

The Saga



WARWICK
November, 1949

Warwick Daily News

CHRONICLE

of

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL



EDITORIAL.

Another year is slipping rapidly back to join its predecessors in the shadowy domains of the past. 1949 brings to a close the first half of the Twentieth Century, an era of rapid and remarkable advances in the fields of science, medicine and machinery. It has ushered in the Atomic Age which many of us are inclined to greet with uneasiness and apprehension. These last fifty years have been the witness of two determined attempts to overthrow our civilisation with all its priceless heritages of the past, and destroy the world's peace. They have seen also two endeavours to establish lasting peace, one of which, the League of Nations, failed, not because its ideals were wrong, but because the weeds of self-interest and international dissension choked it in early growth.

To endeavour to set down in some detail the good or evil that the years of the past half-century have brought forth would be impossible. Sufficient it is to say that we have now reached the turning point. We hail 1950 with fresh hope, firmly resolving to do our utmost for the common good of all.

This year 1949 has for many a deeper personal significance. It brings to a close a chapter in their lives to which they will bid farewell not without regret and a sense of loneliness. For them 1949 means "leaving School," and for them 1950 opens up an infinitely wider and more comprehensive world, so they will go out from the confines of the School equipped and endowed with all it has been able to teach—with a sense of duty and responsibility for the welfare of their fellow creatures and with a clear understanding that it is, after all, the simple, unpretentious homely things that really matter.

To you who enter this promising new world those who will return in the new year desire to add their wishes for your future happiness, trusting that they who now go forth will carry with them treasured memories of their school days.



- 1st February: Boarders returned to School.
- 2nd February: First Corporate Communion of the year.
- 3rd February: Heather Donovan announced School Captain and Shirley Morrish made pro-prefect.
- 11th February: School attended the show.
- 12th February: New Girls' Concert.
- 19th February: School attended matinee of "Hamlet."
- 22nd February: Inter-House Swimming Carnival: Crothers 112½, Neal 108, Slade 44½. Open Championship: E. Poulsen 55, W. Schwennesen 37.
- 25th February: Half-term week-end.
- 26th February: Picnic lunch and pictures afterwards.

- 11th March: Inter-School Swimming Carnival won by Slade (97½) and W.H.S. (83).
- 12th March: Guides Swimming Carnival won by 3rd Warwick.
- 16th March: Life Saving Drill won by Neal House.
- 19th March: Guide picnic and hike.
- 25th March: Junior School went to see "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
- 1st April: Mr Macrae came to speak on the "Student Christian Movement."
- 2nd April: First tennis match against W. H. S. Their team was victorious.
- 8th April: School attended P.G.C. Concert.
- 12th April: School broke up for Easter holidays, only five girls remained here.
- 19th April: Boarders returned to school.
- 22nd April: Girls attended G.F.S. Concert.
- 23rd April: Tennis match against P.G.C. They won 38-31.
- 25th April: Anzac Day. School attended 10.30 a.m. Service and went to Slade Park in the afternoon. Shirley Morrish was awarded a prize for her Anzac Essay.
- 28th April: First netball match against P.G.C. Our team won 9-8.
- 30th April: O.G.A. Reunion. Five members stayed at the school, while eleven others stayed in town and attended the function. At night the prefects and Old Girls went to the pictures.
- 1st May: Tennis and netball matches against present and Old girls.
- 6th May: A few of the senior girls attended the Warwick Choral Society's Concert.
- 12th May: Netball match against W.H.S. We won 24-14.
- 18th May: House netball match. Neal and Crothers played and Neal won.
- 19th May: Netball match at P.G.C. Won by their team.
- 21st May: Tennis match against W.H.S. They won 17 games thus winning the cup for 1949.
- 25th May: House netball match. Crothers played Slade. Won by Slade.
- 26th May: Ascension Day. Staff and team netball match. School attended matinee, "Great Expectations." Grade V up attended the dance with Slade.
- 28th May: Guides competed in Scout Week sports and attended social at night.
- 29th May: Confirmation. Eleven of our girls confirmed.
- 31st May: Shirley Morrish made a Prefect.
- 9th June: A and B netball teams played W.H.S. We won both matches.
- 21st June: School broke up for mid-winter holidays.
- 19th July: Boarders returned to school.

- 21st July: Margaret Watkins, Paula White and Alice Armstrong were made Pro-Prefects at Assembly.
- 29th July: Mothers' Union Musical afternoon.
- 30th July: School attended a recital given by Miss Joan Coxon and Miss Bedlington.
- 13th August: Inter-House Singing: Slade 220 points, Neal 219 points, Crothers 218.
- 19th August: Half-term week-end. Thirty-five girls went away and the others went down town to buy tuck. Grade V up went to the pictures in the evening.
- 20th August: Picnic at Silverwood Dam.
- 29th August: The Rev. Arden spoke to the girls on the South African Missions.
- 30th August: Inter-House Sports. Mr Woodward presented the Cups. Athletics, Neal. Ball games, Slade. Open Championship, Pan Seitz. Junior Championship, Desley Schwennesen.
- 2nd September: School attended Wirth's Circus.
- 3rd September: Slade Fair.
- 10th September: Junior School went to see "Alice in Wonderland."
- 17th September: Inter-School Sports won by Scots and W.H.S.
- 20th September: Scots Concert.
- 27th September: End of term. Six girls stayed at school.
- 4th October: Boarders returned.
- 8th October: School attended M.C.L. fete.
- 21st October: G.F.S. and C.E.Y.M.S. concert.
- 29th October: Inter-House Physical Culture Display. Results were: Senior Squad, Neal; Junior Squad, Neal; Senior Championship, Esme Tosh; Junior Championship, Anne Jackson.
- The Inter-House Tennis Competition was won by Neal House and Peggy Johnstone won the Open Championship.

JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATION, 1948.

- HELEN FRASER: English, C; Geography, C; Arithmetic, A; Algebra, C; Bookkeeping, C; Stenotyping, C.
- YVONNE FRY: English, B; French, B; Geography, C; Arithmetic, C; Algebra, B; Bookkeeping, C.
- DELL JACKSON: English, B; History, B; Geography, A; Arithmetic, B; Algebra, C; Bookkeeping, C; Stenotyping, C.
- VERONICA JOHNSTON: English, A; French, A; Latin, C; History, A; Art of Speech, B.
- JUNE KILLEEN: English, C; Geography, C; Arithmetic, B; Algebra, B; Geometry, C.
- JOAN McDONALD: English, A; French, B; Geography, C; Arithmetic, C; Algebra, B; Geometry, C; Bookkeeping, B; Stenotyping, C.

PAULA McKEE: English, A; History, C; Arithmetic, C; Algebra, B; Bookkeeping, C; Stenotyping, C.

SHIRLEY MORRISH: English, A; French, A; History, B; Geography, C; Art of Speech, A; Bookkeeping, C.

HILDA ROSE: English, B; French, C; Geography, C; Arithmetic, B; Algebra, A; Art, C; Art of Speech, B.

JENNIFER SMITH: English, C; French, B; Geography, C; Art, C; Algebra, C.

BETTY TWEEDIE: English, B; French, B; Geography, C; Arithmetic, B; Algebra, B; Geometry, C; Art of Speech, B.

HAZEL WICKHAM: English, A; Latin, C; History, C; Geography, B; Arithmetic, A; Algebra, B; Art, C.

Extension Scholarships.

HELEN FRASER.

YVONNE FRY.

DELL JACKSON.

VERONICA JOHNSTON.

JOAN McDONALD.

PAULA McKEE.

SHIRLEY MORRISH.

HILDA ROSE.

BETTY TWEEDIE.

HAZEL WICKHAM.

Scholarship Results, 1948.

PATRICA DENT, 63.4%.

BERNICE TRACY, 63%.

PAMELIA SEITZ, 60.4%.

TONI BRACE, 57.2%.

VICKI GRAHAM, 55.8%.

VALMAE HUGHES, 55.6%.

FIRST PERIOD, A.M.E.B.

THEORY, MAY.

Dorothy Hoog, Grade VI, 73%. Pass.

PRACTICAL.

Dorothy Hoog, Piano, Grade VII, 77%. Credit.

Jacqueline Hayles, Art of Speech, Grade VII, 72%. Pass.

Doris Martin, Violin, Grade IV, 72%. Pass.

THEORY, SEPTEMBER.

PIANO.

Grade VI: Heather Donovan, 72%. Pass.

Grade IV: Beth Nation, 79%. Credit. Doris Martin, 77%. Credit. Pamela Seitz, 75%. Credit.

Grade II: Ann Armbruster, 100%. Honours. Vilma Lawrence, 93%. Honours. Judith Schwennesen, 86%. Honours. Nicolette Boucher, 85%. Honours.

ART OF SPEECH.

Grade VI: Shirley Morrish, 85%. Veronica Johnston, 66%. Hilda Rose, 65%.

Grade IV: Alice Armstrong, 90%. Nereda Hughes, 78%. Esme Tosh, 77%. Beverley Johnston, 72%.

NOVEMBER EXAMINATIONS (A.M.E.B.)

PIANO.

Preliminary: J. Williams, 83%.

Grade II: S. Sakzewski, 88%. Honours. D. Ross, 86%. Honours. A. Armbruster, 85%. Honours. C. McCready, 85%. Honours. D. Martin, 75%. Credit.

Grade III: N. Boucher, 87%. Honours. F. Donovan, 85%. Honours. J. Schwennesen, 85%. Honours.

Grade IV: T. Brace, 76%. Credit.

Grade V: W. Schwennesen, 77%. Credit. P. Dent, 70%. Pass.

Grade VI: A. Lawrence, 65%. Pass.

Grade VII: H. Donovan, 67%. Pass.

VIOLIN.

Grade III: M. Haase, 73%. Pass.

Grade V: V. Lawrence, 73%. Pass. D. Martin, 69%. Pass.

ART OF SPEECH.

Grade I: J. Schwennesen, 80%. Credit.

Grade II: L. Reimers, 83%. Credit. P. Martin, 80%. Credit.

Grade III: D. Hatten, 83%. Credit. T. Brace, 82%. Credit. W. Schwennesen, 81%. Credit. E. Poulsen, 77%. Credit. B. Sander, 69%. Pass.

Grade IV: N. Hughes, 80%. Credit. A. Armstrong, 78%. Credit. B. Johnston, 78%. Credit. E. Tosh, 73%. Pass.



NEAL HOUSE NOTES.

