

ST. CATHARINE'S



**SCHOOL
CHRONICLE**



WARWICK

SEPTEMBER, 1942

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL CHRONICLE



SCHOOL OFFICERS

SCHOOL CAPTAIN Peggy Sheridan

PREFECTS Peggy Sheridan, Dorothy Thomas,
Patricia Penrose

PRO-PREFECTS Alice Wilson, Margaret Wilson, Mary
Nystrom, Beryl Hammond, Marjorie McDonald

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Barnes House Patricia Penrose

Crothers House Peggy Sheridan

Neal House Marjorie McDonald

Slade House Dorothy Thomas



MYTTON HOUSE.



PREFECTS.

**Left to Right—Back Row: Alice Wilson, Margaret Wilson, Mary Nystrom,
Marjorie MacDonald, Beryl Hammond.
Front Row: Dorothy Thomas, Pat Penrose, Peggy Sheridan.**

EDITORIAL



(Va FORM)

This year has seen the tentacles of the war monster creeping towards our native land, disrupting all our conceptions of security. To meet the danger precautions have been taken and changes effected.

Not least among our institutions is our educational system, and so it is to be expected that this sphere, too, has witnessed partial transformations.

At the beginning of the year many thinking minds were alarmed at the temporary closing of our schools, and the consequent discontinuance of effective education, for what would be more disastrous than the abandonment of mental, moral and physical training of youth?

Compared with changes and readjustments that have had to be made in most walks of life, school life has not been seriously affected. Buildings have been commandeered, schools in large areas have declined numerically, while country schools have been overcrowded; there have been staff shortages and an adjustment of the curriculum to include First Aid, Air Raid Drill and other wartime occupations, but in essence, school life remains the same, and it is to be hoped that Australian schools can avoid intense disruption and perhaps elimination. In peace time, as in war, what is better than school life for instilling in the minds of future Australians the value of work, camaraderie, sportsmanship and unity?

SCHOOL EVENTS

Since the last issue of the School Magazine, Sister Moira has left us to work in Brisbane. She had been here since the amalgamation of C.E.G.S. and St. Catharine's, and had done much good work for the School, helping it through difficult times. She has been very much missed.

Sister Vernon, who came to us at Easter to convalesce after her accident at St. Faith's, took Sister Moira's place as Head Mistress in July. We were very glad to have her with us, but unfortunately it was not for long. On November 5th she slipped going to church and broke her hip. She was taken down to Brisbane by ambulance the following day, and spent almost two months in St. Martin's. In the midst of all her suffering, her one thought and anxiety was for her examination girls. She has been at St. Michael's for some time, and though still on crutches, teaching for some hours a day.

A School Sister could not be spared to us this year, so Sister Dorothea came to us instead, and has looked after the health of the school with great care and zeal.

For some months we had two nurses on the staff, but Mrs. Clemesha was unable to return to us after Easter, owing to ill-health. We were sorry to lose her, but glad that she had some time with her people, as she passed away very suddenly and unexpectedly on the 17th of August.

Sister Vernon's place in school was taken by Miss Myra Matthews, an old girl of St. Anne's, where Sister Vernon had been Head Mistress for over twenty years. Miss Matthews began her teaching career at St. Anne's, and after some years in southern schools and a trip to England, spent some time on the staff of St. Mary's School at Herberton before coming to St. Catharine's.

We were among the minority to whom the war has been kind—our numbers almost trebled themselves this year, and for a time we had over 100 boarders. This sudden influx meant hard work for those in charge, increased accommodation and a large staff. We were pleased to welcome Miss Marsden from St. Margaret's, Miss Scougall and Miss Thorne from St. Anne's, Miss Keane from St. Michael's, Miss Baranovsky from St. John's, Mrs. Olsen from Newcastle, and Miss Harry from the Melanesian Mission.

Mother Elizabeth visited us early in the year, during the weekend, when many voluntary workers were digging our slit trenches in front of the school house. Dr. Oakeley and Mr. Lefrancke, Superintendent of the Ambulance, gave us weekly lectures on First Aid, but unfortunately all the doctors were too busy to come and examine such a large class.

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SHOP AT PIGOTT'S

"Daddy Long Legs" was played in the Town Hall on November 7th to a very large and appreciative audience.

