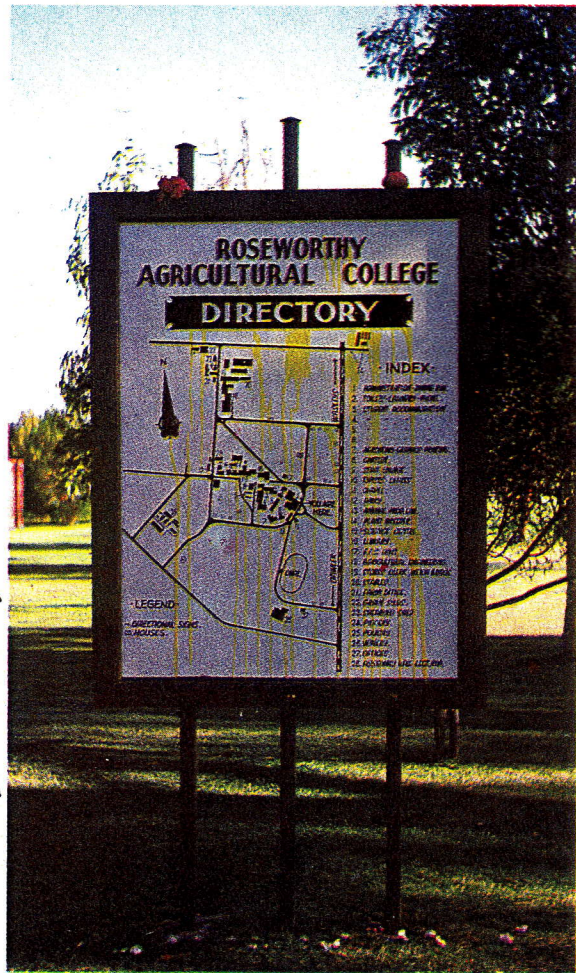
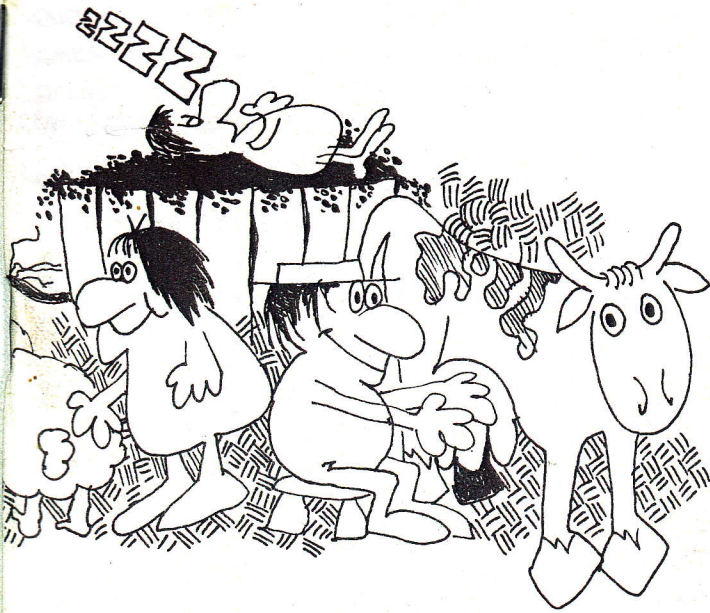


Mary Anne Gale

AN 83036092

# Roseworthy College MAGAZINE

## 1976



# Editorial

Once again the Magazine Committee has had problems in instilling sufficient interest in students to write magazine articles. The problem has been magnified even further this year with a large number of the student population living off college, and a general lack of the Old College spirit, and student unity which was apparent, believe it or not, only four or five years ago.

It is also funny to note that the magazine is perhaps the second most sought after thing by students on Graduation Day, but judging by the number of its regular contributors, you can be sure the majority are unaware of the presence of the magazine committee (sigh)

Nevertheless, the 1976 magazine has been completed, thanks to the efforts of Al. Jenkins, Ian Oswald-Jacobs, Simon Wheaton, the rest of the committee and the generosity of the S.U.C.

As you can see, the lack of articles has been more than made up by an increase in photos, since the committee feels these hold more interest (and memories, pleasant or otherwise).

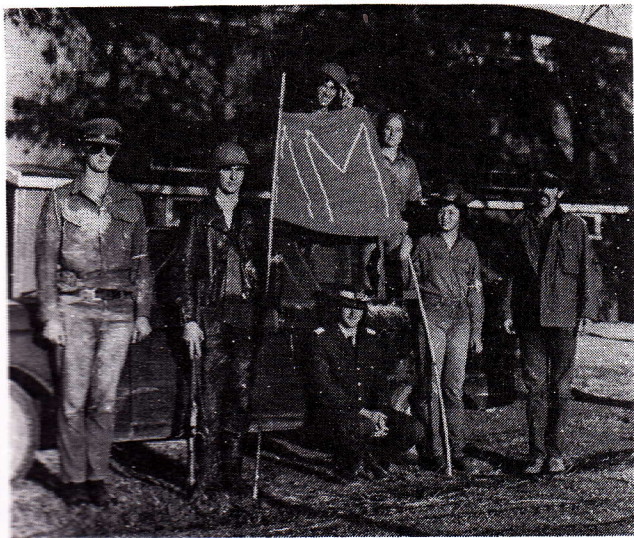
It has always been said that an early start should be made to the magazine preparation. I again advise this move for the committee next year.

Good luck to all Graduating students, Thank you to all contributors who stopped photostating Lecture notes long enough to write articles. "

Graeme Pope  
(Editor)

EDITOR	<b>G. POPE</b>
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TREASURER	<b>I. HAZELL</b>
YEAR REPS	<b>D. LANGE</b>
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	<b>H. ELLIS</b>
	<b>J. MUNRO</b>
	<b>R. ROBINSON</b>
	<b>G. MOULDS</b>
	<b>J. CLARKE</b>
	<b>F. TIVER</b>

# Orientation



To some it might appear a trifle sad that Roseworthy College is emerging slowly into the world as a recognised tertiary educational establishment. That is not to say that the educational standards previously had not been sufficient but rather that before this time not many people knew it was there anyway. Now, due to the ever expanding intakes and a larger course scope, the College appears to be going through some sort of transition. Having been so far removed from the established tertiary student establishments in Adelaide meant that Roseworthy previously operated in its own little world not wanting to be particularly involved with anyone outside and certainly not wanting any outside involvement. Roseworthy exists as a place where certain knowledgeable people have been gathered together and are willing, for a fee, to give other people the opportunity of extending their own knowledge. Roseworthy has something else too - it has some intangible 'thing' called tradition. Natural progression demands that continual review of the way in which we live is a necessary part of our existence. Many useless and outmoded activities have been continued for no other reason than that of tradition. Orientation as it stands at present at Roseworthy is being continued partly due to tradition. One other reason for its continuation in its present form is due to the attitude that this ritual actually does the first years a lot of good - in fact many believe that the fact that they endured and obviously benefited from the system that there is no reason why the new lot of first years shouldn't have the advantage of being processed too.

After all, it must create unity among the first years - they will band together in the first week to ward off the common 'foe'. Some of the 'foe' have survived the previous year with vivid memories and are dying to make their fearful presence felt. Surely this must be a joke! Resorting to aggression to unify the first years is not the best way of welcoming anyone to a tertiary institution. Apparently some members of the College are worried about the lack of student participation this year and one reason for this down turn, it has been suggested, is the lack of the traditional style of orientation. The problem really stems from the fact that Roseworthy has been expanding at such a rate that the traditional organizational methods have been unable to keep up.

At 16-17 years of age, coming directly from High School to a tertiary institution is quite a large step. Methods of learning will probably need to be changed and for most people it is their first chance to achieve some sort of independence away from home. These students need to be orientated in the true sense of the word. They need to be given access to all of the information that could help them to make the transition as quickly and as easily as possible. That, surely doesn't involve participation in some kind of 'horse' race in order to prove their physical prowess. Is it fair for anyone who really doesn't feel the need to participate for their own reasons, to be forced to do so? The word 'force' is used here in the sense that if you don't participate then you receive a 'hard time' as a shirker. By all means continue the force for those who wish to capture the admiration of the all important 'horse' lovers and receive ready acceptance into their covey.

What right has anyone to belittle someone else for their own amusement? If orientation as it is at present continues, then the evolution of Roseworthy as a tertiary institution will indeed be a torturous affair.

Orientation involves the provision of information to newcomers that may be of some help to them in becoming acquainted with the new surroundings. Now that Roseworthy is co-educational a booklet could be provided that included information on things such as drugs one might come in contact with, their appearance and effects. It could also include study techniques - pros and cons of sexual involvement within the institution. General advice could be provided for on a whole range of situations. In the future maybe a counselling service could be provided by the staff.

The whole idea is not to just accept the present system as being adequate but to actually put in a bit of effort and develop a better method of orientation with no undertones of initiation.

Tim James



# ANOTHER VIEW?

## ORIENTATION

First of all to those students who do not believe that the current orientation programme fulfills its purpose; don't complain next year when orientation arrives. It is a well known fact that the majority of the student body is in favour of our current system, therefore why shouldn't they have it?

### ITS AIMS ARE:

One, to get students to know each other (especially to unite first years - which didn't happen in 1976).

Two, to bring students back to an acceptable level if needed, that is equal to an average student.

Three, and what I consider most important, is to bring the student body together, give it the spirit it needs because it lies so down at the present time.

I think (I am backed by the Council that runs your College) that orientation:

- (i) fulfills its purpose better than any other system put forward;
- (ii) has no more bastardisation than any live school/college/university;
- (iii) for it to be effective it must be actively participated in by all students, and made relatively difficult for people to just pull out without good reason;
- (iv) that the current orientation period is very watered down compared with three years ago. I must admit that times have changed, but tradition plays an important part in our College life, so does self discipline.

For those students and the academic staff who have suggested such ideas as only social events and sporting activities, I must say that you will not fulfill our common purpose of orientating new students unless orientation is virtually compulsory.

For example, how many A B C D and E F G H students were at the Ball - I saw about 5 - to these students who know who I am talking about, and who suggest orientation should be several days plus social events -

So tell me how your own type of orientation will be successful when you cannot even get full attendance (for that matter 20% attendance) at the students most important social event. The moral may be high within your group but until it can mix with R.D.A.'s it has no SPIRIT toward the student body.

### QUESTIONNAIRE QUOTES

#### Horse Auction

- (i) "Sterile puts into small groups, associate with a few blokes and almost no one else"

Reply - as I said several lines up, you lack spirit. If you can't make the most of what you've got, well I'm glad I'm in my shoes and not yours. It seems to me that you didn't even attempt to mix if you know almost "no one else". Anyway, at least you got to know a "few blokes" under the current system.

- (ii) "Piss weak - embarrassing"

Reply - I don't know how it's piss weak or embarrassing, but I do see how it brings out the SPIRIT that some students in the student body have.

#### Steeplechase

- (i) "Steeplechase far too long"

Reply - You need to be fit for six months farm work as an entry prerequisite and you don't have to run it, you can always walk it. Also a quote from an individual in the administration who has a lot of power, "When you come to R.A.C. see you are no longer an individual". As you may or may not have observed, characters who are individuals:

- (1) do not fit into College life;
- (2) are not totally individualistic.

#### New Boys Test

- (i) "Waste of time, expected at primary school level"
- (ii) "Give it the arse"

Reply - Convince the Director and the academic staff of this because they see this activity as essential background information of your College.

#### Third Year Concert

- (i) "Just more organisation in getting everyone in alphabetical order"
- (ii) "very childish"
- (iii) "out"
- (iv) "bastardisation"

Reply - it has been changed for the reason that the majority of questionnaires wanted it changed.

In conclusion I would like to say that "those students who did miss the boat because they did not fit into orientation" really missed this boat because they did not fit into College life and with any orientation, students will leave because they don't fit into College life unless a spirit (which is strong) can be built within a batch of first years early in the year, and with any orientation system you will never please everyone but to please the majority is important.

I hope this year (1977) the first years can be brought together as a group and not as a batch of individuals, which will lead to a physically tighter and eventually closer, student body who hopefully all carry their own weight instead of the present system where the same faces always organise and co-ordinate student functions which are rarely attended by more than half the student body.

Anon.

# College SLANG

$$\frac{\sin \theta \cos \mu^2}{\tan 1} \times [\text{BoBo} \times \text{Council}] - \text{Spike} = \left(\frac{1}{1}\right)$$

Crunder Bin

- ARSEOL — i) OBLIQUE  
ii) VERTICAL  
iii) HORIZONTAL

- Blow JOB  
ABORTION — i) LITERALLY  
ii) MINOR  
iii) MEDIUM  
iv) MAJOR

F..... OUT, GROGAN, BURSTA (TIT),  
GOOD VALVE, YABBA, MUSHIES,  
FIRST YEAR SHIT.

# Our President

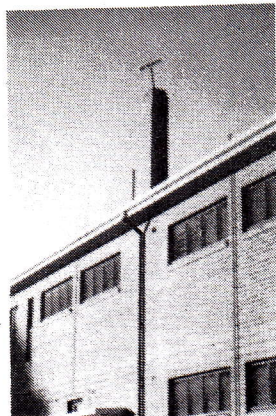
Oh! To be a cretin,  
Like our lovely leggy Lew.  
His chest is great and mighty,  
And his legs will make you cooh!

With tounge so smooth and silky,  
No wonder he does score,  
The girls all stare in stupour,  
Flabagashted by his awe.

You'll never see him sleeping,  
Down hearted, worried, dull.  
He's always running, jumping,  
Swimming, flying like a gull.

And so to leave you thinking,  
Of this prisidential bore.  
He really is a great guy,  
Nothing better nothing more.

Bill (Slack) Close  
R.D.A. '75



# President's Report

## Students Union Council

My four year period at Roseworthy has certainly been an interesting one. It is a period during which there were a number of very significant and quite historic changes.

In 1973 there were only 150 students and apart from one or two who were married, we all lived on College.

Early 1974 brought a new Director and recognition of Roseworthy as a College of Advanced Education. Since then the size of the College has increased dramatically. We have seen the introduction of three new courses; Wine Production and Marketing, the Farmers' Course and a Graduate Diploma for students from the Mediterranean region.

In 1974 female students first set foot onto Roseworthy soil. Some of the die hard traditionalists who were all for preserving Roseworthy as the last bastion of male supremacy, initially voiced their ardent opposition. The girls made their mark however, and having a "bit of skirt" round the place soon became very much appreciated. I think the girls have done a lot for the College. A mixed environment is a far more natural and fulfilling one in which to live. Perhaps it is their influence which has helped lessen the beer swilling reputation with which we have been labelled, and perhaps justly so, in years gone by.

A lot has happened in three years and more new courses, with resulting increases in student numbers, are planned for the future. Despite the construction of some temporary blocks, student accommodation has become a critical problem. Fortunately a number of students have found houses or board off College. Additional housing to be built in 1977 will hopefully cater for the further increase in student numbers expected.

While there is demand for a certain type of course, the College is perhaps justified in providing it. Growing pains from both an academic and a student point of view are obvious however, and I feel the College may have tried to do too much in too short a time.

From a student point of view there seems to be a definite lack of the spirit and co-operation which existed a few years back. There are twice as many students, but often there seem to be only half as many willing hands.

It would certainly be wrong to blame this entirely on rapid growth, but a lack of time in which to adjust and time in which to provide new facilities, particularly for students living off, has not helped.

