

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL 1961

WHO'S WHO

Headmaster:

Mr. R. F. Booker, M. A.

Senior Staff:

Mr. J. F. Strachan, B.Sc.

Mr. C. P. O'Neil, B.A., Dip.Ed.
Mrs. N. Moussali, B.A.

Assistants:

Mr. J. R. Adgie, B.Sc.
Mr. J. McCulloch, B.Sc.
Mr. R. F. Phillips
Mr. K. F. Tindall
Miss S. L. Bell
Miss D. P. Schwartz

Mrs. M. A. Cross, B.A.
Mrs. L. Dippy, B.Sc. (Hons.)
Mrs. A. Dodd, Dip.Ed.
Mrs. E. M. Dodwell, Dip.Ed.
Mrs. V. H. Wood
Miss M. O'Daly

Junior Teacher:

Miss R-M. E. Todd

School Council:

President: Wing-Commander S. T. Underwood
Secretary and Treasurer: Mr. R. May.

Mr. D. G. Anderson
Mr. G. Emery
Mr. P. J. Griffiths
Mr. T. Guerin
Mr. R. A. Robinson

Mr. E. W. Raymond
Mr. J. F. Jones
Mr. B. Weeks
Mr. C. J. Wood
Mr. J. G. Woods

Parents' and Friends' Association:

President: Mr. B. Howard.

Secretary and Treasurer.: Mr. R. G. Brown

Mr. and Mrs. E. Checkley
Mr. R. Baylis
Mr. and Mrs. Dodwell
Mr. G. A. Sindall
Mr. and Mrs. W. Malone
Mrs. H. W. Eastland
Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Griffiths
Mr. and Mrs. Hadley
Mrs. N. Moussali
Mrs. N. Halford

Mr. R. Emery
Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Phillips
Miss M. Emery
Mrs. A. Stewart
Mrs. Blakesley
Mrs. Loveday
Mrs. S. Dutson
Mrs. Cooper

Magazine Committee:

Staff: Mr. C. P. O'Neil, Mrs. M. Cross, Mrs. V. Wood.

Students: J. Stewart, G. Checkley, H. Emery, M. Pembroke, J. McCaffrey, I. Stockbridge, J. Dodwell, M. Fenimore-Jones, G. Taylor, L. Humphries, I. Grant, S. Holdsworth, J. Burtenshaw.

Editorial

For a High School which has been open for only one year to venture on the production of a formal magazine is a rather unusual procedure. Two main factors have influenced the decision to proceed with the printing of a magazine this year. These have been the enthusiasm and ability of the students who have produced much more material of a suitable standard than could possibly be included within our pages, and secondly, the desire to produce a magazine in this, our first year, so that, as time goes on and the history and traditions of the school become established, the thread of the story will be unbroken from 1961 onwards.

We, as editors, do not delude ourselves by thinking that this magazine is perfect, but we are all happy to have had a share in its production. We are humble enough to realize that in future years as Intermediate, Leaving and Leaving Honours classes are established in the school, the magazine will grow in quality and in size, but at the same time we are sufficiently proud of our efforts to hope that this small beginning, written by the First and Second Year students of 1961, will act as a foundation stone on which future editors may build.

We thank all who co-operated in any way to produce the magazine, particularly the numerous contributors. Many very good articles, poems, and drawings had to be omitted, with regret, through lack of space. A word of appreciation is offered also to the magazine committee who devoted much time and care to the important task of proof-reading and to the typists for their untiring work.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1961

FEBRUARY:

The Elizabeth High School opened its doors for the first time to receive 389 students. These were eventually divided into six second year and five first year classes. The school canteen began supplying lunches and other necessities (?). Painting and other work was still going on and not all classrooms could be used.

MARCH:

Religious Instruction classes were begun. Bike-racks to accommodate 200 bicycles were purchased. Weather has been very hot and swimming lessons have been extremely popular. The Art Room and Science Laboratories were ready for occupation.

APRIL:

Sixteen school prefects were selected. Anzac Day Assemblies were held. We took part in the Education Week activities. Some books purchased as beginning of school library.

MAY:

Four of our students won all the prizes in the Apex Club Essay Competition. Holidays!

JUNE:

School Clubs instituted.

JULY:

School Choir participated in the Eisteddfod in Adelaide Town Hall. Arbor Day held and 105

trees, mainly poplars and gums, were planted. A set of books was presented to the school by the Savings Bank of South Australia.

AUGUST:

Terminal Examinations, Inter-School matches in various sports, a school social and holidays were the highlights of this month. Educational excursions were made to Goolwa and Adelaide. The first High School Ball was held.

SEPTEMBER:

Linoleum and rubber strips put down in corridors and some rooms. Preliminary work done on front areas for lawn planting. Life Saving classes were commenced.

OCTOBER:

We were visited for two days by a panel of three inspectors. Photographs of all classes for inclusion in first school magazine were taken.

NOVEMBER:

A school social was conducted by the Parents' and Friends' Association. Preparations and swotting for end-of-year examinations occupied everyone's attention. The new woodwork and home science blocks and dressing rooms were all ready for use.

DECEMBER:

Final examinations, speech night and holidays overshadow everything else this month.

HEADMASTER'S PAGE

Not so long ago, it was 7th February, 1961; now it is 19th December. These two dates are significant for us because they mark the beginning and the end of this first year of our school's existence. At this stage it is inevitable that we should ask ourselves what lies between that first day and this later one.

I am, of course, prejudiced, but my answer must surely be that a great deal of importance has happened. In February we met for the first time virtually as strangers to begin our year's work together; now, with our work done for a while, we are about to enjoy the comparative idleness of the summer holidays. In February, as I say, we were strangers, with no ties of loyalty or common purpose or mutual affection to bind us together. Today, we belong to the same school. We are friends together, having shared a year's experience of work and play, and having learned to know one another, to respect one another, and to feel a sense of gratitude for what we have been able to do to launch our school on its career. At the beginning, there were only a few unfinished rooms for us to inhabit. Now, having lived in those rooms for a year, we feel at home in them, while in the distance the handsome new building is daily drawing nearer to completion. In February, I saw you all as just 400 girls and boys of whom I have met many thousands in my time. Now, in December, I recognize you as among the most intelligent, most individual, and most pleasant young people I have ever met. On that first day I had only recently seen for the first time the 16 other members of the staff. Today, I know and respect and admire every one of them, and take this opportunity of thanking them for having sustained me with such unfailing loyalty and consideration. Again, in February, I did not know any of your parents, or where they had come from, or the work they did, or what were their secret hopes and ambitions for their children. Today, of course, I know many of these things, and because of that I am able to do my work more understandingly, and, I hope, more effectively.

Thus, you see, girls and boys, that, whereas in February there was no school here at all, today there is. And I do not refer merely to buildings and grounds and equipment and those other material things which we are gradually acquiring and which we must, of course, have. I refer rather to even more important things. Our school is beginning to develop a character of its own, a kind of personality, a particular quality which must, and assuredly will, make it different from any other school, either for better or for worse. We are beginning to accept as desirable certain ideals, a certain standard of achievement, and a code of behaviour which will all play their part building the school's reputation. Soon we shall have, externally, a very attractive school. We must see to it, that, internally, it is just as good, and that there is nothing second-rate about it. Each one of us must ever remember that our collective performance is merely the sum of our individual performances, and that the school's good name lies in the hands of every girl and boy in it. Therefore, though perhaps we may be pardoned for claiming that something of importance and value has been achieved in 1961, let us all go forward together resolved to do better still in 1962.

R. F. BOOKER.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

APEX ESSAYS

During the first term the Elizabeth Apex Club offered prizes for the best essays written on selected topics. The competition was open to local schools. The following are the prize-winning essays in the second year classes. The winners in the first year section were Sharen Reeves and Michael Hadley, both members of our IA class.

How I Can Contribute to the Welfare of the Community

Like so many other boys of my age living in Elizabeth, life in Australia is new to me, and on reading the title of this essay I admit that I could think of no way in which I could contribute to the welfare of the community. It seemed to me that I could only take what was offered, and that what I could do in return was too small to be of any value. I felt as insignificant as one of the army of ants which enjoys its army manoeuvres in the driveway of our house.

On thinking more deeply, however, I came to the conclusion that the simile is not so incongruous as it seems. Each ant is playing his own purposeful part in the highly organised community, which can form a very formidable force. In the same way each person must pull his or her own weight in the even more highly organised human community.

As a second year high school student, even though my contributions are at present limited, I can mould my life so that I shall become a true citizen in the fullest sense.

