

# The Saga



WARWICK  
November, 1947

Warwick Daily News.

# CHRONICLE

of

## ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL

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### EDITORIAL.

As our last school year is drawing to a close, we look back over our days spent here, and forward to next year, with feelings of mingled regret and joyful expectation. We stand on the threshold of a great unknown "yonder," and a curtain is about to fall behind us, dividing the past from the future. The past—our most secure years, years in which we have made friends who will last for a lifetime; in which we have joined in sports and other school activities with an indomitable spirit which is unchangeable in defeat or in victory. The future—an exciting sphere of that which no man can tell.

Whatever comes, we are resolved to take our places in the world as past members of St. Catharine's School, as citizens of Australia, and children of the British Empire, who mean to be accepted as such, and who will stand by them as we have stood by each other in the past.

It is the aim of our school to teach those who pass through it to be loyal and dependable at all times, to be willing to give for a good cause regardless of the cost, to know the meaning of "Per Volar Su Nata" and of our school colours, Brown, White, and

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Navy. We are resolved to give our best and spread that same spirit which, we hope, has dominated our school life, the spirit of unity and loyalty.

As the trains draw out to take us to our several destinations, leaving a line of white smoke curling behind them, we can hope that we have left some impression in the School, if only a small part of the great influence it has had on us. Vale.



### SCHOOL EVENTS.

- 4th February: Boarders returned to school.  
 7th February: First Corporate Communion of the new school year.  
 9th February: Some of the Senior girls went to the Association courts to watch the Davis Cup players.  
 13th February: School had half holiday to see the show.  
 17th February: School presented Miss Gavin with an eight-day Swiss clock before she left for Sydney on her way to America.  
 22nd. February: New Girls' Concert.  
 28th February: Mid-term week-end. Thirty-five girls went away. Remainder went to see "Courage of Lassie."  
 1st March: School went down town in the morning. Raining, so picnic was postponed.  
 Registrar of Diocese visited School.  
 3rd March: Inter-House swimming carnival, won by Barnes. Senior Championship won by Doreen Foott (62), Pat Griffin runner-up (46). Junior and Open Championship won by Nancy Monaghan (95), Eileen Poulsen second (47).  
 11th March: The Dean visited the school and addressed children at Evensong.  
 12th March: The Dean celebrated Mass for School.  
 13th March: The Rev. Mother Superior visited the School.

- 14th March: Inter-School Swimming Sports. W.H.S. 87, P.G.C. 58½. St. C. 57½. Slade 139½, Scots 133½, W.H.S. 26.
- 22nd March: Seniors went to see "The Green Years."
- 24th March: Some of School went to hear State String Quartet in Town Hall.
- 2nd April: School broke up for Easter holidays.
- 8th April: Boarders returned.
- 11th April: Miss Carter, director of the Junior Red Cross in Queensland, addressed the School. A branch was formed at the School with Helen Naylor as leader; Marian Becker, president; Corrine Harris, secretary; and Joan Hinton as treasurer.
- 12th April: The first tennis match against High School. Our team won 46-24. The B. team also won, 48-18.
- 18th April: School went to see G.F.S. plays at the Parish Hall.
- 22nd April: Mr. Shakespeare, of the British Foreign Bible Society, addressed the school.
- 25th April: Anzac Day. The Guides paraded, and wreaths were placed on the Cenotaph. Girls went to watch the March Past and Helen Naylor received prize for her Anzac essay.
- 26th April: Tennis match against P.G.C. The A team won 47-27, also the B team 46-22.
- 1st May: First Netball Match. P.G.C. won 18-5. In the afternoon Girls went to a recital by Miss Enid Tardent, and in the evening to P.G.C. Concert.
- 3rd May: Tennis match at P.G.C., and they won 38-35. Our B team won easily.
- 7th May: The Archbishop came to see the confirmation candidates and some of the new girls. Cannon Massey arrived to stay.
- 8th May: Confirmation by His Grace, the Archbishop.
- 15th May: First round of House tennis matches, won by Crothers. A Netball match against High School, 14 all. Ascension Night Dance with Slade.
- 17th May: Tennis match against High School. A team won 44-27. B team 48-18.
- 23rd May: Children went to Scots Concert.
- 29th May: The half-yearly examinations began.
- 12th June: Last Netball match against High School. We won, giving us second place.
- 13th June: "Quality Street" was acted in the Town Hall and was very well attended. The takings were £50.
- 14th June: The Old Girls' Association had their first Reunion since the War. In the afternoon, netball matches were held between the Old Girls and the present girls. Both A and B teams won. That night the Old Girls went to the pictures, accompanied by the cast of the play and the A netball team.
- 16th June: The members of staff played the girls netball, while the this, a meeting was held which 19 Old Girls attended. In the

- afternoon the Old Girls played tennis matches against present girls. All the Old Girls attended Evensong at St. Mark's and afterwards supper at the Hall.
- 16th June: The member of staff played the girls netball, while the the Old Girls attended football at Slade. That night the Slade Old Boys held their Ball in the Town Hall, which the Old Girls attended.
- 17th June: School broke up.
- 15th July: Third term began.
- 18th July: First Communion of the term. House meeting held to choose Athletics teams.
- 12th August: 44 girls went to an Organ Recital by Mr. B. Page.
- 20th August: The School went to a concert by the Brisbane Symphony Orchestra.
- 31st August: Girls went to Temperance Youth Rally.
- 5th September: Girls went to Slade School sports held on the School Oval.
- 11th September: Inter-House Sports were held.
- 20th September: Inter-School Athletics held at Queen's Park. W.H.S. ((55½), St. C. (31½), P.G.C. (24). All Schools Dance held at night.
- 23rd September: Slade gave their return dance.
- 25th September: The girls left for Michaelmas holidays.
- 1st October: Boarders returned.
- 2nd October: School of last term begun.
- 4th October: The girls went to M.C.L. Fete. The Junior girls gave a Physical Culture Display.
- 5th October: Six girls were confirmed by His Grace, the Archbishop.
- 10th October: We played the Girls' Technical College, Toowoomba for Downs Championship Tennis Cup and they won 46-26. In the afternoon we played friendly matches with them.
- 12th October: The newly confirmed made their first Communion at St. Mark's.

#### **MAY A.M.E.B. EXAMINATIONS.**

##### **THEORY OF MUSIC.**

Grade II: Marian Becker, 69%. Pass.

##### **PRACTICAL PIANO.**

Grade II: Dorothy Hoog, 85%. Honours.

Grade IV: Heather Donovan, 72%. Pass.

##### **ART OF SPEECH—PRACTICAL.**

Grade I: Helen Naylor, 75%. Credit.

#### **SEPTEMBER THEORY EXAMINATIONS.**

##### **MUSIC.**

Grade II: Corinne Harris, 65%. Pass.

Grade III: Dorothy Hoog, 83%. Credit. Maureen Wormell, 73%. Pass.

Grade V: Leith Cameron, 86%. Honours. Pamela Seitz, 73%. Pass.

Grade VI: Antonia Brace, 96%. Honours. Shirley Page, 91%. Honours. Beverly Gordon, 85%. Honours.

#### ART OF SPEECH

Grade I: Cecily Davies, 78%. Pass.

Grade II: Jacqueline Hayles, 70%. Pass.

### PRACTICAL MUSIC RESULTS A.M.E.B., SECOND PERIOD.

#### VIOLIN.

Grade I: Heather Donovan, 78%. Credit.

#### PIANOFORTE.

Grade I: Corine Harris, 79%. Credit. Marian Becker, 78%. Credit.

Grade III: Pam Seitz, 82%. Credit. Heather Donovan, 81%. Credit. Bloom Smith, 79%. Credit. Maureen Wormwell, 72%. Pass.

Grade IV: Wendy Schwennesen 87%. Honours. Joyce Kamholtz, 86%. Honours. Nancy Monaghan, 85%. Honours. Valerie Roberts, 81%. Credit. Lenore Greene, 80%. Credit. Wilma Donovan, 77%. Credit. Ruth Morgan, 75%. Credit.

Grade V: Toni Brace, 83%. Credit. Patricia Dent, 83%. Credit. Beverly Gordon, 82%. Credit. Shirley Page 80%. Credit. Jill Griffin, 79%. Credit.

Grade VI: Fay Donovan, 89%. Honours. Judith Schwennesen, 88%. Honours. Desley Schwennesen, 83%. Credit. Penelope Porter, 83%. Credit. Gem Jones, 81%. Credit. Valma Humphreys, 81%. Credit. Judith Carstens, 78%. Credit.

#### VIOLIN.

Marianne Haase, 78%. Credit.

#### PIANOFORTE.

Grade VII: Coleen McCready, 88%. Honours. Leah Toleman, 86%. Honours. Deanne Ross, 85%. Honours. Saranne Perry, 83%. Credit. Lillian Cooper, 75%. Credit.

#### MUSICAL PERCEPTION

Grade V: Valerie Roberts, 100%. Honours. Pam Seitz, 98%. Honours. Nancy Monaghan, 95%. Honours. Wendy Schwennesen, 92%. Honours. Joyce Kamholtz, 79%. Credit.

#### ART OF SPEECH.

Grade I: Cecily Davies, 85%. Honours.

Grade II: Jacqueline Hayles, 80%. Credit.

Grade III: Veronica Johnston, 77%. Credit. Olga Antonieff, 75%. Credit.

Grade IV: Toni Brace, 80%. Credit. Wendy Schwennesen, 75%. Credit.

Grade V: Laurel Reimers, 79%. Credit.

Grade VI: Pat Martyn, 80%. Credit.

## Examination Results

NOVEMBER, 1946.

SENIOR	English	French	Latin	Mod. History	Anc. History	Geography	Maths. I	Art of Speech	Int. Latin	Int. Maths.	Jr. Chem.	
J. Lindley ....	C						C	B	P	P	P	
J. Wall ....	C			C	B	C						
JUNIOR	English	French	Latin	History	Geography	Arithmetic	Algebra	Geometry	Chemistry	Music	Art of Speech	Bookkeeping
R. Akers ....	C				B	C	C	B				C
N. Bell ....	B	B			B	C	C					
J. Cunningham ....	B	A		B	A		C	A				
C. Davies ....	B				B	B	B	C			A	
M. Dawes ....	B	B			A	C	A	A		C		
H. Donovan ....	D	C			C	C	C	C		B		
H. Griffin ....	B	A		C	B	B	B	C				
B. Hughes ....	B	B			B		C	C				
J. McDonald ....	B				A	B	B	B				
R. McPhee ....	C	C			B		C			C		
R. Monaghan ....	C	B			C		C	C				
P. Schwennesen ....	C	C			A	A	C	B	A			
N. Wilmot ....	B	A		B	B	C	C	B				

## SCHOLARSHIP RESULTS, 1946.

## Arithmetic English Geog. History

<b>D. Dowse</b> ....	87	95	62	65	61.8%
<b>J. Henning</b> ....	77	93	52	54	55.2%
<b>D. Jackson</b> ....	93	108	71	78	70%
<b>J. McDonald</b> ....	81	94	65	64	60.8%
<b>H. Wickham</b> ....	104	113	66	77	72%

## OFFICE BEARERS.

School Captain .....	Helen Naylor
School Sports Captain .....	Helen Naylor
Prefects .....	Helen Naylor, Marian Becker, Patricia Griffin.
Pro-Prefects .....	Betty Jones, Joan Hinton, Joan Beckinsale, Cecily Davies.
Athletics Captain .....	Betty Johnson
Tennis Captain .....	Helen Naylor
Netball Captain .....	Helen Naylor
Swimming Captain .....	Patricia Griffin
Barnes .....	Green .....
Crothers .....	Gold .....
Neal .....	Red .....
Slade .....	Saxe Blue .....
	Dieu et Devoir
	Altiora in Votis
	Honours before Honours
	Through Trials to Triumph

## HOUSE CONSTITUTIONS.

## Barnes House.

Mistresses .....	Miss Cant, Miss Thomasson, Miss Gladwell
House Captain .....	Joan Hinton
Netball Captain .....	Joan Hinton
Athletics Captain .....	Joan Hinton
Tennis Captain .....	Betty Johnson
Swimming Captain .....	Betty Johnson
Ball Games Captain .....	Joan Hinton
Secretary .....	Joan Beckinsale

