

St. Catharines Magazine



WARWICK

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Warwick Daily News

CHRONICLE

of

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL



Editorial

“In a spirit of grateful humility rather than of pride should we thank God that He has brought us to this stage of our journey, so that we may dedicate ourselves afresh to the great tasks which lie ahead of us.”

Every day we are confronted with new and more difficult questions and tasks. We no sooner settle one vital question and complete one difficult task, than other questions more serious, and other tasks more difficult arise, demanding more and still more of our mental as well as our physical strength.

We must face our difficulties with courage, so that during our lifetime we may accomplish something, that in the sight of man and God, should make us go fearlessly to His judgment seat, knowing that we have, in our own small way, done something to make this world a better place. We cannot live forever in the memory

of what our forebears did, but we must do something that will fill the ever opening pages of history with printing that, in places, will be less smudged with the bloodstains of war, than were some of the previous pages. These future pages must be covered with writing that is ever growing brighter and clearer. So that all the nations of this earth may bring about that fuller understanding, we, the individuals of every country, must learn to understand our neighbours and respect their customs and beliefs. With this new understanding and respect for others our empires should stand secure and not be wiped from the face of the earth as in the days that were.

The devastation and aftermath of war shows us the stupidity of man who destroys the work and toil of generations. If he goes on following this ideal he will soon be able to destroy, with a movement of the hand, the work of God that took Him countless millions of years to form and fashion as He thought fit. There is little left in the world to help us realise that—

“From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.”

We have seen many changes during this troubled year, and we know that the world will go on changing in customs, beliefs and ideals. No one, no matter how great his strength and influence, can stop the wheel once it has started turning in its cycle—“The old order changeth, yielding place to new.”

The greatest and most universally felt of these changes was that of the death of our King and the coming of his daughter to the throne. After a lapse of fifty years a Queen once more rules our realms, and she is an inspiration and example to women who are shy by nature, but who realise it is their duty to help their country. They are showing their influence and steady judgment in social and political questions, and the grounding obtained at school is all important if we are to maintain our ever-increasing influence in world affairs.

We do not know what tomorrow holds in store for us—it may be some great joy or some sorrow we feel we cannot bear. But whatever it is, we know we were born to fulfil some purpose. Whether we make or mar our goal is yet to be seen.

—VICKI GRAHAM



School Diary for 1952

- 5th February.—Boarders returned.
- 6th February.—School commenced.
- 7th February.—Attended service in St. Mark's for King George VI death.
- 15th February.—Attended service in St. Mark's for the King's burial.
- 16th February.—New Girls' Concert.
- 18th February.—Anne Jackson and Eileen Holzberger appointed pro-prefects.
- 21st February.—School went to see the "Mudlark."
- 23rd February.—Father Hawkey showed missionary pictures in the Assembly Hall.
- 25th February.—School went to the Ordination of Adrian Charles, in St. Mark's. That night Grade V up attended a dance held in Slade Dining Hall.
- 27th February.—Grade V up attended the Ash Wednesday Service held in St. Mark's.
- 29th February.—Combined house swimming with Slade. Slade House first, Neal second and Crothers third. Macansh first and Barnes second.
- 1st March.—Upper School went to the Swimming Carnival held in aid of the Olympic Fund.
- 8th March.—We played W.H.S. tennis on their courts. We won. Old Girls' concert that night.

- 12th March.—All Schools Swimming. In girls' events, W.H.S. first, P.G.C. second, C.E.G.S. third. In boys' events, Slade first, Scots second, C.B.C. third and W.H.S. fourth. Congratulations W.H.S. and Slade!
- 14th March.—Half-holiday for show. Mid-term week-end.
- 21st March.—All Schools' Recital held in Kings Theatre.
- 29th March.—We played W.H.S. tennis on our courts. We won. Upper school went to a cricket match at Slade.
- 6th April.—Attended Palm Sunday service at St. Mark's. We all received palm crosses sent from The Martyrs' Memorial School in New Guinea by Brother Roberts.
- 6th — 11th April.—Brother Wilson took Holy Week services in Chapel.
- 11th April.—Brother Wilson took the Stations of the Cross in the school grounds.
- 12th April.—A service was held in the Chapel for the Lighting of the Paschal Candle.
- 13th April.—All the school attended 6.30 service in St. Mark's.
- 14th April.—School went to the Washpool for a picnic.
- 16th — 23rd April.—Examinations.
- 18th April.—Upper School attended G. F. S. Plays.
- 19th April.—We played tennis at P.G.C. We won. School attended W.H.S. fete in afternoon.
- 24th April.—We played P.G.C. tennis on our courts. P.G.C. came over to watch. We won cup. Mr. Millwood spoke to school about Anzac Day.
- 25th April.—School laid wreath and attended church service in the morning and the service at Slade Park in afternoon.
- 28th April.—Grade IV up attended matinee of "Jane Eyre"
- 29th April.—Music pupils attended recital in Town Hall.
- 2nd May.—Went home for holidays—most of tennis team went to Brisbane for tennis tournaments.
- 20th May.—Boarders returned.
- 21st May.—School commenced for second term.
- 22nd May.—Ascension Day Holiday. House tennis was played. Neal first, Crothers second and Slade third. Congratulations, Neal! That night Slade attended our fancy dress ball held in the Soldiers' Hall, as the Parish Hall was still being repaired.
- 23rd May.—Dancing lessons commenced.
- 25th May.—Grade V up attended a Youth Rally held in Town Hall.
- 5th June.—Basketball match played at W.H.S. They won 18-13. The Junior teams played at Central; 7 all. A representative from the British and Foreign Bible Society showed films in the Assembly Hall. "The Life of Tyndale" was very interesting as well as educational.

- 6th June—IVB up attended a Philharmonic Concert in the Town Hall. Old girls began arriving for their reunion week-end.
- 7th June.—Old Girls came up to school for afternoon tea.
- 8th June.—Seven of our girls were confirmed by his Grace the Archbishop in St. Mark's. The present and past pupils combined to play the Slade Old Boys football (pardon, netball!) and tennis.
- 9th June.—All the old girls attended chapel and then stayed for breakfast. After this meeting the old girls challenged the present girls in tennis and won by one game. In the afternoon the upper school went up to Slade to watch the football match between past and present boys. The old boys won.
- 10th June.—Mr. Leadbitter judged the inter-house singing and awarded Neal House the cup with 242 points. Crothers were second with 240 points, and Slade third with 205. Congratulations Neal!
- 19th June.—Basketball matches for Senior and Junior teams. The Seniors played at P.G.C. They won. The Juniors played Central on our courts. We won. Grade VII up attended Scots Concert.
- 23rd June.—School attended "The Red Shoes" in the afternoon and the Junior Public girls went to Toowoomba to see the "Merchant of Venice" Transport was provided by the members of Rotary.
- 24th June.—The newly confirmed received their first Communion in the Chapel. Interhouse basketball match between Neal and Slade. Neal won.
- 26th June.—We played W.H.S. basketball on our courts. They won in both A and B teams.
- 27th June.—Mid-term week-end. VIA went to Toowoomba to see "King Lear."
- 1st July —Pat Martyn and Fay Donovan were appointed Prefects.
- 3rd July.—Crothers and Slade played basketball. Slade won match. Final result for senior basketball, Neal first, Slade second, Crothers third.
- 4th July.—All Schools' concert in Kings Theatre. Ailsa Lawrence and Judith Schwennesen played a duet, and Senior verse speaking choir recited.
- 5th July.—Seniors attended a social at Scots.

- 8th July.—Junior basketball match. Crothers first, Neal second.
- 14th July.—School went to see "A Song to Remember."
- 21st — 29th July —Examinations.
- 26th July.—Senior music pupils attended a lecture given by Mr. Wilson.
- 2nd August.—House plays were held in afternoon and night. Final results were Crothers first, Slade second and Neal third
- 6th August.—The school went to P.G.C. Plays.
- 7th August.—During mark reading we presented Miss Becker with a silver tray as a wedding gift from the school.
- 8th August.—School broke up for August vacation.
- 2nd September.—Boarders returned.
- 3rd September.—School commenced for third and last term.
- 12th September.—Combined house sports with Slade held on their oval. Slade's results were Macansh first and Barnes second. Our results were Neal, Crothers then Slade in the ball games; and Slade, Neal, and then Crothers in the running.
- 13th September.—School went to Slade fete. Twenty of our girls helped with afternoon tea.
- 16th September.—Upper school attended a talk given by members of the China Inland Mission, in St. Mark's Hall.
- 19th September.—Last of the All Schools Recitals for this year, held in Kings Theatre.
- 24th September.—Music and Art of Speech theory examinations.
- 29th September.—St. Michael's Day Service held in the chapel.
- 4th October.—The All-schools' Sports were postponed because of rain, and mid-term was cancelled for the upper school. We went to the matinee and saw "June Bride."
- 9th and 10th October.—Art of Speech and Music practical examinations were held.
- 11th October.—We all went to the Irwin-Becker wedding held in St Mark's.
- 12th October.—We went to a combined Schools' Church Service held in the Presbyterian Church.
- 13th October.—The All Schools' Sports were held at Queen's Park. High School were victorious in both girls and boys' events. Congratulations, High! Scots were second, Slade third and Christian Brothers fourth in the boys' events. We came second in our events, and P.G.C. were third.

JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, 1951

JUNE AUSTIN: English, A; French, C; Maths A, B; Art of Speech, B

JANICE GEISEL: English, C; History, C; Maths A, B; Music, B; Book-keeping, B.

JOAN MANNING: English, C; French, C; Music, B.

PAT MARTYN: English, C; Maths A, C; Art of Speech, B.

WENDY SCHWENNESEN: English, C; Music, B; Art of Speech, B; Book-keeping, C; Stenotyping, C.

SCHOLARSHIP, 1951

ELAINE LAWER, 79.4% (Pass).

FLORENCE HATTEN, 75% (Pass).

GAIL SUTTON, 71% (Pass).

JUNE CUFFE, 67.2% (Pass).

DEANNE ROSS, 60% (Pass).

JEANETTE PADGETT, 59.2% (Pass).

FAY FLETCHER, 59.2% (Pass).

BARBARA WELSH, 52.6%.

A.M.E.B. EXAMINATIONS, 1952—FIRST PERIOD**PRACTICAL (PIANOFORTE)**

Preliminary: Sue Jakins, 90%; Judy Rutherford, 82%; Leanne Holland, 79%.

Grade I: Leith Bailey, 77% (Credit).

Grade III: Gail Sutton, 78% (Credit).

Grade V: Vilma Lawrence 85% (Honours).

THEORY

Grade IV: Fay Donovan 65% (Pass).

PRACTICAL (PIANOFORTE)—SECOND PERIOD

Preliminary: Beth Cook, 81%; Jill McDonald, 78%; Joy McDonald, 75%.

Grade I: Jean Gunther, 89% (Honours); Sue Jakins, 85% (Honours).

Grade II: Helen Slade, 80% (Credit); Robyn Schwennesen, 75% (Credit); Margaret Graham, 68% (Pass).

Grade III: Patricia Haggard, 82% (Credit); Jean Wickham 79% (Credit); Christine Bickell 78% (Credit); Eleanor Gray, 72% (Pass); Margaret Stehr, 69% (Pass).

Grade IV: Deanne Ross, 70% (Pass); Anne Jackson 69% (Pass); Rosemary Gray, 66% (Pass).

Grade V: Jill Farrington, 81% (Credit); Margaret Foott, 65% (Pass).

VIOLIN

Grade I: Eleanor Gray, 70% (Pass).

Grade IV: Ray Foster, 73% (Pass).

MUSICAL PERCEPTION

Grade II: Patricia Haggard, 100% (Honours); Gail Sutton, 94% (Honours); Margaret Gunther, 93% (Honours).

Grade III: Jill Farrington, 75% (Credit); Deanne Ross, 71% (Pass).