In Athletics last year we managed to carry off the Montrose Cup. This was a great event in the history of the School, and we received congratulations from far and wide. Beryl Griffiths broke her own record in the Senior Hurdles. At the moment we are rejoicing in our win in Athletics for 1942.

We had several visitors during the year. The Rev. V. L. Johnstone came with Mr. Stevenson in August; the Bishop of Grafton called in with a priest from his diocese, and a little later came the Archbishop and Mrs. Wand. Canon and Mrs. Neal came in October for the Rure-decanal Conference and again in April this year.

Great improvements have been made at White House—the old "Assembly Hall" has become three large dressing rooms, a new room has been built on the front verandah, various other alterations and repairs effected, and the whole building re-roofed and painted inside and out. The old Primary School-room has been almost doubled in length and turned into a very convenient Assembly Hall, which is much appreciated, particularly every week-end.

The verandahs at Mytton House have been ceiled and enclosed with fibrolite, inset with glass louvres and casements. The big sitting room has become a dormitory and the back verandah a Boarders' Sitting Room. The side verandah forms a small Community Room, and part of the Refectory, while the front provides an Office, a bedroom and a sleeping verandah. The installation of sewerage and additional bathrooms has also added much to the comfort and convenience of Mytton House. We have now adequate accommodation for over forty boarders at each house and for from ninety to 100 in our Refectory.

A generous donation from Mr. E. L. Ramsay has enabled us to make the alterations at Mytton House this year, while a similar amount was raised last year for the Assembly Hall and part of the improvements at White House. £100 was received by direct giving and £100 raised by a very successful Bazaar organised by Miss McGowan and a large number of other friends and supporters of the School.

Miss Marcia Wald left us at Michaelmas, and on December 19th became Mrs. Patterson. Several members of staff and several senior girls were present at her wedding. We were sorry, too, to lose Miss Patterson and Miss Durrant at the end of the year, also a number of our senior girls. Pat Anderson was School Captain and Senior Prefect during 1941, as well as Captain of the Netball and the Tennis Teams. She had been a pupil of the school for fourteen years, and has been greatly missed. Miss Thomson is expecting

her call-up to the W.A.A.A.F. at any time. Miss Carstens from the Kindergarten Training College joined us after mid-winter, and will be ready to carry on Miss Thomson's work.

This year has been one of hard work and difficult times of adjustment—old St. Catharine's girls in the minority, with many Brisbane girls away from their own beloved schools and familiar surroundings. Now we are all finding "our feet," enjoying the change and settling down to serious study, with examinations looming ahead.



S. STERN
(Scholarship)

BARNES HOUSE NOTES.

This year we had enough girls to enable Barnes to become a separate house again, so we said good-bye to Crothers and are once more their rivals.

Unfortunately we have lost many of our members during the last six months, but our present ones are all hard workers for their house.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed Miss Brown back again, and Miss Baranovsky as our assistant house mistress.

Although, combined with Crothers, we did our best last year, it was the other houses which carried off the sports laurels. We congratulate Slade on winning the Tennis and Netball Cups, and Neal for their victory on Sports Day. Crothers-Barnes, however, were successful in gaining the Sewing Cup at the end of the year.

We wish our Juniors and Seniors and Scholarship and Music candidates the best of luck in their coming examinations. We also extend our hearty congratulations to those who passed last year, and also in the May examinations of this year.

Pat Penrose, Beryl Hammond and Marjorie Gunn, who gained good marks for their house for helpfulness, deserve credit.

All our members have worked hard with the athletics, tennis matches and sewing competitions looming ahead, and we wish the teams the best of luck.

In a debate, "Winter is Preferable to Summer," against Crothers, we had the affirmative side, but lost by a few points, which is understandable, as it was such a cold night both speakers and audience were busy rubbing their chilblains.

At the beginning of the year, each house was given a garden, and at Midwinter Barnes succeeded in gaining the most marks for their display. The school has enjoyed lettuce and a meal of spinach from it, and at present we have some pretty sweet peas in bloom. The production of these vegetables is a war effort in which we can all help.

CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES.

As Crothers and Barnes are again separated, we started the year very eager to show our worth.

The exam. results at the end of last term proved very pleasing for Crothers, but, alas! the disorder marks were rather disappointing, so we gained only second place for the half-year. Congratulations Slade on your splendid effort.