In my opinion, my first obligation to the community is to do my best to keep fit. I am fortunate in having been born sound in mind and limb, and that I have sensible parents who have ensured that I have been fed, kept free from illness by immunisation against such diseases as diphtheria, whooping cough, poliomyelitis, and tetanus and that my mind is developed to the best of their ability. I feel now that it is my obligation to follow all the rules of physical fitness and personal hygiene, as a sound healthy body is better able to serve the community.

Perhaps the next most important thing is that I should get to know the people who make up the community. In a place such as Elizabeth there are so many new people, and some of them are so reserved, that someone has to break the barrier of silence, and it does not cost anything to say, "Hello Stranger! Welcome to Elizabeth."

To further this relationship I can join associations and clubs and listen tolerantly to other people's points of views.

Even though I am not old enough to voice my opinions about what should be or should not be done in the community, I can at least adhere to the rules and regulations set down by the older members of the community, and perhaps influence my younger colleagues to do the same.

It appals me to read in today's paper of the vandals who have destroyed, damaged or stolen four hundred and twenty trees out of four hundred and fifty, which were planted in the Botanic Gar-

dens. Obviously these youths have no regard for their community at all, and I feel that it would be my duty, if I ever witnessed such vandalism, to report it immediately to the authorities.

As a member of the community, I must direct my loyalties to the right people at the right time. While I am still at school my chief concern is to please my parents and work hard at school.

If I avail myself of all the opportunities that come my way, I shall eventually be qualified to benefit myself and my family, and also be better able to serve, not only my immediate community but my country too. J. DODWELL, 2B

The Main Problems Confronting the People of Elizabeth

It is now just six years since Queen Elizabeth gave her name to the project which is known as Elizabeth.

The population has grown to over 20,000 and despite the excellent advanced planning, many problems are yet to be overcome.

One of the main difficulties is that as Elizabeth is growing so rapidly, it is outstripping its parent council, and it appears inevitable that it will break away and form its own government. This will at first present many difficulties, such as obtaining money for the building of Council Chambers.

Another is that many of the drains are in open canals, which pass through W.R.E. property. A high degree of co-operation is necessary between Salisbury Council and the W.R.E. organisation to ensure that these drains are kept open.

It is unfortunate that Elizabeth is located in an area which has few natural geographic attractions, such as coastline, hills and lakes. This means that the community must develop its own recreational areas. Fortunately, the original plan provided many parks and reserves. However, the answer will be for the people to form clubs and associations and so take advantage of this provision.

Community effort brings to mind another problem, that of racial groups. A large proportion of Elizabeth's population are migrants, with a different out-looks and customs. This will take effort, both on the part of the old inhabitants and new arrivals to work together and develop a proper community spirit.

Transport is yet another problem that must be faced. Because so few buses travel to each shopping centre, many housewives must carry heavy shopping bags from one suburb to another. Many people live long distances from railway stations and quite often buses do not coincide with the train times.

Finally, we come to perhaps the most serious problem of all, that being the lack of employment as the town grows. Although some industries have opened, such as Kentish Clothes Ltd., Die Casters Ltd., many more will be needed in the years to come.

It may take many years before these problems are solved, but with the right community spirit, the problems confronting the people of Elizabeth will be soon overcome and we will have a very attractive city. A. ROSMAN, 2C.

School Activities

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Elizabeth High School Junior Red Cross Circle was the first club formed within the school. Founded on March 24th by Miss L. Watts, State Director of Junior Red Cross, the circle has been guided by the very capable leadership of Miss Schwartz.

Amongst the projects completed during the year were a friendship book sent to Holland, party boxes, toys, puppets and dolls, and toffee days to raise funds for the Junior Red Cross Children's Home. A course of First Aid lectures given by Mr. Douglas, a St. John's Ambulance Brigade officer, held the interest of members for several weeks.

Circle officials who attended the annual conference this year saw something of the extensive work done by the organisation, and were able to report to members on the work undertaken by other circles.

The club, while furthering the three aims of the Junior Red Cross Organization, HEALTH, SERVICE and INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP, has had a very successful and enjoyable year.

LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB

Every second Monday a small group of enthusiastic students gathered in the school assembly hall after school with the aim of improving their standard of literary pursuits and public speaking. The quality of impromptu speeches, debates and lectures presented by members has been improved tremendously, and all have derived much pleasure from doing so.

A talk by Miss J. Smith, of the Elizabeth North Public Library, on work done by the branch was appreciated by members, as were the books which she suggested.

The club is indebted to Mr. O'Neil and Mrs. Cross, for the many hours they have spent with us, for without them we would not have enjoyed the successful year we have had.

SCIENCE CLUBS

Two different science clubs are in operation. One is guided by Mr. Strachan and Mrs. Dippy and the other by Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Adgie. Although the enthusiasm of some embryo members was rather dampened when we discovered that the preparation of gunpowder, rockets and atom bombs of the 50-megaton size would not be included amongst the club activities, nevertheless we have enjoyed conducting many other interesting, informative and less hazardous experiments.

THE ENGLISH CHOIR

In spite of so many other interests which are carried on during the lunch hours at school, the English Choir has been practising regularly with Mrs. Dodwell since last March, and almost without exception, the forty-two "foundation members" still attend every Wednesday.

In June we entered the Adelaide Eisteddfod, and gained a gratifying report for our performance of a three part song, "Violets" by Scarlatti, and a two part arrangement by Alec Rowley, of the traditional "Oh Dear! What Can The Matter Be?" In the preparation of these songs we were grateful for the expert advice of Mr. Coombes, who also conducted at the Eisteddfod. One of his pupils, Miss Quick, very ably accompanied us on the piano.

We are now working on a three part arrangement of Folk songs, which we expect to be able to sing in a programme of songs for Speech Night at the end of this term, when we again hope to call upon the assistance of Mr. Coombes.

FRENCH CHOIR

The French Choir was formed at the school with the purpose of providing an item for the Education Week Concert.

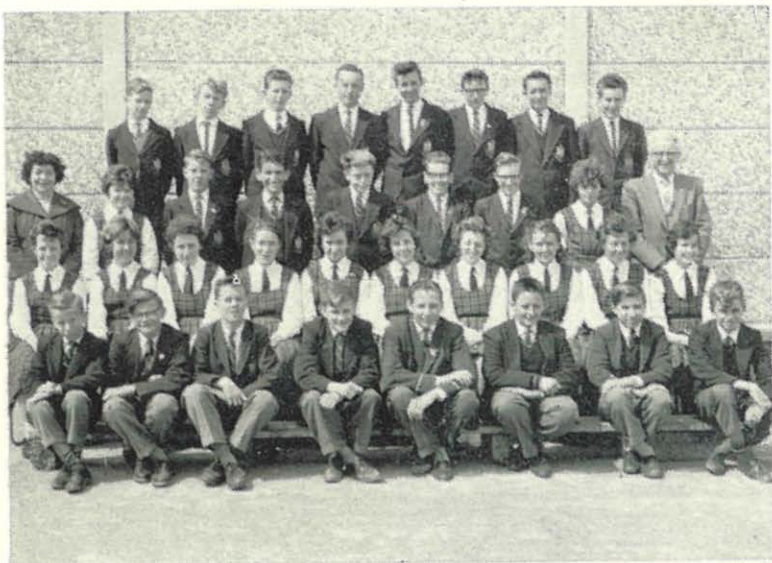
The success achieved was so great that the choir has continued its activities, meeting each Tuesday during the lunch hour. The girls of the choir are very grateful both to Mrs. Moussali and Mrs. Felton, who has provided the accompaniment at each practice and performance.

DRAMA CLUB

If you hear loud noises accompanied by thumps and shouts coming from the Assembly Room after school on Tuesdays and Thursdays you will know immediately that the Drama Club is enjoying rehearsals and that all the shouting may simply mean either that Antony is haranguing the Roman mob or Badger is rebuking Toad. A great deal of enjoyment and experience has been gained by the students who attend under the guidance of Mrs. Dodd and other staff members.

CHESS CLUB

Although the members of the Chess Club have not met with great regularity at least a beginning has been made with this club. A committee was formed and interested players have become known to each other and have practised together with consequent improvement to each player's game.



II A CLASS



II B CLASS



II C CLASS



II E CLASS



II D CLASS



II F CLASS

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SOCIAL CLUB

This club has proved to be one of the most popular activities in the school. Groups of First Years and Second Years meet alternatively on Wednesday afternoons for advice and tuition not only in the steps of various dances, but also in the social etiquette involved. One of our boy members was surprised to learn that the request "Come on, worm; let's wriggle", was not the accepted form of address when asking a girl to dance. We have had a lot of fun and have learned a great deal and we are all very grateful to Mrs. Dodd and Mr. Tindall for so patiently and continuously convincing us that none of us has two left feet.