ART OF SPEECH (PRACTICAL)

Preliminary: Georgina Bassingthwaighte, 89%; Judith Raff, 88%; Kathleen Barnard, 86%; Robyn Schwennesen, 84%; Beth Cook 75%; Sue Jakins, 74%.

Grade I: Rosemary Gray, 87% (Honours); Anne Graham 86% (Honours); Marlene Young, 83% (Credit).

Grade III: Gloria McIntosh, 83% (Credit); Florence Hatten, 82% (Credit); Jeanette Padgett, 79% (Credit); Judith Schwennesen, 79% (Credit); Gail Sutton, 79% (Credit); Desley Schwennesen, 78% (Credit); Marlene Bradford, 78% (Credit).

Grade IV: Stephanie Marsland, 87% (Honours); Pat Martyn, 83% (Credit); Margaret Smith, 82% (Credit); Eileen Holzberger, 78% (Credit).

Grade VI: Toni Brace, 86% (Honours); Vicki Graham, 85% (Honours).



Library Notes

This year the old Guide Room has been used as a Reading Room and many girls have taken advantage of the opportunity to widen their general knowledge by reading National Geographics, The Illustrated London News, Bulletins and daily papers. We are very grateful to Miss Watt, who gave us several bundles of National Geographic Magazines.

We also wish to thank Mr. Lee for his generous gift of The Young Australia Encyclopaedia (2 Vols.) for the Reference Library, and Miss Brown for "A Dream of Sadlers Wells" (Lorna Hill), "Manka, the Sky Gipsy" (B.B.) and "The Adventures of Nicholas Thomas."

New books added to the Senior Fiction Library are: "The Valleys Beyond" (E. V. Timms), "He Too Was a Gallant Gentleman" and "Garden of Paradise" (Stella Morton), "The Man

Next Door" (M. Eberhardt), "Scissors" (Roberts), "My Cousin Rachel" (Daphne Du Maurier), "Round The Bend" (Nevil Shute), "The Glad Summer" (Jeffrey (Farnol), "Detective Omnibus" (Gollanz), "Geordie" (David Walker), "The Mud Lark" (Theodore Bonnet) from Wilma Donovan, "The Witch's Thorn" (Ruth Park), "Horrie, The Wog Dog" (I. Idriess), "The Great Boomerang" (Idriess) from Wilma Donovan, "Forgive Us Our Trespasses" (Lloyd Douglas), "White Banners" (Lloyd Douglas), "Children of the Archbishop" (Norman Collins), "All That Glitters" (F. P. Keyes), "Grey Mistress" and "Pack and Follow" (Joy Packer).

Mrs. Gardner gave us "Bill of Billabong" and "The Houses of The Eagle" (M. G. Bruce) for the Junior Library, and they have proved very popular. From Library funds "The Valley of Song" (E. Goudge) was bought for the "older" Junior readers.

Grades III and IV look after their own library books in their class rooms and among the books on their shelves, are many new ones, bought from library funds: "Sarli," "The Turtle Silver-tail," "The Lyre Bird," "Dot and The Kangaroo," "The Australia Book," "Pinocchio," "The Very Little Dragon," "One Little Baby," "The Teapot House," "Alice in Pictures," "One Hundred Poems for Girls," "Under the Burning Sun," "The Adventures of Billy and Tommy," "Semolina Moves," "Good and Gay," "Tell Them Again Tales," "The Heroes," "A Child's Garden of Verses," "David Copperfield's Youth," "Verse Time," "The Guinea Pig That Wanted a Tail," "David and the Tree Goblins," "More Adventures of Snab Cat," "The Old Nurse's Stocking Basket," "In Far-away Africa," "Mid Forest Shadows," "Bumbledinkey," "Brumas," "Leafy's Seventh Wave," "Picture Stories," "Men of Might."

They also have nine books of the Golden Series and 20 Enid Blyton books.

Magazines received during the year were "A.P.R.," "The National Geographic Magazine," "The Illustrated London News" and "The News Bulletin."

Exchanges: "Miss Thistle," "The Dawn," "Acta," "The Recorder," "The Brisbane Girls' Grammar School Magazine," "The Condaminian," "The Glennie Gazette," "The Link."



NEAL HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	“Honour before Honours.”
House Colour	Red
House Mistresses	Miss Bunton, Miss Thomasson, Miss Telford, Miss Stephenson.
House Captain	Toni Brace
Tennis Captain	Marjorie Tosh
Basket-ball Captain	Anne Jackson
Athletics Captain	Marjorie Tosh
Secretary	Fay Donovan

At our first meeting of the year we welcomed into the house all the new girls who took the places of those Nealites who left at the end of 1951.

In House activities for the year, Neal has been successful in gaining the Singing, Basket-ball, Tennis, Ball Games and Physical Culture Cups. We congratulate Anne Jackson, one of our own members, on winning the Senior Physical Culture Cup, also Joyce Richmond, of Crothers House, for winning the Junior Physical Culture Cup.

We were very unfortunate in losing our House Captain, Toni Brace, for a few weeks at the beginning of the term on account of illness, but are pleased to have her back with us again.

We wish everyone the best of luck for the forthcoming examinations. As always, Neal will lose several members at the end of the term, We wish them the best of luck in the new life opening before them.

CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	“Altiora in Votis”
Colour	Gold
House Mistresses	Sister Rowena, Miss Spear, Miss Thompson and Miss Bennett
House Captain	Vicki Graham
Sports Captain	Dallas Porter
Secretary	Pat Martyn

JOTTINGS FROM HOUSE MINUTES, 1952

15th FEBRUARY: We were pleased to welcome Sister Rowena and all new girls into the House. Office-bearers were appointed. Vicki Graham and Dallas Porter carried on their former offices as Captain and House Captain respectively, and Pat Martyn was Secretary.

6th MARCH: Chose our songs for the House Singing. The set song was, “The Goslings,” and our choice was “Three Little Maids from School.” Miss Bennett played and Vicki conducted.

21st MAY: Our tennis team was picked—Carmel and Dulcie Belford, Elaine Lawer and Jean McPhee. They came second in the matches.

14th JUNE: Mrs. Crothers' letter was read to the girls and the Birthday Cake was cut. We sent Mrs. Crothers snap-shots of the House, the choir and the tennis team.

11th SEPTEMBER: Dallas read the list of events and the teams for the combined inter-house sports with Slade, held on their oval. Mention was also made of the letters received from Mrs. Crothers, especially the one congratulating us on winning the Play Cup.

17th OCTOBER: Inter-house drill display was held. Neal obtained first place, and Anne Jackson won the Senior individual display. We came second (thanks to our Juniors) and Joyce Richmond won the Junior individual display.

We would like to thank all the members for their co-operation during the year and their enthusiasm in all house activities. Also, to wish all members the best of luck, especially those not returning next year.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	Through Trials to Triumph.
House Colour	Blue
House Mistresses	Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell, Miss Brown, Miss Morrish.
House Captain	Eileen Holzberger
House Sports Captain	Jill Harland
House Vice-Sports Captain	Fay Trevethan
Secretary	Jill Harland
Swimming Captain	Natalie Budge
Tennis Captain	Lillian Kelly

At the beginning of the year, we were very pleased to welcome many new girls who now fill the places vacated by those who left last year. We also welcomed Miss Brown, who teaches Grades III and IV.

We have had a good year and the House spirit has been very good. During the first term our swimming team, ably lead by Natalie Budge, who won every event for which she entered, won the swimming cup. Natalie won the prize for the most outstanding individual. Congratulations Natalie!

The Inter-house plays were staged during the winter term. Our senior play, "The Dear Departed," was awarded first place. Our Juniors were third with their production, "The Ugly Duckling." The Inter-house plays were won by Crothers. Congratulations, Crothers.

This term we have been successful in the Athletics competition. Jill Harland lead the team to victory and Marlene Young and Miriam Padgett were our most outstanding performers. Jeanette Padgett also did well. Congratulations girls.

Neal retained the Senior Basket-ball Cup, and the Crothers' Juniors won the new junior Basket-ball competition.

Neal also retained the Ball Games Cup. We would like to congratulate the School team on their second placing in the Inter-school Sports.

We are proud of the following Sladeites, who have received colours for their sports: Natalie Budge, who received full colours for Basket-ball, Tennis and Swimming; Jeanette Padgett for Athletics; Lillian Kelly for Tennis; also Marlene Young and Miriam Padgett, who received half colours for the Athletics.

We thank the mistresses for their interest in our activities, and the girls for their co-operation throughout the year.

In conclusion, we wish all girls sitting for examinations the best of luck, and a Merry Christmas to all.

VI FORM NOTES

This year Sixth Form again consists of four members. We were extremely sorry to say "goodbye" to Marina last year, but were consoled by the arrival of Ailsa, who has filled her place admirably. Ailsa was here previously, but was obliged to leave because of health reasons, and we were glad to welcome her back to the form, and congratulate her on her effort in the New Girls' Concert.

At the beginning of the year, we went to Toowoomba to see the John Alden Company's performance of "King Lear," and we all enjoyed it very much.

Our achievements this year have not been spectacular, but Shirley succeeded in winning the Anzac essay for the third successive year and Vicki represented our form in the Inter-school Athletics team. Owing to Osteomyelitis, which resulted in three weeks in hospital for her, Toni was not in the team, but she enthusiastically cheered Vicki around the corners.

Ailsa, Vicki and Toni all sat for examinations recently, Ailsa for her Theory of Music, and Vicki and Toni for their Theory and Practical Art of Speech examinations, and we all hope they are successful.

The singing competition was held at the beginning of the second term, and we are basking in the success of our members. Ailsa's playing was highly commended, and Vicki's and Toni's conducting was described as excellent. We are also proud of Toni's needlework, which gained her full marks in the recent competition.

Toni and Vicki represented the school at a Rotary dinner at which they were presented with a framed copy of Rotary's four way test, which now hangs in a central position in the dining room.

We are extremely grateful to Miss Cant, our form mistress, for her help during the year and we hope we will prove a credit to her in the forthcoming examinations. Our form room has been kept bright with flowers from our own garden. No one has had much time to spare for weeding, but nevertheless the Spring flowers have blossomed gaily—cornflowers, poppies, linaria, delphiniums and roses.

In conclusion, we wish to thank everyone for the help given during the year, and we hope that Scholarships, Juniors and Seniors will be successful in the examinations.

FIFTH FORM NOTES

Fifth Form this year started off with seventeen energetic members, but through the year so many of us have left that the form has become very small and subdued. We are all very hard-working in Fifth Form, and we hope very much that those of us sitting for the Junior will pass.

Several Fifth Formers have taken prominent parts in sports held throughout the year, Marge is tennis captain, and Beverley is in the A team. Earlier in the year we had Lillian in the A team and Natalie in the B. Natalie won the diving championship at the Inter-school swimming competition, and Beverley won the senior running championship at the Inter-house sports recently. Anne captained the school in the Inter-school sports, in which St. Catharine's came second, breaking two records in the ball games.

We are very grateful to the members of Rotary, who organized a transport system for the schools to Toowoomba on the 23rd of June, when the John Alden Company presented. "The Merchant of Venice." All Fifth Form went, and we enjoyed ourselves tremendously. For many of us it was a novel experience to see one of Shakespeare's plays acted by professionals.

We would like to thank Miss Thompson, our form mistress, for her interest in us during the year and her encouragement in our studies. We wish everyone good luck and good papers in the coming examinations, and we hope the Scholarships and Seniors do well.

We wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and we hope that those of us who return next year will have as good a year as we have had.

FOURTH FORM NOTES

We commenced the year with twenty pupils, but soon lost Robyn, Janice and Barbara, who joined Scholarship. At the beginning of the second term Kathleen left. Marlene went into Commercial at the beginning of the third term, but her place was taken by Dawn.

