Being vegetarian, Keeping vegetarian dogs, Getting A's, Illuminating the pool.

Sayings: "S'cuse me please.", "I don't like the feel of meat in my mouth", "Legumes, brown rice and lentils.", "The Atherton table lands are an important dairying region."

Positions: Student faculty, Dux of course, Record no. of questions in one lecture.

Achievements: Park ranger.

STOKES, MARTIN:

Nicknames: Brindle Gaps, Gidgee Skink, ST6, Smaller than most, Champignon strode, Marty, Blossom.

Features: Small size, Double blue jumper, Pale skin.

Activities: Sleeping in, Missing lectures, Giving shit, A regular Wit-bag, Pie floaters, 8 ball, Football, Getting kicked out of Club.

Sayings: "How bad's that?", "Oh Good, yeah good.", "Wouldn't mind a feed."

Positions: C Grade coach, RACFC Publicity officer, B grade footballer, Magazine, Antelope, Community club house committees, Hay baler.

Achievements: Played Basketball for College, and got a goal.

Hero: Batman, Abba.

SUMNER, JILLIAN:

Nickname: Troggo

Features: A trifle roly poly, Of a famous father (write off)

Activities: Tennis, Cooking, Being lewd.

Sayings: "Bloody Dad", "Top bickys."

Achievements: Losing muffler off fathers car, Forgetting to put film in her camera.

WATSON, MARK

Nickname: Fairy

Features: Neck rashes, Being known as "Oh, that blond fella!"

Activities: Working for big W, Driving Danny to college every day, Not going to shows.

Sayings: "Been there, Sminthopsis."

Achievements: Sticking with Centrals all these years.

Possessions: Huge car, with Centrals sticker.

Favourite Passenger: Not Danny.

YOUNG, PAUL:

Nicknames: Mr Pres, Bruce Lee, Pizzey, Youngy.

Activities: Religion, Ju jitsu, Showing the soul of his feet.

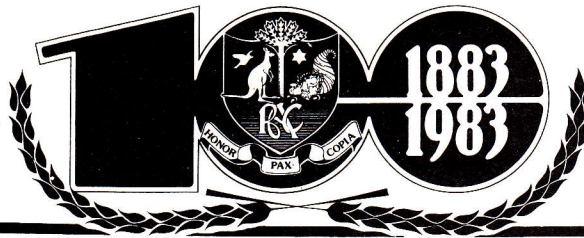
Features: Slight American accent, Flamboyant use of hands in speech.

Positions: C.F. President.

Favourite Topic: Creation vs Evolution.

Favourite Place: Japan.





**ROSEWORTHY**  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

# INTERNAL MEMO

MEMO TO: President, Students Union Council c.c. Accounts

FROM: Jim Watkinson, Assistant Housemaster

SUBJECT: Student Damages Fund

On Friday October 1 Mr Dean Belton brought to my attention the state of the former International Lecture Room (now First Aid Lecture Room) Student Activity Centre. It was a mess - chairs and tables upended, chalk thrown all over the place, and a birds' nest torn from its site and strewn on the floor. What was most disquieting from my point of view was that the door was closed, making it difficult for the welcome swallows at present nesting in that building to follow their regular flight pattern of entry and exit to their nest.

The SUC will be charged \$18.90 cleaning costs. This includes penalty rates due to this act of vandalism. The plight of the swallows I leave to the vandals' (have they any?) conscience.

JIM WATKINSON  
4.10.82.

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**Peter Darwin**  
EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Roseworthy Agricultural College  
Students Union Council  
Roseworthy 5371

**Q:** My boyfriend is trying to blackmail me into having sex with him. I do not want to as I don't think that I care for him enough, but he says that if I don't, he will masturbate very frequently until his health and eyesight suffer. Is it true that masturbation can do that to him?

**A:** Full marks to your boyfriend for originality, but it is not true.

Masterbation is a normal thing as an alternative to sex and it will not effect his health in any way and certainly not his vision.

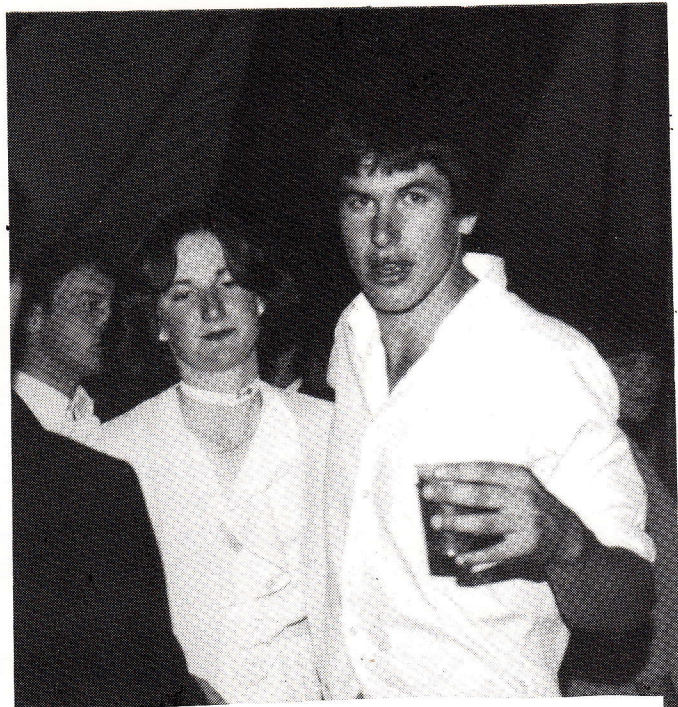
Stick to your guns. Be true to yourself.



## DROOPERS '82

The 4th consecutive Droopers Ball was an immense success. Everyone got their moneys worth. Those that could still stand after the night got even more value from the recovery.