House Motto	“Honour Before Honours”
House Colour	Red
House Mistresses	Miss Bunton, Miss Thomasson Miss Becker, Miss Telford.
House Captain	Hilda Rose
Swimming Captain	Wendy Schwennesen
Tennis Captain	Margaret Watkins
Netball Captain	Margaret Jackson
Ball Games Captain	Hilda Rose
Athletics Captain	Beth Nation, Betty Bradshaw, Esme Tosh
Secretary	Margaret Watkins

At the end of 1948 we said farewell to Miss Gavin and at the beginning of this year we welcomed Miss Becker back to the house as mistress. Many new girls have striven throughout the year to help fill the places of those who did not return.

There has been keen house spirit in all sporting events and our tennis team proved successful in winning the cup. We also won the life-saving cup, but congratulations to Barnes-Crothers on their swimming victory!

We were fortunate in having an athletics team strong enough to bring a final win. We congratulate Desley Schwennesen on winning the Junior Championship, and Pam Seitz, the Senior. Once again we won the much coveted cake for the Walking Relay, but Slade proved too strong for us in the Ball Games, as also in the Netball. Well done Slade!

This year we once more competed for the Inter-House Singing Cup. Wendy Schwennesen was our accompanist while Betty Bradshaw conducted. The set song was “The Lass with the Delicate Air” and the round, “Row, Row, Row your Boat.” As our own choice song we chose Brahms’ “Lullaby.” n this Slade House once more

proved our betters. Congratulations Slade! We filled second place in this contest.

All girls in Neal House now may wear for sports the red bandanas which have been made to distinguish us clearly from the other houses.

We extend congratulations to all girls who were successful in last year's public exams and hope all those doing them this year will do as well in exams as they have worked for their house.

CROTHER HOUSE NOTES.

This year we were happy to welcome Miss Langsford, Miss Bennett and new girls into our house.

Although we were only victorious in the swimming, our teams co-operated splendidly and we have had a really happy year. Our congratulations go to Neal and Slade on their many successes.

However we were very fortunate in having two open champions: Eileen (Swimming) and Pam (Athletics). Also, we were well represented in all inter-school activities.

Once again Mrs. Crothers sent us her Birthday Cake, which was much appreciated by all members of the house.

In conclusion, we wish to thank our mistresses, in particular Miss Langsford, for her sustained efforts to secure improvements in the house.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES.

House Motto	“Through Trials to Triumph”
House Colour	Blue
House Mistresses	Miss Cant, Miss Smith, Miss Gladwell, Miss Ayre
House Captain	Jacqueline Hayles
Swimming Captain	Jacqueline Hayles
Tennis Captain	
Athletics Captain	Joan McDonald
Netball Captain	Veronica Johnston
Secretary	Dorothy Hoog

At the beginning of the year, we were pleased to welcome Miss Ayre and the new girls into the House, though we were sorry to farewell Miss Mercer who left us at the end of 1948.

This year Sladeites distinguished themselves in Netball, Ball Games and Singing (due no doubt to the influence of Joan's mascot “Terry the Teddy”). We extend our congratulations to Neal who won the Athletics, Tennis, Life Saving, Physical Culture, and carried

off the Walking Relay Cake, and to Crothers for their well-deserved success in Swimming.

It was unfortunate that we had to lose three prominent Sladeites at Mid-winter, Jacqueline Hayles, Dorothy Hoog and Yvonne Fry. We have, however, struggled on to uphold the honour of the House to the best of our ability.

A touch of colour was added to the scene on Athletics Day by the wearing of House Bandanas.



LIBRARY NOTES.

At the end of last year, mainly through the efforts of June Killeen, Maureen Wormwell and those who had finished their examinations, the Library was put into excellent order and re-catalogued.

We began the year with several new books, many of them being given to us by generous friends and Old Girls. Among them are: "The Great Australian Loneliness" (Ernestine Hill) from Mr. Woodward; "The Keys of the Kingdom" (Cronin) from Cecily

Davies; "The Citadel" (Cronin) from Corinne Harris; and Marion Rose sent six copies of Buchan's novels—"Midwinter," "Salute to Adventurers," "John Burnie of Barnes," "The Three Fishers," "Castle Gay," and "Prester John."

With Library funds we have bought "Miss Nightingale's Ladies" (Charles Terrot), "Storm of Time" (Eleanor Dark), "The Surgeon's Log" (J. Johnston Abraham), "Wax Fruit" (Guy McCrone), "Dragonwyck" (Anya Seton), "There Was a Time" (Taylor Caldwell), "The Australian Novel" (Colin Roderick), "Came a Cavalier" (Francis Parkinson Keyes), "The King Liveth" (Jeffrey Farnol), "The Hill" (H. A. Vachell), "Cry, the Beloved Country" (Alan Paton), "British Authors" (Richard Church), "Character and Motive in Shakespear" (Stewart), "Modern English Writers," "Contemporary Verse," "Castle Gillian" (Maurice Walsh), and the following by Georgette Meyer, always a favourite writer—"The Talisman Ring," "Beauvallet," "The Masqueraders," "Arabella," and "Friday's Child."

Copies of "The National Geographic," "The Illustrated London News" and "A.P.R." Magazines are received regularly and exchanges have brought The Brisbane Girls' Grammar School Magazine, The Slade School Magazine, The Link, Miss Thistle, St. Hilda's School Magazine, Acta, The Glennie Gazette, Wentworth School Magazine and the Condaminian.

The library is extensive and varied and well equipped for encouraging and stimulating a love of books. On the whole, there has been an increased interest in reading this year, particularly among some sections of the lower school. It is to be hoped that it will continue and that all those who use the library will learn to appreciate their books and treat them as valued possessions, realising that,

"In books is to be found that for which
Each man and woman seeks—
The immortal music of the poets,
The wisdom of the sages,
The wit of the humorist,
The longings of the dreamer,
The laughter of little children,
The comforting Words of God."



Team: E. Poulsen, M. Jackson, B. Johnston, R. Morgan, P. Seitz, A. Jackson, B. Gordon, D. Schwennesen and W. Schwennensen (Captain).

Keen interest was taken in swimming throughout the season, and 98 girls attended the baths three times a week, regular swimming periods being provided for in the school time table, and the team receiving extra practice in the afternoons. Miss Bunton very kindly took us swimming, and after February Miss Ayre also helped. Many of the little ones learnt to swim, and the older ones learnt different strokes and improved their style and pace throughout the 1948-49 summer.

On the 4th December, 1948, the Warwick Swimming Club organized a "Welcome and Farewell Carnival," a welcome to Nancy Lyons and Denise Spencer who had represented Australia at the Olympic Games in London, and a farewell to Mr. Dunning and Mr. Hamilton, headmasters of the Scots' College and Warwick High School, respectively, who were leaving Warwick. Eileen, Ruth and Wendy swam in events during the evening, and we were much honoured by having the official party at our Garden Party for afternoon tea.

On February 22nd, the Inter-House Carnival was held, and a keen competition resulted. Crothers House was victorious with 112½ points, Neal gained second place with 108 points, and Slade was third with 44½ points. Eileen won the Open Championship and Wendy the Junior Championship.

On the 28th February the Warwick Swimming Club organized another carnival. The "V" Carnival, at which the members of the Victorian team which had been so victorious at the Australian National Championships held in Brisbane in February, gave exhibition swims. All girls interested in Swimming and Life Saving attended, but we did not participate in events this time.

March 11th brought the All Schools' Carnival, and W.H.S. once again proved victorious with 83 points and regained the Nell Foote

Cup. Congratulations High School! P.G.C. won 32 points and St. Catharine's gained 21 points.

On 12th March the Girl Guides' Carnival, at which all Guide Companies in Warwick competed, was held. IIIrd Warwick, one of our school companies, won. Eileen won a sheath knife, the prize for the girl who won the most points for her company, and Wendy, runner-up, was also presented with a sheath knife.

Full Pockets were awarded to E. Poulsen (winner of 33 yards freestyle under 15) and W. Schwennesen (winner of 33 yards breast-stroke under 15), both events having been won in excellent time.

We wish to thank Mr. Marlton for so willingly coaching the diving, Mr. Portley for his unfailing interest and for his help so gladly given on all occasions, and Mr Peachey, the baths proprietor. We also thank Miss Bunton and Miss Ayre for their coaching throughout the entire season.

Best Swimmers of the Year.

Life Savers: Eileen Poulsen, Wendy Schwennesen.

Open Champion: Eileen Poulsen.

Junior Champion: Wendy Schwennesen.

Breaststroke: Wendy Schwennesen.

Backstroke: Eileen Poulsen, Wendy Schwennesen.

Diving: Eileen Poulsen, Anne Jackson.

Surface Diving: Ruth Morgan, Wendy Schwennesen, Eileen Poulsen.

Most Promising Juniors: Anne Jackson, Desley Schwennesen.

—WENDY SCHWENNESEN (Captain).

LIFE SAVING NOTES.

The following are the awards gained in the 1948-49 season:

Bar to Bronze Medallion: Ruth Morgan.

Bronze Medallion: Eileen Poulsen, Wendy Schwennesen, Beth Nation.

Intermediate Certificate: Beth Nation, Peggy Johnstone.

Elementary Certificate: Beth Nation, Peggy Johnstone, Gem Jones, Beverley Johnstone, Anne Jackson, Margaret Jackson.

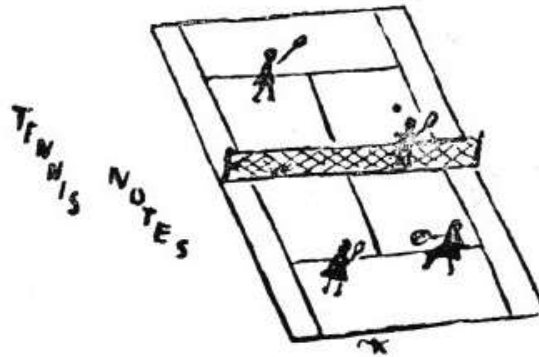
Resuscitation Certificate: Beth Nation, Peggy Johnstone, Marina Nation, Clare Lotan, Desley Schwennesen, Desley Wilmot, Beryl Russ, Jeanette Cosh, Merle Bottrell, Anne Jackson, Shirley Morrish, Nicolette Bouch, Veronica Johnston, Vilma Lawrence.

Life Saving is the most important of all aquatic sports and classe were held during the summer months. On 14th March, 1949, the Inter-House Competition for the Pat Griffin Cup was keenly contested. Crothers House won the land drill examination and was closely followed by Neal and Slade, but the all round proficiency of

the Neal House girls won the trophy for them. Fourteen of the twenty-four girls who entered for the practical examination were Neal. Crothers gained second place in the contest, and Slade filled third place.