As student numbers grow the structure of student organisations such as the S.U.C. must be changed. The S.U.C. must be structured to provide initiative and momentum for student activities, but not labour. In my opinion the S.U.C. needs help from specialists in order to achieve this. One structural change planned for 1977 is the formation of an S.U.C. finance committee. This committee will reduce the workload of the treasurer and relieve him of the very high individual responsibility which has existed in the last few years.

The news that construction of a Union Building will commence early in 1977 was very welcome. Hopefully, this facility will provide a common meeting place, where students and staff from different courses and living on and off College can get to know each other and therefore become more involved in College life. I would stress that this building should be a student/staff union, with both students and staff contributing fees. Management of the Union, along with all affiliated clubs should be directed by a board, comprised of members elected from both students and staff.

I consider that this system will have a number of advantages. It will encourage a closer relationship between staff and students. At present there are staff actively involved in "student" clubs and staff using the "student" canteen. Why not make this involvement official? Such a system will also allow all College members to reap the full benefit of the Union Building.

If this system is implemented, the S.U.C. should be retained as the voice of the student body and having been relieved of financial management, will hopefully become more active and effective, politically.

The present lack of spirit in the student body is blamed by many on a softening of student orientation or more correctly initiation. I do not intend suggesting whether this is correct or not but I will say that we cannot sit in our little insulated world forever. Roseworthy is a tertiary institution and the boarding school approach in regard to closed leave, compulsory chapel on Sundays and a prohibition on alcohol, has been thrown out the door. Should not boarding school type initiations go as well?

I think that there are other forms of orientation likely to be far more effective in helping new students to become familiar with the College and its members, particularly with large numbers living off. Orientation week could be packed with combined student and staff social events and a permanently manned information centre set up. I think that a feeling of unity gained naturally may create more spirit than one which is initially enforced.

Here's hoping that over the next couple of years some innovative students, who are prepared to let (what is relatively recent) tradition die, will appear.

From an academic point of view we have been fortunate this year to have the two Council representatives and the president of the S.U.C. made members of the newly formed Academic Board. There is room for a lot more student involvement in academic matters. The reps. on the course sub-committees and course advisory committees should make themselves known as the rep. and become particularly active in helping to improve the courses.

Recently a number of staff members have commented to me that students are becoming more apathetic about and less interested in their courses. This is very unfortunate and I think every effort should be made to determine the reason and correct it. Academic leniency strikes me as being one problem. If a student deserves to fail, he definitely should. A critical evaluation of course content is also required.

In conclusion I would like to offer my sincere thanks to the S.U.C. members of 1976. They have given me strong and constant support. Hugh Ellis deserves special thanks for the mighty job he has done as treasurer.

I would also like to thank the administrative staff for at all times giving us a fair hearing, and thank those members of the student body who have been active.

I have enjoyed my time at Roseworthy; it is a beautiful community in which to live and work. I consider one of the most significant things the S.U.C. has stimulated in the last year or so, to be a breakdown of staff/student barriers. There is however, potential for creating a much closer and more unified atmosphere than exists at present. It is up to all members of the College and particularly those who have had previous experience, to make full use of the Union Building and the way it is managed, in developing this atmosphere.

I wish the College and particularly the S.U.C. the best for 1977. It will, I think, be an interesting year in which a lot is achieved.

David Lewis  
(President, S.U.C., 1976)

## David Alan Halstead



David was born on 26 June, 1956. He was educated at the Belair Primary School and Urrbrae Agricultural High School. At primary school Dave played football and tennis and while at Urrbrae he played football. He also attended a gymnasium for several years at Belair.

His hobbies included keeping tropical fish, breeding birds and collecting insects.

Dave was a member of a select group of repeats in 1975 when I got to know him well. Most of the group had failed the Agriculture course the year before and had come back for another go. Dave was a member of the "Penis De Cranium" Stud which won in 1975 and he took an active part in the winning show at Black Point.

Dave made it to second year and was progressing well in his studies. After the 1976 midyears there was a great shock for those who knew him, as he had passed away at his home while watching television with his family. He was rushed to hospital but died on 17 July from a rare heart condition. For somebody so young this was a tragic end and my deepest sympathies are extended to all his family.

Prior to his death, David had spent two very interesting weeks working in the Woods & Forest Department in the National Park, Belair, propagating native plants.

Dave will always be remembered by those who knew him well.

Death closes one door and opens another

Death is just a natural thing, like the closing of a door,

As we start upon a journey to a new and distant shore.

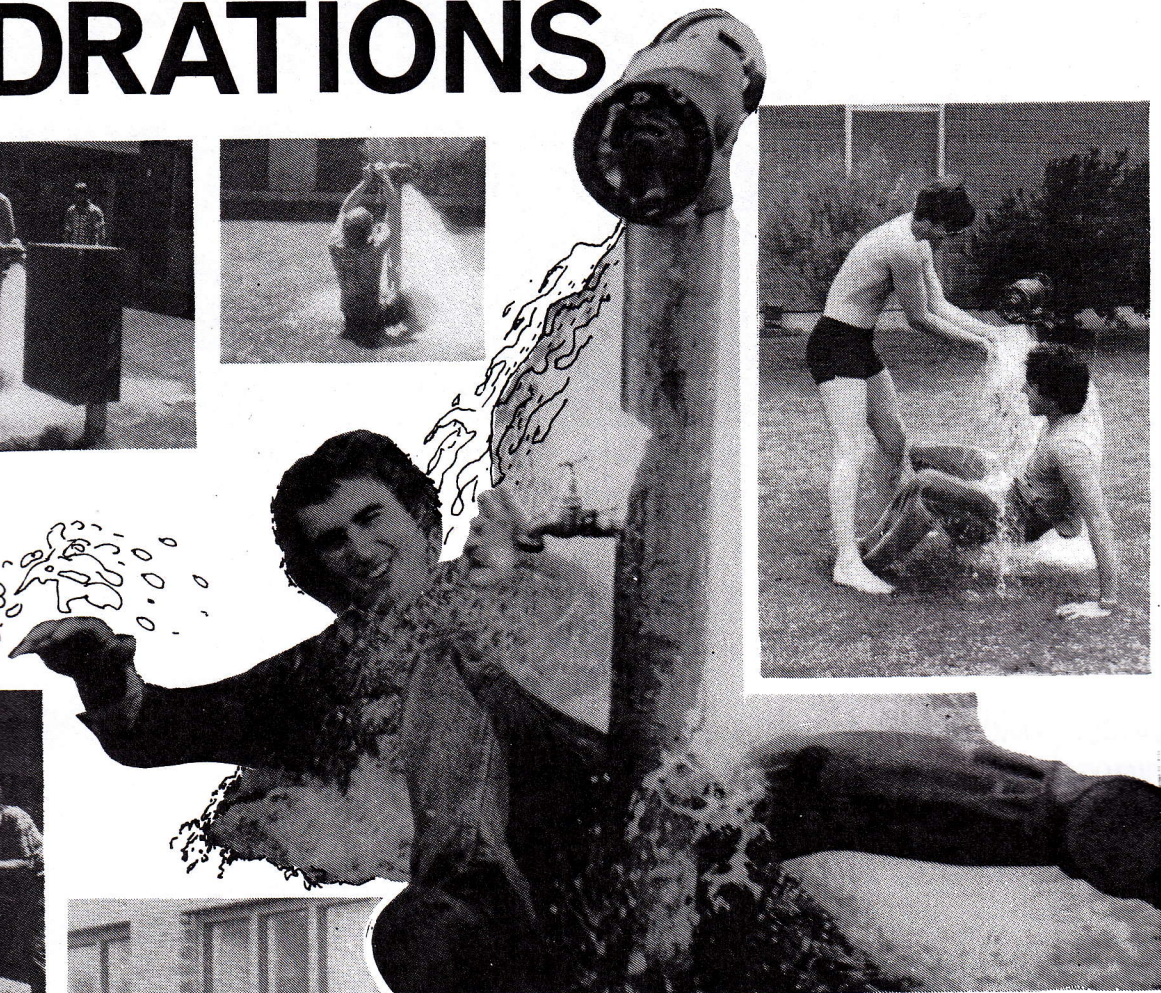
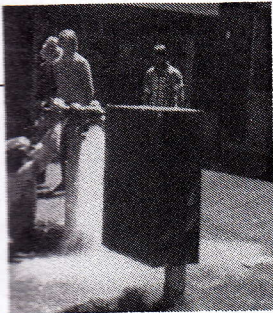
So let your grief be softened and yield not to despair

You have only placed your loved one in the loving Father's care.





# HYDRATIONS



# RDA I



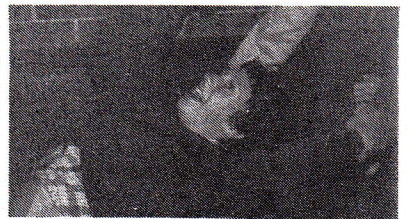
- BACK ROW Mark Innes, Martin Slattery, Trevor Filmer, Ronald Shattock, Randal Downing, Wesley Davidson, Fleur Tiver, Bruce Browne, Bradley Smith, Kimber Millhouse, Anthony Proud, Robert Agnew, Craig Darmody.
- THIRD ROW Colin McColl, Allan Piggot, Ingrid Piper, Jan Sedunary, Janie Warwick, Lovelle Wearne, Le'an Kirchner, Catherine O'Grady, Richard DuRieu, Judith Loffler, Robin Kirkpatrick, Marie Quinn, Fiona Palmer, Sally England.
- SECOND ROW Gregory Middleton, Timothy Mahoney, Timothy Lehmann, Michael Wurst, Richard Nicholls, Anthony Sutherland, Margaret Hillman, Janet Lauer, Jayne Riddle, Judy Longmire, Rhona Clearie, Penelope Kraeche, Bernadette Fahey.
- FIRST ROW Mark Secker, Ian Allen, Peter Rix, Phillip Tod, Sara Longbottom, Trevor Rowe, Steven O'Connor, Michael O'Leary, John Matherson, David Powell, David Thompson, Eva Goor.
- ABSENT Marcos Crawford, James Forbes, John Morris, Collin Nott, Gregory Powell, Prebble.



"Jump in my ute"



DURIEU "I'll kiss your feet for a beer"  
 SPLOK "Here eat this grogan then."



NO! Not from the ceiling



"Catching up on gallons of work"



"FIRST ON The left!"

# BLOCK 3 REPORT

Allen (John the Baptist) Hero - Margo

Block 3 bikee - look out you kids on your push scooters, he comes lan on his pensioned yami. Vroom, there he goes. That was close - fancy being Allanded to death if he tried to talk. Usually lan (your friend and mine) ain't such a bad lad, but I've got to stir someone. This Daw Park dropout, known for his ability to lecture lecturers, or anyone else stupid enough to listen to him, intends to take over where J.C. left off.

Tim Mott (Notty) Hero - grannyknot

First of the river rats to be selected in this case (??) out of block 3. What a specimen. Actually, this river rat was to be somewhat of a mouse - bugged if I've ever talked with him this year.

Michael O'Leary (Jack, Mad Irishman) Hero - John Lennon

Signs from Somerton Park. Had the misfortune to attend J.C. ('til he was kicked out for "burning the chapel") - then there he went to C.B.C., then to R.A.C. - what bad luck. Applies - a word of warning - don't let Jack's innocent features fool you - underneath that mild mannered gentleman is a true deviate at heart. For the future, he's not really worried, but believes his destiny lies in utilizing his available brain power for the benefit of urban dwellers.

Wesley Davidson (Wez)

Now at first to wake up to his true identity, then joined the masses, leaving the thorns of the corridor. There ain't much you can say about Wez cause he doesn't say much. However, we can say he can can the air in his room and sell it as fertilizer or some gas.

William Piggott (Al, piggy) Hero - Skippy the bush kangaroo

Al, progeny of a fine stud in Moorlands, has his heart set on breeding the perfect dorset stud - a new strain which thrives on rocks. Renowned for his ability to leap tall buildings in a single bound, he intends to beat the cow to jump over the moon this new year. Al, however, suffers a great setback - he becomes whilst attending lectures (poor fella). Legal action was taken against him when he was accused of taking notes, and he was sentenced to an extra College meal after being found guilty.

Sam Proud (Pork, Proudly, mouth)

Proudly, another River wretch, excels in the practice of keeping everyone awake whilst studying by playing "kick the wallball through the wall, door, or someone's head", depending on whatever's available. When the cats away and the river rats play, you can bet your hairy brown eye that Proudly will end up on the floor in pain, especially if it's Friday night before a game of footy. Proud (ha ha) owner of a Godfrey's special H.R. (which harbours the finest breed of rust in Australia), he can often be seen loitering around with all the "boys" in the back.

Trevor Rowe (Rowey, slack) Hero - elevator man

Rowey has the misfortune to be possessed by an evil spirit which has him in the continuous state of not being able to study. He is determined to stare the T.V. to death, or wear it out, which ever comes first (in fact, the tele gave out on Friday, October 22nd). Having a good I.Q. (about 10, which is good for block 3) he can be attributed as a recruit from Y.P. via Westminda College.

Peter Rix (Rixy, wog, nose)

Quiet, mild mannered. P.X. turns into a savage, uncontrollable demon upon waking up. He was soon labelled by the authorities "handle with care" (typical of one eyed scepticism). Rixy, yet another river rat, is perhaps one of the unluckiest members of block 3, in that he always gets caught. However, you will usually find him grinning (especially after Open Day balls) as he skips happily along his way on the torturous path of life (a bit of culture for you cretans reading this shit).

Ron Shattock (Ron, right off, fink, nerd)

Ron is somewhat of a character, in fact, somewhat of a right off. A moody sort of fella when it comes to serious work, much to the delight of those around him who take advantage of this and stir him shitless. Makes a good pair with slats in An. Science when it comes to stirring Jan (my but he looks forward to An. Science pracs.). Ron has a wonderful smile, it's a wonder it all fits on his face.

Mark Secker (Sek, Seksy, Rags Marrett)

The west coast woman wower of block 3. Is very ambitious for his future - he plans to put Yeelana (from whence he cometh) on the maps before the year 2,000. Poor fella, he always has these impossible dillusions, he even thinks the west coast isn't desert. Sek has a tremendous fart-arse, it is rumoured that it, in fact, won the west in times of peril.

Martin Slattery (Slat's, Fred, big .....

Slat's is noted for his hard working, lecture attending performances. In fact he doesn't drink, play up or carry on in any way, shape or form. Enjoys chemistry pracs immensely and is as sure as hell to get the right results for an experiment. Also a keen sportsman, always attending footy training, he gives his utmost for the team. In fact, he is so quiet that he never even attended the Roseworthy ball - probably studying.

Brad Smith (Bradley baby, bradlykins)

Brad - what a lad. Brad became the target for stirring by a couple of morons in An. Science pracs. He often tended to get a little out of hand. However, all things considered, Brad is quite a funny buggar in his hour. It is rumoured that he is having an affair with a toilet bowl.

Philip Tod (Toddy, Toad, pube head)

Casually walking along, you are liable to hear "whatchu doin' fellas" come from an ant on the ground, but when you look, hey-ho it's todody. Poor old Phil comes under criticism for his bad habits - namely studying, but when you get down to the guts of it, Phil's a filthy little so and so, ideal qualifications to become one of the "boys".

Dave Thompson (Tommo)

Tommo is a very cautious lad - he has to be cause he's very prone to injury. On analysis of a doctor he was said to have too many limp glands in his body. He tries to overcome this by wearing his riding boots around. A true western looking dude. His character reference is a good one, he is a good lad if you get along with him.

Tony Sutherland (slob, dunny brush head, suddsy)

Another typical block 3'its. Sleeps in, doesn't study, buggarizes around (good heavens, what will mum think). Loves to annoy those around him by doing impressions of a chimney, leaving a mess behind him as big as the mess on him.

