

St. Catharines

ST. CATHARINE'S



**SCHOOL
CHRONICLE**



WARWICK

SEPTEMBER, 1943

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL CHRONICLE

SCHOOL OFFICERS.

SCHOOL CAPTAIN Alice Wilson
PREFECTS .. Alice Wilson, Margaret Wilson, Beryl Hammond
PRO-PREFECTS .. Jill Penrose, Lyndall Hughes, Maureen Kirk,
Barbary Becker

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Barnes House Beryl Hammond
Crothers House Maureen Kirk
Neal House Barbary Becker
Slade House Alice Wilson

SPORTS CAPTAINS:

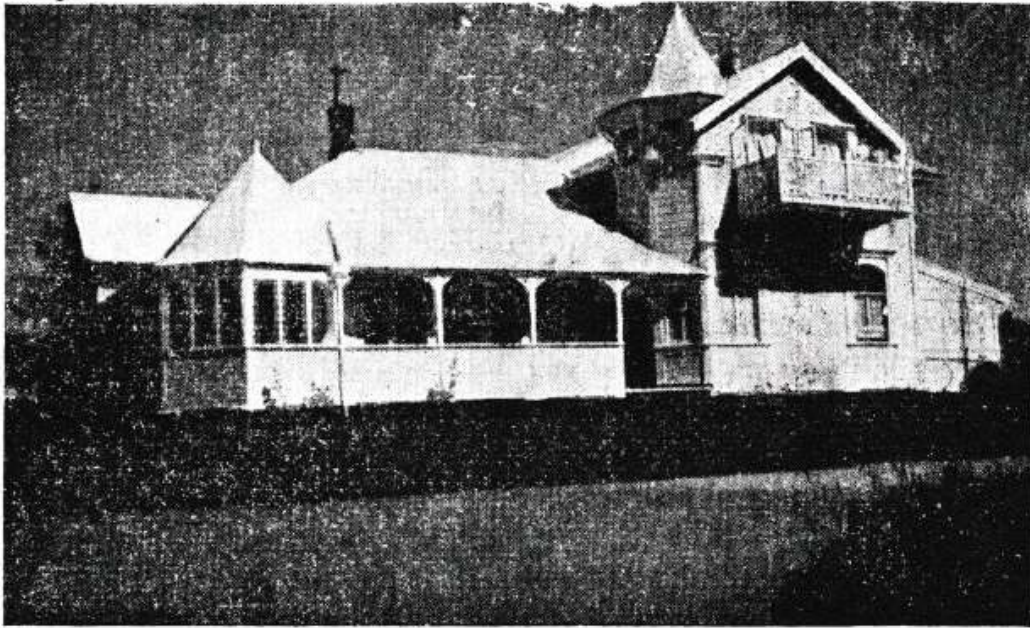
Athletics Nereda Hudson
Netball Margaret Wilson
Swimming Nereda Hudson
Tennis Betty Thomson

FORM CAPTAINS:

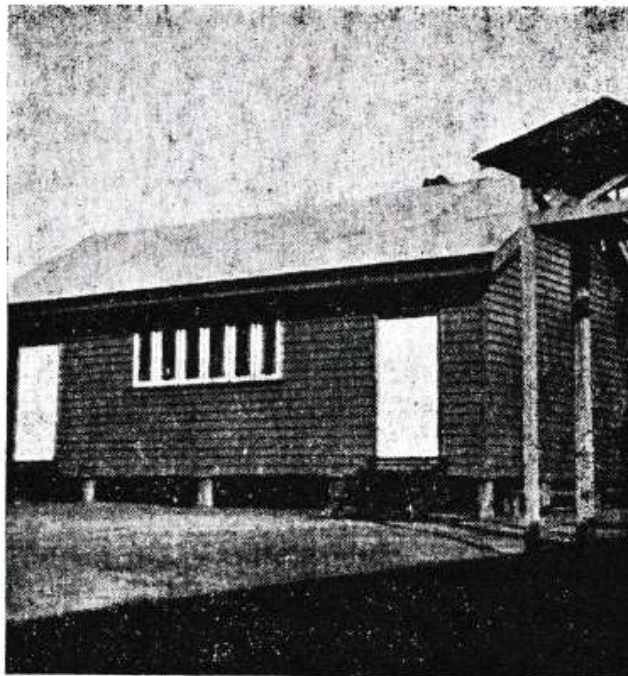
Form VI Alice Wilson
Form V Beryl Hammond
Form IV Jill Harding
Form III Helen Naylor
Primary Margaret Thomson

LIBRARY COMMITTEE:

Miss Mathews, Miss Marsden, Valmae Clark, Nereda Hudson,
Bernice Harding, Daphne Salisbury, June Symes, Alison Ralston.



WHITE HOUSE.



THE NEW PRIMARY SCHOOL BUILDING.

EDITORIAL

Some of the world's really great men are those who to-day are planning for to-morrow; not planning with the motive of self-interest, but planning sanely and intelligently for the common good.

The "post-war reconstruction" that is talked of so freely is undoubtedly a pressing and bewildering matter. There are so many conflicting forces, both physical and spiritual, in the world to-day, that one wonders if there could be a solution satisfactory to all. The frightening immensity of the task makes those who attempt it even greater.

On the one hand, there is so much advancement—amazing scientific developments conquering time, distance, and inefficiency, highly improved educational facilities affording greater opportunities, and a wider outlook—and on the other, so much retrogression—war as a test of right, cruelty, intolerance, power wielded by the unworthy, materialism.

The good reconstructionists, while planning concretely, have probably not forgotten that there must be, in their reorganised society, a worthy ideal that will attract and grip every individual. Nor have they forgotten the exalted place school life holds in the momentous nature of world affairs. The older members of society may plan, but it is the duty of the younger generation to see that the plans are carried out. The young then must be fitted for their task. The many phases of school life offer them a valuable training, and the responsibility of school authorities and parents is greatly magnified now it is realised, that the bulk of the remoulding of the world will fall to those now receiving their education.

THE SEA.

I love to lie on some nearby land,
And watch the waves roll by,
As they curl over and hit the sand,
And then t'wards me, draw nigh.

Then I look along at the old rock caves,
Where great games we've had, our few—
The frightened pirates, the retreating waves,
And we the triumphant crew.

Next I imagine a stormy sight,
As the sea tosses and raves,
I think of our brave who make it right,
That "Britannia Rules the Waves."

MADELINE EAGAR (Form V)

SCHOOL EVENTS



The twelve (12) months since our last issue of *St. Catharine's School Chronicle* have been full of hard and interesting work and great achievements. Our Public Examinations results were most satisfactory—100 per cent. for Senior, 87½ per cent. for Junior, and 75 per cent. for Scholarship, with splendid passes in Music, Theory, and Art of Speech.

Much enthusiasm has continued to be shown in the various forms of sport. In Athletics last September we again managed to carry off the Montrose Cup at the All Schools' Sports. We were very delighted at the double win of our Church Schools, Slade gaining a well deserved victory and securing the Appel Cup. We are hoping to repeat the performance this year.

We joined in the Swimming Carnival in March and again came second, losing the Cup to W.H.S. by very few points (76½ to 71½). In Tennis we were successful, but in Netball lost to W.H.S. after having to play a deciding match on a neutral court.