## THE SAGA

## Crothers House.

Mistresses .. . . . .	Miss McKenzie, Miss Nainby, Miss Hesp
House Captain .. . . . .	Helen Naylor
Tennis Captain .. . . . .	Helen Naylor
Netball Captain .. . . . .	Helen Naylor
Swimming Captain .. . . . .	Patsy Schwennesen
Ball Games Captain .. . . . .	Helen Naylor
Athletics Captain .. . . . .	Helen Naylor
Secretary .. . . . .	Betty Jones

## Neal House.

Mistresses .. . . . .	Miss Griffin, Miss Bunton, Miss Telford
House Captain .. . . . .	Marian Becker
Swimming Captain .. . . . .	Pat Griffin
Tennis Captain .. . . . .	Marian Becker
Netball Captain .. . . . .	Pat Griffin
Athletics .. . . . .	Pat Griffin
Ball Games .. . . . .	Marian Becker
Secretary .. . . . .	Pat Griffin

## Slade House.

Mistresses .. . . . .	Miss Wilson, Mrs. Ross, Miss Smith
House Captain .. . . . .	Cecily Davies
Swimming Captain .. . . . .	Cecily Davies
Tennis Captain .. . . . .	Doreen Foott
Athletics Captain .. . . . .	Doreen Foott
Ball Games Captain .. . . . .	Wynsome Boatfield
Secretary .. . . . .	Cecily Davies



## BARNES HOUSE NOTES.

We were very sorry to lose our former House Mistress, Miss Gavin, who for the past few years has been a great source of en-

couragement to us. We wish her every happiness in her new life. We had great pleasure in welcoming Miss Cant as our new House Mistress, and extend a cordial welcome to all our new girls. We were glad to welcome back Miss Thomasson and Miss Gladwell this year. We still have our former House Captain, Joan Hinton with us, and our House Secretary, Joan Beckinsale.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to all our public examination candidates who were successful in 1946.

This year, two of our teams have been successful, for we won both the swimming and athletics with flying colours. We were fortunate in having in our House, the Athletics champion, Betty Johnson, and the junior swimming champion, Nancy Monaghan. Congratulations, Crothers and Slade, on winning the Ball-game cup.

We were well represented in the A and B Netball teams, having one in the A team and several in the B. However Slade proved too good for us in the Inter-House competitions. Congratulations Slade!

Barnesites extend to all Public examination candidates their good wishes for success.

1947 has brought us all much luck and happiness, and we all hope that in the years to come we may have just as much, if not more, jollity and comradeship in BARNES.

### CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES.

Crothers House has again experienced a successful year.

We regret the loss of Miss Taylor who did not return this year, but we welcome instead Miss Hesp to our midst. We were also very glad to welcome back Miss McKenzie and Miss Nainby.

We were fortunate in having five members of the A and B tennis teams in the House, so that our team won the first round of the Inter-House competition.

In Netball, Slade proved victorious, with Barnes second. Our congratulations to them.

Barnes House won the Athletics Cup, for which we congratulate them, but we upheld our traditions by tying with Slade House for the Ball-games Cup.

Again we congratulate Barnes House on their victory in the Swimming Carnival. Unfortunately, Crothers did not excel in this sport. Congratulations Neal, on winning the Life Saving Cup.

Our new girls have entered into the House spirit and School life very well, indeed, and I am sure the members of Crothers who

are leaving at the end of this year will cherish happy thoughts of our activities together.

We join with our Mistresses in wishing our Scholarships, Juniors and Seniors the best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

### NEAL HOUSE NOTES.

Although we had few Juniors and Seniors last year, we were more fortunate this year in having two Seniors, four Juniors and three Scholarships, to whom we wish the best of luck in the coming examinations.

At our first House meeting all new girls were welcomed, and all made resolutions that they would do all they could in the way of sport and general work to help their House.

During the first term, swimming was the main sport. We were fortunate in having Pat Griffin and Wendy Schwenessen for both the swimming and life-saving. Although we only came third in the swimming, we congratulate ourselves on an easy victory in the life-saving Inter-House Contest. Congratulations, Barnes, on your winning the Swimming Cup.

Our Netball seven this year seems to have more brains than brawn. Having only one Inter-School representative, we met with a number of defeats, and we heartily congratulate Slade on their easy win.

In the third term, the Inter-House Athletics was held, and we were proud to have Wendy Schwenessen, the Junior Champion, in our team. In the Ball-games, we proved successful in two events. We gained third place, and congratulate Barnes on their victory.

Throughout 1947, Neal has been a House of happiness and comradeship, thanks to the co-operation and House spirit of all its members.

### SLADE HOUSE NOTES.

We were very pleased to have Miss Wilson with us once again this year, and to welcome Mrs. Ross and Miss Smith. We were sorry to lose Miss Roman and several of our girls at the end of last year. Their places have been filled with an enthusiastic band of new girls to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

Our swimming team showed a marked improvement this year, as we gained second place to Barnes. The netball team was successful too. Barnes won the athletics cup; our team coming

second. Once again this year, the Slade House ball games team won the cup, tying with Crothers. We would like to congratulate all the winning teams.

The tennis matches have not, as yet, been finished. We are at present in the throes of practising for the Physical Culture display which is to be held in a few weeks.

Slade House has presented a very creditable year on the sports field, as many of our girls have competed in school teams. For the first half-year, Slade House gained highest points for the General Excellence Cup, so we are hopeful for success in this quarter at the end of the year. Congratulations, Crothers, on being Cock House last year.

Congratulations are extended to all who were successful in last year's public exams., and best wishes to those who are qualifying this year.

### FIFTH FORM NOTES.

After eight weeks holiday, we returned to school to find that only half of our original Sub-Juniors had returned to do Junior. We were sorry to lose Margaret Henning at the beginning of the year but pleased to welcome Helen Fraser and Dorothy Hoog, both these coming from St. Margaret's. Miss Griffin is again our Form Mistress. Once again we were well represented in all sporting activities. Congratulations, Doreen and Betty! Doreen Foott was Senior Swimming champion, as well as a member of A tennis team, while Betty Johnson gained the Athletics championship.

Ten of us have been nominated for Junior and are all studying at the moment, as none of us have been given more than our share of brains.

Although it was not the custom of previous years, the old girls were compelled to return the new girls concert. But as none of us are particularly talented, we were forced to render two well known "hillbillies" which unfortunately were not much appreciated.

We wish all candidates the best of luck in the coming Public Examinations.

—JACQUELINE HAYLES, Fifth Form Captain

### SCHOLARSHIP NOTES.

At the beginning of this year, we were sorry to know Miss Gavin was leaving for America, but welcomed Mrs. Ross as our

new Form Mistress. We also welcomed five new girls, one of whom was a commercial girl who left us at mid-winter to go to another form, thus enabling us to concentrate on our examination work. Altogether we have eleven in the class now.

During the first term we acted a modernised version of "Young Lochinvar," for the Old Girls' concert. All the new girls took part in it because we hadn't enough without them.

We have had the same school room all this year. On cold days we moved our desks into the sun on the verandah.

This year, we have been given new pictorial maps of the countries we learn about, and they have helped us a great deal. We also collect cuttings of interesting news from the papers.

During our "general clean-up" at mid-winter we were very excited when a rat appeared from one of the maps. As it raced across the floor, there was one rush for the desks amid screams and a great din. By the time everyone had reached their positions and had thrown everything they could find, the rat had disappeared and all that was left was a great mess. Then we did have a "general clean-up." We had to pick up books, brooms, boxes and other things.

The last few days of the second term, we had to work by ourselves, as Mrs. Ross was busy making arrangements for the School play.

We have been very fortunate this year not getting any of the school sicknesses, so we have not had our work interrupted.

During this last term we are hoping to go to the Flour Mill to see for ourselves the process of flour manufacture. We wish Mrs. Ross a successful interview with the manager.

At the beginning of the year, we elected Margaret Jackson as Form Captain. She has filled the position very satisfactorily, and we have been pleased with our choice.

We thank Mrs. Ross for the time she has spent with us. She has proved very capable as our form Mistress. As well as being learned in all subjects, she has a great knowledge of the world affairs of to-day, and helps us tremendously in General Knowledge.



### KINDERGARTEN NOTES.

Santa Clause gave much pleasure to the small children when he appeared at the Kindergarten Xmas Tree, which was held at the close of the 1946 school year.

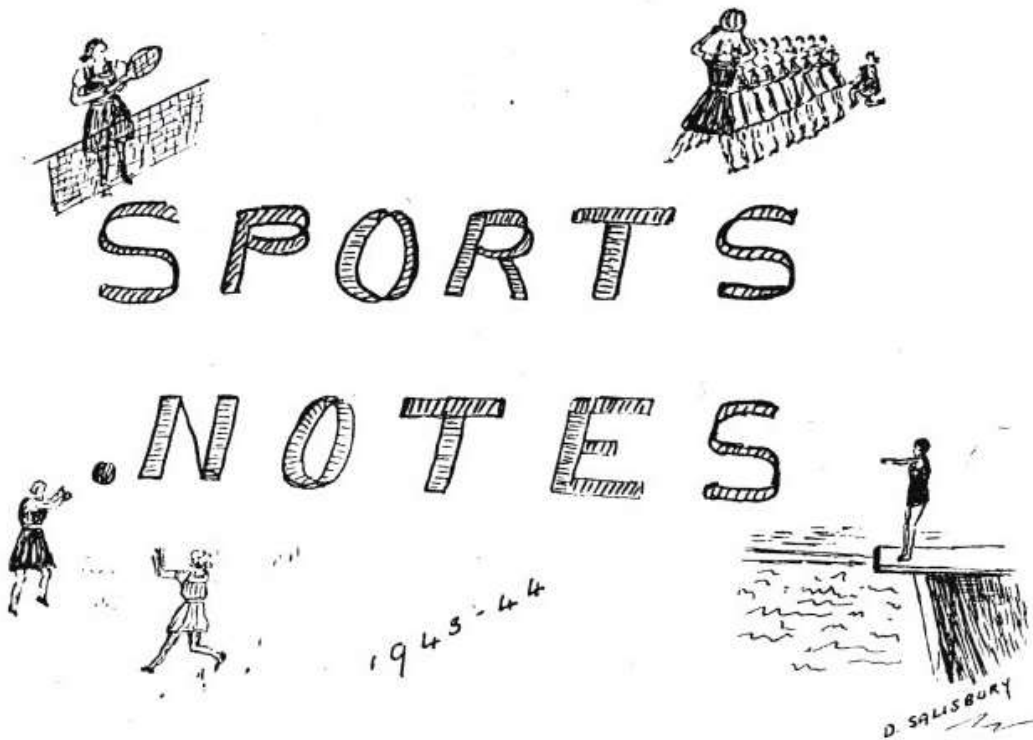
After a short concert programme, Santa Claus presented each child with a gift from the tree, also gifts which were made by the children for their parents. After the distribution of gifts by Santa Claus, the senior girls' choir entertained the audience by singing Christmas Carols.

In the annual examinations for 1946, Gwen Miller was first in Grade I, Marlene Bodimeade gained first place in Prep IV, and Pamela Reid came first in Prep. II. At the beginning of 1947, the girls in Grade I were promoted to Grade II. A half-yearly examination was held in June, when Marlene Bodimeade gained first place in Grade I, Deirdre Gredden came first in Prep. III, and Elizabeth Ross was first in Prep. I.

When school re-opened after the mid-winter vacation, the children were delighted to find that a slippery slide had been erected in their playground. The little ones greatly enjoyed the slippery slide, and many happy hours have been spent on it.

During the year new pictures have been added to the collection on the walls, and the sand tray has been refilled. The day children very kindly provide flowers for the school room, while the boarders help to prepare the room for school each morning.

The Kindergarten children enjoy having their own assembly each morning, when Sister Dominica teaches them suitable hymns and prayers.



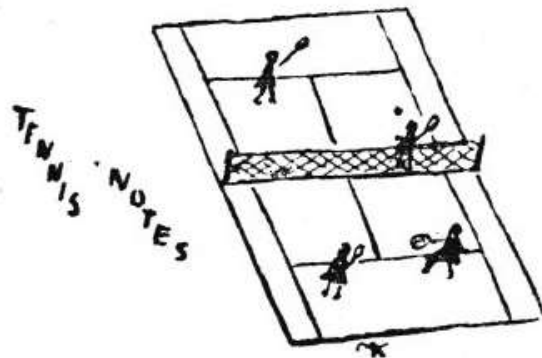
### NETBALL NOTES.