"Isn't that a sulphur belied ant?"



"Spot the Gibbs?"



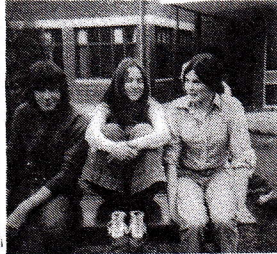
"Jeez, am I any good"



"Bless me LORD, for I have sinned."



"My! what a beautiful neck you have!"



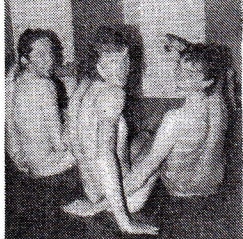
"Mirror, Mirror on the wall, are we the ugliest of them, all?"



"Bottom's Up"



"If I tear my stockings...."

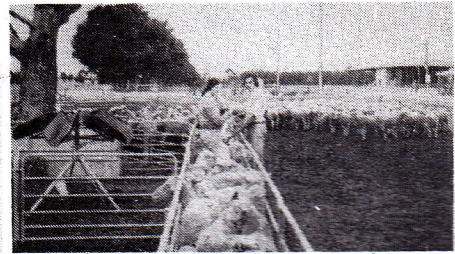


"Slippin & a slidin'"

"You don't fool anyone with that rubber arm Aleks!"



"Betcha I can lift more than you"



"Doesnt Mother Nature work in wonderful ways"



"ADELAIDE or BUST!"



"Aint nothin' wrong with us"



"Don't you dare use a flash."



"Ahhh! men"



"Another exciting day at (RAC.)"



"I must be seeing things again"



"I don't remember going to bed with you!"



"I'll run three miles for a man!"



"I have to stop meeting this!"



"I ain't smiling for no-one - ALRIGHT!"



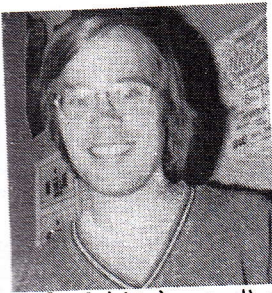
"pissed again!"



"Aleks, you drive me CRAZY!"



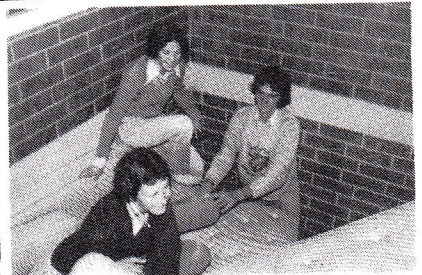
"Do anything my hair"



"I didn't know the camera was loaded"



Duck "Uroom, Beep, Beep!"  
"RIX - He loves me He loves me not"



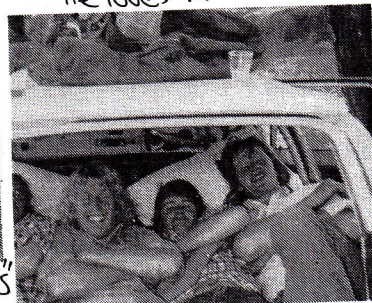
"My. What soft knees you have"



"Support me with my paper down"



"Here's Cream on your jeans"



"Cheezz!"



"Cop this will ya"



"I use new OMO too!"



"Feel Sick!"



"SShh! Heres comes a man."



"Thats the last time I play musical chairs with you"



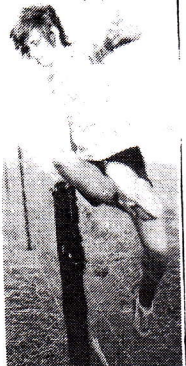
"Hi there Big Boy!"



"Can I have ten copies please?"



"Well, I guess this leaves just you & me"



13 "Look at me mum"

# INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS

ALI : Haddad, Ali, from Tunisia

Got my graduate diploma in June 1974 (Ingenieur Agricole) in Agronomy from the National Institute of Agronomy in Tunis (Tunisia). Since then I have worked in Office des cereales, related to the Department of Agriculture Section : Rotation and Grain legumes. I will resume the same job when I return.

ADY : Mazen, Ady, born in West Bank, Jordan

Studied agriculture in Ain shames Unver/Egypt, working with Al Hussian Green Project for two years, before working for one year with the Ministry of Education. I will continue my work as a chief of agronomy section.

JOHN : Photiades, Ioarnis, born in Nicosia, Cyprus

Studied Agricultural Engineering in Newcastle, England. Working with the Agronomy Section of the Agr. Research Institute, Nicosia, for the last five years, to which he'll return when he goes back. Engaged to be married after returning home.

JUMMA : Katrech, Gumma, born in Tripoli, Libya

Studied agriculture at the University of Tripoli. Working with the Agronomy Section in the Ministry of Agriculture for two years. He will return to his work in the Ministry of Agriculture and will use the methods learnt here to develop agriculture in Libya.

KARIM : Abdelkrim, Mameri from Saida (Algeria)

Got my B.Sc. in 1973 (December), was Sub Director in Animal Production (sheep, cattle, poultry, bees, etc.) for two years. When I go back home, I'll try to introduce the technique of ley farming.

AKBAR : Mohammad Akbar Baburi, born in Kabul, Afghanistan, 1950

Studied at the Faculty of Agriculture, obtained B.S. degree in plant science. Working with the Research Department, Ministry of Agriculture, for the last three years. When I go back to my home country I will continue my work.

SAFFA : Saferzadgan, Manouchehr, they used to call me Saffa and recently "Manou"

Born in Tehran, Iran, Persia.

Studied Food Technology, graduated with B.Sc. degree. Working for the Ministry of Agriculture, Tehran, for the last four years. Back home to continue with work.



# DON'T FLEECE GIRLS SAYS SHEARER CHRIS



Angry 20-year-old Christine Twigger (pictured) is convinced that when it comes to shearing, the girls are being fleeced.

And it's all being done, she says, in the name of sex discrimination.

Christine, of Banksia Park, wants to become a shearer and has a Roseworthy College diploma to back up her claim.

But this week the SA Sex Discrimination

Board granted the Registered Shearing Contractors Association an exemption from the provisions of the Act.

The reason: Shearing quarters don't cater for women.

Said Christine today: "That reason is not good enough. I can see

there would be problems with women shearing.

"But the type of women who would want to shear would be few and far between, and would not mind the problems.

"I agree that the men are not perfect gentlemen and don't run

around in dinner jackets. But a woman who wanted to shear would know that."

However, Christine has a plan to beat the board's ruling.

She said: "I'll arrange to shear on a small property somewhere. It would be easy . . . I've done that before."



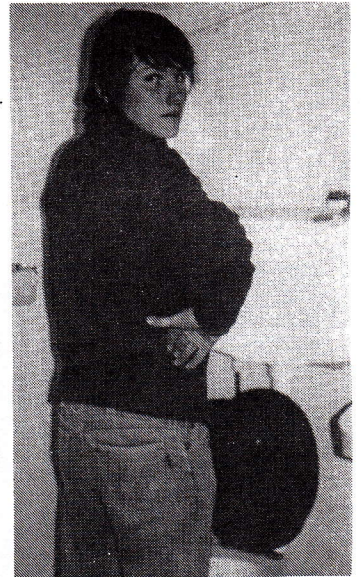
# PLONKIES



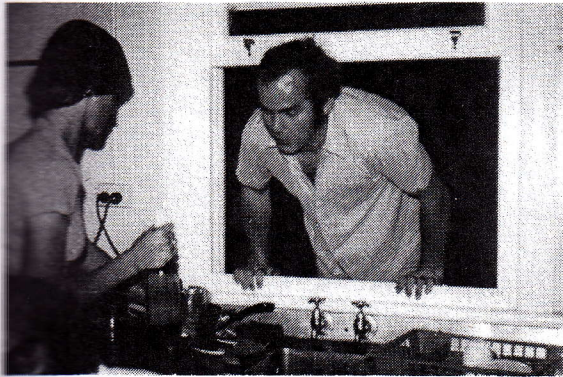
"Sometimes lecturing really gets you down!"



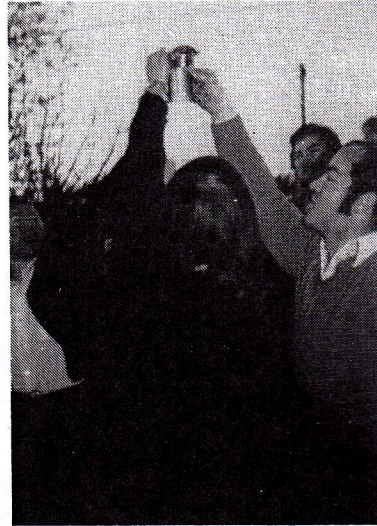
"You try talking with your mouthfull"



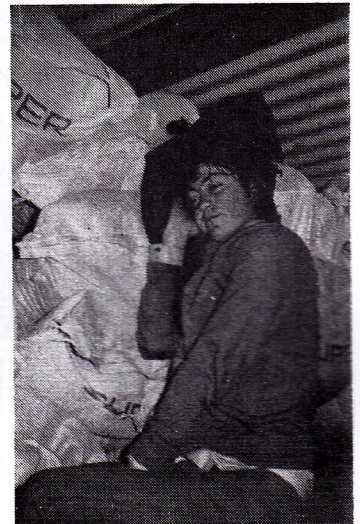
"It's all in the wrist for Murph"



"Full house at House 13"



"Prouse"



"An Irishman's home is his potatoes"



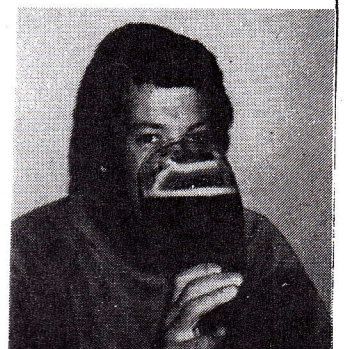
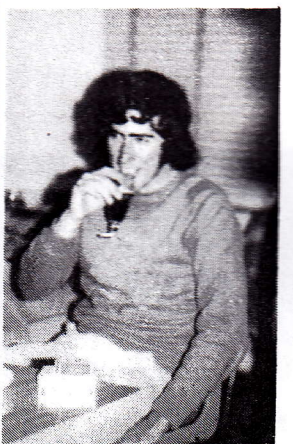
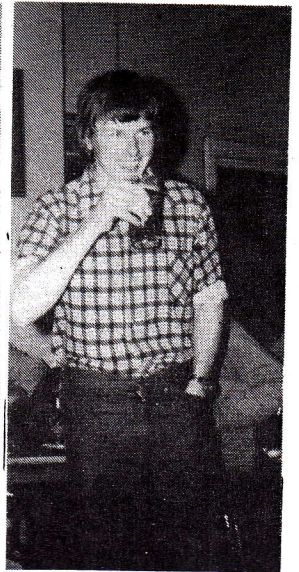
"Foxy is not always lively"



"He's lost his scruples"



"Doctor in charge!"



"A PRACTICAL REPORT ON THE LIFE OF A CHUNDER"

BY M.A. Jones

This is presented as a prerequisite, leading to the R.D.A.

Declaration

I hereby declare that all of the chunderous information presented to you is original, and to my knowledge, has not been studied under these conditions before.

Introduction

Mark Jones (fictional name of course) is a second year student at Roseworthy Agricultural College of Advanced Edumercation. His place of abode is the Roseworthy Hotel. Let us now discuss Chunders. The Dictionary of Wank and Waffle (1909) describes a chunder as "The effect of sucking too much piss on the digestive system which results in vomiting, stomach upheavals and bleech." Chunders are found to hang around such places as carpeted floors and loos. They are usually associated with a distinct lack of people not involved with the chunder. This has been noticed particularly with the Carpetacea species.

Their life cycle is basically simple, and they are brought (up) into this world by a quick flick of the head to the right shoulder.

Lately we have been studying the effect of chunders on tree growth, with the application of 1-2 chunders per week to the base of a tree or bush at a concentration of 216,903 p.p.m.

Materials and Methods

1. Involves the drinking of 2 pints over a period of 5 hours using bumpy apparatus.
2. Next, select a crowded corner (preferably carpeted) and throw a quick one to the right.
3. Now, just sit in your chair watching people flee from the chunder whilst you sit there patting him.
4. Finally, select a Morris of the family 1100 and drive it into a fence, just to see if the farmer will repair it again next week.

Results

Table 1

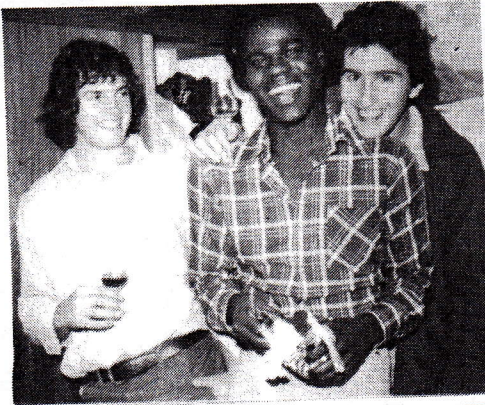
No. of Pints	No. of Chunders	Colour of Chunder	Concentratn. (ppm)	Total (1) Cumulative Volume	% Beer	Sound
1	-	-	-	-	-	-
2	1	orange	216,903	.3	1.07	bleech
3	3	(bruce) brown	47,009	.5	12.93	gurgle gurgle
4	4	blech	39,090	1.04	7.91	blech bleech
5	4	ultra violet	1,029	4.51	46.37	bleech bleech bleck
6	7	nipple pink	2	15.76	400.6	bleck
7	2	gold-amber	43	19.0	2.1	gurgle
8	1	amber	.01	19.003	99.9	blech

Discussion

Bumpy chunders too much!  
("I haven't got time to finish this, as I have to go home now")  
(W.E. 1976)

References

Wacker, Richard (1909) "Dictionary of Wank and Waffle"  
Weed Press - Port Pirie



# RDA II



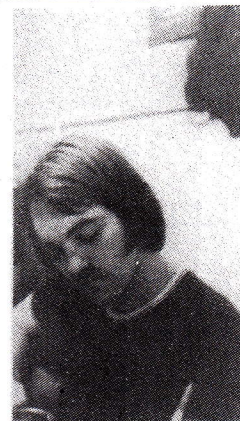
**BACK ROW** Michael Rowlands, Garth Chewings, Geoffrey Masters, Gregory Cottle, Michael Faulkner, Jeffrey Tidswell, David Quodling, Peter Hawthorne, Graham Miegel, David Habel, Peter Symonds, Geoff Lindon.

**THIRD ROW** Wayne Edwards, Ian Oswald-Jacobs, Jonathon Rowe, Michael Russell, Daniel McCaul, Gregory Moulds, Peter Smith, Susan Harris, Paul Meaney, Julian Manowski.

**SECOND ROW** Mark Stanley, Richard Neville, Gregory Hocking, Peter Filsell, Julianne Quirke, Mark Cunningham, Martyn Wilkinson, Sue Riggs, Robert Peake, Mark Langman, Dale Reeve.

**FRONT ROW** Stephen Milne, Brenda Thorpe, Joanne Curpatrick, Ian Hazell, Stuart Gordon, Aleksander Suljagic, Caroline Tarr, Mark Jones, William Smart, John Cooper.

**ABSENT** Stephen Bell, Philip Cleary, Wilhem Horwood, Timothy Howard, Graham Johns.



These are the scriptwriters of the write-up on the following page.....

The motto is "DON'T DRINK AND WRITE"



Six Foot tall - Stu Gordon  
 Slinky Dick - SAND blasting effect  
 Face. Character - easily sucked in.  
 F-----  
 This place shifts me, ~~rocked~~ IF I KNOW.

