

- - St. Catharine's - -
School Chronicle



Warwick

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ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL CHRONICLE

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School Officers.

SENIOR PREFECT Ethel Meiklejohn.

PREFECT Joyce Ogg.

PRO-PREFECTS:

Joan Bain, Phillis Baskerville, Margot Granger,
Hazel Whatley.

BARNES HOUSE

HOUSE MISTRESS Miss Gordon.

HOUSE CAPTAIN Ethel Meiklejohn.

CROTHERS HOUSE

HOUSE MISTRESS Miss Sully.

HOUSE CAPTAIN Joyce Ogg.

NEAL HOUSE

HOUSE MISTRESS Miss Smith.

HOUSE CAPTAIN Joan Bain.

SLADE HOUSE

HOUSE MISTRESS Miss Clark.

HOUSE CAPTAIN Ann Doyle.

TENNIS CAPTAIN Cecily Elkington.

NETBALL CAPTAIN Joyce Ogg.

ATHLETICS CAPTAIN Betty Tulloch.

SWIMMING CAPTAIN Val Lucas.

SCHOOL LIBRARIANS Joan Bain, Ann Doyle.

MAGAZINE EDITRESS Miss Sully.

SUB-EDITRESS Miss Rowland.

Editorial.

What is the process by which a word or phrase becomes "hackneyed?" The appellation is expressive of contempt, to a certain extent, yet a little reflection will show that this judgment may be mistaken. For a phrase to be so often quoted that it palls upon the hearer, must surely mean that it brings to us in a forcible manner, a thought which mankind as a whole recognises to be true. And so a familiar quotation, trite though it may be, often expresses in satisfying fashion just what one wishes to say.

These reflections, it would seem, have little to do with the subject in hand, yet they have arisen directly out of it. For if a school magazine should be the mouthpiece of the school, the editorial should surely gather together the events and impressions of the past year, as a comment upon our contributions to the life of the small community we make up, and of the greater one of which the school is but a part.

In looking back for twelve months, the familiar words of Tennyson (ah, at last you perceive the point of the introductory paragraph?) the words of Tennyson, I repeat, come forcibly to my mind—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Hackneyed?—yes, perhaps, but they have their bearing upon life at St. Catharine's, Warwick, in the twentieth century, just as surely as ever they did upon the fated court of King Arthur.

A year ago, there was a spirit of unrest in the air, the uncertainty that comes with a vital change in any organisation. There were two schools, both founded upon the principles of a common Church, both with the same ideal, that of training youth in the spirit of service to God and to the community. These schools were to become one—surely no difficult operation, one would think, to bring about the merging of two institutions so similar in aim. St. Catharine's, Stanthorpe, and the C.E.G.S., Warwick, were to be one school, and as St. Catharine's, Warwick, to enter upon a new phase of existence.

And so began 1937. To all of us had come some realization of the task that this year would set. For, just as two peoples from a parent stock develop national language and customs of

an entirely different character, so, naturally, will two schools—for what is a school but a people in miniature? Over twenty years of independent existence give to a school its peculiar tradition and method of working, and a clinging to these evidences of one's independence might, in a measure, have been predicted. It could be foreseen that many matters would have to be settled, not in the loathsome "spirit of compromise" which satisfies nobody, but in the spirit of wise judgment which chooses the better of two good things.

What was not foreseen, even by the most hopeful of us, was the rapidity with which we should all settle into our respective corners and become truly one. With the sure bond of fellowship to unite us, and with the submergence of self in working for a greater whole, there has grown up among us that feeling of unity which comes from a common loyalty.

Therefore, as we think of all that has been done in the past year, I think we may feel that the time has been by no means unproductive. In external appearance, the school has been improved, for the gardens and lawns have been a glory in the spring months, while the removal of an unwanted fence has revealed the sports field in a vista of unexpected beauty. A coat of paint for Mytton House, and a new fence for School House, have done wonders in "improving our looks."

Nor are these improvements our sole achievement. A perusal of the examination results, and the sports notes, will show that success has been gained in widely different spheres. In work and sport alike, our endeavour has been keen, and our performance creditable. And, underlying these causes for satisfaction, is the happiness of serving a spirit which we know to be true and good—the spirit of the School.

The Passing Show.

What has become of 1937? School reopened in February, so short a time ago, it seems—and now, we rub our eyes in astonishment, to find that the year has unaccountably vanished, and his hand is already "at his lips, bidding adieu." Yet, when we come to review this shadow show of the almost completed year, we realize how very full of interest it has been for the school. Hard work and enthusiastic play have not prevented us from enjoying whatever outside entertainment came our way.

The most exciting event of first term was the inter-school swimming and life-saving competition. In the life-saving we filled third place, but proved more successful in swimming, as we gained second place, defeating P.G.C. by the narrow margin of a half mark.

Early in second term we were honoured with a visit from the Mother Superior, who stayed with us for four days. We hope that she enjoyed her first visit to St. Catharine's in its new surroundings, as much as we enjoyed having her with us.

Ascension Day, falling on May 6th, provided our next interest. For days before, there had been an atmosphere almost of conspiracy about the school, as fancy costumes were whisked out of sight, or surreptitiously displayed to chosen friends. In the afternoon an impromptu sports competition was followed with enthusiasm by partisans of the four houses, Slade being the victors, with Crothers a close second. For the evening festivities red, white and blue streamers and balloons transformed the Assembly Hall, and provided a gay background for the motley throng beneath them. Old-world maidens, pert pierettes, gypsies and jesters, Peter Pan and Mickey Mouse, mingled joyously with pirates, life savers, Eastern potentates and hardy sailors—for Slade School had for the occasion transformed its members into visions, ornamental, terrifying or amusing—chiefly, be it said, the last mentioned!

