

St. Catharines Magazine



WARWICK
November, 1951

Warwick Daily News

CHRONICLE

of

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL



Editorial

This year of 1951 has been one of political and economic strife throughout the whole world. The storm clouds of war are once again darkening our horizon, and the danger of Communism is still threatening our land. Are we, the citizens of tomorrow, to allow ourselves to be swayed by the opinions of others?

Through our school life together we have learnt the importance and necessity of understanding fully the other person's view, and working out a solution which satisfies the parties concerned.

We only hope that our school has provided us with such a tradition of loyalty to enable us to carry the torch of honour to light us through the annals of adult life and to give our country the best our individual life can produce.

This passing year in our school life has been restricted in many ways by the epidemic of Poliomyelitis. We naturally regret being stopped from all Inter-school activities, but we fully realise the importance of this precaution. 1951 has also marked the beginning

of future three instead of four termed years. This arrangement has proved to be the more practicable of the two.

1952 lies before us untouched, and it is ours to shape and fashion according to our own endeavour. Like a challenge, it calls us in our approach to the fuller responsibilities of adult life, seeking to test us in such trials and experiences as may be our lot when we have left the more protected limits of the school. Let us regard it also as a promise of the richness and satisfaction to be gained throughout the coming years, from a life lived not selfishly, but for the good of all who cherish the ideal of Honour, Good Citizenship and Democracy.

Above all, we must not let ourselves sink into a state of apathy when we are faced with the dangers and problems which confront civilisation at the present time. Our forebears were men and women who moulded future nations out of very uncompromising material, and we should bear in mind their courage and determination whenever we are tempted to falter in days of difficulty and sacrifice of personal ease and safety.



School Diary For 1951.

- 29th January: Boarders returned.
- 30th January: School commenced.
- 2nd February: First Communion of year.
- 17th February: New Girls' Concert.
- 26th February: Toni Brace, Marina Nation, Wendy Schwennesen and Janice Geisel were admitted as Pro-Prefects, and Vicki Graham was appointed head girl.

- 3rd March: Old Girls' Concert. Proceeds in aid of Food for Britain.
- 4th March: Canon Massey celebrated Holy Communion in School Chapel.
- 22nd — 25th March: All spent Easter at School. Fifty-two received Holy Communion on Easter Day, and Father Hawkey celebrated. On Easter Monday we went to the Washpool for a picnic, and all enjoyed it, especially the swimming.
- 31st March: First tennis match against High School on our courts. We were successful.
- 7th April: Played tennis against P.G.C. on our courts. We won.
- 21st April: We were successful in tennis matches against W.H.S., on their courts.
- 24th April: House singing was held. Slade House attained first place with 245 points. Congratulations, Slade, on a fine performance. Neal House was second with 232 points, and Crothers House third, with 205 points.
- 25th April: Wreaths from School and Guides and Brownies were laid. The School did not attend any public services as we were still in isolation. The Anzac essays were won by Shirley Smith and Laurel Riemers.
- 27th April: Broke-up for Holidays.
- 15th May: Boarders returned.
- 16th May: School commenced for second term.
- 17th May: First Communion of term.
- 25th May: Upper School attended G.F.S. Concert.
- 26th May: School went to P.G.C. to see Guide pictures.
- 8th June: The Old Girls' Reunion week-end commenced. Barbary Becker, Joan Beckinsale, Heather Donovan, Diana Bell and Margaret Jackson stayed at School.
- 10th June: Past pupils of Slade and St. Catharines played tennis and netball in the afternoon.
- 11th June: Old Girls attended Holy Communion in the School Chapel. Toni, Marina, Wendy and Janice were admitted as Prefects at the service. Old Girls stayed to breakfast and played tennis and netball against present pupils.
- 14th June: Confirmation was held in St. Mark's Church. Parents and newly Confirmed had supper afterwards.
- 15th June: Upper School went to see "Richard of Bordeaux," in the City Hall. It was presented by the Toowoomba Grammar School.
- 16th June: We went to see a football match at Slade. Scots won.
- 18th June: Half-Yearly examinations started.
- 20th June: Senior School attended Philharmonic Concert in the City Hall.

- 27th June: Upper School attended lecture given by Dr. Smith-Leeper in the City Hall.
- 28th June: W.H.S. played us Basketball on our courts.
- 29th June: Newly confirmed made their first Communion in the Chapel. Mid-term week-end.
- 5th July: A and B Senior Basketball teams played at High School. W.H.S. A team and our B team were successful.
- 12th July: Neal and Slade Houses played off the House Basketball. Neal first, Slade second.
- 13th July: Fifth and Sixth forms went to see "Arsenic and Old Lace." Miss Thomasson took one of the leading parts. We all enjoyed it immensely.
- 17th July: Grade VI down went to see Road Safety pictures.
- 19th July: Slade and Crothers played Basketball. Slade won. Final match for Basketball Cup. Neal first, Slade second and Crothers third.
- 27th July: School went to see High School concert.
- 30th July: Bishop of Kensington gave an address to the whole School.
- 2nd August: Grade VI up attended our dance in St. Mark's Hall.
- 3rd August: Inter-house drill display. Slade House won Senior and Intermediate, and Neal the Junior. Ann Jackson (Neal) won the Senior individual, and Beverley White (Slade) won the Intermediate.
- 4th August: Inter-house Plays. Slade won the day by attaining first place in both Senior and Junior Plays. Neal second, and Crothers third in Senior; and Crothers second and Neal third in Junior. Final placings were Slade, Crothers, Neal.
- 7th August: August vacation commenced.
- 28th August: Boarders returned.
- 29th August: Third term started.
- 7th September: Grade VI down went to see the animals at the circus.
- 13th September: Slade and Crothers played Volley Ball. Slade won. Games were 2 all, 33-32.
- 14th September: Neal and Slade played Volley Ball. Neal won, Slade second, Crothers third.
- 17th September: School went to hear a Harpsichord Recital in City Hall.
- 19th September: Theory of Music and Art of Speech examinations.
- 20th September: Softball match between Neal and Crothers. The scores were Neal 7, Crothers 6.
- 21st September: Neal and Slade played Softball. Neal won.
- 23rd September: Attended All Schools' Church service in St. Mark's Church.

- 27th September: School went to Scots Concert.
29th September: All attended Slade Fete.
2nd October: Seniors went to see "The Citadel."
6th October: Scholarship down went to Fete in Church grounds.
12th October: Inter-house athletics. Mid-term week-end.
16th October: Music examinations.
20th October: Art of Speech examinations.

Senior Public Examination, 1950.

SHIRLEY MORRISH: English, A; French, B; Modern History, A;
Ancient History, C; Geography, A; Art of Speech, A. (Pass).

JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, 1950

- TONI BRACE: English, B; French, C; History, B; Geography, C;
Art of Speech, A.—(Pass)
- PATRICIA DENT: English, C; French, A; Latin, C; Arithmetic,
B; Geometry, C; Chemistry, A; Physics, A; Music, B.—(Pass
in General Section).
- VALMAE DONOVAN: English, B; History, B; Geography, C;
Book-keeping, C.
- VICKI GRAHAM: English, C; History, B; Geography, B; Algebra,
C; Geometry, B.—(Pass in General Section).
- MARINA NATION: English, C; History, C; Geography, B; Art of
Speech, A.
- MARGARET PENDERGAST: English, B; French, A; History, B;
Arithmetic, B; Algebra, C; Geometry, C; Book-keeping, B;
Stenotyping, B.—(Pass in General and Commercial Sections).
- ELSIE QUINLIVAN: English, C; French, B; History, A; Book-
keeping, C; Stenotyping, A.—(Pass).
- PAMELA SEITZ: English, B; French, B; History, A; Geography,
A; Music, C; Stenotyping, B.—(Pass).
- SHIRLEY SMITH: English, C; French, B; History, C; Geography,
B; Art, C.—(Pass).
- M. HAASE: English, C; History, A.

SCHOLARSHIP, 1950

LILLIAN KELLY, 67.2%. (Pass).

SHEA DENSLEY 55.4%.

MARGARET MYERS: 52%.

NATALIE BUDGE: 50.4%.

A.M.E.B. EXAMINATIONS, 1951. FIRST PERIOD**PRACTICAL**

Grade III: Jill Farrington, 87%. Honours; Stephanie Marsland, 79%. Credit.

Grade I: Jean Wickham, 78%. Credit; Margaret Gunther, 76%. Credit.

A.M.E.B. SECOND PERIOD**PRACTICAL**

Grade VI: Natalie Budge, 79%. Credit; Toni Brace, 75%. Credit; Joan Manning, 73%. Pass.

Grade V: Judith Schwennesen, 86%. Honours; Jeanette Padgett, 83%. Credit; Fay Donovan, 77%. Credit; Marie McMullen, 76%. Credit; Stephanie Doan, 75%. Credit; Stephanie Marsland, 68%. Pass.

Grade IV: Anne Armbruster, 73%. Pass; Jill Farrington, 71%. Pass; Janice Geisel, 66%. Pass.

Grade III: Gwyneth Pierpoint, 80%. Credit; Denise Paget, 75%. Credit; Gwenda Sorsensen, 73%. Pass; Rosemary Gray, 70%. Pass; Jean McPhee, 70%. Pass.

Singing: Norma Brown, 66%. Pass.

Grade II: Christine Bickell, 82%. Credit; Jean Wickham, 81%. Credit; Lorraine Rumball, 78%. Credit; Margaret Barton, 77%. Credit; Eleanor Gray, 76%. Credit; Miriam Padgett, 75%. Credit; Margaret Gunther, 72%. Pass; Pat Pryor, 67%. Pass; Glenda Chapel, 65%. Pass.

Grade I: Helen Slade, 69%. Pass; Margaret Graham, 67%. Pass.

Preliminary: Jean Gunther, 82%. Pass; Kay Brown, 73%. Pass.

Violin: Eleanor Gray, 66%. Pass.

ART OF SPEECH

Grade V: Toni Brace, 85%. Honours; Marina Nation, 79%. Credit; Vicki Graham, 78%. Credit.

Grade IV: E. Donaldson, 86%. Honours; Wendy Schwennesen, 81%. Credit. June Austin, 81%. Credit; Laurel Reimers, 80%. Credit; Pat Martyn, 79%. Credit; Margaret Hoey, 79%. Credit.

Grade III: Margaret Smith, 82%. Credit; Joan Frost, 73%. Pass; Dallas Porter, 69%. Pass.

Grade II: Jeanette Padgett, 67%. Pass.

Grade I: Georgina Macpherson, 91%. Honours; Pat Pryor, 88% Honours; Margot Pryor, 83%. Credit; Leith Bailey, 83% Credit; Ann Coote, 75%. Credit; Judith-Ann Clifford, 71%. Pass.

Preliminary: Margaret Gunther, 87%. Pass; Anne Graham, 85%. Pass; Marlene Young, 76%. Pass; Bridgette Corden, 76%. Pass; Jean Gunther, 69%. Pass.

THEORY SECOND PERIOD.**PIANO**

Grade IV: Janice Geisel, 75%. Credit; Wendy Schwennesen, 75%. Credit; Wilma Donovan, 72%. Pass; Joan Manning, 68% Pass.

Grade III: Stephanie Marsland, 69%. Pass; Anne Armbruster, 68%. Pass.

Grade II: Elaine Lawer, 86%. Honours; Gwyneth Pierpoint, 75%. Credit; Rosemary Gray, 75%. Credit.

Grade I: Jill Farrington, 92%. Honours; Pat Pryor, 72%. Pass.

MUSICAL PERCEPTION

Grade II: Jill Farrington, 86. Honours; Deanne Ross, 81. Credit.

ART OF SPEECH. THEORY

Grade IV: E. Donaldson, 76%. Credit; Margaret Hoey, 66%. Pass; Pat Martyn, 65%. Pass; Laurel Reimers, 65%. Pass.



Library Notes

Since our last publication there have been numerous additions to the Junior and Senior Libraries, and we are very grateful to those generous friends and Old Girls who gave us books. In the Junior Library, "Captain Jim" (Mary Grant Bruce), from June Stidolph; four beautifully illustrated volumes, "The Sun Comes Up," "Challenge to Lassie," "King Solomon's Mines," and "Adventures of Robin Hood," from Mrs. George Bassingthwaight, have been special favourites. Other books bought for the Junior Library from Library funds were: "So Dear to My Heart" (Stirling North); "The House of the Eagle," and "Possum" (Mary Grant Bruce); "Pollyanna," and "Pollyanna of Magic Valley" (Eleanor Porter); "Anne of Green Gables," "The Blue Castle," and "Emily's Quest" (L. M. Montgomery).

