

The Saga



WARWICK
September, 1944

Warwick Daily News.

CHRONICLE

of

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL

SCHOOL OFFICERS

SCHOOL CAPTAIN Maureen Kirk
PREFECTS Maureen Kirk, Margaret Wilson, Sheila Harvey,
Marjorie Dickinson, Lyndall Hughes
PRO-PREFECTS Madaline Eagar, Daphne Salisbury,
Maureen Griffith

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Barnes House First half-year, Bernice Harding
Second half-year, Lyndall Hughes
Crothers House Maureen Kirk
Neal House First half-year, Barbary Becker
Second half-year, Sheila Harvey
Slade House Margaret Wilson

SPORT CAPTAINS

Athletics Captain Fay Sheridan
Netball Captain Margaret Wilson
Swimming Captain Maureen Kirk
Tennis Captain Betty Thomson

FORM CAPTAINS

Form VI Maureen Kirk
Form V Jill Harding
Form IV Helen Naylor
Scholarship Gwen Neilson
Sixth Marigold Reardon
Primary Sybil Frisby

MAGAZINE EDITRESS Lyndall Hughes
SUB-EDITRESS Daphne Salisbury

EDITORIAL

We have in the past years spoken of the stress of war, its effect on school life and on the young mind, and of plans for the strengthening and purification of the ideals of youth after this time of turmoil. This year our theme should, we think, be "gratitude."

The end of this stupendous struggle is at last within view, and we feel an intense relief, almost an exaltation, in the completion of this part of our task. The people of our land are proud of the effort they and theirs have produced in conflict, but perhaps it would be well to consider, in all humility, how small a part we, as individuals, have played and how great a debt we owe to those who have borne the burden. We greet our fighting men as they march through the streets with deep love and a fierce pride, but do we really feel gratitude—a humility of the heart, a devoted acknowledgment of their sacrifice?

The youth of Australia, the youth now in the schools, to whom will come in their turn a heavy responsibility, should be imbued with the spirit of gratitude—gratitude for opportunities purchased with sacrificial blood, gratitude for the right to build the new world of their dreams, gratitude for the example of fortitude, faith and hope set before them in the lives and deaths of heroes. The high ideals of youth, its ruthlessness, its fearlessness, its buoyancy, will be needed for the life—not new, but of a house swept clean—which we hope to rebuild; but its foundations must be laid firm in humility of spirit—a humility born of gratitude for the agony, the torment, the unrest of our elders and our unwillingness to allow so great a misery to be inflicted again on man.

Let then our schools and their children in the enthusiasm, the fervour of fresh ideals, and clearer faith, remember the need for that most wholesome and charitable of emotions—gratitude.

—LYNDALL HUGHES.

THE PRIMROSE

Under the hedge grew a primrose gay,
 Hidden away, hidden away.
 I found it there with its leaves of green,
 The prettiest flower I ever had seen.
 She gazed at me with her golden face,
 A flower of wondrous fairy grace.
 She looked at me and then she said,
 O please leave me here in my mossy bed,
 My flowers will wither and die away,
 So please leave me here till another day.

—S. SAXBY, Age 7, Grade 2.



The increase in our numbers has continued. We ended 1943 with 102 boarders and began 1944 with 132. However, by mid-term we reduced that number to 125, which we have decided is to be our limit.

Once more Public Examination results have been very satisfactory. Alice Wilson and Jill Penrose were successful in the Senior, and twelve girls in the Junior Examinations, the other two candidates each passing in three subjects. The Scholarship girls all gained Extension Scholarships. Melva Law gained a Junior Teachers' Scholarship and is now at the Teachers' Training College. Daphne Salisbury and Jane Oakeley each passed in ten subjects, Daphne gaining eight A's and Jane five. We were sorry to lose Jane to Glennie, but glad that Daphne and four others have returned to work for Senior. Five of our Scholarship candidates were also successful, Helen Naylor securing a particularly good pass.

Music and Art of Speech results (both Theoretical and Practical) have again been excellent. We were very sorry to lose Mrs. Vary in October, but Miss Keane has carried on very ably as Senior Music Mistress. We are very grateful to Mr. Leadbitter and to Miss Stay for so kindly coming to help us out till the end of the year.

Miss Keane, who has done the Bjelke-Peterson course of training, has also had regular classes for Physical Culture. Mr. W. H. Coulson has very kindly presented us with a handsome Cup for Inter-House Physical Culture Competition.

The various forms of sport have been indulged in with great enthusiasm, and the usual Inter-House Tennis, Netball and Circlos matches have been played. In Athletics last September we were not successful though we had an excellent senior team. We were very pleased, however, that Slade once more gained a well-deserved victory and secured the Appel Cup.

In March we joined in the Swimming Carnival and tied with Warwick High School for first place. In Tennis and Netball we were also successful, so at present are holding all three Cups. An extra dance with Slade in the Parish Hall the first Friday after Midwinter proved a very popular recognition of this fact. We are looking forward to playing Toowoomba Netball and Tennis teams a little later in the year.

Weekly subscriptions from staff and pupils to our Prisoners of War Fund have been supplemented by the proceeds of a very successful concert held just before Midwinter, and the usual £52 has been forwarded to headquarters.

Handcraft has been added to our many activities, and Miss Mathews has taught the girls how to make felt gloves, posies and toys. Felt animals of various sizes and colours have adorned the dressing room tables and formed a new feature at the annual display of needlework which was set out for judging last December, and for which Crothers House was awarded the Cup, so kindly presented by Mrs. Slade to stimulate interest in this subject.

Missions have as usual been generously supported, and once again a very successful "Missions Afternoon" was held in the grounds of White House. A display of Massed Drill and of Country Dances were the main and much admired features of the afternoon. The proceeds amounted to £31. Altogether £66 has been forwarded to the A.B.M. in the past twelve months.

Bishop Cranswick gave us a very inspiring and helpful Missionary address towards the end of October; and as the result of an Impromptu Fancy Dress Ball held in the School Hall on November 6th £5/5/- was sent to the A.B.M. for his special "Reconstruction and Advance" Fund.

Archbishop Halse visited us on February 21st on the occasion of his first official visit to Warwick. After morning tea in the Reference Library, when he met the members of the staff, he talked to the children assembled on the front lawn before looking over the School. He visited Warwick again in June for Confirmation in the Parish Church, when fourteen of our girls were among the candidates. This time he also came to the School and met the girls individually.

On June 13th the Rev. W. G. Coghlan, Director of the Christian Social Order Movement, addressed a meeting in the Parish Hall, at which members of our Sixth Form were present. The following morning he gave an interesting talk to the children in the Assembly Hall.

The Rev. H. Shakespeare, of the B. and F. Bible Society, addressed the School more recently, and earlier in the year Mr. Francis gave us a Shakespearean Recital.

The Rev. Mother Superior paid a brief visit to the School during the Easter Vacation.

Sister Alice and her sister (Miss Amy Philpott) spent a fortnight with us at the end of last year, and worked hard with Miss Keane and Miss Edwards to produce the very beautiful Nativity Play which was witnessed by a large and appreciative audience on December 7th. Mr. Carstens very kindly managed the lighting for us, and the lawn above the tennis courts formed an ideal setting for the play.

Maureen Kirk and Jill Penrose were admitted as Prefects on All Saints' Day, when Marjorie Dickinson, Sheila Harvey, Bernice Harding and Nereda Hudson were elected pro-Prefects. We were sorry to lose Jill and Nereda in December, also Beryl Hammond, one of our senior and most responsible Prefects, who was also a member of the School Netball team. Our School Captain for 1943, Alice Wilson, is now a member of the staff, and teaches in the Primary School. Maureen Kirk became School Captain in February, when Madeline Eagar, Maureen Griffith and Daphne Salisbury were chosen as pro-Prefects. They received their badges on Ascension Day, when Marjorie, Sheila and Bernice, with Lyndall Hughes and Barbary Becker, were admitted as full Prefects.

Bernice and Barbary left us at Midwinter, also June Stidolph, who returned after her Junior to work specially at Commercial Subjects. June and Jane Oakeley, after their many years at St. Catharine's with their keen House and School spirit, have been greatly missed, also Betty Deshon, a member of our 1943 First Tennis Four, whose humorous recitations formed much appreciated items at School concerts.

Miss Marsden had to leave us in December, her mother's health necessitating her living nearer home. Unfortunately, Ipswich is nearer to her home than Warwick.

The Chapel has been ceiled and extended 25ft. Work was begun in February, but was held up owing to the difficulty of securing roofing materials. It was finished just before Midwinter, and we were able to hold the last Corporate Communion of the term there on June 20th. At this service the fourteen newly Confirmed girls received their First Communion.

The Bush House at the side of Mytton House has been taken down and in its place a large room built as a Boarders' Sitting Room. Fifth and Sixth Forms study there at night on their return from White House. Additional bath and shower rooms and an electric water heating system have added much to the comfort and convenience of all at Mytton.

The filling in of the remainder of the trenches and the building of cement paths have also much improved the appearance of the grounds.

PRIZE LIST, 1943
FORM PRIZES

Grade II: Carol Sullivan.

Grade III: Chelmer Campbell.

Grade IV: Margaret Geaney.

Grade V: Margaret Thomson, Jocelyn Cunningham.

Grade VI: Minna Dawes.

Grade VII: Helen Naylor.

Form IV: Beryl Meier, Wilma Giles, Beryl Thompson, Beth Harding.

Form V: Daphne Salisbury, Jane Oakeley, Melva Law, Maureen Griffith.

Form VIb: Maureen Kirk, Lyndall Hughes.

Form VIa: Dux, Alice Wilson; Jill Penrose.

SPECIAL PRIZES

DIVINITY: Primary, Merril Hancock. Grade V, Jocelyn Cunningham. Grade VI, Minna Dawes. Grade VII, Helen Naylor. Form IV, Joan Wall, Jill Harding. Form V, Maureen Griffith. Form VI, Lyndall Hughes.

THE ALEXANDER CRICHTON PRIZE FOR MATHEMATICS (presented by Mrs. McGowan): Maureen Kirk.

THE HARWARD PRIZE FOR ENGLISH: Lyndall Hughes.

GEOGRAPHY AND ZOOLOGY PRIZE: Margaret Wilson.

LATIN ANTIQUITIES AND ANCIENT HISTORY (presented by Mr. Woodward): Sheila Harvey.

GEOGRAPHY PRIZE (presented by Mr. Woodward): Daphne Salisbury.

ART OF SPEECH: Daphne Salisbury.

MUSIC, Senior: Jane Oakeley.

MUSIC, Junior: Chelmer Campbell.

THEORY (presented by Mrs. Vary): Helen Naylor.

COMMERCIAL: Nereda Hudson.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, Senior: Nereda Hudson.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, Junior (presented by Miss Keane): Beth Harding.

SLADE CUP FOR NEEDLEWORK: Crothers.

MUSIC CERTIFICATES

- GRADE I: Jane Oakeley, 82 per cent., Credit.
GRADE II: Corinne Harris, 70 per cent., Pass.
GRADE III: Marian Becker, 85 per cent., Honours.
GRADE IV: Marian Becker (Theory), 79 per cent., Credit.
GRADE III: Fay Sheridan, 83 per cent., Credit.
GRADE IV: Fay Sheridan (Theory), 65 per cent., Pass.
GRADE III: Lyndall Ferguson, 76 per cent., Credit.
GRADE III: Lyndall Ferguson (Theory), 79 per cent., Credit.
GRADE III: Shirley Walker, 75 per cent., Credit.
GRADE IV: Shirley Walker (Theory), 69 per cent., Pass.
GRADE III: Lesley Patterson, 68 per cent., Pass.
GRADE III: Valda Smith, 66 per cent., Pass.
GRADE IV: Gwen Nielsen, 82 per cent., Credit.
GRADE V: Gwen Neilsen (Theory), 90 per cent., Honours.
GRADE IV: Joan Wall, 73 per cent., Pass.
GRADE IV: Joan Wall (Theory), 85 per cent., Honours.
GRADE IV: Shirley Hill, 71 per cent., Pass.
GRADE V: Shirley Hill (Theory), 86 per cent., Honours.
GRADE IV: Minna Dawes, 69 per cent., Pass.
GRADE V: Minna Dawes (Theory), 90 per cent., Honours.
GRADE IV: Alison Ralston, 65 per cent., Pass.
GRADE IV: Alison Ralston (Theory), 95 per cent., Honours.
GRADE V: Judith Young, 85 per cent., Honours.
GRADE V: Belle McNickle, 75 per cent., Credit.
GRADE V: Belle McNickle (Theory), 92 per cent., Honours.
GRADE V: Sylvia Sorrensen, 75 per cent., Credit.
GRADE VI: Sylvia Sorrensen (Theory), 94 per cent., Honours.
GRADE V: Kathleen Banning, 72 per cent., Pass.
GRADE V: Kathleen Banning (Theory), 76 per cent., Credit.
GRADE V: Jocelyn Cunningham, 70 per cent., Pass.
GRADE VI: Jocelyn Cunningham (Theory), 91 per cent.,
Honours.
GRADE VI: Chelmer Campbell, 89 per cent., Honours.
PREPARATORY: Chelmer Campbell, 89 per cent., Honours.
GRADE VI: Margaret Geaney, 87 per cent., Honours.