This year Mrs. Crothers' birthday was celebrated in the usual way. Mrs. Crothers sent us a beautiful cake, and the whole house shared her generosity.

In the friendly Netball Matches on Ascension Day, Crothers were victorious, and I am sure it was a very happy day for all "Crothers-ites."

We practised very hard for the Netball Cup, and managed to defeat Barnes, but Neal proved too good for us; we have yet to meet Slade.

Circlos has become a very keen sport among the younger members of the house, and we managed to win a victory against Barnes; we are hoping for further victories.

One freezing night this term we debated against Barnes, the subject being "Winter is preferable to Summer." We had the negative side, so had very little difficulty in convincing the judges of the force of our argument.

Our garden has shown great improvement, and we were well rewarded for our hard labour by the beautiful lettuces we raised.

May our Junior and Scholarship candidates have every success. Finally we wish to thank Miss Gower and Miss Keane, our House Mistresses, for their interest in us at all times.

NEAL HOUSE NOTES.

The year 1941 was a very happy one for Neal House, but we were sorry to say good-bye to Miss Patterson, Miss Durrant, and a number of our members. We welcomed Miss Marsden, Miss Watson, and many new members to our house.

At Mid-winter Miss Carstens came in place of Miss Watson, and about five of our members left us to return to their schools in Brisbane.

On Sports Day we won the Inter House Athletics. Slade House won the ball games. Our congratulations, Slade.

We have not yet finished the Netball matches. We congratulate Slade on winning the first Netball match against us. We won the match against Crothers, and still have to play against Barnes House.

We congratulate Barnes on having the best garden. We came third, equalling Crothers House. One night we had a Neal House Table and ate the lettuce we had grown in our garden.

Slade House won the first circlos match against us. We congratulate them. We have not finished playing the matches yet.

This year four of our girls are sitting for the Junior Examination. We wish them the best of luck.

We were sorry to say good-bye to our House Captain, Peggy Bigg, and welcome Marjorie McDonald as our Captain this year.

We hope that all the new girls will be happy and helpful members of Neal House during 1942.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES.

We are pleased to have Miss Thomson and so many of the old girls with us again, and to welcome Miss Thorne and all the new girls.

We were very sorry to lose our former House Captain, Pat Anderson, and welcome Dorothy Thomas in her place. We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to Pat on her Senior pass, also Dorothy Thomas and Betty Thomson on their success in the Junior and Scholarship examinations, respectively.

Last year Slade did excellent work on the sports field, and carried off the Netball, Tennis and Senior Relay Cups. Our congratulations to Neal for winning the Athletics Cup. We hope for another triumph this year. So far we have been successful in our only House Netball match against Neal.

We have two members in the A tennis team, and four in the A Netball team, and also representatives in the Athletics.

At the end of the half-year Slade, as the house with the most marks after the deduction of disorder marks, was announced winner of the Inter-House Cup. These marks were gained in examinations, on the sports field, for house duties, and house garden. Throughout the six months competition was keen.

We must also congratulate Alice Wilson, Margaret Wilson and Mary Nystrom on being honoured with Pro-Prefects' badges.

We wish good luck to all the girls who are sitting for the Senior, Junior and Scholarship examinations at the end of the year, and hope to see many of them back again as happy and helpful members of Slade House during 1943.

KINDERGARTEN NOTES.

At the beginning of this year we had lots of little friends who came to our school from Brisbane. We were very sad when they went back to their homes again.

This term Miss Carstens came to teach us. We are a very happy little band.

We wish you could see all the lovely new pictures in our room. We helped to put them up, and it was great fun.

At the School Concert last term we sang some of our songs and did a play. Did you like them?

The Senior girls collected some sand for us, so now we have lovely games in our sand tray.

We hope to see you soon at our Christmas Tree Concert next term.

GUIDE NOTES.

Captain	M. C. Mathews
Acting Lieutenant	Peggy Sheridan
Secretary of Court of Honour	Marjorie Dickenson
Patrol Leaders:	

Fuschia	Fay Sheridan
Magpie	Marjorie Dickenson
Waratah	Beryl Hammond
Robin	Betty Deshon

We were sorry to lose Miss Lucas, who found V.A.D. work and Guiding too much, so resigned. We began the year with 17 guides, and during the first six months enrolled nine guides. Since Mid-winter four were enrolled.