Mr. R. K. Woodward gave us two books for the Senior Library, "A Town Like Alice" (Neville Shute) and "Oasis of Shalimar," (Thwaites); June Stidolph gave "A Murder is Adver-

tised" (A. Christie) and Diana Bell, "Dawn Journey" (Reginald Kirby); and from Library funds we have bought "Trouble in the Glen" (Maurice Walsh), "The Key Above the Door" (Maurice Walsh), "Then Came Spring" and "Jane of Gowlands" (A. Hepple), "Mr. Midshipman Hornblower" (C. S. Forester), "The Grand Sophy," "Duplicate Death," "Faro's Daughter," "Devil's Cub" and "Regency Buck" (G. Heyer), "The Pathway of the Sun" and "The Beckoning Shore" (E. V. Timms), "The Doctor Wears Three Faces" (Mary Bard), "The Ninth Earl" (J. Farnol), "The Nine Tailors," "Murder Must Advertise" and "In the Teeth of the Evidence" (D. Sayers), "Reprieve" and "Laughing House" (Warwick Deeping), "Two Names Upon the Shore" (S. Ertz), "The Ambassador," "Joy Street" and "Three Novels" (F. P. Keyes), "Robbery Under Arms" (Rolf Boldrewood).

Magazines received from other Schools were: "Miss Thistle," "Acta," "The Dawn," "The Recorder," "The Brisbane Girls' Grammar School Magazine," "The Condominian," "The Link" and "The Glennie Gazette." During the year we also received the "A.P.R.," "The Illustrated London News," "The News Bulletin" and "The National Geographic Magazine."



NEAL HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	"Honour before Honours."
House Colour	Red
House Mistresses	Miss Thomasson, Miss Bunton, Miss Becker, Miss Telford, Miss Stephenson.
House Captain	Marina Nation
Sports Captain	Wendy Schwennesen
Vice Sports Captain	Janice Geisel
Secretary	Toni Brace

Our past year has been very well spent, we Nealties think.

Sport has been our best achievement this year. We were very fortunate in having most of the A tennis team, and some of the A netball team, to win those cups for us. This year volley ball and softball were introduced, and Neal was successful in those also. In the inter-house ball games we were again victorious, Slade coming second, and Crothers third.

The House plays and singing were both won by Slade. Slade also carried off the Physical Culture Cup, and our heartiest congratulations go to them.

A new feature of the Houses are the House Badges, Neal's being a red N on a white background.

The girls have tried to do their best this year, and we hope they keep up the good work.

In conclusion, we wish all candidates the very best of luck in the forthcoming examinations.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	"Through Trials to Triumph"
House Colour	Blue
House Mistress	Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell, Miss Morrish.
House Captain	Margaret Devon
Athletics Captain	Natalie Budge
Secretary	Joan Manning

At our first meeting this year we welcomed two mistresses, Mrs Bracken and Miss Morrish, our last year's captain, and many new Sladeites into our House. Unfortunately, towards the end of the year, Mrs. Bracken's husband became ill, so she was compelled to leave us.

We have had a happy and successful year. We won the Singing, Dramatic and Physical Culture Cups. The set song for the Singing Competition was "Cherry Ripe," our own choice song was "Goodbye," from "White Horse Inn," and the round was "All Nature Smiles." Natalie accompanied and Joan conducted; Mr. Leadbitter, the judge of the competition, gave us much helpful and encouraging advice. For our Senior Play we chose "The Followers." Joan Frost played the part of Lucy, June Austin that of Charles, Lillian Kelly as Helen and Natalie Budge the maid. They all worked hard and we were delighted at their success. Our Junior Plays were especially praised by the judges. The play chosen was "The Madhatter's Tea Party," from "Alice in

Wonderland." The cast was: Georgina McPherson the Mad-Hatter, Helen Slade, Alice, Ann Graham, the Rabbit, and Judith Raff as the Dormouse.

We congratulate Neal on obtaining the Tennis, Basketball and Ball Games Cups. We achieved second place in the competitions won by Neal.

At the end of the first term we were very sorry to lose Jeanette Green, who was a member of the School A tennis team.

In conclusion, we wish the candidates for the coming examinations the very best of luck and everyone a Happy Xmas.

CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	"Dieu at Devoir"
House Colour	Gold
House Mistresses	Miss Riddell, Miss Spear, Miss Thompson, Miss Bennett.
House Captain	Vieki Graham
Sports Captain	Dallas Porter
Secretary	Wilma Donovan

We were pleased to welcome many new members into our House and also Miss Riddell, one of our new House Mistresses.

At the beginning of the year we held weekly House meetings, but these were later supplemented by practices for House Singing, Basketball, Plays, etc. We attained third place in all House competitions except the plays in which we came second. Next year we hope to shine a little better in some of the House activities.

This year we have had House badges distributed among all the girls, which give a distinguishing touch to the House.

We wish to thank Mrs. Crothers for her kind thought in sending a Birthday cake for the House, on the anniversary of her birthday.

Crothers regretted the loss of many enthusiastic members at the end of last year, especially Pam Leitz and Fay I. Donovan, who were the champions of the school for running.

We wish all examination pupils the best of luck, and that all may have a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

SIXTH FORM NOTES

(By VI Form)

This year our form consists of the grand total of four—half our members being day girls.

In spite of a few mishaps, especially pertaining to the floor, we have had a very happy, and we hope, a successful year.

Our sincerest thanks go to Miss Cant, our Form Mistress, who has taught us so willingly during the fast receding year. We are afraid we have not lived up to the reputation of former Sixth Forms, but never say, "the struggle naught availeth," because one of our untidy members is leaving, and next year we hope to reform our Form.

In the Old Girls' Concert we did a sketch from "David Copperfield," in which we all enjoyed taking part. We also showed our dramatic ability in the House Plays, but we have unanimously agreed that acting will not be our vocation.

We all enjoyed our dance with Slade this year, and also our other outings, especially "Hamlet." Although we had seen it previously, we enjoyed and understood it more fully this time. We also went to see "The Citadel."

As none of us are sitting for Senior at the end of this year we have had time for such hobbies as tennis, reading and photography.

We are all hoping Toni does well in her Music and Theory exam., and that Marina, Toni and Vicki pass in the forthcoming Art of Speech examination.

FIFTH FORM NOTES

Fifth form began the year with ten members, but Marie left us after the first term, to join Commercial Form.

We have had a very happy year together, and we hope it will prove a successful one.

We are proud to say that two of our Form mates were appointed Prefects this year, and we congratulate them on this attainment.

In the Old Girls' Concert we enacted a play, "Swords and the Dragon," and for weeks later, bottles labelled, "Anti-Dragon Mixture," adorned the shelves.

Some of us have taken part in the Inter-school Basketball teams, and as there are no All School Sports, we are now keen competitors for our coming inter-house sports.

We sincerely thank our Form Mistress, Miss Thompson, and all the other mistresses for their help and guidance during the year.

Last of all, we say, "Best of luck Scholarships, and a Merry Xmas to you all."

FOURTH FORM

We commenced this year with twenty-one girls in our Form-room. About fourteen of this number were new girls. This term we welcomed back Gloria McIntosh, who has been absent from our Form-room for many weeks, after recovering from her operation.

On the whole we have been a very happy and co-operative Form, helping each other in difficulties. Although an occasional misunderstanding arose amongst us, we said: "that belongs to the past."

During the year sport proved to be the main interest in Fourth Form. Last term Anne was nominated Vice-Sports Captain. We were represented by Marjorie and Natalie in the A tennis team, and Fay, Natalie and Lillian in the A Basketball team.

To Miss Becker, our Form Mistress, we offer our thanks for her assistance, and we also congratulate her on her recent engagement. Thanks are also extended to Miss Thompson, who supervised us on the sports field, also to other members of the staff.

In conclusion, we offer both Juniors and Scholarships our best wishes in their forthcoming examinations.

—JOAN FROST (Form Captain).

GRADE VII FORM NOTES

This year started with old friends greeting each other and new girls being welcomed into our class. There were eighteen of us started the year's hard work, but at the end of the second term Brenda left; Miss Bunton is again Scholarship Form Mistress and has helped us in many of our difficulties. Our thanks go to her.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a principle in which we all firmly believe, and most of us are very enthusiastic about all sports. Beverley White and Judith Schwennesen are members of the School Tennis Team and recently Judith won the Warwick District under 14 years Championship. Congratulations, Judith! Beverley, Florence and Judith play in the School Basketball team, and most of us have represented our Houses in various other sporting activities. Recently "Softball" was introduced, and

now we enjoy playing on most afternoons. Volleyball is also popular.

During the year we have listened to many interesting Geography, History and English broadcasts, presented by the A.B.C., and we are very grateful to Miss Riddell for the loan of her wireless. In our class scrapbook we have pasted pictures and articles of interest and we now have quite a large collection. Recently we were taken to see the printing press at the Warwick Daily News Office, and before the end of the year Miss Bunton has promised to take us to visit the butter factory, and perhaps the flour mill, if arrangements can be made; so we are all looking forward to those outings. Most of us, too, have been taking an interest in the newspapers which are brought to the class-room each day.

We are busily making articles for our fete now, and hope to have a display by the end of the term.

Before long the end of the year examinations will be held, and we take this opportunity of wishing all examination candidates, especially the Scholarship entrants, success, and we wish everybody a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

BERYL RUSS (Grade VII Form Captain).

FIFTH AND SIXTH FORM NOTES

At the beginning of this year Sixth and Fifth Grades welcomed a new teacher, Miss Riddell. Nine new girls also joined our class. The Form duties were performed by Form Captain, J. McDonald. The class wished seven of their members the best of luck in the Art of Speech and Music examinations.

Judith Ann Clifford, who was captain of the Junior A Netball team, led the team in some victorious matches against other Schools. Some of the girls from Fifth and Sixth Grades also competed in Singing, Volley-ball, Soft-ball and other School activities.

Encouraged by our Form Mistress, class activities soon showed results. Attractive pictures and floral curtains have improved the appearance of our school room. A wireless set has provided many pleasant and instructive hours for us, and for Seventh Grade.

Scrap-books, introduced this term, have aroused enthusiasm for collecting geographical and historical pictures, whilst Nature Study creates interest in out-door life.

We also benefit by the educational magazines provided.

We feel that 1951 has, on the whole, been a successful year.

We take this opportunity to wish all Examination candidates the "right kind of examination paper," and to each and every

one, Sisters, mistresses and scholars, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GRADE II, III, AND IV FORM NOTES

On the whole we have had a busy and happy year; but we were very sorry when our Mistress, Mrs. Bracken, left us this term. She was always ready to help us with our difficulties.

When we came back at the beginning of the year we found that we had a different class room—a bigger one. It is hard to keep it tidy, but we try.

Our first entertainment was the New Girls' Concert. We all enjoyed it because five of the New Girls were from our Class-room. After that we began practising for the House Singing and some of us were in the Junior House Plays.

Everyone stayed at School for Easter. We went to the Wash-pool for a picnic, and had a lovely time.

Fourth Grade went to see the Jubilee Art Train and thought the books and pictures were wonderful. Grades IV and III went to hear a musician play the Harpsichord, and some of us who learn music were allowed to look at it closely. It was like a Grand Piano except that it had two key-boards.

Sometimes only Fourth Grade is allowed to go out, and sometimes only Second Grade stays home. We'll be glad when we are older. We all went to Slade Fete though, and when the circus came to town all of us went to see the animals.

Most of us are Brownies. Sometimes we go for hikes, and we have lots of fun.

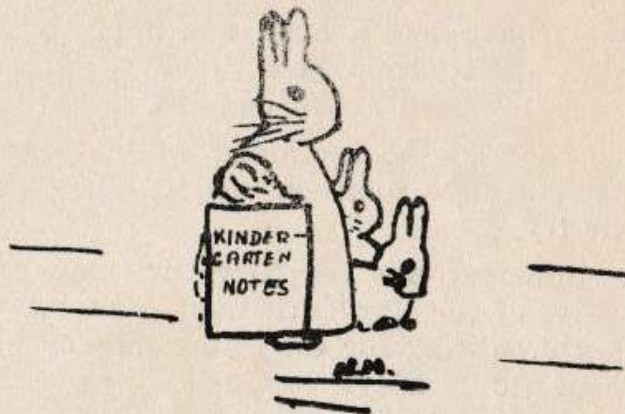
Not long ago we went to the Church Fete, and sang songs. We are making things for our own Fete in our spare time and in our Sewing Classes.

We all like sport. Lola Little was in B Net-ball Team, and on Friday afternoon before Mid-term we joined in our House Sports. Beth Cook was Captain of Crothers Junior Team, Jean Wickham of Slade, and Jean Gunther of Neal. Robyn and Miriam were Captains of some of their Ball games, too.

On Saturday morning of Mid-term we went to the pictures and in the afternoon after a picnic lunch on the grounds we went to the Park. In summer we often go for walks after tea on Sundays, and we are hoping to be able to go down to the creek some afternoon to paddle.

Lots of us have done Music and Art of Speech examinations this week. We hope we have passed.

We have all helped to write these notes and we can't think of any more. So Goodbye and a Merry Xmas to everyone.



KINDERGARTEN NOTES, 1951.

At the close of the 1950 School year, instead of the usual Christmas Tree celebrations, the Kindergarten children were entertained at an afternoon-tea party. Sister Kathleen presented the little ones with their book prizes after they had sung several Christmas carols.