GRADE VI: Merrill Hancock, 85 per cent., Honours.
 GRADE VI: Patricia Williams, 83 per cent., Credit.
 PREPARATORY: Juanita Banning, 85 per cent., Honours.

THEORY CERTIFICATES

GRADE III: Daphne Salisbury, 83 per cent., Credit.
 GRADE IV: Helen Naylor, 93 per cent., Honours.
 GRADE IV: Dorothy Milward, 83 per cent., Credit.
 GRADE IV: Marite Russell, 75 per cent., Credit.
 GRADE VI: Esme Hempel, 95 per cent., Honours.

VIOLIN CERTIFICATE

GRADE III: Diana Rushton, 65 per cent., Pass.

ART OF SPEECH

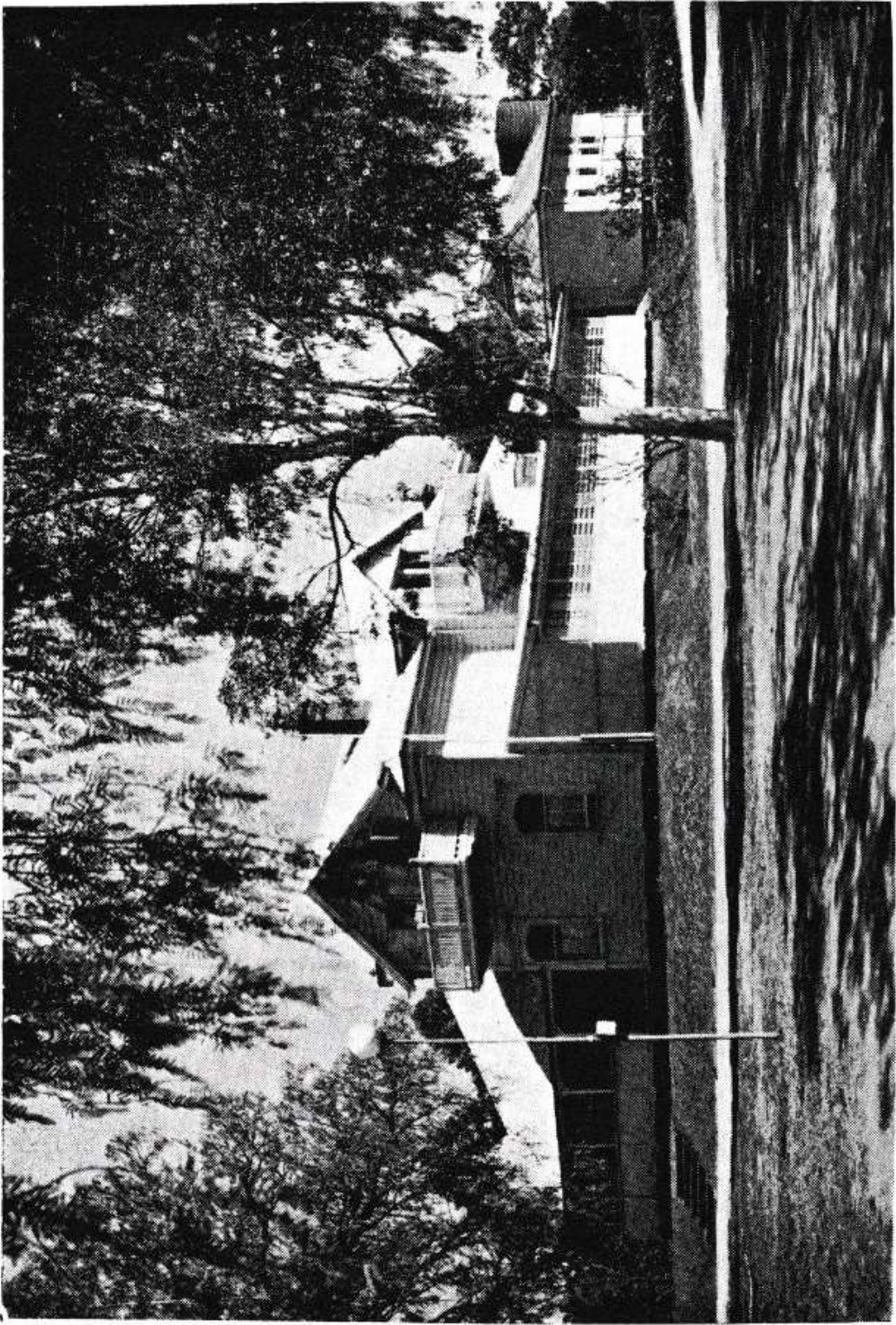
GRADE II: Daphne Salisbury, 86 per cent., Honours.
 GRADE II: Daphne Salisbury (Theory), 85 per cent., Honours.
 GRADE II: Betty Deshon, 79 per cent., Credit.
 GRADE II: Betty Deshon (Theory), 65 per cent., Pass.
 GRADE II: Diana Rushton, 76 per cent., Credit.
 GRADE IV: Helen Naylor, 78 per cent., Credit.
 GRADE V: Sally Sherry, 85 per cent., Honours.
 GRADE V: Kathleen Banning, 72 per cent., Pass.

TENNIS PRIZES

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP: Helen Naylor.
 SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP: Betty Thomson.
 JUNIOR DOUBLES: Helen Naylor and Corinne Harris.
 SENIOR DOUBLES: Maureen Griffith and Fay Sheridan.
 INTER-HOUSE TENNIS CUP: Barnes.
 INTER-HOUSE NETBALL CUP: Slade.
 INTER-HOUSE ATHLETICS CUP: Crothers.
 INTER-PATROL CUP: Magpie.
 INTER-HOUSE TROPHY: Crothers.

SCHOLARSHIP RESULTS

Helen Naylor, 75.8 per cent.; Belle McNickle, 60.7 per cent.;
 Jean Wehl, 60 per cent.; Joan Hammond, 49.6 per cent.; Shirley
 Walker, 43.8 per cent.; Corinne Harris, 60.8 per cent.; Judith
 Young, 60.2 per cent.; Marian Becker, 57 per cent.; Margaret
 Harders, 49 per cent.



WHITE HOUSE



NETBALL

LEFT TO RIGHT: Margaret Wilson (Captain, holding "Barnes" Cup), Madeline Eagar, Fay Sheridan, Muriel Castle, Helen Naylor, Betty Thomson, Mary Arden,

Examination Results

SENIOR	English	French	Anc. Hist.	Geog.	Maths.	Zoology	Mod. Hist.					
Jill Penrose	C	C	C	B								
Alice Wilson	B	B	B	C			C					
JUNIOR	English	French	Latin	Eng. Hist.	Geog.	Arith.	Algebra	Geom.	Phys.	Art of S.	Music	Bookkeep.
June Boatfield				C		B	B					
Betty Deshon	B	B		C				C	C	B		
Madeline Eagar	B	B	C		C		C	B	C			
Pat Edwards	C	C		C	C	B	C	B				
Lyndall Fergusson	D	B		C	C		B	B			B	
Maureen Griffith	B	B	C	A	A	B	A	B	B			
Melva Law	B	A		B		A	A	B	B			B
Shirley Livermore	C				C	B						
Jane Oakeley	A	A	A	C	A	B	B	C	B		A	
Daphne Salisbury	A	A		A	A	C	A	A	A	A	B	
June Stidolph	B	B		C			C	B	C			
June Symes	B	C	C	B	B	C	C	C	C			
Ruby Thomson	C			B	C	C	C	C				
Roma Warner	B			C	C		B	B				

MUSIC CERTIFICATES, 1944.

Trinity College: Intermediate, Marian Becker, 87 per cent.
Grade III: Fay Sheridan, Credit, 82 per cent.

ART OF SPEECH, 1944.

Theory: Grade II, B. Meier, 78 per cent.; Sylvia Sorenson, 76 per cent.; M. Arden, 75 per cent.; N. Smith, 66 per cent.; E. Hatten, 65 per cent.; C. Jackes, 54 per cent.

Practical: Grade V, Judith Bradhurst, 80 per cent. Grade IV, Sally Sherry, 80 per cent. Grade IV, Kathleen Banning, 71 per cent. Grade VI, Juanita Banning, 75 per cent.



CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

House Mistresses Miss Keane and Miss Allan

Office Bearers:

Pro-Prefects Daphne Salisbury, Madeline Eagar
House Captain Maureen Kirk
Netball Captain M. Eagar
Tennis Captain F. Sheridan
Athletics Captain F. Sheridan
House Colours Purple and Gold

Jottings from the House Minutes:

1943

14th August: Fay Sheridan elected Athletics Captain.
29th August: Congratulations to our Debating and Netball teams on their successes, also to Slade on winning the Netball Cup.

10th September: Crothers' fancy dress a very amusing and profitable entertainment. The three cups—Sports, Relay and Ball games—carried off by our victorious team. Fay Sheridan and Muriel Castle were praised for their outstanding efforts in winning the Senior and Junior Championships.

9th October: Good work Tennis team. Congrats, Barnes, on winning the Cup.

6th December: Crothers members thrilled with winning the Gardens and the House Trophy for 1943.

1944

4th February: Welcome, new girls! Congratulations to our successful Junior and Scholarship candidates, especially to Daphne, who got eight (8) A's in Junior. Our House Captain has been made Head Girl, and two of our Senior members pro-prefects. Our other sixth form girl was made a prefect.

29th March: Delighted to have Maureen (Captain), Madeline, Gwen, and Patsy representing us in the School Swimming team.

20th June: Once again Mrs. Crothers sent along her birthday cake, and all participated in her generosity.

All members have pulled together to make this half-year a very happy one, which has resulted in our gaining second place in the gardens and attaining the lead in marks towards the House Shield.

At the present we are all contributing towards Athletics, Netball, and Tennis once again, and music exams.

We are sorry to lose Lyndall, prefect and helpful House secretary and debater, but wish her every success as Barnes' House Captain. Good luck also to Sheila as Captain of Neal.

We extend thanks to our Mistresses for their helpful co-operation during the past year.

Wishing all Public Examination candidates every success, all Crotherites bid you Au Revoir!

BARNES HOUSE NOTES

Barnes House is raising itself from the wars and woes, joys and triumphs of school life in 1943-44 to present a word of its gains and losses.

This year has brought us many new girls and two new mistresses, who are proving themselves worthy acquisitions to our House. It has been rather difficult to adapt ourselves to conditions this year, as we lost at the end of last year our Captain, Beryl Hammond, also Jill Penrose, who had been leading lights in Barnes for many years. We were grieved to lose Miss Law and Miss Baronovsky from our ranks, but more than delighted to welcome in their places Mrs. Griffiths and Miss Abernethy. Bernice Harding, who took over Beryl's responsibilities as Captain, left us at

Midwinter and was replaced by Lyndall Hughes. Maureen Griffith, our other prefect, is doing an excellent job in House Organisations.

Now for achievements! We are proud and happy to claim the Inter-House Tennis Competition in 1943, and heartily congratulate our team on its good and loyal effort!

In the Inter-House Athletics, Barnes House displayed fine team spirit, coming second to Crothers House for the cup. Congratulations, Crothers, on your excellent effort!