In the sports we were well represented, as we had Margaret, Judith, Jeanette, Florence and Desley in the basket-ball teams with Vilma and Lillian as reserves. Judith was in the "A" tennis team and Desley was a reserve. Our swimming "champions" were Jeanette and Desley with Florence as a reserve. Taking part in the All Schools' Sports we had Florence, Lillian, Desley, Judith and Jeanette.

Altogether we have had a very happy year, and we thank all mistresses for helping to make it so, especially Sister Rowena for her help as form mistress.

In conclusion, we wish all those doing exams the very best of luck, especially Scholarships, Juniors and Seniors; and lots of Christmas cheer to everyone.

—(GLORIA McINTOSH)

COMMERCIAL FORM NOTES

We commenced this year with eight girls in our form, six doing first year, and this being the second for two of us.

During the year, the Commercial girls have been interested in sports, Dulcie, Toni and Fay representing our form in the B Tennis Team and Dallas and Fay in the basket-ball. We were well represented also in the school athletics. We thank Miss Thompson, our sports mistress, for taking such an interest in the teams, also the other members of the staff, who have taught us.

We all offer our thanks to Miss Spear, our form mistress, who has worked very hard with us and put us successfully through many examinations during the year.

Unfortunately, most of us are not returning next year, so we wish those who are, the new comers to our form, another successful and happy year.

Wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

GRADE VIII FORM NOTES

Hullo everybody! This is the Form Captain of Grade VIII speaking, and I shall relate to those of you, who are interested, some of the class history of our past year.

Arriving back at school at the beginning of the year we found that our numbers had increased and we were a larger class than that of previous years. We were all highly pleased when transferred from our original class-room, which we had outgrown, to the Assembly Hall, complete with new desks, which we really have tried to keep neat and new in appearance.

The first exciting event of the year was the Inter-house swimming carnival, in which many of our form members competed, and Margaret Gunther's winning the Junior Championship proved that the Scholarship girls are not as lazy and dull as some people believe us to be. Some girls were also included in the All School's team.

Many of us took part in the season's basket-ball matches and thoroughly enjoyed our games. All enjoyable things have to end, so now we are eagerly awaiting next season's matches.

We are all keen on Athletics and, at the present time, spend much time practising for the Inter-school Athletics to be held soon. Both Marlene Young and Joyce Richmond are fast runners, and the contest between them for the Junior Championship was very keen, Marlene defeating Joyce by a narrow margin.

We wish to thank Miss Thompson for arranging a tennis match between the P.G.C. Scholarship Form and ours. The team (Pat. Haggard, Jill Farrington, Marlene Young and Margaret Graham) played well, but the P.G.C. team played better. Congratulations P.G.C.! We hope that next year's Scholarship class can field a winning team.

Last term a few of our energetic members made articles for the needlework contest; Margaret Graham, Barbara Callaghan and Janice Gutton did very neat work and collected points for their Houses. Now we are engaged in making articles for the annual fete to be held on the last Saturday of the school year.

Miss Bunton, our Form mistress, has had a busy year teaching 21 Scholarships and 10 sub-scholarships, and I'm afraid here kindly efforts have met with but spasmodic co-operation. Now, however, the candidates for the State Scholarship examination have begun to work industriously in an effort to achieve success. May our 13 candidates all find their names among those who pass.

Lately we have been compiling Project Books. We were given Commonwealth Trades Alphabet books, and each girl chose as a subject some article which interested her. Then she set to work to write to the manufacturers for helpful information and to gather additional knowledge from encyclopaedias and books on the classroom shelf. The next step was to copy information, with illustrating pictures, into a Botany book. Most of us have nearly completed our Project books. We have found our research interesting and we have learnt a lot as we hunted through magazines and books. Miss Bunton has promised a prize for the best book and we are wondering whose book will win the prize.

We have collected pictures of the Royal Family and of events in the news, and now have a nice collection of classroom scrap-books. Each week we have listened to the broadcasts for Senior Pupils of Primary Schools, presented by the A.B.C., and have looked forward to the sessions.

This year many of us were moved to White House, and on behalf of the class, I wish to extend to Matron our heartiest thanks for all her help and advice during the year.

In conclusion I wish to thank Miss Bunton for all her help and interest in our doings, and Sister Kathleen for all the activities and pleasures in which she has allowed us to participate. I desire, also, to wish all examination candidates the best of luck in their forthcoming tests, and to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a very happy vacation.

“Cheerio.”

—GRADE VIII OF 1952.

GRADE VII FORM NOTES

This year Grade VII is again combined with Grade VIII. At the start of the school year, we had 11 pupils in our class, but one girl left during the first term, thus reducing our number to 10.

Some of us took part in the Inter-house and Inter-school swimming, and most of us have played in the basket-ball matches against other primary schools of Warwick. We have also enjoyed competing in the All Schools' Athletics and some of us were in the ball game teams that broke the records.

Early in the year we sent away to foreign countries for folders telling us about tourist resorts of other lands. The Tourist Bureaux were very courteous and sent us a plentiful supply of pamphlets giving us a better knowledge of their countries, and making our geography more interesting. Among the most colourful of the booklets are those from Hawaii, Japan and Great Britain. We are still receiving booklets, and those of us who gather stamps have added to our collections.

When the Commonwealth Trades Alphabet Books were distributed we looked through them and decided upon which subject to write, and we have compiled Project Books, which are soon to be handed in for judging.

During the last term, while Miss Bunton gives the Scholarship candidates extra lessons, we have attended Handicraft lessons for which we are very grateful to the members of the C.W.A., who instruct us. We have made waste paper baskets of cane which are envied by all the girls not fortunate enough to be learning. We hope next to start on fruit baskets with cane sides.

One of our many interests is our botany lessons. We have studied Seed Dispersal, the various parts of a plant, the snail, the frog and the silkworm, and the way in which plants breathe. We planted some radishes and also some wheat, to see the different kinds of roots, but due to frosts our crops failed! Now we have a collection of silkworms, and when they spin cocoons, we are each

going to wind the silk from one of the cocoons and make a bookmark.

We are grateful to our Form Mistress, Miss Bunton, and to all those who have helped to make 1952 a happy year. We hope all the examinees will be successful and that all our readers have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GRADES V AND VI FORM NOTES

At the beginning of this year our classes contained a total of eighteen girls, but now we have only seventeen, with Jean Wickham as our form captain. During the first and second terms Miss Becker was our form mistress and we were sorry to lose her. Before her marriage, however, the class gave her a farewell party at which she was presented with a photograph album. Anne Coote, another of our number was presented with a C.E.G.S. serviette ring before she left for N.E.G.S.

As far as sport is concerned, we have some quite good runners in our class, though Jean Gunther was the only entrant in the All Schools Sports. We congratulate her on her selection. There were also some very fair swimmers who entered in the All School swimming. Basket-ball is one of the sports in which most of our girls are interested, and many matches were played in the first two terms.

On the scholastic side, Sixth Grade has some good workers in Anne Graham, Jean Wickham (who shines particularly in Art), Georgina Macpherson and Leanne Holland, although the rest too try their hardest, while Fifth Grade has Christine Bickell, Judy Rutherford and Kathleen Barnard among the number of its good scholars.

This year twelve girls did public exams in Art of Speech and Music, seven doing Music and five Art of Speech.

Hoping you enjoyed reading our form notes, we wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

GRADES III AND IV CLASS NOTES

What a happy and healthy year we have spent in our large, airy class-room!

The desks look much brighter now they are green, and have varnished rests and seats. Miss Brown did them when she first arrived, so we welcomed not only a new teacher but new desks also, at the beginning of the year.

Three new girls came to us in first term. They were Glenis, Sandra and Deanna. Later on, Gloria arrived, and last but not least, came Aileen. Unfortunately, Glenis left us after our First Term, and Heather went to Brisbane in August to live with her daddy.

Helen was appointed Class Captain. She has made an excellent job of this hard position.

Our excursion to a bakery was a lot of fun, because we saw our bread being made. Then we topped our visit off with a bun and an ice cream. Unfortunately, our teacher was sick in the second term, so that's the only excursion we had.

Birthdays are fun in our room. We always say, "Happy Birthday" to the lucky person. She collects a nice little book, too!

Because we love our class-room it must be kept neat, so we are learning to be home-makers. This means that three girls have work to do, every day. There are floors to be swept, our Library to be tidied, and teacher's table to be dusted. The lockers are our own special work. There are always gay flowers in our room. Sister has been kind to us, and we had golden wattle everywhere in winter-time. Now we have sweetpeas. Catharine's mother sent us some lovely peach blossoms and yellow-bulbs, and Diana Cory and Pam Lloyd have been kind, too. Speaking of flowers . . . have you seen our very own garden? It is down near the Kindergarten! Mr. Locke kindly dug it for us. We prepared the soil, then planted seeds in boxes. When the seedlings were ready, we each planted a pansy or viola and a poppy.

Miss Brown put in some strawberry plants (near the border) and more sweet pea seeds because old Jack Frost killed our others! The sweet peas were the first to bloom, then Sandra's poppy, followed closely by Georgina's pansy!

Of course, we love fresh air so most of our Nature Study periods are spent out-of-doors. We only come in to make records of what we have seen. One afternoon we had to go down to Mrs. Wellburn's shop to find a big ant heap! We are hoping Sister will let us have our own vegetable garden soon!

Most of our people are Brownies. We have fun making things, such as ash trays and baskets.

During the year, the Olympic Games were held in Helsinki. We were very interested in the Games and are grateful to everyone who sent us pictures for our "Gallery." One of our own class mates, Miriam, is a very successful runner. Wouldn't it be great if she went to the Games one day?

Speaking of pictures . . . we have different ones up every week. Narelle's mummy sent us a lovely series. Sometimes we have a display of our own drawings! You should see them!

We do a lot of work, too, you know! There have been Art of Speech and Music exams, and Needlework competitions and, of course, school exams. We have gone to the great musical festivals, and are learning to appreciate good music. In fact, we have so many budding musicians in our room, that we thought it would be a good idea to have our own "music-makers." To their merry music we march, or skip, or hop, or choo-choo, into school. We think Helen's "Music Through Movement" afternoon is fun. She is a very good accompanist, so we do not always listen to the "Rhythm" broadcasts.

This year, since Miss Brown has been with us, we have been listening to School broadcasts. On Wednesday we have "Christ's Life," and on Thursday morning Social Studies. We heard a broadcast about Tiger-Hunting last week. It was awfully exciting! We had to search through our library for pictures of tigers, so that we could draw them. We all love our Library, and Miss Brown says we take great care of it. At the beginning of the year, Sister gave us a lovely collection of books. Now, whenever anyone has a book sent, it is put in the Library. We all love sharing

Mid-term comes and we have our rest from school work. Miss Brown said we do work hard, so we think she should tell you about the "hardest" work we do—handwork.

By the term handwork, we mean the construction of models, individual and co-operative, which should lay down a satisfactory basis for the development of craft and hobby work in later life.

There are three aspects in the teaching of hand work to be considered. They are the teaching of technical skill, self expression, and development of manipulative skill.

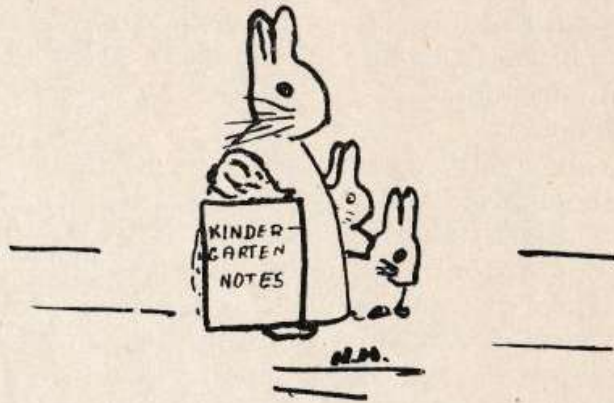
During the stages of the development of the child, between the ages of eight and eleven, she advances from pure manipulative skill to simple creation. This development can be detected in Grades III and IV. Simple wall friezes were our first individual creation, and these led to the design of the large seasonal weather observation charts, which make the room very cheery.