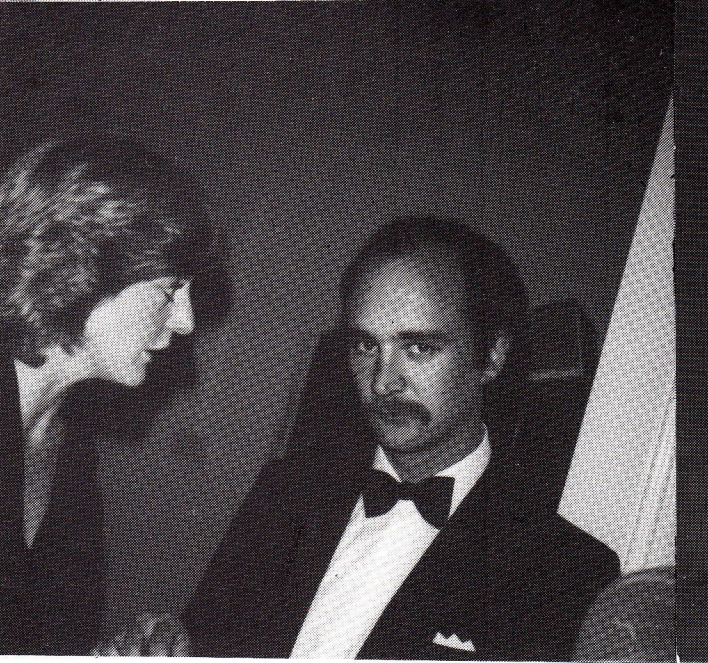
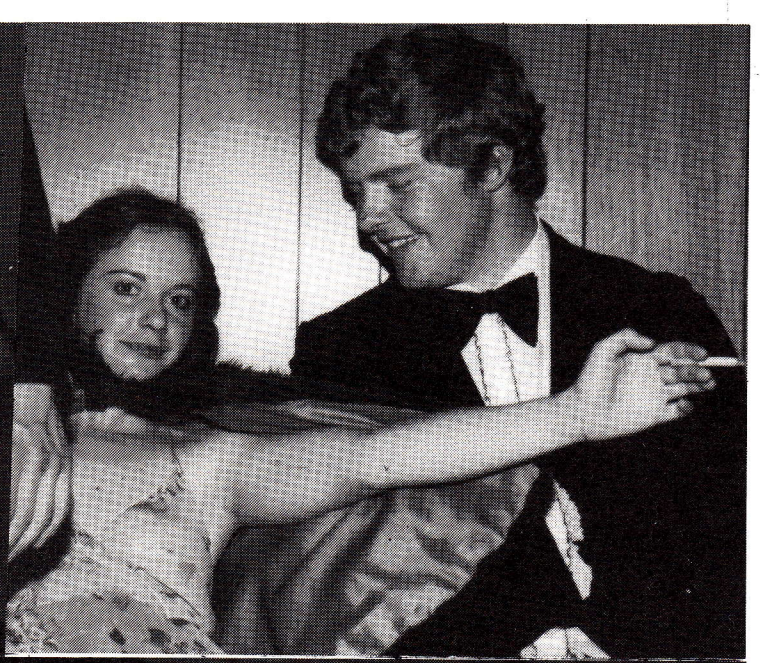
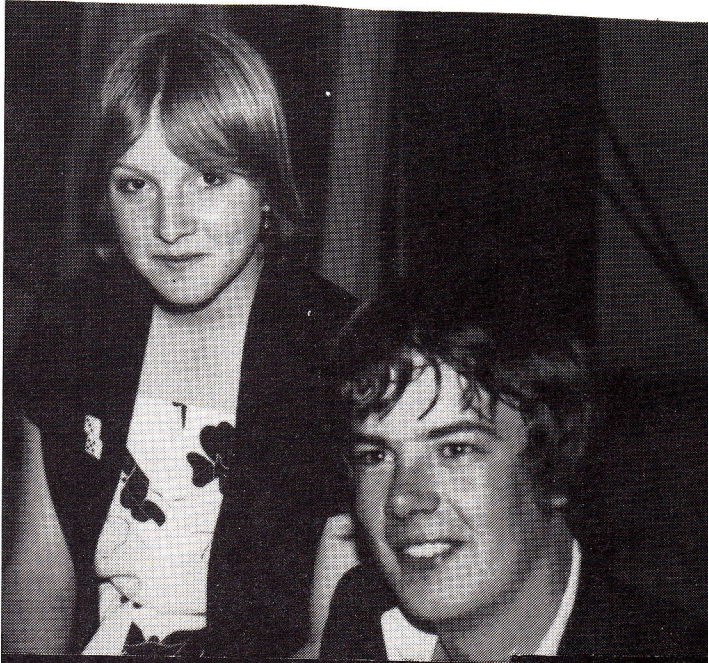
Freeling oval was the perfect venue for the biggest attendance yet, which with 15 doz. Bundys, 10 kegs, etc, etc, provided 450 well deserved hangovers. Thanks must go to the nominated 30 odd fit, healthy, young men who put up the show, and the 29 cross-eyed, pissed, wrecked old men who cleaned up (Sambo and Johnie Ey owe \$20 fines).



Also to the many people who attended literally from all over Australia and made the weekend the success it was. Special thanks must go to the dregs of the Sandblasters who left a trail of mean, son-of-a-bitch destruction (Ooo! Editors) which cost us some finances

We were grateful for the sponsorship by West End Breweries and sorry about the banner which was hooked early Sunday morning. Johnie Ey's performance as a drooper is debatable after the noises coming from the bedroom at 2.00 a.m. Sunday! this shall be looked into.





ACADEMICS

Academics are my shepards , I shall not work  
They maketh me lay down under grape vines  
They leadeth me beside the still ...  
They restoreth my faith in the UF&S  
They guideth me on the path of unemployment  
Yea though I walk though the college kitchen,  
I shall still be hungry ....  
For I feel an evil against me  
They ammounted my TEAS with damages funds  
My expenses overrurneth my allowance  
Surely poverty and hard living shall follow me  
All the days of the Thistlethawaite Administration .



Five years ago Bobo said " Pick up your biro,  
Mount your horse tarts or escorts , I'll lead you to  
The promised diploma .  
Five years later Fifle said " Lay down your biro ,  
Pull out of your horse tart , light up your escort and  
Forget your diploma ."

Now watch out or academics will take away your horse tart,  
Sell your escort , kick your ass  
And take away your residential status .

/  
I'm glad that I'm a bastard  
So glad that I'm a force  
But I wish that I was like Pecker  
And all the academics stood under me .