Our garden has proved another source of pride. The whole House has exhibited keen interest in this aspect of House activities



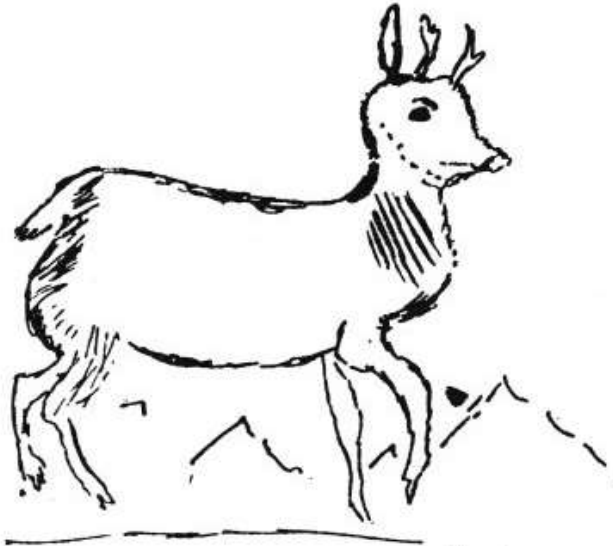
and even the little ones have done their best to grow turnips and beetroot for the common good, and the result has been that for the Midwinter examination of the gardens Barnes House headed the list.

Barnes has been working valiantly for the Inter-House Shield. For the half-year we gained the most marks in examination results, but unfortunately some of our wilder spirits managed to acquire a long list of disorder marks, which pulled us a good deal lower than Crothers in the sum total.

We congratulate all those of our members who passed in public examinations last year: Jill Penrose, Senior; Jane Oakeley, Betty Deshon, Maureen Griffith, Junior; Judith Young, Scholarship.

We shall have to show not only our customary keenness in school activities and intelligence in our work, but an even deeper sense of common responsibilities to our House. Then for the next year may we be as vigorous and happy a family as we have proved ourselves to be in the past.

Onward and Upwards, Barnes!

NEAL HOUSE NOTES

S. Sorenson

The past year has been a very unsettled one for Neal House owing to the change of staff and the lack of Senior girls. However, Neal has managed to overcome its difficulties, and we are looking forward to giving the other Houses some strong competition in the future. We were very sorry to lose Miss Marsden at the end of last year, and we welcome our new Mistresses, Mrs. Bridges and Miss Bunton, who came during the first term. We are pleased to have Miss Telford with us again this year.

We wish to congratulate Jean Wehl on her success in Scholarship, and Melva Law on her very good Junior pass last year. This year we have several candidates for the Scholarship and Junior examinations and one for Senior, and we wish them the best of luck.

During the first term we had the disadvantage of losing our garden, which was rendered useless by the drainage. We have begun another garden which shows signs of flourishing, owing to the enthusiasm of our members.

We have not played the Inter-House Netball yet, but we hope that our team will do well.

In the Swimming Sports, held at the beginning of the year, Neal was well represented in our School team. Those from Neal in the swimming team were Jill Harding, Beth Harding, Shirley Hill and Verna Maas. We wish to congratulate Beth Harding on winning the Junior Physical Culture Prize last year.

Barbary Becker, our former Captain, left us at Mid-winter, and we welcome our new leader, Sheila Harvey, who has been transferred from Slade House to be our Captain. Good luck, Neal, for 1945.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES


It was a great loss to Slade House when Mrs. Vary left during the year. We were also sorry to say good-bye to Alice Wilson, our former House Captain, but we were pleased to appoint Margaret Wilson in her place. Alice has returned instead as one of Slade House Mistresses, and, of course, we were very glad to welcome Miss Edwards back again this year, wishing them the best of luck for 1945.

Owing to dry and dusty weather, our garden did not progress for some time, so Slade House was unable to provide the quantities of vegetables which we were accustomed to send to the kitchen, but now conditions have improved our garden has shown signs of marked progress.

Congratulations, Crothers, on your victory in gaining the Athletics Cup, but Slade was not completely hidden in the background, for we enjoyed a large cake as prize for winning the Walking Relay.

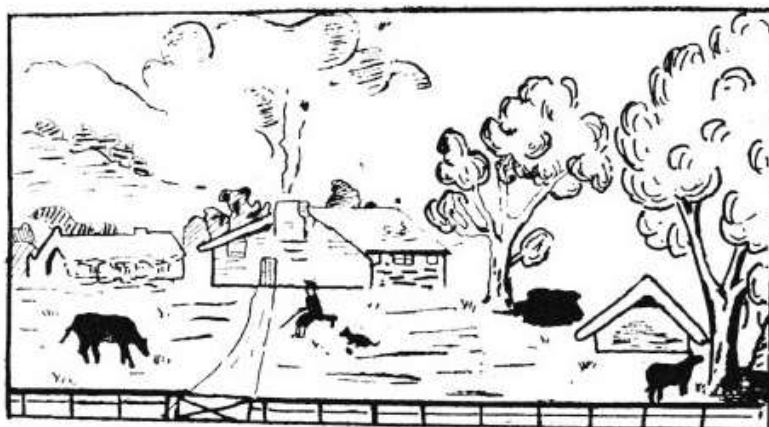
The House Netball matches will take place this term, and we wish Slade team the very best of luck, hoping we will tie our colours on the netball cup again this year as we were delighted to do in 1943.

The interest of the Primary School in Circlos is most apparent, and so often did our two members practice that they were completely successful in the inter-house matches during the first half-year.

We offer our congratulations to Marjorie Dickinson on being promoted to the position of full prefect, and were sorry to part with our old member, Sheila Harvey, who was also chosen as prefect when still a member of Slade House. Best luck, Sheila, as Captain of Neal!

Belle McNickle was successful in gaining a Scholarship pass, and Betty Thomson, Roma Warner, Pat Edwards, and June Symes in the Junior Public, while Alice Wilson passed Senior. Slade House congratulates these members and wishes the very best of luck to those who will be sitting for public examinations in 1944.

BOARDERS' NOTES



C. Jackes

At the commencement of 1944 there were many new faces among us, but the numerous School activities have made every new girl feel part of the School, and all take a great interest in School events, both in scholastic and sporting realms.

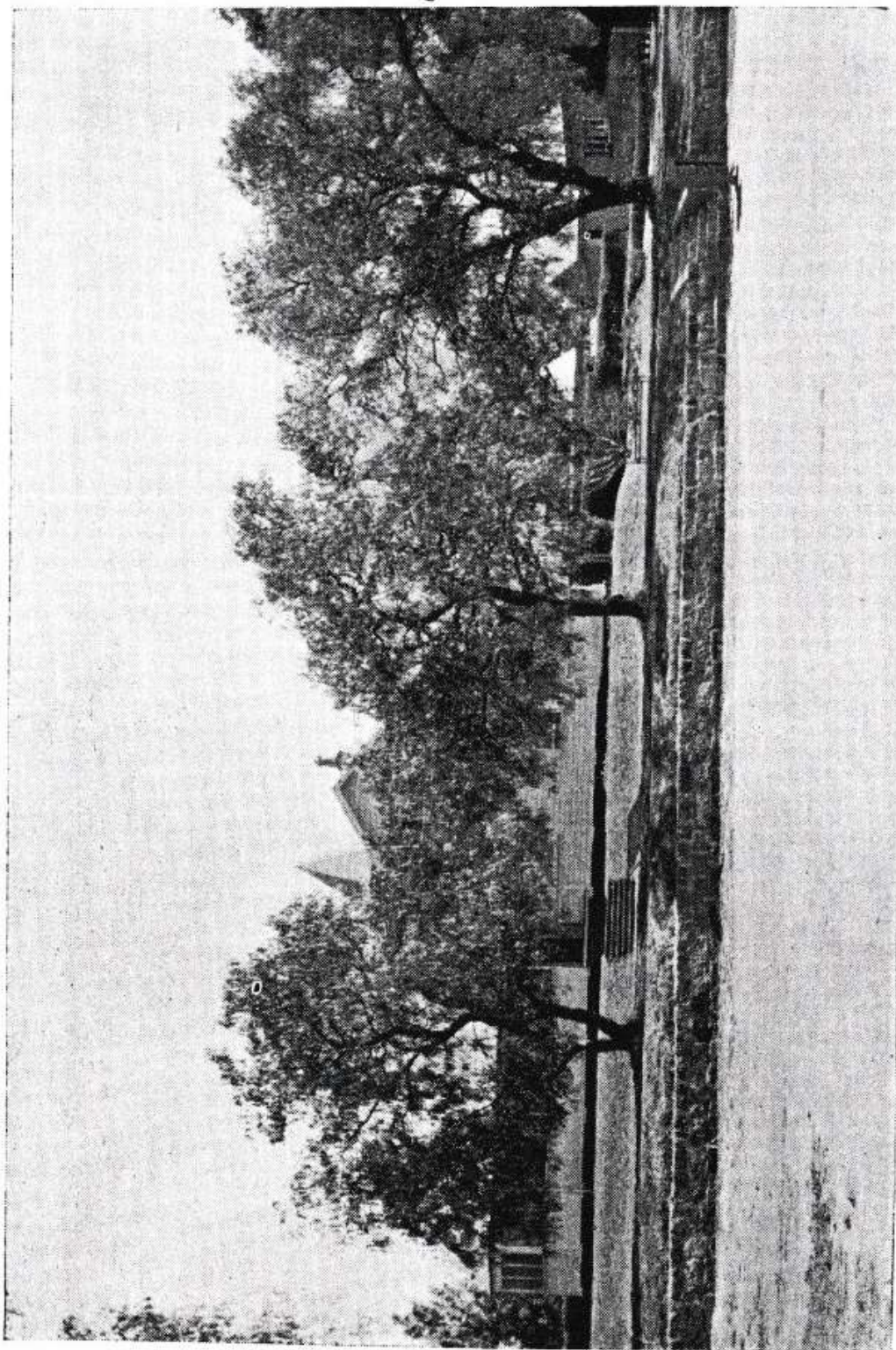
The domestic shortages have made it necessary for everyone to "pull her weight," whether washing up or sweeping dormitories and classrooms, and this has been done willingly.

At the beginning of the year spare time was devoted to practising for the Mission Afternoon, which was a great success, as was our School Concert next term.

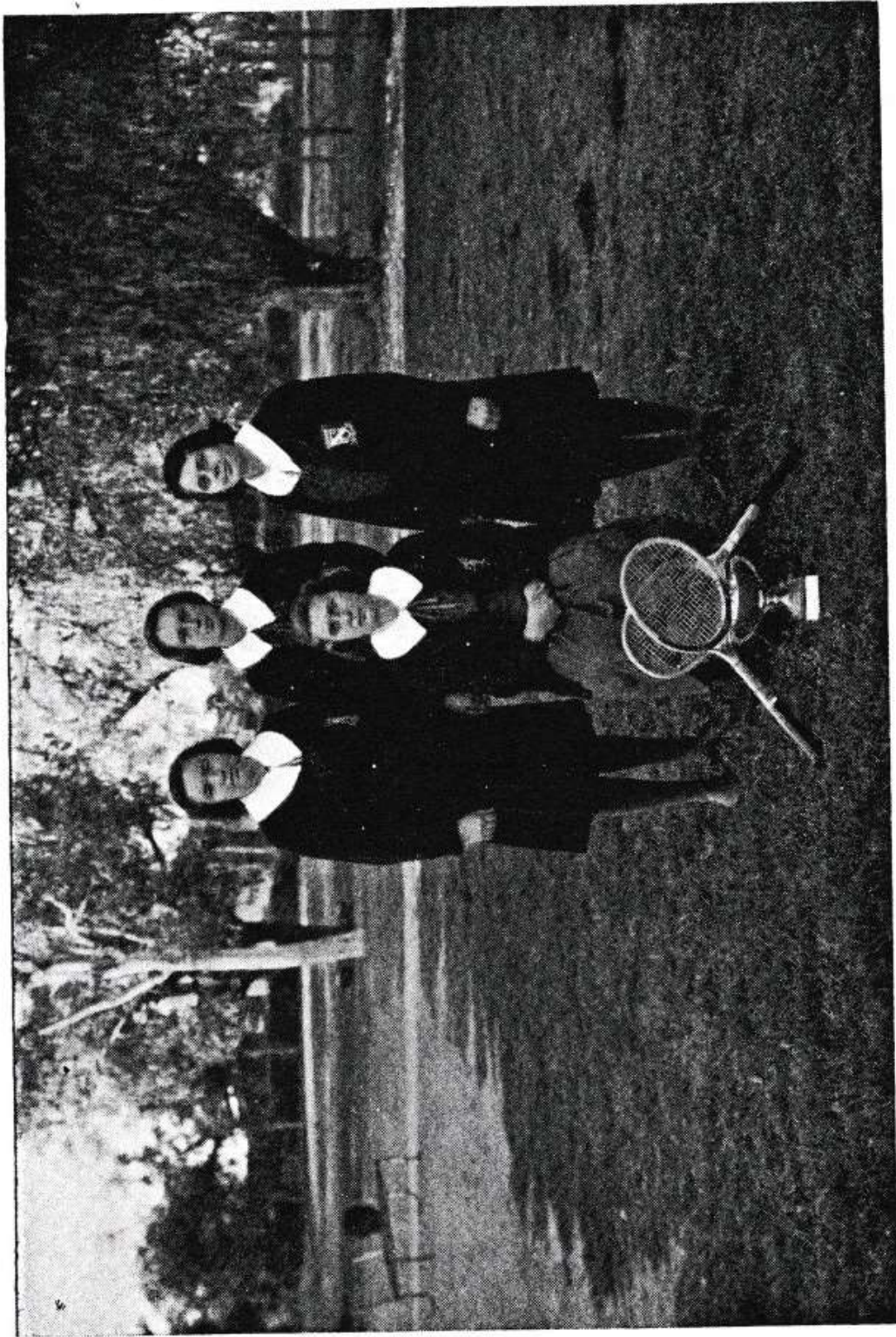
The Upper School went to several matinees in the last term of 1943, among which featured "Bambi," "In Which We Serve" and "The Younger Mr. Pitt." Recently the Seniors attended a display of War Trophies, which proved most interesting as well as educational.