Small serviette rings of papier-mache completed in the class room, were replaced in many homes during vacation by articles of the children's own creation.

Cardboard work has been effective. Toy shapes have been cut and assembled, and Christmas cartons have been prepared.

The nearest approach to clay modelling we have achieved is in the small, gay shell brooches the backs of which have been filled with plaster-of-paris. Despite the fact that we paddled through a white carpet during the lesson, at the conclusion, our room was made more spic and span than ever!

So far, the development of handwork has been natural and imperceptible. Because of this, we have enjoyed doing our "hardest work," and have obtained many useful articles.



KINDERGARTEN NOTES

To mark the conclusion of another year's work the usual Christmas Tree entertainment was held on the lawn at White House. Santa Claus was invited once more. After listening to a short programme of Christmas carols sung by the Kindergarten children, Santa Claus presented to each child a gift and bag of sweets, also presents which the children had made for their parents. To conclude the programme the Senior Girls' Choir rendered several carols.

A large room has been added to the original Kindergarten building. This room accommodates only the kindergarten children. The little ones have their own tables and chairs, easels, toy-cupboards and two large blackboards. This new room is much appreciated, especially during the hot weather and on wet days.

Mr. R. J. Simpson kindly donated a box of nursery toys, which was opened when the "babies" moved into their new room after the May vacation.

The first term examination was held in May. In Grade II Helen McDougall and Jane Slade tied for first place, Pam Lloyd came second. In Grade I Ruth Padgett gained first place, and Victoria Captain was second.

We thank the children's parents who have sent flowers for the class rooms during the year.

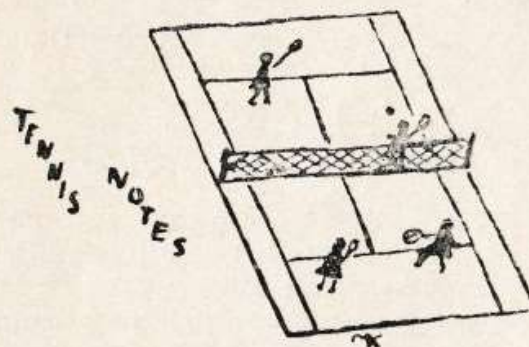
Athletics Notes

After many weeks of practising the Inter-house Sports were held on the 12th September. For the first time they were combined with Slade School and held on Slade oval. The Athletic Cup went to Slade House, with 80 points, Neal House came second with 66 points and Crothers House third with 27 points. Slade House were not as successful with the Ball games, as Neal House won the cup with 39 points, Crothers House came second, with 25 points and Slade House third, with 24 points. The Cake, which is given for the Walking Relay, was won by Neal House. The championships were all very close; the Senior Championship went to Beverley Foster, with Jeanette Padgett as runner up. Marlene Young and Joyce Richmond tied for the Intermediate Championship, while Miriam Padgett took the Junior Championship.

Although the All Schools Sports were postponed from the 4th October to the 13th October, we had a very successful day, as we broke the Junior Tunnelling record also the Tunnel and Bean Bag record, while the under fifteen relay record was equalled. We did not win the "Montrose Cup" for the girls but we take this opportunity to congratulate the Warwick High School girls on their win. Our congratulations also go to Marlene Young, Miriam Padgett, Joyce Richmond, Evelyn Charles and Jeanette Padgett, who gained places and many points for us.

I take this chance of thanking Miss Thompson for all she has done for us in all our sports throughout the year

—ANNE JACKSON (Captain).



Tennis Notes

This year proved to be a very happy and successful tennis season, and we were able to gain possession of the cup after a lapse of five years.

Our A team players were Lillian Kelly, Beverley Foster, Judith Schwennesen and Marjorie Tosh. The B team consisted of Fay

Donovan, Toni Smith, Dulcie Belford and Natalie Budge. Both teams won all the matches.

We were very sorry to farewell Lillian and Natalie who left during the second term. Toni has taken Lillian's place in the first four and we hope to gain success when we compete for the Downs championship in a few weeks time.

Neal was again the winner of the Inter-house cup. Crothers gained second place. Junior house matches were introduced this year, and Neal proved victorious. Congratulations, Neal!

Our four A members were among the six Warwick representatives to compete in the State Championships played at Milton. The Brisbane players were too strong for us, but we all enjoyed the trip very much.

We would like to thank Miss Thompson, who was our chaperone and who has given so much of her time to us throughout the season.

Our practice was much enlivened by the presence of Slade's teams on Sundays. Thanks Slade! We would also like to thank Sister Kathleen and Brother Wilson for letting the boys give us practice on our own courts.

The school championships are now in progress, and two more junior events have been introduced.

P.G.C. and High School gave us very keen competition, and we hope they enjoyed the matches as much as we did. P.G.C. gained second place.

In conclusion, the tennis teams wish all candidates good luck in the forthcoming examinations; a Happy Christmas to all, and another successful tennis season next year.

—MARJORIE TOSH (Captain)

Basket-Ball Notes

This year was not a very successful one in regard to our basket-ball matches, but our A and B teams showed that they could be good losers as well as good winners.

The matches were played at the different school courts, including our own. Miss Thompson, our Sports Mistress, umpired the matches for us, and our thanks go to her for the way in which she so willingly helped us.

The positions of the A team were as follows: Desley Schwenne- sen, Defence Assistant, Goaler; Dallas Porter, Defence Goaler; Anne Jackson, Wing; Fay Trevethan, Attack Wing; Natalie Budge, Centre; Judith Schwenne- sen, Goaler, and Beverley Foster, Assistant Goaler.

Unfortunately, one of our prospective A teamers, Lillian Kelly, left us at the end of the first term just before the matches began. We were also sorry to have to say "goodbye" to Natalie Budge, who left us at the end of last term.

The members of the B team were: Fay Donovan, Florence Hatten, Marlene Young, Jean McPhee, Margaret Foote, Jill Harland and Jeannette Padgett.

This year, Junior Basket-ball matches were introduced, but again our teams were unsuccessful.

In the Inter-house matches there were some very close games, especially in the Senior teams. Neal won the Inter-house Basket-ball Cup in the Senior section, and the Junior was won by Crothers. Congratulations, both houses!

To P.G.C go our congratulations for the fine matches which they played to win the Basket-ball cup.

Now we leave you for another year, and close wishing the staff and girls a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

—BEVERLEY FOSTER.

Swimming Notes

CAPTAIN: Anne Jackson.

TEAM MEMBERS: Toni Brace, Natalie Budge, Judith Carstens, Jill Farrington, Margaret Gunther, Patricia Haggard, Jill Harland, Jeanette Padgett, Christine Richmond, Desley Schwenesen and Marlene Young.

Swimming classes were started at the beginning of the year for the first time since 1949. Miss Bunton and Miss Thompson helped us with our swimming and taught many to swim, and I should like to say "thank you" to them on behalf of the school.

On March 1st the Warwick Swimming Club held a carnival at which visiting celebrities, who are Olympic, Australian and Queensland stars, competed in the events and gave exhibition swims. Among the guests of honour were Nancy Lyons, Dorothy Grier, Joan Fehr, Jennifer Yates, June Springfield, Cyrus Weld, George Johnstone, and Barry Hawkins. We were very pleased that Sister allowed some of us to attend, as we learnt many useful points from the champions. Some of the girls entered in the junior events, and Margaret Gunther came second in the 15 yards "B" grade race for beginners. Congratulations, Margaret!

The Inter-house Swimming Carnival was combined with that of Slade School for the first time, and it was held on the 29th February. Slade House came first, with 77 points, Neal House second, with 69 points, and Crothers House third, with 21 points. The Senior Championship went to Natalie Budge, who won every event

in which she competed, and the Junior Championship went to Margaret Gunther, who also did very well in all her events.

The Inter-school swimming was held on the 12th March, and we were pleased to find that the Christian Brothers College had entered a team, so providing more competition for the boys. We take this chance of congratulating the Warwick High School girls on their success, for this is the fifth year in succession that they have won the cup. We also congratulate Natalie Budge on winning the open breaststroke and the open dive.

Due to the early winter, the baths closed sooner than we anticipated and our life-saving was not up to test standard, so we decided to postpone the life-saving examination until November. Now we have started training again, and we intend asking Mr. Portley to examine our squad when we are ready. Our Inter-house Life-saving Contest for the Pat Griffin Cup will be decided after the squads are examined.

—ANNE JACKSON (Captain)

Life-Saving Notes

NOVEMBER, 1952.

During the past three weeks we have enjoyed our visits to the City Baths and Miss Bunton helped us to prepare for Life-Saving Tests, most of the ground work having been taught during the first term. Mr. Portley examined our squad and the following awards were gained:—

INSTRUCTOR (2nd. Class): A. Jackson.

BRONZE MEDALLION: A. Jackson.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE: A. Jackson, J. Padgett, D. Schwennesen, M. Young.

ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE: F. Hatten, A. Armbruster, J. Padgett, D. Schwennesen, M. Young, J. Schwennesen, P. Haggard.

RESUSCITATION CERTIFICATE: D. Schwennesen, J. Padgett, M. Young, J. Farrington, M. Gunther, F. Donovan, A. Armbruster, J. Schwennesen, M. Bradford, F. Hatten, R. Craig, M. Tosh, J. MacDonald, L. Cooper, J. Richmond, O. Richmond, J. Harland, J. McPhee, M. Foote, D. Porter, W. Muller, B. Harris, P. Haggard.

It is splendid to see so many girls interested in this most important branch of swimming and early in the new year we hope to form bigger squads to enable more girls to receive instruction.

For the recently conducted land drill test we had to learn the new Holger-Nielsen Method of Artificial Respiration which has proved more effective than the Schafer Method previously used throughout Australia. We are grateful to Miss Culverhouse who gave us some useful hints about the Resuscitation Drill, and to our

instructor, Miss Bunton, and to Mr. Portley who examined our work.

Anne Jackson, captain of the squad, was awarded a Full Pocket for Life-Saving.

The Pat Griffin Cup, presented to the House gaining most points in Land Drill and water examinations, was won by Neal House with a total of 182 points, Slade House and Crothers House coming second and third with totals of 154 and 122 points, respectively.



3RD WARWICK GUIDE NOTES

Captain A. Young
Cadets Eileen Holzberger, Pat. Martyn

PATROL LEADERS

Bluebird Dallas Porter
Thistle Lillian Cooper
Wattle Fay Donovan
Waratah Anne Jackson
Secretary of Court of Honour Anne Jackson

Although a well established Company, we were unable to continue the "great game" during 1951 without the leadership of a Captain, but we are happy to say that Miss Audrey Young, although previously untrained, offered to take the company; we are once more "playing the game," as Lord Baden-Powell intended.

Recently a new branch of Guiding, Cadets, who train to be Captains, was begun in Warwick. Two of the four Warwick Cadets are attached to our Company, gaining the necessary practical experi-

ence required for their tests, by assisting Captain in the training of the Company.

At the first meeting, held at the beginning of the final term of this year, we found that only one-third of the new Company was enrolled. Our Patrol-Leaders, to whom Leadership was entirely new, are training their patrols admirably. The recruits, eagerly absorbing knowledge and ideals valuable to them in later life, should be ready for the great day of enrolment early next year.

Although Guiding is essentially an outdoor game, we have been unable to venture farther than the school grounds in so short a time. To end this term of Guiding a hike to the "Peninsula" has been planned, giving the Guides their first experience of Guiding in the open air and enjoying the cheery light of a camp fire.

"A Guide is a friend to all, and a Sister to every other Guide."

With the universal traditions and ideals of Guiding strengthened among us and our Sister Guides of other lands, peace would dispel the shadows of war amongst our fellowmen.