We thank Mr. Portley for having conducted the examinations and for his interest and encouragement, and we thank also Miss Bunton for her excellent coaching and untiring energy, and we hope that the future seasons may be as successful and enjoyable as this has been.

—EILEEN POULSEN (Captain).



TENNIS NOTES.

At the end of last year, three of our A team members left us and this year's team consisted of: Margaret Watkins, Peggy Johnstone, Esme Tosh and Heather Donovan. Members of the B team were: Yvonne Fry, Thelma Castle, Pat Lewis and Colleen Watson. We were unsuccessful in all our matches, except in our return with P.G.C. in which we defeated them by one game only. We congratulate High School on winning the cup.

Neal House proved the winners of the Inter-House Competition and Crothers won second place.

During the season we had practice matches with teams from Slade and we wish to thank them for their assistance. The afternoons were most enjoyable and were considerably enlivened by almost non stop conversation from Peggy and Margaret.

We thank Miss Becker for her coaching and enthusiasm at all times.

ATHLETICS NOTES.

Once again, we congratulate High on their win. Although we were defeated, our team was not lacking in spirit and co-operation.

Pam made quite a name for herself in winning her three events—75 yards under 15, 100 yards open and 120 yards under 15. Also

our Junior Relay and Junior tunnelling teams gained first place.

The Inter-House Competition was won by Neal House and Slade won the Ball Games Cup. Pam Seitz gained the Open Championship and Desley Schwennesen the Junior.

Much credit is due to Miss Hesp's keen interest and we offer her sincere thanks.

NETBALL NOTES.

Although we were not successful in carrying off the cup, we still feel quite proud of ourselves owing to the fact that we have been raised from the humble third position to a quite meritorious second place. We and P.G.C. both had won three matches but unfortunately for us, a final game had to be played to determine the winners. After a hard struggle P.G.C. won with the score at 20-15. Congratulations P.G.C.

We were fortunate in retaining three members from last year's team and when joined with the four new members, there was an enthusiastic team-spirit. The team consisted of the following players: Joan McDonald (Goalier), Margaret Watkins (Assistant Goalier), Doris Martin or Eileen Poulsen (Attack Wing), Peggy Johnstone (Centre), Ruth Morgan (Defence Assistant Goalier), Bette Sander (Defence Goalier), and Veronica Johnston (Defence Attack Wing).

Our thanks must go to Miss Ayre who gave up so much of her spare time for us and who was always so ready and willing to help us. Also, we must thank the B team for providing constant practice for us.

SIXTH FORM NOTES.

We commenced this year with eight members in Sixth Form and unfortunately had to say good-bye to Yvonne Fry, Jacqueline Hayles and Dorothy Hoog at Mid-winter.

Congratulations are extended to successful Examination Candidates of 1948. Only four of last year's Juniors returned for Senior work.

Many thanks are due to Miss Cant, our Form Mistress, for the interest she has taken in our work and welfare. This year we were able to start a Sixth Form garden which by its expansion and present appearance seems to have well rewarded our efforts.

In conclusion we wish all those who are sitting for the forthcoming Public Examinations good judgment and successful results.

FIFTH FORM NOTES.

I would like to introduce fourteen bright and brainy young girls. No doubt, opinions vary as to the "brainy," but twelve of us hope to be successful with Junior.

We welcomed Dawn Elliot into our midst at the beginning of the year, but to our regret, she was forced, through ill health, to return home a short time later. Thea Lawrence also we bade au-revoir, she having returned north at mid-winter.

Throughout the year, Fifth Form has been well represented in the School sporting activities; Margaret Watkins and Esme Tosh being in our A Tennis Team and quite a number of others in the Swimming, Netball and Athletics Teams.

We are fortunate to have a piano in our form room, and as most of us are musically inclined, we make good use of it.

To Miss Smith, our Form Mistress, we are very grateful for her having taken such an interest in us during the year.

The year has been a happy one for us all, and I believe those of us who leave school days behind at the end of the year, will recall these days with mingled joy and regret.

GRADES SIX AND SEVEN FORM NOTES.

We're girls of Scholarship and Six,
And although we're often in a fix,
We really do try to obey,
And hope to be good every day.

Sixteen girls there are in class,
We swot our work and hope to pass,,
But sad to say, in Australian History,
Often the answer is just a mystery.

All of us think Geography swell,
So we try to do it very well,
We work so hard for every test,
Each girl tries to do her best.

English is not liked by all of us,
But it never puts some girls in a fuss,
And careless Maths is quite a failing,
Except to a few who find it plain sailing.

In all the sports we take a part,
At swimming and running (like a hart)
At netball and tennis we have much fun,
On days when brightly shines the sun.

To Miss Bunton we owe our debt,
 And we're all willing to place a bet,
 That she does her best to teach us to be,
 All that scholars should be, you see.

To Juniors we wish the very best,
 We hope they'll all do well in their test,
 We hope that our own papers will be fair,
 So that in final success we will share.

To one and all we will Christmas Cheer,
 And a bright and prosperous New Year.

GRADES IV AND V NOTES.

At the beginning of the year, Miss Hesp began teaching our forms. There were about twenty-five in the room, and a few new girls have increased the number during the year.

In the first half of the year a pretty vase was presented to Grade V for tidiness. We are very proud of it. Since it has been in the classroom it has been full of flowers from our gardens, which we dug up after mid-winter.

At the swimming carnival, the first event of the year, we were glad to see one of our members, Desley Schwennesen, compete in the All Schools' swimming.

In the Senior Netball we had one representative, Peggy Johnstone. Some of our members, Judith, Desley and Peggy, were in the Junior Basketball team. The team was quite successful when playing against W.H.S. Juniors. They did not have a chance to test their skill further, as the other schools played during our holidays.

On the 17th September, two of our members, Desley and Peggy, took part in the All Schools' sports. Desley competed successfully in the running, while Peggy did her share in supporting the ball-games teams.

In the All Schools' Tennis, we had one representative, Peggy Johnstone. Peggy also won the Singles championship in the school. Congratulations, Peggy!

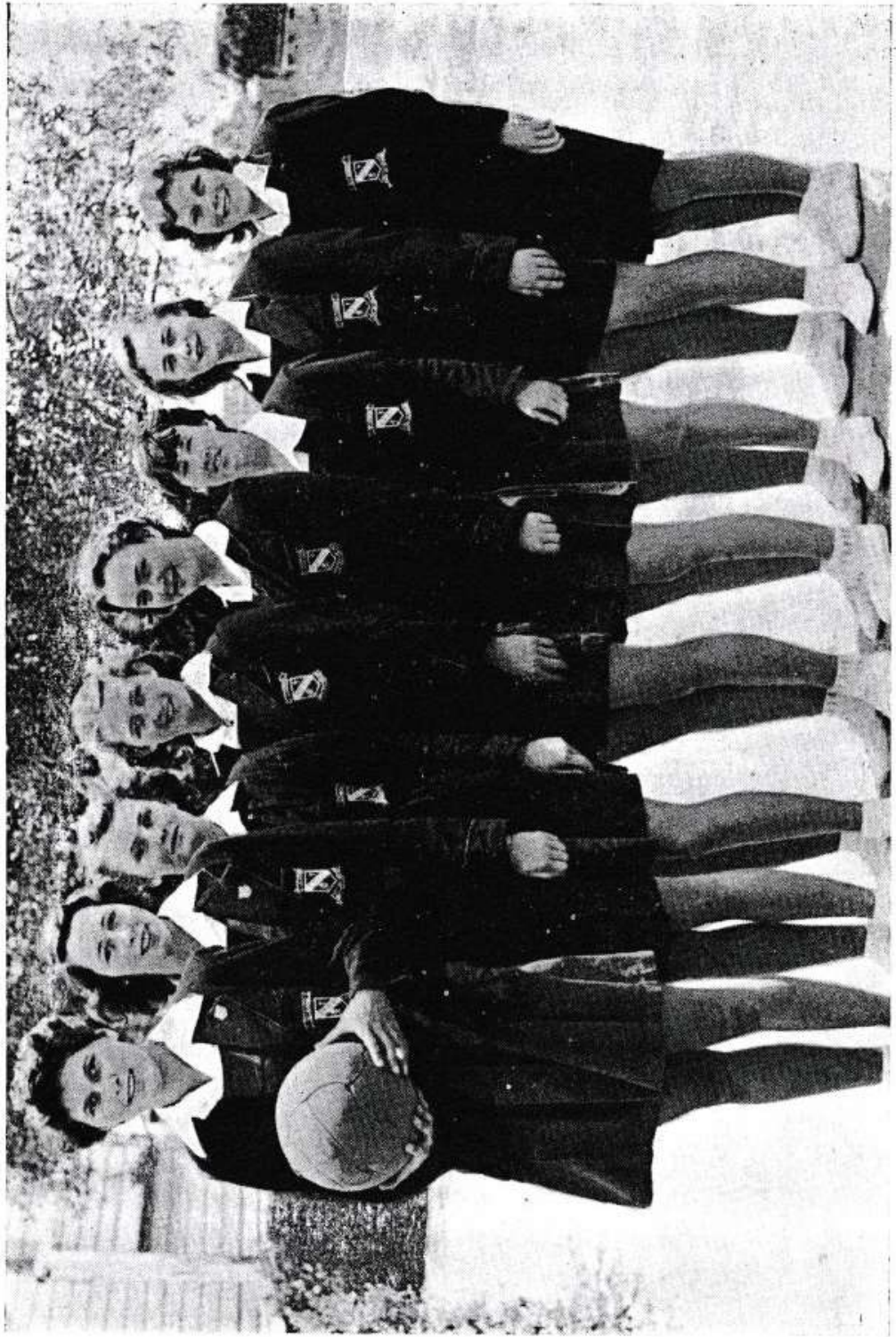
Again we took an interest in sports on the day of our Inter-House sports. Desley Schwennesen, after an exciting day, won the Junior Championship, and we hope she will hold that position as long as possible. The form is very proud of her.

Since we have been having library books on Friday afternoons, a great number of us have taken keen interest in reading.

TENNIS TEAM, 1949.



Peggy Johnstone, Esme Tosh, Margaret Watkins, Heather Donovan.



NETBALL TEAM, 1949.

Three of our members, Judith Schwennesen, Nicolette Boucher and Vilma Lawrence sat for the public theory examination. They all passed with Honours.

Many of our members are sitting for the music examination at the end of the year and we wish them all the best of luck and success.

In conclusion, Grades IV and V would like to wish everyone doing Public Examinations every success, and a Merry Christmas to all.



KINDERGARTEN NOTES, 1949.