Miss Stephenson joined the staff at the beginning of the year, and takes care of the "babies" during the mornings.

Grade I remained in the Infant School this year. In the half yearly examination Jill McDonald came first in Grade I; Jane Slade gained first place in Prep III; and Ruth Padgett was first in Prep I. All are working hard now, in preparation for the annual examination.

After the May vacation, the Kindergarten children were delighted to find that a see-saw had been added to the playground.

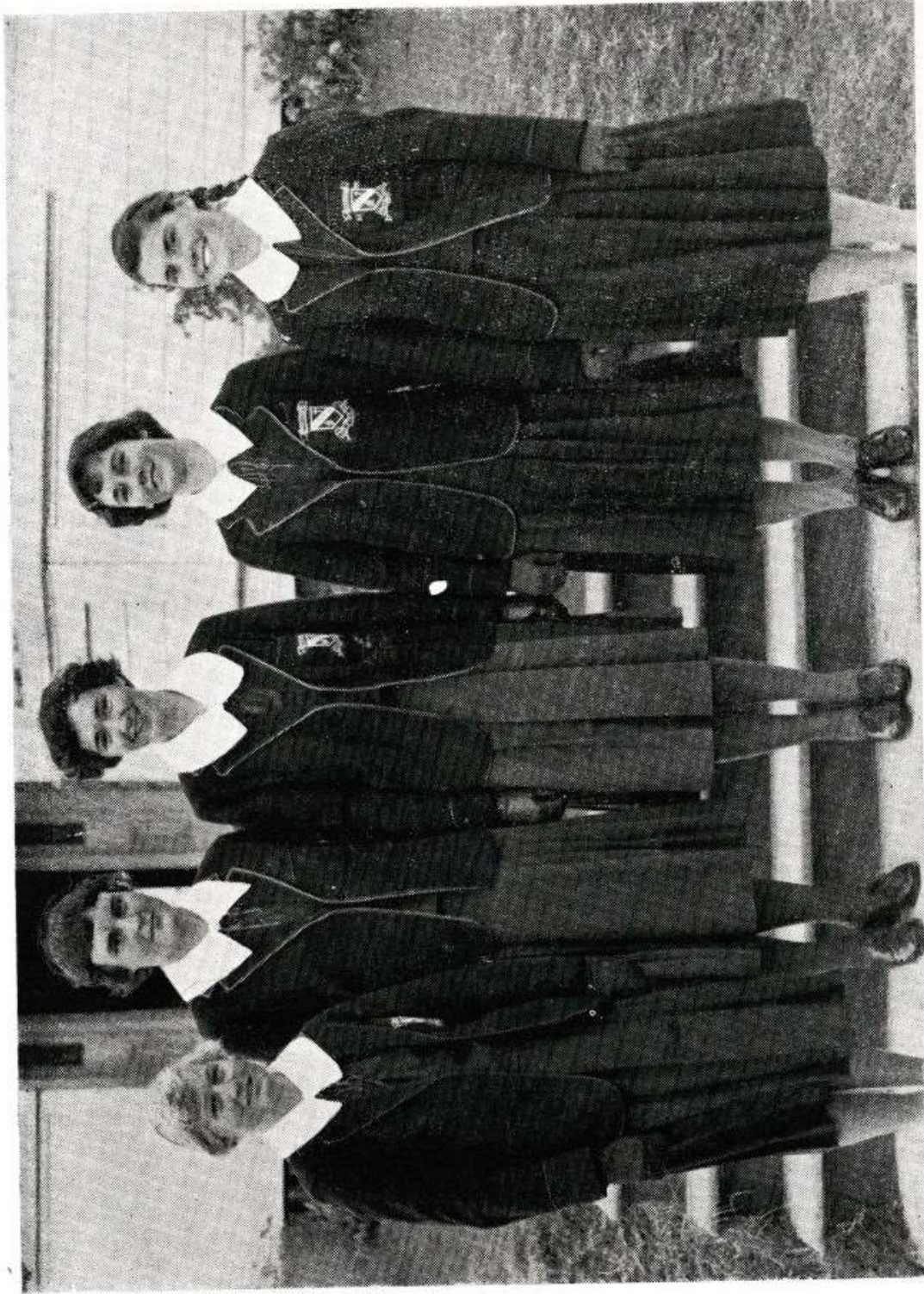
New tables and chairs, and extra desks have been placed in the class-room during the year, due to the increased number on roll.

The children help to keep their school-room clean and tidy, and some of the day children provide flowers.

The little ones are preparing for a Christmas Tree this year, and all are looking forward to a visit from Santa Claus.

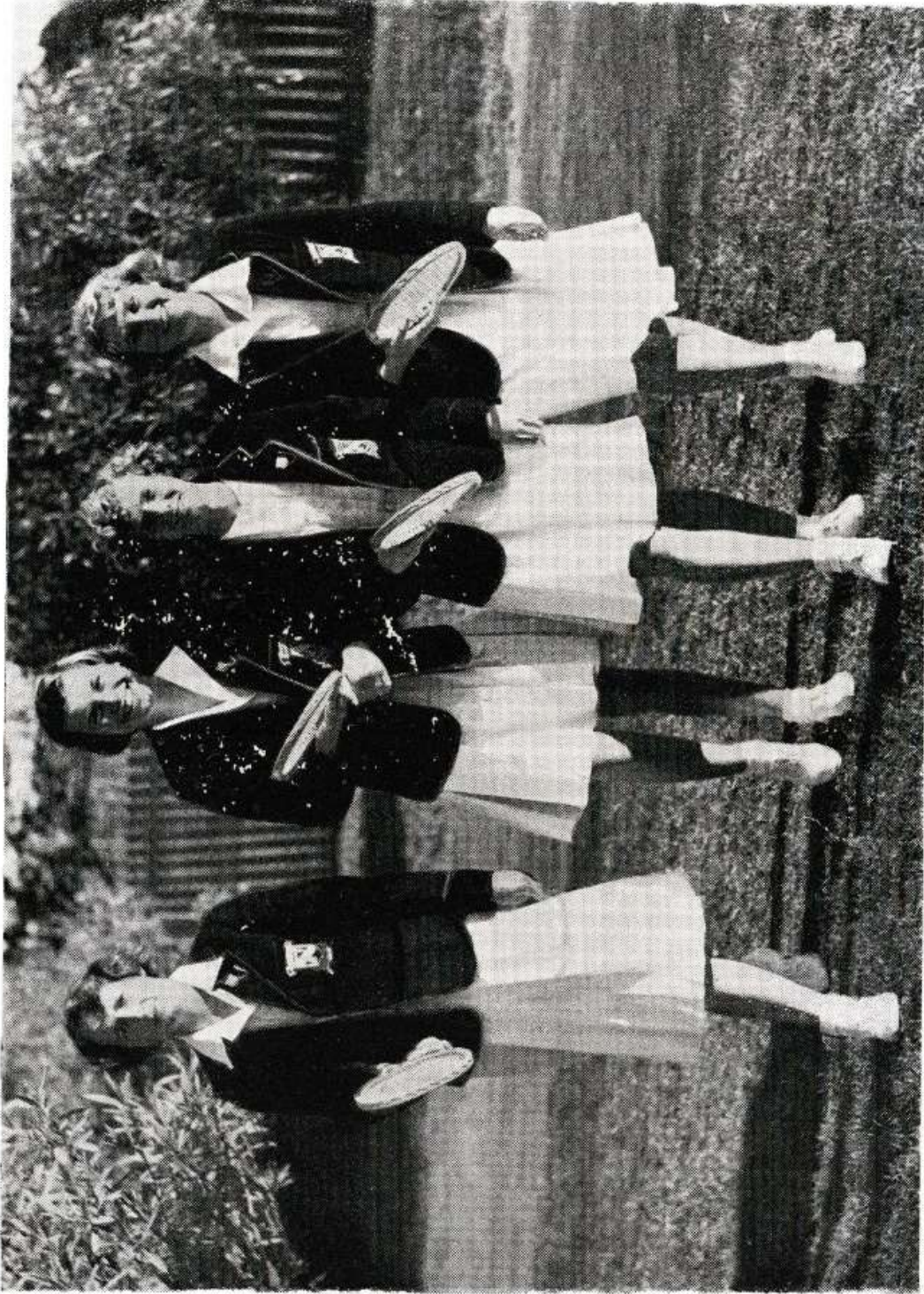
We wish all our friends a very enjoyable holiday and a Happy Xmas.

PREFECTS, 1951.



J. Geisel, V. Graham (School Captain), N. Budge, M. Nation, W. Schwennesen.

"A" TENNIS TEAM, 1951.



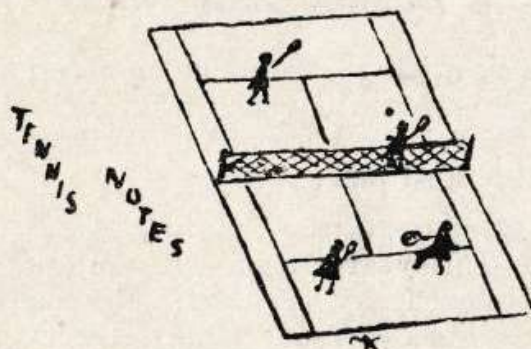
P. Johnstone (Captain), J. Schwennesen, N. Budge, M. Tosh,

Athletics Notes

We were all disappointed this year to learn that there would be no Inter-school athletics owing to the Poliomyelitis. To compensate for this disappointment we all took a keen interest in Volleyball and Soft-ball. In Inter-house competitions, both matches were won by Neal. The points were allotted to the General Excellence Cup.

For a while we discussed also whether we would have the Inter-house Sports, but finally it was reduced to a programme of Ball games and Relays, held on 12th October. The Ball games Cup was won by Neal, and other points for Relays, also taken by Neal, were allotted to the General Excellence Cup.

We wish to thank Miss Thompson for her interest and enthusiasm throughout the year.



Tennis Notes

This year the tennis matches between the three schools caused much excitement, owing to the many closely contested games. In the final match against P.G.C. we were unfortunately beaten by two games. We want to offer our congratulations to P.G.C. on their win. We also wish to thank High School for the very enjoyable matches we had with them.

During the first few months the A team consisted of Marjorie Tosh, Jeanette Green, Judith Schwennesen, and Peggy Johnstone; B team, Fay Donovan (Captain), Natalie Budge, Beverley White, Lillian Kelly. We were most unfortunate in losing Jeanette Green, who left during the May holiday. Natalie Budge took her place in the team. Beverley Foster succeeded Natalie Budge in the B team.

The Senior Tennis Championship was won by Peggy Johnstone (Neal).

In the House competition Neal House once again won the Tennis Cup. This is the third year in succession. Congratulations, Neal. Slade House came a close second. Well played, Slade. Crothers attained third position.

We all wish to thank Miss Thompson for her assistance in coaching us and for taking so much interest in us. Also we wish to thank Sister Kathleen and Brother Roberts for allowing the Slade Tennis teams to come up on Sunday afternoon to give us more practice.

The Tennis teams wish everyone a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

PEGGY JOHNSTONE (Captain).

Basket Ball Notes

Once again we wish to offer our sincerest congratulations to P.G.C. for another successful year of Basketball and for winning the Cup. High School came second. Well played, High School. Again we attained third place.

We were most unfortunate, as there were only three of our last year's team. This year's team is as follows: Wendy Schwennesen (wing), Lillian Kelly (goaler), Beverley White (assistant goaler), Natalie Budge (defence wing), Desley Schwennesen (defence goaler), Fay Trevethan (defence assistant goaler), Peggy Johnstone (centre).

The Inter-house competitions were once again won by Neal House. Congratulations, Neal. Slade came second and Crothers third. All matches were exciting and well played.

We wish to offer our congratulations to the B team on their success in their matches. We also wish to thank them for the constant practice which they gave us throughout the season. We hope that they enjoyed it as much as we did.

We would like also to thank Miss Thompson for the interest she showed in coaching us. Thank you, Miss Thompson

The A and B Basket Ball teams wish every one a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

PEGGY JOHNSTONE (Captain).



BROWNIE NOTES

Sixes	Sixers
Imps	Margaret Barton
Sprites	Helen Slade
Leprechauns	Robyn Schwennesen

We have been playing the Brownie game now for two years, and this year has been a successful one for the Brownies who have made splendid progress and increased their pack greatly.

At the end of 1950 we were all sorry to lose Miss Smith, the Pack's acting Brown Owl, but we welcomed Mrs. Dan as Brown Owl this year and thank her for having taken our meetings.

Owing to Poliomyelitis in Warwick this year we were unable to attend many Brownie functions, but, although we did not take part in the Anzac Parade, Robyn Schwennesen and Margaret Barton went down to the Memorial to help lay the Brownie wreath.

We would like to thank Sister for giving us our Brownie room, which we now have papered with all kinds of pictures.

Recently 1st year stars were awarded to Helen Slade, Margaret Barton, Robyn Schwennesen, Jill and Joy McDonald, Georgina Bassingthwaighte, Georgina MacPherson and Janet Cox. Helen and Janet have also earned their Golden Bars.