BROWNIE PACK NOTES

Brown Owl	Mrs. K. Dan
Tawny Owl	Mrs. R. Lacey
Sixers Sprites	Helen Slade
Leprechauns	Robyn Schwenneson
Fairies	Leith Bailey
Imps	Georgina Bassingthwaite

During the year pack numbers have increased to twenty-four. Four of these are to be enrolled early next year.

With the change to Saturday afternoon meetings, more training and handicrafts have been included in the programme. Helen Slade, Georgina Bassingthwaite Robyn Schwenneson, Georgina Macpherson, E'anor Gray, have gained their Second Class badges and are now on first class work. Using light cardboard brownies have made things as diverse as blue-birds and chairs; ducks and toy candles

During May the brownies enjoyed a Revel with the Town Packs in Leslie Park.

The Pack is very happy to welcome Mrs. Lacey as Tawny Owl. We hope her stay with us will be a long and happy one.

As the year ends and some of our Brownies turn twelve years of age thoughts turn to their moving on to the Guide Co. The Company is always open to Brownies from its own Pack. This is the ideal arrangement as the Brownie takes the loyalty, training and fun of the pack with her to the benefit of the Company.

In conclusion may we offer our thanks to Sisters Kathleen and Rachel for their continued interest and help at all times during 1952.



“A THUNDER STORM”

One hot February day last year we had a heavy but very welcome thunder storm. During the time in which the rain fell we registered over an inch of the life-giving element of nature.

By lunch time there was every indication of a storm; the air had reached a sultry, exhausting heat, and a low line of black storm clouds had gathered above the western horizon.

Rain had not fallen for many months, and the ground, parched and hot, was crying out in silence for relief. The animals, also hot and drought-stricken, had sought relief from the intolerable heat of the boiling sun in the shades of the withered trees, but here they benefitted but little, as the shades were nearly as hot as the merciless, fiery sun.

Slowly and surely the ominous clouds rose and everywhere the creatures, as if instinctively sensing danger, sought shelter, and mother prepared for a heavy thunderstorm.

Outside, the world seemed hushed, the eerie silence was broken only by the incessant rumble of the thunder. Overhead, blue-green clouds scudding across the darkening sky, were broken by savage and continuous lightning, and, to me, these clouds, driven by a strong current of cold air, appeared to be a “Town Crier” heralding the approach of a King scattering hither and thither as each strove to tell of the visit.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a roaring, howling wind, and at last the storm had broken. Down came the rain, wind-lashed into a furious down-pour slowly at first, then a few big drops fell as a last warning to everything living to scurry to safety. A few seconds silence. Then pandemonium seemed to break loose in the Heavens! The rain, falling in torrents, was accompanied by a few huge, egg-sized hail stones which increased the noise and prevented conversation.

Outside, Sammy, the goat, was in dire distress, trying to find shelter which he eventually found in the hen roost amid the indig-

nant cluckings of the occupants who resented this uninvited intrusion.

Digger, the dog, was valiantly trying to make himself comfortable in a confined space of a kennel already crowded by a lamb, pig and several wet dejected fowls, who continuously annoyed him by shaking their wet feathers over him.

Accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, followed by deafening peals of thunder, the storm slowly abated and the cyclonic wind subsided to a gentle breeze, which fanned the steaming earth, while the sun, as if happy, too, poured forth his glory from a now clear azure sky.

I walked outside, and was amazed at the abrupt change of scene from one of drought and suffering to one of happiness and plenty. Everywhere the creatures, large and small, seemed to be thanking the Almighty One in their own particular ways and means, for the wonderful blessing of the life-saving thunder storm

—GLENDA CHAPPELL (Grade VIII)

“HOW PEN AND BRUSH AWAKEN US TO NATURE'S BEAUTY”

The World of Art is a world of the visible and the invisible. It is a world of colour and beauty which is within reach of all. If so, one might ask, “Where is this world; how are we to see it?” It is in no particular place. It is all around us, and it is revealed to us by the painter and the poet.

We are all gifted with the ability to see with the outward eye, but the painter and the poet have something more. They are gifted with the power of seeing with the inward eye or the imagination. They see a relationship between outward fact and inward truth and beauty, between the visible and the invisible. To those of us who rush “pell-mell” through life without observing the beauty of things around us, this statement may seem a little odd and rather perplexing. It is here we must leave the mundane for a time and dwell with the artist and the poet of nature and of the soil, for with them, we cannot fail to notice the poignant and inspiring influence which nature exercises over them and to see for ourselves and appreciate the picturesque serenity of the works of nature.

In his famous ode, “Recollections of Early Childhood,” Wordsworth wrote:

“There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.”

In these few lines we see how deeply sensitive he was to the beauty of nature, even in his early childhood. The poet felt within himself an urge to express these feelings in verse, and with what grace and sincere simplicity he paints these vivid pen-pictures! This "artist of verse" has opened the eyes of many who had previously trod the pathway of life, unconscious of the glory of God's creation.

To understand still further the inspiration which the artist draws from his appreciation of natural beauty, let us leave the poet and visit the gallery of a famous English painter of the early nineteenth century.

John Constable was one of the two greatest English painters of natural landscape. He believed that there was room for a "natural painter," and by this he meant a painter who would devote himself to painting, as truly as possible, the beauty of nature. His observation of nature was far deeper than that of the average person, and he devoted his life to painting the simple, homely beauty of the English scenery. He once expressed the wish that he would be able to paint pictures that would be valuable to posterity, and I am sure that the majority of us will say that his wish has been granted.

Another famous man whose genius with both pen and brush has greatly helped us to appreciate God's gift of natural beauty was William Blake. He was undoubtedly a very wise man, and what he saw around him was certainly not the same as other men saw. In his poetry and his engravings and paintings, he revealed the strange visions which he so frequently saw and his work has a combination of the mystical and the natural.

It has been said that "all art is re-creation." Every artist makes some use of what the Creator has already provided. No artist can depict, with pen or brush, anything that God has not created; not even Blake could do that. However, the artist can interpret the masterpieces of nature, and his conceptions of these simply show us how much interesting and attractive the world can be if our eyes are fully open to what is around us. Thus, by a deeper understanding of the works of famous poets and painters we may, like Blake:

"See a world in a grain of sand,
And Heaven in a wild flower,
Ho'd Infinity in the palm of our hand,
And Eternity in an hour."

—SHIRLEY SMITH (Form VI A)

SPRING TIME

As the hills grow green and bright,
 May I hear the birds delight,
 As they fly from tree to tree,
 Chirping merrily to me.

May I see the garden flowers,
 Opening for the day-time hours,
 When they greet the golden sun,
 O, they have such jolly fun!

As the hills grow green and clear,
 I know that happy spring is here,
 May I be as gentle, too,
 And like dear spring,
 All the year through.

ROBYN SCHWENNESEN, 9 years (Fourth Grade)

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SQUIRREL

I am a little red squirrel and I live in the cool green wood. My name is Frisky. I have a very happy time in the woods with the other spirrels whose names are: Bushy-tail, Jumpy, Silver-tail, Gentle, Nimble-feet and Fury.

I jump from tree to tree finding nuts. Sometimes I play games among the leaves with my brothers and sisters. We have great fun together.

In Autumn we all search for lots of nuts to store up for the winter. We always find plenty.

In the wood where I live there is a little stream running through the middle.

The tree branches touch from each side and I often jump from one tree to another.

One day when I was playing this game with my brother he fell into the stream.

As the branches at the bottom of the trees bent over the stream and dragged in the water, he caught hold of one of these and climbed back up into the tree. He was a wet, bedraggled looking fellow but he soon dried and we went and played another game.

The wood has lots of lovely flowers in Spring. I like Spring best; it is a lovely cool time. Summer is rather hot, although I live in a cool wood.

I have a happy time all year through.

—GEORGINA BASSINGTHWAIGHTE, aged 10 (Grade IV)

THE ARTIST

God is an Artist. Every day He paints a different kind of a picture.

Today, He painted a bright blue sky and added some gray clouds

Sometimes He makes the clouds into all kinds of odd shapes. One day I saw a pussy-cat chasing a lion. Another day there was a Princess in a castle.

It is a puzzle to find things hidden away in the picture. God uses many different shades. I like His greens best. He has different ones for all the seasons—tired grey-greens for summer, gold-brown greens for autumn, dark ones for winter and soft fresh ones for spring.

I wonder how God finds time to paint a different picture every day?

—DEANNA DONOVAN, 11 years (Grade IV)

“TRAPPED”

“Oh goodie! Off to the Great Cave!” shouted the five children, who were always having adventures together.

After breakfast they all set off.

“Now, don't be home any later than six o'clock,” said their mother, “and, Bob, don't get your clothes wet, as you generally do.”

They walked along for an hour, and then Helen shouted:

“Look! there's the cave.”

The cave was on the side of the cliff, and was above high water mark.

“Well, let's go in and explore,” said Bob.

So the five made their way to the cave.

“Have you all got your torches?” asked John, who was the eldest

“Please, John, may we go down the Great Cave?”

“No, certainly not, you know what happened last time we went down there. We will go down the little ordinary cave.”

As John was in charge, they had to follow his instructions.

Some time later one of them remarked, “The tide comes in at six, and it is four now so let's have afternoon tea.”

The time slipped away quickly. “Oh John, what is the time?”

“Four o'clock; but it was that when we had afternoon tea.”

“Bother! my watch has stopped.” “Come on, let's make for the entrance.”

But, alas, the water was already up to their knees.

"John, John!" cried Helen, "please, please, can't we wade through."

"Don't be silly, dear; do you want us all to be washed out to sea? The tide will go back in three hours."

"Three hours!" groaned the others.

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Well, let's sit down and have tea."

Meanwhile at home the children's mother and father were frantic.

"Jim, do something," said their mother.

"I'll go and see if they're coming, dear."

Five minutes time—"No sign, dear."

"Oh, what can have happened?" cried Mrs. Hudson.

Suddenly, the children noticed that after all their anxiety the tide was going down at last.

In an hour's time they arrived home.

"Mummy! Daddy!" they all shouted.

"Oh, dears, we have been terribly worried. It's so good to see you all."

"Come and tell us what happened?" said their father.

"Oh, well," said John, "all's well that ends well." Then they recounted the exciting adventure to their father and mother.

—BETH COOK, aged 13 (Grade VI)

MY DOG

I have a dog named King,

He thinks he is king of the castle,

He likes to hear the blue-bells ring,

He is a dear old rascal.

—SUE LOMAS, 8 years old (Grade III)

THE PICNIC

Robyn and Narelle went for a picnic with their brothers. They journeyed into the bush. The girls set out a picnic lunch and the boys went fishing.

"I will gather some flowers to put on the table," said Robyn. Narelle thought it would be a good idea.

"Do you think Bobby and Billy will catch any fish?" she asked.

They heard a shout Bobby and Billy came running from behind the trees. Naughty Spot had jumped into the water and frightened the fish away. "You are a bad dog," shouted Billy.

When the boys saw the lovely lunch, they forgot to be angry.

Spot, Bobby and Billy sat down and had a lovely lunch with Robyn and Narelle.

Before they went home they all gathered some wild flowers because they knew their mother loved them.

—JOY McDONALD, aged 9 (Grade III)

A HOLIDAY WALK

When we were on holidays my brother and I went for a walk. We saw a possum in a tree. There was a cheeky rabbit near a rock. He ran away from us.

The trees all had on their new spring coats. No wonder a little bird was singing. He must have been on holidays, too, because he did not have any work to do. The cheeky little chap just sat down and chirped.

It was fun paddling in the little creek we found. Peter fell over and was very wet, so we had to go home.

I wish holiday-time would come more often, don't you?

—PAT TELFORD, aged 8 years (Grade III)

THE MAGIC SOAP

Once there was a little girl named Karen who lived in a small house with her father and sister.

Her sister did not like Karen much, so she always sent her to market to sell the butter and eggs from the farm. Olga was jealous because Karen was so pretty.