We were unfortunate in losing five of our last year's team, but were pleased to have Helen Naylor—last year's captain—back again, as well as Doreen Foott. This year's team consisted of: Helen Naylor (defence goaler), Pat Griffin (assistant goal defence), Veronica Johnston (defence wing), Joan Hinton (attack wing), Corinne Harris (centre), Doreen Foott (goaler) and Wynsome Boatfield (assistant goaler).

We extend our congratulations to P.G.C. on winning the cup. After a very close struggle with High School on their home ground the scores were equal, but in the decisive match for second place we won by a narrow margin.

The B team and the Staff provided excellent practice for the A team, during the season. After two strenuous struggles between the Staff and A team, the scores were equal. At the Reunion, the present girls defeated the Old Girls in a most entertaining match.

We wish to thank Miss Hesp for her valuable assistance and training throughout the season.



### TENNIS NOTES

This year after a lapse of two years, we were again successful in winning the cup. Marian Becker, Doreen Foott, Margaret Welsh and Helen Naylor constituted the A team, while Corinne Harris, Betty Jones, Betty Johnson and Pauline Welsh played in the B team, and were successful in all their matches.

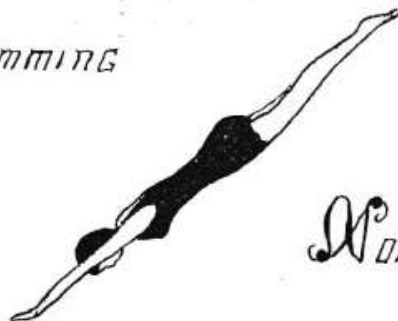
On Saturday, 11th October, we played Toowoomba Technical High School for the Downs Championship. They proved too strong for us, the scores being 42-26, but we had a thoroughly enjoyable day. Congratulations, Tec!

During the season, we played several matches against a Slade team, and though they proved too strong, they provided excellent practice for us.

In conclusion we wish to thank Miss Griffin for her assistance at all times.



*Swimming*



*Notes.*

### SWIMMING NOTES 1947.

This year our girls showed much enthusiasm during the swimming season and both Inter-House and Inter-School competitions

were keen. Thanks to Miss Bunton, whose untiring energy and encouragement assisted us in both Swimming and Life Saving, a large number of girls went to the baths three times a week to learn this very important branch of sport, and train in readiness for future inter-school carnivals. The members of this year's team were: P. Griffin (Captain), B. Hockings, P. Schwennesen, B. Johnson, D. Foott, N. Monaghan, E. Poulsen, W. Schwennesen, P. Porter.

The Annual Inter-House Carnival was eagerly awaited and keenly contested. Barnes once again was victorious, with Slade, Neal and Crothers in second, third and fourth places. The Senior Championship was won by Doreen Foott, and Patricia Griffin was runner-up, Nancy Monaghan was Junior Champion, while Eileen Poulsen was runner-up. A very interesting programme, including a 66 yards Championship, and a wild novelty race, round the spectators' pavilion, was drawn up and the contest proved very exciting. The first places in most events were won by a mere touch.

At this year's Inter-School Carnival, Warwick High School again proved victorious, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to them, and also to P.G.C. who secured second place. The final points were: W.H.S., 87 points, P.G.C. 58½. St. C. 57½. The competition for second place was very close, and we hope that next year we will be able to reverse the positions. Of our team members, Nancy Monaghan and Wendy Schwennesen, deserve special mention, Nancy for her all-round special prowess and Wendy for her win in the under 14 backstroke.

We wish to thank Mr. Peachy and Mr. Portly, who very kindly assisted us in our training throughout the season.

#### Best swimmers Of The Year.

Freestyle, N. Monaghan.

Breaststroke, N. Monaghan.

Backstroke, N. Monaghan and W. Schwennesen.

Diving, D. Foott.

Life-Saving, P. Griffin.

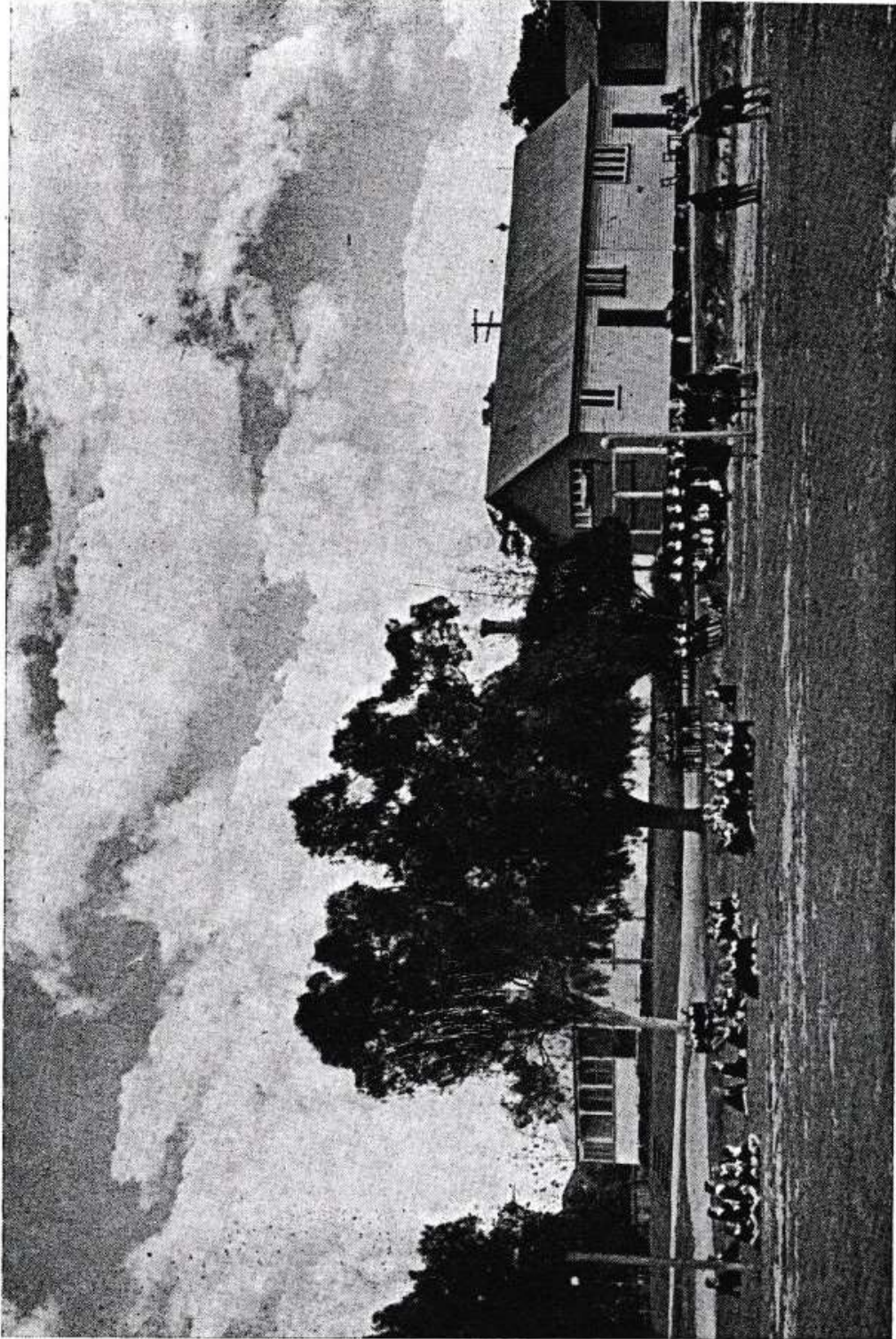
Most promising beginner, R. Smith.

Swimmer, who has made most progress, W. Schwennesen.

—PATRICIA GRIFFIN.

#### LIFE-SAVING 1946-47.

This season the girls trained enthusiastically for Life-Saving Exams; Miss Bunton trained many girls for various exams; and has



**WHITE HOUSE: From the Playing Field.**

**PREFECTS and PRO-PREFECTS, 1947.**



**BACK ROW: Marian Becker, Helen Naylor, Patricia Griffin.  
FRONT ROW: Joan Hinton, Joan Beckinsale, Betty Jones, Cecily Davies.**

readily helped anyone who needed assistance in either swimming or life-saving. Mr. Portley, who examined us, also helped us in our training. A much larger number of girls sat for exams this year, and we have some promising and enthusiastic life-savers looking forward to the coming season.

This year for the first time we had an Inter-House competition which was won by Neal. Congratulations, Neal, and keep up the good work!

The Awards for the season 1946-47 are as follows:

Second Class Instructors Certificate: P. Griffin.

Queensland Cross: P. Griffin.

Bronze Medallion: H. Naylor, J. Wehl, N. Dunn, D. Foot, D. Dowse, C. Davies, N. Monaghan.

Elementary Certificate: H. Naylor, J. Wehl, N. Dunn, D. Foot, D. Dowse, C. Davies, P. Porter, B. Johnson, B. Hockings, J. Hayles, B. Tweedie, W. Schwennessen, S. Sherry.

Intermediate Certificates: H. Naylor, J. Wehl, N. Dunn, D. Foot, D. Dowse, N. Monaghan, E. Poulsen, P. Porter, R. Morgan.

Resuscitation Certificates: H. Naylor, J. Wehl, N. Dunn, D. Foot, D. Dowse, S. Sherry, A. Neil, S. Jones, W. Schwennessen, P. Porter, B. Johnson, J. Hayles, B. Tweedie, J. Smith, M. Jackson, J. Griffin.

—PATRICIA GRIFFIN.

### **COMMERCIAL NOTES.**

At the end of last year we farewelled Miss Taylor and this year we welcome two new commercial mistresses. Miss Hesp teaches Stenotyping and sub-junior Bookkeeping, while Miss Smith takes Fifth and Six B forms for Bookkeeping lessons.

We wish the best of luck to those who left us at the end of 1946 and welcome the newcomers. Congratulations to Narella Crain and Rosemarie Akers on their Junior passes.

For the November B. & S.W.A. examinations this year we have five candidates for Stenography and three stage II and one stage III Bookkeeping candidates. Last year our girls did well in these exams and we have high hopes for this year's candidates.

Best of luck to our three Juniors, and to all the public examination candidates.



### LIBRARY NOTES.

This year a large number of library books have been read and VIB have been kept busy on Saturday evenings supervising the exchange of books. We have found that most of the girls make wise selections and their reading covers a wide range. We are fortunate in possessing an extensive library which caters for so many varied tastes.

With the continual use the books soon become disarranged and at the end of the second term VIB had the task of putting them all back in their correct order.

Our thanks go to the past students and friends of the school who have given books to the school library. New Books this year are "The Price of Admiralty" by McGuire, "Vouza and the Solomons" by Hector MacQuarrie, "Van Loon's Lives" and "The Sword in the Stone" by T. H. White, "The Impudence of Youth" by Warwick Deeping, "The Pastoral Symphony" by J. J. Hardie, "Remember" by T. C. Sarasin, "The Headmistress" by Angela Thirkell, "Britannia Mews" by Margery Sharp, "The Brother of Daphne" and "The Courts of Idleness" by Dornford Yates, "Peregrine" by Jeffrey Farnol, "Yeoman's Hospital" and "The Little

White House" by E. Goudge, "He Brings Great News" by C. Dane, and "Don Quixote" by Cervantes, The Illustrated London News, and the A.P.R.

Mrs. A. Slade presented as the nucleus of a Hospital Library "Billabong Riders" by M. G. Bruce, "Jennifer Stands By" by G. Lister, "What Katy did at School" by S. Coolidge, "The Old Brown House" by E. Powell, "Can I Go There" by A. Hepple, "Anne of Ingleside" and "Pollyanna" by L. M. Montgomery.

Several books for the Junior Library were received from Carley McKay.