House Evenings, dancing and summer walks have made our week-ends most enjoyable. Form Charades were very popular, V Form's attempt meeting with much applause.

Rev. W. G. Coughlin, of the C.S.O.M., and Rev. Shakespeare, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, gave some very inspiring addresses last term.

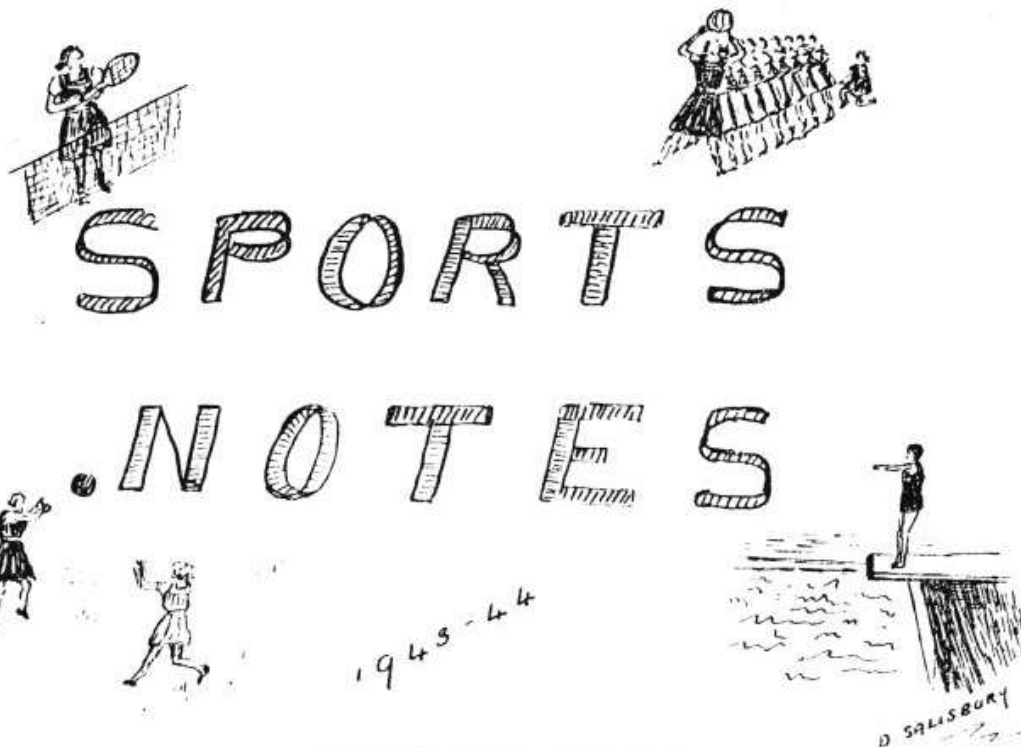


WHITE HOUSE (from Tennis Courts)



TENNIS
BACK ROW (left to right): Gloria Donovan, Maureen Griffith, Fay Sheridan,
FRONT: Betty Thomson (Captain, with "Lalaguli" Cup).

Our steady work has continued, interspersed with the ever welcomed hikes. Mrs. Stephens, an English Guider, shows a great interest and is most helpful at meetings, while Miss Bunton has taken over the duties of our Lieutenant, Bernice Harding, to whom we were sorry to say good-bye at Midwinter. Our Captain is as enthusiastic as ever and is always willing to give up some of her valuable time to help us in many ways.



ATHLETICS NOTES

Although we were not victorious in the Athletics Competition last year, St. Catharine's entered a team that had been well trained.

The Senior team performed with great credit, Nereda Hudson and Fay Sheridan running first and second, respectively, in the 100 and 200 yards open championships.

The relay team defeated the other School teams, and the Ball games team won the tunnelling.

The Warwick High School and P.G.C. entered very strong junior teams, thereby gaining many points which caused us to take third place. Here we should like to extend our congratulations to the High School team on its excellent performance in winning the "Montrose" Cup.

The Saturday before the Inter-School Sports we spent a very pleasant afternoon at Slade School's oval, practising in competition with a team of boys Mr. Olsen had chosen. We won the "Olsen Cup" which was presented by Slade.

We wish to thank Miss Keane and Mr. Olsen for their constant and untiring efforts in training our team, and we are sure we should never have reached such a standard without their assistance.

SWIMMING NOTES



*S*WIMMING



*N*otes.

Pat Griffin

Coach: Miss Allen.

Teams, 1944:

SENIOR: Maureen Kirk (Capt.), Madeline Eagar, Mary Arden, Jill Harding.

JUNIOR: Pam Poulson, Beth Harding, Verna Maas, Pat Griffin, Patsy Schwennesen, Gwen Neilsen, Eileen Poulsen.

This year there was great excitement among the girls when we tied with W.H.S. for first place at the Annual Swimming Carnival. We extend our congratulations to W.H.S. on their fine team, and the keen competition shown throughout the afternoon by the two opposing schools. The results in all races were very close and the excitement rose to a climax when it was realised that the relay would be the decisive event. Once again we won with ease, but as W.H.S. beat P.G.C. for second place by a touch, the final scores read: St. Catharine's and W.H.S. 83½, P.G.C. 36.

We were very pleased to have six new girls in our team this year, and they proved of great value. Mary, Pam and Patsy gained 35 points for us. There were five of our old team, Maureen gaining a second and third, Madeline and Beth seconds and Gwen a first and fourth. Our four seniors comprised a strong relay team.

We are extremely grateful to Miss Allen for her splendid coaching and interest shown in us, and also to Miss Bunton, who helped us at many practices.

Especially are we pleased to have the Cup on the mantelpiece for the first time.

NETBALL NOTES

The members of the 1944 "A" Netball Team were Margaret Wilson (Captain), Betty Thomson, Madeline Eagar, Fay Sheridan, Murial Castle, Mary Arden and Helen Naylor.

Three cheers for St. Catharine's for winning the Netball Cup for the year, and our credit is the greater because we have never won it since St. Catharine's has been established.

It was not an easy game, especially against W.H.S. in the last

match of the season, when representatives from P.G.C. and High School came across to our court expecting close results. The "A" team players of both P.G.C. and St. Catharine's gained valuable practice through several friendly games between the two schools, and we extend our gratitude to P.G.C. for its help in this way.

Sometime through this term the winners of the Netball Cup among the secondary schools of Toowoomba will be guests of our school for the day, on which St. Catharine's will play them for the Downs Championship. For this important match we are still practising regularly, using a new netball which Sister Margaret very kindly gave the team.

Sincere thanks are offered to Miss Edwards, our Netball mistress, for her excellent and experienced coaching during the year, and also to the members of our "B" team for their interest and enthusiasm.

Final results were:—

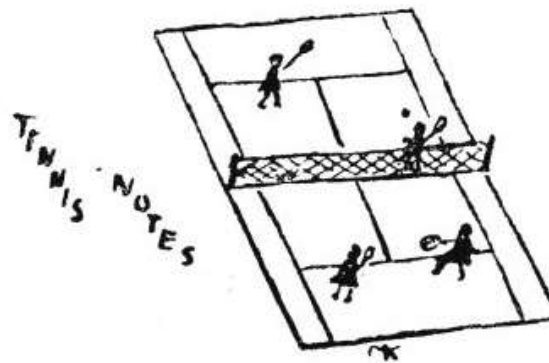
St. Catharine's v. P.G.C., 30-9.

St. Catharine's v. W.H.S., 22-18.

St. Catharine's v. P.G.C., 23-6.

St. Catharine's v. W.H.S., 28-18.

TENNIS NOTES



Members of the A Tennis team this year were Maureen Griffith, Fay Sheridan, Gloria Donovan, Betty Thomson (captain).

For the second year in succession we are again the proud possessors of the Tennis Cup.

The final results were:—

W.H.S. v. St. C., 29-44. St. U. v. P.G.C., 43-27.

Second Round: St. C. v. W.H.S., 48-19. P.G.C. v. St. C., 18-43.

We wish to thank our tennis mistress, Miss Allen, for her excellent coaching, and also Miss Mathews, for her untiring interest in all our efforts. During the season a tennis party with Slade was very kindly arranged for us, whereby we gained much practice.

At the end of last year we played Glennie, but they proved the better by four games, but we are practising eagerly to meet them again this year.

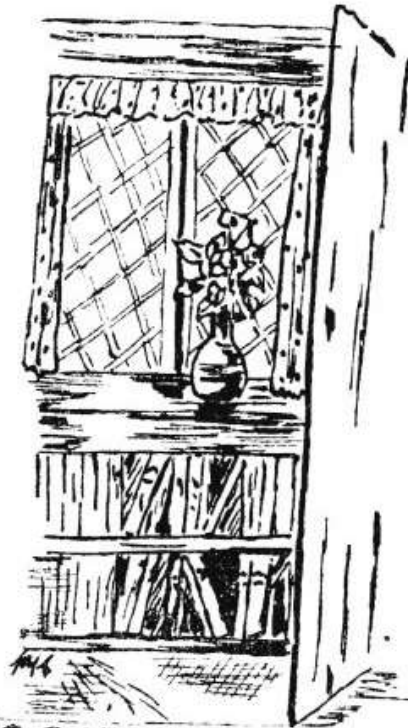
DEBATING NOTES

The few debates we have had in the last busy terms have shown great keenness between the Houses and Forms, while the debaters displayed a great interest in their subjects.

The debate on "Public Examinations have a detrimental effect on the Educational System in Queensland," Crothers v. School. Crothers supporting the affirmative, was won by Crothers, the final scores being 48-38. "Sport plays an exaggerated part in the lives of Australian school children," between Crothers and Barnes, was one of the most keenly debated, resulting in a narrow win for the former.

The VI Form Discussion Group on "After the War—What Then?" has met regularly and is indebted to Miss Mathews and other members of staff for their interest.

LIBRARY NOTES



LIBRARY NOTES

No library committee was elected at the beginning of this year, but volunteers from Fifth Form sorted and rearranged books and tidied the library at Midwinter. An alteration in the hours for exchanging books has proved popular. The library is now open for this purpose on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 4 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., with the following girls on duty:

Monday—Dorothy Milward, Beth Wood.

Wednesday—Beth Harding, Lesley Patterson.