Our main war activity has been the "Adoption" of a Prisoner of War, and work for this object has continued steadily. Weekly subscriptions from staff and children, with House Evenings and the proceeds of a very successful School Concert held just before Mid-winter, enabled us to hand in another £52 to this Fund before June 30th, and we have a substantial balance in hand for the coming year. Another deserving cause which has received our support is the G.F.S. Hostel for Service Women, opened in Brisbane last December.

We have given our usual contributions to Missions, and in addition held a very successful and enjoyable "Missions Afternoon" in White House grounds soon after Easter, as a result of which an additional £30 was forwarded to the A.B.M. In preparation for this "Afternoon" the juniors practised regularly and enthusiastically with Miss Harry for the Solomon Islands songs and dances. Miss Edwards worked up two scenes, one from "Romeo and Juliet" and the other from "Nicholas Nickleby," and Miss Keane trained all

for a splendid drill display. Fortunately we were able to arrange this to coincide with a visit from the Archbishop and Mrs. Wand. Unfortunately they were late in arriving, so we entertained them at afternoon tea the following Monday afternoon and repeated the Solomon Islands Lances for their benefit, before showing them over the school. The Archbishop spoke to the children; we were all sorry to realise that it was the last occasion on which he would be present with us as Archbishop.

Several members of the Bush Brotherhood called to see us and look over the school before they left Warwick after their "Quarterly" last October, and this year we have had a visit from their new "Head," Archdeacon Knight, who is well known to many of our western girls. We were very pleased recently to see Bishop Robin, who spent a couple of hours with us during his short stay in Warwick. Another welcome visitor earlier in the year was the Rev. A. C. Flint, who came to talk to us about Missions.

Sister Alice and her sister (Miss Amy Philpott) came to us for the Easter Vacation and stayed on for a few days after the return of the school. We are hoping to have them for a longer period later in the year.

Fourteen of our girls were confirmed in the Parish Church by Bishop Dixon on May 30th, and a fortnight later (on Whitsunday) received their First Communion. This was also at St. Mark's, the School Chapel being too small to accommodate our large family.

The admission of Prefects has also been at St. Mark's for this reason. Alice Wilson, Margaret Wilson and Beryl Hammond have been admitted as full Prefects during the past year, and Jill Penrose, Maureen Kirk, Natalie Laidlaw, Lyndall Hughes and Barbary Becker have been made Pro-Prefects.

We were sorry to lose three of our Pro-Prefects, Mary Nystrom, Marjorie McDonald and Natalie Laidlaw, also three full prefects, Peggy Sheridan, Patricia Penrose and Dorothy Thomas. Peggy (Senior Prefect and Captain of the School for 1942) and Dorothy were both keen members of the Tennis, Netball and Athletics Teams, and have been very much missed in these as in other directions.

Our Ascension Day dance was postponed until the first Friday after Midwinter; owing to our increased numbers and those of Slade, it was held again in the Parish Hall and was immensely enjoyed by all.

Dr. Oakeley has generously given £5 towards an Inter-House Trophy Board, which we will be able to buy after the war.

Various improvements have been made both in the house and grounds during the year. The old "Gym" was pulled down and rebuilt during the Midwinter Holidays, and is now a beautifully light and airy Classroom for the Primary School. The detached

building at back of White House has been painted, and Maids' Quarters have been built at Mytton. A room at the end of the latter has provided a very comfortable spot for convalescents. Part of the trenches have been filled in, the grounds graded, and a racing track provided for sports practices.

There have been several changes in staff during the year. We were very sorry to lose Mrs. Olsen and Miss Gower in December, and Miss Carstens and Miss Brown in June. The latter's transfer to Brisbane was made necessary for health reasons; she is now teaching at our School of St. Michael at Clayfield. We have been very pleased to welcome in their stead Miss Edwards and Miss Allen, who had both been previously on the staff of St. Gabriel's, N.Q., Miss Telford, and Miss Law; the latter, a fully trained and experienced teacher, gave up her own kindergarten in Sydney to come to us.

Miss Thorne left us at Easter to become Mrs. Vary. Mrs. Church, formerly Miss Patterson, kindly filled her place during the second term. We are very glad to have Mrs. Vary back with us again.

The loyalty of staff and pupils has been responsible for the smooth running and happy atmosphere of the school in spite of all difficulties.



PREFECTS.

Left to Right—Back Row: Maureen Kirk, Lyndall Hughes, Barbary Becker.
Front Row: Margaret Wilson, Alice Wilson, Jill Penrose.

BOARDERS' NOTES.

We were very pleased to welcome many new girls at the beginning of the year, and we now have one hundred boarders on the Roll.

The first term everyone devoted her energy to a Mission Afternoon, which proved a great success. Some girls took part in the native dances, and all in the Physical Culture displays.

During the second term spare time was devoted to Play Practice, Singing, and Physical Culture, in preparation for the School Concert.

The week-ends have been very enjoyable. In the summer months there were very happy walks. On Saturday night, for a time, each House took it in turn to entertain the School, and the Guides entertained also. Other forms of entertainment have been Debates and Dancing.

We have been to several pictures this year, everyone especially enjoying "Wings and the Woman," and "The First of the Few."

Once a week, VI Form girls and some of the staff listen to talks "After the War," by the A.B.C., and then discuss them. Every Saturday afternoon a very enthusiastic handicraft class has been making felt and chamois gloves, soft toys and posies.



BARNES HOUSE NOTES.

December, 1942, saw the end of another happy year for all Barnesites.

We were sorry to say goodbye to Pat Penrose, our house captain, but congratulate Beryl Hammond on taking her place. Cecily and Sheila Stern also left at the end of the year, and we wish them all luck for the future.

The girls have been working hard in our garden, and we came second when the gardens were marked for the first half-year.

We were sorry to lose Miss Brown at Midwinter. She has been with us for over two years, and has taken a keen interest in all

house doings. We hope she will like her new position. We welcome Miss Law, and hope she will be very happy with us.

Unfortunately, we came only second in the tennis last year; congratulations Crothers, on your victory. In Athletics, too, Crothers gained the cup, while we were the lucky last. We are practising hard, and hope to be more successful this year.

One of our girls passed Senior, two Junior, and four Scholarship at the end of 1942. Best of luck to all those who are sitting for examinations this year.

CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES.

At the end of last year, Crothers were very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Gower, who had been with us for three years. We welcomed Miss Allen in her place. We also said good-bye to our house captain, Peggy Sheridan, whose place has been taken by Maureen Kirk.

In our half-yearly exams., Crothers obtained high marks, and so we are now leading in the inter-house competition.

We won the tennis and athletic cups in 1942, and we shall try hard to keep them this year.

Congratulations, Slade, on winning the garden competition. Crothers tied for second with Barnes. We also congratulate Slade on winning the circlos.

Once again we all enjoyed a delicious cake sent to us by Mrs. Crothers on her birthday. The house deeply appreciates her generosity.

Congratulations to our Scholarship and Juniors, who passed last year, and may the examination candidates have every success this year.

NEAL HOUSE NOTES.