ART CLUB

During the year our membership has varied in number, but much interesting work has been done. Pencil, chacoal and chalk sketches and even oil paintings have been attempted in addition to the making of puppets. Our colours are applied lavishly and with a heavy hand and although Miss Bell may not always agree we think that our finished works are worthy of a place in any gallery.

RUGBY

Many of our boys played rugby in the winter term. Two teams were engaged in Saturday competitions and although the senior team occasionally had difficulty in obtaining a full team for matches, the junior team played very well only to be narrowly defeated by Glenelg in the grand final. To show our versatility some of our players also took part in the Australian Rules Football practices with profit to both games. Our sincere thanks are due to Father H. Witt for his enthusiasm and interest which he took in our progress, and his coaching undoubtedly meant a great deal to all players.

SWIMMING

Elizabeth High School students were very fortunate that their school is situated so near to the swimming pool; many other schools envy this. Each class has a swimming lesson once a week and is instructed by Mr. K. Tindall, assisted by Miss Dale Krieg and Mrs. Fay Hensley, all excellent swimmers. The students all aim to gain certificates and the keenness with which they look forward to this regular lesson is obvious to everyone.

It is hoped that because of the proximity of the pool and the enthusiasm of the students, swimming will become one of the major sports in our school.

BASKETBALL

During the winter season four basketball teams represented the school. The second year and first year "A" teams both played two games. The second year team won both matches, but the first year team only one, losing the other by one goal.

The first year and second year "B" teams played one match each, with the former losing and the latter winning.

All teams were coached by Mrs. Dodd, assisted by Miss O'Daly.

SOFTBALL

In our school, summer sports, especially softball, have not been particularly active. There is no school team as yet, but inter-class matches between boys and girls have been held frequently during the year. These games have been greatly enjoyed both by players and spectators and have served their purpose in educating many students in the rules of the game. It is obvious that softball will become one of the most popular sports in the school when full facilities are available.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Although in its first season, the Elizabeth High School Hockey team has many enthusiastic and promising players. With the help of Miss Schwartz we spent many hours practising after school. Our team was victorious in our first real match, which was against Enfield High School, by defeating them 1 goal to 0. We look forward with great optimism to a successful season next year when we hope for as much enthusiasm and even more skill than was displayed this year.

FOOTBALL

During the second term, an Australian Rules Football team was formed under the supervision of Mr. Tindall, the Physical Education teacher on our staff. Messrs. Don Miller and John White, Senior Colts coach and "A" grade player respectively for Central District, travelled from Salisbury North on Wednesdays to assist with the training, an action for which we were most grateful. The South Australian National League donated £25 towards purchasing guernseys for the school. The donation to the school of a football by the "News", was also much appreciated.

A team was selected by the coach, and Anthony Griffiths was elected captain. Only one match was played, and although we lost, the players profited by the experience. In that match, against Salisbury High, we were overwhelmed by their bigger men early, and it was not until the third quarter that we really looked like a team. The best players were David Woods, Ian Grant, John Jones (who kicked our only goal), and Peter Suridge.

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SOCCKER

During this, the first year of existence of Elizabeth High, we have sponsored two soccer teams in Saturday competition. The co-captains of the first team were E. Walton and I. Stockbridge, and the second team was captained by J. McCaffrey.

For many of the players this was their first full season as Junior Colts. At the beginning of the year we did not seem to have very good teams. However, under the coaching of Messrs. Ross, Maples, Stockbridge, Lowcock and Newman we made steady progress with eventually one team finishing third and the other team fifth.

Six of our players were sent to Adelaide to take part in State Trials. We are very pleased that one of our boys, Ian Stockbridge, was selected in the State Schoolboys' team and enjoyed a trip to Sydney in the September holidays with that group.

Next season we hope that our successors will do even better than we have done this year.

TENNIS

The Elizabeth High School Tennis Season opened under the capable guidance of Mr. Tindall and Mrs. Grant. Mrs. Grant kindly offered her services and she has improved and encouraged all the girls' tennis.

The captains and vice-captains for the teams are: Gillian Suffling (captain), Pamela Halford (vice-captain), for the girls' team; Don Brown (captain), Norman Sayner (vice-captain) for the boys' team.

Matches commenced on October 28th between the Secondary Schools of the area. It is proposed to continue with the tennis club in the first term of 1962 and we are looking forward to seeing more enthusiastic amateurs at practices held on Tuesday and Thursday evenings between 3.45 and 4.45 p.m.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Under the guidance of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Tindall a relatively small band of boys began playing hockey this year. Although defeated in the only match we played, against Enfield High School, our team was by no means disgraced. We are sure that in the years to come many boys will follow in our footsteps as members of the Elizabeth High School hockey team.

SPORTS GROUNDS

Although the various ovals and courts which will eventually be available on our own school property have not yet been constructed, we have been very fortunate this year in being able to use other grounds in close proximity to the school. The thanks of all the children in the school are offered to the clubs who have very kindly allowed us the use of football fields, tennis courts and other facilities for playing games.

OUR UNIFORM

When the first term began at our new school the scene was not one of uniformity, for the group of 390 pupils was dressed in all shades of blues, pinks, reds, whites, browns, orange, and every conceivable combination of colours. However, after three or four weeks of being a "motley" crew, a charming uniform was chosen.

The uniform decided on for the girls was a very smart "miniature Macbeth" tartan wool, made into a pinafore top with permanently pleated skirt, worn over a crisp white long-sleeved blouse. A maroon tie accompanied this outfit, and the whole uniform was made complete by a maroon beret and blazer, with white socks and black shoes. The summer uniform was a cool "shirt waister" style of maroon check over a white background, with matching maroon piping around the collar and sleeves.

It was decided to have a lapel badge so that during the summer when it was too hot to wear our blazers, proudly showing the very appropriate emblem of an Elizabethan Galleon in gold, emblazoned on a light blue sky and royal blue ocean, on top of which was a copy of a crown, we could still really belong to the school. The badge was a miniature replica of the one on the blazer. A very smart straw Boater, with a hat-band of the school colours, maroon and gold, is worn for summer.

The boys' uniform is smart, consisting of grey trousers, white long-sleeved shirt, maroon blazer and pullover, and tie, which is maroon with gold diagonal stripes, with grey or white socks and black shoes. The boys have a maroon college cap, with a small school badge on the front.

After seeing such a variety of colours in the first and second terms, it was a delight to come back in the third term to find everybody in the new summer uniform, and on United Nations Day, 24th October, 1961, all the girls managed to acquire a winter uniform to have their photographs taken. At last Elizabeth High School had an identity of its own. C. HICKS, 2C.

OUR TRIP TO GOOLWA

On 25th of August, 1961, four coach loads of excited Elizabeth High School students went on a 74 mile trip to Goolwa, at the mouth of the Mighty Murray. We started at 8.45 a.m. to what looked like a very dull day, although the sun decided to appear later. Travelling in S.A. Government Tourist Bureau buses, we drove through Adelaide and started the slow, meandering ascent into the Adelaide Hills. Here, light rain began to fall and we glimpsed the charred remains of the great fire which swept through the district last Summer. We stopped awhile at Strathalbyn and then travelled to Goolwa. By the time we reached Goolwa it was 1.30 p.m. We ate lunch and boarded a launch which took us on a two hour trip to the mouth of the Murray River.

All too soon, however, we were on our way home, this time by a different route. We arrived back at the school at 6.45 p.m., very tired and weary, but thoroughly satisfied with the trip which was well worth the 17/6 we paid for it.

C. THOMPSON, 2 E.

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ABOUT THE PREFECTS

John Dodwell—

F.S.: What a bat!
F.H.: Figures.
F.P.: Donald Duck.
A.: Architect.
P.D.: Figure designer.

Jurgen Kernbach—

F.S.: Wanna bet?
F.H.: Homework.
F.P.: Bilko.
A.: Nuclear Physicist.
P.D.: The cemetery.

Ian Stockbridge—

F.S.: He dropped a sitter!
F.H.: Combing his hair.
F.P.: The referee.
A.: Teacher.
P.D.: School Cleaner.

Terry Loveday—

F.S.: You Yob, McCaffrey.
F.H.: Cleaning his glasses.
F.P.: Quick-Draw McGraw.
A.: Teacher.
P.D.: School Caretaker.

Robert Hall—

F.S.: It was Amos, not me!
F.H.: Dieting.
F.P.: Mrs. Cross.
A.: Doctor.
P.D.: Grave-digger.

David Woods—

F.S.: Where's Sue?
F.H.: Eating.
F.P.: Billy Bunter.
A.: Engineer.
P.D.: Steering "Pop-Eye".