On Friday, May 7th, we had an interesting visit from Miss Winifred Guy, with her Poster Display, and a talk on English scenes.

To most of us, however, Coronation Day will be the memorable event of second term. As we attended the crowded service at St. Mark's Church at 11 a.m., there were few who did not sing with fresh understanding the well-worn prayer, "God Save the King." At night we listened, spell-bound, to the impressive ritual of the Abbey ceremony, and joined in spirit, Antipodeans though we were, with the joyous clamour of the London crowds. But the most unforgettable moment of all was that in which Dominion spoke to Dominion by the magic of modern invention, and the quiet voice of our new King stirred our hearts to personal loyalty.

A Kindergarten concert, held on June 2nd, provided much entertainment for an appreciative audience. The percussion band played some delightful airs, and Cinderella and her wicked sisters enacted once again their ancient tale.

Before the close of second term, a Prefect's Service was

held by Canon Neal, at which Joan Haseman was admitted as a Prefect of the School.

Shortly after our return from the Midwinter holidays, we were visited by Mr. Frank Engel, who is the travelling secretary for the Student Christian Movement. He spoke to the girls of the activities of the movement, and they greatly enjoyed his talk.

September 11th saw the presentation of the School Concert. Three one-act plays, physical culture displays, singing and verse speaking provided a varied programme, and the crowded audience was vigorous in its applause of every item. "The Princess and the Woodcutter" showed our small people in new and delightful roles, while "The Bathroom Door" was punctuated by gusts of amused laughter. Shakespeare and his fellows trod the boards, and "Lady Macbeth" walked, candle in hand, in "The Rehearsal." The Prize Fund benefited to a considerable extent from the proceeds.

Inter-school activities again provided us with excitement on September 18th, when the Athletics Cups were competed for at the Queen's Park sports grounds. Again we achieved a second place, and were more than pleased with the efforts of the athletics team.

On September 25th a Guide Rally was held at Queen's Park, in which the 2nd Warwick Company took part. The School Company won the cup, which was presented for competition by Mrs. Neal, and felt amply rewarded for their weeks of cheerful training.

We were delighted, during third term, to hear the results of the Dickens Fellowship essay competition, which several of St. Catharine's girls had entered. First prize in the Senior division was gained by Joyce Stidolph, and third prize in the same division by Dorothy McDonald. In the local Eisteddfod also, held during September, Joyce carried off first prizes for an original story and poem, and an essay. Betty Tulloch and Dorothy McDonald won second and third prizes for their essays.

On October 1st, when the school had broken up for the Michaelmas holidays, the Primate (Archbishop Le Fanu) passed through Warwick and visited the Sisters.

In the Warwick Spring Flower Show, held recently, the school garden was represented, not without credit. A floral Union Jack, carefully made by some of the girls, won second prize, and Sister Moira gained a "first" for a presentation

basket. We hope that next year we shall be able to enter for the School Gardens competition.

Mention must be made of the party at which Slade School entertained us in third term. The evening began with pictures, a most varied and enjoyable programme being presented. The older girls then stayed for dancing in the gym., ingeniously decorated with greenery.

In this, the final term, the cloud of Public Examinations looms ever larger and darker. However, the Juniors and Seniors work on in undiminished cheerfulness, fortified by the knowledge that "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea." Our good wishes go with them—may every success be theirs.

House Notes.

BARNES HOUSE.

Miss Gordon came to us in February as our House Mistress. Our House Captain, Ethel Meiklejohn, is also Captain of the School. There were not many girls in the House during the first half-year, and most of these were in the Junior School. We lost two girls at Midwinter, but our numbers were increased, when several new girls came to us during third term.

Throughout the year the girls have tried hard at both work and sports, but without success. We offer our congratulations to Slade House on winning the Inter-House athletics. Barnes House had two representatives in the Inter-School Athletics Team, and one in the tennis team. Our athletics team came last, but at present the tennis team is placed second.

The girls have brought their money for the missions, and handed it in regularly.

To all the girls sitting for the Junior, Senior, or Scholarship we offer our best wishes. We also take this opportunity of saying goodbye to those girls who are leaving us and wish them the best of luck.

Let us conclude by wishing everyone a very Happy Christmas.

CROTHERS HOUSE.

Crothers House has very little success to record this year. We have not been fortunate enough to win any of the Inter-House competitions, but we have performed very creditably as a house in each of them.

This year Mrs. Crothers' birthday was celebrated in the usual way. Mrs. Crothers sent us a beautiful two-tiered birthday cake decorated in the house colours, purple and gold. The whole School shared her generosity. We are grateful to Mrs. Crothers for her kindness in sending us a cake on her birthday.

The netball team has been most efficient, and most of the House matches were lost by the narrow margin of one or two goals.

The tennis team has not practised sufficiently to enable them to win, and we hope that next year they will improve their play.

In Athletic Sports on Ascension Day and on September 30th we were placed second, being narrowly defeated by Slade House. We congratulate them on their victory. An excellent standard has been maintained by the team. We had several representatives in the Inter-School Athletics team and they are to be congratulated on their efforts.