Neal House has had a very happy year, under the able leadership of Miss Marsden and Miss Carstens, and our House Captains, Mar'orie McDonald, who left us at the end of 1942, and Natalie Laidlaw, who left at Midwinter. We congratulate Barbary Becker on having replaced Natalie as House Captain, and also on being made a Pro-Prefect. We were sorry to lose Miss Carstens at Midwinter, but welcome Miss Telford in her place.

Our Netball Team played well in the last House matches, but Crothers proved too strong for us. Congratulations Crothers! Also in tennis we were beaten, but most of our girls contributed well to the Sewing Display, and we managed to win the cup for that.

We congratulate Jill Harding and Betty Young on their Scholarship passes last year, and Natalie Laidlaw, Barbary Becker, and Marjorie McDonald on having passed Junior. We also wish those sitting for examinations this year the very best of luck.

Our garden is looking well, and most of the House, including Miss Marsden, take an interest in it and spend part of their leisure time in it.

When the House marks were totalled for the first half-year in June, Neal House came third in the Inter-House Competition, but we managed to get the least number of disorder marks, which was a wonderful achievement for Neal.

We hope all Nealites will continue the good work for the rest of the year.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES.

Last year Slade House was very sorry to lose Miss Thomson, who has since become a member of the W.A.A.A.F. We were very sorry also, to say good-bye to our former House Captain, Dorothy Thomas. At the beginning of this year we welcomed Miss Edwards, and, of course, were very glad to see Mrs. Vary back again.

Due to Mrs. Vary's interest and the girls' energy, Slade managed—by a small margin—to win the highest number of marks for gardening at the end of the half-year. Indeed, our garden has shown great improvement, and we have picked great quantities of lettuce and turnips.

After the Inter-House Sports last year, the Slade House girls marched home in triumph, proudly bearing aloft a cup and a cake—the cup for success in the Ball Games, and the cake for the Walking Relay. Congratulations, Crothers, for your victory in Athletics and for winning the Tennis Cup.

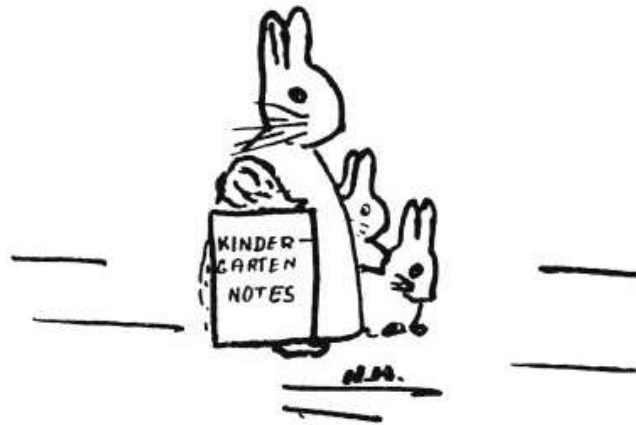
Last year we also won the Netball Cup, and were especially delighted when told that we had won the shield for "the best all round house."

The younger members of Slade House are very interested in Circlos, so interested that they were completely successful in the inter-house matches for the first half-year.

We congratulate Margaret and Alice Wilson on being made full prefects, and Valmae Clark, Marjorie Dickenson, Sheila Harvey, Mary Nystrom and Margaret Wilson on their Junior passes, also Ailsa Gillies, Lesley Patterson and Alison Ralston on passing Scholarship.

Best of luck to the Senior, Junior and Scholarship candidates for 1943.

"KINDERGARTEN NOTES."



The number in Kindergarten having increased rapidly it is difficult to find room for all the children at the Morning Circle. Of the new songs learnt at this time, "Soldier Boy" and "Open, Shut Them," have proved most popular.

When several boxes of equipment were to be unpacked, excited children rushed into Kindergarten, and within a few minutes all were unpacked and ready for use. The popularity of this equipment demands its use even after school hours.

Many of the children are taking a pride in keeping the room and their own personal possessions neat, which leads to a little healthy competition among them.

Jill is like a bright little bird who hops and flutters about chirping and singing. She will make an ideal Robin Red Breast when we play the game "Little Robin Red Breast."

The spirit of all in Kindergarten is happy and care free. I hope all, like Jill, will try their "wings" and venture successfully into the unknown future.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

Excellent entertainment was afforded at St. Catharine's School on the 18th and 19th of June, when the annual Prisoner of War Concert was held.

An appealing Kindergarten item opened the programme. There followed a play, "The Prince who was a Piper," by Harold Brighthouse. The setting, costumes, music and dancing increased the beauty of the dream-world that the characters so vividly created.

The second half of the programme contained a tuneful vocal solo, "Lilac Tree," two verse speaking choirs, one responding to the eerie atmosphere of "The Listeners," the other to the frivolous tone of "Kitty."

The school choir rendered the dainty piece, "Tiptoe" and the

spirited "Sons of the Brave," while the Junior choir sang "The Pussy Willow Tree," "The Sandman," and "The Song of the Frogs," the latter being accompanied by two realistic frogs plopping about the stage.

There were two very good humorous recitations, "The Fatal Guess." and a Character Study. "Mrs. Mole."

Pianoforte items included the two piano duet. "Grande Marche from Tannhauser." the duets "The Playful Kitten" and "Valse Venetian," and the sole, "Chopin Waltz."

The precise and vigorous Marche Militaire Duplex, the Boomerang Duplex, the colourful and graceful Rhythmic Dance, the Physical Culture with such intricacies as "Whirling Lunge." "Triple Swing," were very impressive. The latter formed the finale where red, white and blue pompons and the three caps of the Army, Navy and Air Force to coincide with the singing of "The Army, the Navy and the Air Force" struck a patriotic note.

GUIDE NOTES.

Captain M. C. Mathews
Acting Lieutenant Bernice Harding
Senior Guide
Secretary of Court of Honour Marjorie Dickenson

Patrol Leaders:

Fuschia Fay Sheridan
Magpie Daphne Salisbury
Waratah Beryl Hammond
Robin Betty Deshon

We have thirty Guides, fourteen joined us this year and, due to rationing, are still waiting to be enrolled. Before Midwinter we held a most successful Campfire Evening for the Prisoner of War Fund, and this quarter, a Progressive Games Evening, followed by a dance, was a very happy affair.

The Inter-Company Patrol Rally on November 27th was won by 1st Warwick with 81.4 points, and we gained 79.4. We were sorry to let the cup pass out of our hands. We hope to win it this year. Our Inter-Patrol Rally was very keen.

Magpie 73½, Fuschia 72, Waratah 64, Robin 58½.

At present Miss Law is very kindly teaching us Home Nursing.

Our mid-day hike to the Peninsula, several hikes to the Creek, and regular weekly meetings have maintained our keenness in this wonderful movement.

We regretfully said good-bye to Peggy Sheridan, our Lieutenant. Bernice Harding was fortunate enough to attend the

National Fitness Training School during the Christmas Holidays and brought back many ideas, and is now studying for her Lieutenant's warrant.

LIBRARY NOTES.



MARITE RUSSELL (SCHOLARSHIP)

During the year, the library has ever proved a pleasing source of knowledge and diversion to the whole school.

At the end of last year, Fifth Form re-sorted and mended some of the books, also re-catalogued the entire library—a most necessary and creditable piece of work, for which every one was extremely grateful.