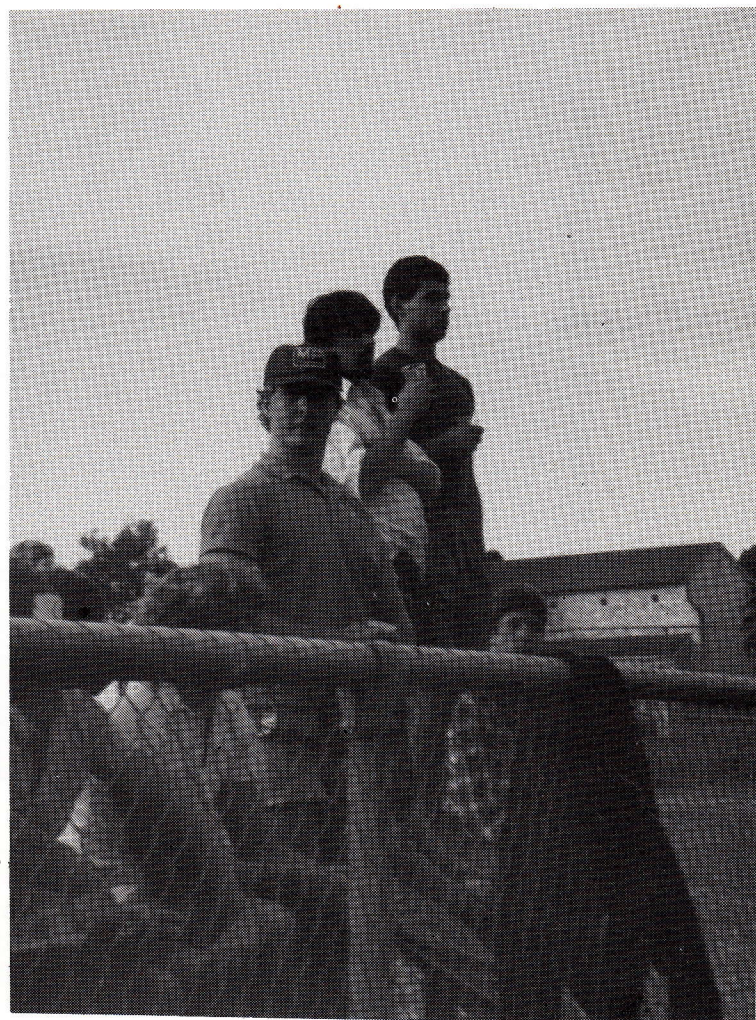
"Thanks Chapple, my boots needed a wash anyway."



Will the real Sid Young please stand up!



"My brain needed a refill."



Body, body, wanna feel my body?

FIRST YEAR HORSE HUSBANDRY QUOTES.

KIM ANDERSON: "....."  
CAREN BROWN: "Where's my..."  
MICHELLE CARTER: "Janine is jumping higher than me now!!"  
ELIZABETH CHARLTON: "At home, Alan..."  
BELINDA COZENS: "You're kidding."  
JANE DINNING: "Fanny farts."  
LEANNE DREGSTI: "I'm going on this new diet next week."  
SUSAN EDEN: "Andrew's car..."  
ANGELA GREEN: "Yes, well Sully..."  
JENNIFER GROVE: "I've got so many 21sts to go to!"  
KAREN GUSLING: "Got a smoke, bag?"  
JENNIFER HARKEN: "Are you going canteening?"  
ANNE HOCKHAM: "I'm gonna get that Joe Mabarack!"  
LEAH HOLMAN: "Just call me mucky."  
SUSANNE KILLICK: "No, this is right."  
BENJAMIN KNAPP: "You wait and see the great car i'm going to get!"  
JENNIFER MATHEWS: "Hattie - you tart."  
HEATHER M<sup>C</sup>DOWELL: "Howdy."  
CAROLYN MACLAY: "Get it right."  
PHILLIPA MOWLE: "Ball-bag."  
MARIANNE OCARROLL: "Is anyone coming down the pool to sunbake?"  
CAROLYN POPE: "At the redlegs club..."  
KERRY SANDERS: "Tim's coming up for this weekend."  
MELLISSA SIMMONS: "Leanne, it's a jumping lesson!!"  
SALLY SMITH: "There was this boy at Hunt club..."  
MARYANNE SMYTHE: "Has anybody got a light?"  
PHYLLIS WHISKER: "Have you seen Maryanne or Angela?"



STAFF

PETER JONES: "You've done good; Positive attitude and professionally."  
MARY HOVERS: "Remember impulsion and speed aren't the same thing."  
and "Carrot-a-risk-tics."  
JANE M<sup>C</sup>NICHOL: "Come on, you did all this last term!"  
DR. GALLAHER: "We'll just go over to the Animal Production lab now."  
JOHN AILMORE: -Unprintable.-  
PETER NELSON: "Well, he just stares and smiles."



### RAHM 1 YEAR REPORT.

I'm sure that it would be agreed by all first year horse tarts that this year has been quick, but action packed! After everyone got over the initial shock of college life - The food, the students, the 5.30 am rises, and the fact that there was actually a boy in the course; We settled down for a year of work, raging, riding and drinking.

There were some unusual name similarities in the course: Three Jennys, two Sues, two Karens, two Carolyns and two Maryannes. Coupled with Lee and Leah and the two Phils, life was very confusing. However, once we settled down, 1982 was a lot of fun (and hard work) for us even though Belinda, Anne and Jane couldn't take anymore towards the end. Congratulations also to Sue Killick and Jenny Grove who got engaged during the year.