At midwinter we were sorry to lose both Nancy Sinclair and Elvie Danks. We welcomed Marjorie Danks and Vera Brown in third term.

May our Junior and Senior candidates have every success!

Finally, we wish to thank Miss Sully, our House Mistress, for her interest in us at all times. Crothers House has pulled well together this year, and it has been delightful to work with the girls, amongst whom there is such a splendid co-operative spirit.

NEAL HOUSE.

Neal began the year with Miss Smith as House Mistress, J. Bain as House and Tennis Captain, and J. Haseman as Athletics and Netball Captain.

Many new girls were welcomed, all of whom have proved valuable and industrious members. Since the beginning of the year we have lost three members, and are now a small but hardworking group of thirteen.

We were all very sorry to say goodbye to Joan Haseman, who left us at the end of Second Term. Just before she left Joan was made a Prefect. We wish to thank Joan for all she did for Neal House, and hope that she is happy in her new sphere.

Neal House was represented at the Inter-School Athletics by H. Priest and H. Whatley; in the A Netball Team by J. Haseman; and in the Swimming Team by D. Strudwick.

On Inter-School Sports Day, Neal gained third place, Slade being the winners. Congratulations, Slade! Neal House worked very hard, and was rewarded by winning the Tunnelling Cup.

In Inter-House Netball we are still leading, and hope to retain this position to the end.

Some of the girls have shown a keen interest in their House gardens, and their efforts have been rewarded by many fine blooms.

Throughout the year the day girls have responded regularly to their call for mission money.

We congratulate M. Granger on her good passes, both in Grade III Practical and Theory Examinations.

Six of our members are entering for the Junior this year and two for the Scholarship. We all wish them the best of luck, and may all pass with Honours.

During third term, M. Granger, P. Baskerville and H. Whatley were made Pro-Prefects.

Lastly we owe many thanks to Miss Smith, who has helped us throughout the year.

SLADE HOUSE.

Slade House is the proud possessor of thirteen members, who, with the aid of their ever popular House Mistress, Miss Clark, have achieved a few outstanding honours during the year.

The House has tried to combine both work and sport with the result that the House Trophy for good marks was triumphantly held by Slade for the first half-year, and we still live in hopes.

On the sports field, too, we have been successful, and the Athletic and Relay Cups are treasured greatly by Slade. Un-

der the keen guidance of Betty Tulloch, our Sports Captain, the teams have done excellent work, winning the Athletics and leading, so far, for the Tennis Cup.

We have three girls in particular to thank for our success on Sports Day. The Senior Championship and the 200 yards (open) were awarded to Norma Johnstone. Pat Anderson gained the Junior Championship, while Thelma Fraser won the 75 yards (under 14) event.

Slade House members represented the School in the following teams:—Swimming: Val Lucas, Pat Anderson, Norma Johnstone, and Margaret Collins. Tennis: Margaret Laney and Norma Johnstone. Athletics: Norma Johnstone, Pat Anderson, Val Lucas, Betty Tulloch and Bonnie Brown. Netball: Norma Johnstone, Val Lucas, Pat Anderson, and Betty Tulloch. We are very proud of these girls.

Our House Captain, Irene Tulloch, left us at Midwinter, and we were very pleased to welcome Anne Doyle in her place.

The girls have responded well to the Missions.

Finally, we wish Betty Tulloch and Val Lucas the best of luck in the Junior.

May Slade's victories never cease.

Guide Activities.

SCHOOL COMPANY NOTES.

The Second Warwick Company resumed its activities in February with only twelve enrolled Guides left in it. However, there were numerous recruits among the new girls and our numbers now stand at twenty Guides, and four recruits. We were pleased to welcome Miss Jean Rowland as our Lieutenant.

In April, a picnic was held on Mrs. Moncrieffe Scott's property, at which some outdoor tests were passed. The Guides enjoyed cooking their meal out of doors, and hope for another picnic before the end of the year.

During first term Miss Hawthorn, the Deputy State Commissioner for Guides, visited the Company, and interested the Guides by telling them of work in other centres and other lands.

The Rally, held on September 25th, was the subject of

preparation for many weeks, and Morse Code and tent pitching filled all odd corners of the days. We were delighted that a keen contest resulted in a win for the School Company, and we are determined to keep the Cup next year also.

The Company has worked steadily all the year, and several of the girls have gained proficiency badges, especially in swimming and life-saving. The newer Guides are still working their way through second class tests, and most of them hope to gain their second class badges before the end of the year.

In closing, good luck to all the Guides who will be leaving the Company at the end of the year.

BROWNIE NOTES.

The Brownies are, at present, a small but active little pack, under the leadership of Miss Smith (Acting Brown Owl) and Miss Gordon (Acting Tawny Owl).

One Brownie has earned her wings to fly up to Guides, and several others have passed on to the Company. We wish them a "Happy Time."

Examination Results.

AUSTRALIAN MUSIC EXAMINATION BOARD.

MAY EXAMINATIONS, PIANOFORTE.

Gloria Aldridge, Grade VI, 80 Credit.

Val Lucas, Grade VI, 75 Credit.

Elvie Danks, Grade VI, 77 Credit.

SEPTEMBER EXAMINATIONS, PIANOFORTE.

Beryl Morgan, Grade II, 73 Pass.

Norma Johnstone, Grade III, 85 Honours.

Ann Doyle, Grade III, 75 Credit.