As we have one of the best Australian school libraries, it is the duty of each girl to return her books promptly, and to take care of them in order to maintain the high standard of the library.

We should like to thank Miss Marsden for the time she has given to, and the interest she has taken in library work.

It would be greatly appreciated if girls leaving would renew the practice of presenting a book to the library, as a token of the enjoyment derived by them from the library—an essential item in the life of any school.

Junior Examination Results

	English	French	German	Latin	Eng. History	Geography	Arithmetic	Algebra	Geometry	Chemistry	Biology	Physiology	Art	Music	Art of Speech	Bookkeeping	Stenotyping
Barbary Becker	B	C			C	C	C	B	C	A							
Valmae Clark	A	B			C		A	B	B	C	C					C	
Iris Corderoy	C				B	A	C	C				C					C
Shirley Devine	B				C	B	A	C	C						C		
Marjorie Dickenson	C				B	B	A	C	C								
Sheila Harvey	B	A		B	C	A		C						B			
Nereda Hudson	C	C		A	C	A											
Lyndall Hughes	A	A		A	A	B	A	A	B	A	A	A	A				
Maureen Kirk	B	A	A	B			A	A	A	A				B			
Natalie Laidlaw	B	B			C		B	B	B		C	C		B			A
Marjorie McDonald	C						B	B	B								
Mary Nystrom	B	C			C	C	A	C	B					B			
Cecily Stern	B	A			C		C	A	A						A		
Margaret Wilson	B	B			A	B	C	B	C		B						
Una Wilson	B	B					C	C	C						B		
Marjorie Young	B						B	C	C					C		B	C

SENIOR EXAMINATION RESULT.

PAT PENROSE: English C, French C, Ancient History B, Botany C.

SCHOLARSHIP RESULTS.

Alison Ralston 71.6 per cent., Sheila Stern 70.6 per cent., Joan Wall 65.6 per cent., Jill Harding 64.2 per cent., Brenda Burton 63 per cent., Ailsa Gillies 60 per cent., Pam Muir 59.4 per cent., Betty Young 56.8 per cent., Lesley Patterson 50.8 per cent., Beth Harding 56 per cent., Beryl Parkinson 51.2 per cent., Fay Sheridan 47.8 per cent.

PRIZE LIST, 1942.

FORM PRIZES: Grade II, Janice Prizeman; Grade III, Diana Horsley; Grade IV, Joy Cummins; Grade V, Leith Gallagher, Heather Brett, Minna Dawes; Grade VI, Valerie Biggs, Shirley Walker, Margaret Berkman, Corinne Harris; Grade VII, Alison Ralston; Form IV, Daphne Salisbury, Jane Oakeley, Maureen Griffith; Form V, Lyndall Hughes, Maureen Kirk; Form VI B, Alice Wilson; Form VI A (Dux), Pat Penrose.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Divinity: Primary, Joy Cummins; Grades VI and V, Joan Hammond; Forms III and IV, Maureen Griffith, Daphne Salisbury; Forms VI and V, Lyndall Hughes.

The Alexander Crichton Prize for Mathematics (presented by Miss McGowan), Maureen Kirk.

The Harward Prize for English, Alice Wilson.

Geography and Biology (presented by Miss Mathews), Lyndall Hughes.

Art of Speech (presented by Miss Gower), Cecily Stern.

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

Physical Culture (Senior), Nereda Hudson.

Physical Culture (Junior), (presented by Miss Keane), Madeline Eager.

The Slade Cup for Needlework, Neal House.

Mathematics IV Form, Mary Shelley.

Commercial Certificates: Shorthand Elementary, Valmae Clark; Shorthand Elementary, Marjorie Dickenson; Shorthand Intermediate, Marjorie McDonald; Typewriting Senior, Marjorie McDonald.

MUSIC CERTIFICATES.

Grade II: Jane Oakeley, 85 per cent., Honours. Jane Oakeley (Theory), 83 per cent., Credit.

Grade III: Natalie Laidlaw, 83 per cent., Credit; Natalie Laidlaw (Theory), 80 per cent., Credit; Maureen Kirk, 77 per cent., Credit, Maureen Kirk (Theory), 81 per cent., credit; Leona Whip,

- 78 per cent., Credit; Rae Long, 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade IV: Rae Long (Theory), 72 per cent., Pass.
 Grade III: Ray Sheridan, 79 per cent., Credit; Daphne Salisbury, 75 per cent., Credit.
 Grade IV: Daphne Salisbury (Theory), 90 per cent., Honours.
 Grade III: Corinne Harris, 71 per cent., Pass.
 Grade IV: Corinne Harris (Theory), 78 per cent., Credit.
 Grade III: Betty Young, 70 per cent., Pass.
 Grade IV: Betty Young (Theory), 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade III: Beryl Hammond, 65 per cent., Pass.
 Grade IV: Beryl Hammond (Theory), 76 per cent., Credit.
 Grade IV: Mary Shelley, 83 per cent., Honours; Mary Shelley (Theory), 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade IV: Shirley Walker, 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade V: Shirley Walker (Theory), 90 per cent., Honours.
 Grade IV: Valda Smith, 70 per cent., Pass; Joan Hammond, 66 per cent., Pass; Lesley Patterson (Theory), Credit.
 Grade V: Joan Hammond (Theory), 87 per cent., Honours.
 Grade IV: Marite Russell, 65 per cent., Pass.
 Grade VI: Marite Russell (Theory), 97 per cent., Honours.
 Grade V: Frances Horsley, 85 per cent., Honours.
 Grade V: Frances Horsley (Theory), 89 per cent., Honours.
 Grade V: Diana Horsley, 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade VI: Diana Horsley (Theory), 95 per cent., Honours.
 Grade V: Gwen Neilson, 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade VI: Gwen Neilson (Theory), 90 per cent., Honours.
 Grade V: Shirley Hill, 79 per cent., Credit.
 Grade VI: Shirley Hill (Theory), 75 per cent., Credit.
 Grade V: Alison Ralston, 65 per cent., Pass.
 Grade V: Alison Ralston (Theory), 93 per cent., Honours.
 Grade V: Diana Rushton (Theory), 82 per cent., Theory.
 Grade V: Gloria Donavon (Theory), 73 per cent., Pass.
 Grade VI: Beryl Parkinson, 80 per cent., Credit.
 Grade VI: Beryl Parkinson (Theory), 94 per cent., Honours;
 Margaret Berkman (Theory), Honours.
 Grade VI: Joan Kellaway (Theory), 91 per cent., Honours.
 Grade VII: Janice Prizeman, 93 per cent., Honours.

ART OF SPEECH.

- Grade II: Cecily Stern, 85 per cent., Honours; Una Wilson, 78 per cent., Credit; Marjorie Dickenson, 72 per cent., Pass.
 Grade IV: Betty Deshon, Honours; Mary Shelley, 82 per cent., Credit; Sheila Stern, 82 per cent., Credit.
 Grade V: Ailsa Gillies, 79 per cent., Credit.
 Grade VI: Nancy Squires, 80 per cent., Credit; Anita Bray, 71 per cent., Pass.

Senior Public Certificate: Pat Anderson.

Junior Public Certificates: Jill Penrose, Blanche Pyne, Dorothy Thomas.