One afternoon, as she came home from market, Karen met a washer-woman. She was crying. Two cruel boys had stolen her basket and pushed her over. Karen helped her up and was so kind that the woman gave her a piece of soap as a reward. Karen did not know it was magic soap.

When Karen went skating next day, everyone laughed at her ragged clothes. "She will never win the skating prize," they said.

On the great day Karen went to the lake. She had washed her clothes with the soap which the old washer-woman had given her.

When she reached the lake, everyone asked who the pretty girl was. Karen wondered who they were looking at, then she knew

they were looking at her. Her clothes were very beautiful now, because the magic soap made them so.

The prince who was there fell in love with Karen and married her.

They lived happily ever after.

—JILL McDONALD, aged 9 (Grade III)

IN THE GLADE

I am a Yellow-tit. My friends call me Lily, I have lots of flower friends in the Glade.

Early every morning I go and wake them up. After calling the Buttercups I ask them if they have had any adventures. Sometimes they say "no," but other times they have so many stories to tell me I forget to go around waking up the other flowers. They get very cross with me.

Then I call the Lobelias, who are always dreamy.

The Flannel Flowers love waking up to greet the bright sweet morning.

Nasturtium grumbles about me, chirping noisily, so I hurry to Grape Hyacinth, who always has a game with me. He is a cheery fellow!

There are three Flowers I forget. The reason is that they are so small. I love these three best, I think. Their names are Violet, Daisy and Blue-eyes.

They are very timid and hide deep down in the leaves. But they are always sweet and cool. Many times I have buried my hot beak in their soft folds.

One evening they had a sad story to tell. A naughty little boy had picked up one of them and thrown her onto the stony ground. I searched for her but she was dead.

I said good-night, and went home crying.

How sad to think that any one could be cruel in our beautiful glade!

—HELEN SLADE, 11 years (Grade IV)

ENTERTAINMENT IN A WAITING ROOM

My train being three hours late, I was forced to seek shelter in the waiting room of the railway station. I entered that cheerless abode expecting to be thoroughly chilled and exhausted by the waiting, but emerged smiling, and quite my perky old self again. "How?" you ask. Well, I shall tell you.

On opening the door, I was greeted by a voice, which said, "Ontray dans la salle!" Nervously I put my head around the door. Oh, what a sight my eyes beheld! No, not some old French "madame," but five rosy faces peeping from underneath many blankets. "Thank you," I replied, and sat down uncomfortably.

"Parley-vous le Francais?" enquired the first speaker, whose name I discovered later, was Anne.

"No, I'm afraid I don't," said I, recognizing the stock phrase.

"Ah . . . quel dommage!" said another voice. There was much laughter at this, and then the girls told me, in fluent Australian, that they were brushing up their French, and whenever possible they broke forth in that language. Anne introduced them—Joan, Terry, Hilary and Sue—and told me their limits. Sue, it appeared, was just a beginner, and her strong point was, "Quel dommage," or as she explained, "What a pity." Needless to say, every time she could utter this all-important phrase, she would do so.

They continued: "Passez mon —, dash, what's the word for suitease?" enquired Terry, "I've forgotten it."

"Quel dommage!" came from the depths of the blankets. More giggles.

"Never mind," said Hilary, "we haven't a dictionary, so you must improvise."

"All right," said Terry. "Passez mon . . . mon junk. No! Mon . . . mon baggage!" She grinned triumphantly and there followed still more giggles.

"Par ma barbe," quoth Joan, elle est bong!"

"Merci," said Anne.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Joan. "I haven't done anything to you, that warrants mercy."

"Merci," uttered Anne again. "You know—merci, thank you, thanks, to—you idiot."

"Oh," said Joan, unabashed, "ton accent est atrocious."

"Ah . . . Quel dommage," muttered Sue.

I interrupted them at that moment and suggested that they teach Sue another phrase, that one being nearly exhausted.

"Ah—bong idee," they chorused

"I don't suppose I can say 'Quel dommage' again, can I," said Sue hopefully.

"Nong—not a chance—I mean, nul une chance" said Terry, "but you can learn a new one now. Here—try 'C'est triste.'"

"What?" said Sue in a puzzled tone.

"It is sad," said Terry, helpfully explaining the words.

"Oh good," declared Sue; "let's go on."

Once more they began.

"Comme est 'on boy friend?" said Joan to Hilary.

"Oh, bong. bong," was the answer. "I saw him yesterday, Joan, and do you know, he said he would—"

Let us continuez avec son conversation," declared Anne sternly. No boy friends!"

"Ah . . . c'este triste," murmured Sue, and then added with a final burst, "Quel dommage," as if to console the crestfallen Hilary.

"Likez-vous les trains?" asked Terry of Anne.

"Quelgues times, but quelques times ils sont very irritating."

"C'est triste," sounded like a dirge from the blanket.

"Oui, oui—they are—I mean ils sont," said Terry.

"Ah," said Sue, "I hearez un noise—do vous supposez il est le train?"

"Yes it is—bong bong—bags I a window seat—Sue you had one last time."

"C'est triste—quel dommage," said Sue, and the French class ran onto the platform "to baggez un window seat."

TONI BRACE (Form VIA)

THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL

My name is Bega; I live a long way from England, in a land named India. This land is very rich, and it is pretty. The mountains are bright.

My friend is Aga. She is a sweet, ten-year-old girl. There is not much difference in our ages, so we play ladies together. Our long dresses are called saris. They are brightly coloured, and keep us cool in our very hot climate. Each day we go bathing in the sacred Ganges. Our Amah watches us so no one can come around. When we go home we play at weddings or with our favourite toys.

We are very good to our cow, named Milky. In India we treat cows as we would a member of the family. Milky sleeps in our house—in fact, she sleeps in my room. We are very poor, so I help in the housework.

My brothers are shepherd boys and sometimes they have adventures with lions. One day a cobra almost bit one of the boys, so he threw a big stone on its head and crushed it. I am frightened of cobras, because if they bite you, you will die.

India has a lot of dangerous animals and reptiles, but I am glad I live here. The summer is very hot, too, but it is my native land so I am used to the climate.

MIRIAM PADGETT, 10 years (Grade IV)

JOKES

Mrs. Houseproud: "Jane, have you swept out the best room?"

Jane: "No Ma'am, I swept out the dirt but I left the room there."

A family of mice who were sitting round the table at tea were fighting.

Father Mouse: "Quiet, all of you, and don't squeak till you're squoken to."

A girl was in a cafe with her mother and said just after the soup arrived:

"Mother this plate is damp."

Mother: "Hush dear, they only serve soup in small quantities here."

A man was buying a horse from a farmer.

Farmer: "There are only two faults with this horse—I'll tell you one before you buy him and one after."

Buyer: "That's fair enough; what's the first one?"

Farmer: "Well, he's a bit hard to catch."

The buyer paid out his money, and then asked: "Now, what's his second fault?"

Farmer: "When you do catch him he's no good."

—LEITH BAILEY, 11 years (Grade V)

"A DREAM"

One night I lay awake in bed thinking about the pixies that Mummy had told me about, when I dreamt that I was playing on the lawn with my dolls. All of a sudden one of them said to me, "Look at that pixie over there; he is calling you and me to come to his help."

So I went to help him. He was caught in a piece of wire Mummy had put over the lettuces to stop the rabbits eating them.

He said that for doing that kind deed he would show me the way to pixie town. He took me to the garden bed that had the flowers in it, and going to the very farthest corner he tapped there three times and clapped four times. Then I found that I was the size of the pixie himself.

Then he tapped again and a little door opened into a dark passage. We went down it and then we came to a street with very small shops and many pixies running to and fro. The pixie showed me his home and the garden round it. It was very sweet.

Just as I was admiring one of the flowers there was a bang and then I heard somebody's voice saying, "It's eight o'clock; time you were out of bed," and as I looked round there was Mummy. I looked round to say good-bye to the fairies, but they were gone. I was so sorry that they were not there and that they had all gone home.

CHRISTINE BICKELL, aged 12 years (Grade V)

"THE BIRD AND HIS MATE"

A little brown bird sat up in a tree
 He twittered and twittered and looked down at me.
 His dear little mate was in the nest,
 Where three tiny babies lay to rest.

He flew off the tree and down to the ground,
 And looked up at the nest which was safe and sound,
 His little mate then she flew down too,
 And chirped to him sweetly, "Hallo, how are you?"

ANNE GRAHAM, 11 years (Grade VI)

"THE ARRIVAL OF A TRAIN"

One day while I was sitting around at home, as I could not find anything interesting to do, I decided to meet the mid-day mail-train and I am satisfied that no one knows what really goes on at a station until one stands back and watches.

The train whistled down the line, and then there was action in all directions. The station master rushed out of his office to flag in the train; porters pushed trolley loads of luggage to where they expected the luggage van to pull up, and the top bags kept falling off, causing the porters more trouble.

There were people of all types getting on and off the train; people rushing to be first to the refreshment counter; people saying good-bye and others welcoming; some people were running up and down the platform looking for friends who were travelling on the train. Of course, as always, there was the late-comer, who arrived one minute before the train was due to depart from the station. He ran to the ticket window, and shouted for the station master.

In the meantime, dogs taken off the train began fighting with those waiting to be put on the train, and other dogs were running loose on the platform.

Luggage was lost and many passengers tried to get their suitcases at the same time; the station master shouted to them to stand back, but no one paid any heed to him and the pushing and pulling continued.

Finally, the train pulled out and the late fellow took a running dive at the first carriage door or steps, only to find that there was no spare seat. Hats, gloves and other things were waved as the train pulled out.

—NOREEN HOWSE (Grade VII)

BLACK BEAUTY

She is a little foal,
Though she's not very old
But she's lovely just the same
And Black Beauty is her name.

She has a shiny coat
And a long slender throat,
A lovely flowing mane,
And Black Beauty is her name.

Sometimes she's very bad,
And she makes me very sad,
Once she broke the window frame,
But Black Beauty is her name.

As a foal she's full of fun,
The farmers call her "little one,"
But I love her just the same,
For Black Beauty is her name.

—JUDY RUTHERFORD, age 11 (Grade 5)

"SUNSET TIME"

One evening I had been herding the weaners until fairly late, and on my way home I drew rein on a rise to watch the sunset.

When I stopped, the sun was in such a position that the western sky was turning a pretty golden colour, and, as I watched, it turned to a deep gold with bands of pink and mauve above it.

The mares' tails turned pink, and the blue gum leaves shone like big silver coins in the sunlight.

The cattle were slowly making their way towards the scrub, where they would graze and later go to their camping grounds.

The birds went out for their evening flight before returning home to their nests for the night. As they flew, their pretty feathers blended with the colours of sunset.

The rabbits came from their warrens and began playing and digging up roots for their supper.

Everything seemed peaceful as the cattle strayed and a cow bellowed and her calf answered her from away in the scrub; the rabbits played and the birds flew home again.

Slowly the gold, pink, mauve and silver faded away to a bright fiery red and finally to blue-grey and grey, as the sun kissed the hill-tops and the sunset faded away to dusk.

—NOREEN HOWSE (Grade VII)

“A FILM STORY”

One day “Jungle Jim” and “Boots Malone” went to the “White Tower” to meet the “Sons of Matthew,” who lived in the “Sleeping City” near “King Solomon’s Mines,” where they saw “Tarzan and the Mermaids” walking down “One-way Street.” They went to dine and ordered “Tea for Two,” then hired the “Yellow Cab Driver” to take them to see “Victoria the Great.” First of all they had to get the “Key to the City.” Luckily they were able to enter “The City” by “Twelve O’clock High.” “Boots” dropped his “Yellow Gloves” in the cab. They were entertained by “Kiss me Kate,” and then returned to “Jane Eyre,” who put them on the “Show Boat.” When they arrived home they found that “The Outlaw” had met his “June Bride.”