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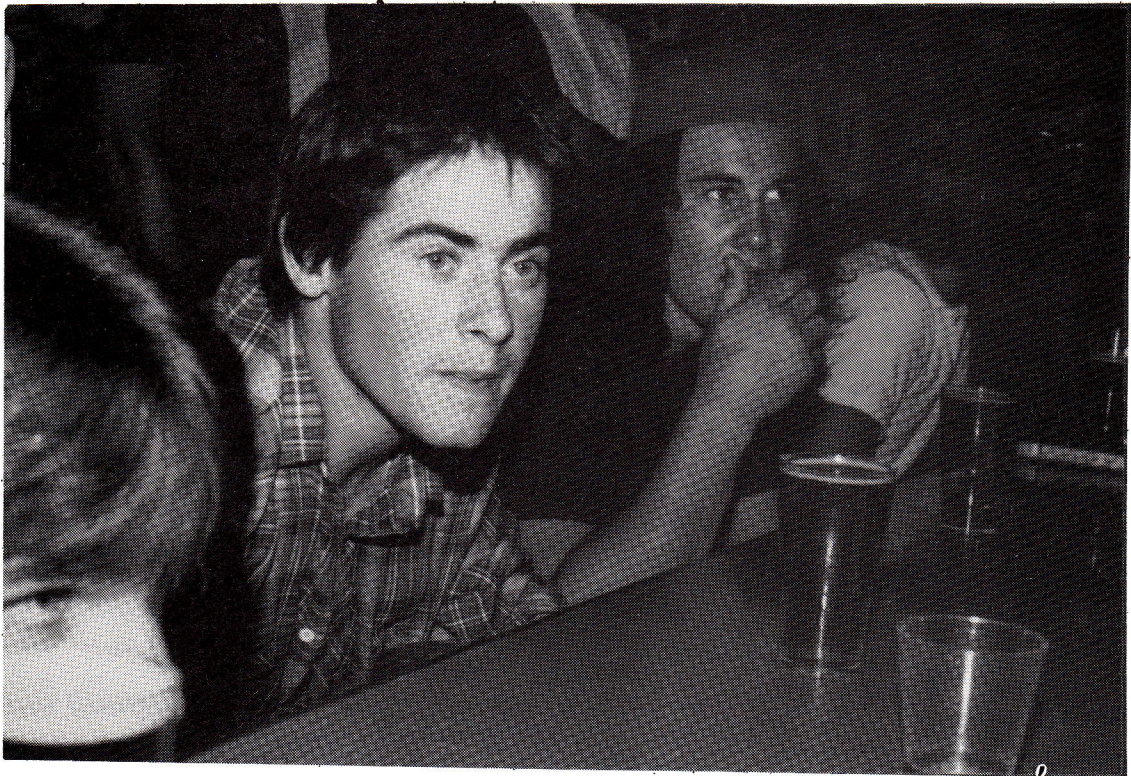
END OF YEAR SHOW x

The annual end of year show was, as usual, a great night. Earlier, whilst the College cricket greats, the Aggies and the Farmers battled it out on the RCG, a plentiful supply of refreshments kept the spectators in the stand buzzing and attentive. No-one really cared who won the cricket at the time.

The skulling competitions were unfortunately poorly organised this year, with a continuation of standards not kept from past years, ie: A jug between six people, and so the new and old times were not comparable. It was, however, a fine display of College competitiveness, the prize for first going to the third year Plonkies, an award fought gamely against the underdog second year Aggie team .

what with everyones belly full of beer from the sculling and glasses only 20c each, everyone got really pissed at the show. A surprise appearance by Elvis Bailey sent feet a tappin and hands a clappin. There were many sore heads the next day - probably more due to Clangers wheel marks over their skulls than over indulgence in the amber fluid.





STUDENT PROFILES RAAP 2..

NN = Nicknames.  
FS = Favourite Sayings.  
ACH = Achievements.  
DF = Distinctive Features.  
S = Summary.

MARK BASFORD:

NN: Jumbuck, Bucker, Once a jolly.  
FS: "Jeez that's a nice tractor", "Where's Sophie?", "No, I'm not drinking tonight, I've got study to do", "Piss off Sid"  
ACH: Only bloke on college to fall in love with a Steiger, only bloke on college to fall in love with Sophie, and succeed. When he gets pissed he really makes up for lost time.  
DF: A lop sided smile and green flannel hat. Still in pre-puberty period. Can be found at workshop kissing tractors.  
S: Convinced that Leopards are people with leprosy, Devo are brothers because they have the same hairdo and Buster Hymen is a pop group.

ANDREW CLARKE:

NN: Clarkie, Chiselchin, Chiz, Kippers, Pigeon chest.  
FS: "I might just nip off for a bit of a kip", "Come on Jayne, just a quick one", "I see that Centrals are shifting Wilbur on to the bench, and putting me in the pivot", "Piss off Sid"  
ACH: Winner of the 1982 toothpick lookalike competition, drives 'The Boat', a distinctive blue and white HR wagon, which handles like the queen Mary, has a stuffed motor and a body full of rust.  
DF: Clarkies chin is a lot longer than his dick, ask a certain Horse tart (L.H). Can be found usually up at Wasleys, propped up against the bar.  
S: Badness runs through this little mans veins. He revels in getting in trouble with Jim, Brenton and Kite-off. Loves Ouzo, Cold Chisel, women and Jayne Sangster.

JAYNE SANGSTER:

NN: Jaynie, Sanga, Nanga, Tits and Teeth.  
FS: "Not today Clarkie, I have a headache", "Not today, Sean, I have a headache", "Oh, gonna do that. Yep-um" and other Farmer talk.  
ACH: Various men folk have fallen for the Sangster spell, but where there's a will there's a way, and what used to be may, is now not. Jayne also thinks she discovered a mysterious substance called grass. They don't have these luxuries at Broken Hill, they've been feeding their stock on dirt for years and they reckon it does the job well enough.  
DF: A very large set of gums. T'nT can be found taking photos of trees, grass, pasture, anything.  
S: A fine lady is Jayne, always willing to help the football or community club. Fortunately, she has a fine set of glands but unfortunately she also has a fine set of morals, so the former aren't used as often as some would like to see (or feel). Jaynie takes a lot of well intended cheek and abuse from Gayzo, Clarkie, Bucker and Sambo and she loves it.



ANDREW GAY:

- NN: Gayzo, Lurch, Perch, Gayzie, Stobie, Man of many metres.  
 FS: "Good joke, Barry", "Having a good time", "Barrys stuffed in the head", "Fuck up Sid."  
 ACH: Owner of the famed Interceptor. Gayzo was nominated as Vice Captain of the RAAP 'Dial a Drunk' team, when it was noticed that he had a distinct knack for overcoming hangovers by bypassing them altogether. Gayzo was a good A grader and also made the association U21 team.  
 DF: Tendency to resemble a stoby pole with sideburns. If a blue cloud of smoke is seen towards NL, then Gayzo's taken the Interceptor out for a spin. Destroyed the Interceptor in an unselfish bid to re enact the famous Vickery smash at Vickerys Corner.  
 S: The most sarcastic bastard I've ever met who loves giving Barry rite-off a hard time. On one occasion when Barry asked him a question during a lecture, Gayzo, so annoyed at being woken up, said "Oh shit Barry, I don't know. -You're telling the story."