At the end of the second term we enrolled Anne Graham, Christine Bickell, and Jean Gunther as Brownies, and we were glad

to welcome Judy Rutherford as a new recruit at the beginning of third term. Throughout the term Miss Morrish has been attending our meetings and we do hope she enjoyed them as much as we have enjoyed having her with us.

On the first Saturday of the term Brown Owl took the Pack on a hike, and a lot of work for First Class tests was done, some of the work being firelighting, cooking and laying tables; we also played general Brownie games.

We have all enjoyed our year's work and are looking forward to a happy year next year. In conclusion, the Brownies wish every one a Merry Christmas and a bright and happy New Year.

—LAUREL REIMERS (Act. Pack Leader).



THE MESSAGE OF ANZAC

Gallipoli stretches from the Gulf of Xeros to Cape Helles and lies between the Aegean Sea and the Straits of the Dardanelles. Here where the hills rise and fall in gentle slopes and sweep down to the surging sea, the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps landed; here the most gallant battle of all time was fought.

In 1914 the great call to arms sounded like a clarion throughout Australia, and although only a young country, our men responded to the call that urged them forward to unknown territory; their belief was that they were to fight the last battle the earth would ever know and so bring peace and prosperity to a wayward world.

Laurence Binyon says in his poem, "For the Fallen."—

"They went with songs to battle, they were young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow,"

There are no other two lines more befitting; in their hearts was a dauntless courage and the determination in their eyes gleam-

ed like a living ember, and seemed to challenge the whole earth. Their ships rocked to the familiar and proud chorus of "Australia Will Be There," and indeed they were in the midst of the greatest battle man has ever been called upon to fight. Old feuds were forgotten as they joined in a happy band of comradeship. What were trivial disagreements to them? They were out to bring peace and prosperity back to a bleak and hardened world, and joy to their loved ones who waited at home with a courageous smile on their lips and an aching heart within their breasts.

In 1915, when the Anzacs landed on Gallipoli many of them were cut down with machine-gun fire, which burst incessantly from the beautiful but disastrous hills. Others of them became entangled in the miles of barbed wire which guarded the enemy front, but with grim determination they ploughed their ways on to the desolate shores.

The desperate fight which ensued is depressing to the minds of young Australians today; thousands lay dead upon a field spattered with the blood of dead and wounded soldiers; above the scream of shells and the deafening roar of explosives rose the high-pitched screams of agonised men.

Indescribable are the hardships which the Anzacs had to contend with. The burning heat of the pitiless blazing sun shone unmercifully, and the air was blackened with swarms of flies. Death seemed only a release from an earthly hell; but even through this, the courage of the Anzacs never wavered and they retrieved ground which they had lost, and gained more and more in their battle of life and death.

But the hands of Fate were weaving a web of chagrin, and reserves were in short supply, as also were food and water. The goal these men had lived and died for stood wavering; and then toppled from the frail shelf of hope. The cup of joy was dashed from their hands before their lips had tasted the bitter sweet joy within.

The crisis had come and the futile battle could continue no longer. Only one alternative remained—retreat from Gallipoli. But the Anzacs made one final thrust. Their courage was still undaunted although their bodies were beaten and battered. They were only embittered, and this made them all the more determined to give one parting thrust for their comrades who had gone before, and who now slept their last sleep beneath foreign soil.

Flames soared skyward, shells burst and turmoil reigned. The Anzacs had fired their provisions, and for a short space had baffled the enemy, but more they could not do, so they turned once again to the turquoise sea, where gently rocked the British ships on the

troubled waters, and the few staggering and wounded soldiers returned, and many lived that battle over again in their dreams.

To-day there is unrest in the world, and even now our soldiers are giving their lives in Korea. We wonder whether the message of Anzac is dying in the world, but this seems unlikely when thousands all over the world gather on Anzac Day to pay homage to the memory of those who lie far across the sea, and to pay respect to those who live to-day; but as long as Australia remains a free country the tradition of Anzac will never die.

There was no written message from the Anzacs; the message they left was in their hearts. Many people may ask: "Well then, what was the message"? and the answer Australians and New Zealanders give is: "Their message is conveyed to us through their own bravery and self-sacrifice, courage and love, determination and veracity, loyalty to their King and country." But above all was the high standard of faith in our God; and we, walking in the shadowy path of life are like a small child walking through a shady lane, where everywhere the sun filters through the trees and casts a golden pattern on the ground, and as the child walks, she tries to step only in the golden light of the sunshine, but sometimes she misses and treads in the pattern of the shade. The world to-day is following the pattern of the shade which leads to evil and the pattern of the sunshine leads to glory for which the Anzacs so many years ago lived and fell in the Gallipoli Campaign.

So with proud thanksgiving we come to pray for them, and to lay wreaths, and—

"At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them."

—LAUREL REIMERS.

THE MUSIC OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Appreciation of beautiful music is an art to be acquired by patience and understanding—

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

Yet how many of us realise this? Since the beginning of man, music has been an essential part of his life. Even the most primitive people have had some form of music for their entertainment.

Although it be composed for such instruments as a drum or piece of wood, the sounds produced are often more beautiful and effective than those of our modern orchestras.

There are many different kinds of music used for different purposes. Could we compare Church music with opera music? They are diverse in many ways, and yet similar in that they are both beautiful music. If we try to imagine ballet without music, we form some idea of how necessary it is to create the desired atmosphere. It would be difficult indeed to portray the various passions of their work without an accompanying musical background.

Let us consider the "Old Masters" and their beautiful works. No one can fail to appreciate this form of music. Such inspired pieces as "The Messiah," by Handel, and the colourful Sonatas of Beethoven, cannot be excelled by modern compositions. The fame of such musicians as Chopin, Bach, Tschaiikowsky, Paderewski and Liszt, shall live in the heart and hands of all music-lovers forever.

We all find that—

"Music, when soft voice die
Vibrates in the memory."

There are many modern writers who show genius in their compositions, but the true value of these will not be fully appreciated until they have stood the test of time. There would perhaps be many more composers if their faith to work and strive had not been shattered by youthful laziness and the scorn of fellow men. The combination of modern and classical music in the "Blue Rhapsody," composed by George Gershwin, typifies the delightful effect that can be obtained by this type of modern music. Such contemporary composers as Frank Hutchins, and Hill, contribute to our precious store of musical works for the piano.

If we consider music in any form, we cannot forget the popular jazz or our teenage world. Indeed, we are not allowed to forget it for long, because if we listen to our wireless for an hour or so, we cannot fail to hear one or two pieces which are listened to by some with contempt and by others with delight and understanding. Yet the jazz-music, which is criticised so contemptuously by people who consider themselves lovers of "real" music, has a beauty of its own. Such touching songs as "The Place Where I Worship," can scarcely be termed jazz in the right sense of the word. Most people will agree that dancing is a pleasant and graceful pastime, and we must have suitable music for it. It has been rightly said that, "we will have jazz as long as people listen to music through their feet."

What intangible quality has music that so many have followed the way it has led, through a life of troubles and miseries until success has come at last?

—MARINA NATION (Form 6B).

IF I HAD THREE WISHES

If I could have three wishes I would wish that I could sail around the world for one, to visit Africa, England to see the King and Queen and Princess, America, New Zealand to see the lovely mountains, and Tasmania to see Lake Echo, Great Lake and Hobart, then return to Brisbane.

For another I would wish for a team of beautiful white horses, so Peter and I could take all the goods to town and buy food for mum, dad, Peter and myself, and take them back on the horses. I would call them Swift Feet, White Wind, Ladybird, Bucephalus, Bessie, Tiny, Beauty, Handsome and Merry.

Then I think I would wish for a bicycle. It had better be a Malvern Star, like Peter's then we could play races along the plain. The plain is about a mile long, so it would be fun and we could ride together and go to Enoums and play with Donald and swim in their river.

—K. BARNARD, 10 years (Grade III).

DA MEN O' GUNDYGAI

Ha' ya e'er 'eerd o' Gundygai?
 What's oot in da wile, woolly west,
 Where do broncos is wild an' strong,
 An' da wimen, day is da best.

Ha' ya e'er 'eerd o' Ned Kelly?
 A ruff tuff fulla waz he,
 Why da rootinest fulla,
 Da wile, woolly west did see.

Ha' ya e'er 'eerd o' wile Bill 'icock?
 A rale tuff fulla na dart.
 Why 'e 'it a bull up into da air,
 A' it came darn inside art.

Ha' ya e'er 'eerd o' Bronco Bill?
 Why 'e were so wile, day say,
 Day tied 'im wiz wire to a six-foot pole,
 An' 'e plumb got clean away.

Ha' ya e'er 'eerd o' a guy cult Jackson?
A rale bad fulla I know,
'E certainly could'nt go up yonder,
An' they'd kick 'im art from below.

Dese wus da rale fust Aussies,
Wot lived in da days gun by,
An' it sure can farned in 'istory,
Dat days buried in Gundygai.

THE MESSAGE OF ANZAC

From our childhood we have accepted the sacred tradition of Anzac as our national heritage. The spirit of youthful courage, with which the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps so valiantly fought and died on that cheerless morning on April 25th, 1915, will for ever be remembered. These Anzacs have not died in vain, for the courageous spirit with which they made the heroic sacrifice of their lives, is kindled in the hearts of every intelligent and patriotic Australian.

The soldiers of these army corps possessed those intangible things which every true Australian should emulate. When these brave men paid the supreme sacrifice for the cause of freedom, they departed with cheerful resourcefulness, and through their minds ran such a philosophy as this: "My evening has come and I go to bed in peace." This line epitomises all that we should hold most dear in our national character. There were many young men who had that thought in mind when they were called upon to prove themselves worthy of their country by the dreadful calamity of a world war.

These people were called from daily tasks in a country of free people who had never known the yoke of an enemy. These young men fought for liberty and for us, and in the midst of conflict they found serenity in death. Through perseverance, self-discipline and fidelity, they proved themselves to be worthy and valiant sons of Australia and New Zealand.

The Anzacs were called to this vital cause a few years after the States of this fair land were united as a Commonwealth, and they revealed to the eyes of the world that Australia was an independent nation ready to take her place in world affairs. These gallant soldiers sacrificed their lives for the greatest cause, a cause which may be best described in Abraham Lincoln's address at Gettysburg: "That we should dedicate ourselves to the great task

remaining before us—that under God, the nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

Our country is still in its infancy, but we have a tradition equal to the finest in the world. To-day, countries are still suffering from the devastation and the inevitable after-effects of the second great world war. Life to-day is very complex and there are many difficulties which assail even the strongest of us. War leaves little room for sentiment. The most just war calls for efficiency and the highest consideration for one's own side.

We live in a world of economic conflict which we do not properly understand. We are bewildered by a continuous stream of advice from the Press on almost every possible topic of discussion, so that we are inclined to retreat defeated from the most essential problems that arise in our country.

We Australians of the present generation are the inheritors of the merits of the Anzacs, and we should strive to maintain our rights and liberty with the same spirit of courage and comradeship as those gallant soldiers. It is the responsibility of the Australian youth of to-day to carry on their noble work and help keep the flame of remembrance alight in the hearts of the people everywhere, and when we gather together on this sacred morning and pray to God to help us carry out this responsibility, let us think of the following words of his Majesty the King:

“We can only do the right as we see the right and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all keep resolutely faithful to it, and ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail.”

Thus being faithful to our duties and responsibilities, if such a calamity occurs in the future, we can truthfully say we will be proud to serve.

—SHIRLEY SMITH.

AN ESSAY ON DOORS

Doors are those contrivances one uses to pass from room to room. There are all kinds of doors, and I have in my time seen a great variety of these contraptions.

Take the door of our classroom, for instance. (On second thoughts, you had better leave it where it is!) It serves its purpose quite admirably—to let in the breeze in winter, especially. However, I do not think one of us would part with it. It is our friend, and has witnessed many a scene, humorous and otherwise, in the course of time.

My own door is not just a plain ordinary wooden structure that serves to keep the icy blasts from my home. It is a bulwark of defence—something that keeps undesirables from my inner sanctum—something mother invariably closes hastily when unexpected visitors arrive, and something to bang when things do not go right.

My favourite type of door used to be folding, but having experienced many a tussle with one of an obstinate kind, I have decided to leave them to people who can manipulate them.

Another type of door is the one with glass in the upper part. They are very useful for offices and the like, but especially for collecting fingermarks, at which I have found they are very good.

Revolving doors are used in shops, and I have heard, are very efficient in dispersing a crowd and so preventing trouble. One is just supposed to pass quickly through, but on one occasion, I remember, I dropped a pound of tomatoes in my hasty exit. In stooping to retrieve them, I was battered fore and aft, as an irate old gentleman pushed on the other side to remove the "obstruction." I feel I cannot trust one again.