—JUDITH CLIFFORD and EVELYN CHARLES (Grade VII)

“HARVESTING OATS”

On day last year Daddy and Sid Dowling were coming down to harvest the oats at the back of our shed.

After pulling down the fence they took the machine into the paddock to start harvesting at nine o’clock next morning. All the things had to be ready for them to start immediately after they had morning tea.

After going round the paddock two or three times on the tractor, they put a bag in the box to catch all the grain, which comes off the stalks. When one bag was full, then they put another bag in its place.

One man stayed out to sew all the bags together, while the other one sat on the machine and kept putting bags to get full. The bags full of seed were then stacked in piles.

When they had finished sewing up the bags, the next day they counted the bags as they were putting them on the truck. They then took them to the shed so they would know how many they had harvested from the paddock.

—BETTY DONOVAN (Grade VII)

“TO QUEEN ELIZABETH II”

“God Save Our Gracious Queen,” we sing,
And to Your Majesty we bring,
Our wishes for a glorious reign,
And hopes that England once again,
The leader of the world shall be,
And every nation shall be free.

May England's fame never be less,
Than in the days of good Queen Bess,
The Union of England and Scotland began,
Prosperity in the reign of famed Queen Anne,
And Queen Victoria's happy reign,
Made England honoured again and again.

Queen of our Empire, Queen of our land,
With millions ready at your command,
To prove their loyalty and love,
May God guide you from Heaven above,
So that English history shall acclaim
Yours as the very noblest name.

—LYNETTE BURTON (Grade VII)

“LOST”

The night was growing dark, when out of the bushes came a little boy named John; he was thin and dark and stood about three feet high.

As he was gazing about him he saw a little grey house with two windows and a little door. The windows and a little door were dirty and the windows were looking at him like cats' eyes, so John turned his head quickly and walked about to have a look around the strange town. At last he came to a hotel where an old man was leaning from the window, and he heard the old man say, “Hi, Son!”

John looked up and saw the man there, and after looking up, he started to walk up the stairs to the room. The man looked around and said, "Where did you come from?"

"I-I-I don't know; I-I think I-I am lost," said John.

"There, there, now! Sit down and have something to eat," said the old man.

Then John awoke to find that he had met with his woodland adventure in Dreamland.

—LURLINE WEBBER (Grade VII)

.. "AN INTERESTING JOURNEY"

Journeys by train may be amusing, irritating, tedious, or even unbearable, depending entirely upon one's fellow travellers.

In every suburban train, the bustling housewife, overloaded with oddly-shaped packages, with her young children clinging frantically to her skirt, tries the patience of many over-tired businessmen and women.

Then the proud businessman, with his worn satchel, enters the carriage, puffing and panting after a brisk walk. He speaks a few words, but very soon he produces the daily paper. He is a very boring companion.

The young schoolboy, who displays his many treasures, such as marbles, a pea shooter, a catapult, rolls of wire and string and other useless articles, resents standing for elderly people and annoys people for the remainder of the journey.

Old ladies who laugh and talk loudly, never cease their gossip until the train arrives at its destination. The marvel is that they do intricate crocheting and knitting during their "short chats."

The small child with a pink lolly is highly amusing, until one finds sticky patches of pink on one's clothes. Then, much to one's disgust, the generous aunt gives the child two chocolates. It is on occasions such as these that one frets about dry cleaning bills and the cost of clothing.

What could be more enjoyable or exasperating than a train journey?

—JILL FARRINGTON (Grade VIII)

OUR DORMITORY

The Eighth Grade dorm is a jolly place,
 On that we all agree;
 We really are the best of friends,
 And often have a spree.

The lights go out at half-past eight,
But matron stays next door,
And waits, just ready to pounce on us
But we wisely say no more.

As soon as matron goes to bed,
Our snores! they suddenly cease;
And up we pop, quite ready for fun,
Like pups let off the leash.

A messenger soon comes from above,
"Be quiet, or to Sister you'll go;
The teachers cannot sleep upstairs
For all the noise below!"

6 a.m.! The bell peals loud
"Up girls," on goes the light;
Then groans, and grunts, and sighs are heard,
"Why didn't I sleep last night?"

Our heads disappear beneath the clothes,
And we say, "I'm sure it's not time
For the bell to go." But the mistress says
"Oh, yes! so out you climb."

Matron thinks we're neat and tidy,
She makes a great mistake;
We may appear so on the surface,
But that surface is a fake.

Especially at the end of term,
When the dorm's turned upside down,
And everyone who passes by
Views it with a frown.

Clothes, and frocks, and straps and things
All lying in a heap,
And Sister says "I'm really glad
When parents claim black sheep"

But after all our "talking tos",
We still have time for mirth,
And still agree our dorm is quite
The jolliest place on earth.

—P. HAGGARD (Grade VIII)

“A FIGHT FOR LIFE”

Loud footsteps sounded and resounded as the guard walked up the empty corridor to the isolated cell where the prisoner had been kept for the past week.

It was the day to which he had been looking forward with mixed feelings. One moment he was hopeful, the next a feeling of dread overcame him. It was the day of his trial in court.

As the handcuffs were slipped on to his wrists there was one thought in his mind—escape! Too late; they had already reached the courtroom!

After hours and hours of agonizing waiting the judge proclaimed the decision of the jury. Guilty! Guilty of murder! To be punished by hanging!

Then they were walking along the corridor back to his cell. They reached the door, the handcuffs were removed, and he sprang at the guard. Before that luckless man had time to recover, he was rolling on the floor. The prisoner gagged and bound the guard, changed clothes with him, took his keys and locked the door behind him. With his cap pulled down over his eyes, he walked calmly down the corridor.

He had just reached the prison gates when he heard the alarm given, and knew instantly that the guard had been found. He began to run wildly, anywhere, so long as he left those friendless gates behind him.

He ran a long way before many minutes had elapsed, and, as he passed a house, he heard a police message giving a description of him. He listened further and soon learned that the guard was in danger of losing his life from concussion.

At last, exhausted, he sank to the ground and fell asleep. When he awakened it was to feel a hand shaking him by the shoulder. So they had caught him again! When he opened his eyes he saw his own room and realized with a surge of relief, that his adventures had all been a dream and his mother was telling him to get up.

—DEBORAH ROBERTSON (Grade VIII)

“NIGHT REVELS”

When everyone was in bed at night,
And out went each and every light,
The dormitory began its chatter,
And then was heard a sudden clatter
Of beds and Jacks.

All our noise and awful din,
 Soon brought a mistress hurrying in,
 She scolded us and called for silence,
 In a voice so loud with violence
 And threats so grim.

Soon again our voices were heard,
 And like some very powerful bird,
 In came the mistress to make us sit,
 While she did only glare and knit,
 While English we did.

To bed eventually we were sent,
 On tongues all quiet and our energy spent,
 We slept until the morning bell
 Roused us, and out of bed we fell
 Feeling cheerful again.

—ROBYN CRAIG (Grade VIII)

“A WET WEEK-END”

When there is a wet week-end I love to stay in-doors, and listen to the rain dancing various steps on the roof. I light up the warm, open, log fire and sit on the floor and read, knit or sew, and if I have a chocolate I like to eat that while I am reading.

At about four or five o'clock in the afternoon I have a bath and change into my pyjamas and when the tea is ready I like to eat it in front of the red, dancing flames.

After tea I help mum wash up and then, if we have visitors, they sometimes play cards. Of course, I do not play, but I watch until the fire makes me very sleepy and then I go to bed, and listen to the rain singing a kind of lullaby which quickly soothes me to sleep.

—ROBYN CLIFTON (Grade VIII)

“AUTUMN IS HERE”

Autumn is here! Dainty little spring and stately summer have been, but now are gone, leaving the little gnome of autumn, with his palette and brush to paint the woods.

Under his skilful touch, the leaves turn red, golden-orange, then brown. A playful little breeze comes gaily skipping along the woodland paths. He whispers to the leaves, then plucks them from their twigs, whisking them through the air, whirling them round and round, until more and more leaves leave the shelter of their mother tree to join the merry dance. At last, the exhausted leaves fall gently to the ground to wait until Old Man Winter, with his train of frost-fairies, comes to lay his blanket of snow over them, that they may sleep in peace. —P. HAGGARD (13 years) (Grade VIII)

HERBERT

Herbert is my rabbit,
 He's as black as he can be,
 And I often think his habit
 Is to get away from me.

He gives a little laugh,
 As from me he runs away,
 And scampers down the path,
 To hide among the hay.

He nibbles at the grass all day,
 And cocks a listening ear,
 For cats and dogs may want to play,
 And p'rhaps to come too near.

But should they come too close to him,
 He will not stay to play,
 He whisks his tail and pricks his ears,
 And quickly hops away.

—KATHLEEN BARNARD, 11 years (Grade V)

"ST. CATHARINE'S MAKES HISTORY"

Sydney Harbour JACKSON
 First Police Magistrate of Queensland WICKHAM
 Charted the East Coast of Australia COOK
 Discovered gold at Canoona CHAPPLE
 A famous poet ROGERS
 Won the England to Australia Air Race 1928 SMITH
 Discovered a cure for Malaria ROSS
 First Governor of New Zealand GREY
 An early settlement on the Darling Downs CLIFTON
 A river in Northern New South Wales RICHMOND
 He found gold at Coolgardie BAILEY

—MARGARET STEHR (Grade VIII)

"THE RESCUE"

"Once Upon a Time," during our "Bush Holiday," we visited "The Secret Garden," on our horses, "Black Beauty" and "The Red Stallion." There we met "Pollyanna," who took us to visit "Six Star Ranch," where "The Good Master" showed us about.

Later we galloped across "The Green Grass of Wyoming," and met "King Arthur's Knights," who asked us if we would take part in the search for "The Sleeping Princess," who had been re-

cently "Kidnapped" by "Old Pybus" and taken to "The Secret Sanctuary" on "Treasure Island."

We travelled on "The Cradle Ship" to the island where we found "The Key Above the Door" and set "The Little Princess" free. Then we returned to "The Beckoning Shore," of the mainland, and rode "Back to Billabong."

—DENISE BAGSHAW (Grade VIII)

PARKINSON

Allow me to conduct you on a tour of Parkinson. Parkinson House, not the gas stove in the kitchen. Deign to enter by the back door, if it is not bolted on the inside.

Hark, the voice of angels!

"Here is the place, Good my Lord, enter." That was Vic., not yet of the Old Vic., however worthy she may be.

Eyes right! Behold a closed door. Mysterious? Not at all. Merely the visitors' room, at present sacred to the production of handkerchief umbrellas and such trifles. Recently a fine crop of baskets were to be found there, but no longer.

Proceed, I pray you. Mind the mat. We have already killed quite a large number by means of it, although the floor is only wood.

Another door; behind its unassuming front lives our guardian, Sister Rowena. She, we believe, is responsible for all the umbrellas. Mind the table, please! One leg, alas, is broken. The door is also breakable. No person should be allowed to slip in this area. Just step on a little. We will scan the printed sheet. Oh, There is no rule against it.

Now, if you would turn you head? Regard an open door. The Rose Room, where the flowers of Parkinson are found—the Yellow Rose of Texas or down Mexico way, if not an actual Texan; The Milmerran musk-rose, so called from her delicate pink complexion, and the artificial spray, manufactured in France, specially imported from Amiens. Sweet scent within, is there not? Once there was a bottle of eau-de-cologne in the Boot Room. It was useless. It now contributes to the fragrance.

What? Another open door? Yes. This is the Blue Room. Here abide three of the bluest persons in our happy home. One, who, in the dim, distant past decided that fair hair was too common, dyed it blue; ink only was available. Another mingles gold with her blue; she seems to like it. She even claims the blue matches her eyes. The other, she's just blue, usually with cold. Here also, on some occasions, is to be found a small item known as "Microbe." or the "Mighty Mouse." The latter is appropriate. She squeaks continually.