TENNIS PRIZES

Junior Championship: Betty Thomson.

Senior Championship: Peggy Sheridan.

Junior Doubles: Fay Sheridan, Betty Thomson.

Senior Doubles: Peggy Sheridan, Gloria Donavon.

Inter-House Tennis Cup: Crothers.

Inter-House Net Ball Cup: Slade.

Inter-House Athletics Cup: Crothers.

Old Girls' Prize: Peggy Sheridan.

SPORTS NOTES

ATHLETICS NOTES.

Last year we were again victorious in Athletics, and everyone was very thrilled because it was a double victory with Slade. The points were all fairly close, and so the competition was very keen, especially in the last event—the Open Relay, which was very close and one of the most exciting events of the afternoon.

The week before the Sports were held, we spent a very happy afternoon at Slade Oval in competition with the boys. We came a tie!

Ann Muir, Nereda Hudson and Fay Sheridan were our best athletes; and we all thank Miss Thomson for her help during the Athletics Season.

This year we are again practising even harder. Miss Keane is kindly coaching us, and Mr. Olsen comes up once a week to give us some of his excellent advice. We wish to thank them for their help and hope to reward their efforts with success.

Crothers House won the inter-house competition at the annual inter-house sports of St. Catharine's School. Final points were: Crothers House $41\frac{1}{2}$ points, Barnes House $27\frac{1}{2}$, Slade House $21\frac{1}{2}$, Neal House $19\frac{1}{2}$. The senior championship resulted in a tie between Nereda Hudson and Fay Sheridan, both gaining 6 points, while Muriel Castle won the junior championship with 9 points. In his speech at the conclusion of the sports, at which friends, staff and

the girls spent a happy afternoon, the Rev. J. A. G. Housden emphasised the good sporting spirit of the girls. Mrs. J. J. Healy presented the inter-house, relay and ball games cups to Crothers House.

TENNIS NOTES.



TENNIS TEAM.

Left to Right—Back Row: Betty Deshon, Maureen Griffith, Fay Sheridan.
Front Row: Betty Thomson.

Members of the A. tennis team this year were Betty Deshon, Maureen Griffith, Fay Sheridan and Betty Thomson. The team practised very assiduously, and much to the pleasure of every one succeeded in winning the Trophy. As this is the first time for many years that St. Catharine's has won the cup, the occasion was a very exciting one.

The final results were: W.H.S. v. St. C., 22-48; St. C. v. P.G.C., 48-20; St. C. v. W.H.S., 46-23; P.G.C. v. St. C., 32-40.

Our B. team played two matches against W.H.S. and was successful in both.

We wish to thank our Tennis Mistress, Miss Brown, and also Miss Mathews, who arranged a tennis party with Slade for us.

Before the end of the year we hope to play Toowoomba, so once again must settle down to our industrious practice.

NETBALL NOTES.



NETBALL TEAM.

Left to Right—Back Row: Fay Sheridan, Betty Thomson, Miss R. Edwards (Coach), Nereda Hudson.
Front Row: Shirley Livermore, Margaret Wilson, Madeline Eager.

The members of our "A" Netball Team were Margaret Wilson (Captain), Betty Thomson, Madeline Eager, Natalie Laidlaw, Fay Sheridan, Beryl Hammond and Nereda Hudson.

This season has proved the most exciting of all, and our final matches against W.H.S. drew all those interested in the two schools, to urge on the players. When the final match was played on the neutral court at P.G.C., although it was a very bitter and bleak day, the barrackers forgot the weather in their excitement.

W.H.S. now holds the Netball Cup for 1943, and we must congratulate them on their victory, hoping that we may win next year.

Sincere thanks are offered to Miss Edwards, our Netball mistress, in appreciation of the splendid coaching she gave the team during the season.

The final results were:—

First Round: St. Catharine's v. P.G.C., 24-15; W.H.S. v. St. Catharine's, 16-11.

Second Round: St. Catharine's v. P.G.C., 23-20; St. Catharine's v. W.H.S., 15-14; and W.H.S. v. St. Catharine's, 15-17.

Our House Netball Matches were postponed from last term to this, but as yet none have been played. The girls have taken an enthusiastic interest in all matches and practices.

SWIMMING NOTES.

This year we again entered for the Swimming Carnival after much hesitation, and hoped to do better than last year. We gained second place, losing only by 5 points, much to our disappointment, but we extend to W.H.S. our hearty congratulations.

We obtained a creditable place in several events, Nereda Hudson winning the 60 yards freestyle, the open diving, and the open backstroke; Maureen Kirk coming second in the backstroke and third in the freestyle. The juniors also did their best, and Jill Harding came second in the 30 yards freestyle. We won the open relay which was the last event and very exciting.

We wish to thank Miss Mathews and Miss Allen for giving us their time at practices.

**"WHAT WE LIKE DETERMINES WHAT WE ARE AND IS THE
SIGN OF WHAT WE ARE."**

I saw the shadow of a man leaning against the wall of Hardigan's hotel. It was a dark winter's night, and yet I recognised immediately that lolling, black form. It was Dave O'Brien from the river bank.

I hesitated a moment, but decided to continue. After all, O'Brien was quite harmless, and if I tried to avoid him, I should have to stumble over bricks and hop the bags of cement scattered around the building on the opposite side of the street.

I was very close to the dark figure now, and as he lifted a lighted match to his filthy, stumpy pipe, his hands shaking like an old man, I saw his face. It was an ugly face, yet I knew he was only young, and perhaps the bitterness and weakness written there were more emphasised because his beard had gone, because he had only three days' growth on his chin and upper lip.

O'Brien was reeling from drink, and his lips and chin were wet with white foam. His face was distorted and wry, and his mouth hung loosely at the corners, with the smelly pipe fixed between his blackened teeth.