MARK YOUNG:

- NN: Sid Vicious, Youngy, the Shadow.  
 FS: Anything which his hero RAAP2 mates have as their latest, and also "Muther Fuckers."  
 ACH: Successfully standing in classmates pockets at lunch times or piss ups. Winner of the 1982 "Worst impersonation of a person" award. Gets whacked on 2.5 Echoes (IA). Tried to slash wrists after Brad. B smashed a fluro over his head.  
 DF: Has a 44 of clearasil fed by dripper into his arm. Unusual occurance of snowstorms in the back of the bus during a horti trip when Sid left his window open. Has an unusual effect on women.  
 S: Sid is a very friendly chap with good intention. Good social life.? Well, so he tells us.

MARK TOMLINSON:

- NN: Egor, Pud.  
FS: "I feel really fucked", "Do you think the Wasleys is a good idea?"  
ACH: Having a live band (Rawotts) in his bedroom at the house. Getting kicked out of the house for having a live band in his bedroom (Rawotts). And also for using the verandah posts as cricket bats.  
DF: A funny little man who is always full as a goog. Can instantly be recognised by his special little giggle. An exciting footballer who can turn an ordinary c grade match into a disaster area. His uniform was a sensual pair of orange floral shorts, beaney and glasses, which often left the female spectators wet with anticipation, breathless with hope and paralytic with laughter. His pride and joy was a dead Galah which perched in a dead tree above his bed.  
S: The typical RAC male, extremely dangerous around opening time. Should be approached with caution and a bottle opener. This little man put the 'P' in pissed. He is a truly dedicated member of the 'Dial a Drunk' team, is very partial to Baked Beans and Stout (In the one mouthful) and isn't afraid to do naughty things on car bonnets as a direct result of the Baked Beans.

DAVID LONIE:

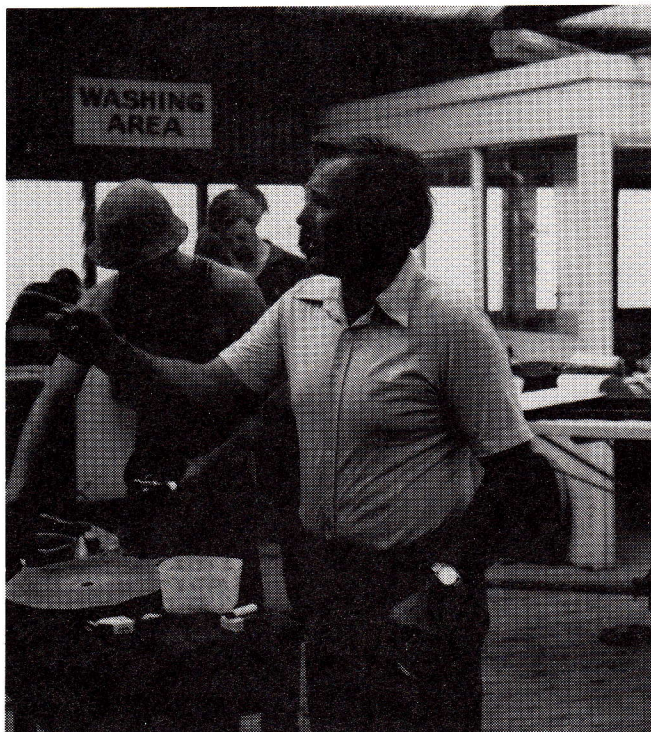
- NN: Gus.  
FS: "We're off now Dad", "Having a good time", "Barrys fucked".  
ACH: Co founder of the AP dealer team, driver of the Interceptor and general thrillseeker. Never had alcohol before college, now a self confessed drunk.  
DF: Round face and a smart little giggle. When there is peoples beer to drink and food to demolish, Gus is into the fridge and cupboard straight after Clarkie and Gayzo. Can be seen driving in his Bosses \$30,000 Toyota Limo with his AP mates, acting very Smartsville.  
S: Gus came to RAC with a fine set of morals, a nice girlfriend, strong and fit, and enough money to see him through. Three years later, his morals are smashed beyond repair, his girlfriend has had second thoughts, and shot through. He has a prominent beer gut and gone to flab, and all his hard earned money has been pissed up against the wall. The AP2's take no responsibility for the monster we have bred.

JAYNE PICK:

- NN: Porker, Your nose, Hey You.  
FS: None  
ACH: None  
DF: A large robust lady.  
S: A large robust lady with no achievements and no favourite sayings.

KULLASAK CHANANNACOOPT:

- NN: Kar, Prince Baby.  
FS: None that we can decipher.  
ACH: Got his ex-AP mates pissed as crickets after the 2nd term exams and still not forgiven by some of them. Kar has done well at college and can be persuaded to sit down and get seriously paralytic reasonably readily.  
DF: Not Australian, not over six feet tall, not blond. Doesn't wear RMs and doesn't have an Australian accent. He is a Prince of Thailand and when we heard this we booked five non return tickets to Thailand to help him drive his Elephants, Camels and Mercedes if necessary.  
S: Kar is furthering his Ag knowledge another three years in Joh land and then returning to Thailand where five AP mates shall meet him at the airport and drive him to their new estate.



JEREMY EDGEINGTON:

NN: Pom, Gerry, Roberto.

FS: "What's a nice girl like you...", "would you like to see my room", "Would you like to see my doo dah".

ACH: Losing a lot of money on an old heap of a car, losing a lot of money on a new heap of a bike, indulging in more than his share of self inflicted hangovers, indulging in more than his fair share of tarts. Being generally overindulgent.

DF: Relatively on the thin side, compared to a very small sign post. His GPA might be compared to the size of a pygmy protozoan.

S: Not a bad man at all, but I won't be seeing him at Graduation next year, nor will anyone else. Still, I cannot help but admire a man who has sacrificed his course for the noble gesture of getting pissed, getting women, getting hangovers and it is amazing he wasn't kicked out.

SEAN SAMPSON:

NN: Sambo, Ralph Malph.

FS: "You're crackin' jokes", "Nice comeback Pottsy", "I suppose a head job is out of the question?" etc.