All the Guides have studied First Aid, and intend to do Home Nursing.



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Mrs. Neal, ex-Commissioner, of Warwick, honoured us with a visit in April, and often Miss Gillespie, the Commissioner, visits us.

We have enjoyed several hikes, and a mid-day hike to the Condamine, at which we proved ourselves good camp cooks.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

SENIOR RESULTS.

PAT ANDERSON: English C, French C, Physics C, Botany B, Music B (Science Matriculation).

JOAN BUCKLEY: English C, Modern History C, Ancient History C, Geography C, Art of Speech B.

PEGGY BIGG: French C, Ancient History C, Botany C.

JUNIOR RESULTS.

JILL PENROSE: English B, French C, History C, Arithmetic C, Geometry C, Biology C.

BLANCHE PYNE: English C, French C, Geography C, Arithmetic C, Book-keeping C.

DOROTHY THOMAS: English B, French C, History B, Geography C, Arithmetic A, Algebra C, Geometry B, Biology B, Music A.

ALICE WILSON: English A, French B, History B, Geography C.

SCHOLARSHIP RESULTS.

Jane Oakeley 76.8, Melva E. Law 75.4, Betty Thomson 62.8, Roma Warner 55.4.

PRIZE LIST 1941.

Form Prizes: 1st Form Diana Horsley, 2nd Form B Frances Horsley, 2nd Form A Joan Hammond, 3rd Form B Alison Ralston, 3rd Form A Melva Law, Betty Thomson, 4th Form Lyndall Hughes, Marjorie McDonald, Sheila Harvey; 5th Form Dorothy Thomas. Captain and Dux of the School, Patricia Anderson.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Divinity: Primary, Joan Hammond; Junior, Betty Deshon; Intermediate, Margaret Wilson, Marjorie Dickenson.

The Alexander Crichton Prize for Mathematics, Patricia Anderson.

The Harwood Prize for English, Lyndall Hughes.

English (V Form), Alice Wilson.

Art of Speech, Betty Deshon.

Science, Patricia Anderson.

Music: Senior, Jane Oakeley; Junior, Diana Horsley.

The Slade Cup for Needlework, Crothers House.

Australian Board of Missions Examination Certificates: Intermediate: Margaret Wilson, Lyndall Hughes, Sheila Harvey, Patricia Penrose, Mary Nystrom, Natalie Laidlaw. Junior, Sue Cobcroft.

Commercial Certificates: Margaret Petherick, Marjorie McDonald, June Buchester, Valmae Clark, Marjorie Dickenson, Edris Grimley, Mary Taylor.

Tennis Prizes: Junior, Betty Thomson; Senior, Peggy Sheridan; Doubles, Peggy Sheridan, Patricia Anderson.

Inter-House Tennis Cup: Slade House.

Inter-House Netball Cup: Slade House.

Inter-House Athletics Cup: Neal House.

Leadership and Service: Peggy Sheridan.

Old Girls' Prize for Best All-round Girl: Patricia Anderson.

AUSTRALIAN MUSIC EXAMINATION BOARD.

PIANO, 1941.

Grade 1: Joan Buckley, Credit; Pat Anderson, Pass.

Grade III: Dorothy Thomas, Honours; Jane Oakeley, Credit.

Grade IV: Mary Taylor, Credit.

Grade V: Joan Hammond, Credit; Valda Smith, Credit; Roma Warner, Pass; Barbara Cameron, Pass.

Grade VI: Frances Horsley, Honours; Diana Horsley, Credit; Jill Penrose, Credit.

1942.

Grade III: Natalie Laidlaw, Credit; Leona Whip, Credit; Maureen Kirk, Credit.

Grade VI: Jean Birnie, Credit.

THEORY, 1941.

Grade III: Dorothy Thomas, Credit.

Grade IV: Mary Taylor, Credit; Jane Oakeley, Credit; Natalie Laidlaw, Credit.

Grade V: Roma Warner, Pass; Fay Sheridan, Pass.

ART OF SPEECH, 1941.

Grade I: Joan Buckley, Credit.

Grade III: Una Wilson, Credit.

Grade V: Betty Deshon, Honours.

1942.