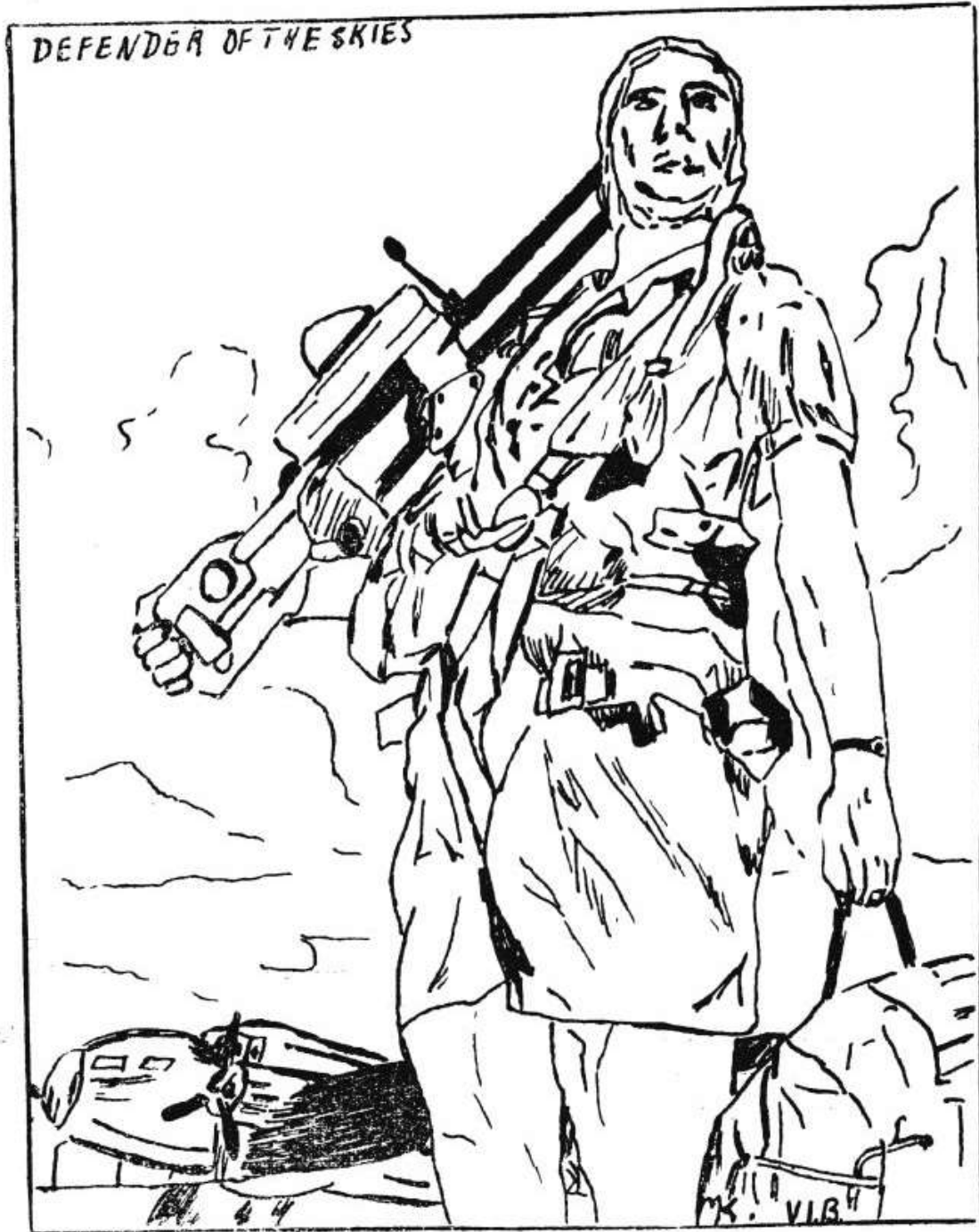
He lifted his eyes, and the flickering light threw dark shifting shadows upon his face; the effect was hideous, and I shuddered visibly. His glassy eyes were quick, for he saw my sudden fright, and he tottered, clutching the window sill of the hotel, smiling slowly and wickedly, still holding the dying match to his face.

The match had almost vanished into a black, bent thread, and the light was only a faint glow above his finger tips, and still this creature, in his mad stupor, rolled unconsciously on his weak legs.

The flame reached his fingers, and in a wild, muffled voice, he cursed shockingly. I heard his moans and agonised cries far into the night as I hurried past.

This man was my friend.

MARGARET WILSON (Form VIB)



MAUREEN KIRK (FORM VIB)

BUTTONS.

We are first introduced to buttons in babyhood. They are not buttons then, of course, but round, shiny things, that are hard and cold, and good to suck. They are seldom sucked thoroughly, however, because that comforting, but unfortunately, interfering person who calls herself "Mummy," persists in taking them away, and, in spite of our heart-rending wails, firmly and severely informs us that buttons are "bad." It is not until later that we find buttons

growing on our jackets. They are amazingly deep-rooted, and absolutely refuse to be pulled.

Four is an amusing age, because it is completely unspoiled. It is amusing because it does not know it is being amusing. It is not troubled by convention, or by the fear of being rude or tactless. It says what it thinks, and its innocence is refreshing. Four sits gazing with wide eyes at a strange woman in a large red hat; the large red hat has a large pink posy fastened on the ribbon in front. The posy is amazingly like a glowing safety-lamp on a miner's forehead. "You know," says Four, slowly, solemnly, innocently, "I wouldn't a' had the flower."

Four is an interesting age for the classification of buttons. It classes buttons in exactly the same way as it classes hats. Some of them—the coloured buttons—are simply flowers grown hard. These are really the least interesting, because everyone has coloured buttons, although dozens of curious folk refuse to believe they are really flowers. Such people, of course, could never have been Four, or even Five. They must have grown in bounds.

The beautiful buttons that gleam and shine in the sunlight are the pretty, pearly teeth that the fairies find under the carpet. Not many people know that—but Four knows.

Buttons to Six are a nuisance. They are no longer good to suck, nor are they fairies' teeth, nor flowers; they are simply buttons—awkward, slippery buttons that have to be fastened. In fact, buttons continue to be a nuisance, or simply a necessity, for years. Then, suddenly, at Sixteen, they soar into prominence again. They soar so high, indeed, that they pass the "merely interesting" stage of babyhood, and leap to the stage of fascination. Here they remain, and hold their sway till Fifty, and then, gradually, the poor buttons sink down and down in the estimation of our fickle minds, until once again they reach the stage of Six, and become nothing more than—a mere necessity.

ALICE WILSON (Form VIA)

A SALE.

As I wended my aimless way along one of the poorer streets of a small town, my attention was captured by a flaunting red banner on which was printed in large, bold letters, the word "SALE." The banner was somewhat ragged, it is true, and its colour had faded to a bright pink, but it was nevertheless clearly a challenge, for surely there is nothing more fascinating, more provoking to human curiosity, than a sale. However, I was determined I would not make one of the motley assembly behind that notice, so firmly walked past it. It flapped at me, mischievously, impudently and, alas for human weakness! I slowly halted and peered over the fence.

The house was small and dingy and, stripped of all its homeliness, seemed desolate and weary; but through and around it were bustling noisy crowds, and from the open door the shouts of the auctioneer rose above the din. There was about the scene a kind of excitement which was irresistible. I walked in.

The atmosphere inside was stifling, for five small rooms were never meant to contain such a large quantity of somewhat moist humanity. Everywhere were piles of various household articles, among which women eagerly poked and pried; for sales seem invariably to appeal to the feminine side of society, perhaps because they offer an opportunity to procure amazing bargains. Everyone seemed to be animated by the strange excitement I felt myself, and shrill voices cried the bids, joined occasionally by a deeper one.

The auctioneer was a large man with a very red, perspiring face which he periodically wiped vigorously, with a dirty white handkerchief. Shouting raucously he moved slowly from one pile of goods to another, followed by a singing crowd of eager bargain-hunters, each determined to outbid the others. By the time he reached the "Assorted Oddments" pile, I was bidding with unsurpassed enthusiasm.

It is a strange thing, this attraction which the sale of a fellow-being's belongings exerts. Perhaps it is caused by our curiosity, the desire to see what we can of another man's personality as revealed to us by his personal possessions. Perhaps again it is the very human instinct to acquire some article at the least possible cost. Perhaps it is the delight of carrying off that which our neighbour also covets, the stimulation of battle. Perhaps it is a medley of all these desires which makes an auction a most interesting and invigorating entertainment.