Mikelis Zemdeg—

F.S.: Piece of cake.
F.P.: Joe Palooka.
F.H.: Classical music.
A.: Engineer.
P.D.: Disc Jockey.

Georgina Taylor—

F.S.: Oh, stop it!
F.H.: Talking.
F.P.: Paper boy.
A.: Infant teacher.
P.D.: One of the infants.

Diane Bartsch—

F.S.: I feel ill.
F.P.: Mr. Magoo.
F.H.: Giggling.
A.: Dress designer.
P.D.: 2E student.

Monica Fenemore-Jones—

F.S.: Who me?
F.P.: Monica.
F.H.: Carrying on.
A.: Don't know.
P.D.: Unemployable.

Carole Rabbitt—

F.S.: Where's Amos?
F.P.: Mr. Moto.
F.H.: Watching softball.
A.: Nurse.
P.D.: Patient.

Ann Catlin—

F.S.: Tais-toi, Judy!
F.P.: Brian Henderson.
F.H.: Doodling.
A.: Fashion Designer.
P.D.: Model Dresser.

Cheryl Young—

F.S.: You're nasty to me.
F.H.: Writing letters.
F.P.: Elliott Ness (or his brother, Roughness)
A.: Stenographer.
P.D.: Kindergarten.

Rita Garner —

F.S.: Let's go watch softball.
F.P.: Crusader Rabbit.
F.H.: Latin vocab.
A.: Almoner.
P.D.: Wardsmaid.

Sheila Hall—

F.S.: You can cut that out for a start.
F.P.: Popeye.
F.H.: Canteen deliveries.
A.: Private Secretary.
P.D.: Marry the Boss.

F.S.: Favourite Saying.
F.P.: Favourite Person.
F.H.: Favourite Hobby.
A.: Ambition.
P.D.: Probable Destiny.

HIGH SCHOOL COUNCIL

The Council has met regularly during the year and has been of great assistance in the progress of the school. Assistance was given in establishing the school canteen and other important matters concerning the future development of the school and school grounds have been discussed and plans made.

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

This Association was formed early in the year and the committee of the Association has met regularly and worked enthusiastically to raise money which is needed for so many projects in a new school.

Apart from committee meetings, other evenings have been held at which all parents could be present. Among the fund raising and social activities initiated or helped by our Association have been a jumble sale, a film evening, the first annual ball, a "careers" evening, students' social evenings, stalls and canteen assistance. Plans are well in hand for a big money raising function early in 1962. We have given a mantel radio to the school and money is now being raised to provide Visual Aid Equipment.

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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

THINGS I LIKE

Rowing or yatching can be fun,
Or, just lying in the sun;
What a pleasure is a dip in a pool,
Or, a break from a hard day's school,
Way up high in a tall tree's top,
Watch people going to the shop
That nestles in a village square,
With pigs and cattle everywhere.

The cool feel of rain on one's cheek,
And burning barbecue's acrid reek,
The cool freshness of grass against one's face,
As one lies drowsy, watching sparrows race
Across the sky with maddening twirls and loops,
Or cackling geese flying in groups.
The smell of the earth that the rain has washed
clean,
The water trickling into a chilly stream:
These things, I like, and I hope that they
Will never, ever go away.

R. ELMER, 1B.

MY LAST VIEW OF ENGLAND

28th July, 1958 was a day of mixed feelings and sadness for me. The roads were wet and slippery, and the misty rain kept falling from the grey sky. The London docks were crowded with excited holiday makers, customs officers and migrants saying goodbye to relatives. It was dusk as the ship's siren echoed and the engines started, fog dulling the sounds of the tugs pulling the ship out to sea. The passengers mingled on the decks watching the white cliffs of Dover, the last glimpse of England, fade away from view. What would life be like in Australia? Would I miss my "old" life? These thoughts tumbled through my mind as the S.S. "Orion" sailed out to sea, on another of her many journeys to Australia.

J. GODLEY, 2E.

FEAR

The cemetery at night is a place of fear,
With spirits and ghosts lurking near,
Where witches in swarms fly through the night,
Intent on giving us mortals a fright.
A creak! something tickles my face!
Imaginary eyes which shine in that place,
There's a rattle of chains, a bloodchilling moan,
Our one thought is to reach the comfort of home.
There's something ahead and a glimmer of light
'Tis home and 'tis safety!—the spirits that fright
Have been conquered again, just for one night!

B. STAPLETON, 2E.

JULY THE TWENTY FIRST

It was July the twenty first, to most people that does not mean much, but to the people of Niptooma Creek it meant a lot. Niptooma Creek is a fairly large town, as far as Australian country towns go, situated a little north of the Victorian border in New South Wales. On the twenty first of July every year all the shops, big and small, have an annual bargain sale. People from all the surrounding districts come in for this event; there is a rodeo and all sorts of places where a good time can be had.

At nine o'clock sharp, the shops open and people pour in from everywhere, like ants into a treacle tin. Over at Jack Callahan's big general store hundreds of women rush the lingerie counter and finger and admire garments many, many sizes too small for them. As for the men, they get down to more serious business; the bars are packed like matches in a matchbox. These are the only places where things are not cheaper!

At all the stores and shops, people seethe and flow all over the place. Many articles of clothing are torn by over-excited people. Last year one woman grabbed an armful of clothes, went off to a shop assistant and bought the lot, she explained that it was too good to be torn and ripped by a mob of animals. Gaily painted "SPECIAL" signs were knocked down, or taken away by shop keepers who claimed them before they were broken.

As an anti-climax to the violent day, when darkness reigns, the lights all around town go out and an occasional whimper from a stray dog is the only sign of activity.

R. MALONE, 2B.

OUR CLASSROOM

I'll come to the point. I'll tell you no lie
Strange are the creatures of Elizabeth High.
And weird are the sounds that emit from the
gloom

But none are so strange as in the 1A classroom.
To fully describe I am really not able,
For the mood fluctuates from library to stable.
The more learned boys with scientific mind,
Launch inter-desk missiles, the inkiest kind,
Then are the vocal groups the strangest of boys,
Their object is to better the other boys noise.
At my lonely desk I wait midst the orgies and din,
For the peace that will reign, when the teacher
comes in.

R. WEST, 1A.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

AN EXCITING EVENT I HAVE WITNESSED RECENTLY

Dirt and dust rose in great clouds as our car bumped along the dusty road to Mallala last Saturday. It seemed as if the whole of South Australia had turned out to watch the first Australian Grand Prix to be held at this new racing circuit. At we entered the gates we could hear the high pitched scream of exhausts rising to an ear-breaking crescendo of thundering noise, as the drivers built up the revs. they would need for their acceleration at the start of the race.

We found ourselves a vantage point on Bosch Corner, from which we could see the very fast back straight, the hair-pin bend, and then another short straight to a right angle corner. The drivers for the afternoon's races had been surveying the track since early morning, deciding where they would put in their extra burst of speed.

Thrills were in store for us from the outset. The sound of a powerful engine, every cylinder firing in perfect sequence, showing the most perfect tuning, as it came roaring up the back straight, caused the eyes of every spectator in our area to look up. The familiar sight of Clem Smith's bright red F.C. Holden sent a thrill through me as the car hurtled towards the hair-pin, swirled amidst a cloud of dust round the corner, and with a deafening roar shot up to Woodroffe's Corner and was lost from view. But the sound of this finely tuned racing motor still rang in my ears.

Other cars soon joined Clem Smith's; saloons, sports cars and racing cars, of motley shapes and sizes, but each in its driver's and mechanic's dreams, taking the honours in its class.

The day ran its ear-splitting course through the minor fixtures of the programme, gradually building up to the climax of the afternoon's motor racing, The Australian Grand Prix.

"Five minutes, drivers!" The voice of the commentator came loud and clear over the speaker system. Coopers, Holdens, Specials, all assembled on the starting grid. Amongst them was the car that all the enthusiasts had been talking about throughout the day, Bib Stillwell's dream, fabricated of steel, his brand new Cooper Climax. The flag fell and the cars were off, their exhausts screaming defiance at the world. The driver of number fourteen launched his mount a second early, an unfortunate error which cost him the race. Bib Stillwell had had a mechanical fault in his car before the race, and as this trouble had not been righted his car was not running true to form.

The early lead of Scuderia Veloce was not taken seriously at this stage as the drivers still had 99 miles to go before the Australian Champion Driver could be announced. The interest of the spectators was now diverted to such important matters as eating, talking, or even sleeping, during the boring period until the exciting last few laps.

After approximately one and a quarter hours, a flag waved signifying the last five laps. There were only three cars in the race now, the numbers fourteen, four and nine.