After a heavy storm very kindly passed over Warwick, the annual Christmas Tree celebrations were held on the school lawn. Prior to the appearance of Santa Claus, a very interesting nativity play was acted. Some of the Kindergarten children were proud to take part in the choruses and tableaux.

Then began the Kindergarten entertainment. Several Christmas carols were sung by the little ones, then Santa Claus appeared, and presented each child with gifts of books and sweets from the bright Christmas tree. Needle cases and calendars, made by the children for their parents, were also presented. The children are looking forward to another visit from Santa Claus.

Results in the half-yearly examination were: Prep. III, Helen Slade, 1; Robyn Schwennesen, 2. Prep I: Jill MacDonald, 1; Wendy Ratcliffe, 2.

After the mid-winter vacation, a large box of nursery novelties and very useful toys was opened, much to the delight of the little ones. This box of equipment was kindly donated by Mr J. R. Simpson, to whom we are sincerely grateful. Many thanks, too, to the day-children's parents who have provided flowers for the classroom.

The usual Inter-Company Rally was not held last year, owing to the formation of three new companies in the town, but, as a breaking-up function, some of us went by bus to Allora to attend a concert presented by the Guides there; we later attended a Social Evening in St. Mark's hall.

When we resumed meetings after the long Christmas vacation we found that some of last year's Guides were no longer at school, so it was necessary for "Thistle" and "Wattle" Patrols to find new P.L's. and for several new Seconds to be appointed. After a short space of time, however, everybody settled down, new recruits passed their Tenderfoot tests and were enrolled, and the Company began working enthusiastically. Several proficiency badges have been won, nine recruits have passed Tenderfoot tests and been enrolled, nine second class badges have been gained (bringing the total held by the present Guides to 14), and Joan McDonald completed the tests for her first class badge, thus gaining the distinction of being the first Warwick Guide to hold this badge. "Little House" Emblems were awarded to both Joan and Hilda. The Court of Honour has met throughout the year and played its part in Company Administration.

This year, for the first time, an Inter-Company Swimming Carnival took place, and we felt very proud indeed when the result, that we had won, was announced. Eileen won a sheath knife for having gained more points for her Company than any other Guide, and Wendy, as runner-up, also was presented with a knife, and every Guide who participated in the events put forth a splendid effort.

In March a Child Art Contest was organized by the Local Association and some of the 3rd Warwick Guides sent entries to the different sections. Hilda's design featuring an Australian motif was highly commended, and Merle Bottrell and Eileen Poulsen won second and third places respectively in the photography section, and were awarded cash prizes.

Ceremonial plays a very important part in Guiding, and on Anzac Day we marched, carrying full colours, to Leslie Park, where Joan placed a wreath (fashioned of white, gold centred chrysanthemums, mauve dahlias and rosemary, signifying "Remembrance") at the foot of the Memorial there. Later in the morning we attended a Church Parade at St. Mark's, and in the afternoon, shared with the other Guides and Scouts, Brownies and Cubs, the honour of marching in the Anzac Procession to Slade Park and taking our share in the ensuing ceremony.

During Scout Week in May we again marched in a Procession and attended a Scouts' Own, and, at the conclusion of the week, the holding of the Annual Sports Afternoon and a Social at night were the cause of much enjoyment and excitement. At the Sports'

Contest we won several competitions, and finished second, just one point behind 1st Warwick Company, which won the trophy.

Also held this year for the first time was a Guide Concert to which all Companies contributed items, the purpose of the Concert being to raise funds for a District Guiders' Library. We joined with 6th Warwick Company in singing the Chalet Song, and with 2nd Warwick Company in presenting a physical culture item; both items were very well received by the audience.

Our Founder, Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, intended the game of Guiding to be played, as far as possible, in the great out-of-doors, but, at school we find frequent outings difficult to arrange; we have, however, enjoyed hikes to Scots' Weir and Deuchar's Creek, and we are looking forward to visiting soon Sandy Creek where we plan to hold some of the Inter-Patrol Rally Contests, and conclude the outing with a Camp Fire.

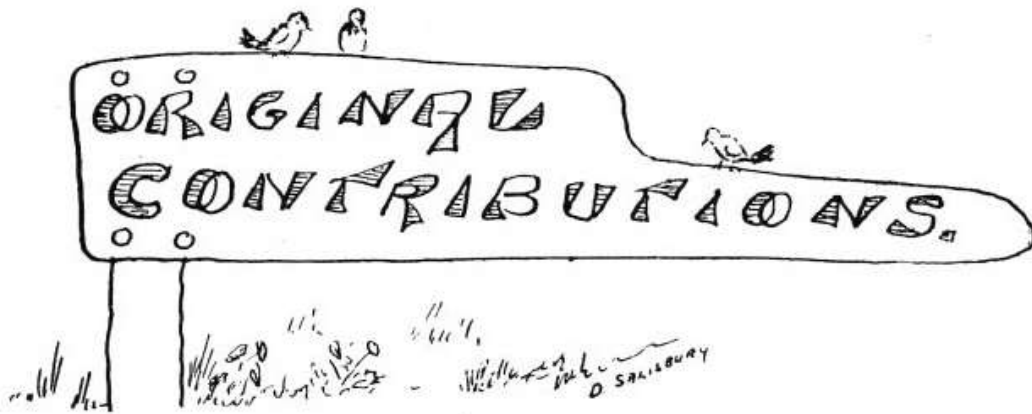
The Guide Movement makes a point of encouraging International Friendship between Guides, in order to foster friendly feelings between the peoples of different nations, and several Guides have overseas Guide Penfriends and we receive letters from Guides in all parts of the British Isles, U.S.A., South Africa, France, Holland and Denmark, and it is very interesting indeed to learn of the doings of Companies in far-off lands and to know that we are all, regardless of colour or creed, linked by our Promise and Guide Law, and working towards the same goal—good citizenship.

When a recruit is enrolled she solemnly promises to do "at least one good turn to somebody every day," and to do her best to help others. Some of the Guides have collected used stamps for the British and Foreign Bible Society; five parcels of clothing have been forwarded to the Brisbane City Mission where they will be distributed among the needy; two food parcels have been posted to Britain—one from the Company and one from "Gum Blossom" Patrol; donations have been made to the "Blanket Fund," "Children's Holiday Appeal" and "Christmas Toy Appeal," which were launched by the "Courier Mail," and we have aided the Legacy Appeal also.

At the moment the different Patrols are busily decorating their "Corners" in the Guide Room in readiness for the approaching Inter-Patrol Rally; as yet most of the "Corners" are in the making but when complete, I am sure they will be a credit to the efforts of the Patrols. We have also been working on our library books. The "Guide" has been bound into monthly editions, and some new books—"Royal Guides," "The Life of Baden-Powell," "The First Book of Ideas," "A Book of Badges," "Princess Margaret," and "Prince Charles of Edinburgh"—have been added to our collection which will be placed in the Guide Room when the re-decorating there is finished.

In concluding these notes I should like to thank the many people who, throughout the year, have so freely and cheerfully given their help, and encouragement. I have enjoyed Guiding, the enjoyment derived from it having more than compensated for the work it has entailed, and it is my sincere hope that all the Guides have experienced a happy and profitable year. I am confident that the Guides who will still be with the Company next year can look forward to lots of fun and adventure, and those Guides who will be leaving school at the end of term and setting out in a different life, I trust will be able to look back on their Guide days as times of happiness, and that they will go forth in to the wider world beyond school remembering to be Guides still—even although they will no longer be wearing the familiar uniform.

—F. N. BUNTON (Captain).



EARTH'S DEAR FAMILIAR THINGS

How shall we part with them? as part we inevitably must, when our life here is ended and we find we must relinquish for ever those things which during our brief span of mortal life, we have learned to love and hold precious. Whether or not we shall bid them adieu, in a happy frame of mind, is a question which we ourselves must answer.

Most human beings throughout the whole length of their lives have some particular ambition which they feel they must fulfil before they pass to the life beyond the grave. It may be a noble enterprise on which they embark, perhaps it lies in the glories of valiant deeds of battle. Likewise, it may be a very much humbler conception of the fulfilment of a cherished ideal.

There are some who feel that they must ever strive on to attain goal after goal, desire after desire, and with each succeeding victory, they set themselves a higher goal—That to them is Life. Naturally they value highly all which they accomplish by the labours of

their own hands. Then there are others, happily, not burdened with worldly wealth, not subject to some consuming passion. They take their way through life with quiet dignity. Adversity, hardship, temptation and sorrow, they meet with courage and fortitude. Few others share their sufferings and doubtless, they obtain through the dear, simple things of life, a peace which transcends all earthly joys.

Beauty, is of all earthly treasures, the hardest with which to part. We are always conscious of the beauty of God's world, of Nature, of man's created beauty, and in the lives of men we see at times a different though not inferior example of the beautiful.

It may be the soft, red-gold beauty of sunset, that exquisite hour, when we witness the splendid departure of Day in a blaze of crimson flame, canopied over with layer upon layer of billowing cloud, which seems to radiate and reflect a living warmth—the last bequest of a benignant sun—it may be such a scene as this, or the swift descent of the black-robed pilgrim Night, as he spreads his shadowy mantle over the wearied Earth, and at his voiceless summons the lights of Heaven appear, and our globe becomes an enchanted world of silver shades. It is this—or any-one of a thousand revelations of Divine beauty which enthralls our mortal souls.

In fact it is impossible for us to be entirely immune to the infinite and sometimes intangible beauty that is part of God's gift to us. In Art we see the beauty of the artist's soul depicted by his hands; but a poor imitation of his conception of the beautiful, for by reason of his human nature, he cannot reproduce his Inspiration to perfection.

We have only to gaze about us, and there is, before our vision, some dear, familiar object. It may be the face of a little child, precious to the eye of the beholder by virtue of its pure innocence and ignorance of the hard and cruel things of life. Perhaps our glance may fall on a pleasant landscape, the mellow farmhouse, nestling in a favoured valley, with a sleepy trail of fragrant wood-smoke rising in the soft summer air or again, a vision of the rocky cliffs on a crisp winter's day, with a racy wind and clear, keen air, and the joy after a sharp tussle with the frowning crags to stand on the summit a conqueror, and feel the mad sea wind cut through the face and hair. These are but a few of the countless pleasures which are part of our earthly existence.

It will indeed be hard to bid adieu, when the Law of Nature triumphs, and, at that last relentless summons, we have no choice but obedience. Go we must and shall to a state where we do not expect the sun to shine, nor to hear the joyous lark as he greets the happy morn. To a land of gloom and mist and sorrow, which lies hid behind the veil of Death, a veil, which we poor mortals, cannot

pierce and which will be revealed to us, only in that dread hour when we journey through the valley of the shadow and enter the regions beyond.