Grade IV: Betty Deshon, Honours.

SPORTS NOTES.

The Inter-House Athletics were held in Slade Park, and great enthusiasm and interest were shown by all.

Crothers won the Athletics Cup and also the Relay Cup, while Slade won the Ball Games Cup, and also the cake for the Walking Relay.

The final points were:—Crothers 44, Slade $30\frac{1}{2}$, Neal $25\frac{1}{4}$, Barnes $19\frac{1}{4}$.

The Senior Championship was won by Margaret Wilson, while Fay Sheridan won the Junior Championship.

TENNIS NOTES.



TENNIS TEAM.

Left to Right—Back Row: Betty Thomson,
Dorothy Thomas, Peggy Sheridan.
Front Row: Betty Deshon, Fay Sheridan.

The members of the A tennis team this year were Dorothy Thomas (captain), Betty Thomson, Fay Sheridan and Betty Deshon. We were sorry to lose Peggy Sheridan at the beginning of the season.

Although we were unsuccessful in obtaining the cup, we enjoyed some very even and exciting matches. Against W.H.S. we were successful both times, but P.G.C. proved too strong. We congratulate them on retaining the cup.

The final results were:—

1st round: W.H.S. v. St. Catharine's, 11-48; P.G.C. v. St. Catharine's, 31-24.

2nd round: W.H.S. v. St. Catharine's, 27-48; P.G.C. v. St. Catharine's, 42-30.

Our B team played two matches against W.H.S., and we were successful.

We have to thank our tennis mistress, Miss Marsden, and also Miss Matthews and Brother Roberts, for the very enjoyable afternoons which were spent between St. Catharine's and Slade School.

NETBALL NOTES.



NETBALL TEAM.

Left to Right—Back Row: Shirley Livermore, Mary Nystrom, Peggy Sheridan, Beryl Hammend.

Front Row: Margaret Wilson, Dorothy Thomas, Betty Thomson.

The members of the A netball team were Dorothy Thomas (captain), Betty Thomson, Leona Whip, Margaret Wilson, Barbara Wilson, Beryl Hammond, Shirley Livermore and Mary Nystrom.

The netball season proved most exciting this season, and although we were not the winners, we were successful in one match against P.G.C. and one against W.H.S. We congratulate P.G.C. on obtaining the cup, and hope for better luck next year.

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

The final results were:—

1st round: W.H.S. v. St. Catharine's, 15-18; P.G.C. v. St. Catharine's, 17-15.

2nd round: P.G.C. v. St. Catharine's, 20-22; W.H.S. v. St. Catharine's, 28-24.

During this term House matches have been played, and great interest and enthusiasm have been shown in these by the players themselves, and by the other members of the house.



WANTED—A BRIGHT IDEA.

P. PENROSE (Via FORM)

WAR—THEN AND NOW.

War! How pregnant is this one small word with bitter memories and conflicting passions. From the days of Man's childhood there have been wars, breeding hatred and lust, cruelty and terror. How is it then that war has been wrapped in the bright cloak of romance? We think of knights riding into battle resplendent in their armour, young men valiantly fighting and dying for a

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noble cause, and even to-day, when we are faced with the grimness and horror of modern warfare, we see the youths of our forces through the rosy haze of romance.

Yet war has always been the same in reality—a horrible monster descending suddenly on the unsuspecting victim, ravaging the land, leaving desolation and the mangled bodies and ruined ideals of youth in its wake. Let us look back—back to the days of chivalry—and trace war through history, its superficial differences, its fundamental sameness. Our first picture is rude and wild; savage, ape-like men, clad in skins, ruthlessly killing each other in order to win the food which is their only goal—their lives being led by instinct, controlled by the dominating law of the survival of the fittest.

Then we come to the stage where war is waged for power, for glory, for wealth—sea-rovers and landsmen alike grasping all they can lay hands upon. Romantic figures? Yes, with their strength and vigour, their splendid courage, their crude yet picturesque weapons. Surely they are free and happy! But no; they are the slaves of the great god, War, and blindly do his bidding.

In the next period, the period of knights in armour and the strong, upstanding archers, we say, "Surely here is nobility in war? Surely here reason governed their actions?" For here are the Crusades; religious wars which seem to have a pure and glorious motive. Yet still, if we explore further, we see that it is the lust of killing, the love of revenge, that are the instinctive feelings guiding these warriors. There are more men to fight, more terrible weapons, more excruciating tortures. These could not have arisen from a desire to benefit humanity.