Margot Granger, Grade III, 73 Pass.

Olive Searl, Grade IV, 80 Credit.

Bonnie Brown, Grade IV, 73 Pass.

Patsy Staunton, Grade IV, 73 Pass.

Dorothy Thomas, Grade V, 81 Credit.

Gloria Aldridge, Grade V, 79 Credit.

Jane Oakeley, Grade VI, 85 Honours.

Alma Davies, Grade VI, 80 Credit.
 Mary Crombie, Grade VI, 81 Credit.
 Lesley Staunton, Grade VI, 79 Credit.

SEPTEMBER EXAMINATIONS, THEORY.

Margot Granger, Grade III, 86 Honours.
 Beryl Morgan, Grade V, 93 Honours.
 Norma Johnstone, Grade V, 92 Honours.
 Bonnie Brown, Grade V, 76 Credit.
 Alma Davies, Grade VI, 95 Honours.
 Dorothy Thomas, Grade VI, 91 Honours.
 Peggy Millington, Grade VI, 88 Honours.
 Melba Fletcher, Grade VI, 81 Credit.

Art of Speech.

Bonnie Brown, Grade IV, 73 Pass.

Queensland Shorthand-Writers' & Bookkeepers' Association.

JUNE EXAMINATIONS.

Bookkeeping, Stage 1.—Margot Granger, 80% Credit.
 Shorthand Speed, 100 words per minute.—Joan Haseman,
 99% Pass; Irene Tulloch, 98% Pass.
 Shorthand Speed, 50 words per minute.—Margot Granger,
 98% pass.
 Shorthand, Elementary.—Elvie Danks, 67% Pass.
 Shorthand, Intermediate.—Margot Granger, 67% Pass;
 Gloria Aldridge, 63% Pass.
 Typewriting, Junior.—Elvie Danks, 80% Credit.

Australian Board of Missions.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION, JUNIOR DIVISION.

B. Brown, first.

Fairies Dancing.

At the entrance to the tennis courts of the St. Catharine's Church of England Girls' School, Warwick, stand two gum trees. At night when the moon is shining, one would think

the gum trees, so tall and straight, were guarding the courts, ably assisted by an army of gumnut soldiers all wearing tiny bright red helmets. One can almost imagine she sees the fairies dancing there.

In the following poem I have endeavoured to express my thoughts.

Last night, when shone the silver moon o'er city, valley, hill,
And all the world was quiet and serene,
I saw the Springtime fairies, and I think I see them still,
In their pretty little frocks of meadow green.

They sang a song of gladness, it was wondrous clear and sweet,
They danced upon the tennis court, and formed a magic ring,
The flowers and the gum trees woke beneath their dancing
feet,
And told each other softly, "It is Spring."

I heard the Fairies singing, and I think I hear them still,
I saw them dance beneath the silver beams;
Then shone the golden sunlight o'er city, valley, hill,
And vanished was my moonlit land of dreams.

JOYCE STIDOLPH (Form IV).

Note: This poem was awarded first prize, with 90 per cent., in the open original section at the Warwick R.S.S.I.L.A. Eisteddfod.

My Bicycle.



I have a bicycle (or at least it was a bicycle when I first received it), which I intend to keep as a souvenir of my school-

days. My falls from this bicycle have been so numerous that now I know just how to fall, so that I will not hurt myself.

Of course, except for a few faults, it is quite a good bicycle. The front wheel is slightly buckled, one mudguard is missing, a few spokes have fallen out, and there was a brake, but it's a thing of the past.

There is a hill near Warwick, only about a mile long, and one day I rode—I mean I flew down this hill and, believe me, I had really forgotten how to fall that day, because when I recovered consciousness, I was slightly battered.

I lifted my bicycle up and found that the chain was off, the front wheel was back to front, and the carrier was on the seat; but, of course, that was a minor detail.

Another day I was riding home from school, studiously thinking of Latin, French and English, when suddenly I came to earth, entangled in the bumper bar of a smart little sports car.

A head popped round each door of the car, and surveyed me inquiringly; and in that brief second I thought despairingly of the slogan, "It's moments like these you need Minties."

However, despite these few mishaps, I still regard my bicycle as most most faithful friend, although my regard is not as affectionate when I get a puncture. This may sound incredible, but a look at the old warrior itself would bear out the truth of my words.

—Written and illustrated by D. STRUDWICK (Form V.)

The Stream.

As the stream was running slowly,
It seemed to sing a song;
It sang of its adventures
Wherever it had gone.

It had rumbled through the mountains
And through the pastures wide,
And on and on for ever
Until it met the tide.

VALMAE CLARK (Grade IV).

"It's Moments Like These—"



"To strive to find, to seek and not to yield."

I was not a lover of Tennyson for nothing. The mulberry tree was certainly not in my friend's yard, but half its branches were. So I strove and I sought, but alas! I no longer found, but was I the one to yield? No, time and fate had strengthened me and I had buckled on armour impervious to the malignant scratches with which the fearful mulberry branches assailed me.

On one side of the fence was a sure haven and a safe retreat. On the other was temptation—fat, coy mulberries, beckoning, luring, that winked in the sunshine, mulberries of which only I could savour the delight.

The "noiseless tenor" of my way was rudely shattered. I had reached one of the greatest decisions of my hitherto uneventful life, and although thrones were not tottering and empires not being held in the balance, still, such a decision could have nothing but a momentous result.