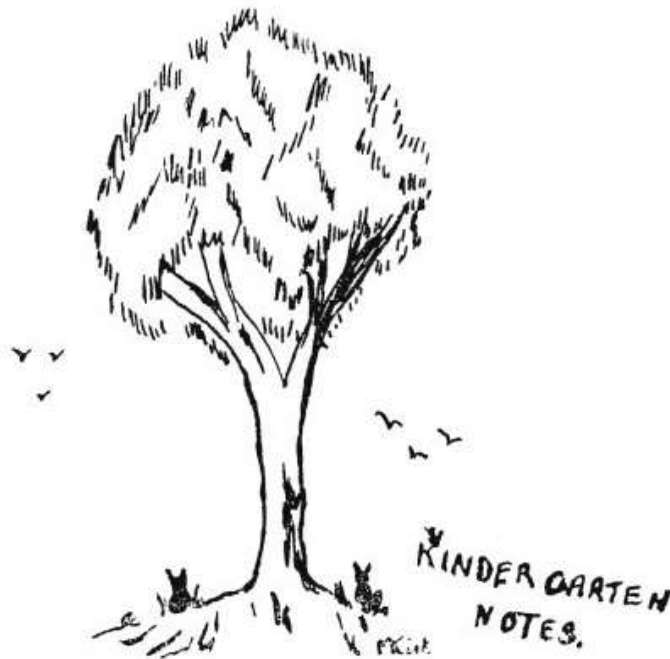
Friday—Audrey Hudson, Marion Rose.

We should like to express our thanks to Mr. Woodward for his gift of two books, "This Wonderful Year" and "The Incredible Year," the latter in memory of Miss Margaret Brown, the first Headmistress of C.E.G.S., Warwick.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

The music pupils and Senior School have had several entertaining recitals. On March 21st Mr. Noel Nickson and Mr. A. Day—the former from the Melbourne Conservatorium and the latter a well-known Brisbane pianist—gave a recital. Padre Morrilee and Miss Stay gave us all some happy moments during last term, while Mr. Sydney May once again gave us a recital of examination pieces for the higher grade.

KINDERGARTEN NOTES



Owing to the absence of a Kindergarten Mistress we have decided to enrol only Grade I and Preparatory Grades.

At the beginning of the year five children were promoted to Grade II.

The children attend regularly and are very happy.

All in the Infant School showed great interest in the half-yearly examination which was held before Midwinter. In Grade I Ann Rosbrook gained first place; in Prep. III Julie Sanderson came first, while Charmaine Simpson was first in Prep. I.

The small children are very proud of the new wall pictures which have recently been hung in the Kindergarten Room.

We wish to thank all who have assisted in the Kindergarten during the past year.

—C. TELFORD.

ANNUAL INTER-HOUSE

On Wednesday, September 15th, the sun shone brightly for our Inter-House Sports, though there was a fairly high wind. This, however, was rather an advantage as it assisted competitors to beat last year's records.

Individual events were closely contested, but Crothers House won easily, carrying off all three cups—Inter-House, Relay Race and Ball Games. Moreover, both the champions—Senior, Fay Sheridan, with 15 points, and Junior, Helen Naylor, with 11 points—were members of Crothers. Coolah Malanos, who won all the running events for the under 15 section, is another Crothers girl. Daphne Mills, winner of the under 14 running events, is a member of Barnes House. Even in the Obstacle Race Crothers excelled, as Fay Sheridan won the Senior race and Margaret Mackenzie the Junior.

Barnes House, however, won the Walking Relay this year, thus securing the cake. (This must have been the result of the telegram of good wishes from "Pat, Beryl and Jill" to Barnes House.)

Great credit is due to Miss Keane for the efficient way in which the girls were trained. We should like also to thank Mr. Olsen for the assistance he has once again so willingly given.

SCHOOL CONCERT

A bright and varied programme of music, physical culture, dancing and dramatic numbers, pleased the large audience at St. Catharine's School, when the pupils presented a delightful concert. St. Catharine's supports a Prisoner of War, and the entertainment was arranged on behalf of this worthy object.

Miss Keane and Miss Edwards were responsible for the training of the girls, and the manner in which each performer acquitted herself reflected great credit on their efforts.

Several pianoforte items contributed by C. Harris, L. Ferguson, M. Becker, D. Salisbury, C. Campbell, J. Banning and M. Hancock were interspersed throughout the programme. The school choir was heard in choral numbers very sweetly rendered, which included "Where the Bee Sucks," "Rain," "You'll Get There."

The primary school was responsible for a very bright item, a Dutch song and dance, with the performers in appropriate dress, and this brought forth rounds of applause from the audience. They also contributed a verse speaking item, "Excerpts from the Pied Piper of Hamelin," with commentary by D. Salisbury, which was well received, also 2 vocal numbers, "Some Folks Do" and "Grasshopper Green."

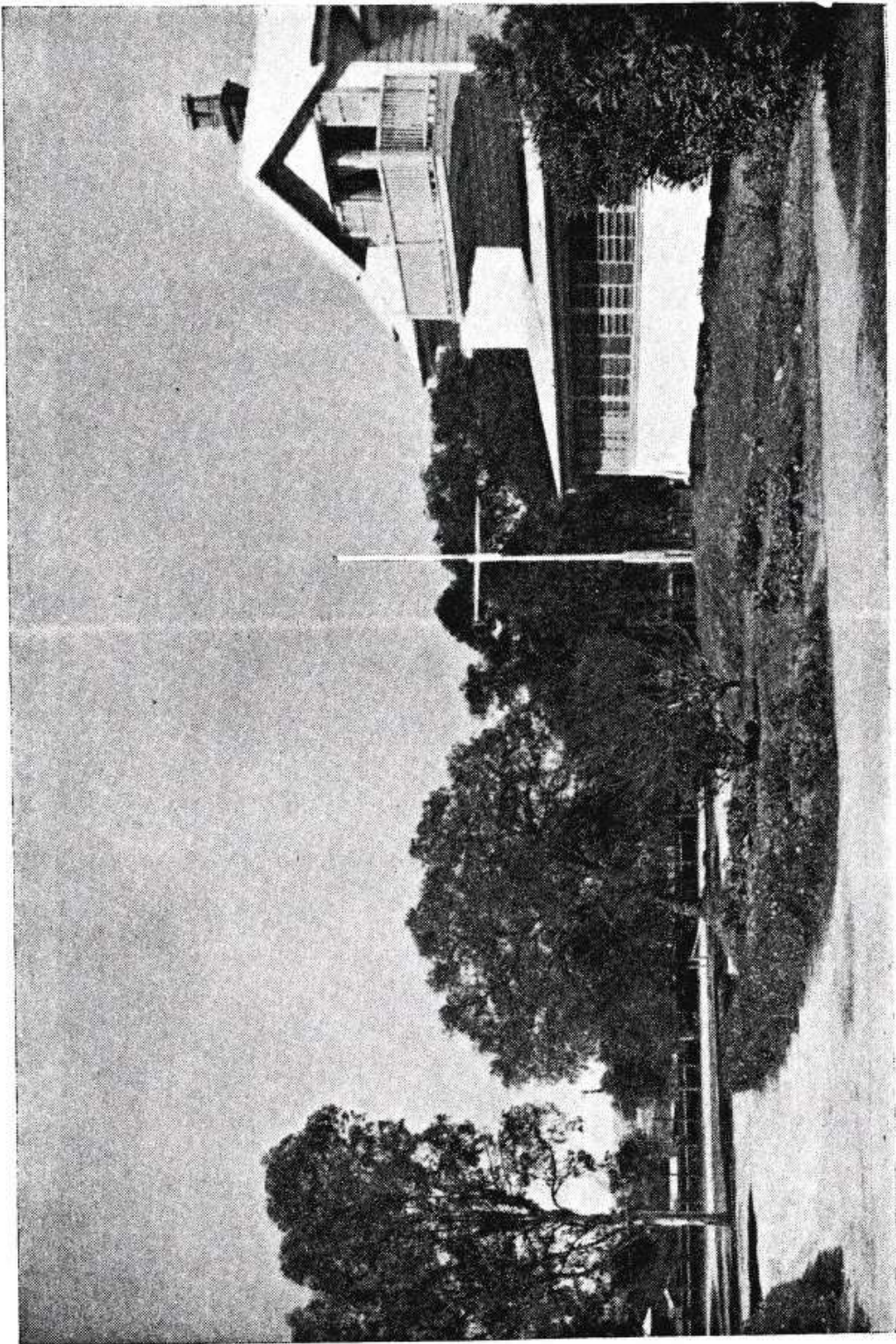
A verse speaking item in serious vein by the sub-junior form, "For the Fallen," was sympathetically rendered. Several little girls in appropriate dress delighted the audience with 3 dainty numbers—"The Table and the Chair," "Bo Peep and Boy Blue," and "Fairies on the Lawn," with A. Housden, S. Saxby and C. Sullivan in solo parts. Displays of physical culture by the senior squad were most pleasing, particularly in the patriotic theme which introduced the Air Force, Army and Navy.

A feature in the vocal section was the duet by J. Symes and B. Meier, "O, No, John," and a rhythmic dance by senior pupils was very gracefully performed.

The highlights on the programme were the dramatic items presenting a scene from David Copperfield, and "The Bishop's Candlesticks." In the scene from David Copperfield, M. Dickinson portrayed her character very cleverly and appeared completely at ease in her impersonation of "Miss Trotwood." Others in the cast, which had been exceptionally well chosen, were J. Hinton as Mr. Murdstone, H. Russell (Miss Murdstone), J. Bradhurst (David), N. Zupp (Mr. Dick) and D. Russell (Janet).

In the one-act play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," a brilliant piece of acting was that by J. Symes, who took the part of the convict and displayed special ability in dealing with her difficult impersonation. The cast here, too, had been well chosen and all members showed much skill in the interpretation of the parts allotted to them. Those taking part were M. Arden (The Bishop), J. Symes (the convict), D. Salisbury (Persome, the bishop's sister), L. Ferguson (Marie) and L. Hatton (the sergeant).

The concert was repeated the following night to another crowded audience, who followed the items with interest, and each exit brought forth genuine applause. Several members of the staff of the School assisted the producers in different ways, and all were very happy at the success attending their efforts.





PREFECTS

BACK ROW (left to right): Daphne Salisbury, Marjorie Dickenson, Maureen Griffith, Madeline Eagar.
FRONT: Margaret Wilson, Maureen Kirk (Head-girl), Sheila Harvey.
ABSENT: Lyndall Hughes.

THE STREET BELOW

I am sitting at my window looking down into the street below. Everything is quiet and still because it is only early, but I know that soon this quiet scene will come to life and turn into a moving picture before my eyes. Ah! At last the stillness is broken by the sound of voices and the patter of feet, as up the road come a number of school children of varying ages. One of the big boys stops for a moment to examine a puddle of water in the middle of the road, and as the others crowd around to see what he has discovered, a small girl dressed in white pushes her way to the front. They all stand silently around and I hold my breath, wondering what will happen next. The discoverer of the puddle puts his large bare foot into the middle of it, sending a muddy spray of water all over the "young lady in white." Peace is broken, the "young lady" takes one look at her mud-streaked frock and begins crying and shouting, "I'm going to tell Mummy on you." This has no effect on young "Sir Walter Raleigh," who just replies, "Be sure and tell her to use Persil, it gets whites whiter," and continues on his way followed by the onlookers. Peace reigneth once again!

I glance at my watch. It is getting late, and I can see Mrs. Higgins coming along ready for a morning in town. She seems to be in a hurry, but suddenly she slackens her pace, glances behind her and, seeing nobody around, gives her stockings, which are wrinkled at the knees and ankles, a tug, straightens her hat and starts off again with renewed speed.

Here comes Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Green. I can't see them yet, but I can certainly hear them—"Yes, my dear, I heard it with me own ears, I did, he said to her, he said, 'Move another step and you are a dead woman!'" I prick up my ears. Surely this kind of thing isn't happening in this neighbourhood? After the agent telling me it was a respectable district! My thoughts are interrupted. "Yes, go on, what happened then?" "Oh, it finished up there, the next episode won't be broadcast until Monday, but don't you worry, love, she'll get away from him, they don't kill her off because she's the main one in the serial." Well, I guess it serves me right for eavesdropping.