Next there is the period when gunpowder is introduced. More men are killed, more pain is suffered; yet wars are not so frequent now. Can it be that civilisation is really affecting men?

Then comes the Great War—"the war to end war." There are high ideals, more humane treatment of the injured, and a certainty that there will never be more suffering caused by war. Yet still there is that lust for power, that desire to conquer; but now at least civilisation must have won the long struggle. There is very little romance about this war, but rather an overwhelming horror.

Then, yet again, we have a war. The ideals fought for are lying in the dust. Yet there is still hope, for we have raised for ourselves a new goal. It is not this war which is to end all war, it is the constructive peace after the war. There are more terrible weapons used than ever before, more fear, perhaps in places more hatred. Yet this time we must reach salvation, for we have come to realise that a war cannot end war.

We know at last the secret power war has exerted—the power of hatred, lust and fear; we know that though weapons have changed, the spirit of war has never changed. With this knowledge let us go on to a lasting peace.

LYNDALL HUGHES (Form V).

AH PING.

Ah Ping had been in Australia for twenty years, or more, and yet it is amazing to think he spoke only enough of our tongue to be understood, and then with difficulty. Certainly he had lived on the river bank among Chinese during those twenty years, but his living was centred about the Australian people. His father had left him one or two acres sloping down to the river, and on this land he grew vegetables and supplied most of our town.

I have often heard he had so much money buried somewhere in his garden that, had it belonged to me, I should feel as a king; yet his home showed nothing of his wealth. It could hardly be classed as a home. Strange, isn't it, that a Chinaman can live in such a hovel on a handful of rice or so a day, and we Australians would starve and would be diseased in such conditions? Certainly if we lived in Ah Ping's home. It had three rooms, rather large, but apparently he had no particular use for them, and indeed, one seemed never to be used at all. The house was of rough logs fixed in place with thick layers of mud, like the tobacco barns along the river, and the earth, as a floor, was caked hard and smooth as white marble from the light pattering of his heelless slippers. You can hardly imagine glass windows in a home like that, and of course there were none, but the purpose was served by wooden flaps opened by props from the sills. The rooms were as dark as if it were night, and on standing in the doorway, the sudden blackness brought stars to our eyes. There was no ventilation, but a Chinaman is seldom in his home, and he even sleeps in the open on a stretcher woven tightly with some thick straw. Tobacco fumes seemed to ooze from the mud in the walls and the earth in the floor and from the logs themselves, so heavy was the smell; and Ah Ping was never without a dirty, stubby cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth.

He was short and rather thin, but he carried his age very well. Height is very deceiving sometimes. His body was erect, although his life was spent stooping over low plants in the garden, and he walked with a firm, energetic step in his heelless slippers. Ah Ping had the very smallest eyes I have ever seen. They did not show weakness, as those eyes generally do, but they were sharp, burning with faithfulness as a dog's, quick and sparkling. Sometimes their

brownness was changed to a heavy black, but I have only noticed that once, and have often wondered about it; and then sometimes they were so small as to be almost pushed back into his head. Yet everyone trusted Ah Ping. His hands were hard and cracked and grimy, and his nails long to cultivate round his young plants where a fork would kill them.

He seldom laughed, but would part his lips in a smile, and grunt behind his teeth at the same time, but we thought he had laughed, and were satisfied.

Strange little man was Ah Ping. I am sorry he has gone.

M. WILSON (Form V).

THE LIE.

The brown pony jogged complacently along the country road, and the red sulky rattled and swayed behind him. John threw back his head, and breathed in the air sweet with the scent of wattle, and clean with the smell of the cool, damp earth.

He looked down at the grass. It was green and soft in the shade of the trees, it had pushed up in folds through the dead twigs and the fallen leaves. He looked out at the tiny bush flowers, and the water rippling cold and clean in the gullies, and the great, restless, grey-leaved trees. It was good to be home.

His happy eyes strayed to the man at his side, and the light in them dimmed a little. John watched him. His hair was dark, and grew too long down the back of his neck. The hands that idly held the reins were short and square—lazy hands, the boy thought unjustly. The small, black eyes were half shut against the sun.