"To be or not to be." My purpose was inevitably fixed, my will was not to be shaken. Now I was clambering up the

side; now I had reached the summit of my career; now I was on the other side. The scene was set.

I was very soon clutching that purple, glistening fruit. As my fingers went higher and still higher, so soared my spirit.

Why, indeed, should life be all labour? I paused awhile in my task——. Very soon not even Solomon in all his glory was so colourful as I. My eyes were alight with anticipation of better things to come. Spurred on by flashing mulberries, irresistible in their black juiciness, I strove to grasp the unattainable.

Feverishly picking, I was visualising a vast panorama of mulberry jam, mulberry pies, mulberry——

“What are they like?” said a voice. For one frantic moment I wished to call out wildly to my friend, “Margot, someone is looking at me,” which would have been the very essence of idiocy, seeing that “someone” was both looking and listening. Truly “life is real, life is earnest.”

The “someone” was in grey flannel, and had a smug, self-righteous little dog with him. Now was the time to shrug, echo a cynical laugh and voice a flippant rejoinder. But no—who was that stammering out “Er, I’m sorry, awfully sorry, you know—I mean, I didn’t think, er,” in desperation, “I just thought it grew, I mean, er, er” and on and on, blundered that foolish voice, getting worse every moment and every now and then punctuated by an apologetic hiccough meant to be assured laughter.

Oh, to be away from that self-possessed person. I had passed through the seven ages of woman before that unconcerned voice ceased. I was fiery red under my deep purple.

Clutching the forbidden fruit I hurled myself and it over the fence—a sad and sorry Eve, puffing and blowing with indignation and resentment. It was a hasty exit which, if not graceful, was at least effective. Picking myself up I reflected that I certainly was a person whose past and present were very scarlet.

Tennyson lies dusty and unopened on the shelf, a forgotten man. The soft strains of “The Blue Danube” from the wireless has lulled me into a “vacant and pensive mood.” It soothes my nerves, shattered after my bruised but fruitful efforts.

Then suddenly, “And now, listeners, here is a recipe; something new, something you will never forget. Mulberry pi——” A cry of mingled rage and helplessness rends the air.

A vicious click and the wireless is silenced. A savage grunt and then—well then, reader, with a defeated air of weary resignation, I open my Tennyson.

Written by D. McDonald and illustrated by C. Elkington (Form V.).

The Garden.

There is a quiet and lovely spot somewhere on this earth,
Where we forget our troubles and sorrow turns to mirth;
And so we pray that some day, when we have done our best,
That 'twill be given us to stay and find here quiet rest.

The song of birds will lull us and the scent of flowers will be
The end of all our sorrows, and the wind among the trees
"Stay" caressingly will whisper, "for thy work is surely past."
And overhead the sky's great mantle like a prisoning dome is
cast.

Flowers may be found here, most beautiful and neat,
Planted once in thorny paths that torture weary feet;
Ah, but their reward was greater, for the careful Gardener
came,
Beating down the briars with his shining sword of flame—
And now they grew, these gentle flowers, in the garden green,
To soothe the aching hearts of men wherever pain has been.

B. TULLOCH (Form V.).

St. Cath's Magazine.

"Oh! what a bother,"
We sob and we sigh,
When throughout the school
The sad news doth fly.

St. Cath's magazine
Is calling for verse,
And everyone's brain
Goes into reverse.

Pencils are chewed,
Our hair stands on end,
At last! An idea!
To the mag. we will send.

But when the mag's out
And I look for myself,
I find that my poem's
Been left on the shelf.

B. DENT (Form III).

Sunny Queensland.

She lives in an old-fashioned house in the city of Warwick, and her name is Mrs. Webster. She and her house, and her garden, are known to all the folks, young and old, of the city. The house matches its owner, it is so sunny, so peaceful, so bright; like Mrs. Webster herself it seems to hold out loving hands to welcome you. Every part of the garden is covered with flowers, and one would think a magic wand had been at work to see the way these all blossom. The ornamental trees give a cool appearance and make a fitting background.

One day, Ruth Grant, a grand-daughter, who lived in a city in the south, paid a visit to this old fashioned house. She was delighted when she saw the large garden of flowers and trees.

As it was in the month of July, the weather was cold, and after tea Mrs. Webster and Ruth sat chatting by the fire side. Ruth spoke about the garden.

"Have you any favourite flower, or tree, Gran?" she asked.

"No, my child," replied Mrs. Webster, "I care for them all alike; to me they are all children of Nature. Flowers have beauty and fragrance, but think what a garden is when there is not a single tree. The sunflowers may stand, tall and stately, the pansies may lift their childlike faces to be kissed by the sun, the asters may look with primness into the faces of the passer-by, but if there is no tree to give shelter to tired folk who long to rest awhile away from the glare of the sun, I think a garden is spoilt. Here in sunny Queensland grow many

beautiful trees in their natural state. On Monday next a number of my friends are holding a picnic at Cunningham Gap, one of the prettiest spots in the Great Dividing Range. You may go with the party, and see for yourself the beautiful trees and ferns."

Ruth was greatly excited at the prospect of a day's outing, and anxiously watched the weather.

Monday morning dawned fine, bright blue sky, and the sun shining, cold certainly, but no one seemed to mind this.

Well wrapped up, the party moved off, six cars in all making the trip. Soon the city was left behind, and Ruth could not help but feast her eyes on the scenes they passed through.