---

Dog woman - WOOF WOOF  
 she opt teas, Pickle grapes backwards  
 much can she take  
 to get "B.C" coat off  
 Rock. ~~F--- who's smoochy~~  
 (1/2 way down) ~~collage~~  
 page 5 ~~if found, please, for contact~~

---

Surf - rose of. lowers  
 Art Fries is the greatest  
 Turn up bloody radio ~~John~~  
 a hairy lip over a long time.  
 Pissbags - "Victorians" have better  
 women, horticulture and sex  
 is the only game!  
 in the best, 100% for 4 subjects  
 Mouth, Wild Bill Hickupp - ~~knows~~  
 the loudest mouth ~~occupy~~ - "slugging into bit"  
 wasn't award you would only say as  
 wouldn't ~~know~~ know.

---

Sprongo, Mad Boing, Blackman.  
 slack ~~the~~ ~~highest~~ chested woman  
 coming down to the pub  
 resting up ~~at~~ "likes slit of grin"  
 lives at this place, the living off  
 cardboard drinker  
 ambition to become an alcoholic.

---

Ralph Bumpy (P.P.)  
 off the P.M.G. "the Chunder kid"  
 the Jameson lasess  
 Riddle - Riddle Riddle ~~me~~ I can see  
 Gagner ~~langer~~ "a lesion one side"  
 record - (Gynous BK of Records)  
 see over I. X

Julie Quirke - Squint,  
 Likes funny things  
 Quite often feels funny.  
 Takes only 1 lecture notes in 2nd year, and the best.

---

David Guedling Fat Man, Quods  
 Coughs during exams.  
 Father like figure - if you could call it a figure

---

Dale Raffle session 'Sumpy' V.D.  
 "time for a session, boys" Likes Goppo Cass women.  
 "Travis Brilliant"  
 "Shanked the pipe craze; Brought up in a Nursery?"  
 Sue Riggs ~~William~~ ~~Seave~~  
 "Fill me in" The siner of record year. (some laugh)  
 Famously P.R. By initial how Dr. By preference  
 Hypochondria like this

---

Jack, ~~Jack~~  
 "Get down you son" where ca. & if you a couple of balls of hair  
 "Brew time boys" Has a nice collection of cutlery.  
 Because his spring after ~~Stimulus~~ are not ~~not~~ detectable

---

Wick Powland. Computer Brain  
 This does not compute  
 "Sit you" "Frequency", Beep Beep.  
 "How's it going, Boss?"

---

Mick Russell Pam "I think the generation started"  
 BT BT  
 "Give me a hand to push the J"  
 "how's que as a weed"

---

Bill Smart "F--" "Where's snell"  
 "Beauty Bag"

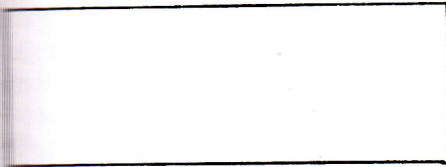
---

Peter Smith - Winc Ker  
 - Seen once in a while  
 - Rona "lover"  
 "had with chick"  
 Mark Standley "Stacking the top (Stacking)."  
 "Where's the oil" "I'm dry"

---

Aleks Suljagic - "For Fiver"  
 - "Cheppie N° I" <sup>his</sup> <sup>door</sup> <sup>sign on</sup>  
 - ambition, + destination - not with floor on collage section (Daim).  
 "Rother man-in" shifts me.





# piss ups

## CYCLOP'S CAREERS CORNER NO. 1

### ADVICE ON BECOMING A MERCENARY

Hi Kids! Leaving school and looking for a job - ever thought of becoming a mercenary?

Q. What is a mercenary?

A. A mercenary is a soldier who fights for money, rape and loot for a country which is not his own.

eg. Ghurkas, and foreign legionaries. Both world renowned for ferocity, bravery, ruthlessness, savagery, etc. (just like you could be).

Job Opportunities - There are plenty of good jobs available in Lebanon, Yemen, Oman, Iraq, Rhodesia and South Africa. Jobs in Lebanon, South Africa and Rhodesia have limited future prospects but if you can pick up enough loot quickly you can pay your way.

Opportunities for Advancement - This depends on whether you're on the winning side or not (or if you change sides quickly enough) and whether you live long enough to have a future. Pay and opportunities for loot are better with a higher rank, this is best achieved by 1) being friends with the local dictator; 2) killing rivals; 3) being the most ruthless and efficient.

Qualifications - Applicants with no experience are sometimes accepted, e.g. Angola. But it is best that you have experience in quick getaways, disguise, the gold and illegal arms market, interrogation methods, explosives, automatic weapons, looting, etc. Experience in these fields aids both profitability of the venture and survival prospects.

For background information Cyclops interviews an ex-Congo mercenary who is now a kindergarten teacher in S. Aust.

Cyclops - "Fill us in!"

'?' - "Well I started off as an officer in the 10th Hussars in England (after I got my B.A.Sc.) and spent some years with them and did a tour of duty in Northern Ireland. Then I got tired of that and so when 'mad Mike' Hoare (now living in a mansion in rural England) was recruiting a few lads to go to the Belgian Congo I signed on. The pay was good, the company good, and there was plenty of loot to be had. We were paid £1 for men and 10/- for women and children, as well as survival wages and if you captured a big arms dump, you could always sell it back to the other side, or to your own side, or a foreign country.

I remember good old Idi Amin "The Mercenaries Friend". He used to get his followers full of happy juice, arm them with sticks and stones and send them across the border. We used to sit behind our machine guns, flame throwers, etc., with \$\$ signs in our eyes, and go out later to cut off their thumbs to present to the paymaster. Mind you, we were civilised about it and divided up the spoils, (rings, gold teeth, etc.) equally (since I was with the British and Commonwealth mercenaries), but the Yanks used to squabble over it in such a vulgar fashion.

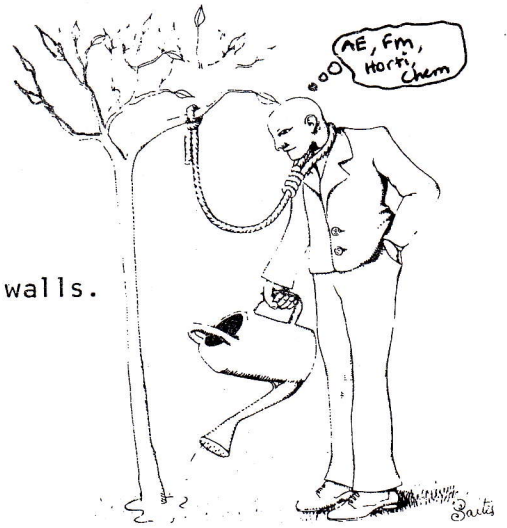
The Rhodesians and South Africans weren't in it for money of course, they just liked to kill blacks. It was funny in a way, there were Australians fighting next to ex-foreign legionaries whom they had fought against in Syria and Palestine in W.W. II, but then money and a good time brings everybody together. Mind you a lot of the stories you hear about us aren't true, we British mercenaries only tortured one person while I was there and he was a Chinese Colonel (training insurgents). He only lasted one day anyway, as some of the lads got a bit hasty after they found some of the frogs hanging from trees with iron hooks through their jaws, disembowelled as well as castrated, while still alive.

Shortly after that I took my earnings and came to Australia (from England on an assisted passage). I've now got enough socked away in Swiss banks to give me a good retirement."

Cyclops - "Thank you very much '?!'"

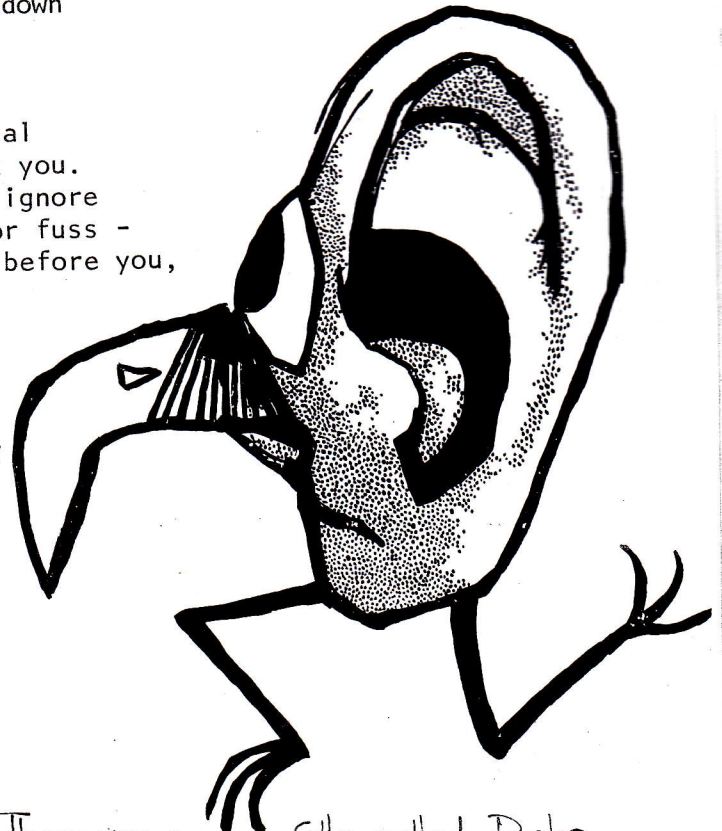
STRONGHOLD

walls look at you  
 stare at you when you want to be alone  
 pictures crowd around  
 they hem you in  
 windows only taunt  
 haunt their vision of escape  
 Dirty glass windows that filter out everything  
 but a thin stream of painted light onto those same walls.  
 No wonder they exude tortured anger!  
 No wonder you begin to hate them too.  
 Hard floors that shine  
 glint and mock  
 and shove you toward the ceiling  
 the ceiling that holds you down.  
 A perfect stronghold  
 That you are shut in.



Only the ground, the earth, lies humbly face-down  
 only the sky is lofty enough to share  
 its boundless light and space  
 - its freedom just waiting for you.  
 Only the wind is kindly or fiercely impersonal  
 when people are too human to care about you.  
 Trees and grass, and even dogs - they don't ignore  
 or fuss -  
 They accept, like the ground that rolls out before you,  
 that you walk on -  
 But the door that hangs on that staring wall  
 laughs at you still.

Judi Nickolai



LONELY LIGHT

Suddenly I awoke,  
 Nobody spoke,  
 The night "black as coke"  
 I sat up and listened.  
 The clock ticked on ..  
 Looking out, campus was quiet,  
 Very quiet.  
 Very dark.  
 But for one light!  
 One solitary light.  
 A studying light?  
 A sleepless light?  
 A dairy light?  
 Who could tell?  
 Except the person in the lonely light.

There was a young fella called Peake,  
 Who was known for his very long beak,  
 and when he would sneeze,  
 He would splatter his knees,  
 and have bruises for the rest of the week.



# RDA III



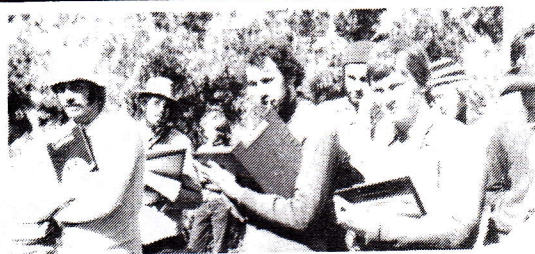
**BACK ROW** Jim Bartlett, Barr Mudge, Robin Sweeting, Mark Weckert, Chris Dearman, Richard McKenna, Simon Wheaton, Philip Toy, Mark O'Callaghan, John Bartholomaeus, Murray Whitehead, Allen Jenkins.

**THIRD ROW** Timothy Ashman, Anthony Adams, Andrew Wilson, Graeme Pope, Darryl Lang, Jane Stapledon, Scott Filmer, Timothy Walmsley, Charlton Yeatman, (David Nelson), Christine Twigger.

**SECOND ROW** Michael Carmody, Hugh Ellis, Mark Williams, Peter Wiencke, David Martin, Janet Munro, Judy Nickolai, Gail Sinkinson, James Jackson, Chris Tuckwell, Robert Cawood.

**FRONT ROW** Peter McMahon, Mark Hudson, Gregory Pitcher, Richard Nolan, Garnet Halliday, Sydney Kyloh, Ruth Robinson, Cameron Fisk, Christel Schrank, Mary Anne Gale, Jeffrey Stringer.

**ABSENT** Anthony Dodson, Donald McCarthy, Malcolm Bartholomaeus, John First.

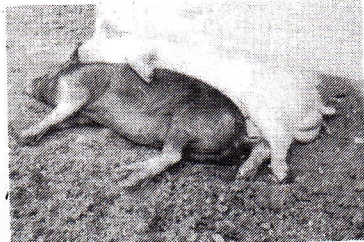




"Kiss me...  
Kiss me not..."



"Ehh! Whats up Doc?"



Mr & Mrs Walsmley



"Lets just kiss & forget  
about it"



"pitch?"



"One jump & this  
could all be over"



"Now wait boys, No!  
please no!"



"Drunk again"



"The day, son.  
all this will  
be yours"



"Desperado"



"Hong Kong flu carriers" 25



"See, that guys got class"



"Cooking with Kerr"



"I think the Poms had too many beers"



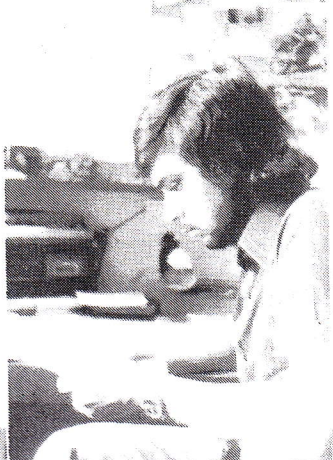
"Substitution"



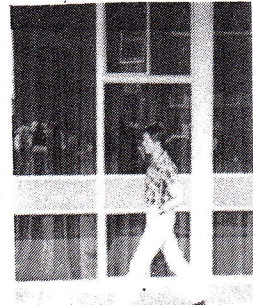
"Just married, this morning how happy they are!"