The doors on elevators are also very useful, especially if they are worked automatically. I remember a fussy old lady in one of the large hotels. She was very impatient and kept ringing for the elevator, although she knew it was engaged. It eventually arrived and she prepared to make a majestic entrance. Just as she was about to step into it, however, someone rang for it on the floor below, whereupon the doors slammed to, and she was left standing speechless, watching the conveyance rapidly disappear from view.

I think, though, the door which impresses us all is the one to the OFFICE. I have noted that all who pass through its portals wear an expression of extreme trepidation. It seems to leer at us and take an impish delight in our discomfort. Perhaps it holds some charm.

On the whole, doors brighten our existence, and without them we should be very unfortunate indeed.

—TONI BRACE (Form VIB).

SAYINGS FOR GIRLS' NAMES

- 1—Make it move—Budge.
- 2—A little pale—White.
- 3—A distant parent—Foster.
- 4—A type of pill—Doan.
- 5—A sports model car—Austin.

- 6—A good boy's school—Slade.
 7—A little bandy—Coote.
 8—Always in a comic—Bradford.
 9—A common expression—Gadd.
 10—A man who had a farm—McDonald.
 11—A raincoat—McIntosh.
 12—A little bit cold—Frost.

NATALIE BUDGE and ANNE JACKSON
 (Form IV.)

A WINDY DAY

The wind was blowing gently,
 Across the ocean blue;
 The trees were blowing lightly,
 And the birds were singing too.

The ships were sailing on the sea,
 The birds flew overhead.

"Caw, Caw, Caw," say the three,
 On their way to bed.

The wind calmed down across the sea,
 The birds ceased chirping, too,

For night was coming nigh,
 There was nothing more to view.

—EVELYN CHARLES, aged 12 years Grade V).

A SAILOR'S TALE

Come lads and lassies,
 Come list to me,

I'll tell ye a story—
 A tale of the sea.

O' the great English sailors
 That sail'd o'er the main,
 How they fought the Spaniards
 And sailed home again.

Ye know of our good ships,
 Our ships strong and tight.
 How they've battled the seas,
 By day and by night.

I was once a cabin boy,
 The days were hard and long,
 But e'en then I loved it,
 And could always sing a song.

A sailor's life's a good one,
 Happy, carefree and gay,
 And 'tis good to stand on the deck
 And feel the ocean spray.

Oh, I am old and gray now,
 My roving days are o'er,
 But I can sit and watch the ships
 Sail away from the shore.

—JANICE GEISEL (Form V).

“TREES”

Trees! Well, here is a subject on which many people differ. Some admire these elegant masterpieces of Nature, while others fail to see the beauty and splendour of trees, destroying them and so bringing destruction and harm to the country.

But wait! Trees are often destroyed for the benefit of mankind. They are used for the construction of homes, wonderful bridges and cathedrals, and other magnificent works of the world.

There are many varieties of trees; some large and old with cool, overhanging branches in which birds have found shelter and homes; then there are the small ornamental trees whose daintiness and beauty attract the eye.

All over the world trees have been preserved and set aside in parks and rest areas. Here people may visit and admire them. Committees have been established in many countries to prevent the destruction of trees. People may learn from these clubs the value and importance of trees.

In some areas, people, heedless of the crime they commit, destroy trees, thus starting soil erosion; while in other unfortunate districts, fires, started by a careless person, completely consume acres of fine timber. Here again mankind is the sufferer.

In the early days valuable timber, such as cedar, redwood, pine, eucalyptus, and others, fell before the thoughtless axe of the pioneers. But to-day Forestry Boards are striving to replace the damage.

Just think once again of the great value and importance of trees, and, to the best of your ability, prevent destruction to these helpers of mankind, “Trees”!

—GLENDA CHAPPEL, aged 14 years (Grade VI).

TWILIGHT

Twilight now draws its curtain,
 And hangs it on a star,
 How I wish that on earth
 Nought could its beauty mar.

The stars now begin to peep,
 Like lights in our azure sky,
 The soft breeze rustles the leaves
 As it goes softly by.

The beautiful colours of sunset
 Have almost faded away,
 Surely no artist could capture
 The celestial end of the day.

The silver moon is gliding
 Across her starry domain,
 The ploughman now is happy
 As he homeward plods again.

Everything is quiet and still,
 The birds have flown to their nests,
 The Great Being above
 Looks down on His world as it rests.

—JUNE AUSTIN (Form V).

"A SONG STORY"

As "Mamie" and "My Gal Sal" were walking "On the Road to Mandalay," feeling "Bewitched," they met "Two Little Girls In Blue" and "Daisy," who were seething with "Jealousy," because, "After the Ball Was Over," "Pecos Bill" had taken "Home" "The Right Girl for Him." They went on and soon "April Showers" began to fall on "Autumn Leaves," dropping from the "Poinciana" nearby. They heard the "Woody-Wood Pecker's Song," and soon they arrived at "Chinatown," where they were invited to dance the "Hop Scotch Polka," but deciding they would look like a "Rag Mop" if they did, they did not dance, but left the town. Soon they saw "Humpty Dumpty," who was sitting "On Top of a Load of Hay," and they all decided that "Sometime" they

would go "Rolling Round the World" and see the view from "On Top of Old Smoky," and then they would look forward to "Goin' Home," where they would stay "Always."

—LILLIAN COOPER, JUDITH SCHWENNESEN (Grade VII).

THE DUCKLINGS

One day Mrs. Brown set one of the hens on eight duck eggs. She went out, got a box and put some straw in it. Next day she got the eggs and put them neatly in the box, then placed the hen on it.

Mrs. Brown waited four long weeks for the ducklings to hatch out. Then the hen hatched out eight dear little yellow fluffy ducklings.

The hen was very pleased with her babies, and she took great care of them. Mrs. Hen took her babies to find food for them to eat. Mrs. Brown fed them three times a day. She would call the ducklings and they would run to her.

One fine day Mrs. Hen took her babies for a walk around the farmyard to get fresh food. After a while she took them to the dam, and they all jumped into the water.

The hen was very upset because she thought they would drown. She called and called them, and at last they came out and went back to the farmyard.

—JUDY RAFF.

THE KOOKABURRA

I saw a kookaburra watching me,
Sitting on the branch of an old gum tree.
All of a sudden the branch went crack,
And the poor little kookaburra hurt his back.

The little kookaburra had broken his wing,
And he could neither laugh nor sing.
So I took him home
And put his wing in a wooden sling.

When his wing got better,
I received a letter,
Asking me to sell him. I said I would not,
As I liked him a lot.

—LEITH BAILEY, 10 years.

AN OCEAN LINER DEPARTS

One afternoon when my friend and I were out walking we noticed several taxis, with suitcases on the luggage carriers, heading for the wharf; so we decided then to go to the wharf also and see the ships in port.

Arriving at the wharf, we learnt that the passenger ship, the "Stratheden," was due to leave port in ten minutes' time. The last few boxes of butter were being loaded into the hold. Some passengers were still arriving; others, their luggage having been placed in the correct place, came down the gangway to be with their friends for the last few minutes, which were passing very quickly. Some of them realised that they would never see the port of Brisbane again.

At last the ship hooted, its siren telling all passengers to go aboard. Then began the last-minute farewells, after which the passengers went up the gangway. Then they were lost to sight for a few minutes until they took up positions on the deck, from where they could wave their farewells.

Then suddenly a rainbow of streamers appeared, one end of each held by someone on the deck, while friends on the wharf held the other ends. The ship gave its last siren blast, warning people that it was leaving, then gradually it began to move out into the middle of the sluggish river.

By this time the friends on the wharf had begun unwinding the rolls of pretty coloured streamers, and when each roll came to an end they quickly tied on another. Some broke and went floating gently down on to the surface of the water, soon to sink into the muddy depths.

At long last all streamers were broken and the ship was quickly vanishing from sight, the people on the deck looking like tiny specks. Then everyone on the wharf began to leave to go home to what must have seemed empty homes with their friends or relations departed.

The wharf labourers were preparing for the departure of the "Mooltan," another ocean liner which brings immigrants out to this land of ours—Australia. At a wharf there is always something of interest to be seen, so my friend and I departed, resolving to return as soon as we could.

—FAY FLETCHER (Grade VII).

MY DOG

I have a little dog named Bob,
Who sat on a wooden log.
He has no mother, just a brother,
My poor little dog named Bob.

I loved him so and he'd lick my toe,
Then go and play with Joe.
Joe was his brother,
And he hasn't got another,
My poor little dog named Bob.

I haven't got another,
Just only Bob and his brother,
And I love them both so much,
For you'd never get another
Like my Bob and his brother,
My dear little dog named Bob.

—ANNE COOTE, aged 12 years.

HOME ARE THE SOLDIERS

The dimly lit lamps of the long, spidery wharf seemed as though they were tired and longed to be extinguished, and amid swirling fog, at six o'clock on a cold, wintry morning in Sydney, a vast crowd of excited people were waiting for the arrival of the first liner carrying the soldiers home after peace had been declared.

As one by one the stars waned, the people poured forth through the barrier. Somewhere in the distance a little tug hooted, and with one movement, the crowd leaned forward, only to retire with disappointed countenances as the dirty little tug turned the corner and chugged, chugged away, quite unaware of the disturbance it had created and the hopes it had momentarily raised.

Disappointment was not long-lived, however, for through the breaks in the misty air a dark ship hove into view, and the hearty cheers of thousands of brave men broke the silence. Waiting women searched for their handkerchiefs, while many a father looked down to hide his grief and pray to God that his lad would be on board to give the same youthful wave and happy smile as he had given when leaving.

Under the Harbour Bridge came the ship, silhouetted against the dawn sky over which rosy rays were slowly creeping. Then intense silence was felt as everyone looked for some familiar face on the thronged troopship. Then shouts of joy were heard as those on

the wharf sighted the soldiers for whom they had waited for such a length of time, and soon the ship berthed and khaki-clad men swarmed down the gangways and were reunited with their loved ones.

They are happy sights, the reunions, and I, Joe, the Customs Officer, should know, because I have sat here on this bale many a time, and have since seen the return of many liners bringing the men who are homeward bound.

—FLORENCE HATTEN (Grade VII).

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

One day I was walking along the beach with a friend, and we saw a big cave. We went inside and played hide-and-go-seek and lots of other games among the rocks.

We were walking about and exploring the cave when I saw some rough stairs cut in the wall of the cave.

We went up them and we found that they led into a big cave where there were little pools of water lying around.

The pools must have been there from the flood we had a few days before. It wasn't a very big flood.

We played in the big cave for about three hours, then we went to the steps to get down and go home, but we got a big shock, for the tide had come right into the cave below.

Then we had to stay there all night. We made ourselves beds out of some old bags that we had found, then we went to sleep.

When we woke up next morning the tide had gone out and we went home and told our mothers about our exciting adventure.

GEORGINA BASSINGTHWAIGHTE, aged 9 years
(Grade II).

THE BEES

The bees are gathering honey,
To them it is like money
They work hard all day long,
Humming a little song.

They take the pollen to the hive,
To keep the little bees alive,
They gather the honey we like to eat,
On their tiny little feet.

They fly around the garden all day,
And sometimes they go over to the hay,
And when the little stars are peeping,
They are all sleeping.

—JEAN WICKHAM, 11 years (Grade IV).

HOLIDAY JOURNEY

Father arrived home from the office and with much rejoicing told us he had received his holidays, and we were going to the seaside.

Mother at once set about preparing clothing, food and cooking utensils, while father went out to the garage to get the car ready for the journey. I went to blow up the rubber tyre for use at the seaside. The dogs seemed to know instinctively that we were going to the beach, and with much barking and running backwards and forwards across the yard, tails and red tongues wriggling, they got very much in the way and hindered our packing.

The car in the garage gave a loud roar, showing it was in good order for the great trip through the country to the coast. From indoors came the smell of cooking, and the smoke rose lazily from the chimney into the clear blue sky. I helped pack, and deciding what to take and what not to take was great fun, and the clothes I took made me happy, as they seemed to whisper to me: "The seaside."

The beach hats and umbrellas were brought down from the cupboard and packed into the boot of the car, and so, before long, was everything else we were taking. Finally, the happy hour came, and we settled in the car, the dogs more excited than before. The engine roared again and the garage grew small, and so did the house, and the only thing I saw was the black strip of road.

It twisted and rose and fell in front of us, winding to the horizon like a writhing snake, and the tyres on the road made a tearing sound. The fresh country air coming through the windows was much better than the air in the hot house; this air was cool and brought the rose colour to our cheeks. The country through which we sped was different from the town—just a few houses were dotted here and there. We saw few fences and vast stretches of soft green grass and the swaying of the tall gum trees, and the bush plants. Birds of different colours darted in and out of the trees, frightened by the approach of the car; their calls were loud, and the burring of the insects in the bushes reached my ears. Things of all kinds scurried and writhed and dug in the ground as we

passed; some of them were beautiful, others queer, but all fascinating in their different ways.

There were few other cars on the road, so we had the open road to ourselves on that day. At times as we drove along the perfume of wild flowers drifted into the car with the breeze; sometimes we could not see the flowers from which the perfume came, but we knew the scent was there somewhere in the wilderness of roadside grasses.