“Thus yesterday, to-day, to-morrow come,
They hustle one another and they pass;
But all our hustling morrows only make
The smooth to-day of God.”

—SHIRLEY MORRISH.

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

What I consider to be the most beautiful scene that I know is one which may be viewed from the back verandah of my home. It is naturally at its best after good rains; but it is beautiful even when drought has dried the grass and browned all the countryside.

The scene consists first of a green valley and, rising beyond that, timber-clad hills, at first green, then losing their greenness and becoming blue with distance. These hills may be seen stretching in a vast semi-circle around one side of our house. The blue is not all the same shade, for the land levels sufficiently to be cultivated and the colours of the various paddocks show through the blue; for instance, a young green crop will make a patch bluish-green and, as the crop ripens, will show brown; while a newly ploughed paddock will become reddish-blue. These varying shades alone are sufficient to make it very attractive.

Particularly in the early morning is this scene beautiful, when the hills are partly veiled by a thin mist. The rising sun tints the clouds above into glorious shades of pink and orange, shines on the ascending mist and transforms what was formerly a beautiful scene into a wonderland of delight. As the sun rises and dispels the mist, and the hills are seen through the clear freshness of the morning air, they seem even more beautiful than they are later in the day.

On a bright moonlight night this scene takes on a new beauty. The soft light of the moon makes objects dimmer and indistinct but does not rob them of their beauty. The colours that are present by day are all gone; but the whole countryside seems quiet and friendly and to have an air of enchantment.

In my opinion there is something in a scene which cannot be described; something which cannot be put into words, that makes a certain scene for a certain person, very beautiful, while another person may not see its beauty to the same extent. This scene I have attempted to describe is very beautiful to me because I know it and love it; but it is possible that another person would not see in it the beauty that I do. I feel, with poet that:

“God gave all men all earth to love
 But since our hearts are small
 Ordained for each one spot should prove
 Beloved over all.”

This is the spot that He has ordained for me.

ALICE ARMSTRONG, V. Form.

“THE MAN IN THE MOON”

At even-tide in the sky,
 The Man in the Moon sets out to fly,
 He rides inside the yellow moon,
 And softly hums a lullaby tune.

He travels around the face of the earth,
 To see the babies of new birth;
 He shines on them until the dawn,
 Then goes to sleep, for the rest of the morn.

Every night he sails about,
 Here and there—in and out;
 And when, at last, the sun appears,
 He goes to sleep, for what seems years.

VILMA LAWRENCE, Grade V.

“WHAT FAIRIES DO AT NIGHT”

Do you know what fairies do when mortals are asleep? Well, one night in the middle of November, I was awakened by a tiny voice, like the tinkling of Fairy bells. To my amazement I saw many little Fairies dancing around the foot of my bed. They were lovely Fairies, their hair was fair, and their dresses were all the colours of the rainbow. It looked as though they were just going out to paint the roses, because they had each a tin of paint, some red, some pink and some white. When I looked to the left of the room, I saw a throne of rose petals, and sitting on it was the Fairy Queen. She had a long white dress and pink wings. She looked very beautiful indeed.

The Fairy Queen then waved her wand to make me grow smaller, then again to make me grow wings. As soon as that was done, we all flew out of the window. It was lovely flying in the air. Down below, I could see all the churches and houses.

Presently the Fairy Queen flew down into a beautiful garden. I had never seen such beautiful flowers in my life. When we had

all landed, the Fairy Queen and all of us took out our paints and started painting the roses. When I knew how to do it, I joined in also. I must say that the flowers I had done looked much prettier than I had expected. When we had painted all the flowers we sat down.

I was just going to have a bite of strawberry when I woke up and found myself in my own bed. Well, never mind, it might really happen one day, I thought.

KERON LANGFORD, Grade V.

"HE LEFT HIS NATIVE LAND IN DISGRACE."

After the Industrial Revolution, many of the people of England were in dire distress. John Haigh was one of these unfortunate persons.

One night, creeping around the streets of the great factory town of Manchester, he searched in vain for scraps of food with which he might feed his starving family. His clothes hung ragged and threadbare on his emaciated body, and his mind was tortured by the thought of his little child lying hungry and ill under a heap of bags in the hovel which was all the home they knew. No food was to be had, so he decided to try his luck at getting a fowl from a farm on the outskirts of the town. John reached the farm and, without undue difficulty, caught a fowl and was running off with it when he fell over a wire. A dog barked and aroused the sleeping farmer and then it was only a matter of moments before he was caught in the hands of the law.

Eventually, he was brought up to the witness box to face trial—he was convicted of theft. He left the box with head held high, hate glowing from his very eyes. When the judge enquired why he had stolen the fowl, John had replied saying that, if better living conditions existed, his child would not have been starving and he would not have been tempted to commit the crime. The judge had been taken aback at the young man's bold words and had given him the harsh sentence of transportation to the colonies.

At that, John had buried his face in his hands; the thoughts of being sent to a new country, and of being worked to death like a slave, were unbearable. He wished he were dead; but the luxury of death was denied him. In a month's time, together with other prisoners, he left his native land in disgrace and set sail in the "Supply" for the penal settlement at Port Jackson. The journey was rough, the food was poor and men died from scurvy almost every day. Stale water and lack of fresh air in the stinking cabins made the men easy victims of illness, and the very atmosphere was polluted with the cruelty of the guards, and the fear and hate of the convicts.

John Haigh survived this dreadful journey, and after the ship berthed he was driven to the barracks, where once again the men were cramped for space. On the roads and in the fields the work was hard and the hours long; but after fifteen years, the man who had left England in disgrace, was freed by death—free to rejoin his little daughter (who had died shortly after John's trial) in a life which was no doubt happier than his life on earth.

—PAT MARTYN and
VALMA HUMPHREYS, Grade VII.

“MAYBE THEY DID.”

Waiting for the bus, I was too occupied with my own thoughts to notice the young couple, and it was not until it was ready to depart that I caught a glimpse of them. Although the bus was packed to capacity, I had managed to obtain a seat and there I sat; penned in by the swaying forms of hot, tired and very irritable people. “In fact,” I thought, glancing at the couple, “they seem to be the only happy people in the bus.”

The girl, who was smartly dressed, had fair wavy hair and as she turned towards her companion, a tanned young man in a grey suit, I noticed a flash of lovely white teeth. Their happy mood made me feel envious and I wished I could have joined in the merry laughter that came continuously from their direction.

I thought of the good week-end that was being spoilt by my having to play nursemaid to a horde of young nephews and nieces. “The children will love to see you again,” my sister Anne had written. “No doubt they will,” I fumed inwardly. Arriving at the little seaside town, however, my thoughts softened when two rather wet kisses were planted somewhat boisterously on my cheeks.

Fairhaven always had the same effect on me. A few hours after my arrival, the crisp sea air, together with the pleasant breeze, had changed my stormy mood to one of contentment. Consequently, the next day found me romping with Connie and Mike, the elder children, along the cliff shore.

Once, on glancing up, I saw a young couple and recognised them as my bus companions of the previous day. They made a pleasant picture, walking up to the cliff face in the early morning sunlight.

The girl's hair flashed golden in the sun, and the cool sea breeze swept it back from her face. I knew they were just as happy, for I had a glimpse of smiling faces, as they turned to give a fond pat to the two big seeing-eye dogs standing faithfully by their side.



“Aunty Kathy, why don’t those two people come down here? They won’t be able to see the pretty pools up there,” broke in Connie. It was true. From the cliff top could be seen the whole surrounding country-side, but in the little alcove where we were, it was truly delightful; little rocky pools, left by the receding tide and from these sparkling waterfalls trickled down to the rocky shore below.

Maybe they don’t know about them?” persisted Connie.

“Yes, maybe they don’t know.”

—PARGIE, V Form.

PREFECT DOMINATION.

About a prefect’s sufferings
 Many a poem is penned;
 They say there are various things
 With which they must contend.

But do they ever stop to think
 The annoyance they are to us?
 One cannot even dare to blink
 For fear of their making a fuss.

“Get into line!” or “Rise from bed;”
 And “Cease that talking now,”
 Accompanied by “Report to the head!”
 Or perhaps, “Stop that awful row!”

When the hour comes to execute
 Some mischief we’ve been scheming,
 Our plans become but destitute
 Through prefect’s intervening.

In the endeavour to discern,
 Who causes the noise “after lights,”
 Those prefects take a turn
 Of bed-time patrol several nights.

So I should say, that the lot
 We suffer through prefect domination,
 Is ten times worse than what
 They endure, from prefect nomination.

—DORIS MARTIN, Form V.

“THE TRIALS OF A PREFECT.”

(To be read with a feeling of intense sympathy for the Prefect.)

Six o'clock comes round once more.
 The rising bell rings, Out on the floor
 Climbs each weary girl, leaving her bed.
 “I don't want to get up; I feel half-dead.”
 But no, “You're a prefect now, you know,
 You must set an example always,” and so
 With reluctance I rise from my bed.
 There are bells ringing several time a day
 And our task is to see that the girls obey.
 “To line now please. No noise,” we say.
 What happens? Nothing. They rarely will obey.
 Though again and again we repeat our request
 They only think we're a perfect pest
 Till a mistress comes and at her behest
 To do as we say they decide is best.
 Night comes. Is our day's work done? Oh no!
 We climb to rest 'neath sheets white as snow
 Our peace is disturbed by whisperings from beds
 Up from the pillows we raise weary heads,
 “Be quiet,” we say, “if you must speak at all
 You will find you can do so quite well in the hall.”

So day by day our life we bear
 Full of trouble, full of care.
 We get no thanks for being there
 Our duty to do as best we are able.
 And how we're talked about, even at table!
 We really are
 Most unpopular!