### MAGAZINES EXCHANGED

The Link, St. Aidan's, The Glennie Gazette, The Dawn, Miss Thistle, St. Gabriel's, Sydney, The Godolphin Magazine, Toowoomba Technical College, Toowoomba Grammar School, The Slade School, Scot's College, The Condaminian.

### VALE.

Beth Harding, Jeannette Lindley, Marion Rose, Joan Wall, Elaine King, Carley McKay, Murial Quinlivan, Jean Wehl, Nancy Bell, Narelle Crain, Jocelyn Cunningham, Minna Dawes, Nancye Dunn, Helen Griffin, Dorothy Harper, Margaret Howard, Beverley Hughes, Jessie McDonald, Rita McPhee, Ruth Managhan, Aidree Neil, Gwen Smith, Elaine Sommerlad, Joan Taylor, Nancy Wilmot, Diana Budge, Bette Cross, Joy Cross, Hazel Emerson, Beth Seisel, Esme Hempel, Margaret Fleming, Venetia Nicholls, Joyce Nystram, Marigold Reardon, Margaret Sargent, Sally Sherry, Fay Wagner, Grace Whittaker, Sybil Frisby, Daphne Dowse, Joan McBurnie, Oriel Ruhl, Juanita Banning, Chelmer Campbell, D'Ell Keable, Pamela Bingham, Norma Swerden, Stephanie Jones, Pat Keegan, Linda Southey, Lorna Witts, Alison Witt.

### SALVETE

Helen Fraser, Dorothy Hoog, Olga Antonieff, Diana Bell, Lenore Greene, Barbara Jagers, Joan King Yvonne Fry, Hilda Rose Marie Pritchard, Paula McKee, Shirley Morrish, Dorothy Clendinen, Aisla Bourne, Edna Jackson, Denise Dickson, Barbara Page, Shirley Page, Norma Porter, Ruth Smith, Valmae Donovan, Vickie Graham, Patricia Lewis, Marie Humphreys, Val Humphries, Margaret Jones, Gem Jones, Anne Cohen, Margaret Cohen, Violet Wilson, Merle Bottrell, Elizabeth Raff, Joyce Richmond, Christine Richmond, Adriene Slade, Lorraine Acworth, Deidre Gredden, Margaret Barton, Elizabeth Ross, Catherine Smith, Yvonne Wilson, Joy Williams, Joyce Osborne, Joan Osborne, Pat

ricia Telford, Elizabeth Scrymgeour, Leah Toleman, Dianna Ross, Ailsa Lawrence, Vilma Lawrence, Judith Ann Clifford, Susan Arenbruster, Wendy Ratcliffe, Kay Heather, Fay Isobel Donovan.

### "QUALITY STREET."

On Friday, June 13th, in the Town Hall, our girls presented J. M. Barrie's comedy in four acts, "Quality Street." A large crowd attended, including P.G.C., Slade and Scots, as well as many of the townspeople, and our girls enjoyed playing to such an appreciative audience as they proved.

After much conscientious practising and several mishaps, the main one being the leading lady's inability to attend the dress rehearsal because of her loss of voice, the night came. All enjoyed dressing in the colourful old-world costumes which greatly added to the attractiveness of the scenes. Special mention for both colourfulness and quaintness is deserved by the dancing class which was made up of members of the junior school. The younger members of the cast thought the greatest event of the evening was the applying of the make-up. We are indebted to Mrs. Ross, Miss Nainby and Mr. Millar for their kind assistance in this direction.

At the end of the performance, a small gift was presented by those who took part in the play, to Mrs. Ross, the producer, as a token of their gratitude for her untiring efforts. We would also like to thank Miss Thomasson and all other members of the cast as well as everyone else who helped in any way towards making the evening such a splendid success.

The characters in order of appearance were:-

Miss Fanny Willoughby .. . . .	Corine Harris
Miss Mary Willoughby .. . . .	Helen Naylor
Miss Susan Throssel .. . . .	Cecily Davies
Miss Henrietta Turnbull .. . . .	Joan Hinton
Patty .. . . .	Patricia Griffin
Miss Phoebe Throssel .. . . .	June Thomasson
Recruiting Sergeant .. . . .	Rosemarie Akers
Captain Valentine Brown .. . . .	Jacqueline Hayles
Dancing Class .. . . .	Coleen McCreedy, Leonie Roberts, Christine Richmond, Joyce Richmond.
Isabella .. . . .	Anne Cohen
Arthur .. . . .	Judith Schwennesen
Thomas .. . . .	Wendy Schwennesen
Miss Charlotte Parrott .. . . .	Betty Tweedie
Ensign Blades .. . . .	Betty Jones
Harriet .. . . .	Wynsome Boatfield
Lieutenant Spicer .. . . .	Doris Huntress

—CECILY DAVIES, VIb.



**GUIDE NOTES.**

**2nd Warwick Company.**

**REPORT.**

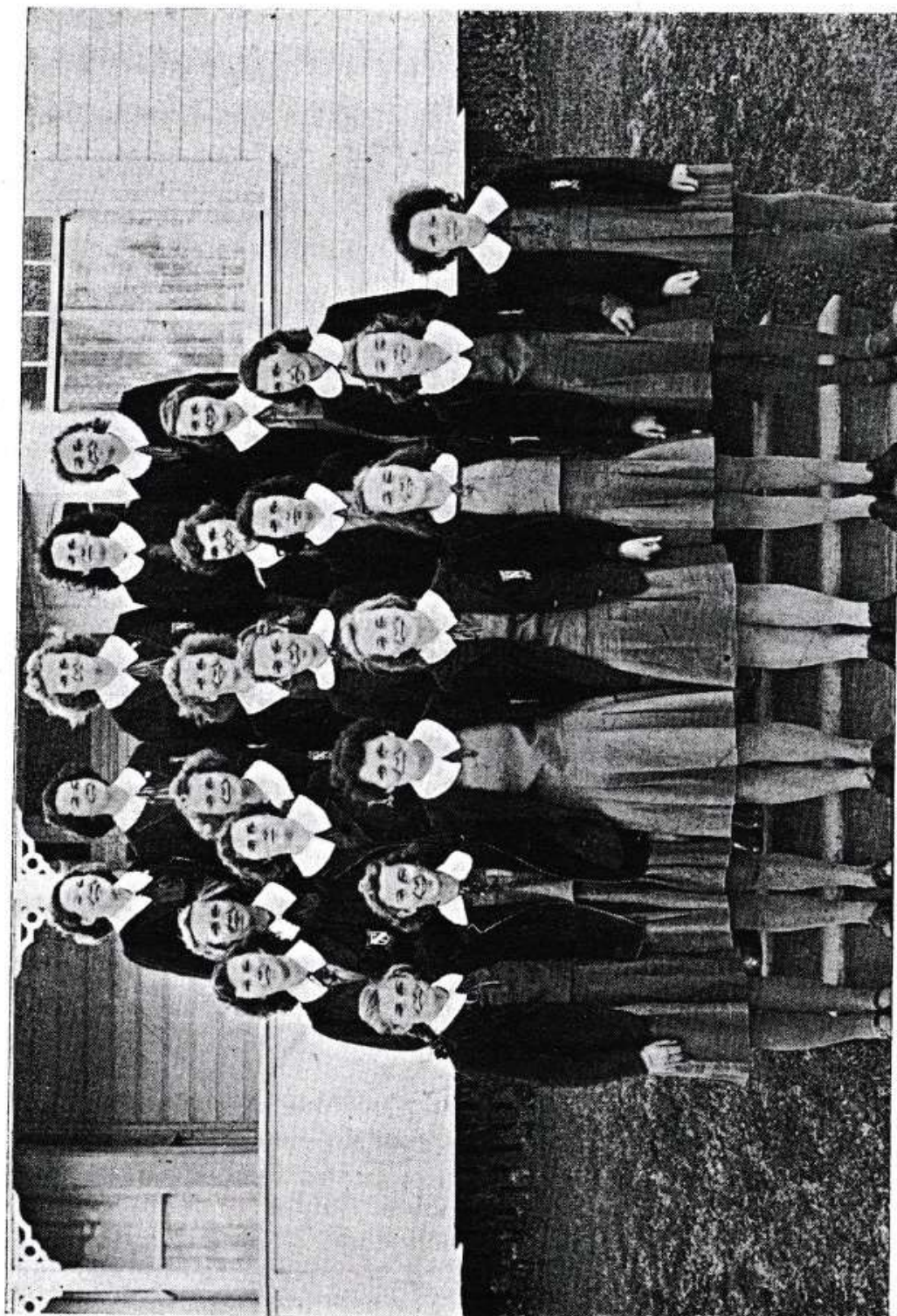
Acting Captain . . . . . F. Hesp  
 Acting Lieutenant . . . . . Rosemarie Akers

**Patrol Leaders**

Fuschia . . . . . Jennifer Smith  
 Robin . . . . . Jill Griffin  
 Waratak . . . . . Nancy Monaghan

There are twenty-four Guides in 2nd Warwick, eight having been enrolled this year. Nine Guides have gained their second class, which makes the number of second class Guides up to fourteen. Since February, twenty-one of the thirty-eight Proficiency Badges in the Company have been won. Last term, 2nd Warwick sent a food parcel to England, and we now have another to send.

At mid-winter, Miss Bunton took several Guides from both 2nd and 3rd Warwick, to Binna Burra for a week. The Guides stayed at the Guest House, but did quite a good deal of their own cooking. During the year, the Company has enjoyed two all-day hikes, one to Sandy Creek, the other to the Peninsula. The inter-company rally is



INTER-SCHOOL ATHLETICS TEAM, 1947

to be held at Allora this year, and the inter-patrol is being held at present on Wednesday afternoons.

We have taken part in two Church Parades this year, one on Anzac Day, after which we marched to the Memorial, where one of the Guides placed the wreath, and the other later in the second term.

We attended Scout's Week in May, where the Company took part in the Sports programme, but unfortunately came last. We have held two evenings this year, together with 3rd Warwick, and at one of these, Mrs. Carstens and the town Guiders and Guides were present.

We would like to thank all those who have helped us in any way through the year, and to thank Miss Bunton for enrolling recruits, and we wish to congratulate 3rd Warwick on once again winning the Mary Tregear Cup.

**3rd Warwick Company.**

Captain . . . . . F. N. Bunton  
 Acting Lieutenant . . . . . Cecily Davies

**Patrol Leaders**

Blue Bird . . . . . Joy Biggs  
 Gum Blossom . . . . . Joan McDonald  
 Thistle . . . . . Bloom Smith  
 Wattle . . . . . Betty Tweedie  
 Secretary of Court of Honour . . . . . Cecily Davies

When we returned to school after the long Christmas Vacation several recruits joined the Company and brought the number to 29 Guides, all of whom are now enrolled; we regretted the fact that Marion, our last year's Lieutenant, was no longer with us, but Cecily took her place in the Company and has been working for her warrant. Marion is at present Lieutenant in the 4th Townsville Company, and we all wish her every success and happiness in her Guiding there.

Patrols-in-Council have been held at some of the weekly meetings and the Court of Honour has met regularly and played its part in Company administration. The Guides, urged on by their P.L's., have been working steadily throughout the year, and nine Guides gained their 2nd Class badges, making our number of 2nd Class Guides 14, several of whom are well on their way to being 1st Class Guides. Work for Proficiency Badges, too, has been undertaken and altogether 46 badges have been awarded this year.

In May we were notified that the 3rd Warwick Company had again been awarded the Mary Tregear Cup, which we had previously won last year, having then tied with 1st Moreton Bay Company. This trophy is awarded annually for general excellence and the

contest is State-wide, so, as we won the Cup outright this year, we feel especially pleased and honoured to have it on our mantle-piece.