"Buy a cheap electric sander"



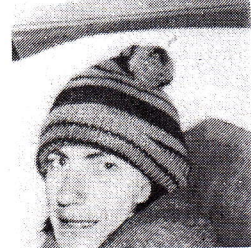
"Love letters straight from my heart"



"all dressed up & nowhere to go"



"Our relationship is purely physical"



RULES FOR NEW LECTURERS

RULES OF NEW LECTURERS

- 1) Lectures are only compulsory for staff
- 2) The number of students present at a lecture is about 75% of the number of students in that year
- 3) Be prepared for a few unfamiliar faces in exams
- 4) Practicals are designed to assess students' resourcefulness at copying
- 5) A good Farm Management lecturer need not worry about how to make a profit, all he has to do is explain how to get bank loans
- 6) Give out lots of handouts - they are useful for scrap paper at exam time and it might even be incentive for some students to do more study???
- 7) If you're not sure about what your supposed to be lecturing on, give lectures that the students can't understand. Most students won't complain, and if any do complain, then ask them what to lecture on
- 8) Any statements made in lectures can be used for magazine quotes
- 9) Use plenty of overhead projections - it is the only way to ensure that everyone gets a similar set of lecture notes (some lecturers are so fond of using overhead projections that they talk to them)
- 10) In Horticulture, every point is important
- 11) Brownny points are not given to students who attend 8 o'clock lectures
- 12) To avoid very low attendances at lectures, arrange with the other lecturers to make sure that there are not 3 or 4 pracs or assignments due in within a couple of days of each other
- 13) Exam hints are quite appreciated, especially if the lecturer wants a high pass rate
- 14) Write illegibly so as students will question the words they can't read and not the content of the lecture (this also allows slow writers to catch up)
- 15) All lecturers should be sympathetic towards students
- 16) Be prepared for an explanation should exam pass rates be lower than expected
- 17) Nervous lecturers should expect a hammering
- 18) Lecturers should keep their pornographic minds on the subject lectured rather than the lectured subjects
- 19) Lecturers must accept the fact that lectures don't have to start on time, but they must end on time
- 20) Under no circumstances should sleeping students be woken dire consequences may ensue
- 21) It is to be understood that apathy reigns
- 22) It is not necessary for lecturers to fill rural parts by wearing R.M.'s
- 23) References are non examinable



"Even clowns have to eat"



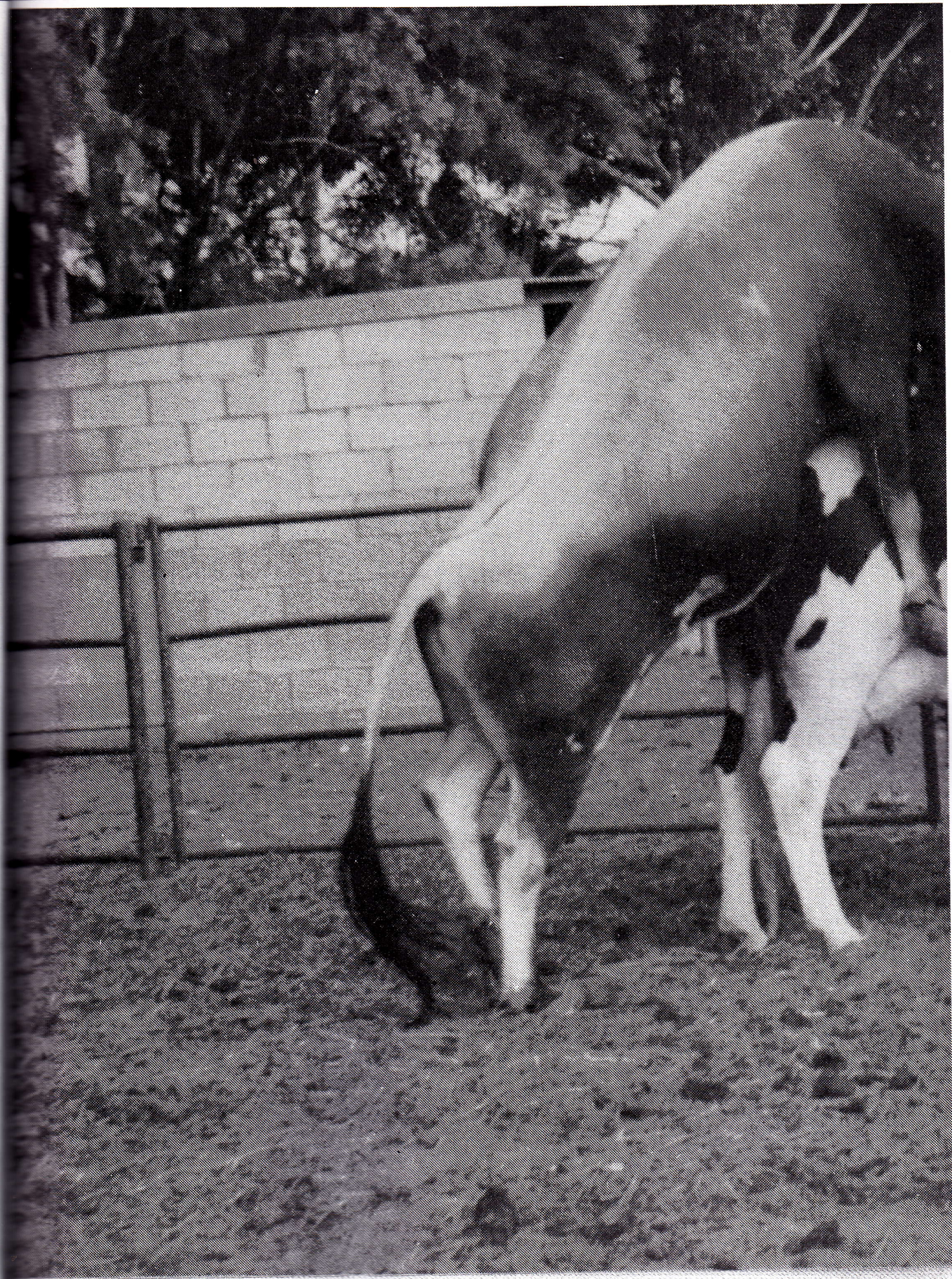
"Tickler"

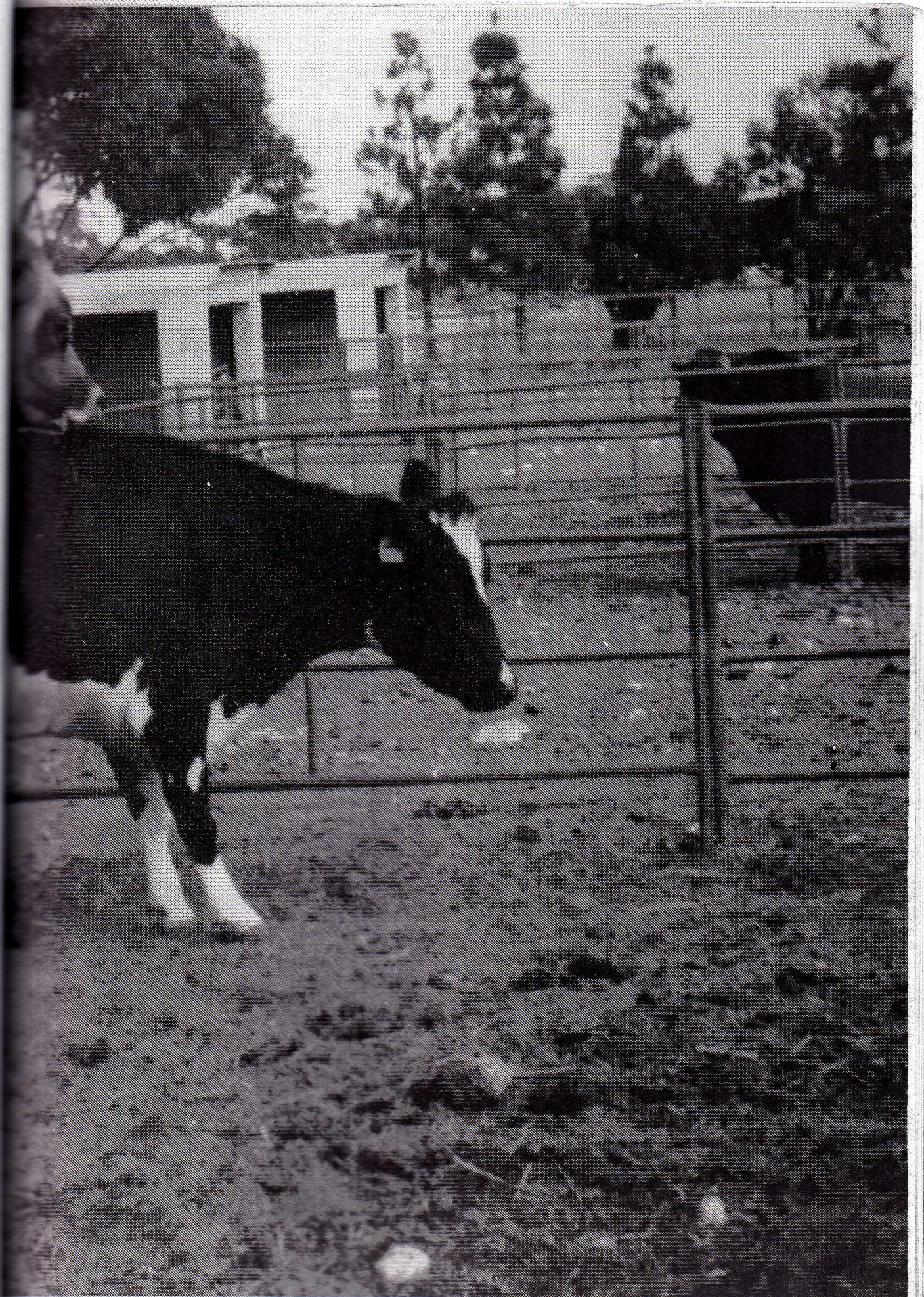


"He will return, Just wait"



"Dairy farmer with top cow"





THIRD YEAR OBSERVATION OF ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR  
BY CYCLOPS ENTERPRIZES AND WAXMAN PRODUCTIONS

AT THE WATERHOLE"

It is twilight in the jungle as the animals come down to drink. A small frisky Bobo bird flutters down to drink. Other animals even Wally Pottamus the Warthog avoid this bird as it is infested with fees. During the day the Bobo bird sits in the sun and the local natives give him their material possessions in the hope that they will be put to higher purposes, e.g. a new pool. But this only allows the bird to reproduce and soon millions like him cover the land.

Soon other animals begin to push through the stout smelly warthogs to the water already fouled by their messy habits. First the small furry dwarf Adamsa with its black and yellow topknow (a species Aphrodisiac), then the short bloated Pitcher birds come down to drink, the latters rouchous coughing cry wafts eerily across the water 'Maarmee'.

A pot bellied mex pushes roughly past the tall lowwillpower semens giraffe. The mex is a strange animal with unlimited capacity for imbibing at the water hole (giving the potbellied appearance). This capacity is rivalled only by the Black Jackson, an enormous python who has developed its gigantic drinking capacity due to its desert dwelling place.

A small Martin hovers over a Filmers hyena fighting with a wild Carmody over the body of a dead Lectureous crocodile (killed by the predatory spike fish, which lives in symbiotic relationship with the big foot - an arthropod from the rocky mountains).

As the night approaches the large eyed PJ Fly fills the air. This insect's future prospects are not good as it is preyed upon by the Harveys Horse eating codball and the short arsed turtle.

The hoarse continuous bark of the Grotty Antelope disturbs the timid Mudge, not usually seen, he is very quite and seldom fierce except during the mating season (whenever he can get it).

A finned half Nelson plays happily in the waves generated by larger animals, he is a vegetarian who is a specialist feeder on cactus and mushrooms and is so goddam cool that sometimes even he can't believe it. Suddenly a flock of right winged Groggy birds with their ends in, fly past accompanied by the RC Ocker bird (a symbiotic filler of birds holes).

As the large lecherous toad lays back, takes it easy and rolls another number, the Guru lip has his daily charge of dried bible pages says "You've got to be good to make it in the God racket these days boys".

Meanwhile a Ligs Baboon approaches with his harem. This animal breeds all year round taking what he can get, likewise does the Psmith Gazelle. Following on is a small Truckguts nursing his lib-crated but sore genetalia.

A Ruthus bird stands in a six inch sorghum stubble and wonders when its going to be harvested. This bird shows outstanding natural leadership. The fleet footed road runner can even pick up morsels dropped by the Bobo bird, without being attacked by top carnivores. This ability is shared by most birds.

The bottom of the water hole is littered with killer 'Muscles' who are more powerful than a bursting sewer pipe and faster than a 1954 mettalic blue Morris. These killer Muscles sometimes attack Wally Potomous and other animals. Wally Potamous Warthogs have been reputed to carry "off" farmers' daughters in a desperate, deeply, instinctive desire to 'penetrate' the rural circle.

As the moon rises a herd of Schwein appear, attracted to the Lutheran Hour on my tranny. They are scared away by the approach of the famous big game hunter Granit Holliday searching for members of the Phylum Hymenoptera to break open and eat. His favourite saying is "old enough to bleed, old enough to slaughter" shows that he has no mercy in his heart. He is known for hunting more than one quarry at a time.

Any attempt at revenge on these writers will be severely punished. Enemies will be sought out and destroyed before you know we even exist.

P.S. Our hit man will be able to kill a man in a month.

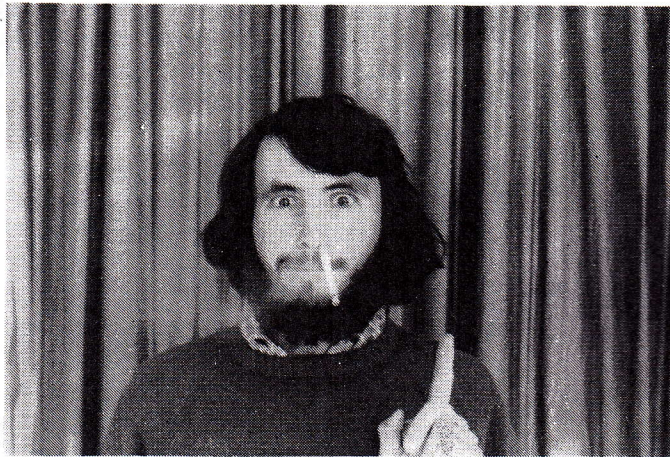


# 'NOSE' SMOKING

1



2



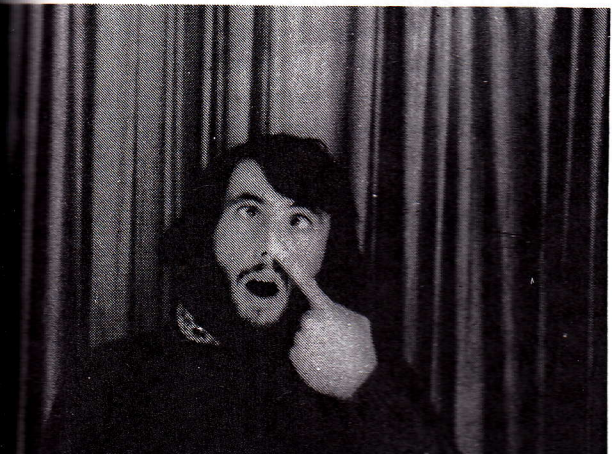
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This year, 1976, saw the fourth year of operation of the Roseworthy Light Horse Club. The major highlight of this year was the third annual Light Horse Gymkhana held at the College. This was once again an immense success for all concerned, with the events being judged by Miss Merrie Mattner of Willomurra Quarter Horse Stud, bull riding instruction being given by Mr. Viv Heath, and a demonstration of points scoring of bull riding by top ARRA judge Mr. Allan Pfeiffer.

During the year, the College had two first cross Quarter Horse fillies dropped, but were unfortunate to have Delilah abort a set of twins. These foals were sired by the top purebred imported Quarter Horse stallion, Jet Master AAA (imp), which stands at the Willomurra Quarter Horse Stud, Kersbrook. Through the generosity of Willomurra in donating the services of their stallions, and loaning brood mares to the College, R.A.C. has, in the past two years, gained foals worth well over \$10,000. In addition to these foals, Willomurra has also donated a gelding, and made horses available on loan for use at the College for stock work and recreational riding.

I feel that we cannot forget the fact that without the aid and help from Willomurra over the past three years, the College would have changed entirely to motor bikes for stock work, with no horses being kept by the College at all.

Several horse club members have during the year, prepared and shown the two College yearling horses, Roseworthy Academic and Princess Athena, at the S.A. Quarter Horse Show and the Nailsworth Show. This resulted in Academic gaining a first and third place and Athena a third placing.

Other activities held by the Horse Club during 1976 were a visit to Willomurra Stud, and a film night on stud breeding and management. The role of the club is quite diverse, from the furtherance of basic horsemanship and stud management, to catering for the recreational needs of people inclined towards equine sports.