ACH: President of the AP 'Dial a Drunk' team, founder of the 'Buster Hymen and the Penetrators' stud who were badly cheated out of winning the 1982 competition. McMinn (Who hasn't?). Once drove Doug the Bug over 5 miles without a breakdown. Once did an assignment by himself.

DF: A slightly chubby man who, because of a complete lack of co-ordination, football skills and common sense, can attract hordes of people to a B or C grade match to watch him botch up another great passage of play. This man lives solely for the thrill of taking the field on Sundays and singlehandedly attempting to lose the match, many times successful. Lived in a house with Egor and waited impatiently for Thursday nights when Gayzo, Gus, Pom and Clarkie would turn up and eat and drink anything that closely resembled food and booze.

S: Sambo doesn't have a great future in being a comedian, a football player or slim. Not a bad bloke who, with his AP mates dedicated his existence at college to the never ending task of giving old Barry the shits. This task was finally completed when he received two out of ten for the south east trip and threatened to be sent home by rail.

## A BIASSED LOOK.

One sunny hot day in August, the entire group of Ag Production students went down to the Community Club to celebrate. The day was August the third and it happened to be the 167th day of the year. Be it coincidence or not, but 167 was the precise number of zits that Youngy had on his left ear. It was also the exact height in feet of Gayzos star dropper type body, and miraculously, half the number of boyfriends Jaynie Sangster had in the second term. It was therefore decided to celebrate with a few drinks.

The bar was due to open at 5pm, we got there at 5.30pm just in time to see the 'Whisk of a man', heave with one almighty blow, the security rail four inches off the bar. The clock struck a quarter to six, we finished our tenth pint, and a group of Wompies entered, all this suspiciously happened not simultaneously but within ten minutes of each other. More strange events were to happen.

The wompies, with their white pants and red jumpers were straight into action, just as soon as they worked out who was who. Once they found out which of them was the rich bloke with the pipe, they got him to buy the drinks.

The clock struck six o'clock and we hurriedly finished our 23rd pint. A group of Plonkies brought their evening refreshments, took off their coats and carefully slung their handbags over the backs of their chairs and then waited for some of the other Plonkies to turn up, and sipped their raspberries impatiently.

7.00 o'clock, and after we helped the whisk of a man tap the third keg (Well it was the least we could do), I mean it was our fault, we drank them. We noticed some of the farmers coming towards the club. Half an hour later, after they had accidentally turned the door knob the right way and got in, continued their wave of destruction to the bar, "F.... this" and "F..... that", "Oh ya c....." this and "Oh ya c....." that; The whisk asked them if they wanted a drink, to which they all replied in chorus, "Oh cos I don't want a drink", so they didn't get one.

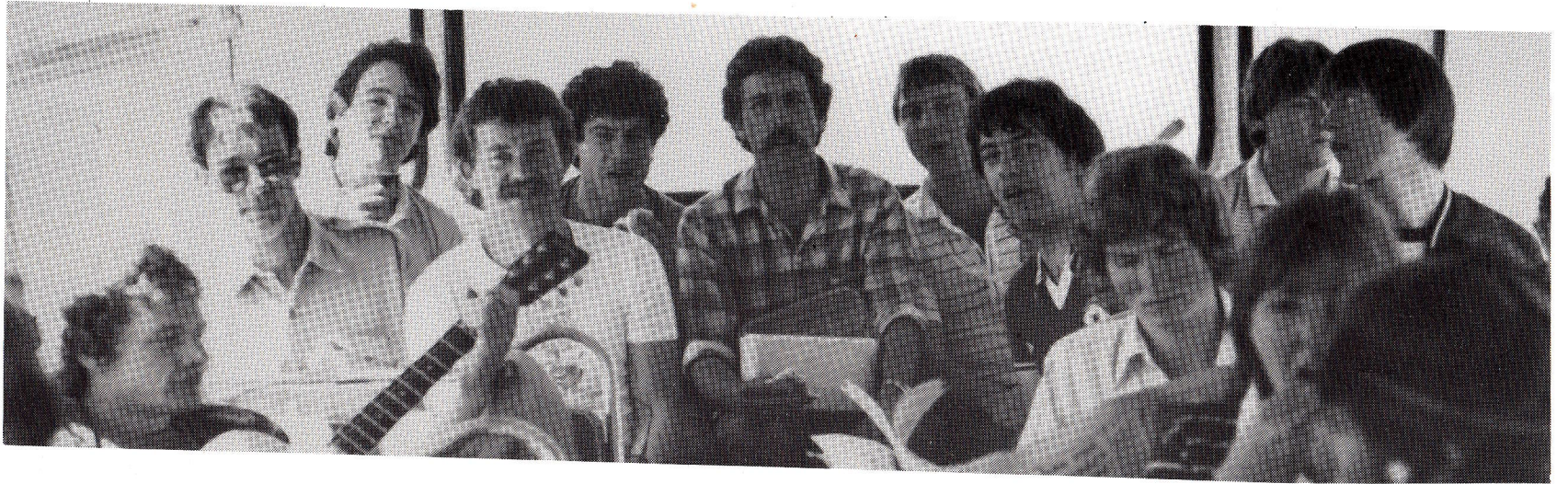
Johnnie Turner and Doug Pfeiffer walked into the bar. The door was open, so they had no troubles there. The alligator boots were shined up real good mate, and the familiar noise came out of behind the left square silver belt buckle; "Illabda bes plagon port ya got, mate". "Well cheapest anybay dere mate." Fortunately for Johnnie, Albert Namijiras grandson was propped up against the bar with a woomera, and he did decipher to the whisk what Johnnie wanted. He took his flagon and went hunting for dogs or goannas or hunting out directors daughters or something.