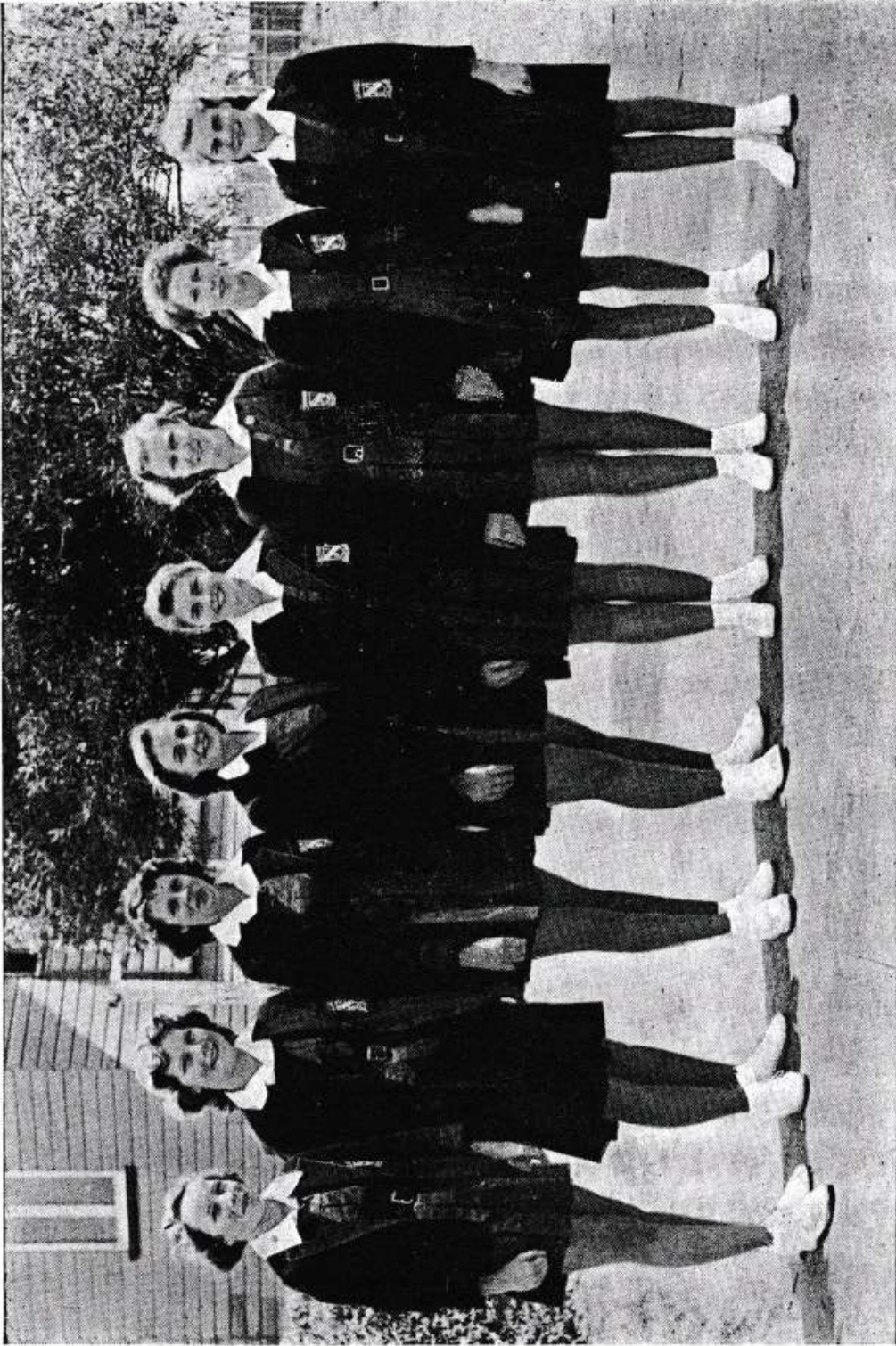
—ALICE ARMSTRONG, V Form.

MY COUNTRY HOME.

I am looking down a camphor-laurel avenue and I can see a pretty little house at the end of it. The house looks as if it is trying to hide in amongst the trees which shelter it. It is a rambling house and it has four windows which seem to wink mischievously as the sunbeams dance on the coloured glass.

In the north paddocks I can see cattle grazing, whilst some are drinking down at the creek.

In the west paddocks, sheep are nibbling grass quietly.



SWIMMING TEAM, 1949.

PREFECTS, 1949.



Shirley Morrish, Heather Donovan, Paula White, Alice Armstrong, Margaret Watkins.

There are fields near the stables where some foals are galloping to and fro with their tails and manes flying in the air. They seem to be very pleased with their carefree life.

The house has a lovely garden around it. The garden consists of many flowers. Geraldton-wax grows by the old tumbling fence and a vine has made its way over the gate. Poppies, violets, balsams and sweetpeas reveal a splendour with which no work of human hand could compare.

The bees are humming loudly as they fly to another flower. Some might have just come out of the scented bush and were going home and found this out-standing garden in the midst of their path.

There are some gaily coloured butterflies coming into view as I walk slowly around the house. I wonder whether they are looking for flowers too?

There are lots of different coloured butterflies and they look so pretty nestling in the petals of a rose or some sort of a flower. They seem to sing a song of thankfulness.

I suppose they are very happy because it is such a lovely day with the golden sun shining down from above and not a cloud in the sky.

As I turn my gaze from the building, I feel that I should be very thankful that our Creator gave me such beautiful surroundings in which to live.

—DESLEY SCHWENNESEN, Grade V.

“MY GARDEN.”

One fine day I told my mother that I was going to make a flower garden, so I dug up the ground and I pulled the weeds out of the bed and made it nice for my plants.

I asked my mother if she would get me some plants to put in my garden.

When she got my plants I went and put them in the ground. She got me poppies and pansies and snap-dragons.

I watered them every night and morning and sometimes chipped around their roots.

I put the poppies in the middle and the snap-dragons in the middle too, and put the pansies round the side for a border.

When I got up one morning early I saw that some of my poppies and pansies were out, and I went and told my mother and she was pleased to see them.

One day some of my mother's friends came up to see her and my mother showed them my garden; and when they saw it they thought it looked very pretty and I gave them some of the flowers to take home.

—KAY HEATHER, Grade IV.

THE MARBLE STEPS.

The marble steps are wonderful
 Their colours are so bright,
 They always do show up so well,
 Even in the night.

The marble steps are beautiful,
 They clatter as we walk.
 They must have a different language,
 If that's the way they talk.

The marble steps lead to a palace,
 Very beautiful and tall;
 With all its carpets and silver gay,
 And the towers tall.

The marble steps lead to a garden,
 With all its flowers gay,
 Where the royal family walk
 Almost all and every day.

The marble steps are growing old,
 For they are tramped on every week,
 Sometimes the royal children hide behind them,
 When they play hide and seek.

The marble steps were very shiny,
 But I will have to say good-bye,
 Because it is growing cold and dark,
 And the night is drawing nigh.

—MARY PATRICIA FINLAYSON, Grade III.

A STORM.

It was December, and the weather was very hot. After everyone had gone to bed, except the creatures who stay up at night, it was then that it started to rain. The rain-drops fell heavily on the roof and caused my parents to wake. They put on their dressing-gowns and went round the house closing windows and doors, letting down the blinds and pulling the chairs off the verandah and into the drawing-room.

While all this was going on, I woke up and started helping them. I love doing this for two reasons, one, because I love being up at night, and the second, because it is cool for once.

The storms became worse and the cats and poultry ran to shelter, the dogs howled, and because I had a soft heart for animals in distress, I wanted to go and let them off the chain, but Mum and Dad would not let me; because then I did not own a raincoat.

Everybody was glad of the rain, all the plants and animals, all the creatures and humans. It did the ground good too.

By the morning the weather was cleared and everything was bright and gay. The frogs croaked and birds chirped. The flowers looked gay too, and stood upright on their strong green stems to get nearer to the sun.

The little lambs danced joyfully in green meadows and the calves followed their mothers closely and enjoyed the warm sunshine. The dogs looked brighter too, but the cats went on as usual and slept in a spot in the garden all day long.

Ah! what a lot of good a little rain does.

—MARY PATRICIA FINLAYSON, Grade III.

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

I had been a very good girl that day and at night a little fairy came.

She woke me up and said, "Would you like to visit Fairyland?" I said I would indeed like to visit Fairyland.

She took my hand and we flew away to Fairyland.

When we got there, I saw lots and lots of brightly painted little toad-stools. When the fairy queen told the fairies, they came running out of the houses. The paths were made of glittering stones and golden flowers grew around the houses.

Then the fairy queen said I had better go back now, so she took me back. But when I got back I found it was all a dream.

—JEAN WICKHAM, Grade II.

POPULAR SONG TITLES

Our school days is a long

"Serenade of the Bells."

In school our thoughts stray to

"Far Away Places."

Leaving to come back to school

"Brush those tears from your Eyes."

The Ascension Night Dance

"Buttons and Bows."

We would like to be

"Beneath the Lights of Home."

When nobody gets into trouble

“It’s a most Unusual Day.”

Western Mail-train Line

“There’s a Trail that Leads me Home.”

Worrying about Exams

“Everybody’s Doing It.”

—GEM JONES, Grade VII.

A PEEP THROUGH A WATER-SCOPE.

The Great Barrier Reef is one of the great wonders of the world. It stretches along the east coast of Australia, from Thursday Island, in the north, to Lady Elliot Island, in the south. It is famous for marine life, and it attracts many tourists from all over the world. I was very fortunate last year, to go on a visit to my rich uncle, who lived on the reef, and one day he took me out in a flat-bottomed boat in order to let me see some of the reef attractions.

On looking through the water-scope, I saw many beautiful corals. There were corals of all colours, such as the pretty blue stag-horn, a yellow-spongy coral, and many brain corals. Amongst all of these corals, there sat a big cushion urchin, of a brownish-grayish colour, and several five pointed starfish. Darting hither and thither, amongst the greenish-yellow and reddish-browns, of the different types of sea weed, were little gaily-coloured fish—the parrot fish, butter fish, and schools of little blue demoiselles and mai-mais.

As we sailed along a little farther, I saw a large anemone. The anemone is a sea plant that grows on the reef, and lives on small fish. The cheeky little Ginger Meggs, the decoy fish, was out in front of the waving tentacles of the anemone. His mouth was moving, and I thought he looked very comical—for all the world like a gamin chewing gum, the white patch over his black eye, like a bandage over an eye blackened in his last scrap. I saw him barge out, make a fighting feint at a bigger fish, and go back to swaggering up and down in front of his own backyard gate again, when the challenge missed, and he then went inside the deadly maw and picked up a few scraps by way of a 'tween-meals snack.

And then I saw the hermit crab, another larrikin of the deep, brick-red and covered with fierce black hairs, screwing his hat-peg eyes to leer at me from under the rim of his borrowed shell. He was amusing, because he was growing too big for his home, and was in search of another bigger one, and tapping at shells he came across to see if anyone was in, scuttling away when a savage claw shot out to insist that he mind his own business.

I saw an ugly, squat stone fish, with all the spikes, which covered its ugly body, sticking up. It looked deadly poisonous. Then,

near that, I saw a squid, a big grey fish, which, in time of danger, squirts some black fluid into the water and escapes its enemy.