The future seems bright for the horses at College, with indications of a full time Associate Diploma in Horse Husbandry being started in the near future. Let us hope that Roseworthy will uphold its high standards so that we can all be proud of the fine horsemen it will produce in the future.

Dale Manson  
R.L.H.C. President



3rd YEAR PERSONALITIES  
 FC = favourite character  
 FS = favourite saying  
 FO = favourite occupation  
 PD = probable destination

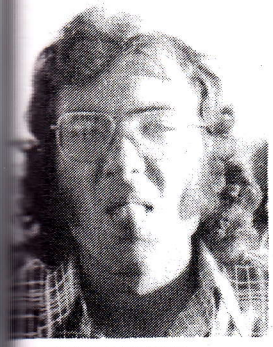
Ruth Robinson (Colostrum, Ruthie writeoff, Struth ruther)  
 FC: Phil Henstehe  
 FS: You bloody writeoff  
 FO: Lactating; getting information from the inside  
 PD: Mid north milk maid



Daryl Lang (Anonymous)  
 FC: Boswell  
 FS: "Wow", "Excuse me"  
 FO: Doing assignments on time  
 PD: "That's it! It is, I know"



Tim Walsmley (wally the pig, berkshire)  
 FC: Malcolm Fraser  
 FS: "Or come on"  
 FO: Doing the arm test  
 PD: Proven AI bear



Jamie Jackson (Nigger, Black, Pipeline)  
 FC: Neil Kerley  
 FS: Goodday profster, goodbye sterry  
 FO: Erecting standpipes  
 PD: Sucking Gin at Wilcannia



Sid Kylah (Abdul, Slasher, Proportion, Butcher)  
 FC: Wheaton  
 FS: F--- up wheaton  
 FO: Debeaking chickens  
 PD: Flying <sup>meat dealer</sup> salesman from Bygdad



Ray Adams (Dwarf, Deadshit)  
 Robin Hood  
 "1976 has been a dry year"  
 Most studious  
 Queensland date budget



Hugh Ellis (sterry guts, hoo, HO., Hubert)  
 FC: Dave Lewis  
 FS: "Holey Boley", "Faircrack"  
 FO: Defaming students after lectures  
 PD: Serenading Sara, Centrefold for women's weekly



Jim Bartlett (Crack, Jimbo, J.B.)  
 FC: Don Quijote, Charlie Chaplin  
 FS: "Oh, bugger it" "Yes, yes, yes"  
 FO: Sleeping in lectures.  
 PD: Nirvana.



Richard McKenna (Toad, Larry, Frog)  
 FC: Sid Rumpo & Bob Cawood.  
 FS: "Go for it! ie go ferr it!" "lets get another number together bo'os"  
 FO: Going for it. Going down Murray Street at 50mph at 8am.  
 PD: Student.



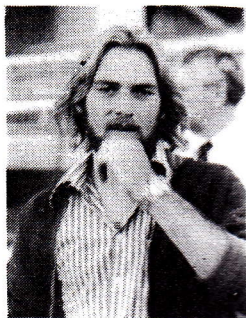
Greg Pitcher (Mr. America, Germ, Pitch)  
 FC: Mr. America  
 FS: "Can I come, I'll take my car."  
 FO: "Puffing inbetween lung racking coughs."  
 PD: Mr. Universe competition.



Chris Twigger (Twig, Horse)  
 FC: Mary-ann  
 FS: Cackle, cackle, cackle  
 FO: Putting on voices  
 PD: Prodeo queen



Simon Whentzen (Simon, Creatin, Giraffe)  
 FC: Brigadier Creatin Whentzen, General Paton, Kaiser, Gering etc.  
 FS: "Oh beauty mate." "Whats that?" "Noone would suspect me, In two strays"  
 FO: Spinning copious quantities of incoherent nothing.  
 PD: Commode cleaner in the regular Army.



Graeme Pope (Gypsy, Lee, Leon, Biafran child)  
 FC: Vicki B; Leon Russell  
 FS: "Want to hear a story?"  
 FO: Going back to bed after breakfast.  
 PD: Bar man at the Lion; Towrag



Peter McMahon (Grog, Groggy, Bear, Fluffy, Porkie)  
 FC: Cibet  
 FS: "You're black, Jackson"  
 FO: Playing with cats.  
 PD: Commissar of Booberowie (Red Turnerist movement)

EXTRACT FROM NEW SCIENTIST 1976/77, NO. 1

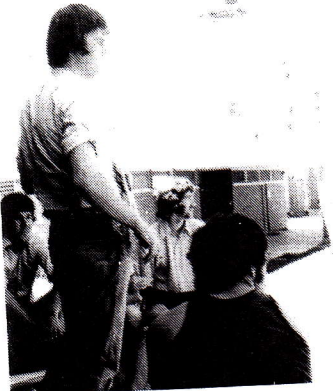
EXTRACT FROM ROBBERY EGGRICULTURAL CABBAGE!

### LIFE IN THE KITCHEN?

Is there life in the kitchen here; a question which has intrigued generations of Roseworthy goers.

Latest information from Prof. Sid Cyclops tells of the exciting world of primitive amoeba like organisms in pools of cold soup. More vegetable than animal these creatures move very slowly, and think Jack Foot is God and won't do anything without his presence. If they do decide to move it must be done as a group for one alone cannot accomplish anything. Each amoeba then forms a small link in a complex interdependent food chain. Poisons are concentrated along this food chain and it is unwise to eat anything that comes out of it.

In our next issue - is there intelligent life in the outside locations - or even other egrgricultural colleges!



### COLLEGE FOOD

I did eat approximately 15 College meals a week and half of these were acceptable considering the kitchen usually cooks for 200 people plus. But if you can cook half the meals O.K. why not all of them?

Well I'll tell you some of those so called cooks couldn't even boil water without buggering it up.

The head cook says all cooks can cook otherwise they wouldn't be cooks, he also says the only way to approach them is with tact, well after over two years of tact he's no better off.

The most concrete thing done this year toward meals was the N.S.A. 11 pizza strike, although it was a flop for those who expected pizza for dinner. It stirred up the dining room committee. They soon prepared those meal option questionnaires and the meals got better. In fact, there was not one unacceptable meal for 7 days - this excludes those hard, cold, fatty eggs at breakfast.

Maybe with more pressure from the students and less tact from the head cook, the meals will become of a higher standard and more consistent.

With fees at \$1300 this year you would want much better food. And for those of you who live on College only 5 days a week, you can live cheaper than this at the pub where you get top quality food all the time.

Assume every student paid an extra \$30 a year for fees, there would be an extra \$6000. Now assume that there are 3 bad cooks - now sack them - now employ 3 good cooks at \$2000 above the old rate.

Another idea for you poor buggers eating those 4 out of 10 meals which aren't fit for a pig, is to give constructive criticism to cooks/housemaster or most importantly the Dining Room Committee.

And to those of you reading this article thinking this is just another student winge, I asked your bloody staff who eat meals what they think of them - they say that they are nearly "all shit-house". At least I say over half - not counting breakfast, are acceptable, so put that on your plate and eat it.

Anonymous.  
M.L.F.P.

# RDA III Dinner



"I'm so goddam cool!  
-even I can't believe it!"



"Another one for my collection" "Say no more"



"I get the Joke  
... but what are these for!"



"He's mine  
leave us alone"



"Cross-fire!"



"A man can't even pick his nose  
in peace"



"Who's pissed?"



"I thought you wanted an RDA, RICHARD!"



"Speaking of flying saucers"





"like butter in my fingers"



"That's what you f..... think!"



"This one's mine!"



"Hugh?"



"My first economy size little black book"



"Well on behalf of..."



"School 's in"



"Smiley & the South East."



# HOCKEY

This year's highlight came for us when we won the Mid-North Women's Hockey Association grandfinal for the third successive year (the third year we've been in it), soundly defeating Burra 3-0.

The 1976 season saw a very rearranged team appear. Sue Riggs, vice-captain, moved into the forward line, and Jane Stapledon, also from full-back, shifted into the half-back line. By playing strong consistent games they earned the titles "Best Team Player" and "Best and Fairest" respectively. Their previous positions were filled by two new players to the team, Gail Sinkinson and Lee Loffler, with Lee earning for herself the "Most Consistent" prize. Another new player, Sarah Longbottom, was the "Most Improved" player.

"Good work" to the 1976 team, "good luck" to the 1977 team.

Finally, Greg Hocking, our favourite coach, is to be thanked again for his persistence, patience and desperate efforts to get us fit, most of which is now appreciated but very probably wasn't at the time.

Judi Nickolai - Captain



Mr & Mrs Gill



# NETBALL

1976 saw the emergence of the R.A.C. Netball Club. The team was comprised basically of students but numbers and talent were completed by Wendy Lang (Darryl's wife), Kerry Hill (Sheep/beef Section leader Robin Hill's daughter) and Alana Thomson (library officer at the time).

Judy Nelson agreed to coach us, giving us not only hints on how to improve our game tactics and 'systems', but news also of her husband's teeth, or lack there of.

Entering the competition as a C-grade team, we fought with determination and humour for the College: team and College spirit was probably our greatest advantage over the opposition.

We, almost literally 'battled' our way to the finals, but it was not necessarily the actual fighting but fighting spirit that finally won us the victory, and incidentally, dumbfounded the whole lot of us!

However, no matter how incredulous everyone was then, hopefully 1977 will see the second great year of the R.A.C. Netball team.

This year's prize went to Gail Sinkinson, vice-captain, for her courageous efforts in a position she had not played before and in which she proved to be an invaluable strength.

Captain - Judi Nickolai



"I love it!"



"Must be the wine!"







Why not switch to -

Yes! - Papa Guiseppi's non natural pizza mixes jingle sing along. "Pappa Guiseppi mixes his pizzas with his feet."

"Papa Guiseppi's hard to beat!"

Yes folks! If you're tired of the common, organic, pesticide polluted foods available today, switch to Papa Guiseppi's pizzas - guaranteed non natural.

Yes! Right from the start when Papa mixes his pizzas in completely non natural 44 gallon drums, treading in each one with loving care, Papa Guiseppi ensures that no organic matter (apart from toe jam) can penetrate his tight security. Each tiny piece of 'meat' is spun from synthetic protein fibre carefully constructed from recycled Bolivar effluent. The next additions are the careful garnishings of such exotic flavourings as dried armadillo droppings (synthetic) and diced gorilla's armpits (synthetic).

Yes! Now you too can eat this secure in the knowledge that it tastes (and consists) only of flavourings and colourings untainted by growth in the (ugh!) filthy dirt or equally filthy poxridden animals. The dough itself is spun from carefully synthesized cotton fibres for your protection. And so folks - eat Papa Guiseppi's pizzas with confidence (if not with relish) - won't do your stomach good but will ruin your kidneys, secure in the knowledge that his completely non natural foods have relieved you of pesticide and taste contaminated foods.

Another 'Cyclops' Production subsidiary or 'Communists for famine' a Community Service Organisation.

QUOTES

Tony Adams - "No wonder she's fat, she's fed from both ends!"

Cods - "My bikes as good as a personal vibrator!"

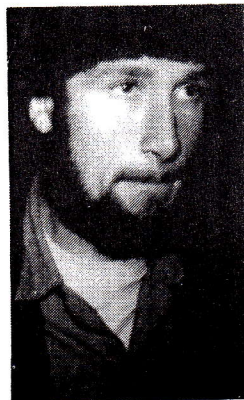
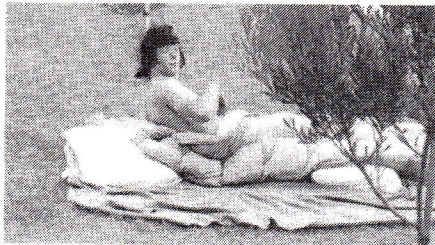
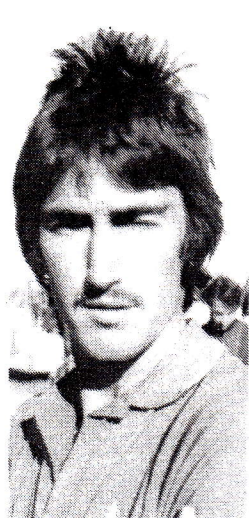
Weckert - "Wheaton you're too tall to realise the pleasures you can gain from a sheep!"

PJ - "Is Mudge really necessary?"

- Q. "Mr. Superballs you have stated that you have the answer to Australia's economic depression! .. Have you?"
A. "Yes! definitely yes!, yes! I would have to say yes!"
Q. "What are your solutions?"
A. "I think we should exploit the Chinese market"
Q. "Why?"
A. "Good God man, where's your'e conscience? - you can't exploit white people can you? .. and blacks don't have the money, and slavery is illegal."
Q. "How can we exploit the Chinese then?"
A. "You see its catching, soon everyone will be asking that. Well to start with, I've been thinking of giving them an ego boost - a culture transfusion like. To start with I would suggest exporting broad brimmed hats, matchsticks and vertigo sunglasses. With broad brimmed hats their colour won't show so much, the matches will hold their eyes open, you know - like white people, and the vertigo sunglasses will make their eyesight so bad they won't know which direction they're going, and if they go for a swim they'll never find the shore again. Also no invasion problems."
Q. "What about invasion!"
A. "I wondered when you'd ask, people are becoming more aware of these problems. You see, people are so ignorant! You know, I actually had to explain to some students the other day why we were digging anti tank ditches in North IO."
Q. "Why ..?"
A. "You too! Don't you know that Chinese parachutists are very bad this time of year!"
Q. "Anyway, getting back to exploiting the Chinese ..?"
A. "Oh yes; well after selling them all that is best in our country they could be too much like us - could you imagine 900 million Australians invading us? Therefore I decided to undermine their culture and bring them back to the lowest form of life with the most insidious weapon of all - surfing. Can you imagine the profits on 900 million surfboard blanks! Besides, look at the side effects - drug addiction, rape, V.D., long hair, homosexuality, greed, envy, adultery and draft dodging - which would weaken their society!"

THE END!

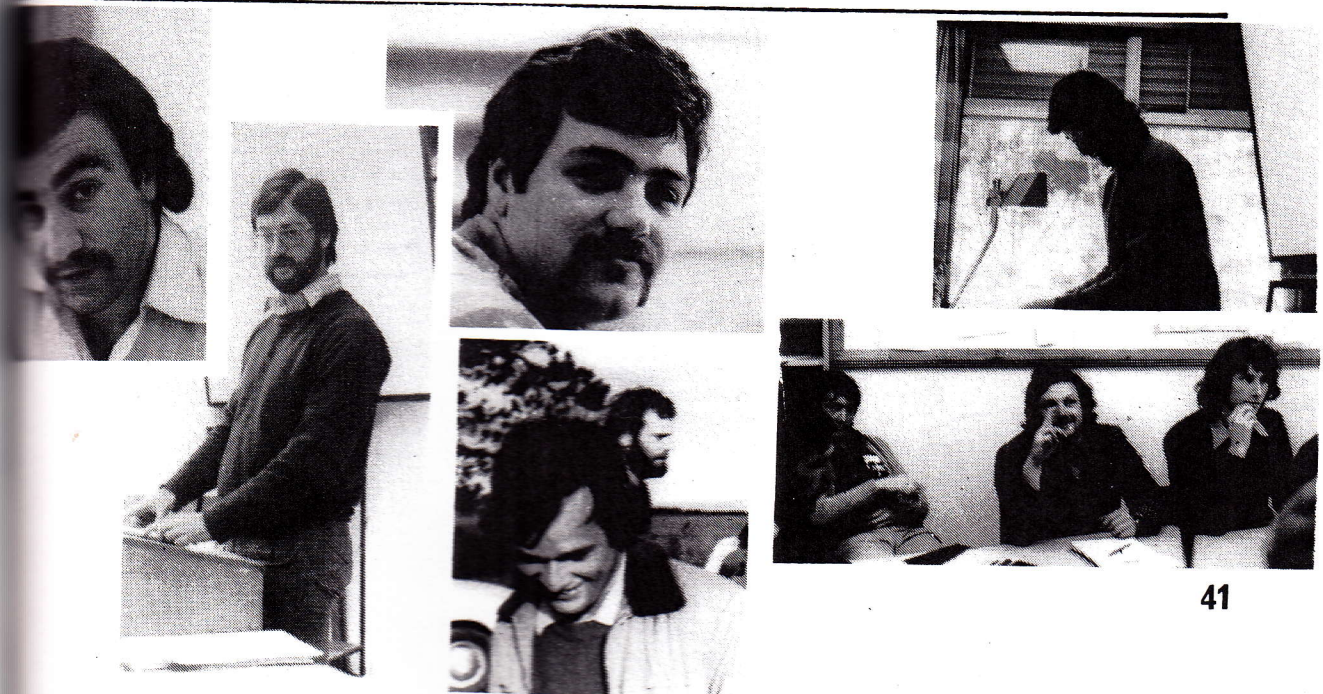
As we say goodbye to Superballs sinking into the mists of time like a shining RSL badge.