Four, driven by Davison, had been snapping at the heels of Veloce since the first lap, trying to pass, but Veloce had managed to keep him back, using every trick he knew.

Then in the last lap Davison saw his chance. A miscalculation on the part of Veloce had made him take the corner too wide. Davison touched the brake and powered out, with tyres protesting and with smoke belching in blue clouds. He corrected a minor four wheel drift and succeeded in coming up on the inside of Veloce, only to be cut off as they rounded Woodroffe's Corner. Wheel hub to wheel hub the two monsters roared down the last straight, but all Davison's efforts were in vain as Veloce cornered on the inside of the bend, taking the chequered flag with a merry wave. It was not until ten minutes later, with the announcement of Veloce's penalty of one minute, that we realised Davison had become the Australian Motor Car Racing Driver Champion for 1961.

J. DODWELL, 2B.

NONSENSE RHYMES (After LEWIS CARROLL)

I thought I saw a kangaroo,
Using mother's mop;
I looked again and saw it was,
A pink and purple chop!

I thought I saw an emerald horse,
Driving in a car;
I looked again and saw it was,
An onion in a jar!

I thought I saw a housewife,
Sweeping on the moon;
I looked again and saw it was,
A tiger on a spoon!

I thought I saw a China dog,
Chewing ears of wheat;
I looked again and saw it was,
A parrot on a seat!

I thought I saw a stripey cat,
Purring on a bed;
I looked again and saw it was,
A lobster cutting bread!

K. TURNBULL, 1B.

A TRAMP

It was a hot, summer afternoon when I first saw him. He was sleeping in the shade of a large gum tree.

His long untidy crop of black hair, showing a good two inches beneath his battered hat framed a large, weatherbeaten face. Even though the dirty, ragged clothing and the holes in his boots showed he had been through hard times, the small wrinkles round his eyes and large, smiling mouth told me he had often laughed.

The brown, lined face with the bushy eyebrows and straggly beard had a contented look which showed he had chosen the life of a tramp and he enjoyed it.

ROSEMARIE RALPH, 1A.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

Said mum to Jack "Come, stop your play,
You're off to town for me today,
Take the old cow and sell it, dear,
I need the dough to buy some beer."
But Jack was no salesman so it seems,
For all he brought back was a sack of beans.
Mum said to Jack, "You stupid lout"
And threw the sack of beans right out.
Jack went to bed with a stinging clout,
While the beans began all sprouting out.
When Jack got up next morn' at seven
The beans had grown right up to heaven.
Jack climbed the beanstalk right away
And at the top a castle lay.
In the castle lived an ogre
Who, like Jack's mum was never sober.
Jack knocked upon the castle door
But from within came a terrible roar.
The giant had smelt the blood of Jack
And for him had begun to track.
But the ogre's wife had her husband beaten
She saved poor Jack from being eaten
After getting Jack well hid
She went and did as the ogre bid.
She brought the priceless goose that lay
A golden egg for every day
While hiding, Jack though up a plan
To rob the great big nasty man,
While the giant was fast asleep
Jack grabbed the goose and away did creep.
Home he got safe with his haul:
The cow had paid off after all.

C. SINDALL, 1A.

THE BLACK CAT

The sleek black cat sank to his belly. Every muscle in his power-packed frame rippled as he stalked his unwary prey. This was a black panther, one of the biggest, meanest cats in the feline kingdom.

The sable antelope grazed peacefully under the comforting warmth of the noon-day African sun, utterly unaware of its impending fate. Gliding over the grass like a deadly snake, the cat came, without a sound, nearer to his mid-day meal.

"Skw-a-ak", a small bird rose from the grass like an arrow. The antelope shot away. The just-fed antelope, not matter how fast he was, could not out distance the lean, sleek, black cat that skimmed the top of the earth like the dark shadow of death. Now the cat was drawing alongside the terrified antelope, the powerful muscles under his shining black skin, tensed. Like a bullet the cat leapt through the air and in a flash it was all over. The majestic sable antelope lay dead at the feet of the black cat.

Four days later, all that remained of the antelope was a white skeleton bleached by the heat of the African sun.

J. MILLIGAN, 1A.

CAPE TOWN

The port of Cape Town looked beautiful in the morning sun. The mountains behind the city were a splash of grey and silver. Cape Town's "table mountain" was without her white tablecloth, unfortunately, but it still looked enchanting with an umbrella of cumulus clouds. The harbour where our ship docked was alive with the hustle and bustle of unloading goods from the many cargo ships cluttering the quayside.

As we left the ship many African fruit sellers jostled their goods in front of us. We decided that it would be wiser not to take the cable car to the top of the Table Mountain, but regretted the decision afterwards. Instead we walked into the shopping area of the city and were absolutely flabbergasted at the tall buildings and modern, beautifully clean streets. On entering one store we saw some very stylish, up-to-date clothing and it was a long time since we had seen such wonderful window displays.

We travelled by bus to the Cape Town Aquarium. The journey, of about six miles, was through some of the freshest, greenest country side imaginable. Well-planned and spacious gardens were the highlights of the homes we passed.

The mountains flattened out in this area, but suddenly, out of the middle, there projected a sharp rocky point about three hundred feet high.

It was at the Aquarium, which was built right on the beach, that we saw the most fragile and monstrous tropical fish ever. The building was constructed in a spiral and a huge gallery of tanks held the specimens of fish from all over the world.

It was also here that we saw the most golden and softest sand on our whole journey to Australia and there are no beaches in South Australia which can better the surf and huge rollers.

In the evening we walked from the ship to some ornamental gardens which were a blaze of colour with fairy lights.

I think that I shall always remember Cape Town as a modern, thriving city, equal to any in Australia.

P. HALFORD, 2A.

THE SEASONS

In Autumn when the trees are bare,
And grass and leaves are brown,
The squirrels hopping here and there,
Pick nuts from all around.
The Winter winds grow strong and cold
And all is dark and bleak;
The Autumn days have all foretold
The blizzards and the sleet.

But when the snow and ice are gone
And flowers bloom again,
Each little bird will sing its song
To welcome Spring and rain.
The sun in Summer is round and gay
Winter's troubles seem far away,
When the leaves begin to fall
Past memories come back to all.

K. WAKEFIELD, 2C.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

The magazine is here at last,
We hope it gives you joy.
To read the story of our past
Will make you shout "Oh Boy!"

The work put into it is great,
But you receive it on a plate,
It costs so little yet is so large;
You will agree it's worth the charge.

C. CAMP, 2A.

TOWNSVILLE

Spread out along the shores of Cleveland Bay, Townsville is a well laid-out modern city. Added to its natural advantages, wide, tree-shaded streets, parks, gardens and playing fields make it indeed a pleasant place in which to live. Townsville has a climate which, especially in winter, is "Sunny Queensland" at its best. Overlooking the city is its most striking feature, Castle Hill, around which the city has grown. An outstanding natural feature which makes this city stand out is Magnetic Island, only six miles across the water, offering every recreation to the people of Townsville and the many tourists who seek the sun in the North. Few cities can boast of such a playground at their doorstep.

There are three main industrial zones, an area near the T.R.E.B. Power House, south of Ross Creek, an area at Garbutt, and an area at Stuart, five miles south of the city. Transport within the city is provided by modern bus services, a large fleet of taxi cabs, and carrier contracting firms. Services by all the airlines from Townsville's large modern airport provide fast communication with all cities of the south and inland. Townsville is on the main Northern Highway and is an important stopping place for the Great Northern Railway System.

The Harbour is also one of the busiest on the Queensland coast. Modern shopping facilities, plenty of room for sporting activities and excellent schools make Townsville, in every way, a good place in which to live. Although industrial expansion is giving so much to Townsville's development, careful planning is making sure that it will always remain a pleasant city.

J. WINKLER, 2F.

SWIMMING

Swimming for pleasure,
Swimming for work,
Swimming for leisure,
No time to shirk.
Observe all the rules
Written up by the pools,
Make swimming safe,
For even the fools.

L. JONES, 1D.

A YEAR'S PROGRESS

The first day in the history of our school was shrouded in dust and the grounds were jokingly called the "dust bowl". A downpour of rain soon altered this, however, when the dust magically changed to a thick, red mud. But in less than two weeks, classes were allotted and noise and confusion became less as everyone settled in.

Early in the first term the canteen was opened; at first only pies and pasties were available, but gradually more items were added.

Later on, when work was nearing completion on the wooden building, the asphalt was laid and playing areas were established. The library was ready for use and reference books had been bought. After the asphalt had been finished the Head Master acquired bike racks. By the second term the students were taking pride in their rooms and pictures were pinned around the walls.