Well, if it isn't young Don Page coming down the street! My word he looks smart in his Air Force uniform. Little does he know, however, that he is being followed. Oh, no! not by the police or enemy agents, but by that young Madge Evans, who lives around the corner. She is fairly close to him now, and out comes the powder puff. She dabs her nose with it, runs a comb through her blonde hair and then quickens her pace until she catches up with him. As they pass out of sight I can hear her saying, "Well, fancy running into you, Don. This is a surprise! How long are you on leave for?" I can see that Don's leave will be a busy one now.

People come and go, but I must leave my window for "time

waits for no man," and there is much work to be done in my own home. Morning reaches noon and becomes afternoon, the children return from school and once more I take up my seat at the window.

I can see Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Green returning from town, still as bright as ever, and both carrying overloaded shopping baskets. Mrs. Jones voice once again reaches my ears: "My! That butcher is a saucy fellow. I gave him the coupons and I asked for a nice tender leg of mutton. When he handed me a leg with hardly any meat on it, I said to him, nice and polite I was too, 'Is this all I get for five shillings?' He stood there waving the leg in front of my nose and shouted, 'Well, what more do you expect for five shillings? Mary's little lamb, with a bell round its neck?' I wouldn't go back there again if I hadn't had a fight with the new butcher's wife. By the way, did I tell you what she said to me? I didn't! Well, my dear, one day I said to her, I said——" and that is all I hear because a car rattles by making further hearing impossible. Am I disappointed, you ask? Well, I don't mind hearing a little gossip now and again, and Mrs. Jones' gossip is always harmless enough.

The sun is sinking lower and lower in the west, and the street below is growing dark and quiet once again, so it is time for me to leave my window and let the curtain drop once more upon my passing parade in the street below.

—JUNE STIDOLPH.

MY WORLD

My soul stands still in wonder,
When it sees the Beauty of this world in which I live;
Out from the thews of Time are rent asunder
The ruins of castles, glorious,
Gentle grey, pregnant with memories.

Fore'er within me, worship
For the colour—sapphire of hills, azure of the deep
Immeasurable blue. Dew, with fairies sip
At the first, sweet kisses of dawn,
Sparkling—with beauty of transparence.

The golden-brown, new Autumn—
Strange melodies played in minor key to the patter
Of amber-red leaves falling, softly slithering, some
Once young and verdant, now adolescent, touched
With the scarlet torch of russet—
Clad, mystic, intangible Autumn.

And colour, Night-quest for you.
 I find you in the violet tints of late twilight,
 In the dim blackness of a night shadow, you,
 In the silver glimmer of bold
 Moon arrows: in Night's star-studded cloak.

Spring, spreading her skirt, tinted
 Unimaginably. Gay, swaying poppies, honey
 Hues of little, humble bees—cream flow'rs hinted
 At delicate rose, tawny bush,
 Blooms—jade, flame, mist-blue, cradled in green.

—JUNE SYMES, VIB.

THE JOYS OF GARDENING

“A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot,” saith Kipling. Um—perhaps that worthy poet never participated in that noble occupation, surrounded by an endless confusion of spades, forks, seeds, worms, hoses, rakes, weeds and the inevitable muddy mess!

Yesterday I agreed with Kipling—to a certain extent—but now I have formed an opinion of my own. For lo! Since yesterday I have arisen and done great things—and incidentally said some, too.

All energy, I sallied forth, armed with gardening implements and numerous packets of seeds. A cheeky wagtail perched on a nearby bough swooped down on the unfortunate worms unearthed by my vigorous digging. When I had finished he looked on disgusted and then regarded me with an amused contempt. I then started a spring offensive on an invading army of weeds, but as my energy had been blunted, I felt the need for reinforcements—especially from “The Quartermaster's Store” (the kitchen). Resolving, however, not to be made small in the inquisitive eyes of my audience, Willy Wagtail and my terrier “Pepper,” I kept on. Yes, I did until a brigade of ants made a counter-attack—taking some of my toes in a pincer movement. This was too much. I retreated, and in doing so became entangled in the hose, resulting in an inelegant sprawl on the ground. The ants decided they had had enough!

Finally I surveyed the scene of my labours. Yes, I had finished. Now for— Oh, dash! That rascal of a dog had pinched a packet of prize delphiniums and was proceeding to bury them! “You wretch—I mean—here, boy—good doggie.” He cocked an intelligent ear, advanced with packet between his teeth, reconsidered his decision, and raced off across the flower beds. As my vocabulary was limited, I gave chase to the villain. Down the lawn, across the vegetables. Oh, those lettuce! Under the hedge—yes, he knows I'll have to go round. Ah! there he goes! I'll corner him—toolshed—no—garage. A flash—bang goes the door, the

thief is—!! Alas, I had not seen that tin of oil, knocked over by the quarry! I found myself reposing on the floor, half under the car, with motor oil clinging affectionately to me, apparently trying to calm my wrath! Two wicked, mischievous eyes gazed at me from the corner—at my feet lay the stolen property—evidently dropped in haste. His superior gaze spoke volumes: “All this fuss—!” My eye caught the packet, “BEST GARDENER’S CARROTS.” And I thought they were— Oh! The futility of it all.

A not very enthusiastic ex-gardener retreated to the bathroom streaked with mud and adorned with particles of oil. Soap was useless! But “Monkey Brand” saved me (and my appearance). Never again!

“Oh, Adam was a gardener—”

—DAPHNE SALISBURY, VIb.

HIT TUNES OF THE DAY

There’s a Long, Long Trail a-Winding—Tea line.
 Sunday, Monday, Always—Cold baths.
 Don’t Get Around Much Any More—Saturday morning
 Chemistry.
 Who’s Afraid of the Big Bad Wolves?—Prefects.
 It’s a Lovely Day To-morrow—Exams.
 Only One Rose—Barnes House Garden.
 I’ve Heard That Song Before—Haven’t done prep because—
 You’ll Never Know—What’s in the cabbage.
 Night and Day—Bells.
 The Fleet’s In—Mail time.
 The Perfect Day—? on duty.
 Strip Polka—Early morning P.T.
 Call of the Canyon—Tidy lockers, tidy drawers.
 That Lovely Week-end—Mid-term at school.
 Here You Are—Sunday afternoon.
 Oh! The Pity of it All—Picture theatre burnt down.
 My Devotion—Scrape.
 White Christmas—Prep on a frosty morning.
 One Night of Love—Slade Dance.
 I’ll See You Again—Athletics Cup.
 It Looks Like Rain—Tennis courts just marked.
 Serenade in the Night—Hymn Practice.

—VI FORM.

FUTILITY

The world to-day—one eternal chaos of war, destruction and futility.

The pettiness, the greed,
The fickleness, the need
Of human love 'twixt man and man to-day.
The envy and the hatred,
The malice unabated,
That vital need of peace that nothing else can pay.

The bitterness, the lust,
Those ideals in the dust,
The tawdry gold that man has learnt to prize.
Ingratitude and gain,
And charity a name
Man knows not where upon to fix his dazzled eyes.

And if 'tis all in vain,
The ruthlessness and pain,
This ceaseless bloodshed down through all the years.
Our world—if still a world,
When war has through it hurled—
is then an empty shell, despite the blood and tears.

—DAPHNE SALISBURY.

TO-MORROW

What will it bring? What lies within the shadows of the future; beyond each new hour of To-day? Ah! not even in the cleverest of conceited humans, is found the ability to learn the unknown or to see the invisible. Those powers are wielded by the Almighty alone.

But, no matter what courses our lives may take, the fundamental training for each of us is the same. It is at school that we are given the great chance of developing the finest ideals of human nature—the spirit of loyalty, of fairness, the sharing of responsibilities and the spirit of good fellowship.

The world, war-torn and bleeding from the deepest wounds of her history, sends out an appealing call to her growing sons and daughters to help build a new and better universe—a world where all may think and speak and act, as free men do; a world where God-fearing nations will be united by the unbreakable bonds of love and friendship, loyalty and honour.

To us comes this call—clear, challenging, not to be cast aside. It will not be an easy task. It will take the noblest of the noble spirits to withstand the difficulties and disappointments, the hardships and privations which will rise inevitably in the faces of those who answer the call. Theirs is the task of raising the ideals of mankind to such a standard that they will appear as a building, resplendent and magnificent, rising out of the ashes of a ruined structure.

Surely we, who are at school, must do our best to prepare ourselves for that gigantic task which lies before us. We must go forth into the world armed with a noble spirit and a courageous heart, that we may help to reconstruct our world, thus assuring the generations to come of a universe which is devoid of the manifold lusts of the human soul.

Those of us who will shortly be leaving school must soon be called upon to fill our respective places in the outside world, where troubles and pleasures are many. It is not too late, however, to use the remainder of To-day as a preparation, that with God's help, we may show ourselves worthy of fulfilling the vital, pressing needs of To-morrow.

—ALISON RALSTON, V Form.

“NAMEODDITIES” OF ST. CATHARINE’S

She is the sister of Faith and Charity HOPE
 Many people only have one built in the air CASTLE
 She and her offspring give Hitler a headache LANCASTER
 She could be the “oomph” girl’s sister SHERIDAN
 You’ll know if you strike a brick one WALL
 He’s a famous topic in poetry as well as being handy
 with horse shoeing SMITH
 Rosalind and Orlando wooed there ARDEN
 A tributary of the Rhine in Holland MAAS
 It could be a forest if it were bigger WOOD
 Not backward but toward the mill MILWARD
 She’s a lovely flower and red for love ROSE
 She ought to be holy as she’s a Scottish Church KIRK
 She’s proud of her Stonehenge necklace SALISBURY
 This describes many aspiring students EAGAR
 It’s back to front but it should describe No. 6 ARMSTRONG
 I wonder if she knows what’s inside Davy’s locker JONES
 Her father might make Self Raising Flour SIMPSON
 Mrs. ‘Iggs is absent, alas! HARRIS
 She’s as sober as one JUDGE
 She’s a favourite vegetable associated with peas BEAN

—BERYL MEIER, V Form.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

I have had much trouble with the domestic-staff problem since the war, and many of the young girls whom I had employed were either lazy, disliked the children, or hated doing what they were told. Another of the girls left last week and I had to advertise for someone to fill her place.

After the advertisement had been in the paper for over three days I received three applications by the morning mail.

The first was from a woman of over forty-five, who stated that

she was used to children. From her letter I gathered she was something of the English "Nanny," who would be thoroughly out of place in a house like ours, where there is not the traditional nursery, prim little boy, and baby brother in a basket pram. On the contrary, there are three extremely noisy boys and one extremely naughty little girl.

The next from a young girl of fifteen seemed to be thoroughly unsuitable, apart from the fact that I do not hold with the employing of children who are so young.

The third application was from an ex-waitress in one of the big city cafes. She had left her former occupation in the hope of settling down to a quiet domestic life. Somehow I did not like the idea of a waitress, and it made me shudder when I thought of my best china whizzing from room to room on a tray. Her application did not appeal to me either. It was written on gaudy notepaper and was covered with spidery writing and numerous blots and smudges. She did not seem at all possible.

I was just giving up hope when the door-bell rang. I opened it and there stood a tall, awkward looking girl of nineteen. She explained she had come to apply for the "job." She was from the country, loved children, enjoyed the best of health, could cook well, and was used to any type of work. I felt so thankful at the time, as I was so "fed up" with trying to get someone, that I said I would take her immediately without even stopping to think the subject over.

I have been glad for that move ever since, for, although she has the habit of dropping her "h's," she has proved an extremely capable worker and is loved by the children.

—JOAN WALL, V Form.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

My son had been killed, and I thought there was nothing to live for until I heard this story, which I will relate to you, from another mother, who made me see my duty clearly.

She began by saying that, twenty-two years ago, she received the news that her husband had been killed in a gas attack in Flanders; she was deeply grieved, her only consolation being that she was to give birth to a child in the near future. She told me how she prayed that it would be a son, similar in appearance to her beloved husband. Her prayers were apparently answered, and she named her son David, after his father.

David was the one light in her life, for she had few relations in Australia. David's boyhood was spent in the country on their station, where he had a happy time learning the rudiments of station life.

Later his mother sent him to Boarding School, which he at first disliked, but gradually he began to love the familiar Houses

of his school. His mother told me how proud she was of him when he became Captain of the Cricket team and Dux of the School.

David was in his last year at school when war broke out and, although he did not ask his mother to allow him to join up, she read it between the lines of his letters, and fully expected it, when he told her he wanted to join the Air Force.