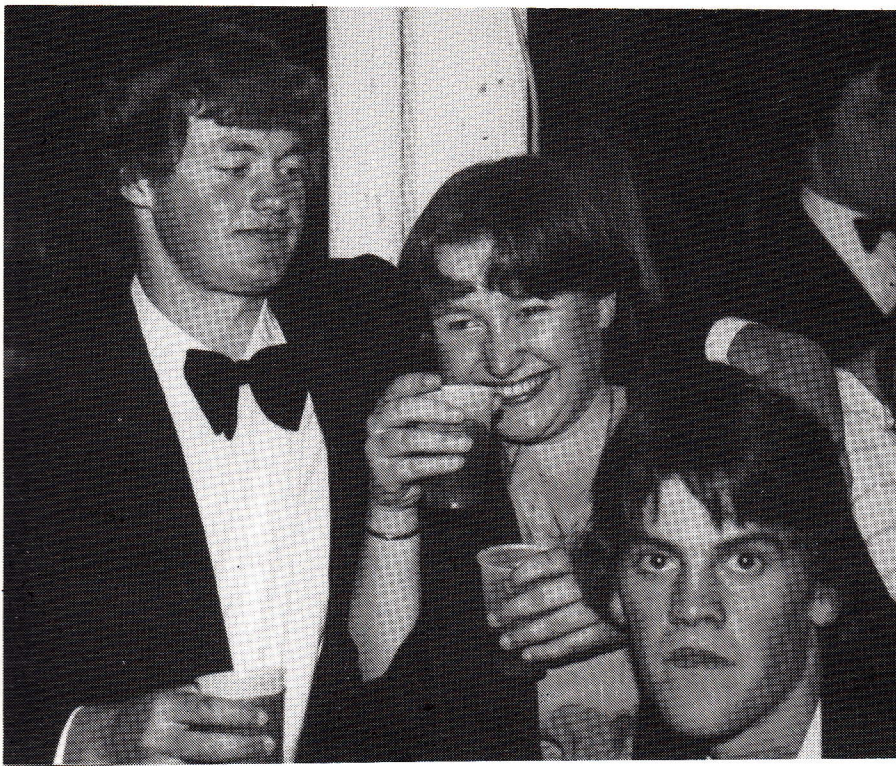
It was about 9 o'clock and Frank was doing kite impersonations just beneath the ceiling when, without any warning, nothing happened. No-one immediately fell out of their chairs, no-one sang the Phil Law song, to which he briskly replied by not waking up and not chucking anyone out. Some of the Nat-Kats turned up with their torches and tents after spending all night warmly rugged up in Lowrie trying to identify rare bugs from a 2nd year horse tarts bed. It wasn't so much the looking for and identification of the bugs which was so exhausting, but the waiting in the queue to get in the bedroom. Anyway, Matress, Thiele and Rohde obligingly let them into the queue ahead of them so that saved 25 minutes.

Around 9.30 most of the Plonkies went off with their handbags to powder their noses, while the women tried to finish off their second raspberry. A few horse tarts walked in and chatted up a few Farmers, well 24 to be exact, and took their catch back to their room to discuss Tractor-thrust and Cultivator penetration.

The Aggies came in about 9.45 in a long procession of smiling Australian faces and Joe, Meady, Ron and Dom came in also. Meady didn't stay long, he gets a bit bored after a while, it's a matter of showing his hairy arse and average sized reproductive organs and that's his 'full bag' of tricks. Anyway it was at this precise moment that I fell out of my chair and woke up... And then Phil threw me out of the club for damaging the furniture.

By.- Definitely not a wit bag.

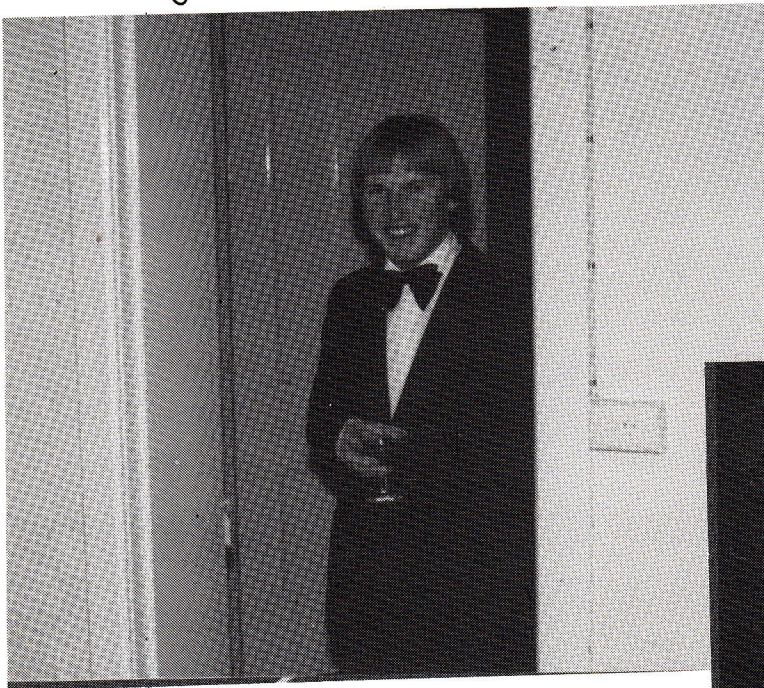




Jills pissed, Kyms taking advantage of her, and Clarkies just stuffed.



The poor girly!



Callaghan.

Ladies and Gentlemen, mr ... er... um...



James at work : The Altman stance.





Young Frankenstein : After the bolts have gone

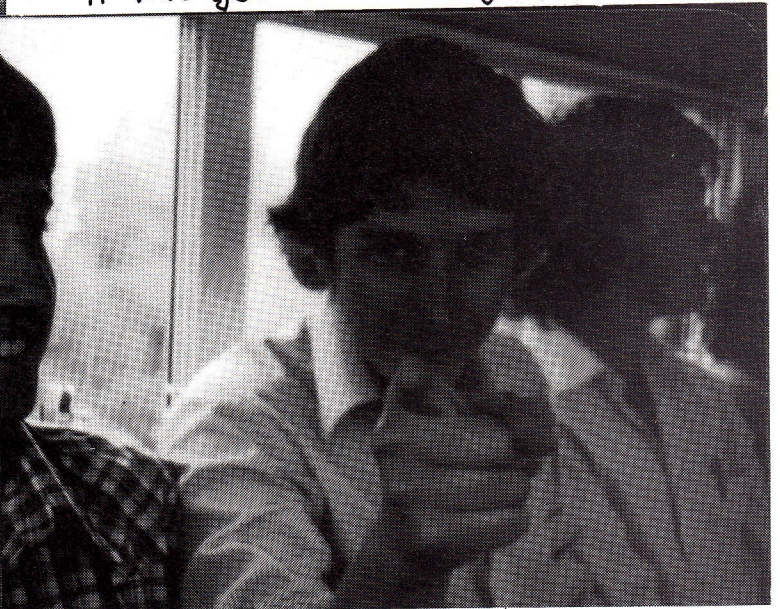


Masculinity is in the eye of the beholder.