First came miles of flat country, some fields cultivated, others covered with grass, short sweet herbage, and wild flowers. As the car started to climb the ranges, Ruth sat wrapt in delight. They passed through avenues of trees, all in their natural state, and huge rocks, which have retained their rugged and peculiar beauty against the wear of weather for many years.

On reaching the top of the Gap, the cars pulled to the side of the road, and stopped, all the party alighting. A fire was quickly kindled, and water, from a spring close by, boiled, tea made, and all enjoyed a picnic luncheon.

This being over, the party moved off on a tour of inspection, leaving a man in charge of the cars.

They soon came to a tiny creek, with rocky sides. It gurgled as it rippled over stones in its shallow course, and Ruth thought they must be in Fairyland, it was so beautiful. In the dark hollows of the rocks were wonderful ferns; such delicate ones, she was afraid to touch them. They were so tender and green, they could only grow away from the sun, and as she peeped in to the hollows where they grew, it seemed as if she was being shown the secret store house of Nature, where she kept all the most lovely plants out of the sight of the world.

Ruth cried out with pleasure at all she saw, especially when little parakeets with feathers green, and gorgeous red breasts, came in flocks from the trees. Other birds were there too, first one and then another bursting into song. The trunks of the trees were covered with tiny creepers and vines. Even the dead trees lying on the ground did not look dead, because

of the beautiful moss clinging to them. Most of the trees were gum trees.

Mr. Reid, one of the party, had with him his two small sons, and stopped to explain to them the value of gum trees, the other members of the party forming a circle. Ruth proved a good listener.

"These trees," he said, "are well known and loved by all. They grow to a tremendous height as you will notice, with huge trunks, and green leaves. They are evergreens, and care not for the hot winds of summer, or the cold blasts of winter. All the creatures of the bush love them. The birds and bees play amongst their leaves, and make their home in their branches; native bears and opossums climb their trunks, and feed on their leaves, and go to rest in the hollow of their limbs. Insects hide under their bark for protection. In autumn, Dame Nature puts a tint of red and gold on some of the leaves making them gleam and glisten in the sunshine, and shortly afterwards tiny buds appear in clusters at the tip of the branches. From these buds come the blossoms so much sought after by the bees. Besides growing in their natural state in the country, and on the mountains, gum trees are often taken when small, and planted in our city parks and botanical gardens as ornamental trees."

The party started walking again. Leaving the stream, they proceeded towards a gully which opened out into bush scrub. Here a perfect vision of beauty burst into view, numerous wattle trees all in bloom.

Ruth gazed on the scene with delight. She noticed these trees had rather slender trunks, and did not grow to a great height, but when a short distance from the ground, threw out their branches in the shape of an umbrella. The leaves were delicately cut, and of a grey-green colour. The flowers, all resembling tiny balls, soft and fluffy, and of a rich golden shade, grew in clusters at the tip of each branch with the leaves spread out at the back like a fan. The wind, blowing gently, wafted a soft, sweet perfume from the blossoms.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, "doesn't the wattle make you think of the bright warm sunshine? It makes its appearance at a time when Nature is resting, when plant life is apparently asleep. Its golden hue, and its delicate perfume, is appealing to our senses. A true native of all Australia, it is an ideal tree to be called 'Australia's Golden Emblem'."

Ruth wandered on, taking heed of neither time nor place. At last she decided to turn back, and join the other members of the party.

Night had fallen; the birds and all the creatures of the bush had gone to rest, and the wind sighing through the tree tops sounded like music afar off to Ruth, but it was only Dame Nature singing a "goodnight lullaby" to the tired world.

The cars bearing the members of the picnic party started on the return journey.

On reaching Warwick "goodbyes" were said, and Ruth entered her grandmother's house. After having tea, she related the story of the day's outing, dwelling on the beautiful sight of the wattle trees.

Mrs. Webster listened with interest, and when Ruth had finished said, "In Queensland, wattles of different kinds are to be met with almost everywhere. The blossoms are the companions of every Queensland child. To me the word "wattle" wakens to life that heaven-inspired patriotism that every true Australian feels towards the land of his birth, or of his adoption, the sunny land upon which Nature has bestowed so many advantages, the land of 'The Southern Cross.' The wattle blossom stands as an emblem of the golden grain of our fields, the golden fleece, the golden butter of our pastures, and the golden opportunities that are open to all Australians."

A few weeks later Ruth returned to her home in the south, taking with her many happy memories of her holiday in "Sunny Queensland."

JOYCE STIDOLPH (Form IV).

Note: This story was awarded first prize (95 per cent.) for original work, under 16 years, in the Warwick R.S.S.I.L.A. Eisteddfod.

"Dawn."

I've seen the sun in the bright blue sky,
And the glistening frosts of morn,
But never a sight have I seen before,
Like that of the breaking dawn,

For the wandering clouds on the distant hills
Turn pink with the morning light,
While the playful breeze in the sleeping trees,
Has followed the peaceful night.

And far out over the eastern hills,
Where the mountains reach so high,
Rises that beautiful mist of morn
That softens the cold, grey sky.

Then a wondrous change comes over the earth,
For the sky has turned pale blue,
And the first little beams of morning sun
Have coloured the drops of dew.

HELEN SUTTON (Form IV).

Fairy Fires.

In my tiny garden the poppies red
Rise upward, like a flame;
I think they are really fairy fires.
Now, don't you think the same?