Before we reached the coast the red glow of the sunset was seen over the tree tops, and the sky grew darker, so that only the twinkle of the farm lights reached us through the gloom. Sometimes the little lights of the fire-flies—then all this kind of beauty was gone. Night came and we soon reached our destination—the coastal town with its Neon lights and spirit of holiday gaiety, booming surf and silvery sands.

—BERYL RUSS (Grade VII).

IN THE DORMITORY

Ring! Ring! Ring!

The bell at six does sound,

There are yawns and shivers as we arise;

We scramble to get dressed,

In front of the mirror round,

Then to prep. in the cold we go amid sighs

Talk! Talk! Talk!

When the lights go out at night,

We hear the mistress creep along;

We hastily stop our noise,

Till the mistress has gone from sight,

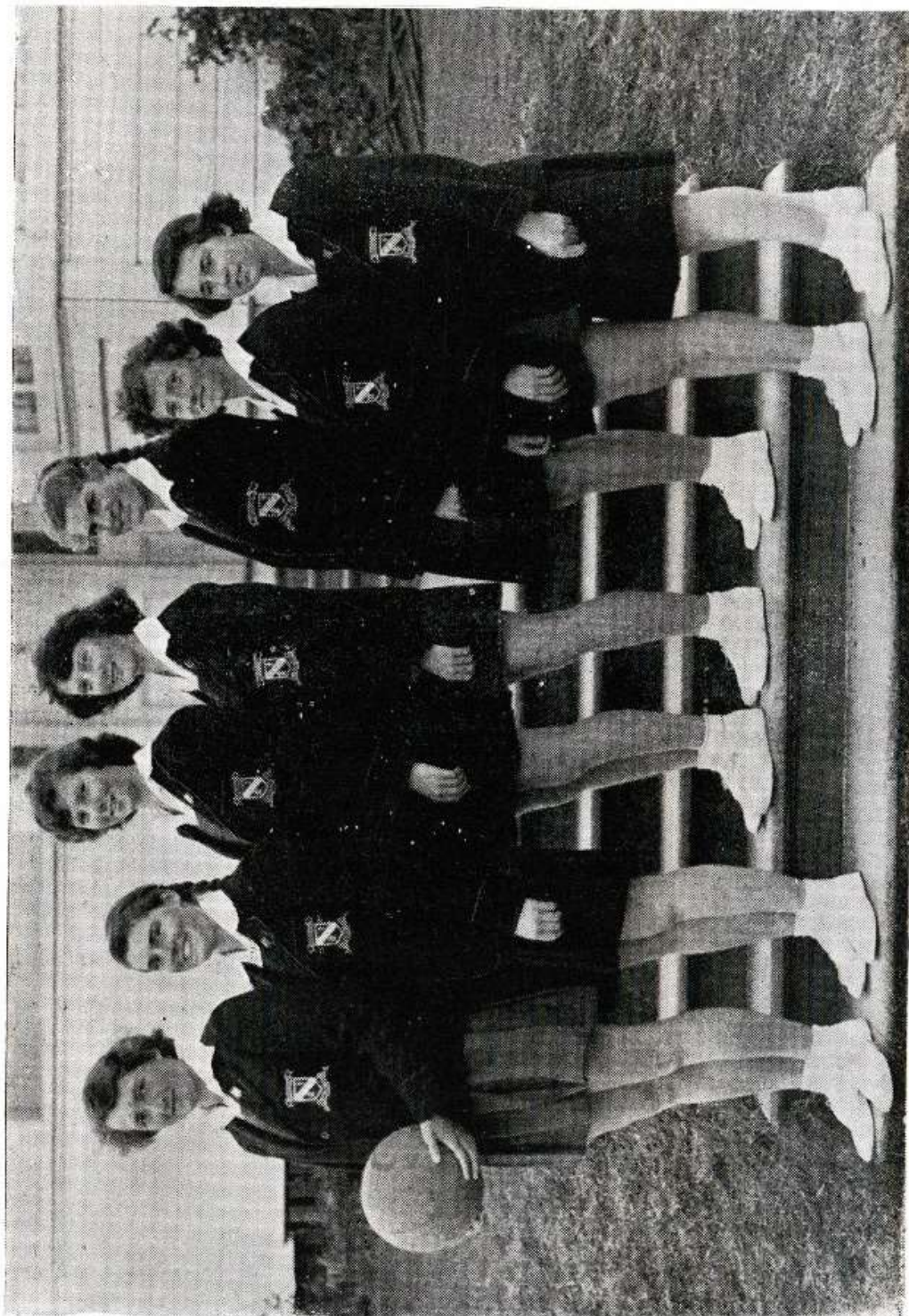
Then we break forth again into speech and song.

—BERYL RUSS (Grade VII).

THE GRANITE BELT

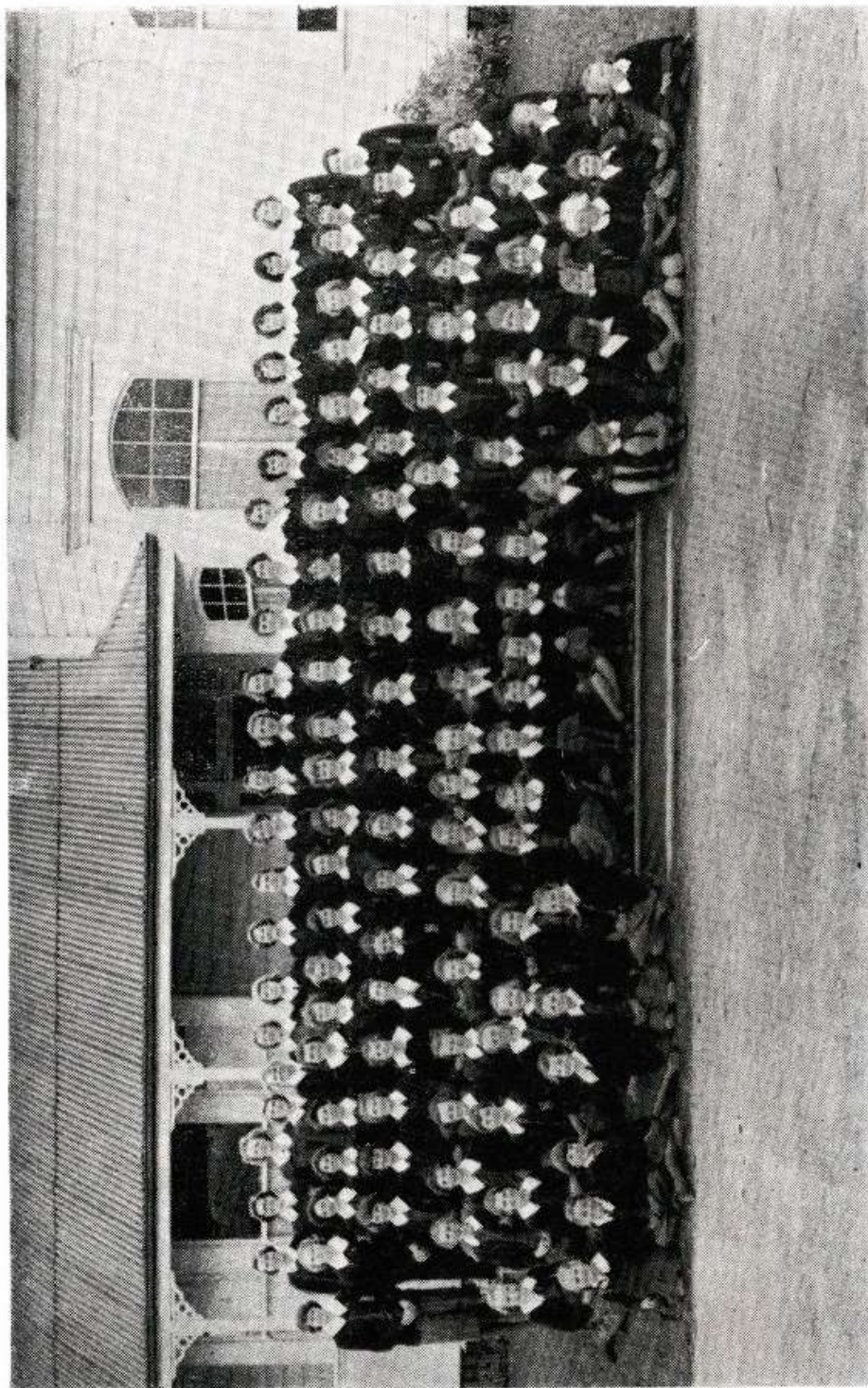
The district in which I live is known as "The Granite Belt," and it is called by this name because large boulders of granite are very plentiful. This area extends from Dalveen in the north, to Wallangarra in the south, a distance of forty miles. Throughout the district are many small townships. Stanthorpe, with a population of about 3000, is the chief town. Stanthorpe stands on the banks of the Severn River, and lies at the foot of Mount Marlay.

"A" BASKETBALL TEAM



P. Johstone (Captain), W. Schwennesen, L. Kelly, B. White, J. Schwennesen, N. Budge, F. Trevehan

1951



The main occupation of the people of "The Granite Belt" is farming, stone fruits of all kinds, apples, pears and grapes, and a few vegetables being grown. At the northern end of the district most orchardists grow apples, while at the south the land is mainly given over to the growing of grapes and stone fruit.

The country is fairly mountainous, and on a clear day the scenery is very picturesque. In spring, when the colourful bush flowers are blooming and the orchards are in flower, many tourists visit the district, famed for its beautiful pastel-shaded blossoms.

The climate is cool temperate with a moderate rainfall. In winter, because of its altitude, Stanthorpe often experiences the lowest temperatures in Queensland. In 1949 the district experienced one of its very rare falls of snow, and for many people the sight of the land blanketed in white was a great thrill, because it was the first occasion on which they had seen snow.

Stanthorpe is connected by coach to Tenterfield and Brisbane, and the Brisbane-Wallangarra railway line passes through the district. In the fruit season special trains run from Wallangarra to Brisbane carrying the produce of "The Granite Belt" to the Brisbane markets. Much of it is also sent to the southern States, where the great liners load it for overseas markets, whilst the remaining fruit is either canned or distributed throughout our own State.

—ELAINE LAWER (Grade VII).

TOPICAL TUNES

"I'm coming, I'm coming, and my head is bending low"—
(Going to see Sister after having done wrong.)

"Molasses, molasses, icky, sticky goo"—(Syrup for breakfast.)

"I'm so tired of waiting for you"—(Exam. results).

"If"—(I pass the examination.)

"On the Five-forty-five"—(Going home.)

"Lucky, lucky, lucky me"—(Parents here for mid-term.)

"Sometimes"—(We get all our pocket money.)

"Shoe shine boy"—(We would like one before assembly inspection.)

"Sparrow in the Tree-top"—(Magpie on the hunt again.)

"Put on Your Sunday Best"—(We're going to Church.)

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning"—(Dorm. 6.)

—FLORENCE HATTEN, BEVERLEY WHITE, GAIL
SUTTON, MARLENE BRADFORD (Grade VII).

EVENING

The evening shadows cast a gloom,
And the light fades quickly from the room;
Father Sun then goes to rest,
Behind the hilltops in the west.

The birds soon make their way back home,
Awaiting another day to roam;
The insects then so slowly creep
Into their shelters, there to sleep.

—BEVERLEY WHITE (Grade VII).

THE YELLOW BUTTERFLY

I was sitting on the verandah,
When all of a sudden I saw
The sun was shining over me,
Right through the open door.

I glanced up to the sun in wonder,
And was surprised to see,
That a tiny yellow butterfly
Was sitting on my knee.

It flew away so gently,
Like a fairy on the lea,
But soon it fluttered back again,
As though it called to me.

It danced among the daisies,
And no more did I see,
That little yellow butterfly,
That seemed to call to me.

—MARLENE HUNT, 12 years old.

MY PONY

I have a pony named Slippery. He likes me very much. I give him a lot of green lucerne, and he loves it. When I feed the fowls with milo and bran, I give him some, and he makes such a lot of bran go everywhere.

Fidget and Slipper have a paddock all of their own. Sometimes when I go to catch him he will not let me; he only runs away. He is very naughty sometimes. When I get the horses in for Dad he tries to bite them on the rump. When I go down to the hay to play, he always canters down, because he thinks I am going to give him some hay.

When the end of the day comes I let him go, then he goes and lies down.

That is all he does in the day.

—BRIDGETTE CORDEN (Grade III).

TWILIGHT HOUR

The stars above are twinkling bright,
The golden moon sheds out her light,
The sky looks like a velvet vail,
Glimmering clouds are soft and pale.

Hills stand out against the sky,
Each one painted with purple dye,
Dark and beautiful, like a wall
They appear, as night begins to fall.

Clouds above so fluffy white,
Go softly sailing through the night,
Treetops stretch towards the sky,
Tiny streamlets babble by.