If this goes in the magazine ....



"My, what big teeth you've got!"  
"All the better to swallow you with"



Obviously a Farmer.





FIRST YEAR PLONKIES

back: S.Lubliana,V.Moularadellis,P.Evans,P.Gee,J.Griffiths,N.Butler  
middle: A.Johnson,M.Aldridge,K.MacPherson,B.Kigga,A.Peace,N.Chan  
front: T.Mortimer,W.Goddard,K.O'Brien,K.Leggett,I.Marchant,G.Fahey



SECOND YEAR PLONKIES

Back row: C. Pederson, C. Osborne, C. Summerfield, L. Clarnette, R. Prebble, P. Dredge  
Middle row: P. Leske, R. Hooper, B. Marris, S. Bird, C. Sim, A. Phillips, P. Cassabaum  
Front row: A. McCorkindale, N. Girolamo, C. Whish, K. Berriman, M. Davies, D. Ogrady, S. Guy.



THIRD YEAR PLONKIES

back row-E. Price,R. Cook,C. Radenti,W. Dutsche,M. Zeppel

middle row-G. Wall,B. Darvenisa,P. Douglas,R. Whiteford,B. Wilson

front row-S. Webber,T. Royal,D. Slingsby-Smith,G. Gebbie,J. Pearson,T. Alhadas  
J. M<sup>C</sup>Intosh,T. Low.



FIRST YEAR FARMERS

back: C.Sangster, C.Geddes, J.Sharpe, S.Morrisson  
front: M.DeJong, C.Barker, M.Broad, C.Pethic.



SECOND YEAR FARMERS

back row-G. Woolford, S. Thornton, D. Bailey, J. Turner, J. Viruly  
 middle row-D. Dinning, D. Treasure, K. Clem, J. Pilkington,  
 front row-N. Catt, M. Thiele, G. Crawley, I. Mathieson, J. Rhode



FIRST YEAR NAT RATS

BACK: D.Heinjus,D.Gee,P.Schmidt,W.Price,P.Hodgson,w.Harvey,R.Kommer,D.Wiesner

FRONT: S.Stephenson,w.Murray,Jackson,V.Squires,D.Palmer,G.Cox,L.Clark.



SECOND YEAR NAT RATS

back row-J. Sumner,G.Saunders,D. Appleton,L. Sparrow,M. Watson,M. Stokes.  
 middle row-C. MacDonald,I. Hopton,A. Comas,D. Simpson,M. Short,G. Motson,S. Holden,P. Young  
 front row-D, Ganino,S. Petho,L. Hearde,K. Ayliffe,L. Miller,V. Lintern,M. Pearse



THIRD YEAR NAT RATS

B: C.Mackenzie, J.Pitt, K.Luitjes, A.Macmillon  
F: R.Rosewall, J.Waugh, L.Elder, R.Wood, M.Garrett.



FIRST YEAR AGGIES

back; S.Rodella,T.Craddock,A.Hobbs,S.Dunn,J.Lennard,R.Inwood  
middle: G.Schmidt,J.Crawford,S.Allott,R.Drury,J.Bulling,C.Barker,G.Martin  
front: H.Wilson,A.McNeill,K.Calthorpe,M.Case,M.Gellard.



SECOND YEAR AGGIES.

back row - Ian Becker, Robert Maberly, Phil Lintern, I. Kock, A. Harding, M. Dravitski  
middle row - S. Wyse, G. Wotten, A. Nipress, J. Robertson, A. McQueen, M. Mackinnon, J. Cummins  
front row - P. May, B. Martell, P. Molo, B. Fraser, S. Hodder, K. Betheras, J. Needle.



THIRD YEAR AGGIES

back row-R. Koenig, M. Teusner, A. Noak, T. VanLoon, J. Altmann, A. Cecil, J. Stuchbery, C. Jefferies

middle row-J. Altmann, P. Roberts, S. Green, G. James, L. Miller, B. Butler, S. Martin, J. Mabarack

front row-S. Ryan, A. Slater, A. Chapman, G. Axford, S. Brown, M. Young, K. Meade



FIRST YEAR WOMPIES

BACK: K. Sheppard, P. Joger, A. Lamont, M. Virgo, P. Blace  
MID: M. Bogumil, K. Pollard, L. Muddle, A. Joll, D. Sutherland-Smith  
FRONT: C. Tsaconas, K. Carter, M. Heardon, A. Rankin, J. Ey.



SECOND YEAR WOMPIES

back row-G. Hill,A. Nichols,M. Blake,G. Lemke,  
 middle row-I. Shadock,M. Mason,P. Turnbull,P. Attenborough,M. Kerr  
 front row-J. Hall,D. Johns,S. Lane,M. Stopp,J. Goor.



FIRST YEAR HORSE TARTS

back: A.Hockham, K.Sanders, J.Dinning, K.Gusling, S.Eden, E.Charlton, S.Smith, M.Carter, C.Pope  
front: J.Grove, P.Whisker, M.O'Carroll, J.Mathews, M.Simmons, M.Smythe, A.Green, C.McLay, C.Brown  
front: S.Killick, L.Dreosti, K.Anderson, B.Knapp, L.Holman, P.Mowle, J.Harkin.



SECOND YEAR HORSE TARTS

back row: J. Rowett, S. Wetzlar, M. Gray, C. Riney, R. Fullton, S. Ford, D. Ford.

front row: M. Holloway, M. Ritson, T. Diggs, L. Clancy, A. Berger.



FIRST YEAR ATHLETES

back: C.Stone, P.Furst, A.Stewart, R.Johncock

front: D.Arrizza, T.Stone, A.Wilson, I.McHenry.



SECOND YEAR A.P.<sup>S</sup>

back row - Andrew Clark, David Lonie, Andrew Gay, Sean Sampson, Mark Basford.  
front row - Kar Chanannacopt, Jeremy Egerton, Jayne Sangster, Mark Young.



CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

back row: J. Robertson, S. Holden, M. Young, S. Brown, P. Young, P. May

front row: A. Chapman, A. McQueen, C. Pederson, S. Martin, M. Mackinnon.