John did not know him. He had no wish to know him. Old Ben had gone, his mother said, and this man was new on the place.

"Well," John thought, and he turned his eyes away and stared down the road that lost itself in the trees ahead, "she won't want him now. I'm never going back to that place again."

How he had hated the school, and the masters so full of their own importance, and the great rough boys who had sniggered at the suit his mother had made—his mother who was so proud of him, who had worked and scraped and saved that he might have the education she had so longed to have herself.

He thought of David, delicate and kind, with shy, calm eyes. He would miss David. John had wanted to bring him home, but he had been ashamed of the little, unpainted house; the bare, ugly rooms; the tiny, struggling garden. He had been ashamed of his mother. He thought of that now, and hot, impulsive tears rushed to his eyes.

The man with the reins looked at him curiously.

"Sorry to leave your school, son?" he asked with a grin.

John said nothing. He turned his head away and fiercely brushed the tears from his eyes.

Then suddenly the driver lifted his whip with a flourish, and cracked it above the pony's back.

"Here were are," he shouted. "Home at last."

John looked out into the clearing ahead of him, and saw the little, bare house, and the unpainted fence, and his mother running down the steps to the gate.

She waited for him, and watched him step out of the sulky before it stopped, then walk over to her with great long strides.

How big he was, she thought; how much a man he looked. But there was a little throb of relief in her heart when she saw that his face was still the face of a boy, with its clear, smooth skin, and soft, smiling eyes.

The warm sunlight flowed full upon her. John was shocked by the countless lines on her face. New or forgotten, they were there like a hundred cobwebs about her eyes, and down the sides of her mouth they were long and deep. Her hands felt rough against his own, and her hair that was once brown and softly curled, fell in white wisps across her forehead.

He turned away, because he felt those ridiculous, childish tears welling up again. He forced them back with an effort. He must tell her now that he could never go back to that hated place; that she needed him with her.

"Mother——" he said in a choked voice.

"John," she broke in eagerly, "Aren't you listening, son?"

The boy looked at her. The great, brown eyes were full of love for him, and gently pleading.

"You love your school, don't you, John?" she said.

The pathetic eagerness of her voice had changed to trembling anxiety.

John wanted to tell her that he hated it. He wanted to say that he had never meant to go back.

"Yes, Mother," he said slowly, clearly, "I love my school."

A. WILSON (Form VI).

THE SCHOOL GARDEN.

(With apologies to Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott.")

On either side the pathway lie,
 Long strips of cabbage for cabbage pie,
 That when transplanted nearly die,
 And lift not their leaves to the sky,

Near many towered White House.
And up and down the school-girls go,
Gazing where the beetroot grow,
And lettuce in a long neat row,
And steal a Barnes' Shalott.

MADELINE EAGAR (FORM IV).

EVENTIDE.

The sun sinks to his rest. The day is done,
The heavens reflect the sunset's majesty.
The crimson clouds against the azure sky
A crown of gold have for their beauty won.

The noise of busy streets is hushed again,
The farmer from his corn fields wends his way
Contented with his lot, and thankful he,
Nor envious of his wealthy neighbour's gain.

The evening breezes croon their song so tender,
The grasses catch their whisper and re-echo.
The wattle's fragrance mingles with the violet
The flowers fold and hide their glowing splendour.

The eastern hills are purple in the twilight,
A thickening haze spreads o'er the landscape green,
The evening star a herald beacon twinkling
Farewells the day and welcomes peaceful night.

VALMAE CLARK (Form V).

A GARDEN.

A garden—wonderful words!
A bower of delicate perfumes,
And the lullaby of birds.

A gift from God unto men,
A gift to be highly esteemed,
Greater than the poet's pen.

PATRICIA PENROSE (Form VI).

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THE SCRUB POOL.

There lies amid the bracken green,
A glistening pool of silver sheen,
The moon above rides high, serene,
While Nature quietly rests.

The beasts and birds are fast asleep,
Dark night is here—they dare not peep,
Down through the shadows, murky, deep,
Hid in the glimmering pool.

The tall trees at the water's edge,
Droop down their foliage to the ledge,
Where mossy rocks adrip with sedge,
Lie in the waters still.