Flowers are hiding in the shadows,
Cattle plod across the meadows;
Of this twilight time, I like to write,
Before descends the dark of night.

—GAIL SUTTON (Grade VII).

THE TRUTHFUL BOY

Washington was a truthful boy.
His father gave him a Christmas toy—
A hatchet it was, and careless he,
Tried its sharpness upon a tree.

His father found the cherry tree,
All split and broken; and questioned he
All the servants in the hall,
And he began to rave and call.

Then truthful George owned up and said:
"Father, t'was I who chopped it dead,
With my hatchet bright and new;
But father, please forgive me, do!"

This answer made his father smile,
And then he paused a little while,
And looked upon his son with pride,
To know that truth had been his guide.

—CHRISTINE RICHMOND, 12 years (Grade VI).

THE SNOWMAN

One day at home it snowed very hard. I loved watching it. After it had finished we went outside and built a snowman. It was not very big. We put stones in for its nose and eyes, and put a red pencil in for its mouth.

Then we went indoors and got some clothes. We took a scarf, a coat, a pair of trousers and a hat. The scarf was mummy's, the coat was daddy's, and the trousers and hat were his too. So then we went and put the clothes on and he looked very smart.

When night came we gave him some water-bags to keep him warm. It was Christmas Eve that night. In the morning I had forgotten all about the snowman, because I was so happy opening my parcels which Santa Claus brought that night. When I remembered I ran out to see how much was left of him. There was not much of him left. He melted later on in the day. So the next cold day we made another. Then we grew up and did not make any more. But I used to watch my children make them too.

—HELEN SALE, 10 years (Grade II).

A HOLIDAY AT THE SEASIDE

One day mum and dad decided to take us for a holiday to the seaside. When we got there it was raining and it was midnight, so we went straight to bed. Next morning I got up, bright and happy. I put on a pair of shorts and some socks and sandals. Then we had breakfast and went fishing.

We caught some fish and dad caught a ten-pound cod too. Later we went back to have lunch and then went back. As soon as we came to where we were fishing we put our lines in.

I caught something which just about pulled me in. Dad came along and helped me land it, and I almost fell in, because it was a shark. We stayed there for a while and didn't catch any more fish for the rest of the afternoon. We went home the same day.

We reached home the next day in the morning at seven o'clock.

ROBYN SCHWENNESEN, 8 years (Grade II).

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD BOOT

I am a very old boot. I live in the cupboard with many other boots. I can remember when I was first sold to an old lady.

She was very kind to me at first. One day she went over to England, where she stayed for some time, and then came back to Australia. Once my heel went down, so I had to go to the bootman. I stayed there for a week. Then I went back to the old lady's home again.

One day the lady became tired of me, so she wouldn't wear me any more. I had to stay in the cupboard, where I soon become very stale.

Then the old lady took me out and sold me to a lady who was very young. She sold me for one pound fifteen shillings. This lady had a dog, a cat and some children. The children cleaned me every day. One day the dog took me and pulled out my laces and hurt me a great deal. At last the children pulled me from the dog and I was safe in the cupboard with some other nicer shoes. I grew very old and the lady could not wear me, so she threw me in the bin.

—JEAN GUNTHER (Grade VII).

A BUSHLAND ADVENTURE

One muggy summer's afternoon, late in January, I decided to go for a walk by the bank of the cool, babbling stream that flowed past our home. After following the stream for some distance, I came upon a small clearing. I sat down on the mossy bank of the river and leaned against the smooth, friendly trunk of a gum tree, the dappled sunlight making patterns on the ground.

There I sat, dreamily gazing at the mountains silhouetted against the azure sky, and there, all at once, the ferocious roar of a bull startled me to my feet. Terror-stricken, I ran forward, my only thought being to get away from the bull. I ran until I could run no longer and, looking round me, I found that I had left the bull far behind and that I was hopelessly lost.

I wandered round until nightfall and then, gathering a few berries, I climbed into the trunk of a tree. When I had eaten enough to satisfy my appetite, I began to think about the happenings of that fateful afternoon. After making my lodgings for the night as comfortable as possible, I fell into an uneasy sleep until dawn. Then I climbed from my perch, and I resolved to find a way home. I filled my hat with berries so that I might have food for my journey home, and set out hopefully, in what I hoped, was the right direction.

I walked for about three miles before noon, when my heart leapt to my mouth at the sound of what I thought to be a far-off motor. Quickly I ran in the direction of the sound. Running, heedless of the small branches and sticks that scratched spitefully at my bare arms and legs, and pushing through a small clump of trees, I found myself in the clearing where I had been when the bull had frightened me. There was the car whose motor I had heard.

Finding that my parents had been searching for me, I climbed gratefully into the car and we sped homewards, my parents relieved to have found me, and I to have been found.

—JUNE OUFF (Grade VII).

A RHYME OF THE TIME

As Jack and Jill went up the hill,
They heard the farmer mutter:
"They really must think I'm a dill,
If they think I'll sell them butter."

"I'll send my butter to Sydney town,
When I'll get five shillings or more."
And he chased the children, who ran down
To buy margarine at the store.

—DENISE BAGSHAW, CARLIN JENSEN
(Grade VII).

SPRINGTIME

"Spring is coming!" the little birds cry,
"Winter is going, good-bye, good-bye."
Sunshine is coming to warm the frozen land.
And little Mistress Summer is very near at hand.

All the birds their nests are making,
Little twigs and feathers taking;
All the flowers their buds are showing,
While the gentle breeze is blowing.

The sun on dewy leaves is shining,
Making them have a silver lining;
The field-mice in the fields are playing,
Where the golden wheat is swaying.

Little fledglings chirping now,
Perkily sitting upon the bough;
Saying they're glad that spring is here,
With golden summer very near.

—P. HAGGARD, 12 years, and D. ROBERTSON, 12 years.

A VISIT TO GREEN DOLPHIN COUNTRY

"Jim and Wally" went with "Norah of Billabong" to "Green Dolphin Country." On arriving there they went to "Melbourne House," where they met "Red Pepper Burns." He introduced them to "'Possum," who worked on "Apple Tree Farm." Playing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was "The Little Larrikin," who was waiting for "Jen of the Abbey School." They had afternoon tea in "The Blue Castle" with "Emily of New Moon," "Dick" and "Anne of the Island." They then met "Dr. Dolittle," who flew them home in the plane of "Flynn of the Inland."

—ROSEMARY GRAY, 12 years.

A SEASIDE HOLIDAY

"I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the seagulls crying."

How the children enjoyed their holiday at the seaside. It was great fun there, as they did what they wanted to do. They woke early each morning, dressed in silence, and ran down to the beach to see the fishermen coming in with their night's haul of fish. The sun was just peeping over the mountains to see what damage had

been done to the earth during the night. The children loved it when the fishermen cleaned their fish and the cheeky, hungry seagulls flew overhead. During the day the children went swimming in the surf, or rode surf-boards out to sea over the huge breakers.

In the late afternoon they wandered around the beach and saw the glorious sunset, with the reds, yellows and blues, meeting the mountains. They enjoyed their last walk along the beach at night before bedtime. The moon shone down upon the earth between the trees and houses and cast their shadows on the ground. One morning they were very excited, as they were going for a trip on a boat which sailed some miles out to a mountain jutting out into the sea. From the shore the mountain looked very picturesque. On the boat there was a gramophone, so this added more enjoyment to the journey. They reached the mountain and decided to climb it soon after their arrival. What fun they had climbing over rocks and prickly bushes!

About three o'clock they saw a storm brewing out in the west, and this meant they would have to return home early. However, they persuaded the captain of the boat to remain a little longer. This he did, but later proved that they were wrong in persuading him. The storm came over quickly. The rain came down in torrents. The thunder roared, the loud cracks of lightning made the poor children scream. After much excitement they set sail homewards. The little boat was tossed about on the rough sea. The children could see the breakers beating against the shore, and were terrified, but brightened up when they saw their anxious parents waiting at the jetty. How pleased the parents were to see their children safe in the boat! They all went home to their flat none the worse for their adventure.

They were disappointed next morning to see the angry sea deserted by the fishermen, and the leaden sky above. The following morning the rain had ceased, so they rushed down to the beach to see what damage had been done. Foam, inches thick, was lying on the rocks. Rubbish had been washed on to the shore, and the sea was still fierce.

The children's holiday at the seaside came to an end. They were sad when they had to pack their bathers in their cases, but felt happy when they were promised another holiday. They said they would never forget that holiday and hoped the next one would be even better.

—VIVIENNE VASCHINA (Form V).

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

It was a lovely night in summer, the moon shining down upon us. It looked like a silver ball in the dark, gloomy sky. We decided to go for a walk in the bush. We walked along the bush track for a while, listening to ghostly hoots of an owl and the howl of a wild dingo in the distance.

Then we got to the top of a hill, where before us lay the sparkling lights of the town. They looked very small from here. We stood for a moment looking at the lights down at the town below. Everything seemed still and quiet. We could have looked for hours, but, "What was that?"

We heard it again, then we looked up the tree beside us. There on a high branch sat an owl looking down at us. He looked very wise sitting up there in the moonlight.

I looked at my watch. It was time to go home, after a very pleasant moonlight night.

—BETH LEONARD, aged 12 years.

LAMENT

Hard are their pillows, and their sleep disturbed,
 Who labour 'neath the Juniors' dreaded threat.
 Their tears oft called to move a heart of stone,
 But ne'er succeeding; bad marks and detentions
 Trail in their wake. And this I say to you:
 Beware, ye seekers after learning; constant traps
 Beset your path, when once you leave the safe
 Sweet life of Scholarship, and blindly venture forth
 On enzymes, which a devilish mind conceived
 To harrow those who strive to understand
 That awful thing called Physiology. A fearful sight
 It is to see a class, bright, hopeful girls,
 The flower of Queensland's youth, captive and caged
 Within the toils of Algebra or French; a fearful thing
 To watch their struggles, and to see the faith
 With which they look up answers at the back. Oh, would
 that we
 Were free to give the whole darned thing away,
 And go and drown ourselves! Or, better still,
 To drown the poor misguided innocent
 Who first invented schools!

—STEPHANIE MARSLAND (Form IV).

GIRL GUIDE JUBILEE CAMP

This year the Girl Guide movement in Australia planned an International Jubilee camp, which was held outside the Sydney suburb of Narrabeen, quite close to the picturesque Narrabeen Lakes. I had the good fortune to be selected with the fifty Guides chosen from Queensland to attend the Jamboree.

The Queensland group left the Interstate station on Sunday morning, the 27th of August, on the Kyogle express, arriving at Sydney central station at about 8.45 next morning. We had breakfast at the station and met the Papuan Guides and many Guides from other lands who were coming to the camp. From the station we went to Manly wharf, where we boarded the ferry for Manly. The day was clear, and afforded us an excellent view of the Harbour and its surroundings. From Manly a bus took us to the camp site, which was situated about two and a half miles from Narrabeen.

Guides visiting the camp were from Papua, New Zealand, America and Ceylon, and there were also two Chinese Guides from Rabaul and two European Guides from Port Moresby, as well as Guides from every State in Australia. Altogether there were about five hundred Guides encamped.

Throughout our stay the Bank of New South Wales arranged several excursions, the best of which was the "Bridge-to-Bridge" tour, which showed us the picturesque scenery of the historic Hawkesbury River. It was an all-day trip and we left the camp by coach at about 8.30. We went by way of Brooklyn and Terrey Hills, Kurhing-gai Chase, and Hornsby.

After travelling some miles by coach we embarked on the tourist cruiser "Sackville," which took us up the Hawkesbury for sixty-six miles. We passed through some of the best farmlands in New South Wales. Every turn of the river showed us something new in beauty. We were told that these river flats were the first to be cultivated in Australia, and food grown was used to help feed some of the early settlers. We were shown where the first wheat was grown at the bottom of a steep and densely-covered hill. We passed through Spencer, Wiseman's Ferry, McDonald River, Leets Vale and Lower Portland, and then dined at the "Uno Voce" guest house as guests of Spencer Lowe, Esq.

As the cruiser made its way up stream we passed through Sackville, Tizana, Ebenezer and Wilberforce. During this tour at Ebenezer we inspected the oldest Presbyterian Church in the Commonwealth and read the inscriptions carved on the stones.

Leaving the "Sackville," we proceeded by coach via Windsor, where points of interest in the township were pointed out. We

returned to the camp by way of the Windsor Road and Parramatta, and arrived in camp at about 6.30.

Another trip we enjoyed was to Kurrajong Heights, in the Blue Mountains. On this excursion we again stopped at Windsor, where we visited the old church of St. Matther, established in the year 1817. We also passed the noted R.A.A.F. aerodrome of Richmond, up to Kurrajong and thence to Kurrajong Heights. There we were in the Blue Mountains, from where we obtained a vast view of the Richmond-Windsor district, and in the far distance the city of Sydney could be seen.

The return journey was by way of Castlereagh and the Nepean River to Penrith, along sixteen miles of fertile river flats, thence via the Great Western Highway to Parramatta and back to camp.