A pleasant surprise awaited us all when we returned from the spring vacation to find linoleum laid throughout the school, in the corridors, the office and staff-room. This has lessened the noise considerably.

Work on the new school has been progressing rapidly, and it is expected that the Woodwork and Home Science centres will be ready before the end of the year.

Each week we look around and find something new has been done, even the District Council is adding to the rapid development by completing the concrete footpaths around the school area.

A. ROSMAN, 2C.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

The principle of "carry on as usual" when the annual school inspection takes place is quite sound. Perhaps it would be as well however to explain to pupils that a teacher's definition of "carry on" may be different to what the students understand the phrase to mean.

During a lesson on the day of the Inspectors' visit our class teacher was quite surprised to find that one member of our class was not only chained and padlocked (with three locks) to his chair, but that the key to one of the locks had been left home for safety!

ARBOR DAY—9th June, 1961

As expected, when the school was built, the grounds were barren and dry, but during second term an Arbor Day was planned by the Headmaster, and with the help and co-operation of the Housing Trust, over 100 trees were planted. The 2D boys put all their man-power into digging the holes, and a certain number of trees were allotted to each class. Under the supervision of Mr. O'Neil and Mr. Booker, classes were taken out and allowed to plant their own trees which are now flourishing. In future years our trees will provide both shade and beauty to the school.

H. SCHAAP, 2C.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

FERDINAND!

The bull ring was not a very big one, but Pedro Gonzalo was not a man of high esteem. He liked the simple things of life. He owned a small rancho in the north of Mexico, and a small herd of about fifty fairly good bulls. Of all these bulls Ferdinand was the most vicious. One day he hoped to send him to Mexico City and have him fight a great matador in a main bull ring. But these were only dreams and Pedro had no time to dream.

From dawn to dusk he would work in the bullring testing the bulls and eventually selling them to the owners of the local bullrings surrounding his ranch. His profit was little, only enough to keep him comfortably alive. One day in June Ferdinand broke loose from his stall and headed off to the tiny little town of Pitiquito.

It was market day in Pitiquito and most of its eighty or so citizens were in the market square, buying, selling and trading goods. There were fruit stalls, grocery shops and clothing shops spread throughout the square.

Suddenly Ferdinand came rushing down the main street. There were apples, pears and other fruits flying all around the market as he hit the first and second stalls. Then the third and fourth were scattered. A few seconds later Pedro came running after him, yelling.

"Stop! Ferdinand! Stop!" as though Ferdinand could understand him. The goats and the sheep in the pens broke loose and some were trampled by Ferdinand's feet or gashed by his horns.

Just then a well dressed man stepped out of one of the shops. He grabbed a large cloak and waved it at the bull. The bull responded and came charging towards him. Dashing out of the way the man let the bull race into an open pen and then he closed the gate firmly.

Pedro came hurrying up to the man and thanked him sincerely. After a long conversation, the man, who happened to be a famous matador, walked away with Ferdinand, and Pedro was left there with a wad of notes in his hand.

The next week Ferdinand was killed in Mexico City by the matador and Pedro Gonzalo brought twenty head of the best breeding bulls that he could get. The rest of his money paid the damage to the market, which amounted to a considerable sum, but altogether it turned out to be quite a profitable mishap.

K. CRAWSHAW, 1A.

MORBID THINGS PLEASE MORBID MINDS

Walking with eyes downcast after a boring day's walk, Tim noticed an interesting set of arrows painted on the pavement. He decided to follow them. After following them for over an hour Tim was just about to turn back when he saw that the arrows entered the drive of a crumbling, derelict, ivy-covered mansion. He stood contemplating for two minutes and then, after deciding not to waste his hour long stroll, walked through the rusty wrought iron gate and proceeded warily along the pine-lined drive.

The wind seems to whisper to him, "Go back, go back, go back", as it howls through the pines. Now lightning illuminates the eerie house and thunder booms out as if defying him to enter. However, Tim, not being to partial to a drenching from the impending storm proceeds further along the dark, threatening drive with many a furtive glance over his shoulder as the wind stirs leaves and twigs in the black, distorted shadows behind him.

At last he is at the warped, wooden door and the dull brass knocker laughs at him with every flash of lightning. Tim grasps it firmly by its beard and knocks hard; no answer. The hail is hurtling down as if shot from a gun and driving itself into the nape of Tim's neck like so many bullets. Tim gropes for the door knob, and finding it, gives the door a cautious push; it protests with a long drawn-out groan.

Suddenly Tim hears the twang of a bow followed by the ghastly scream of a dying man, a pause, then, a morbid, spine-chilling, high pitched equally ghastly cackling.

Tim turned tail and ran as he had never run before. Finally shaking and gasping for breath he awoke to find he had kicked the blankets off his bed. He paused a moment, listened, then laughed and pulled the blankets back, being careful to pull them over his head.

As Tim was breakfasting the next morning he glanced at the paper lying where his father had left it propped up against the teapot. There in bold black print was the heading "MANIAC STRIKES AT IVY MANOR" and in smaller print below the headline he read.

"Tonight at Ivy Manor the arrow maniac claimed another victim. Rodney Brine, who had followed the maniac's alluring arrows to Ivy Manor was found with an arrow passing right through his head."

J. MILLIGAN, 1A.

MY HORSE

I once had a horse,
A Mettlesome Bay,
And on him I would ride,
Quite a lot through the day.

First thing in the morning,
I would jump out of bed,
And run to the stable,
To see my horse Jed.

My first job to do,
Was to brush him down clean,
Till his beautiful coat,
Shone with a sheen.

His stable was made of iron and wood,
And in one corner his feed box stood.
I would fill it with bran, oats and hay,
For he loved good food, my Mettlesome Bay.

When his feeding was done,
And he had settled a while,
I would bridle his proud head,
Which he carried in style.

E. SHONE, 1E.

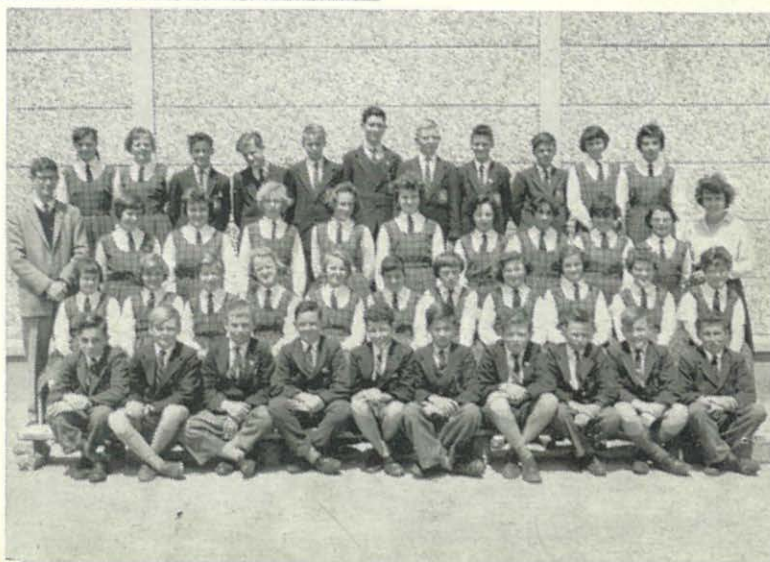
I A CLASS

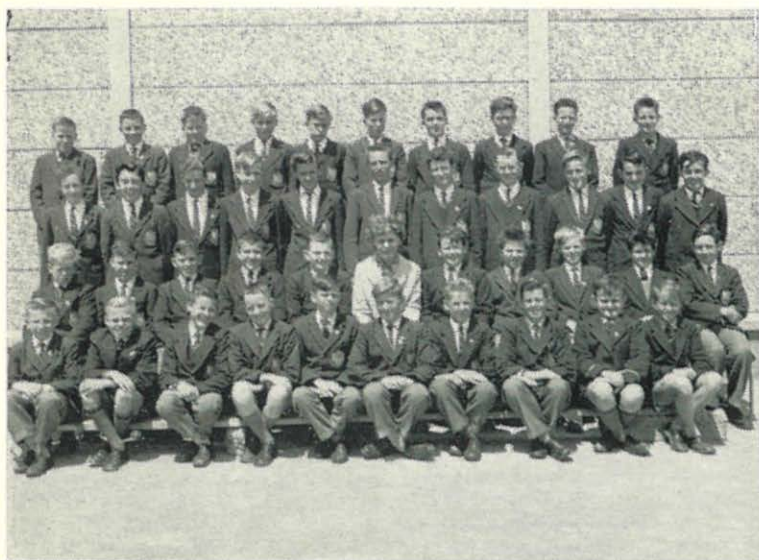


I B CLASS



I C CLASS





I D CLASS



I E CLASS



PREFECTS

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

THE SCENE AT A BARGAIN SALE

The hour is arriving for the opening of the door at a large popular store. It is Bargain Week! Outside are hordes of women, peering in through the glass, waiting to rush to the counters and get the best bargains. A sedate policeman strolls up and down making sure the women are not becoming argumentative, but he is a comforting sight to the poor sales girls inside who know what "Bargain Week" is like.