After a while, saw a beautiful fish called the banner fish. This one was about three feet long, and possessed an air of regal and natural maturity, moving serenely here in a befitting setting of Nature's splendour. It is such a gorgeous fish, that it is known as the "Ballerina of the Reef." When attacked, it makes the water a blueish-blackish colour, and escapes.

At last, my uncle reminded me of the time, and we had to go home. With a sigh of reluctance, I gave the water-scope back to him. I shall never forget what I saw that day, of that I am certain.

—AILSA LAWRENCE, Grade VII.

ODE TO JUNIOR.

(With apologies to R. Herrick)

Fair day of toil we weep to see
 You haste away so soon,
 As yet we have not learnt to do
 The things that here are taught by you
 Stay, stay
 For all the livelong day
 We'll work ——
 But to the Junior's end
 And having failed together
 We will see what luck may send.

To Brainstorms

We have short time to learn as you
 And we have not the brain
 As quick as you take in things
 Our brains we nearly strain
 We faint
 As you ne'er do, and cry
 Alas!
 Like to a summer's rain
 Our tears they fall like thunderbolts
 Our heads we'll ne'er lift again.

—BEVERLEY JOHNSTON, MURIEL LOVELL,
 MARGARET JACKSON, V Form.

SAINT CATHARINE'S NAMES MAKE HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

A Flower of Scotland HEATHER
 A Canadian River LAWRENCE
 He found gold in Queensland MORGAN

In 1901 Australia became a NATION
 A sea that touches Russia WHITE
 An early Queensland Police Magistrate WICKHAM
 The First Fleet sailed into Port JACKSON
 —MARGARET JONES, Grade VII.

BEFORE AND AFTER A VIOLENT STORM.

The day had been hot, extremely hot, as had all the days during this dreadful heat wave. After mid-day a hush fell over all the world, while high in the wide expanse of haze blue, Apollo, in his fiery chariot, rode mockingly, casting his searing rays of blazoned gold upon the becalmed earth. As the afternoon drew wearily on, gradually huge, grey masses of clouds banked up on the horizon, and layer upon layer, fanned by the blustering wind which sprang up, forced its bulk over the rapidly darkening sky, until at last the jeering face of the sun was completely obscured. The wind grew stronger and colder, and dust and leaves were whirled in the air; and presently, nearing gale force, it tugged and strained at clothes hanging on the lines; gates swayed crazily to and fro on their hinges; birds and animals, uttering cries of fear, hastened to shelter. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the wind, as though it were some fiend that had been captured, subsided, and there was a momentary calm.

Ere long, with splitting roar which shattered the skies, the the silence was broken! The rain poured from the heavens in an incessant torrent.

Having vented his anger on the earth, the Storm God finally departed for other regions, and the sun struggled through the breaks in the rapidly with-drawing clouds. The sky was an ethereal blue, and a multi-coloured rainbow marked the heavens with the promise of a fine night. Swirling gutters of muddy water ran here and there, and the happy chirping of the birds, and the frolicsome antics of the young animals, showed that they, too, were glad of the refreshing evening air. Soon the sun set, tinting the fleecy cloudlets with pastel hues which were reflected in the silvery drops of moisture lying on the upturned faces of the flowers in my garden.

—LAUREL REIMERS, Grade VI.

“A BUSY TIME ON A STATION”

Of all the busy times on a station I consider the annual muster to be the busiest. The annual muster commences at about the beginning of December. By that time, in the west, the hot summer has well begun. I shall now relate to you one of the many scenes witnessed on a cattle station at this particular time of the year.

With a blazing ball of fire rising in an azure blue sky, half-a-dozen swarthy stockmen assembled at the yards. These men were hardened to the west, and each year rode rampant to the muster. Their horses stirred with impatience, and pricked their ears forward, as they observed the overseer striding towards them.

Then they mounted and rode abreast across the open plain. It was hard on the horses hoofs as they crunched on the sharp pebbles, and barren earth; for the summer sun already had burnt the tiny shoots of summer grass which were struggling so hard against the elements, to gain root. As they rode thus, each with his eyes strained towards the distance, they saw a herd of scrub cattle grazing in the channels. The first twelve miles of the homestead paddock were bare and sandy, open spaces, bounded by small grassy gullies known as "channels." Owing to the luscious green grass in this area, many cattle inhabited them. So the riders urged their steeds to a canter, and, with incredible swiftness, gained the outskirts of the channels.

Onwards they dashed and plunged down the boggy channels, with their whips cracking, and the alarmed cattle racing in anger and distress as the stinging weapons rained upon their backs. A couple of the horses refused to descend the steep embankments, instinct telling them that the sodden loam was far too dangerous. Besides, they had been caught before, and was not such an unforgettable occurrence an experience to them? But these faithful steeds, spurred on by their adventurous riders, rose again to gallop madly after countless steers.

So the battle went on until at last mastery was gained, and the wild cattle settled down to be driven homewards, for the weaning and branding of their young calves.

Year after year in the busy time of mustering this same struggle ensues, but these wild western riders never fail to fulfil their task. As for the horses, without their stamina and yielding assistance, such a muster could never take place.

—MERLE BOTTRELL, Grade VI.

"DAME FISHIE'S SCHOOL."

Dame Fishie has a little school
Beneath the deep, blue sea;
Her pupils are attentive,
And learn their A.B.C.
They learn of flies and anglers,
And of horrid things called hooks;
Dame Fishie said that studying these
Is better than all books.

THE SAGA

They can spell cat, dog and fish,
 And read little fishie tales;
 And at their singing lesson
 They are very good at scales:
 If you don't believe it,
 Please don't laugh at me;
 For I was only told about it,
 And I haven't been to "Sea."

—JEANNETTE PAGGETT, Grade V.

"THE LITTLE SHOP."

One day I walked into a shop,
 To see what I could buy,
 I thought I'd like a lollypop,
 And a nice meat pie.

And then I saw a fairy doll,
 Dressed up in royal blue,
 She looked so very pretty,
 I thought I'd like her too.

But then there were so many things,
 I really couldn't stop
 To tell you what I saw that day,
 Inside that little shop.

—LEAH TOLEMAN, Grade V.

HOME LIFE.

I come from fields of pasture green,
 The land is very hilly,
 But I pass many a beautiful scene,
 As I ride my chestnut "Filly."

We canter over many a hill,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 And it gives me a better thrill,
 Than crossing over bridges.

Till at last we round the cows,
 When it is milking-time,
 How they love the shady boughs
 Especially in the summer-time.

Then to water at the creek,
Steadily flowing through the farm;
This is what they always seek,
Which in flood, causes an alarm.

How I love to feed the calves
For they stand there waiting,
But the pigs I'd rather starve,
For their manners are exasperating.

But these happy thoughts of home,
As I have often seen,
Are written for this poem,
And the magazine.

—OLIVE BOWER.

A POSTMAN'S DAY.

It was four o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Brown made her slow, puffing way up the creaky, wooden stairs of her boarding house. She was a stout little woman, but it was a pair of kindly blue eyes that peeped out from under her old-fashioned bonnet.

She reached the door of the first bedroom on the top floor. From this room issued forth a series of snores and grunts which were signs of Mr Biggins, the occupant of the room, having a happy, dreamless sleep. Mrs. Brown tapped on the door, "Time to get up, sir," she said, "It's four o'clock and if you want your cup o' tea you'd better hurry."

"Ah! Oh! all right, Mrs. Brown; thanks for waking me," came the reply.

After about a quarter of an hour, Mr. Biggins came hurrying out of his room. He was a tall, fair man in his late forties with many kindly wrinkles criss-crossing his face.

After gulping down his tea, he rushed out of the house down the quiet street to the main road where the trams had already started their daily run to the town. Boarding a tram, he hailed a fellow postman with cheery greeting and then glanced through the daily newspaper.

When he reached the General Post Office he alighted and, entering the main office, collected his bag of mail. He went across the road to a garage where he had parked his bicycle the night before, and collected it.

He cycled to the other side of the town where he began his daily round. Turning the corner of a street, he stopped and glanced through the mail.

"Here's one for Mrs. Richards. I wonder if it is from her son out in the Pacific fighting the Japanese?" he thought.

After ringing the bell of the second house on the left, he handed the letter to the thin little lady who opened the door. Her rather sad face broke into a joyous smile when she saw the letter.

"It's from my son, Jim," she said happily to the postman as he lingered a moment while she glanced through the letter before taking it into the house to devour it thoroughly. She added,

"He says he is coming home for two weeks' leave soon. Oh, I'm so happy."

The postman said he was glad too; and then hurried on.

At the door of the next house he took a type-written letter out of his bag and handed it to the young lady who had answered the door.

Breaking the seal, she rapidly scanned the contents and then collapsed on a chair inside the hall with a very white face.

"What is it, Mrs. Cummings?" the postman enquired anxiously. Without answering, she handed him the letter which merely stated very briefly that her husband, Mr. Bob Cummings, had been severely wounded during a fight against the enemy in the South Pacific.

"Oh, Mrs. Cummings, I'm so sorry; but don't you worry now. He'll come out all right," and, with a few more words of comfort and a sober face, the postman mounted his bicycle and pedalled away.

So the day went on, the postman delivering letters which brought sorrow or gladness into the many homes which he visited.

At six o'clock in the evening he made his way home again and, sinking down on the couch in the bed-sitting room which he rented from Mrs. Brown, he took from his pocket a letter which he had saved for himself.

His tired face broke into a smile of joy as he read it. It told him that he had been accepted for a new position for which he had applied. It was a very good position of supervising a group of men on a cattle farm. Mr. Biggins was very pleased because he loved the open air life.

"No more pedalling up and down hills," he thought. "At last I've got the work for which I've been longing."

PAMELA BLYTH, Grade VI.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY.

The intense heat of the African sun burnt my body; but that fact only made me still more satisfied. I dislike the weather of my country, with its severe frosts and heavy sleet, accompanied by the sensation of frozen hands. In contrast, the heat of this country, with

its azure sky and torrential rains that beat down so heavily on my bungalow roof, is beautiful.

The falls rushing through crevices in the rocks provide a spray of clear water that glistens in the sunlight, and as the descent becomes more marked, a pool of cool fresh water which looks inviting for a bathe. How pretty this is! Small pebbles form a bridge that gently slopes down towards the pool. But here is another vivid scene to attract the eye—the tangled undergrowth of the forest, where flora and fauna are equally abundant. Multi-coloured peacocks lazily bask in the sun, displaying their gay plumage.