I am sure the wandering fairies come
And pitch their camp at night;
And tales of fairy travels tell
Until they see the morning light.

And then they put the fires out
Before going on their way,
For in the early morning, the petals red,
Like flames, are blown away.

JUNE STIDOLPH (Grade IV).

The Buttercup Fairies.

The Buttercup Fairies are dainty and sweet,
All dressed in their gowns right down to their feet;
They gather around in the meadows so bright
And wait for their Queen in the darkness of night.

LESLEY STAUNTON (Lower Grade III).

Miss Harward.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the death of Miss Harward, who for so long was one of the School's staunchest friends. A talented artist and an exceptionally good linguist, we were fortunate in having the benefit of her kindly interest and cultured understanding during the many years she taught at the School. The influence of Miss Harward's outstanding personality will be felt in the School for many years to come.

Sports Notes.

NETBALL.

This year has not been a successful one for the netball team. We lost matches against both P.G.C. and W.H.S. The team has been most enthusiastic and we hope to improve our play next season.

Joan Haseman and Elvie Danks left during the season, and their places were taken by Norma Johnstone and Olive Searl.

House matches were played through the second and third terms, and great interest in these matches has been shown by all house teams.

After midwinter we were most fortunate in having a splendid new netball court completed for our use.

To Miss Clark we offer our thanks for the splendid coaching she gave us during the season.

Inter-school Results.

St. Catharine's v. W.H.S., 20-13 to W.H.S.

St. Catharine's v. P.G.C., 12-8 to P.G.C.

St. Catharine's v. W.H.S., 21-6 to W.H.S.

St. Catharine's v. P.G.C., forfeit to P.G.C.

TENNIS.

Second term this year saw the Tennis Team hard at work practising for the Inter-School matches. P.G.C. defeated us both times we met their team, but we were successful in defeating Warwick High School in the two matches. Congratulations, P.G.C.

Miss Thompson and Miss Clark coached the team during the term, and Slade School team came every Friday to give us harder practice, for which we are very grateful.

We challenged the staff to a match after Midwinter, but gave them a hearty shake for their victory. We hope to challenge them again before the end of term.

The school championships are now being played, and also the second round for the Inter-House Trophy.

We have quite a number of young and enthusiastic players, who show great promise for the school team of the future.

We wish the team next year good luck.

Results of Inter-school Matches:—

First Round:

W.H.S. v. St. C's—St. C's: 45-29 to St. C's.

St. C's v. P.G.C.—P.G.C.: 45-26.

Second Round:

St. C's v. W.H.S.—St. C's: 48-18.

P.G.C. v. St. C's—P.G.C.: 48-21

Total: (1), P.G.C.; (2), St. C's; (3), W.H.S.

ATHLETICS.

The chief event in our sporting year has been the Inter-School Athletics Meeting, held on September 18th in Queen's Park. The School team performed with great keenness, and attained second place. We must congratulate Warwick High School on their splendid win. The team gained first place in the open tunnelling event, and Norma Johnstone came second in the 200 yards race. We also came second in the Open Relay.

The Inter-House Athletics, competed on September 30th, were held on the Warwick Show Grounds, and provided interest for a number of spectators. Afternoon tea was served on the drive and lawns at School House, and Mrs. McGowan, assisted by Dr. Oakeley, presented the trophies.

Slade House won the Inter-House Cup, with 70 points, and also the Relay Trophy. Crothers came second with 56 points, while Neal was third with 19 points, and won the Tunnelling Cup. Barnes House filled fourth place with 12 points. The Senior Championship was won by Norma Johnstone, and the Junior Championship by Pat Anderson. Thelma Fraser won a trophy for the 75 yards race, and M. Johnstone for the 200 yards race.

We wish to record our appreciation of the enthusiasm with which Miss Clark has conducted the teams.

SWIMMING.

We were pleased again to enter for the Inter-School Swimming Carnival, and were thrilled with our results, which were as follows:—

Life Saving:—P.G.C. 1st, W.H.S. 2nd, and St. Catharine's 3rd. There was not much difference in points between the three schools.

Swimming.—W.H.S. 1st, St. Catharine's 2nd, P.G.C. 3rd. We offer our congratulations to W.H.S. and P.G.C.

We succeeded in winning and being placed in several events in spite of our small team of only four. This success was due to the splendid efforts of P. Anderson, M. Collins, and V. Lucas, P. Anderson being particularly outstanding.

We enjoyed training for both the Swimming and Life-Saving, and we wish to thank Mr. Peachy for his patience and the time he spent in coaching us, and hope for better results next year.

We are not swimming this term, but mean to begin in earnest next year.

School Improvements.

During the past year, many improvements have been made in the School. We are very pleased at having the wireless from the Stanthorpe School, and it has been much used this year. The hot water system, also brought down from Stanthorpe, has proved a great boon to the school.

The side verandah at Mytton House has been converted this year into a small oratory. We hope that before long the plans for a School Chapel will be realised.

The School Library, both reference and fiction, has benefited to a great extent through the generosity of the late Miss Harward, who left us her large collection of books and pictures, as well as several sets of bookshelves. Our library is now fast becoming one of which we may be proud.

During the June holidays Mytton House was repainted, and its appearance is greatly improved. The fences at both houses have also been painted, and in September, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Brown, of Stanthorpe, who gave us the palings, a new side fence has been erected at School House. The gardens have been vastly improved, and have given all of us much delight, with the variety and beauty of their flowers.