His mother said how her heart nearly broke when he left for overseas; how she eagerly looked for his letters.

Then one day she received a telegram bringing the dreadful news that her son had been killed fighting in the skies over England.

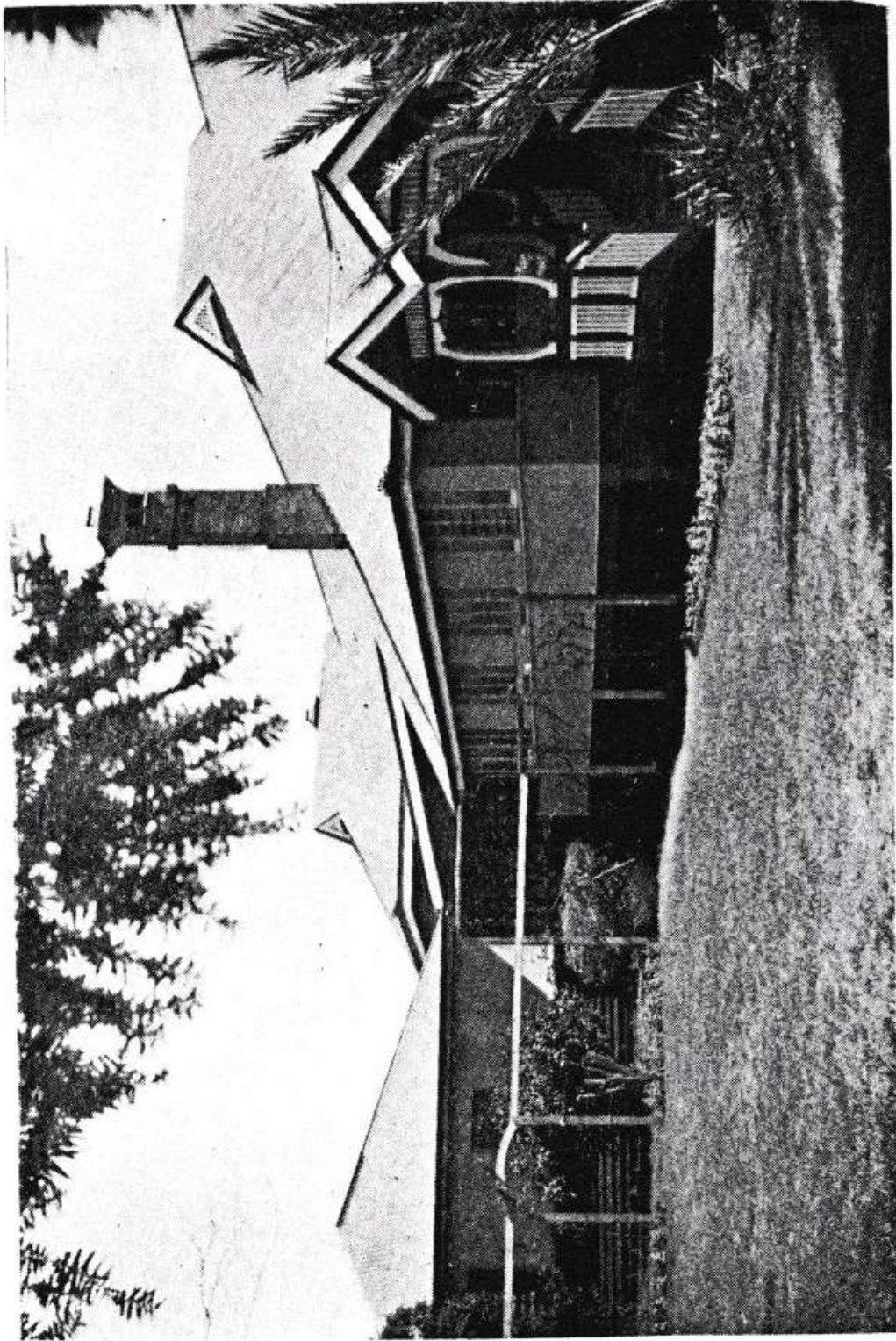
The mother was too grief-stricken to do anything until she realised, when reading a letter from his best friend, how glad he was to die for his country and her. So now she saw that although her "light had failed" she must work for final victory, and so save other mothers from hearing that their sons, too, had paid the Supreme Sacrifice. She gave her house to the Red Cross for a Convalescent Home, and has worked very hard there getting the boys fit again. She found, as her son did, that, in working for others, her grief became less acute.

—M. ARDEN, V Form.

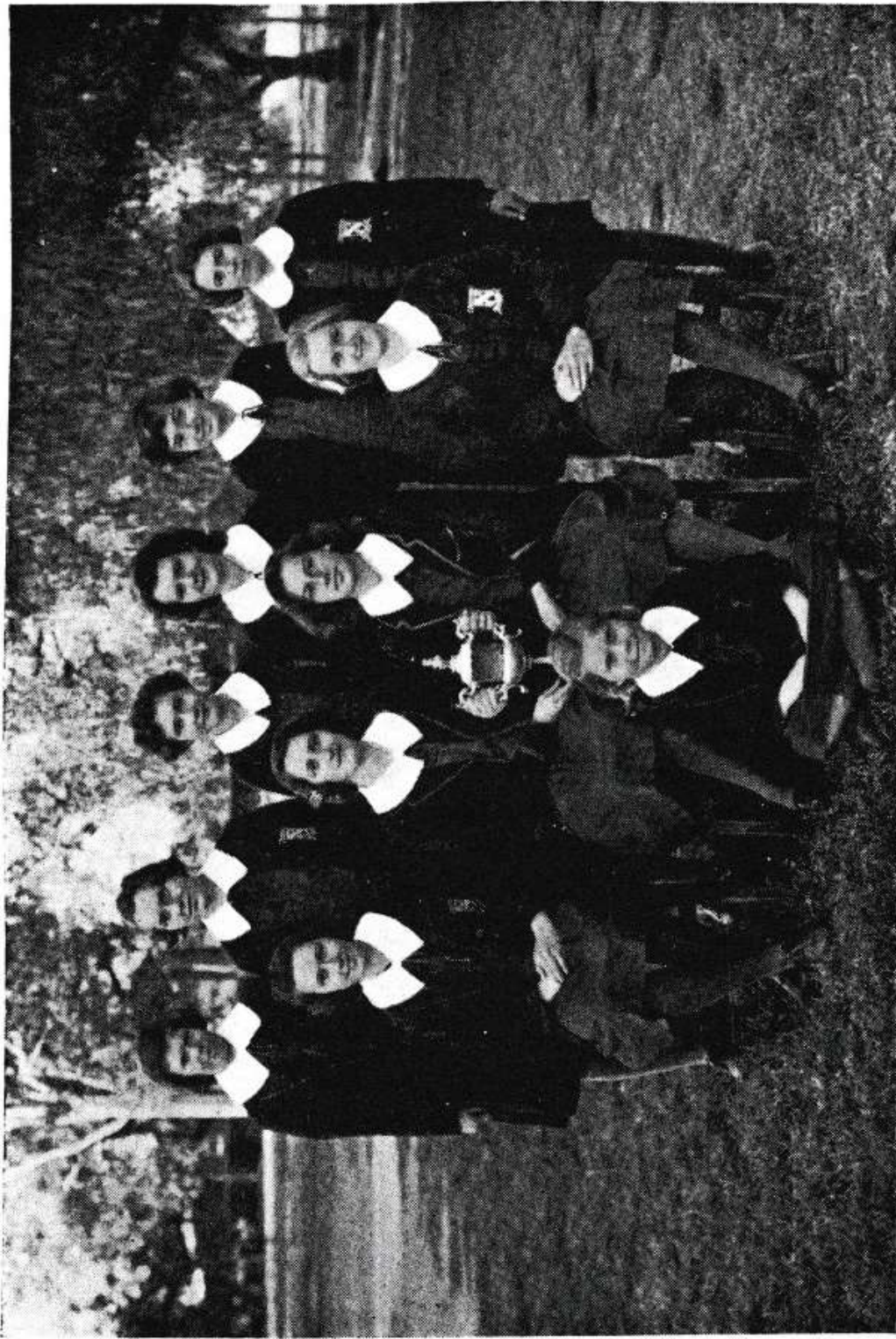
TEMPUS FUGIT

Nineteen hundred and thirty-nine,
 Was the year which started this tale of mine.
 Kaiser Bill was dead and gone,
 Hitler the tyrant was plodding on,
 Adolf thought he'd like to be king,
 But Britain decided that wasn't the thing.
 Churchill like a bulldog firm
 Was appointed to make the Nazis squirm.
 Australia was sending supplies to the war,
 Old Tojo took some so she had to send more.
 A lot of her gallant sons have been slain
 So King George VI can continue to reign.
 In Africa Rommel was making a scoop,
 Then Monty appeared and he fell in the soup.
 After five years of fighting the Axis felt small,
 For they found they weren't winning the war after all.
 So nineteen hundred and forty-four
 Comes near to marking the end of the war.

By nineteen hundred and forty-nine
 Peace has been signed on the Hindenburg Line,
 Adolf Hitler is buried and gone,
 There are no more Hitlers to follow on,



MYTTON HOUSE, SHOWING BOARDERS' SITTING ROOM



SWIMMING

BACK ROW (left to right): Lyndall Fergusson, Pat Griffin, Beth Harding, Pam Poulson, Gwen Neilson, Pat Schwennesen.
SITTING: Jill Harding. Maureen Kirk (Captain, holding "Nell-Foote" Cup), Mary Arden, Madeline Eagar.
IN FRONT: Eileen Poulson.

Peace lives in the world again.
There's no depression nor famine nor pain.
Nippon's sons and Fuehrer's troopers
They're defeated and we're the booters.
These are the days of revelry,
The Aussies and Yanks are on the spree.
Gibraltar stands as it did of old
And again Singapore is our stronghold.
We all have a 'plane in our backyards,
All coupons are burnt and identity cards.
That's what the world's like in 'forty-nine,
We've finished with greed, and hate and crime.

—D.M., B.T., J.W., Form V.

A WINTER HOLIDAY

As I tramped along a wet muddy street in a London suburb I had no idea what Fate had in store for me in half an hour's time. I was on my way to see a rich middle-aged Aunt of mine. She has a delicate daughter, who is a few years young than myself, and we are the greatest of pals. My cousin is very pretty and charming.

When I arrived at the place I saw that my Aunt was pleased to see me. She greeted me with, "You are just the person I am looking for." I was rather puzzled at this, because I do not get on with my Aunt. "I want you to take Fay (my cousin) to Switzerland for a holiday," she continued. "The doctor says that she has to go within the next fortnight. I cannot go, so you will have to look after her. I will pay all the expenses." I was rather excited at this, because one of my ambitions had been to go to Switzerland, and now was my chance.

Fay and I arrived at our destination after a reasonably comfortable journey. Naturally we were only too pleased to remain in our rooms for the rest of the day. Fortunately for us the people at the hotel were of a happy-go-lucky type, and so we quickly made their acquaintance. Our party had a great time ski-ing and exploring the quaint little town. Snow was on the ground everywhere.

One day a party of us went on a sledge to a particularly nice spot and had a picnic. Another time we went somewhere in the mountains, and one of the party hurt herself. Sometimes we danced at night, or else some people used to come and give us music recitals.

But all good times come to an end, and after an excellent holiday amongst the snow and glorious sunshine, we had to go back to the muddy streets of a London suburb.

—AUDREY HUDSON, Form V.

THE CHAPLAIN

A familiar scene not far behind the battle-lines of the last war was that of a chaplain conducting a service with a congregation of weary, battle-stained troops. In the faint, grey light which heralded the approach of dawn the figures of the kneeling men were barely discernible.

From beyond the trees which secluded this grove came the thunder and fire of warfare. Shells whistled and burst, rifles crackled their retort, but they had no terrors for the group of worshippers, whose minds were far from this lonely spot. Although their thoughts were far away amid home and loved ones, the men had their rifles close at hand in case of an emergency.

Some had centred their attention upon the chaplain, who was clad in a garment foreign to his surroundings. With his snowy surplice and black cassock he formed an imposing figure. His high altar was an inverted army rations box, his brass candle-sticks two empty bottles. Unimposing, perhaps, but in its own way, awe-inspiring.