Africa is truly a beautiful country; but also a dangerous one, for as dusk draws nigh, the roar of the wild tigress jealously guarding her cubs, and the screech of the hungry hyena, which startles me no more, prove very disconcerting to a visitor to this strange wild country.

Yet it has ideal settings for a holiday. At dawn, one awakes early, for the sun is just beginning to shed its scorching rays. Billowy clouds chase each other across the sky; and the native boys impatiently call, for they are eager to be away in the flat-bottomed boat that will carry us down the swift flowing river. Many exclamations, which are interpreted as praise of the strange scenery, are heard. But the natives remain passive, for they know that their country always holds a fascination for foreigners.

Orchards and farms cover the land for miles; and the kindly farmer will always allow a visitor to eat whatever he wishes. Their hospitality and the sincere way they talk, wins the confidence and respect of any stranger. When evening is only a few hours away and the familiar sounds of night begin to be heard, the natives wait impatiently, for they wish to be home before dark.

Home! this word has a wonderful meaning in Africa. One sits on the terrace and is served with iced drinks; while natives, obedient to their master's word, are ever in attendance. This is an ideal place for a holiday, with delightful scenes, and polite sincere people, who love their country and gladly share its beauty. Everything about Africa wins one's heart, and indeed, I could not think of a more peaceful, or more interesting spot for my holiday.

—BETTY BRADSHAW, V Form.

ANZAC DAY — ITS MESSAGE TO-DAY.

We all know how Anzac began—from earliest childhood we have accepted this proud tradition as something sacred and vital and as being the very centre of our National spirit. It has been said that Australia lacks tradition—that intangible something which plays so great a part in the lives of British peoples. To make such a

statement is to commit an unpardonable error. We are yet in our infancy, but we have a heritage as precious and real as any of the centuries' old traditions of the Motherland and our sister nations.

Thirty-five years ago, Australia as a nation was a vague possibility, the idle dream of the visionary, in short a figment of the imagination. True, it was a large country; it possessed almost unlimited potential wealth, but it was undeveloped. Its sparsely populated States had, a few years previously, united to form a Commonwealth, but there was no National character as yet. Four short years later, Australia stood revealed to the eyes of the World as a nation, well worthy of its noble Mother—England—and why? Simply, because in those years, the young manhood of this land, and of every right-thinking nation on the Earth, were called upon to prove themselves by the event of a dreadful calamity. A catastrophe so great in the magnitude of suffering and devastation accompanying it, as was never before witnessed and endured by mankind.

Since then, to our sorrow, a second global war, even more terrible than the first, has left its mark of devastation and death on the fair lands of the earth. The memory of past horror has become indelibly imprinted on the minds of those who cannot forget, and will find no peace till merciful Death brings a happy release at the last and closes another chapter in the tale of human suffering.

April 25th, 1915, and the word Anzac, have become each a part of the other, and all we who are proud to call ourselves sons and daughters of Anzac are keenly aware of the responsibilities thereof. We know and appreciate the awful sacrifices made for us on wind-swept Suvla Bay, on the peninsula of Gallipoli, where Death had made his grim abode, and on countless other fields of less renown. The youth of the World in all its beauty and zest for life, suddenly found its bloom deflowered, saw itself severed from the tree of life and crushed in the path of a raging, relentless fury—War. Our young manhood, standing on the very threshold of the great adventure of Life, met, with amazing courage and fortitude, a blazing, withering end at the hands of gunners on the cliffs—or Death came silently, swiftly in the wooded gullies in the shape of a bayonet thrust.

They were called from the simple, daily tasks of life in a land where toil was no encumbrance, but a welcome means of earning the right to live. A land where fields, bright with the promise of golden harvests, smiled under the genial sun, and a man knew that the recompense of a season's toil lay in them. But when the great call came, they left all, and in foreign climes they fought and died magnificently, obedient to an inner voice which seemed always to comfort them with the heartening words, "This is worth fighting for."

To-day, as we know, the world is in a very difficult position. doubts and fears—the inevitable aftermaths of a disastrous war—assail all peoples. Yet we must have courage, we must hear the message of Anzac which seeks to relight our lamps of Faith and Hope which have long since grown dim. It should not be difficult to understand. It calls us together to form a strong National comradeship and gives us a spirit of self-sacrifice. It asks us to be worthy of our fathers, the glorious Anzacs, who, with true nobility, so willingly gave their lives to the end that their sons and daughters might be enabled to live their lives in an atmosphere of peace and concord and it comes in the nature of a challenge to revive our flagging spirits, a direct command to “play the game!!” in the manner of Anzac.

Surely, then, after a little careful reflection on the stirring message of Anzac, we can come on this Sacred Day of Remembrance, and in the company of those who mourn, let us ask God to grant us power to live our lives in accordance with the spirit of Anzac, and above all, let us ask Him to give us the ability to understand the innermost meaning of “Anzac.” yesterday, to-day and hereafter.

“Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

—SHIRLEY MORRISH.

FLEETING MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

I am sitting in a wheel chair,
 For my days are nearly spent;
 My hair has long turned silver
 And my back is very bent.
 My heart is veiled in loneliness
 My mind is full of thought,
 That Slow Time has ever wrought.

The happiest are of my childhood days
 And the years when I went to school,
 When there was work and play and friends for all,
 With many a Golden Rule.
 For seven years the days rolled by,
 In a world of book and pen;
 Full of Love and showered in Wonder,
 And drilled with the lives of exploring men.

The next two years were a glorious bend
 In the weary Road of Life;
 For I found that the world had a richer glow,
 And that Daylight must follow the Night.
 Still in my mind there's the sweetest vision
 Of the ones I loved and St. Caths.,
 Of the great adventures we planned together
 The untriumphant days of Aths.

—MARGARET WATKINS, V Form.

OLD GIRLS' NOTES.

First of all, we offer our congratulations to the following Old Girls who have become engaged:

Gloria Donovan—Max Steel.
Jocelyn Cunningham—Jack McKenzie.
Madeline Eager—Godfrey Bauer.
June Boatfield—Malcolm Howlett.
Margaret Howard—Thomas McNamara.
Jacqueline Hayles—George Bayard.
Fay Sheridan—Mayne Ferrier.
Beth Harding—Arthur Calcino.

To the newly-weds we say, "Every happiness in your future life."

Lyndall Hughes—Charles Backhouse.
Pamela Muir—Douglas Murray.
Jill Harding—Bruce McInnes.
Alice Wilson—Don Franks.

Congratulations to our "Mothers."

Carley Ross (nee **MacKay**) a daughter.
Joyce Ross (nee **Stidolph**) a son.
Lorna Hughes (nee **Judge**) a daughter.
Peggy Bassett (nee **Sheridan**) a son.

Here is news of the "Important few" in Warwick! **Dell Warren** is working at R. W. Matthews and Sons. **Dorothy Milward** is in the office of Kirkegaard Bros. **Belle McNickle** is a leading hair-

dresser of our city. **Roma Warner** is working in a Chemist shop and **Jennifer Smith** has a position in a Bank. **Gloria Donovan**, who has been doing shop work in Warwick, went home to help her Mother during the shearing season but will be getting another position here soon. Teaching at St. Catherine's is **Marian Becker**. **Dorothy Thomas** who has been nursing here, left for Perth in September to take up nursing there. Our married members, **Val Gardner**, **Olive Harkiss**, **Joyce Ross**, **Esme Ratcliffe** and **Pat Reading** are still living in Warwick.

Next we move into the Suburbs to see what our Old Girls out there are doing. **Mrs. Shooter** from Allora is a very keen member of the O.G.A., she was in Warwick for our Reunion. **Alma Rauchle** is still working in an office in Leyburn. **Venesia Nicholls** from Pratten made her Debut at the Warwick Church of England Ball. **Coolah Malanos** is helping her people in their Cafe in Killarney.

Up in Stanthorpe, **Nancy Wilmot**, **Meryl Bell** and **Margaret Howard** have taken up nursing. **Yvonne Fry** is working at Howarth and Steele. **Diana Rushton** is still helping in her parents' store at the Summit. **June Boatfield** is in the office of Central Motors, and her sister **Wynsome** is still helping at home. **Evelyn**, **Margaret** and **Pauline Welsh** are also staying at home. **Barbary Becker** is a Governess up at Dalveen.

Other Old Girls staying at home are: **Doreen Foott**, **Jocelyn Cunningham**, **Beth Harding**, **Fay Sheriden**, **Alison Ralston**, **Pat Schwennesen**, **Jean Wehl**, **Rosemarie Akers**, **Dell Jackson**, **Maureen Wormwell**, **June Killeen** and **Carma Lancaster**.

There are still a good number of Old Girls working in the country! **Corinne Harris** and **Joan Wall** are both at the Kindergarten Training College. **Jane Oakeley** has passed her Exam and is finding life at the Public Library very interesting. **Helen Fraser** is helping in her Father's shop in Brisbane. **Beverley Hockings** has a shop position also. The following girls are in various offices in Brisbane: **Wilma Giles**, **Joan Beckinsale**, **Brenda Burton**, **Betty Thomson** and **Valmae Clark**. **Jessie McDonald** and **Betty Jones** are both training at St. Martin's Hospital and **Joan Kirk**, **Iris Corderoy**, **Bev. Hughes** and **Joyce Donovan** are all training at the Brisbane General. **Sheila Harvey** is a Kindergarten teacher at St. Margaret's and **Cecily Davies** is teaching at St. Michael's. **Cecily** gained her letters (A.A.S.A.) in Art of Speech. **Helen Naylor** is doing a science course and **Natalie Laidlaw** is training to be a Physiotherapist. **Blanche Martindale** is in the Commonwealth Bank in Brisbane. **Daphne Salisbury**, who completed her Physiotherapy course, sailed for England on the Arawa in May. **Betty Deshon** finished her training in Brisbane and has gone to Adelaide to take up nursing there.

Margaret Wilson is doing Physiotherapy at Greenslopes Convalescent Hospital. **Margaret Grahame** has an office position in Toowoomba. **Fay Nation** works in the office of a sugar mill in Mackay. She is a "Miss Queensland" Candidate.

Pat Griffin has a position in Deazley's Studio in Toowoomba. **Betty Tweedie** is in Brisbane doing a Child Welfare course. **Joan Wall** won a Canberra Nursery Kindergarten Training Scholarship and will be going to Canberra next year.

Beryl Griffiths is now Mrs. J. Whybrow. She lives in Barellan, N.S.W. **Jeanette Lindley** is studying Speech Therapy in Sydney. **Judy Young** has an office position in Charleville. She takes a keen interest in Tennis.

June Stidolph has a business of her own in Warwick. She is our O.G.A. Secretary.