The lizards basking in the sun,
Intently watch the insects run,
Each to his shelter, one by one,
In the darkened covert hole.

The wind comes stealing through the trees,
The tall ferns bend with stately ease,
And eager, questing, come the bees,
Searching for the honeyed store.

Now soon, oh soon, the dusk will glide,
Across the trees, the ferns, the wide
Quiet stretches of the pool, and hide
The last faint glint of daylight there.

SHIRLEY DEVINE (Form V).

SONS OF AUSTRALIA.

They stand erect with their shoulders square,
Their hands in salute are raised.
They are the sons of Australia fair,
They hold her flag upraised.

They stand erect with their shoulders square,
In Navy and Khaki.
They have not failed us over there,
Nor will in our own country.

VALERIE BIGGS (Grade VI).

I WISH.

I wish I were a squirrel,
Up in the tree tops tall,
I'd laugh and chatter all the day,
And do no work at all.

I wish I were a pony,
I'd eat grass all the day,
And when the stars began to peep,
I'd in my stable stay.

I wish I were a kitten,
And lived on cream and milk,
I'd wash myself before the fire,
Until I felt like silk.

But when I think things over,
I'd rather just be me,
And live in a contented home,
With a happy fam'ly.

DIANA HORSLEY (Grade III).

OPINIONS.

Mrs. Jones thinks I'm a naughty child,
Too untidy and far too wild,
Thinks I'm dangerous with ball and bat,
But what do I possibly care about that?

Mrs. Green thinks I'm the best child ever,
Extremely good and outstandingly clever!
She doesn't think I'm naughty or bold,
And is certain I always do what I'm told.

Mummy thinks I'm good some days,
And thinks I'm naughty in several ways,
My sister says I can be a dear,
But that "can be" is seldom I fear.

LEITH GALLAGHER (Grade V).

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS



J. WALL
(Scholarship)

JOYCE STIDOLPH is working in a Munitions Factory in Brisbane.

MARGOT GRANGER is working in her father's office in Lismore.

THELMA FRASER speaks of her life as a governess in the Dirranbandi District; she seems to be enjoying every minute of it.

DOROTHY McDONALD is teaching outside Toowoomba.

CECILY ELKINGTON is Lady Superintendent of the National Fitness in Queensland. She held a display in Warwick during the Mid-Winter Holidays.

NELL APPEL is Head Mistress of St. Anne's, Townsville, now at Ravenswood.

EDRIS GRIMLEY is working in McWhirter's Office, Brisbane.

PAT ANDERSON is still leading a very gay life at home; she expects to be called up for the Prince Alfred Hospital during the next six months.

BARBARA BAIN is at present nursing at St. Martin's Hospital.

JOAN BAIN, after teaching for a time, has decided to stay at home for a while. She has paid the school several visits during the last six months.

BLANCHE PYNE holds a position in the Union Trustees in Brisbane; she seems to be leading a very busy life.

PEGGY BIGG is working in Crowe's Music Store, Stanthorpe.

MARGARET LANEY is teaching at St. George.

ESME WARNER has been engaged for some time; she expects to be married shortly.

LORNA SMOOTHY is working at Dr. Daly's in Dalby.

VAL LUCAS became engaged last year; she was our Guide Lieutenant for some time.

VIDA WILSON and **BERYL GRIFFITHS** are both in the Women's Land Army.

HAZEL WHATLEY has returned from Melbourne, and holds an important position in a Munitions Factory in Brisbane.

MRS. CORISH (Val. Rowland) is at present living in Townsville: when holidaying in Warwick she was a frequent visitor to the school.

BETTY EVANS is nursing in Brisbane.

JOAN WEST is nursing at the General Hospital, Warwick.

PEGGY BRETT was the first Woman Teller to be chosen in Queensland.

LYLA NYSTROM is at present staying at home; she seems to be leading a very bright life.

MARY TAYLOR, after holding a position in Brisbane for a time, decided to return home.

UNA SMITH is still leading the social life at Inglewood.

MRS. HUGHES (Joyce Ogg) is still living in England; she has a baby daughter, Rosalind.

MILLICENT CAMERON called in to see us at Easter; she is working in a Bank in Toowoomba.

CONSTANCE CLOWES is still living in Warwick; she has been Acting Secretary to the O.G.A. in Joyce Stidolph's place since February last.

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