Visitors to the School.

Early in the year Canon Edwards, who was staying at Slade, came to visit the School.

Sister Michael, Sister Hope and Sister Joan have visited us during the year.

Miss D. Hawthorn and Miss Taylor came to inspect the School Company of Guides on March 11th.

Dean and Mrs. Barrett paid the School a visit on April 16th.

On April 23rd Mr. McColm came to the school to give us a talk on "Anzac."

We were honoured by a visit from the Mother Superior on May 20th.

On May 30th Archdeacon Stevenson came to see the school.

On July 25th Mr. Engel, travelling secretary for the A.S.C.M. came and talked to the girls.

The members of the Finance Board, Messrs. Gall, Thomson, Cross, and Brennan, paid us a flying visit on September 25th.

The Primate (Archbishop Le Fanu) paid the school a visit on October 1st.

Who Follows in Her Train?

By Rev. A. C. Flint.

The scene of the story is a tiny island in Collingwood Bay, on the north-east coast of Papua. On the island stand a missionary's home, a Church, a School and a dispensary. It is the centre of mission effort, ministering to the Papuans residing in villages on the mainland a mile away in one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful parts of Papua.

The missionary in charge has been there for many years. She is a woman of attractive appearance with her cropped head of steel grey hair, and of impressive proportions. I shall never forget bringing to her station some of my mission boys who had never before seen a white woman. They kept saying to me "Eutu siakabadae" (what a big woman!). It was an apt description, for she weighed some seventeen stone. Her character was as big and inspiring as her frame.

Sometimes during her twenty years' residence there she had another white woman as companion and helper. More often she was alone with her native helpers and teachers. She began her work amongst a very vigorous tribe, and a very untamed one. Time and time again she showed the utmost Christian bravery in quelling disturbances and settling quarrels amongst those people. She gathered the children together and began to teach them, and later saw that they were taught. She, having freely received, freely gave of her knowledge of God and her Saviour.

With patience she brought those people to a knowledge of the One Father, and to the idea of the one Good Spirit, in contrast to the multitude of evil spirits in whom they believed. She brought them to a knowledge of salvation through the redeeming love of Christ. She not only by life and work preached the Gospel, but also healed the siak, and all learnt to look to her as their true mother. Untamed tribes were welded into a Christian community. Descendants of cannibals became faithful Christians. Such was the work of Miss Nellie Hullett on the island of Naniu.

A tragic happening—a mauling by her own dog—subsequent blood poisoning and the call Home; and the scene is changed. The buildings remain, but the Mission house is deserted, the dispensary is unattended, the school is closed,

No one has yet come to take the place of this faithful woman who had sown the seed and had begun to reap the fruits. "One soweth and another reapeth." The reaper has yet to be found.

No more inspiring example of Christian bravery and faithful service could be found than that of the life of Nellie Hullett. "Who follows in her train?"

News of Old Girls.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Nancy Selke to Mr. J. Barnes.
Ena Selke to Mr. C. Foster.
Jessie Walton to Mr. A. Morris.
Joan Steer to Mr. Peter Rutkin.

MARRIAGES.

Nancy Elphinstone to Captain Charles Meyer, R.N.R.,
Essex.
Winnie Wickham to Mr. Archie Vievers.
Girly Wickham to Mr. Frank Theodore.

BIRTHS.

Doris Donovan (nee Brunckhorst)—a daughter.
Kitty Hassall (nee Evans)—a son.

All Old Girls will be sorry to learn of the death of Miss Harward. She was always deeply interested in every branch of school life, and her passing will be regretted by all, especially by those of us who knew her as a personal friend, and who learned to love and admire her wonderful personality.

EDNA HANKEY has left on a trip to New Zealand.

VAL ROWLAND joined the staff early in the year, after spending a year at home.

NELL APPEL is teaching at St. Anne's, Townsville.

DOREEN HANENSCHILD is doing journalism, while teaching at Clermont College, Randwick.

NANCY WHATLEY is governessing at Taroom.

BEATRICE WHATLEY is nursing at the General Hospital, Dalby.

IDA KEENAN is sitting for her final examination for her B.A. degree.

ENA SELKE has just returned from three months' holiday out west. She is to be married in September.

JEAN BALLENTYNE has been appointed to St. Martin's Hospital.

JOYCE HILL is to be married in December.

MARY HILL will be married early next year.

DOROTHY ARMITSTEAD is back in Warwick, and will be married about Easter time.

MARJORIE DEACON acted as adjudicator of the elocutionary items at the Warwick Eisteddfod.

JEAN FRASER is now on the staff of St. Faith's School, Yeppoon.

FLORENCE ANDERSON and JESSIE WALTON were successful in their nursing examinations.

EDNA THOMPSON has been doing relieving work at the Warwick Baby Clinic.

MARJORIE SIEBEL is now doing office work in Warwick.

JOYCE COLLINS is hairdressing in a Warwick salon.

MARY BALL is at the Teachers' Training College, Brisbane.

JOYCE HURWORTH is nursing at Ayr.

NANCY GREENUP is working in a chemist's shop in Brisbane.

MARJORIE FLOWER is still at St. Martin's.

JOAN TANNER is at Tamworth.

MARGARET UNDERWOOD is doing Commercial Art.

DIANA FLOWER is nursing at the General Hospital, Brisbane.

THELMA FOSTER (Donovan) has been visiting her mother in Warwick.