# RDAT



**BACK ROW** Jack Jones, David Woodard, David Creeper, Peter Williams, Peter Philp,  
 Simon Wright, Kevin Smith.  
**MIDDLE ROW** David Hodgson, Mark Beasley, Stuart Weckert, John Hage, Andrew Staniford,  
 Dale Manson, Geoff Page.  
**FRONT ROW** Barry Philp, Bruce McCallum, David Lewis, Shane Hodgson, David Pocock,  
 Stuart Oliver, Bill Panagiotopoulos.





## SOLUTE TO CAPTAIN DIOXIDE AND THE CHROMATE KELPY

### Scene 1 :

Ionic Bond, (secrete catalyst 007) was driving his new aromatic convertible down benzene boulevard when, suddenly, he heard cries of help coming from a distant kejdahl. His reaction to this was instantaneous. Finding the nearest foam box he proceeded to change from meek, mild mannered Ionic Bond into the infamous, unstable Captain Dioxide, his dog becoming flealess companion, the chromate Kelpy.

With haste they proceeded to the scene of the crime. There, they found no-one but a street corner carboxylic mole. She informed the dynamic duo (where have I heard that before?) that there had been a butyl attack on Katy Cation, and that she was kidnapped by Ion Man and the Minerals. She heard them mention pH's hideout - this meant trouble. Captain Dioxide and the chromate kelpy gave pursuit.

### Scene 2 : at pH's place

Captain dioxide, knocking on pH's door "Hello, has anybody seen a-cid around?"

"Oh no, its the infamous, unstable Captain Dioxide and the chromate kelpy" gulped out Ion man (Ion man is after a gold logie for his acting) - get him, minerals. With that they took out their vapourizing gun and sprayed reducing agent over Captain Dioxide.

"Get him, minerals, he's lost his powers, he's been reduced to water, your now piss weak Captain."

"Now you've done it, Ion man, my activation energy has been reached." "Boof, smash, crash, thump, crack, ouch."

"Ah, good thinking chromus (chromate kelpy's nick name), you've alerted the Ketone Cops, I'm rennin you in, Ion man." "You've beaten me Ion Man, I don't know why you weren't reduced when I shot you, but your not gonna find Katy Cation, and you're not gonna find out from me" as Ion man depolarized himself. "Ahhhh....." then, nothing.

### Scene 3 :

"What do you plan to do now, cappsy poo?" asked chromus.

"Listen dog, I'll kick you're ruddy arse in if you call me that once more!" "Sorry ...."

"Hey, Captain, I've picked up Katy's scent with my bionic sense of smelling."

"Well save it for you're piggy bank, stupid, and I told you to stop eating liquorice."

Following Katy's trail, they came to sweet little Molly Cule's place.

### Scene 4 : Molly Cule's place surrounded by coppers

"Come out with you're bonds up Molly, we've got you're house surrounded."

"Up urea!, mate, and don't try tear gas or I'll get Katy and beata up."

Captain Dioxide, now fuming with anger, finally gave the command "Right boys, precipitate her."

Epilogue : Police combustible Pi Bond (brother of Ionic, husband to Sigma) at his office in police headquarters (where they keep spare police heads).

"Well, how do you do it fellas?" To which Captain Dioxide replies "All a matter of having cool catalysts." As he said this the phone rang, "Hello, I listen to Baz and Pilko, oh, its you Mr. President. You want me to give the dynamic duo a ticket to the policemen's ball, all right, "click". As he handed the duo tickets for the raffle, he casually remarked, "I hope you know we've arrested Mr. Macro-Burner." "Oh, on what charge?" "For with holding inflammation from us - ha, ha, and another thing, Captain will you do something about that bloody dog, pooh..."

... Policemans charity dance ball in appreciation of Captain Dioxide and the Chromate Kid. Featuring Ike and Bunsen Burner with the lucious burettes a real gas, Al Cane and the country slingers (shit, I think) and special guest sweet Molly Cule. At midnight ester bunny will be giving out free laxettes (not again, last year he gave everyone the shits).

# LETTERS

Dear Ed,

On behalf of all the students, especially those who never quite got round to putting pen to paper, thanks a lot to you and your committee for the time you have put in.

Yours etc.

Dave Lewis

A letter to prospective R.D.A. III .... a description of 3rd Year shearing

DEARMAN,

When I caught the sheep it would not MUDGE so I put a full NELSON on it and brought the sheep out against its WILSON. The others were laughing at the CARMODY of the scene.

The FURST blow and NICKOLAI'ed the sheep and that really TWIGGER'ed it off, it was almost as horrible as the PITCHER on the wall, so I got a needle and STRINGER and FISK'ed it up. I had a SINKINSON feeling that it would die but I prayed to the POPE that it would be all right.

It TOY'ed around and would not sit, so I WECKERT again and again until it did. By this time it was very WALMSLEY in the shed, the hand piece was so hot it nearly burnt the wool to ASHMAN.

I cleaned the area of the SCHRANK and went to shear the neck but the hand-piece TUCKWELL in as I camp up over the WHITEHEAD.

I NOLAN the sheep over and started the LANG blow, by this time I wished I was on HALLIDAY as I was JACKSON of it and my back was not FILMER too good. This BARTLETT of a sheep was ROBINSON me of my strength, and I felt like BARTHOLOMAEUS'ing it around the neck.

Good thing I was nearly finished as I was feeling WHEATON at the knees and the bread and JENKINS sandwich I had for lunch was playing merry ELLIS with my stomach.

At last the fleece was off and it had a good STAPLEDON, so I felt better as I McCARTHY'ed the dead sheep out of the shed.

As I was SWEETING so much through the day I decided to give tea a SMITH and head for the pub.

The barmaid WIENCKE'ed at me as I blew in like a GALE and I gave her a quick HUDSON.

As the beer went down my throat and DODSON my ADAMS apple I thought of you poor bastards next year

SUFFER

Apologies to the other 9 with the shit house names, but they weren't shearers anyway!

# SPROE

SPROE could stand for Society for the Preservation of Roseworthy Old Ephemerals, but jsut this once it doesn't.

SPROE got under way back in early '75 when you could buy a double chocolate milkshake for the price of a student concession return ticket. (Where to? Back here of course, stupid).

Well for those of you who aren't informed, SPROE stands for Spag's Rip Off Enterprises. A colourful title, yes! But one well earned by Spag, a true business mastermind.

It was Spag's specials which made the business. Their timing was perfect - here's an example. It is mid-June. A blizzard howls about the ears of good Roseworthians as they scurry about their exciting daily tasks, muffled up in duffle coats and scarves.

Basil's newsheet hits the stands and the cry goes out - SPAG'S SPECIAL OF THE WEEK. Polar bars slashed from 68¢ to 63¢ for five minutes Thursday, 12.15 to 12.20.

There is excitement. There is confusion. There is pandemonium.

The canteen is overrun with anxious folk clutching the remains of photocopy money in their frost bitten mits. In just 4.5 minutes Spag's freezer is bar of polar bears.

The well satisfied crunch of ivory on ice echoes through the College quadrangles and life returns to normal.

Next day downs warm and fair. The Roseworthians are again seen scurrying about their exciting daily tasks. But wait. Why the duffle coats and scarves? A closer look reveals red eyes, runny noses and heavy heads. The thunderous roar of influenzic barks, echoes through the College quadrangles.

Basil's newsheet hits the stands. SPAG'S SPECIAL OF THE WEEK. Throaties and tissues slashed.

Gad! He's done it again.

Bluey Lewey Lewis (Spag's economically naive and uranium hating mate).

P.S. Although Spag has willingly accepted his rip-off reputation, we cannot deny that he has done a terrific job. I think he deserves a lot of credit and thanks for the work he has done in the canteen over the last two years.

There should be many more activists like Spag. As well as keeping the canteen rolling, he kept both the S.U.C. and the Library committee well and truly on their toes. We wish you the best of luck at Armidale, Geoffrey.

# Roseworthy LONELY HEARTS



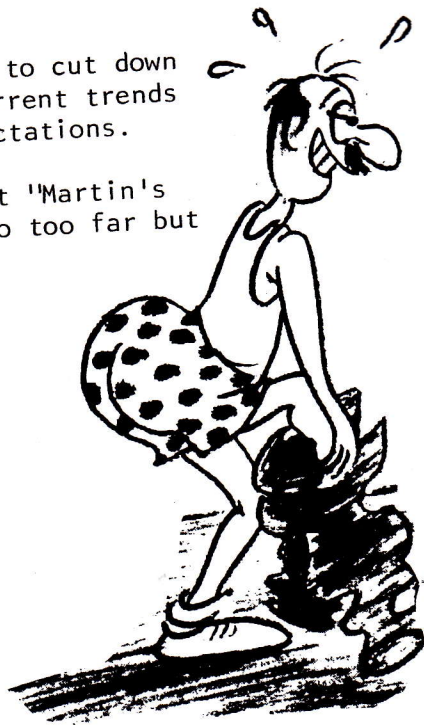
Extract from Advertiser

GIRLS! Go for lean men!  
Sex expert Maurice Yaff has kicked Sano in the faces of the worlds muscle men by declaring women prefer lean men. Mr. Yaffe, Clinical Proctologist at London's Gay's Hospital said yesterday that a recent U.S. survey showed women preferred lean men "with small sexy bottoms" - AAP

Yes girls! Don't miss out in the rush, try our latest models before its too late.  
- Try the "Dearmans Dildo" 1976/77 model, A slim racey model built for speed - fills the hole in your budget.  
- For girls who like something good in the Sand try our west coast model "Toy's Tremendous" 1976/77 slightly used but still got plenty to go in it.  
- Or last but not least, get hold of "Wheaton's Wopper" for the girl who has everything (comes complete with discount tool service).

\*Rumour has it that the manufacturers are trying to cut down "Nelson's Nasty" 1974/75 to keep in line with current trends so that it will fit into next year's buyers expectations.

\*\* Or our latest release from England the compact "Martin's Mauler" 1977/78 for women who don't like it to go too far but like it rough.



**BARMERA**  
**HOTEL**  
INCORPORATED

**MOTOR INN**

BARWELL AVENUE, BARMERA, S.A.

P.O. BOX 209

PHONE 88 2111

Thursday 29<sup>th</sup>  
September.

My Dearest Jeffrey,

I have something I must tell you and it concerns our short, but intimate relationship.

I fear the worst has happened since it has been seven weeks since my last period. I would dearly like to see you this coming weekend to discuss our future plans. You are the first one to know about this, as I thought it was only fair that you be the first to know. The Doctor hasn't been able to confirm it yet and I am certainly not game to tell my parents at this early stage.

I still love you dearly and I am sending you this photo to remind you of those beautiful nights we spent together.

Perhaps we could go to Mildura for the weekend as the hotel is getting me down, like it does mum and dad, and I am beginning to hate the place more and more.

Until the weekend then, honey

All my love,

Linda xxxxx

"Sucked in" Mother Martin (perfectly)

BARMERA COMMUNITY HOTEL — OVERLOOKING BEAUTIFUL LAKE BONNEY



# RADF

Where is Snow White?

Although the people of the R.A.D.F. course are not small, the numbers are. Probably it could be more like "10 little niggers", with 3 disappearing into their woodpiles since the beginning in June.

Of the seven currently accounted for -

"Sneezy" Sarah Lyons (Sars)

Favourite Saying (F.S.) "Shrrr...iek!"

Sarah is a prospective assistant farm manager at Keith in the South East.

"Dopey" Josie Wheal (Jose)

F.S. - "Jump on your Bum"

Jose is a fairly down to earth person whose main aim is to work in the country on a farm. Jose has coined a few phrases during the course, the day we were setting up the plough and having trouble with the draw-bar "shake the sh..t out of it"

"Smiley" Mike Byrne (Smiley)

Mike is from the Lameroo area and is going home to help manage the family wheat and sheep property.

"Lazy" Bob Jarvie ('Fonz')

Viticulturalist from Waikerie. Bob is going to manage the family vineyard and small winery at Waikerie. Bob has about the most even temperament of the group.

"Sleepy" James Daly (Jim)

Jim who is decidedly one of the boys, is a potential Mallee farmer from Geranium.

"Happy" Stow Penniment

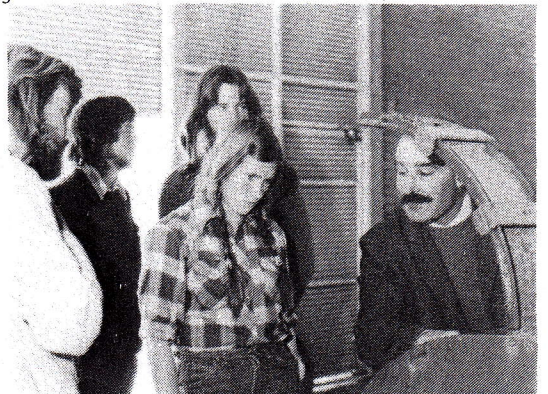
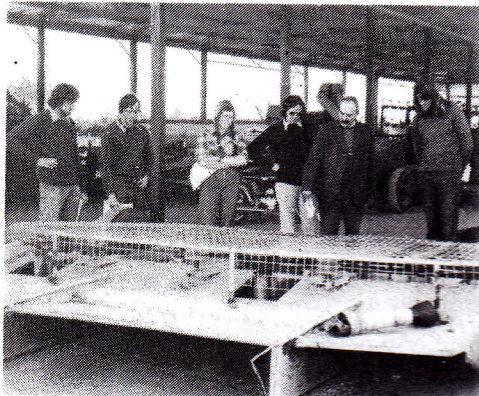
Mixed farming in the Bordertown area is Stow's bag. Stow is one of three in the course from the same general area.

"Grumpy" Chris Butler

F.S. "Far out"

Chris is an ex Jackeroo from the South East but he comes from a horti area originally. He is not of a property but hopes to get onto one.

All the members of the R.A.D.F. course feel that it is what they want with a few exceptions concerning content. The course is very applied, and can be related back to the farming experience of the members, experience that is a prerequisite of the course.



A DIRGE FOR A SHEEP

Oh ewe, ewe; poor departed ewe,  
Oh how your life, balanced on the verge of night,  
Bravely you entered the theatre, oh ewe;  
I saw not eyes of fear, the white of fright  
But calm, placid eyes, looking towards the heavens,  
Prepared for your inevitable flight.