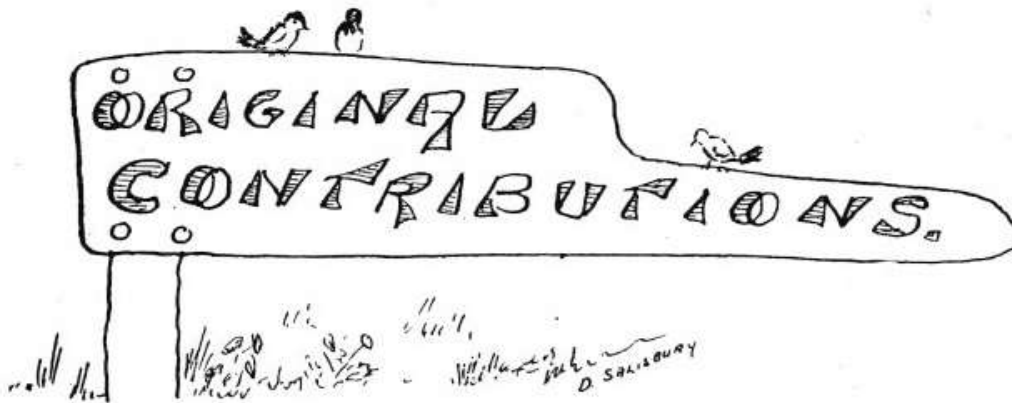
We have not by any means spent all our time in work, however, and several outings have been enjoyed. In April we spent an enjoyable afternoon at Sandy Creek, where tea cooked out-of-doors was followed by the traditional Campfire. During the Mid-winter Vacation a party of Guides spent a very happy week at Binna Burra, where hiking and exploring helped to broaden our knowledge of the vast out-of-doors. In October there was a hike along the Stanthorpe Road where we boiled the billy for afternoon-tea, and we are looking forward next month to the Inter-Patrol Rally which we hope to hold at Iron-Pot Creek.

Ceremonial, too, has played an unforgettable part in Guide Life. Church Parades have been held, and after the service on Anzac Day we marched to Leslie Park where Cecily placed a wreath of white chrysanthemums and rosemary on the Cenotaph there. During Scout Week we marched in a procession and attended the Scout's Own which followed, and on October 18th, several of us went to Brisbane to take part in a Rally at which Lady Baden-Powell, the World Chief Guide, was present, and we attended a Guides' Own in the City Hall on October 19th before returning to Warwick.

The third Guide Law teaches us that "a Guide's duty is to be useful and to help others," and we have tried to keep this Law. Donations were sent to Princess Elizabeth's Birthday Fund and to the Lady MacCartney Fund, to the "Courier-Mail" Seaside Holiday Appeal and to the "Courier-Mail" Children's Toy Fund; used stamps have been collected for the British and Foreign Bible Society as well as for a Cottage Hospital Appeal which was launched by an English Vicar; two parcels were sent to Britain and a bundle of clothes was given to the Brisbane City Mission, and last term a Mad Hatters' Cabaret Evening was held and we were able to raise £3/10/6 for the School Assembly Hall Fund.

This year has been a very full one for the Guides, and a Commissioner's Day is yet to be held (in lieu of a Campfire as a breaking-up function), and the Inter-Company Rally, where we are looking forward to the usual keen and exciting contest with the 1st and 2nd Warwick Guides, is still to take place. Altogether 1947 has been a very satisfactory and enjoyable year, and, in conclusion, I should like to thank all the people who have helped us in any way. The girls who will be leaving the Company soon I hope will cherish happy memories of Guiding, and remember the ideals for which all Guides strive, and find useful the knowledge they have gained; and the girls who will be at school again next year, I trust will have as happy a year as 1947 has been.

—F. N. BUNTON (Captain).



### “A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.”

All school girls love a mid-night prank sometimes during the years of school life.

So it was with June Waters, Marie Vardell and Annette Brown. It was the end of term and they had arranged for a thorough scour through the Old Tower—what was left of a great house about a mile from the school.

The three took it in turns to keep awake, Annette first, for she was the one most likely to go to sleep if left to second or third watch; then June, and Marie last. It was all each could do to keep awake but somehow they managed it, and at twenty to twelve, three silent figures shrouded in coats were creeping along the old passage way in St. Augustine's School.

Suddenly in the quiet of the night, there was heard the sound of stealthy footfalls approaching the three chums. Then through the door came a pyjamaed figure with tousled hair. “Oh, it's only Rose sleep-walking again,” whispered Marie in relief—and the intruder was soon deposited in bed once more without being awakened. After their first scare, the adventuresses proceeded more warily and soon the front of the house was reached without further mishaps. From there, it was easy enough to climb through the drawing room window onto the garden of flowering carnations.

Soon they were on their way to the old tower, June in the lead with her torch and the others following. They saw no one and although they hear some creepy noises, it was only to find they were those of night animals and birds that will persist in making one's spine chill.

Soon the old gates appeared in the gloom and, with a rattle and creak of hinges, were opened wide enough for the trio to squeeze through. When the chums reached the old oak door, it was only to find, to their dismay, that it was heavily padlocked. During a close inspection of the outside of the crumbling walls, Annette suddenly stumbled, and found to her amazement that it was an old rusty

iron ring over grown with green mosses. After tugging with all their might for over half an hour, the stone in which the ring was embedded, suddenly moved. Success was gained not long after and the stone was lifted to disclose an empty hole. With the aid of the torch, it was found that the hole was only about six feet deep. One by one they descended and continued to the end of the passage, where, by pushing here and there, a panel slid open, disclosing another passage. Through this the chums scrambled and found this one to be smaller than the first. After inspecting the walls, they spied a small cupboard inserted in the wall, in which there was an old box. Thinking that it had been there for years, Marie tried to open it, but it was locked. They began to make their retreat with the box. Imagine their dismay to see, when they turned around, that the secret panel was closing, and before they could reach it, it was closed. It was then that they heard echoing footsteps growing fainter. Someone had locked them in and they had been too excited to hear or see their captor. They had been banging on the walls and shouting for only about five minutes before the panel slid back again, and two burly policemen entered. The captives soon told of their adventure, and the mysterious box and footsteps. Just then, the older policeman said reassuringly, "Don't worry about him, two of my men have just arrested him for robbery. We found him here to-night, and found some more stolen money on him. That box probably contains the rest. Ah, yes, so it does," he said, opening it with a skeleton key.

So the would-be explorers were taken back to St. Augustine's in the police car, but instead of the punishment they were expecting, Miss Green, the head mistress, after hearing their story from the constable, congratulated them on catching "Slick Joe," who had followed them to the Tower. "But," she said, "next time you want to go exploring, ask permission from me before you go creeping off in the middle of the night."

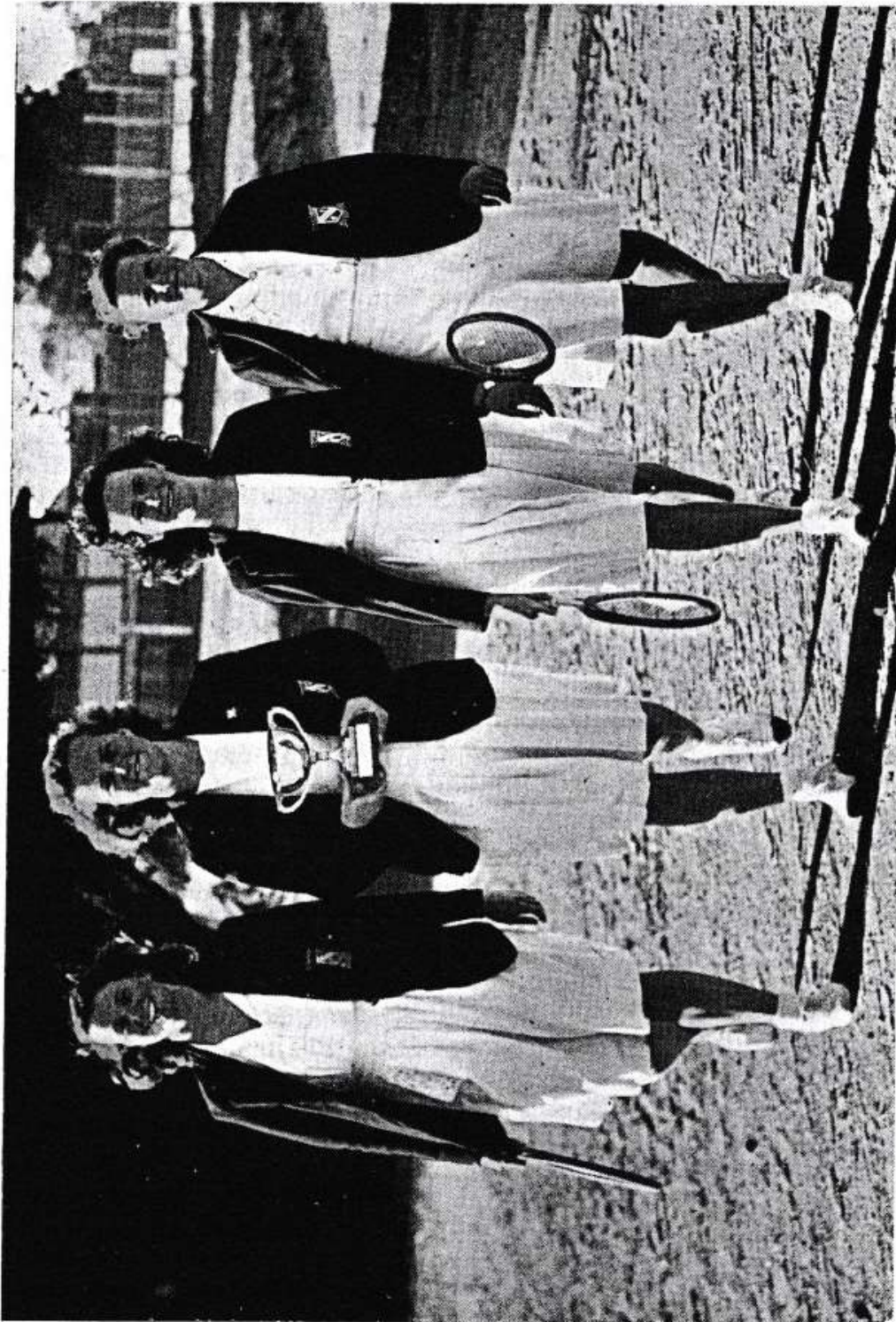
—JOAN McDONALD, IV Form.

### "DREAM OF HOME."

I see the boats at anchor, a-pulling on the rope,  
 And the anchor chain now moves a little more;  
 Ah! to blow them far away is the West Wind's hope,  
 Far, far away from the coral Island's shore.

It's a sunny summer day and the ocean's clear and calm,  
 The silver fish dart round in waters deep,  
 And the balmy breeze is rustling the dry leaves of the palms  
 That grow near pools where rainbow fishes leap.

PREMIERS, 1947.



"A" Tennis Team.

To-night when bed-time comes around, I'll dream  
Sweet dreams of my beloved Island home,  
And though I'm here in Warwick, it will seem  
As though I'm here on Heron's sandy loam.

—EILEEN POULSEN.

### “A STORM.”

It was very hot, unbearably so, as everyone was ready to admit, declaring that the day would undoubtedly end in a storm. The broiling sun, the searing north wind and the dry, choking dust which settled on, in, and around everything, made life unbearable. In view of the fact that the house was the only cool retreat, all the members of the squatter's family were to be found within its precincts.

It was noon, and as everyone was disinclined to do any work, it was proposed that the entire family should have an afternoon's rest. However, the squatter found it necessary to ride into the township to confer with a wool-buyer. His wife predicted a storm, and gave him her usual warning to be home before dark.

Kinlay saddled his handsome black thoroughbred and set off. The stifling heat and intense glare of the sun served to retard his progress, and by the time he reached the township, threatening black clouds in the north and west had already begun to herald the approaching storm. However, he had to attend to his business, and disregarding the ominous appearance of the sky, he went in search of his client.

Meanwhile, a rapid change took place in the weather. The white, glaring heat was replaced by a steamy, humid condition more unbearable in its enervating heaviness. As the storm clouds gathered on high, the parched land was fanned by a cool breeze, instead of the scorching withering breath of the north-west.

This respite from the heat, however, was short lived, for the breeze died away, and all became still and calm. Not a leaf moved, nor did the slender grass blades display any motion. The birds flew homewards and the cattle sought shelter among the timber.

The squatter, having completed his business, suddenly realized the situation. Without more ado, he mounted his horse and began his homeward journey with all possible speed.

Once again the breeze stirred the leaves. Small, white clouds appeared on the horizon, and put into motion by the breeze, moved across the sky like chariots in a wild race across the heavens. The hoof-beats of Kinlay's horse echoed along the dusty road, and everything was very still.

Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning illumined the heavens, followed immediately by deep, vibrating thunder. Kinlay urged his

panting steed onward—two miles more and they would reach home and safety. The gentle breeze became a roaring wind, which tore the branches and leaves from the trees and hurled them here, there and everywhere. A giant gum, an ancient monarch of the Forest, was torn up by the roots and flung across the squatter's path. The horse, though startled, leapt the fallen giant and galloped on.

Rain began to fall—large drops which fell slowly, and increased in size till the deluge came down in torrents. At last! The homestead gate was forced open by his strong hand. Kinlay left it open and pursued his way. A few hundred yards farther, and the house was discernible through the gloom. He dismounted, and released his faithful animal. As a blinding flash of lightning lit up the scene, he stumbled up the stairs into the arms of his eager, anxious family.

SHIRLEY MORRISH, IV Form

**"THE WILD WEST WIND."**

It shakes the leaves and rustles the grasses  
Then turns and sings and whistles and passes,  
From plain to paddock,  
And over the rock.

The wild west wind—the wind of the west—  
It takes no time but blows without rest.  
It blows from paddock  
To rattle the lock.

Many a wild young thing it chases  
In and out of the secret places,  
With no time to bide  
Wherever they hide.

Over the city and over the town,  
It blows to the sea and eases down,  
Leaving us all  
Until its next call.

—HILDA ROSE, IV Form.

**"THE FOURTH FORM DUSTER."**

Upon entering Fourth Form, I discovered that the duties of a monitress included that of seeing that the room was supplied with a black-board duster. For the first few days, we were forced to borrow one from the next room. Then, to my immense delight, we were

presented with one by our form mistress. Only once had I to walk into the next classroom, where twenty pairs of inquisitive eyes were immediately turned upon me, and ask for—of all insignificant things, the most unimportant, a black board duster, and I never wished to repeat the performance. Before I entered the room, I tripped up the stairs, and began rebuking myself for my clumsiness. The teacher asked me the reason I was talking to myself, but I merely said that I wanted the duster, and, murmuring thanks, seized that pestilent object, and made my exit from the room with much more alacrity than I entered it.

It was a small wonder that the arrival of a new duster caused great excitement in the fourth.

I decided that it should be marked to distinguish it from those belonging to the other forms, and accordingly tattooed it with a ludicrous and quite unforgettable face.

However, the duster was destined to a short life, for it disappeared three days before our vacation. I do not know exactly what happened to it, but from the countenances of my form-mates, when told of the disappearance, they knew far more about it than I, though what had been its fate, I could not imagine.

At last it reached my ears that everyone had become so tired of the face in which I had displayed all my talent for drawing, that they decided to wash it off. Alas,—I had used Swan Ink, and try as they might, the countenance, (if so it may be called)—simply would not rub off. I should like to know how they disposed of it, but that is one of the many unsolved problems of St. Catharine's.

On returning from vacation, I was met by a host of girls who told me that mysterious hands had supplied the room with another duster. This sympathetic gesture was made, no doubt, by the girls who had "lost" the unfortunate last one. I was earnestly requested not to execute any production of my peculiar artistic bent upon this duster, lest it also should disappear.

I was determined to guard this duster with my very life, and did so until such time that I felt confident that no one dared touch it, when I left it to take its chance with the rest.

However, Fourth Form dusters seem fated. This morning it disappeared, and though I have searched every nook and cranny, where a duster could hide itself, its hiding place remains as yet, undiscovered. As I write this, I groan aloud as I think that to-morrow, I shall be asked to go to the next room, where twenty pairs of inquisitive eyes will be immediately turned upon me, and there I must ask for—of all insignificant things, the most unimportant—a black-board duster.

—DELL JACKSON, IV Form.

**"MAKING UP A POEM."**

First you get your pen and ink,  
 And choose your paper blue or pink,  
 You scribble and scratch  
 And try to make the lines match,  
 That's writing a poem.

Then all of a sudden you find your ink spilt,  
 You move your knee and the table will tilt;  
 You thump and you stamp  
 Then out goes the lamp.  
 That's writing a poem.

Then you sit and you wonder and think;  
 And can't find that darn missing link;  
 You flurry and worry,  
 And flounce off in a hurry,  
 So never write a poem.

—VALMAE HUGHES and  
 RUTH SMITH, Grade VI.

**"CHRISTMAS EVE."**

Christmas Eve, and the atmosphere was one of merrymaking and gaiety only possible on such an occasion as this. Great crowds thronged the streets making it well nigh impossible for us to wend our way along.

Everywhere hung coloured lights, illuminating kiddies' toys and treasures, and projecting a rainbow hue on the precincts and giving everything an air of "fairyland." Shouts of delight filled every shop as benevolent Santa Clauses appeared in the midst of the crowds, presenting each child with some tiny token of the Christmas gala. Some children readily accepted him, while others stood back a little in awe.

More excitement issued forth, when, with a series of coloured sparks and loud resounding bangs, crackers spluttered and danced along the pavements.

Some windows were artistically decorated in the Christmas spirit. With illuminated lights, little silver bells that tinkled at the touch, glittering sequins, multi-coloured streamers, and tinsels that sparkled between the needles of the pines when touched by the lights, a glorious foreground was accomplished against the deep rich green of the Christmas trees which presented themselves in all their splendour.

Balloons of every shape and size, pursued by children clutch-

ing earnestly the tiny ribbons connecting them, floated aimlessly through the air.

Showers of confetti accumulated on the foot-paths after descending on some hapless ones who emerged from beneath it with shrieks of merriment.

Streamers from one pavement to the other made an attractive canopy for the bands of happy singers who drifted out of the hustle and bustle after a while to rejoice in the praise of God and of His Son, our Lord. Once, as the noise wavered a little, the mellow tones of "Holy night, silent Night," caught by the breeze and wafted down to our midst caused many hurrying feet to grow still, and many excited voices to fade.

In some of the windows, sprigs of holly decorated great hams, ready for the Christmas table, while sweets, nuts, and other Christmas treats made a delightful contrast.

Several shops rejoiced in a splendour of Christmas stockings. Around these, crowds of small children gazed with eyes of eager anticipation.

The wonderful display of fireworks mesmerized many, as beautiful showers of coloured sparks, fountains, waterfalls, comets and meteors, and many other brilliant shapes were formed.

As the time drew nigh to eleven o'clock, many people began to drift homeward, and soon the great masses were reduced to but a few stragglers. We, however, loitered with the remaining revelers.

Then, as the peals of mid-night rang out, an indescribable calm seemed to descend upon all, and we solemnly and reverently bowed our heads, each with our own thoughts. Then suddenly, Alfred Domett's beautiful explanation seemed to break forth from the sky, spoken by an unseen voice, and each and every heard—

"It is the calm and silent night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness, add charmed and holy now!  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay new-born  
The peaceful Prince of earth and Heaven,  
In the solemn midnight  
Centuries ago."

—YVONNE FRY, IV Form.

#### "THE STORM."

A rustle of grass and a flutter of leaves,  
And into it's shape a storm quickly weaves,



SWIMMING TEAM, 1947.



"A" NETBALL TEAM.

The spitting of rain on the hard dry earth,  
And old man thunder gives a laugh of mirth.

The lightning flashes across the sky,  
A curlew gives forth his weird cry,  
Hurry and scurrying, the rabbits away,  
Leaving empty their place of play.

Bang and crash, the thunders roll,  
Zeem! the lightning strikes it's goal!  
Thrice it seems to crack the clouds,  
Thrice it lights like golden shrouds.

The rain is pelting hard and fast,  
The thunder gives a final blast,  
Flowing rivers gurgle and rush,  
Gutters all a-swirl do gush.

But then the rain-storm slowly dies,  
And from behind the darkened skies  
The sun peeps through all golden bright,  
To give the world a strange new light.

All is still and seems at rest,  
And nothing left of this great wild guest.  
Soon the flowers lift their heads  
And smile to the sky from their sodden beds.

—BLOOM SMITH, IV Former

### “FAREWELL TO FOURTH.”

Everyone, at some time in life, has to undergo a trial on which depends the destiny of future years.

During the last year, thirteen girls have courageously struggled on, unacknowledged by those around them. Scorned by many sympathised with by few, we have plodded dauntlessly on, to attain the great achievement of entering the glorified Fifth Form.

Truly, my readers, (if there be any) only those who have braved the ordeal of being a FOURTH Former (Four emphasised with undisguised scorn) can tell of all the sorrow and disillusionment of our sweet youth. Cheeked by the Lower Shool, laughed at by the Upper—we were deemed incorrigible.

No one ever realised that amongst us might bloom the “flower of a nation”—remember “many a rose is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Now, at last, this bedraggled, inky down-at-heel brigade has all but attained its goal!

No more will we be scoffed at—no more will we be detained from the privileges enjoyed by those elders around us. For lo! A new year looms forth, unknown, and ready for new ventures, so with a little sadness we say good-bye to that invincible Fourth Form, hoping that those who are to brave its rigours in '48 keep up its "good old name," for the wild disorder, immeasurably appalling in its chaos, the unrestrained hilarity, and the comradeship, in which we have revelled in our first year in the Upper School.

—PAULA McKEE, IV Form.

### "FIRST IMPRESSIONS."

When I arrive at four o'clock, I begin to feel sorry for myself, and when I have to say goodbye to my parents, the tears fall by the bucketful. Then I am placed under the care of someone, who becomes a haven of refuge in my first few days; I only know her first name, but that does not matter.

As we enter the dormitory, we are besieged by an overwhelming crowd of girls, whose names I promptly forget, but curiosity wanes after awhile, and I find myself sitting disconsolately on a bed, looking at two large suit-cases, which are waiting to be unpacked. However, some kind person helps me, and it is done fairly soon.

Then my guardian takes me to have a look round the school buildings, but I am not very interested, and we soon find ourselves getting into line for tea, during which every piece of my bread sticks in my throat, and afterwards I sit staring mornfully at my plate.

After this my companion guides me out of the refectory, because I got lost in the maze of doorways and corridors, and we prepare for bed. Once in, I am so tired and sad, that I cry myself to sleep, to be awakened, as it seems, almost immediately, by the persistent clanging of a bell, which I soon grow to detest.

Then the weary day of school, peopled with scores of terrifying teachers, whose names I cannot remember, wears on, and after a while I find, that school life is not so bad after all.

HAZEL WICKHAM, IV Form.

### "THE KOOKABURRA."

The Kookaburra sits on the gum bough high,  
 And often down from there he'll fly  
 And pounce on a snake or lizard slow,  
 Then back to his perch on the tree, he'll go.

The Kookaburra's called the "Settler's Clock,"  
 Because at sunrise his head he'll cock,  
 And laugh and laugh with all his might,  
 Just because the sun shines bright.

The Kookaburra is brown and cream,  
 And all his feathers seem to gleam;  
 His light brown beak so straight and strong  
 Helps to kill snakes lean and long.

The Kookaburra—Australia's bird  
 Is born and bred, as you have heard,  
 In gum-tree tall on vale and hill  
 By stream and river, creek and rill.

—DESLEY SCHWENNESEN Grade IV.

### "THE MAGIC OF MOONLIGHT VALLEY."

The sun had shown her last golden rays many minutes previously, and now the mountains were silhouetted against the reflection of her departed glory, which formed a veil of splendour above the horizon. Meanwhile, the velvety curtain of darkness was gradually cast over the nooks and dells. For a while, the valley held in her arms, this wondrous beauty of dusk, and then the glow died away, and slowly the silver beams of the moon penetrated over the sheltering mountains into the midst of the dark mantle.

In the heart of the valley, surrounded by heavy woodlands, a little stream chattered over the tiny pebbles in its bed. As the moonlight touched the ripples, the stream resembled a sparkling, diamond necklace, darkened at intervals by the dancing, ghost-like shadows of the trees, which hid some of the enchanted beauty of the streamlet.

The night breeze began to blow, bearing with it the scent of the golden wattle. The leaves of the trees shivered and rustled to the rhythm of the running water. As the breeze blew along the streamlet, it played amongst the weeping-willows, and made them bend, as if in sorrow, to the shelter of the cool water. Along the bank of the stream a fox was slinking; and the monotonous silence of the night was often broken by his mournful bark. On a knell near the bank, a kangaroo formed a dark silhouette against the carpet of green grass. Close by in a tall, ghostly gum-tree an 'opposum gave his gentle call, and then returned to his feasting upon the gum tips.