Still gunfire broke the comparative silence, but the ceremony proceeded as if in any cathedral. Prayers were offered, the Sacrament administered, and soon the men departed to their battle stations bearing an everlasting blessing. To many it was their last experience of Divine Service, for those blazing guns eventually claimed their lives. But others, perhaps, returned to a scene similar to this and again forgot the desolation and cruelty of war.

—BERYL MEIER, V Form.

MEDITATIONS

It's raining outside, and it's dreary to-night,
But in our snug house it is cheery and bright:
The fire in the hearth is crackling its best,
And deep in the armchair is Grandma at rest.

How happy we are! How sweet and how quiet
Is our dear old home on this windy, wet night
What a dear land is ours! Too dear, far, to tell,
This lovely Australia that we love so well.

But when we are thinking of our happy home
Up to New Guinea our thoughts often roam,
Those terrible jungles, where our men are sent,
Where, to save their country, these soldier boys went.

It makes us feel sober, when, for a while we
Meditate on conditions in the jungles that be,
The parts that our men must play in this war,
That someday we may have our freedom once more.

It's windy outside, and the poor harassed trees
 Are bent to the ground as if on their knees,
 But inside we're hopeful and cheerful to-night,
 For the radio tells that the news reel is bright.

We can just keep on hoping that it won't be long
 Till the world is full of one glorious song
 A great song of happiness, joy and of love,
 A great song of pleasure to Omens above.

—PATRICIA GRIFFIN, IV Form.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

Across the garden the moon shone, illuminating a darkened house, and weaving a delicate pattern on the windows of one of the rooms.

The door opened, a girl crossed the room and drew the heavy curtains apart, admitting a flood of moonlight. Sitting down at a grand piano she began to play softly the Moonlight Sonata. The tender music strayed out and mingled with the warm summer air, heavy with scent of lavender.

Across the velvet heavens stole the moon, a great golden globule of light, forming a background for the girl. It shone on her golden hair, her rapt face, and on the mellow ivory keys.

Still she played, appealingly, passionately, while the light shone in. All was hushed save the lilting music, which appeared to echo and re-echo in the still night.

With the second movement came a breeze, ruffling the curtains, and carrying the melody with it into the night once more.

On drifted the moon, and at the last movement of the exquisite music the room grew dimmer, dimmer.

The music ceased and the moon glided behind a cloud. But far into the night the haunting music was carried by the breeze—far into the velvet darkness—

—CARLEY MACKAY, Form IV.

AUSTRALIA

Swaying gums, September sky;
 White clouds sailing way up high.
 Magpie's notes come clearly calling
 Past the gum-tree's flowers falling;
 Blue-green waves all edged with spray,
 Happy song-bird's springtime lay;
 Swaying bough and cooing dove,
 Australia is the land I love.

THE AUSTERITY LOAN

Save and lend, but please don't spend,
 We'll win this battle in the end,
 And when it's finished, by the Gods,
 We'll say we've won against great odds,
 So be austere and go without,
 And doing so give Jap a clout.
 The Allies will be one big nation,
 When Jap is lying in prostration,
 And in the end Prosperity
 Will be won by Austerity.

—BETTY JONES, Form IV.

"WHITE HOUSE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS"

Set in a lovely garden of lawns and terraces stands the majestic building of White House. For many years now it has heard the incessant patter of tiny feet running to and fro from the Junior dormitories and it must have many old tales to tell of the misdeeds of the various occupants. The building has been constructed on a small rise and is painted white with a gabled roof. Upon entering one finds oneself in a beautiful library filled with delightful books for all ages and it has been the source of many a pleasant hour for those who appreciate reading. Turning to our left, we discover rather a large room with a desk at the farther end of it. This is known as the "reference library." Further along are the dormitories and upstairs are mistresses' rooms, which open out into balconies in the front of the house, thereby suggesting a slightly old-fashioned air to the building. At night time the lights shine out through the trees and when viewing them from the road the house seems to resemble a fairy palace.

The gardens extend to the left of the terrace and here many hours have been spent by the girls in the bettering of their individual house gardens, and the contest has been very keen. The tennis courts lie in front of the house and afford much pleasure to all the girls, and the netball court and several other sports grounds lie further over to the left.

White House has stood in this position for many years now and I am sure that all her occupants will join me in the hope that it may stay so for many years to come.

—JOCELYN CUNNINGHAM, Scholarship Class.

EXPERIENCES OF A NEW GIRL

Oh, dear! On the station at last after weeks of preparation for school! Everyone saying good-bye to their mothers and fathers and kisses floating everywhere! Settled on the train between piles of tuck on one side and cases of clothes on the other side! The

train's whistle is heard and all school girls say last good-byes to their parents. Then the train pulls slowly out of the station.

For a little while you just feel a tiny bit homesick and a few tears appear in rather bright eyes. But after a time the kind teachers introduce you to some other girls, and you sit there and stare at each other, too dumb to say anything. At various intervals you have something to eat, but feel too homesick to enjoy it much. At last the dreaded train journey is over and you arrive at the station nearly at your destination. A bus is called for and the little ones get a ride. If you are one of the elder ones you walk along the dusty, hot roads until you reach the school.

When you eventually get there, and the big gates shut on you, you feel that you can never get outside again. Then you begin to think school isn't so good as you thought it would be. You unload your luggage from the truck and store it in a big room, which afterwards you find out is a music room. After you get out the things you need for the night you go up to a big, creamy-coloured building and pick your bed. When you have done this you are ushered outside by a kindly looking matron. Naturally you have a look around and then wait until tea-time. Immediately tea is over and the Sister-in-Charge has kindly welcomed all new girls, everyone goes to bed. That night you toss and turn in your bed because of a prickly mattress and thoughts of home. The next morning you are wakened about six o'clock to unpack. (On other mornings it is to do prep.) When the unpacking is done and breakfast is over all school books are carried to the classroom. After lessons in the afternoon you go and get your afternoon tea and then have a bath. When tea-time comes you probably feel quite fed up with school, but in a few days' time you get used to it. In the end, however, you always say, "Oh, well, school isn't SO bad after all!"

—SHEILA GRIFFITHS, Grade VI.

"MY PAL BOB"

My horse, Bobby, and I have lived together for five years, but now I think we are going to be parted very soon, because Daddy is going to sell him, as I am never home to ride him. Bobby and I have had many experiences together. One was when I was having a race with Teddy, a friend of ours. We were galloping along and were only about half a mile from home when Bobby saw another horse and bolted.

I was taken along for about ten yards, half on and half off the horse, and then I slipped right off and on to a large jagged stone, I was lucky then that I just missed striking my head and cut my arm instead. When I reached home Mummy called Mr. Wynn, the Ambulance man, and he bandaged my arm. When I went down the next morning to the paddock to give Bobby some

carrots and some bread, I thought he looked rather sad to see my arm bandaged up. I have never had any more accidents since that but we have had plenty of rides together. I hope from the bottom of my heart that Daddy does not sell him as I love "My Pal Bob."

—SALLY SHERRY, Grade VI.

TWO BRAVE CAVALIERS

When England was divided into two parties there lived two little "Royalist" children, whose names were Oliver and Anita.

One day they were out in the forest when suddenly a "Royalist" dispatch-rider came upon them. He was suddenly stopped by two "Roundheads." Though he put up a brave fight, at last he had to give in.

They tied him to a tree and then took his papers from him. One of them dressed in his clothes and went off, making for the "Royalist Castle" with false papers. The other left after hiding the disguised "Roundhead's" clothes in a tree trunk.

When they had gone Oliver sent Anita off to the castle to warn the "Royalists" about the two "Roundheads." He then crept out of the bushes and undid the bonds of the captive and freed him. Oliver then gave him the "Roundhead's" clothes to put on. They both got on the horse and rode to the castle. When they arrived they found that the "Royalists" had already caught the two "Roundheads" and that Anita was safe and sound.

—JUDITH BRADHURST, Grade V.

FLOWERS

In our garden there are poppies,
White and crimson, yellow and pink.
All of them have long, green stems,
And when they die, then down they sink.

Next to them grow roses;
O, such pretty things!
Red and pink and white
With petals just like wings.

The other side are gerberas
Yellow and a glorious pink.
They are thrones for little fairies,
And at them the elves do wink.

—EILEEN POULSEN, Grade III.

PUPPY AND PUSSY

Said puppy to pussy one day,
"Oh! will you come out to play,
It is a lovely day,
Or would you rather stay?"

Said pussy to puppy,
 "Oh, yes, Oh, yes."

Said puppy to pussy,
 "We'll go and dress."

Pussy and puppy
 Went to the park,
 When they got there,
 They saw a lark.

Puppy and pussy sprang up in the tree,
 Thinking that they would have lark for tea,
 Puppy fell down and hurt his knee,
 And then they didn't have lark for tea.

—A. BERESFORD, B. WORMALD, Grade 2.

THE FLAME

The yellow flame spits forth its spark,
 And quickly eats the hardened bark,
 The red hot coals burn warmly bright
 And send their glow into the night.

—SUSAN SAXBY.

HOLY COMMUNION

High on the altar stands the cup of Wine,
 Bringing down the Love Divine,
 The Priest said a prayer to celebrate,
 The Death of Jesus.

Next he took and blessed the Bread,
 Then he knelt and bent his head,
 He prayed that he might worthy be,
 Of the Death of Jesus.

—S. SAXBY, Age 7, Grade 2.

OLD GIRLS' NOTES

ENGAGEMENTS

Peggy Sheridan—Cpl. James Bassett.
 Thelma Fraser—Ken Snowball.
 Lesley Staunton—Cpl. Don Carruthers.
 Pat Staunton—Sgt. Gordon Daniel.

MARRIAGES

Nancy Riggall—Gunner Hooker.
 Cecily Elkington—Gus. Evans.
 Joan Buckley—Able/Seaman Peter Money.

BIRTHS

Val Corrish (nee Rowland)—twins, a daughter and a son.
 Vida McAuley (nee Wilson)—a daughter.
 Lorraine Forrest (nee Smith)—a daughter.



St. Catharine's is well represented in the Nursing Profession: **Pat Anderson** and **Betty Penfold** are training at the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, whilst **Peggy Sheridan** and **Beryl Hammond** are at St. Martin's. **Margaret Petherick** and **Pat Fogarty** are at the Brisbane General, and **Una Wilson** at the Stanthorpe General Hospitals.

A good many girls are working in Brisbane. **Pat Penrose** is a laboratory assistant at Roush's, while her sister **Jill** is attending a business college. **Nereda Hudson** is doing secretarial work for the Red Cross and **Hazel Whatley** is in the Munition Factory. Also in Brisbane are **Marjorie Young** working at Peter's Ice Cream Factory, **Edris Grimley** at the C.O.D. office, and **Joyce Stidolph**, who after recuperating from her illness, is on the office staff of the Intercolonial Boring Co.

Melva Law, who visited us recently, is at present at the Teachers' Training College, to which she gained a Scholarship.

Several Old Girls are working in Warwick. **Barbary Becker**, who is a frequent visitor to the School, is in the office at Johnson's store. **Valmae Clark** is attached to the staff of the Farmers' Flour Milling Association, whilst **Olive Searle** and **Natalie Laidlaw** are now at the Q.N. Bank here. **Lesley** and **Patsy Staunton** have a hairdressing salon in Warwick, and **June Stidolph** has recently opened a confectionery business.

We were pleased to welcome **Alice Wilson** back to St. Catharine's this year as a member of the staff. Another teacher of whom we have news is **Margaret Laney** at Gatton.

Not far away are **Diana Rushton**, who is working in the Post Office at The Summit, and **Pat Edwards** now in a solicitor's office in Stanthorpe.

Joyce Donovan, **Dorothy Burgess**, **Lyla Nystrom** and **Betty Deshon** are all remaining at home for the present.

Another Old Girl who visited us last term is **Dorothy Thomas**. **Dorothy Thompson**, too, has been seen in Warwick.

The following girls have enlisted: **Thelma Fraser** and **Blanche Pyne**, W.R.A.N.S.; **Pat Tweedie**, A.A.M.W.S.; **Bernice Harding**, W.A.A.F.S.; **Beryl Griffith** and **Jean Turner**, A.W.L.A.