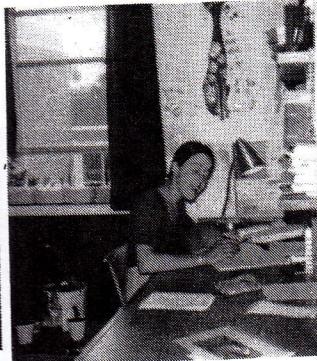
Flashing scalpel blades,  
Snipping scissors  
Oh what a sight,  
Time ticked on and on and on ....

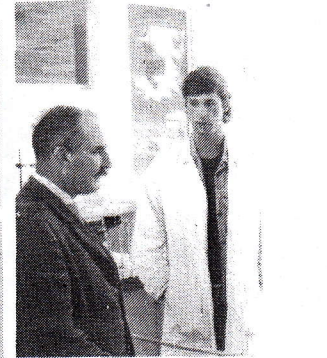
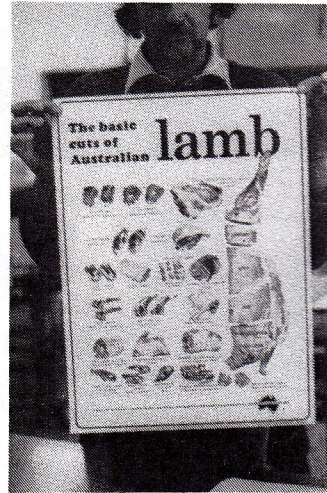
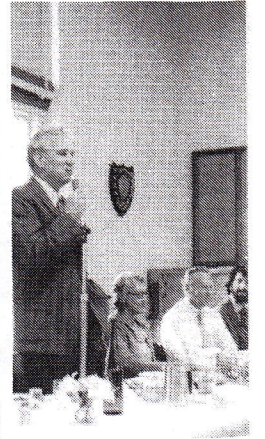
Oh sheep, oh ewe, why did you die?  
Why? Why? Why?  
Our precautions were at maximum  
Our technique the best,  
But it was not to be  
When we heard "The patient is finally at rest!"



Names have been changed to protect the innocent and prevent any lawsuit against the surgeons

D. Thompson





Surveys have always been a way of determining a general characteristic within a community.

In a recent survey conducted by the Australian Bureau of Statistics on a close knit community north of Adelaide, it was found that 62.5% of females present in the population had had a personal relationship on a very intimate level.

This result compared to local statistics is higher on average. This trend can be explained by recent technological advances in the field of chemistry and physics, along with the increasing consumption of alcohol in the younger population today. This makes it possible for girls these days to feel free and easy.

As a result of the above two factors, Malaysian rubber exports have shown a continual slide and Malaysian authorities have shown grave concern.

These results verify the trend which is developing today in our society and it is magnified by the community isolation factor, i.e. nothing else to do, and as such our society today has become open and friendly.

Footnote

This survey by Fred Log, chief statistician, was conducted towards the end of 1976 and is accurate to the existing population.

Comments (In reply to the 1974 article Wally the Pig)

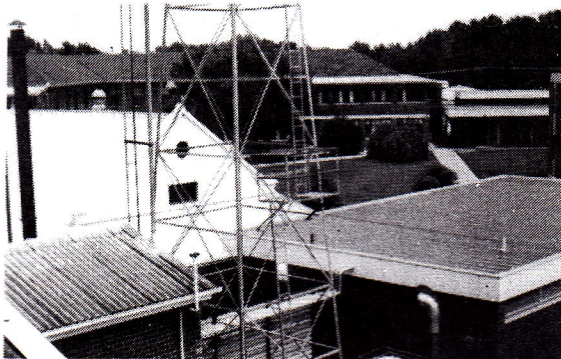
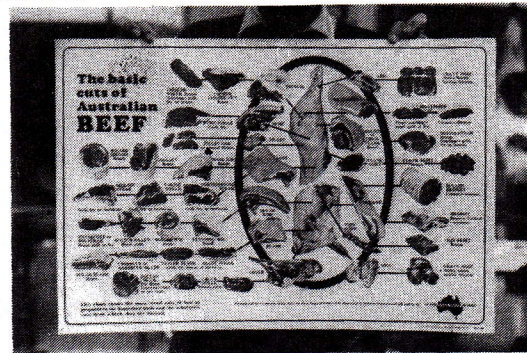
Comments or "Ligs" as he is known by his closer friends came from Wudinna to Roseworthy in 1974. Ligs, while at R.A.C., acquired a rather long list of nick names, Ligs obviously being one of them. He gained this during the football season and he used to complain continually about his Jigaments. Last year was the first time we had female trainers and they used to do some of the rubdowns.

I remember Ligs once told me that he wanted to be a policeman, he even gave driving lessons to people in Wudinna. Ligs told me, not long after several accidents he had, that he was someone who needed the driving lessons. Yes, he even seriously thought of having a few driving lessons (that's what his mum suggested) to straighten out a few of the basic skills, for example, changing gears, keeping the car on the road and even a little practice at giving way to the right.

Ligs has, however, made quite an impression in the football world this year, apart from one unfortunate accident. As a former ruckman he used to get a fair bit of belting around the packs. In one game in the middle of the season he got a broken nose, and people were quick to call him nude head. Ligs is a bit rough calling a magnificent head like that nude. I hope that's the story.

In his third year, Ligs has played a relatively quiet role. He has been content to remain in the background and has settled more or less into a married lifestyle. His restlessness had been tamed a little although because of his dynamic personality he still stood out in the crowd to the staff of R.A.C.

In conclusion, Phil (to be a little more personal) is well known for his unbigoted and thoughtful attitude towards his students. Fairness is his motto, do as much unto others as you can get away with, without being caught. I hope Ligs sticks to the quite unassuming role he has set over the past few years.

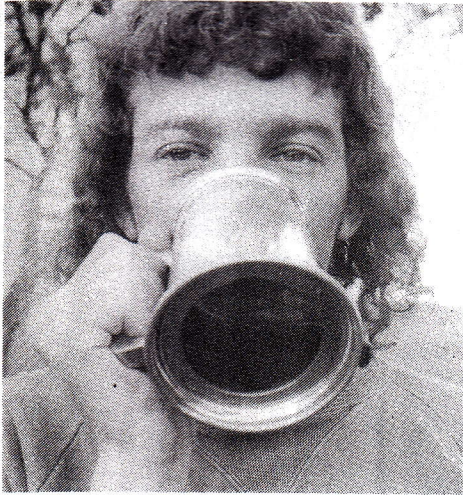




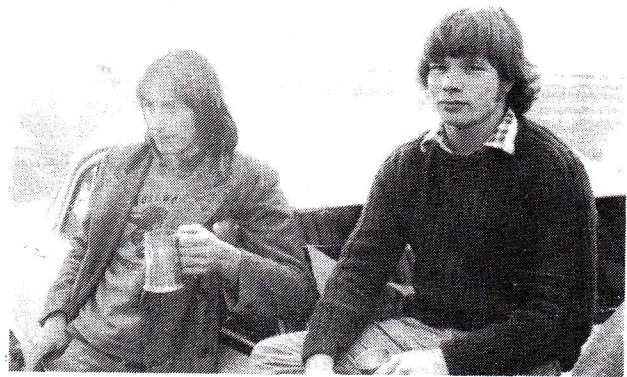
# PISS UPS

GO!  
P!



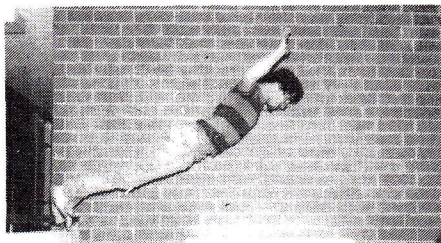
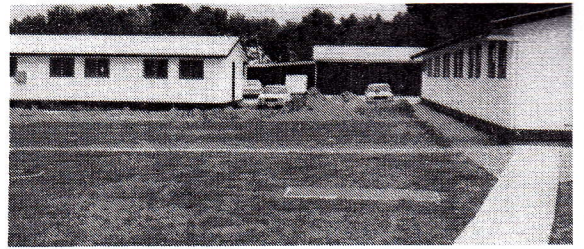
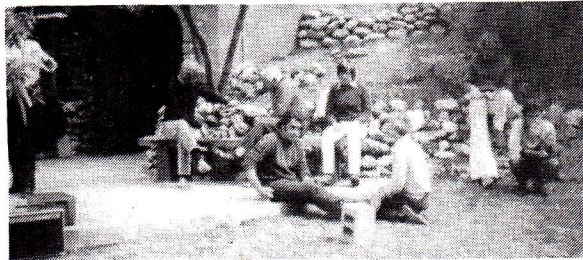
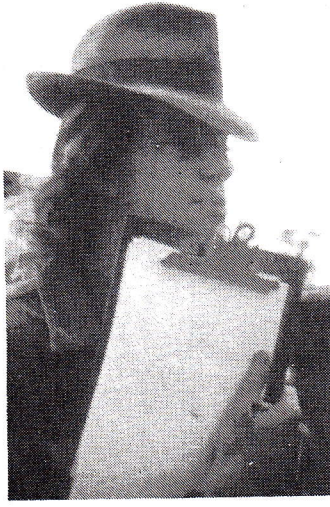
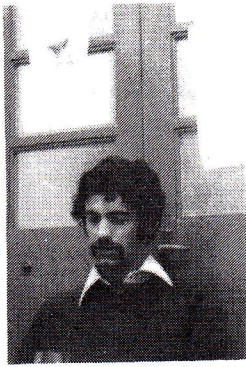
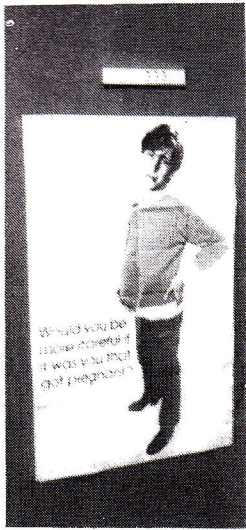
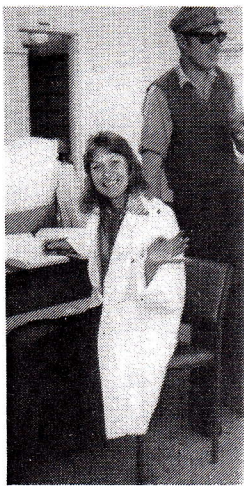


# PISS UPS



# BURP!





BRICK CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

Dear Mr. Manager Generalissimo,

Luigi Guiseppi Santiago, comma from Italie and getta a job  
for your kinda firm on bigga building downa town.

When I gotta to the job a yesterday, the boss he say I gotta  
bring somma brick adown from the fiftha floor. So I gotta  
take the rope and a beam and a pully and a bigga wooden barrel and  
take the hoist and hoista the barrel upa to the fiftha floor.

When I tie the ropea downa the grounda floor. When I filla the  
barrel witha bricks, I comea down untie the rope.

The barrel she is more-heavy than me and so shea comes down I  
up. But, sir, I not alet go of the rope.

On a way up I meeta the barrel, she's gotta sharp bit onna  
end, and it rip my trousers and catcha onna end of my cock.  
When I reach the fiftha floor, I banga my head onna beam and  
lose my fingers ina the pully and gotta concussion and breaka  
my fingers and a have a sixty foot cock, but I still notta  
let go of the rope boss.

When the barrel she hitta the ground the arse she's fall outa  
and alla the bricks they fall onna ground. Then I gotta  
get heavier then the barrel anda start to comea down.

On a way down I meeta the barrel again, she hita me and skin  
my shin, bruise my kneecap and the sharpa bit she rip offa my  
test nut. I keepa going down till I hita the bricks. I gotta  
get cuts all over, slippa my disc in my back and broaka my leg.

Sir Boss, then I letta go ofa the rope. The barrel she  
comes down again. She hitta me and broken five of my ribs,  
knocka out all of my teeth and breaka my jaw.

Mr. Boss, this is my problem. My wife she say she leaves  
because she donta wanta husband with one knut, no teeth and  
a sixty foot cock like a piece of string. The foreman call me  
a stupid dago bastard. This nota true, I naturalised stupid  
Austrian bastard. My doctor he say I might have to go to  
hospital.

Boss, what I wanta know is, how much have I gotta pay for  
the barrel I break?

Reference : 'Cyclops' organ of the RAC Staff Association,  
No. 7, 1976

With apologies to Al Grassby and Sid Kyles (Abdullah)





# Hic!

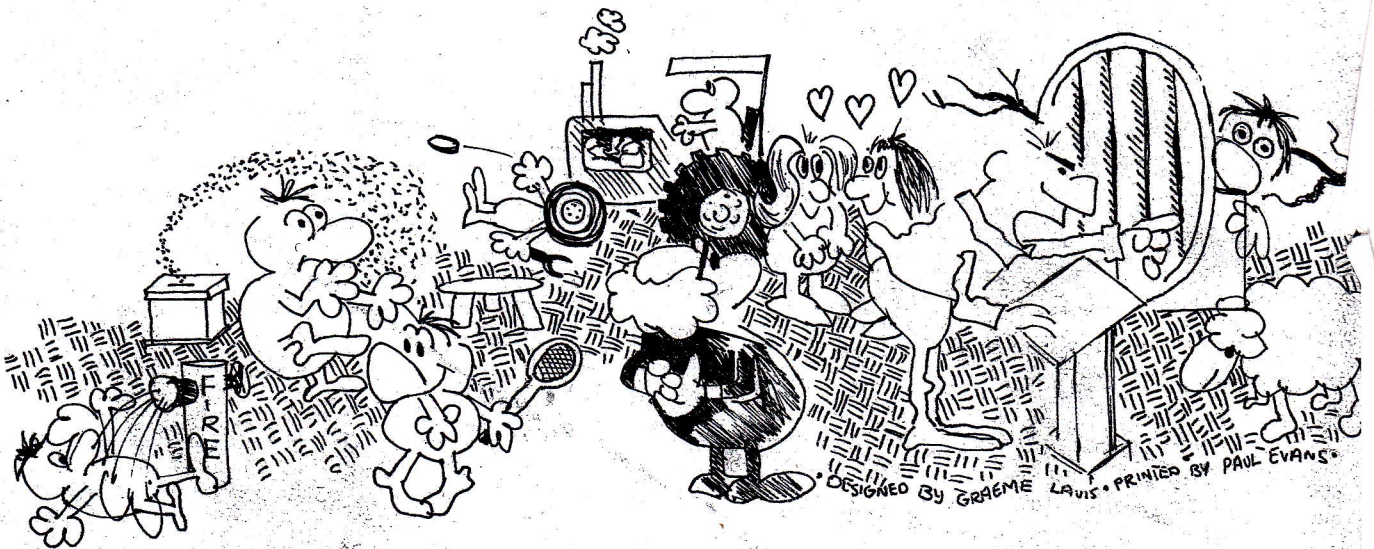
I had eighteen bottles of Vodka in my cellar and was told by my mother to empty the contents down the drain - or else ...! I said I would, and started the unpleasant task.

I took out the cork from the first bottle and emptied the contents down the drain, except one glass, which I drank. I withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise. I then extracted the cork from the third bottle and poured it down the sink which I drank. I poured the bottle from the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass which I drank. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then, I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glasses, corks, bottles and sinks with the other, and as the house came by I counted them again, and finally had all the houses in one bottle which I drank.

I am not under the influence of incohol, as some tinkle peep I am. I'm not half as thunk as you might drink. I fool so feelish. I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here the longer I get. "HIC".

Hic! Hic!





DESIGNED BY GRAEME LAVIS • PRINTED BY PAUL EVANS