Except for a few, soft, fleecy clouds, which were being blown

## THE SAGA.

like wisps of silken thread, the sky was clear. It was studded everywhere with millions of twinkling stars, setlike jewels in a kingly crown. A cloud swept across the moon, and for a moment, the magic of that wonder valley was hidden in "the purple blackness of the soft Australian night."

BETTY JOHNSON, V Form.

## "EVENING."

When the red-gold sun is setting  
 'Neath the blue-gum crested hills,  
 There's a stirring in the trees,  
 There's a stirring in the rills.

The bright sky turns to ashen,  
 And the birds fly to their nest,  
 The pale white stars begin to peep  
 Upon a world at rest.

The long grey twilight shadows creep  
 O'er towns and hills and seas,  
 The old owl hoots and dingoes howl  
 At the moonshine on the trees.

—MERLE BOTTRILL,  
 VIOLET WILSON.

## DO YOU KNOW

Beck is interested in a certain type of small car.  
 Doris is going in for long distances.  
 Cec enjoyed one happy landing.  
 Rosemarie was taking cooking lessons—concentrating on stew.  
 Corinne's theme song is "Sioux City Sue."  
 Hinty wears a coat of many colours.  
 Alma got the soda and cream of tarter mixed.  
 Wynsome has seen the light on several subjects.  
 Heather finds school quite dreary.  
 Patsy has big game in view.  
 Marian is allergic to notices "Keep off the Flowers."  
 Florence has changed from wool gathering to wood gathering.  
 Veronica hopes to improve her style at athletics.  
 Helen has taken a sudden interest in agriculture.  
 We know a litte secret about A.P.C.'s on "the morning after  
 the night before."

—SIX A.

**"FUN ON A HIKE."**

We have our companies two and three,  
And when we go on hikes so free  
We sing as we go with great delight,  
While the golden sun is shining bright.

Our Captain joins our merry band,  
And is always ready to lend a hand  
In preparing the tasty things for tea,  
That we eat out under the old gum tree.

And when at last the camp fire's lit,  
And the things we brought are in our kit,  
We have a jolly, jolly night  
As the stars above give out their light.

—LAUREL REIMERS, Grade IV.

**"MY BIRTHDAY."**

When I was ten the other day,  
All my friends felt bright and gay,  
We had the party on the lawn  
Before we started we blew a horn.

What a time we had that day,  
When all the children came to play;  
All the children—girls and boys,  
Gave me games and books and toys.

Then the sun sank low in the sky,  
And we all gave a big deep sigh,  
Because my mother came and said  
That it was time to go to bed.

—JUDITH SCHWENNESEN, Grade IV1.

**"POST WAR RECONSTRUCTION."**

Now that we are in the third year of peace, when all the countries of the world should once more be on friendly and peaceful terms, we realise with horror that this is not so. There are bickerings, disagreements, and in Palestine and India particularly, disputes which lead to riots and bloodshed. We find ourselves asking the question—will there ever be a time when complete peace reigns again?

The tremendous responsibilities of this task are carried by the leaders of the Allied nations. On the shoulders of these men rests the burden of post war reconstruction. Whether they can reorganise the countries of the world into one peace loving family is the problem still to be solved.

The people of the fortunate countries of the world should be working together as a unity in doing their utmost to relieve the starvation of those in Europe and the East. This is our responsibility, not only the chiefs of the United Nations Council, who depend on these great nations to give them the support that is so essential.

There are millions of starving people in the world to-day whose homes have been destroyed by bombs, millions without sufficient clothing and separated from their families, a wandering desolate crowd without one bright aspect for the future.

Daily we read of strikes, resulting in millions of tons of lost coal with disastrous effects on shipping and industry. Considering that strikes caused by some trifling dispute or petty disagreement between the more fortunate peoples of the world cause more unnecessary suffering and perhaps even death to thousands of destitute people, are we, the fortunate ones, doing our part to develop a firm basis for establishing a brotherhood among the nations of the world? It is impossible to form a universal family while the world is in its present state. When the people of one nation cannot agree among themselves, how can they be expected to agree with outsiders?

The rebuilding of a new world depends to a great extent on the younger generation. The war-racked countries look to them as a healthy, peace loving, generation, unscarred by the horrors of war, while so many millions of children of Europe, China and Japan will grow up, unhealthy, warped in body and mind by the monstrosities they have witnessed.

The younger generation are the men and women of to-morrow, and the state of the world to come depends on their abilities of leadership. If they grow up with an inborn love of peace of their neighbours, of equality, then surely may we say the world of to-morrow will be a happier place in which to live. This is the goal to which we must strive and then "there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last forever—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

—HELEN NAYLOR.

### "A KANGAROO."

Once I went out for a walk,  
I went a long long way away;

There I met a kangaroo,  
His shiny coat was brown and gray.

Then I met a bunny rabbit,  
He was clean and white;  
I asked him if he had a name  
He said 'twas Pink-eyes-Bright.

COLEEN McCREEDY, Grade II.

### "THE FAIRIES."

The Fairies come at night, you see,  
And play beneath our apple tree.  
There is a big ring on the ground  
Where they dance and prance around;  
And some toadstools standing by,  
On which they have their tea, and my!  
Their appetities are so small  
It's no wonder they don't grow very tall.

—BEVERLEY GORDON, Grade VI.

### "A RAMBLE THROUGH THE BUSH."

One evening after school, I decided to take my dog for a walk in the bush and collect some wild flowers to put in my pressed flowers' album.

It was half past three when I left home with Lassie, my dog. The sun was high in the sky and the day was bright. It was just the sort of a day for a walk in the bush.

After I had walked about a mile through gum trees, wattle trees, siky oak and many others, I came to the creek, which is called "Sandy Creek." The water was running in some places, while in others, there were sand heaps, with shells here and there.

I left the creek and wandered about on the rocks, which were covered with moss and ferns of various varieties; little flowers were growing everywhere, and some were purple flowers like violets; they were growing up the trees, making the place like a fairy-tale. Lassie was sniffing around under the rocks trying to find lizards, which were plentiful at the time.

Here and there were cattle and horses which had strayed from some farms round about our home.

I collected some flowers and ferns, then began to walk back home, when I heard Lassie barking. I ran back to see where she was, and there I found an old porcupine with its spikes in the air.

Lassie was barking every time a spike stuck in her nose, but I soon got away from there.

At last I set out for home, and this time I reached home safely. I arrived at six o'clock. The sun was nearly set and the colours of the sunset were very beautiful, as I entered the house.

—BARBARA JAGGERS, Grade VI.

### “AUSTRALIA.”

Australia has many a beautiful scene,  
With rugged blue hills and fields of green,  
The streamlets and the waterfalls blue  
All help to add to the beauty too.

Many are the wild flowers blossoming there,  
And in the cool gorges grows maiden hair,  
And the little wild violet, sweet and shy,  
Peeps out at people who pass it by.

And down in the gullies cool and serene,  
Where everything looks soft and green,  
Grow the little bushland flowers  
Which with soft ferns form fairy towers,

The timid koalas and bold kangaroo,  
Are our own native animals too,  
The laughing jackass and the magpie gay  
Sing in our tall grey gums all day.

The 'possums play in the pale gold light  
Of the moon, when it shines through the trees at night.  
The cunning dingo creeps out of his den,  
And away through the trees flits the wee blue wren.

The sky is always of peerless hue,  
With the fleecy white clouds and azure blue;  
And when twilight steals across the hills  
Shadows descend over fields and rills.

We learn about the peculiar ways  
Of aboriginals in the olden days,  
And of how they held their corroborees  
Beneath the shade of the large bush trees

Our land is a land of wattle and gum,  
Where every bushman loves to come  
To boil his billy, and roam the plains,  
And sit by the campfire singing refrains.

Oh, yes, Australia's a wonderful land,  
With its colourful flowers and pearl-white sand,  
And I'm sure that wherever I chance to roam  
My heart will remain in my native home.

—ANN ROSBROOK, Grade IV.

### “RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.”

As I was brought up in the country, my days were mainly spent by myself, my amusements being centred round the animals.

A very early memory is one of riding in front of my Mother's saddle on horseback, a joy which I always eagerly welcomed. I learnt to ride while I was still young, and loved to be on my pony's back and out after sheep or cattle. Another delight was shearing time. I would sit on a rail while I asked questions and made a general nuisance of myself. The chief event for me was the pressing of the bales. This was where I could be of some assistance, and I would climb into one of the presses and nearly lose myself in wool in attempts to tramp it down.

Every Christmas we went to Sydney. I enjoyed the two days' trip almost as much as staying in Sydney itself. At one small town we came to, I was as happy as a lark because a parrot eating a biscuit—Arnott's advertisement—was painted on my chair. There were the big bridgeless rivers to cross where one simply drove onto a huge ferry, and after watching the swirling mass of water glide past for a few minutes, one found oneself on the other shore.

We stayed in a big flat, and every morning we went for a refreshing swim in the sparkling blue sea. There were the big shops and firms, stories high, the Harbour Bridge, and Santa Clauses in all the shops you went into, pressing your Mother to get something for her children's Christmas. I did not mind! I loved Sydney and one day I said to Mum—“Shall we sell ‘Glenowen,’ and buy Sydney?” But I believe if I had lived in the big city, I would have been very sorry.

Then there were always those dreaded visits to the dentist. Oh, how I hated them! The interminable time in the waiting room, and then the “Next please,” which could not have been more terrifying if it had have been the guillotine!

My sister was my playmate, when I became tired of playing mud pies or whatever my game happened to be. I am afraid she got the “thin end of the stick,” and she must have considered my games very juvenile. One day when we were playing I became annoyed and bit her on the leg, leaving a bruise. Then, through none of my sister's fault, Mum got to know of my misdeed. I was threatened with having all my front teeth pulled out. After that no one fell victim to my teeth.

But if I continue, my memories will no longer be those of early childhood, so I had better lay down my pen and proceed no farther.  
—JILL GRIFFIN, Grade VII.

**“WAKEN LADS AND LASSES GAY”**

(With apologies to Sir Walter Scott.)

Waken, lads and lasses gay:  
For to-morrow is the day  
When we trip around the hall,  
Young and old and short and tall.  
Slade and Scots will all be there  
Let's hope it's fine for our curly hair.  
For if the rain should come along  
Lo! our natural curls are gone.

Waken lads and lasses gay:  
To-morrow is our big sports day.  
All the schools with colours flying  
Will cheer their teams, while they are trying  
To gain the honour of taking first place.  
The question shows on every face,  
Are we going to win or not?  
We have hoped and prayed a lot.

Waken, lads and lasses gay:  
For this bright and happy day  
Is our sports day bright and clear,  
And wildly excited there we hear,  
“The first event is the open shot-putt.”  
Miles Savell puts forth a foot.  
And so the events go passing by  
Succeeded by the winners' war cry.

Everything runs smoothly on,  
Until a lad; his name I con  
Is Peter Barnes—starts jumping high,  
Oh! that style! it takes the eye.  
Then as the day draws on a-pace,  
And we come to the end of the final race,  
The winning schools, W.H.S. and T.S.C.;  
We congratulate them heartily.

—DOREEN FOOTT, V Form

**“MY NATIVE LAND.”**

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
This is my own, my native land!

Australia is a sun-shiny country where great old spreading trees stretch their lofty branches to the azure blue of a tropical sky; where myriads of little singing birds pour their sweet melodies to the golden sun and fleecy white clouds.

The rugged blue ranges reach out along the sky-line where there are deep shady gorges filled with small rippling streams, which gurgle over the smooth pebbles, and shaggy grey rocks standing up from the whispering grasses.

Down the gullies, ferns of all kinds creep and twine on the rocks, and along the winding bush track that animals make when going for their evening drink. Here sprays of golden wattle, and sky-daisies and butter cups hide amid the slender grasses that stand like sentinels above them. And far away in the valleys where bottle brush and swaying gum trees rustle in the soft scented breeze, and where the refreshing springs bubble up from the green coated ground, sings the bell bird—its clear, sweet, tinkling note ringing and ringing through the bushland.