I only know that I am now the not very enthusiastic possessor of a pair of very tarnished brass ashtrays, a pile of battered and ancient books, and an antique bath tub. As I staggered past the red banner, it flapped at me, mischievously, impudently.

LYNDALL HUGHES (Form VIB)

EDUCATION IN WAR TIME.

Many people say that in war time, education above a certain mediocre standard should be abolished, and that children over the primary school leaving age should be put to some useful defence work. But would that be wise? No, indeed, it would be disastrous to introduce such a law, and only one who had absolutely no insight into the future would premeditate such a foolish act.

What is education primarily? It is the means by which a child is taught to think clearly and reason for himself, so that he

may play his part in the world, a free man, one who knows what he wants, and helps to make the world a better place.

It is only by education and the elimination of ignorance that the world will improve—and after all, what are we fighting the war for, except to obtain a purer and better universe? So I ask, why bother fighting for an improved world, if, in doing so, the means by which it may be kept on a high standard, is abolished?

It is well to say that children could resume their education after the war, or that the number taken away from school would not amount to many—but how many would return to school after having left for several years? And again, the number forced to leave would certainly amount to many thousands, and they would be the ones expected to reconstruct this devastated world, when the powers of destruction and evil have been crushed.

In my opinion education is needed more than ever in war time, and indeed, if people would pay more attention to education—their preparation for good and broadminded life—instead of bursting into the world, ignorant and narrow-minded, there would be fewer wars and more happiness than we have in this time of futility and lack of learning.

MELVA LAW (Form V)

PRACTICAL FIRST-AID.

It is very seldom that after learning first-aid one has the opportunity of applying one's knowledge on a really broken limb. I had learnt all about splints and bandaging, but never expected to have any practical experience.

When I was staying with a friend on a property in the west, some sheep were mustered into small yards in a far paddock. An old ewe jumped over the fence and broke a hind leg. Betty and I were called upon to set the leg, as we knew more about it than anybody else on the station.

We took some pine for splints and some rags, and went out to the scene of the accident in an old utility truck. At the yards, we found the sheep in a bad condition with a compound fracture. The men held her down while we set the leg. I applied extension to the limb and then held the splints while Betty bandaged them.

By the time we had finished it looked to us like a professional job. Fortunately the old ewe was not very lively and did not kick. She was hoisted up into the back of the truck and she travelled home in state on some bags. She was put in the horse-paddock to recuperate. But if our first-aid was not successful, the ewe was old and not much loss.

JANE OAKELEY (Form V)

A PAINTING.

I stood on the shore of a lake, a mirror of clearness; and I gloried in the sight before me.

At my feet were masses of fern, the phantom feathery leaves catching the silver glow of the cloudy moon. Beyond was a scene of rare and exquisite beauty. The water was calm save for little tremulous ripples which curved and ran, and ran and dashed themselves like miniature breakers, against the shore.

In the distant east stood the hills, blurred and misty, and above them rose the moon. About Her was a cloudy sky and the flying clouds strove to hide her visage. But in vain they strove, for She shone purely on the still water, making a silver path of heavenly splendour.

Here and there the lake ran far into the sides of the hills; seeking, like some curious wild thing, the secrets of their wooded slopes.

In the midst of the lake a large, wooded island rose from the very depths of the water, and the ferns and low trees dipped and plunged for ever, in the cool ripples.

Low over the shining water, a flight of owls swooped, seeking their nightly prey. For a single moment, the moon caught the snowy plumage of these graceful birds, making each a thing of dazzling pureness, almost as a snowflake, falling after the storm has ceased.

And such was the beauty of this lake; and I thought, as I watched, that no picture, painted by man's hand, would ever capture this glory, this beauty, for this was a picture such as only God Almighty could produce.

ALISON RALSTON (Form IV)

THE ROAD TO MY HOME.

To an Irishman, "every road leads back to Ireland, when you are anywhere but there." So it may be said of anyone away from home, for, to many people "there is no place like home."

The road to my home is, for the most part, covered with a comparatively smooth layer of bitumen. It stretches for many miles through pleasant shady woodlands, extensive pastoral country, over mountain ridges and through towns and small settlements.

Offering a great contrast to the bustling town of Warwick are the districts which border the road to my home. Here and there are clumps of trees whose shadows are cast upon fresh grass dotted with small flowers.

Driving down a hill with what seems to be renewed energy at the prospect of returning home, we are agreeably satisfied at the

sight of undulating farmlands. Here, scattered among meadows green with crops newly grown, lie farmhouses, some with large out-houses or sheds. Some of the homesteads are of modern designs, while others show, in various ways, that they were built by early settlers in this particular district.

At several points in our journey, we pass hurriedly through growing townships, clearly denoting the prosperity of the surrounding neighbourhood. On we go over hill and dale.

Over mountain ridges which sometimes soar to craggy peaks and are boulder strewn, we wend our way until the "Queen of the Darling Downs," Toowoomba, is reached.

Here we wind through a maze of streets lined with beautiful evergreen trees. At last we leave the turmoil that is the centre of Toowoomba and return to the quiet countryside.

After passing picturesque Gowrie Mountain, we descend upon some of the rich pastoral districts of the Darling Downs. In this region houses are very few as the properties are extensive.

Soon we leave the bitumen highway and travel along a somewhat bumpy road, passing through a rather poor type of district.

The appearance of the encompassing countryside suddenly changes to a decidedly rich agricultural centre, likened, by a true Irishman, to the "Emerald Isle" itself. This is the district in which I reside.

Soon we have traversed the road to my home, through generally beautiful country. Every twist and turn has brought to our sight something delightfully different, but, in my opinion, not half as beautiful as my home district.

BERYL MEIER (Form IV)

"AN OLD BLACKFELLOW."

He was known to everyone as "Old Billy Combango." He had lived in our district most of his life and came to our station three or four years before his death.

Nobody knew how old he was. He had no idea, himself, but the oldest settlers of the district said that he must have been in his seventies. He had a pure white beard and hair which contrasted with his dark face. He was a very happy person and had a very keen sense of humour.

He was partially blind, but even with this great drawback he was a wonderful tracker, and like most aborigines, he seemed to

have something which told him what to do in emergencies. Perhaps it was instinct, or perhaps it was not, but he certainly had something, which very seldom shows out in a white man.

He had two old horses and two faithful dogs. He would rather have starved himself than let his dogs go hungry.

In his own way he was clever at woodcraft. With the aid of a hatchet, a piece of mulga or brigalow would soon become a boomerang, or a nulla nulla, or a native shield. He would squat down on the ground, and with his hatchet, he would chop at a piece of wood till at last it was the required shape.

Sometimes we could manage to persuade him to sing us a "black-fellow song." He could keep us entertained for hours with this, or stories of himself when he was young.

He was a great rider and frequently went hunting rabbits with his dogs "Bunner" and "Gilbert." The former's proper name was Bruno, but as "Old Bill" could not say this, he was always referred to as "Bunner."

One day, he and my father were droving a mob of sheep to a neighbour's station. They camped on a fence for the mid-day rest, and then Dad left him. Barely half an hour had passed when the mailman came back and told us that he had seen Bill lying on the road. Thinking he was asleep he touched him and found he was dead.

His horse and dogs stood beside him, faithful till the end.

HELEN NAYLOR (Scholarship)

FOR WHICH WE FIGHT.