To the Guides of Australia, the Guides of other lands send their friendship and greetings.

—LAUREL REIMERS, age 15 (Commercial Form).

A TRIP DOWN SOUTH

At the beginning of the Christmas holidays we set out from Warwick on the first stage of our southern journey. We travelled to Wallangarra, on the Queensland-New South Wales border, the country around this part being very green, with huge granite rocks dotting the countryside, which gives the district its name, the "Granite Belt."

We passed through Tenterfield and continued our journey towards Glen Innes, meantime seeing very lovely country. We were now on the New England Highway, and our stopping place for the night was about three miles from Uralla. Here we camped outdoors under two large trees.

After spending a somewhat anxious night because of rustlings in trees and grass, we resumed our journey early the following morning. We were now in the country once inhabited by the notorious bushranger, "Thunderbolt." Travelling at this time of the day was very pleasing, especially when the sun rose and lit up the surrounding country with soft tinges of pink. We passed through Tamworth, but stopped at Murrurrundi to clean up and have breakfast. We set off again, and after passing through numerous small towns, reached Newcastle in the afternoon, and spent some hours sight-seeing. Big factories and ironworks were prominent, and a hostel for New Australians was a very attractive sight. We left Newcastle after the tour of inspection and continued our journey. At Swansea we saw the sea for the first time on our trip.

Our resting place for the night was made at Wyong, and we slept in style at the Regent Guest House—quite a change from the trees at Uralla. After a refreshing sleep, we commenced the third day of our journey, and by 5 a.m. were passing through Gosford, with its lovely orange groves, and where the Sun-gold Co-operative Packing House is situated—a very large building which handles most of the orange crop for export. A waterfall was sighted just outside Gosford, and in the early morning it looked very beautiful. A little later we crossed the Hawkesbury River and its beautiful scenery, with its farms dotting the countryside. Incidentally, we saw the remains of a car that had come to grief on the mountains, which, though they look lovely, are very treacherous.

We reached Sydney about 8 a.m., but did not stay there as we wished to reach our destination—Melbourne—as quickly as possible. However, we saw the Carlington Girls' School, and the Sunnybrook wine cellars. At Camden we had breakfast, and while there viewed the Macarthur homestead and some of the sheep that made that name famous. Goulburn was reached in the early afternoon and was found to be a charming place, with wide streets and big shops.

We were going along quiet steadily when we saw a big "flood" in front of us. This turned out to be Lake George—a fresh water lake about ten miles long and two miles wide.

At about five o'clock we arrived at Canberra—Australia's capital. We saw Parliament House, but could not go through Parliament as it was in session. We also saw Ainslie School, the War Memorial, the Civic Centre, and the Library. Civic Centre is a vast block where all business, including banks, post offices, combine with the shopping centre to form the square. The Canberra High School is a beautiful modern building in a setting of well-kept lawns and beautiful trees and shrubs. We stopped the night in Canberra, and would have loved to have stayed longer, but time would not permit.

Our next stop was Gundagai, where we took snaps of the famous "Dog on the Tucker Box."

Benalla was our next and last stopping place, and we spent the night here before reaching Melbourne the next day.

From then on the four weeks went like magic. We saw monuments to Burke and Wills, Hume and Hovell, and statues of Adam Lindsay Gordon, and many other great men.

Beautiful churches are to be seen, and we attended a "Carols by Candlelight" service, in Alexandra Gardens, on Christmas Eve. Swimming at St. Kilda Beach was fun, though our beaches are much nicer. I enjoyed many hours skating on ice at St. Moritz rink, and a day at the Melbourne Zoo was very well spent. The Museum and Art Gallery were magnificent places—especially Phar Lap—and the Royal Mint was very imposing.

After a lovely holiday, we wended our way homewards, via Princess Highway, very happy that we had had our "Trip Down South."

—TONI BRACE (Form VIB).

Old Girls' Association

The annual meeting of St. Catharine's Old Girls' Association was held at the School on Monday, June 11, 1951.

Members present were Sister Kathleen, Miss A. Cant, June Stidolph, Val Gardner, Bernice Tracy, Jacqueline Tracy, Val Donovan, Diana Bell, Shirley Morrish, Edna Thompson, Gloria Steel, Margaret Jackson, Belle McNickle, Marian Becker, Barbary Becker, Joan Beckinsale, Margot Sanders, Jennifer Smith, Beth Nation. Apologies were received from B. Sanders, D. Foott, A. McDonald, M. Pendergast, M. Henning, F. Imray, M. Haase, J. Cunningham, D. Madge, B. Jones, N. Bell, N. E. Campbell, F. Wilcox, H. Fraser, A. Stell, D. Jackson, H. Naylor, E. Reid, P. Lewis, J. Ross, C. Hodgson, O. Harkiss, J. Killeen.

The minutes of the previous annual meeting were read by the secretary. Val Gardner proposed that the minutes be accepted, and this was carried.

The secretary then read the annual report. The balance-sheet as presented by the treasurer showed a cash balance in the bank of £16/14/7. It was moved by Belle McNickle and seconded by Edna Thompson that the treasurer's reported be adopted.—Carried.

Election of officers resulted: President, the Reverend Mother Superior; vice-president, Sister Kathleen, Sister-in-Charge; secretary, Jennifer Smith, proposed by June Stidolph, seconded by Gloria Steel (carried); treasurer: Miss A. Cant, proposed by Belle McNickle, seconded by Jennifer Smith (carried); committee, Val Gardner, Edna Thompson, Belle McNickle, Gloria Steel, Marian Becker, proposed by Miss Cant, seconded by Joan Beckinsale (carried).

Sister Kathleen welcomed all members, especially all new Old Girls, to the Reunion.

A committee of five was appointed to assist office-bearers to arouse interest. All Old Girls present were asked to get in touch with at least one other Old Girl who was at school during their period, and endeavour to get her interested in the Association.

Joan Beckinsale was reappointed our Brisbane representative, and all girls from Brisbane wishing to come to future Reunions are asked to contact her in regard to transport.

It was decided that the King's Birthday week-end be permanently adopted for future Reunions.

Old Girls were asked to help with the sweets stall at the School Fete which is to be held on Saturday, December 1st. Thank you, Old Girls, for the donations some of you sent in for the last Fete. Unfortunately the Fete had to be cancelled owing to an epidemic of poliomyelitis which broke out in the town. Parents and children bought practically everything we had, and with donations sent in we were able to add £180 to the building fund account.

It was proposed that a life membership be adopted for any desiring to join in this way instead of paying the annual subscription of 7/6. £3/3/- covers the first seven years, or £7/7/- for life.

The Warwick Old Girls have decided to meet every two months for tennis, etc. The date of the first meeting was Saturday, August 4th, at 2.30 p.m.

Sister Kathleen suggested that all subscriptions be sent to the treasurer, and that replies to any circulars be sent to her.

Subscriptions for 1951 (7/6) are still outstanding for many members. If any financial member did not receive a copy of the School Magazine for 1950, please let us know, and one will be sent.

There being no further business the meeting was declared closed.

JENNIFER SMITH, Secretary.

OLD GIRLS' REUNION

Bright sunshine marked the opening of St. Catharine's Old Girls' Reunion, when old girls gathered on the lawns in front of White House for afternoon tea. Sister Kathleen, sister-in-charge, welcomed the girls back to school and hoped that the fine weather would continue throughout the week-end.

On Saturday night the annual reunion dinner was held at the Grand Hotel. Toasts honoured during the evening were "The King" (proposed by Miss June Stidolph), "Our Association" (proposed by Mrs. H. J. Gardner, response by Miss Edna Thompson), "Kindred Associations" (proposed by Miss Shirley Morrish, response by Miss Joan Moller, P.G.C., P.S.A., and Miss Pat Redmen, W.H.S., P.S.A), "Visiting Old Girls" (proposed by Mrs. D. H. Ross, response by Mrs. L. Sanders, Woodburn, N.S.W.), "Present Girls" (proposed by Miss June Stidolph, response by Miss Vicki Graham, present girl). Following the dinner there was a private dance held in the parish hall for old girls and boys.

On Sunday morning old girls visited Slade School, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Olsen for lunch. After lunch

the old boys visited St. Catharine's, where mixed tennis was played, also a basketball match, Old Girls v. Old Boys. That evening there was a combined service in St. Mark's Church, the Rev. Adrian Charles, an old boy, being the preacher. The service was followed by supper in the parish hall, and the screening of films taken during the Archbishop of Canterbury's visit to Warwick. The Rev. Canon Hoog welcomed both old girls and boys.

On Monday morning a Corporate Communion was held in the School Chapel during the service, conducted by the Rev. Canon Hoog; four girls were admitted as prefects and the school hymn was sung. Old girls were guests of the school for breakfast and at 9.30 a.m. the annual meeting was held.

Election of officers resulted: President, the Mother Superior; vice-president, Sister Kathleen, sister-in-charge; secretary, Miss Jennifer Smith; treasurer, Miss Alice Cant; committee, Mrs. H. J. Gardner, Miss Edna Thompson, Miss Belle McNickle, Miss Marian Becker, Mrs. M. J. Steel; Brisbane representative, Miss Joan Beckinsale.

At the conclusion of the meeting, morning tea was served and basketball and tennis matches, old girls v present girls, were played. The tennis resulted in a draw and the basketball in a win for the present girls.

After lunch the old girls were invited to Slade School to watch the football, old boys v. present boys. From there most of the visiting girls and boys left for their respective homes. All members of the St. Catharine's Old Girls' Association agreed that this had been the most successful reunion yet held.

O.G.A. NOTES

We offer congratulations to our Old Girls who have become engaged:

Marian Becker—John Irwin.

Belle McNickle—Jim Quinlan.

To our newly-weds we say "Every happiness in the future":

Yvonne Fry—Gregory Deveney.

Evel Welsh—Kramer Brown.

Diana Rushton—Lesley Large.

Doreen Foott—Robert Sullivan.

Sheila Harvey—John Dalton.

Jocelyn Cunningham—Jock Mackenzie.

Dell Warrener—Ian Macdonald.

There are very few of us left in Warwick now. **June Stidolph**, who was our secretary for so long, has left Warwick and is now

living with her mother in Brisbane. **Belle McNickle** is working in a chemist's shop, **Marian Becker** and **Shirely Morrish** are teaching at St. Catharine's. **Edna Thompson** is at home. **Val Donovan** and **Jennifer Smith** have positions in a bank. **Val Gardner**, **Olive Harkiss**, **Gloria Steel**, **Carley Rose** and **Jean Shooter** are among our married members. **Olive Bower** has an office position at Cresswell's.

Nancy Wilmot, **Meryl Bell** and **Margaret Howard** are nursing in Stanthorpe. Among our nurses in Brisbane are **June Killeen**, **Maureen Wormwell**, **Beverley** and **Nereda Hughes**, **Pat Lewis** and **Paula White**. Other girls in Brisbane are **Joan Beckinsale** at a Blood Bank, and **Dorothy Hoog**, who is at the University, but intends teaching at St. Margarets next year.

This is **Helen Naylor's** final year at the University. She visited Warwick not long ago with a party of Geology students. **Betty Bedford (Jones)** recently visited the School. She expects to go to Sydney to live in the near future. **Vilma Bell** is helping at home, and **Margaret Welsh**. **Bernice Tracy** keeps the books in a Summit garage, and **Jacqueline Tracy** works in the Thulimbah Post Office.

Dorothy Maslen (Strudwick) and **Connie Gee Kee** are living in South Johnstone. Dorothy wrote us an interesting letter containing news of Old Girls who are now in Innisfail. Those she mentioned were **Iris Tait** (Mrs. Ken Woods), **Jean Lyons** (Mrs. E. Pearce), and **Ray Pierpoint** (Mrs. Jones). **Cecily Evans** (nee Elkington) now has three daughters and lives at St. George. **Marigold Reardon** is at home in Garah; **Paula McKee** is nursing in Innisfail. **Beth Nation** is at home. **Marjorie Deacon** is still living in Allora. **Betty Evans** is a sister at Greenslopes Military Hospital. **Joy Smith** is matron of the Stanthorpe Hospital. **Pam Seitz** is working at the T. & G. Office in Brisbane, and **Marianne Haase** has an office position in Redcliffe. **Diana Bell**, **Ailsa Bourne**, **Edna Jackson**, **June Henning**, **Margaret Grahame**, **Pat Griffin**, **Betty Tweedie**, **Joan McBerine** and **Esme Tosh** all have positions in Toowoomba. **Cecily Davies** is teaching Art of Speech at the Glennie, and **Doris Huntress** is nursing at the Hornsby General Hospital. **Margaret Jackson** is doing a Child Welfare Course in Brisbane, and **Margaret Watkins** is at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital in Sydney.

Alma Rauchle and **Heather Donovan** are in Leyburn. Alma works in an office and Heather is doing private music teaching. Next year she is joining the staff of St. Faith's, Yeppoon.

Joan Hinton is doing very good work with her kindergarten in Dalby. **Barbary Becker** is at home.