Everybody inside is ready. The sales manager locks himself in his office, and the main doors are opened.

There is a rush of pattering feet, lumbering heavy footsteps, and the dainty "click-click" mingled together as women of all sizes, shapes and types rush to the counters and grab hats, socks, shirts and coats, only to find that the woman next to her has her hands on the same article.

Women! There are women everywhere, rushing to and fro, squabbling like budgies in a cage, fighting like cats for the same hat. They are screaming at each other and shouting at the poor sales girls who are trying frantically to pacify them, and at the same time trying to serve somebody else.

As each moment goes by, more hordes are arriving, ready to enjoy their day out in town. Enjoying it! At closing time, there are still thousands of women left in the store, arguing, scolding the sales girls, and searching for their lost children.

When the last person has gone, grumbling about what she could not get, the sales manager unlocks himself from his office, and the exhausted sales girls collapse with relief over their counters, knowing that the worst is over.

B. DUTSON, 2B.

THE DANCER

Swirling skirts and laughing eyes
No-one frowns and no-one sighs,
The gypsy camp fire glows so bright
A dancing figure in its light,
With jet black hair and eyes of brown
With swirling, turning scarlet gown,
Her Spanish blood is racing fast
She hopes that this will always last,
Exhausted the fiddler drops to the ground
But still she dances round and round,
The gypsy-folk their hands a-clapping
Watch her lightning heels a-tapping,
The moon is waning, still on she goes
When she will stop nobody knows,
Her steps begin to weaken slightly
But still her eyes shine, oh so brightly!
And then she falls quite suddenly
We know not where, we cannot see,
A faint sweet laugh by all is heard
And no-one speaks a single word:
Those dancing feet are still at last
Because her roving life is past.

S. REEVES, 1A.

MY HOMELAND

Before I came to Australia I lived in a village not very far from Naples, a port in Southern Italy.

As we did not live in a very industrial part of the country, many of the people were farmers and owned small scattered fields around the village. Everybody knew that the food for the rest of the year depended on the small crop and they laboured to make the land very productive.

When summer came everybody worked and when harvesting was completed and the wheat was safely put away, everybody enjoyed themselves. There would be feasts, processions, fairs and very often weddings. At this time of the year I would go home after school, for we only had four hours of school, and get out the few sheep we had and lead them to the hill-sides where the grass was plentiful. Many times the whole school would go for trips to see the wonders of our country.

In winter there would be Christnas for which to prepare. Young people would be rehearsing their parts in plays and singing carols. Old people would spend their time by the fires or else weaving by the old-fashioned weaving machines. At this time of the year there was a lot of snow and frequently we went ice skating or built statues of famous people with the snow. But every day in winter there was the usual routine of fetching drinking water from the fountain for we did not have water coming right into the houses.

Although we were happy we were not very well off, so my father decided that we should make our home in Australia. I miss my friends and the beauty of my country, but I still enjoy the advantages I have in my new country.

I. GENTILCORE, 1E.

THE GENTLE ART

In my recreation time I practice Judo at the Elizabeth Judo Club.

The club was formed by three men and was started in an old stable two years ago. It is now the largest Judo club in the State and is held in the youth centre at Elizabeth. It is the only Judo Club which has both boys and girls in the same classes. We start off the evening by doing exercises for half an hour, to loosen our muscles. Then we practice breakfalls.

These breakfalls are essential to the sport because without this knowledge, a person being thrown would be seriously injured. We then go into throwing practice for we have to have a required amount of throws and fighting knowledge before we can be graded. We start and finish all fighting matches by bowing to our opponent as an expression of thanks.

Coloured belts are awarded for skill in the art of Judo and are in the following order: white, yellow, orange, green, blue, brown and black. The highest award is twelve black belts, but no one has yet achieved this. At present there are only three men who have ten black belts and they are Japanese. The greatest number any European has is six black belts.

M. JOHNSON, 2F.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

KITTEN BY THE FIRESIDE

The log fire glowed brightly, warming every inch of the small, cosy sitting room. A little kitten, lying in front of the hearth, purred happily, his head tucked well in his soft, fleecy fur which, in the firelight revealed its many pretty colours. Suddenly, a splintery log crackled and fell from the grate to the hearth. The kitten jumped up with a start and arched his back. Settling himself down again, he proceeded to wash himself and when he had finished, he yawned, turned on his side and lay, sprawled out on the carpet in front of the fire with his head resting on the edge of the hearth. A cold bitter draught ruffled the fur on his back and he stirred uneasily. When the ruffled fur gradually subsided, he rested his head on his forepaws and closed his eyes, while his subconscious mind returned him to the dream he had probably been having before he was rudely awakened.

L. JONES, 1 B.

GRANDFATHER

His face was like a russet apple, ruddy red and wrinkled on the outside, but firm and sweet on the inside. Eyes that were still as blue as the day he was born, looked at you from under a canopy of bushy white eyebrows. They were shrewd eyes; so shrewd that many a confident and cunning man had squirmed beneath his steady gaze. A walking stick lay beside him, carelessly flung away, as if it were not needed. His old head was held high and he bore himself proudly. The hair that shrouded his face was white as snow, his hands were large and red, and there were hard, rough, places on them, but they could be very gentle. That is how I remember him, proud yet gentle, stern, yet kind.

S. REEVES, 1A.

DREAMING

The plains of England are ever green,
As they stretch towards the sea.
When from my window sill I lean,
They seem to be calling me.

The fields of barley and of rye,
Wave in the passing breeze.
The distant skyline broken by
Oak, ash and poplar trees.

I can hear the sound of the blackbird's song,
As he sits on the garden gate.
While the church bells ring the morning long
And the cuckoo calls to his mate.

Oh, how I'd love to be out there,
'Neath the warmth of the clear blue sky
Where everything is fresh and rare,
And life just passes by.

M. JONES, 2B.

SILENCE

I had wandered away from the rest of the party and was sitting on a lonely part of the beach. There was a serene beauty all round me; the white sand stretched for miles and the sinking sun was throwing a silver path across the surface of the still water. It was as if the world was holding its breath while its master, the sun, slowly slipped out of sight behind the stately blue mountains across the gulf.

I sat there, not daring to break the perfect silence that surrounded me. The evening star, cautiously at first, then boldly burst forth in all its glory, like a diamond on black velvet. One by one the other stars came out blinking, and like a golden ball the moon rose slowly. Suddenly, shattering the peace, two seagulls cried out in harsh tones and flew away into the night.

A. NICHOLS, 2E.

SUMMER

The long, dry, weary days
Of merciless, sultry heat;
The sun's hot, scorching rays,
On earth, ceaselessly beat,
Parching the dry, dusty ground,
Withering every flower
Which, without moisture, cannot abound
For a humid, dusty hour.

The dust swirls in the summer sky,
The wind continues to blow,
The birds, in search of water, fly,
Then swoop far down below;
Tar on the roads begins to melt,
The ground has the heat of coal
Which our feet have bitterly felt;
The summer is not my goal.

A. BENNETT, 1D.

"THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE"

Those to whom English is their native tongue usually just take it for granted. But if they stopped and thought about it, they would find it a very complicated language. Foreigners must find it a most difficult language to master, much harder, I am sure, than trying to learn French or Latin.

The main trouble, I think, is trying to master such words as "tear" and "tear", "read" and "read" and "band" and "band". These words are all spelt alike, and some are even pronounced the same, but they all have different meanings. For instance, you could "tear" paper and shed a "tear", "read" a book and have "read" a book, listen to a "band" and tie up your hair with a "band".

Even to English-speaking people, learning grammar is very hard. I mean, trying to learn the technical names of words and case, person and how to parse.

I am sure it would take many years of studying to master the English language fully.

C. MITCHELL, 1C.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

A PICNIC AT TANUNDA

At last the great day arrived! The sun shone brightly above, as we started out for the beautiful Barossa Valley, where the annual picnic was to be held. After an hour's motoring we reached our destination, Tanunda, and made our way to the picnic grounds. Many people had already arrived, and so it was not long before I had found some friends to play with.