A peaceful landscape, green: great knotted gums—
A country lane.

Blue hazy mountains on the clear horizon—
endless plain.

Fields golden with ripe corn awaiting harvest,
A kookaburra's note proclaiming day,
White smoke from farmhouse chimneys through the twilight,
The fresh, sweet scent of rain on new mown hay.

A busy city, rushed with patt'ring feet—
broad pavements grey.

Tall graceful buildings stretching to the skyline—
windows gay.

The screech of factory whistles in the morning,
The whistling milk-man at the kitchen door,

The loud, shrill cry of news boys in the evening,
Then hushed awhile the traffic's deafening roar.

These are the things so dear to every memory;
Land of our hope and promise, let us say—
She is our heritage, we must defend her,
Arise Australia fair to meet the day.

VALMAE CLARK (Form VIB)

AMBITION.

Urged ever on to triumph's goal,
By steadfast will to gain success,
By that in every human soul,
That ever bids us ask no less
Than to win our heart's desire;
And cast all cares from out the mind,
As we seek for something higher,
And we earn the love of all mankind.

'Tis not for self, reward or gain,
But just to know, when glory dies,
That we have won no crown of fame
But that on which we fixed our eyes.
Ambition lives throughout the years,
And effort's kindly helping hands
Aid those whose hopes are stayed by fears;
Ambition then all bars withstands.

DAPHNE SALISBURY (Form V)

GEOMETRY.

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer's "Trees.")

I think that I shall never see
A subject hard as Geometry;
From parallels I get no rest,
With pentangles I do my best;
And then I sit, and look, and sigh,
While puzzling out the angle Y.
This subject fills my heart with care,
It makes grey patches in my hair.
Be the discoverer Greek or Dane,

To me it seems he was not sane
 For it is learnt by fools like me,
 That brains must solve Geometry.

JUNE ETIDOLPH (Form V)

I THANK THEE.

Lord I thank Thee
 For the blithely singing breeze
 That, as it passes
 Whispers secrets to the trees,
 To soft green grasses.

Grasses rustling, swaying slight,
 Leaves on trees aquiver;
 Sunbeams' play on Fay's delight—
 Gentle webs that shiv'r.

Creamy hue of stalwart trunk,
 Straight and pure as Thee.
 Great long brown roots deeply sunk,
 Through eternity.

Tinkling, bubbling, pearling streams,
 Azure blue above,
 Cloudlet floating, weaving dreams,
 That deems elfins' love.

For our laughter ringing true,
 For a friend's kind eyes,
 For good inspired by You,
 And . . . for sacrifice.

JUNE SYMES (Form V)

LAUDATE!

One day I wandered out to look
 At the sunset.
 The blue was flecked with clouds
 Like to a net
 That spread its dainty pattern
 For me to discern
 Its colour.
 For the sun with its wealth of light

Lent to the soft clouds at twilight
 An iridescence,
 Not to be found
 Though I were bound
 To search the gorgeous wonders
 To make some noiseless plunders
 Of the essence,
 Of Beauty, that flows bountifully o'er our world
 Like a radiant pageant, a wide flag unfurled.
 Nay, the delicate hints
 Of some beauteous tints,
 Give the cloud world, with celestial glory
 A touch that rings true only in story.
 Only the dimmest and sweetest of hues
 With deep rosy reds and far away blues
 Coloured the farthest fluff
 Like some light filmy stuff
 Clothing the lily white body of elf and fay.
 How fitting those tonings should end the long day
 Of sorrow and joy
 The gold and alloy
 Before the world rests, from turmoil and fear
 Of an unknown to-morrow in far away sphere.
 So man of the city, the towns and the fields,
 Man who lies idle, or busy tool wields,
 Modern sophisticate, mothers of care,
 Youthful young souls so ready to dare,
 Come, drown all the mundane affairs of your call
 And worship and sing to Creator of all.

EVENING STAR.

Oh, evening star, who shinest
 in the night,
 How dost thy sparkling face—
 become so bright.
 To thy count'nance a thousand
 faces turn.
 Thy light has oft saved lives—
 on earth and sea,
 When threatening torment weakened
 every knee.
 So cast thy beaming splendour
 on this earth,
 And show thy people all thy
 heavenly worth.

HELEN HOPE (Grade VI)

OLD GIRLS' NOTES.



MAUREEN KIRK (FORM VIB)

PAT ANDERSON is nursing at the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

PEGGY SHERIDAN, DOROTHY BURGESS, MARY NYSTROM, JOYCE DONOVAN and **JOAN BAIN** are solving the domestic problem by helping at home.

BLANCHE PYNE and **THELMA FRAZER** have joined the **W.R.A.N.S.**

MARJORIE McDONALD is on the staff of the Commonwealth Bank, Brisbane.

SHIRLEY DEVINE, UNA WILSON, NATALIE LAIDLAW, and **IRIS CORDEROY** all hold commercial positions in Warwick, and are frequent visitors to the school.

HAZEL REARDON is work at Dalgety's in Brisbane.

JUNE SINGLE is on the staff of the Bank of New South Wales in Warwick.

JOYCE HUGHES (Ogg) is still living in England.

PHYLLIS BASKERVILLE is teaching at Cement Mills, **DOT McDONALD** at Cleveland, **MARGARET LANEY** outside Ipswich.

EILEEN RIGALL has joined the A.A.M.W.S.

JOYCE STIDOLPH is convalescing in Brisbane, before returning to munitions work. At the beginning of the year she announced her engagement to Sgt. Pilot David Ross, R.A.A.F., England.

MARY TAYLOR is holidaying in Warwick and, during Miss Telford's absence with influenza, taught in the Primary School.

BARBARA HODSON is working at the Downs Co-operative Store, Toowoomba.

PAT PENROSE is attending a Business College in Brisbane.

JUNE BUCHESTER is working at the Queensland Trustees, Toowoomba.

PEGGY BIGG is working at Gleeson's Store, Stanthorpe.

BERYL GRIFFITHS is in the Land Army in New South Wales.

MILLICENT CAMERON is working in the Bank of New South Wales, Sydney.

DOROTHY THOMAS is on the staff of the Bank of New South Wales, Mackay.

VAL GARDNER (Lucas) is working in Dr. Oakeley's Surgery, Warwick.

PAT FOGARTY is nursing at "Glenrowan" Hospital in Brisbane.

The following have announced their engagements:—

PEGGY BIGG, DOROTHY BURGESS, JOYCE STIDOLPH, MARGARET LANEY.

MARRIAGES.

UNA SIMTH—Mr. LESLEY CHARLES.

VIDA WILSON—Mr. ARTHUR McAULEY (ex A.I.F.).

GRACE LUCAS—Sgt. "Mac" ROWLAND.

VAL LUCAS—PILOT OFFICER HUGH GARDNER.

BIRTHS.

ESME RATCLIFFE (WARNER)—daughter.

NANCY CAMPBELL (WHATLEY)—daughter.

MOIRA HALL (JOHNSTONE)—daughter.

We regret to announce the unexpected death of Constance Clowes after a brief illness. She did much good work quietly and unobtrusively, and amongst other things very kindly filled in a gap as Secretary to the O.G.A. for some months previous to her illness.