Where the rivers run and the spraying water-fall foam down the rocks, and the wind of evening, softly singing, whispers in my ear, and where the trees laden with blossoms pour forth their sweet perfume on the sun-kissed air, often I sit and watch the mists lift from the clear blue hills. As I gaze, the trees are silhouetted against the flaming western sky; the red-gold sun peers hard through the trees, the shadows lengthen and at last the sun lifts its heavenly body over the rim of the world—day is done!

After sunset falls the twilight, and slowly, velvety-blue changes to black; the stars twinkle, and over the dark mountains rises a pale gold moon and I can thank God for the beauty of another day.

—LAUREL REIMERS, Grade IV.

### “EVENING”

The sun went down in the west,  
We watched another day die,  
We saw a golden glow,  
Rise out of the eastern sky.

The full moon rose from the highlands  
And painted the earth with light,  
It coated with yellowy brilliance  
The soft Australian night.

The sky was of purple velvet,  
Studded with silver gems  
And the lakes and the rivers reflected  
The forest's green diadems.

—LENORE GREENE, Fourth Form.

## THE SHOCK

One bright morning when I was walking around the island, I saw a strange ship coming from the south-west. It was a curious-looking vessel, so I pointed it out to my friend, Jay. We went on gathering shells, but after an hour had passed it became so hot that we walked back through the bush. At dinner-time, I spoke about the ship, and I saw Mr. and Mrs. Woods look at each other in a way that made me suspicious. When we had finished dinner, we found that the ship had anchored and lowered a dinghy, and men were coming ashore. Mr. Woods went down to the dinghy, and the occupants asked to see Captain Poulsen (my father). Mr. Woods told them that he was away.

Jay and I found out from him that they were Japanese luggers. We felt in an adventurous mood, so we went into the bush and began to talk it over. Soon we were interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. We climbed a tree, and found to our dismay that the two luggers lay beneath our tree, and had dozed off. We were afraid to move in case they awoke. As I was sitting there, I looked out saw the two dogs, Fluffy and Whisky, playing in the sand. Whisky chased Fluffy into the water, and then began to bark. One of the men awoke. He shook the other one, and said, "Tonight at eight." He walked away, and was soon lost to sight among the trees. The other man got to his feet, and walked away down the beach. He picked up a piece of coral and threw it at the rocks. Then Whisky started barking, and he found a stick and hit him. I fumbled down the tree and would have rushed down the beach to him, but Jay held my arm and said, "You couldn't do any good. You'd only get into a scrap."

We ran home and got dressed for tea. After tea, we waited until half-past nine at the dance hall, then ran to the place where the men were going to meet. I fell down a mutton-bird's hole.

I rubbed my eyes and realised that it was only a dream. I told it to Jay, and she laughed. It was a shock to find I had been dreaming.

—EILEEN POULSEN, Grade VI.

## "SKIPPING"

Out in the garden every day,  
Girls in dresses, bright and gay,  
All can skip from one to ten,  
And then they start all over again.

"Chase the fox" and "Over the moon,"  
All can skip well just as soon  
As their turn comes around once more,  
Everyone skips from one to four.

—CARLIEN JENSEN, Grade III.

**THE FLOWER FAIRY.**

Have you ever heard of a Flower Fairy? I have, and I am going to tell you all about her, but first of all I must explain that she is a Rose Fairy. .

She wears a skirt of pink and white petals, and a blouse made of the green leaves, and her tiny shoes are made of green leaves also and laced with stalks of grass.

The Rose Fairy's home is in a little mushroom, and all around the mushroom is tall grass. I found that the land in which she dwelt was called Fairyland. In the gardens there grew flowers of many different colours and the mushroom house stands in the middle of the flowers.

Every morning the fairy goes for a walk in the bush, where she teaches the birds to sing. She makes friends with the shy butterflies, who let her sit on their wings, and go for rides in the warm sunshine. She likes the bees because they make honey for her, and the birds because they sing to her when she is lonely.

—LORRAINE SEITZ, Grade II.

**A POEM FROM A SCHOOLGIRL'S DIARY.**

Into the sunshine,  
Like a little sprite,  
Leaping and dancing,  
At first streak of light—

Into the School room,  
My spirits singing low—  
Then working and slaving,  
And wishing I might go.

Into the dorm.;  
Tired and slow;  
Sleeping till morn—  
Then, off I go.

Sender of morning,  
Let me be,  
When the day is dawning,  
Happy and free.

—DIANA BELL, IV Form

**IMPRESSIONS ON SHAKESPEARE.**

(With apologies to the classics.)

Is it possible, I ask myself, that anyone should not fully apprehend the greatness of Shakespeare? His great imagination, his creative genius and the fertility of his mind have made his a name

honoured from early childhood to the grave. He is eagerly studied in schools, and after one has passed one's Scholarship, one has the privilege of studying his works minutely and examining every peculiarity of construction. We hear the opinions of learned scholars concerning innocent-looking passages, the mysteries of which, after profound research, they claim to have unravelled, leaving us bewildered and sorely puzzled at their explanation. We become involved, if not intrigued, in the origins of various folios—each of Shakespeare's dramas seem to be available in at least two folios!

Indeed, Shakespeare has many charms for the unfortunate English student. I have studied "A Midsummer Night's Dream," I could almost retell "The Merchant of Venice" word for word without once referring to the text, and "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark" is one of my best friends. I would not go to an English class without him. Were this to be a portrayal of Hamlet's character I could write pages of introduction. However, I must pass over him without further ado. Being a lover of Shakespeare's works, I have of course read "Macbeth" and King Lear." "Henry the Fifth," "As You Like it," and other familiar to us all I could name.

Yes! We may agree that the modern student is given every opportunity of appreciating the immortal genius, but here let me voice a mild protest. I am tired of Shakespeare! Why, I ask, cannot we study the delightful plays of A. A. Milne or J. M. Barrie?

It is usual to study several novels in the upper school for examination purposes, and these are set for us in a long list. Why cannot Georgette Heyer or Agatha Christie or Ellery Queen be set? It has been generally admitted that Shakespeare cribbed his plots from other writers, so why not include some original experts. Agatha Christie could not crib her angles, for we all know her style too well.

I feel sure a change such as the one I suggest would create a much greater interest in literature, and we could rely on these writers not to give us involved constructions and obscure phrases.

An essayist of the new order is Allan Marshall, and I believe that a profound study of his style and an acquaintance with his philosophy would be very beneficial to our youth. His essays do not receive the credit due to them while he is alive. How true it is that a master seldom receives fame in his own lifetime.

I have few suggestions to make as to the choice of verse for the new curriculum. I believe that far too much importance is attached to verse, and I do not see the benefit of delving too deeply into this branch of literature. Shakespeare again excelled at verse writing; he is said to have been one of our greatest poets, yet I never heard of him writing four cantos in Spenserian Stanza dealing with a continental jaunt as Byron did. It is my opinion that he was of much

the same mind as I now am, and did not hold with too much profound meditation in verse. His simple, and short, songs and odes are delightful, and these I commend to you. To write poetry is one of the noblest gifts man may possess, but to study it in any detail is to destroy the charm and make it a burden.

I wish to conclude, as I began, by saying that Shakespeare is a genius of the first degree, but he has monopolized the field for long enough! It is time some of the other writers were let in!

—ROSEMARIE AKERS, VIB.

### O.G.A. NOTES.

Numbers of our Old Girls are staying at home, and news has reached us of the gay times some of them are having. **Fay Sheridan** is tripping off to Tasmania shortly, and was in Melbourne for the Melbourne Cup. **Gloria Donovan** is living at home. She paid Warwick a brief visit not long ago when she went to Brisbane for the Exhibition. **Coolah Malanos** is helping in her father's cafe, and looks very business-like and efficient. **Margaret Grahame** is working in her father's office, and **Pam Poulsen** is working for her father and Captain Middlemas at the Quantas Flying Office in Brisbane. **Eve Welsh** is living at home, and we often see her at St. Catharine's. **Pat Tweedie** is at home (Capella), and recently made a trip to Victoria. **Sybil Frisby** is staying at home. So too are **Venesia Nicholls**, **Nancy Bell**, **Joan Hammond**, **Margaret McKenzie**, **Beth** and **Jill Harding**, **Elaine Sommerlad**, **Nancy Dunne** and **Margaret Howard**. **Beth Geisal** is helping in her father's shop. **Joyce Donovan** is at home now, and is to be married shortly. She will then be living in America. **Jocelyn Cunningham** was holidaying in Brisbane not long ago. **Jessie McDonald** is living at home, but will begin training at St. Martin's next year. **Beryl Hammond** is through her training at St. Martin's. **Beryl** announced her engagement not long ago, and will be married soon. Best wishes, **Beryl**!

Congratulations to **Pat Smythe (Penrose)** who has a little daughter, **Wendy**, and to **Peggy Bassett (Sheridan)**. **Peggy** has a small son, **Robert**.

Numbers of our old girls have taken up nursing. **Noela Smith** is nursing at the General Hospital, Dalby, **Margaret Sargent** at Jandowae, **Beryl Scott** at Toowoomba, **Joan Kirk** at the Brisbane General, **Valda Smith** at Goondiwindi, **Dorothy Thomas** at Warwick, and **Betty Deshon** at St. Martin's, Brisbane. **Dorothy** has almost finished her training at the Warwick General, and intends going to Townsville Hospital next year.

This is **Margaret Wilson's** third year Physiotherapy at the University. She will be through at the end of the year. **Daphne Salisbury** is also studying Physiotherapy, and her course will be finished at the end of next year. **Maureen Kirk** is doing third year medicine.

**Louise Armstrong** is studying Agricultural Science, and **Jane Oakley** is taking an Arts course.

Several more of our Old Girls are living in Brisbane. **Madeline Eagar** is at the Kindergarten Training College, and loves her work. **Joan Wall** has also taken up Kindergarten work. **Sheila Harvey** has left Toowoomba and is teaching Kindergarten at St. Margaret's. **Edris Grimley** and **Wilma Giles** are working in Brisbane. **Pam Muir** has a job in Burns-Philip Shipping Co., office. **Brenda Burton** is in a solicitor's office, and **Rhonda Gavin** is working at the Courier Mail Office. **Mary Arden** seems to be enjoying herself in a Brisbane dress-shop.

**June Stidolph** is doing well in her own shop in Warwick. **Val Clarke** has left Warwick and now has an office job in Brisbane. **Dorothy Millward**, **Roma Warner**, **Belle McNickle**, **Joyce Ross (Stidolph)** and **Alice Wilson** are still in Warwick.

**Jean Wehl**, who is living at Roma, made her debut not long ago, and we hear that both she and **Judith Young** are having quite a gay time. **Judith** has an office job in Charleville. **Fay Nation**, **Beth Woods**, and **Jill Penrose** are in Toowoomba. **Jill** is teaching at the Church of England Boys' School.

**Gwen Smith**, **Joan Taylor** and **Dorothy Smith** have office jobs in Dalby. Two Dalby girls, **Muriel** and **Gladys Castle**, are now married.

Both **Nancy Wilmot** and **June Boatfield** have garage-office jobs in Stanthorpe. **Grace Whittaker** is working at Pittsworth. **Lorna Judge** is now governessing. **Pat Keable** and **Barbary Becker** are also governesses.

Since leaving St. Michael's last year, **Lyndall Hughes** has been to the Training College, and is now teaching on the Downs. **Mary Taylor** joined the teaching-staff at St. Faith's at the beginning of the year.

**Bernice Harding** is in Melbourne, and **Beryl Griffith** has a job in Northern N.S.W. **Natalie Laidlaw** is living in Ipswich.

In June this year we held an Old Girls' Reunion. Several girls stayed at the school for the week-end. Others had booked in at the different hotels. The Reunion was very successful, and all the girls enjoyed themselves. They played netball and tennis with great energy against the present girls, and with as much energy, danced at the Old Boys Ball on the last night of the Reunion.

A combined Slade Old Boys' and St. Catharine's Old Girls' Ball was held in Brisbane on August 1st. It was very well organised, and was most successful. Several Old Boys and Old Girls left Warwick on Friday afternoon to be there in time for the Ball.

The O.G.A. has numbers of active members now, and the numbers are increasing. We should be glad to have all our Old Girls linked with the Association, and would welcome news from them.