We decided to go for a walk, and to our joy we discovered that there was a swimming pool and tennis courts with lovely lawns surrounding them. It was then that the wonderful smell of chops sizzling on the fire made us realise how hungry we were, and so without hesitation we raced back to the rugs. The lunch was delicious, and afterwards, free drinks and icecreams were issued.

Later in the afternoon, sports were held. I entered in the sack race, but was very sorry that I did so. I fell twice and became tangled in the bag, so many times, that I gave up in despair. A swim in the pool made me feel a little better, although I still felt sore. In my opinion the high-light of the afternoon was the swimming race between my uncle and Dad. It was a one hundred and ten yards any stroke race. They were evenly matched until the last ten yards when Dad put on a last minute spurt and won, but for the rest of the day Dad lay on the rug panting and saying, "Never again".

After a wonderful day, the people packed up and began to disperse. We followed their example and drove slowly home. Although each member of our family was tired, we still chattered merrily, recalling the events of the day, and discussing the next picnic enthusiastically, regretting that another year had to pass before we could experience the same joys once more.

J. TOWNSEND, 1B.

A STRANGE TALE

Suddenly I woke up. It was the dead of night and all was still and silent. A faint breeze sprang up and whistled through the trees, then it dropped, and my curtains started to flap.

My curtains started to flap, but my window was closed. The breeze sprang up again, but this time it crescendoed to a loud howling roar. My door very slowly and silently opened, as if by an unseen hand.

I tried to scream, but no sound came out. Fear clutched my heart as a brilliant light flashed into my eyes. A brilliant light, but there was nothing to cause it. I tried to look away, but it held me, hypnotised. Every nerve in my body was tensed, and as the light faded away, a low moaning started. I tried not to hear, but it only became louder. It became louder and louder and then it died away to a whisper. The breeze sprang up again and slowly my window opened and the moaning ceased. A rush of wind swept by and I screamed. In rushed my mother and tried to calm me.

She was sure it was a nightmare, but I knew it was not because the window was still wide open to prove my story.

C. DOUBEK, 1A.

IN ENGLAND, THEN

When in England, I used to live in a little cottage of pleasant appearance by the seashore on the south coast. It was a lovely place with white-washed exterior walls and a thatched roof. Wallflowers grew beneath the wall which surrounded the garden. It was said that in ancient times some fine lady had planted them there, when she returned from exile in France. Every ten years, the thatcher came from the village to thatch our roof and I would marvel at him as he plied his trade with skill. If one sat at the window, one could see Gresham Lighthouse flashing its warning, and sometimes the bell buoy could be heard clanging over the rocks. Towards the end of the day in summer, the sun would sink in a flame of colour, tinting the sea with its magnificent spectrum. At this moment the moon would appear, ghostly, colouring to her silver glory as the sun reluctantly set.

My friend, Sandra, was a girl of cheerful looks and bright complexion. She lived in the village which was about two miles from the cottage. We were very good friends, and often went cycling together. Our favourite ride was to an old church near the wood at the top of the steep cliff road. We usually had to cycle against the wind and arrived at the church tired after great exertion.

When the potato picking season came around Sandra and I would cycle over the bridge before sunrise and help the farmer with the picking. He paid us twopence a stone. At dinner time, Sandra and I would go beyond the meadow and eat our dinner under the tree which had sheltered many pickers in its time. Sometimes Johnny, the farmer's son, would join us. He was a pleasant boy with a plump face, freckles and podgy hands.

Once Johnny took us punting down the river. Everything would have been all right if Sandra had not leaned over the side of the punt to reach for some weed. The punt capsized and in a moment we were all floundering in the water. It was with great relief that we discovered the river was not as deep as we had feared. Johnny was in obvious terror in case the punt could not be righted, because he had borrowed it without his father's permission. Fortunately, it was not very heavy, and when we all heaved, it obligingly turned over. Sandra and I were rebuked for getting our clothes wet. We had to make up a story about going through the wood to pick bluebells and slipping on the river bank, where some particularly beautiful bluebells grew, and falling in. Though not very convincing, it served its purpose.

D. COOPER, 1A.

SCHOOL FEVER

I must go back to the school again,
To the shouts and yells of the teachers,
And all I ask is a few more smiles,
From their hard, relentless features,
And more marks and less canes
And a few extra hours at break,
And replace Mathematics and such
For every pupil's sake.

R. RALPH, 1A.

ELIZABETH HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE

RED RIDING HOOD

Red Riding Hood pick up your basket,
Take it to Gran who's blown a gasket,
And now my lass please go post-haste,
You haven't any time to waste.

She met a wolf singing tra-la-la,
For he'd been drinking in the bar.
He persuaded her to go the long way,
She picked her Gran a pretty nosegay.

The wolf rushed on to Gran's old shack
And found her flat upon her back.

Take a powder Gran, and scatter.
But to his joy he found she'd grown fatter,
And prodding her with all four paws
Stuffed her down his enormous jaws.

He heard a rat-tat at the door,
It was Red Riding Hood once more.
He donned a nightie and a cap,
Jumped into bed and yelled, "Who's that?
Lift up the latch and walk right in,
I fear I've swallowed an old dustbin."

And sliding underneath the cover,
He shut one eye and opened t'other.

Red Riding Hood looked at his nose.
And ventured to say, "My, how it grows."
He looked at her with head quite bent
And growled, "Don't be impertinent".

I have no time for tittle-tattle.
Come nearer and prepare for battle.
Red Riding Hood screamed, her heart a flutter.
Grabbed the basket, found some butter.
And flinging it with might and main
Clobbered the wolf as he leapt in vain.

The noise attracted a woodcutter's boy.
Who wielded his axe with a right true joy,
And smiting the wolf upon his cranium,
Said, "He's more bone than brainium!"

On hearing Gran say, "Let me out!
It's dark down here wedged in his spout."
They took the wolf and shaking more
Deposited Gran upon the floor.

This story is neither fiction nor fact,
But proves a good girl can't be whacked.

T. HUNT, 1A.

BESIDE THE RIVER

It was one of those quiet peaceful days, the type that makes you feel lazy. I decided that as I was in this mood I would pack some lunch and go to pass a pleasant, uninterrupted day fishing in a loney spot. I collected my gear and set off across the sweet smelling meadows of buttercups. Butterflies were joyfully flitting about from flower to flower without a care in the world. The musical drone of the bees, as they busily worked collecting pollen, seemed to blend with the slight rustle of the leaves in the trees.

When I reached the river bank it did not take me long to find a concealed spot beneath a willow tree on soft springy turf. I spread my plastic raincoat on the ground, then I sat down and assembled my fishing rod. Within a few minutes I was lying down gazing at the blue cloudless sky which I could see as pools of light through the branches of the Willow. The tips of the branches were making a soft rippling sound as they dipped in the water while the small waves were lapping the cut-away bank.

B. HAMSHERE, 2B.

A BARGAIN SALE

Before the commencement of any noteworthy "bargain" sale, crowds of economically minded people may be seen milling around every possible entrance to the store.

As one of the bravest members of the staff comes forward to open the protective barrier, the jostling women brace themselves in anticipation of the sudden, headlong rush. The store attendants vainly try to slow down the seething mass, but after a few minutes, retreat to safety behind their respective counters.

To the elevators, rush the women (men are not usually found at these sales). "I'm sorry madam, but the lift is full!" is the continual cry. Up the stairs then they race; it is everyone for herself.

In the fashion department, clothes are thrown on the floor in despair and frustration as it becomes clear that the "darling creations" whose prices have been "slashed below cost" are in a very limited size range. Midgets and heavy-weights can be seen smugly carrying out garments into which no one else can fit.

After this tremendous let down the majority of the hunters now proceed to the Men's Wear Department. Here they will seize upon anything cheap in view, vowing that they are going home with at least one bargain.

On the way out of the shop they are met by new arrivals in the same state of excitement as they were one and a half hours ago. The bargain hunter then remarks virtuously to her friend "I'm not coming to any more of these sales, they're just not worth the effort!" But of course, next year, or even next week, she is once more in the forefront of the bargain hunters.

J. STEWART, 2A.

THE SWAGGIE

Old Bill was a swaggie. Tall, well-built, no one would guess that he was eighty years of age. His hair was as white as the snow on an Arctic mountain, his eyes twinkled like two diamond buttons set in a face as wrinkled as an unironed shirt. Dressed in anything he could get from the farms he visited, with an old army hat on his head, he was the typical Australian swaggie. Bill was an honest man, not afraid of hard work. Indeed many a farmer was glad of his help in repayment for a good meal and full tucker box. He died peacefully, asleep under a silvery blanket of stars. The stone over his grave bore the inscription: "William Thomas Jones, A rough diamond."

J. MILLIGAN, 1A.

Autographs

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