Around the corner (yoo hoo!). Beds! Three of them. The three flowers sleep here. Come back here! Can't you see that the window is only half open. You would in all probability, have knocked out a splinter, as did a Tannymorel visitor from White House, on one occasion. Shall we venture around another corner?

Oh! Yes. Those are ten more boards. I crave your pardon. I mean beds!

Will you step into my par!our? Or our cubicles, admittedly a poor substitute. That, into which you almost entered, via the window, is occupied by our Vic. and her friend, who should have been sentenced for murder about four hours after we returned from viewing "A Song to Remember." Could we ever forget her renditions?

The cubicle to which we have now proceeded is nominally the home of "Jumping Jackson" (no relation to Marjorie) and the "Townsville Freeze." She does not approve of our climate. Both members are frequently to be found "Not at Home."

Now we approach the most widely used (or abused) cubicle. It is the rightful domain of Wimpy, who has a peculiar ability to dispose of hamburgers, and Brick, whose heart is as her name. Unfortunately, they possess one of the two lights, and are usually driven from their fort.

Lastly we come to the residence of Peroxide and Pat. Peroxide insists that the effects of her latest flutter have vanished entirely, but a considerable area of her hair is, most unusually, straw blond. The remainder is very dark. Pat is of a size so that she may, very conveniently, be overlooked.

If you really wished to become acquainted, you should have come ere this. Most of us are affected by approaching exams. (Farewell, cruel world!). Swot books are found by each bed, in place of the usual novels. Some of us will never be normal again. Wimpy, poor, misguided individual, is frequently to be seen accompanied by a text-book. She is gone beyond all hope. Sad. Even Herbert is unable to stand the shock.

Now please stop being unreasonable. You can not go out the front door. You might wear out the landing. That louvre? Yes, our little yellow rose was given to believe that her petals had narrowly escaped crushing after contact of a flying saucer and the glass; all that happened, was that the "Freeze" had been too near. The glass contracted to such an extent that it fell out. If the first hall door is open, we may proceed. On numerous occasions, the notable cubicularians have been locked out.

I beg your pardon! Oh yes, a number of doors. Just an even dozen. Now, as we have inspected the rear verandah, allow me to escort you down the four steps. Mind the rail, it has splinters.

Quickly! That was the chapel bell! Duck, if you want to live, or we will be trampled to death.

—EILEEN HOLZBERGER (5A)

“ST. CATHARINE'S HIT PARADE”

“Everyone's Searching For Silver and Gold”: Mistresses looking for money in the dormitories.

“Silver Hair Among the Gold:” From too much worry over school work.

“Cool Water”: At bath time.

“On Top of a Load of Hay”: Sleeping on school mattresses.

“Slippin' Around”: When I'm supposed to be in bed.

“Put Your Shoes on, Lucy”: Or a sixpence fine for you.

“Ay Round the Corner Looking for Henry Lee:” Being chased to typing and music practices.

“Sometime”: We won't get bad marks.

“Too Young”: To learn Maths B.

—MARGARET SMITH and VELMA LAWRENCE.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY

My idea of an ideal holiday would be to wander about the countryside for three or four months with a friend, visiting all the towns that one hears of but never sees. Unfortunately, the days of horse-drawn caravans are past and gone, but one drawn by a car would do almost as well. I have always had a profound envy of the gipsy life as portrayed in stories and romance, and though the actual life would probably be very unpleasant, a holiday as a gipsy would be ideal.

The great point in this ideal holiday is the fact that there must be no need for haste. One must not rise at dawn with the express purpose of reaching such and such a town by midday, or of travelling a given number of miles. If, on lazily drifting through the fields and woods, one comes across a place which seems made for camping, then by all means stay there, for a week if necessary. If we suddenly feel an urge to reach a certain place as quickly as possible, we do so. This is rather an impractical idea in these days of organized and scheduled touring, but then most ideals are hard to attain.

There is no hope of knowing a country by merely passing through its main towns, and commenting on the various attractions set out in your guide pamphlet. My friend and I would like to wander for a long enough length of time to enable us to find out all we want to know about all the places we pass through, but even our idyll must be cut short.

Let us stop at this place for a few weeks and help with the

harvesting. At the next district we may become fruit-pickers, or farm labourers, or anything that takes our fancy. This is the quality which makes up our ideal. So many holidays are not holidays at all, only a change from one place to another, with the same restrictions, and the same pursuits.

And yet our holiday must not be too long. It must not be so long that we tire of it. It must be ended late enough to give us a period of freedom, but early enough to make us regret that it is over. No one can drift about too long with no settled occupation—there is a danger that we will become bored with ourselves and with each other. Our ideal holiday must be just one bright, perfect interlude which will colour our lives with memories.

Everyone has his own idea of a perfect holiday. Few of these ideas correspond, so that it seems amazing that so many people do the same thing so often, and enjoy it. But the perfection would leave us with something lacking if it was achieved—the dream and the hope would be gone.

—STEPHANIE MARSLAND.

MONEY

Money to look at is just a dirty piece of copper, silver, or a dirty creased piece of coloured paper; but how big a part it takes in the lives of people in the world today

In the early days of the seventeenth century a person earning sixty pounds a year was considered "well off"; but in the present century most people earn that same amount in two months, while others earn considerably more.

In the "olden days" money was made from gold, but gradually the sovereign has fallen into disuse, being replaced by one pound notes, these being made out of paper.

One has only to give a small child a coin to realize how much money means even to the youngest of the human race. Without it one cannot live, for everything we either eat or wear has to be bought, with money.

Money can buy lovely homes, cars and many other expensive things, but there is one thing which it cannot buy and that is happiness; sometimes when people can have whatever they desire, they become discontented and quite often selfish

Too much money can be worse than too little, for people who have a considerable amount quite often think they are superior to the poorer person, although the person earning a small income is equally as happy, if not happier, than the millionaire.

In the present century, Banks are in existence, and people can place a sum in the Bank where it is kept until the owner wishes to use it, but some people prefer to keep theirs in a safe. Little do

they realize the risk they are running of its being stolen! When in the bank, interest is paid on the principal sum by the bank for the use of it.

It is therefore easy to see how vital a matter money is.

—FAY FLETCHER (IV Form).

“LOST AND FOUND”

“Far Away Over the Hills,” “Black Jack,” wearing “The Black Cock’s Feather,” and his dog “Dusty” lived in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” His horse was “Black Beauty,” the “Horse of Horses.”

In “The Valleys Beyond” he could see the “Green Light” of “Stalky and Co.” looking for “The Key Above the Door,” and he joined them because he was looking for “The Golden Boomerang.”

Before they went on their “Travels with a Donkey,” “Humpy,” they went to “The Old Curiosity Shop,” where “Oliver Twist” served them with “Tripe and Onions.”

“To the North” they met “Alice in Wonderland,” who told them about “Gulliver’s Travels” “Meanwhile,” “Penelope” was being “Kidnapped” behind the “Iron Curtain” by “The Bold Highwayman, Dick Turpin.” She sent “Tom Sawyer” and “Huckleberry Finn” to find help. They saw their signal, “The Gleam in the North,” and rushed to her “Rescue,” bringing the “Pathfinders.”

On “Treasure Island” they found her and also “Discovered” “The Golden Boomerang.” They saw a tree marked “Dig,” where “The Key Above the Door” was hidden. After “Two Years Before the Mast” they arrived home in the ship of “Mid Shipman Easy,” singing “Westward Ho,” and they arrived at the “Tower of London” with “A Strange Story to Tell.”

The “Small Dark Man” wrote their story in “Pickwick Papers,” so “All Well That Ends Well.”

—FLORENCE HATTEN and LILLIAN COOPER (Sub-Junior)

THE FANCY DRESS BALL

(With apologies to Lord Byron)

There was a sound of excitement by night,
 And St. Catharine’s girls gathered aglow;
 Their costumes looked so gay and bright
 The young belles and beauties of long ago.
 A hundred hearts beat happily, and when
 “Gus” arose to announce a “minuet,”
 Soft eyes looked joy that spoke again
 With happiness that tongue could ne’er repeat.

Time sped on with its golden wings
 The prizes were given of chocolates galore,
 Till supper-time came, with the dance that brings
 The girls all thronging to the floor:
 Then came the time which all did dread
 When coats were donned and lights were dimmed,
 The boys and girls left to retire to their beds
 Where in sleep the Ball they danced again.
 —JUDITH SCHWENNESEN and JEANETTE PADGETT.

“ANZAC DAY AND WHY WE REMEMBER”

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow,
 They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

—Binyon.

It was that fateful year 1915 when Australia, called upon to defend her country, proved her nationhood to the world. Such a gallant army had never been set such a task as that which confronted our Anzacs, who went to the battle cheerfully for their country and for their families

On the 25th April, 1915, our men set out for Gallipoli where the battle was to take place. The selected site for the landing was Gaba Tepe, a small town on the shore. Our fleet sailed into the bay at sunrise on the fateful morning and at once began unloading its ammunition and men. Unfortunately the waiting Turks made the landing difficult, as they had the waters mined and wired, and while the small tows were coming to the shore they were fired upon. When they had begun landing the Turks came forward in an attack, but our brave men beat them back, and followed the enemy into the hills. The hardships of the Anzacs were many, as they had never been on the battle field before and the Turkish land was strange to them.

The fighting continued during the day and many lives were lost. The doctors worked among the wounded on the beach while the Turks fired down on them from the hills above. The Anzacs did not give up until that night when there had been such a loss of life and ammunition, that they decided to retreat. Slowly, they carried the wounded back to the ships at anchor out at sea, and, when they had everyone on board they sailed sorrowfully out of the harbour from the clutches of the Turks.

The courage of the Anzacs will live long in the memory, not only of the Australians but of everyone in other nations who has heard of the gallant attack. They fought for their country and, al-

though they failed after a long and strenuous battle, their gallantry and courage made Australia, in the eyes of other countries, a nation.

GAIL SUTTON (IV Form).

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA"

Rise, Ye Australians, and follow in the footsteps of nobler and truer men. This is the fifty-first anniversary of our great Commonwealth, which is only a child. If you are a worthy citizen, go forth and do your duty!

Fifty-one years ago great men were striving to make Australia a pleasant place for us, the rising generation. But do we appreciate their hard work as we should?

During the short time of Federation great developments have been made in many different spheres. In those days many rugged scenes such as horse-drawn waggons and rough-hewn wood houses were seen. These are now replaced by the streamlined motor car and a modern brick home. If these people of yesterday could see Australia now, they would speak of it as wonderland.

Education has been greatly improved and school is a much pleasanter place to go to. Industries have increased, making Australia a rich place in which to dwell.

Our population has grown, as people from foreign countries, some good, some bad, are attracted to our soil. This land is one of peace and love, not of hatred and war.

The sons of Australia love her so much that they have fought for her soils in two world wars. To some it meant death, but their reason for it was worthy of eternity.

How tenderly we must cherish the graves of our statesmen, soldiers, sailors and airmen, who acted nobly and courageously in their lives for the Commonwealth of Australia.

We are the coming generation and attend school to learn how to be good Australians, not only to do sums, or something which is useless to our characters.

So with closed eyes, we must visualise the next fifty years of Federation, and do for the coming generation as the past did for us. That is why every Australian should Rise and Look for the Future.

—WENDY MULLER (IVth Form)

"SUNSET TO TWILIGHT"

The golden ball of fire is rapidly declining below the horizon. Rainbow colours fill the azure sky from the west. As I climb the little hill, the beauty of the scene before me holds me breathless with wonder.

Vivid orange and scarlet streaks add enchantment, as I gaze rapturously across the little valley below, and watch the effects of the mirror reflection in the little silver brook.

The Great Monarch of the Sky seems to gather about him all and sundry who will answer to his beckoning call. Birds flit through the sky, crying, as they make their way home to their nests, and the golden fire fills the sky before it makes its final farewell to the friendly regions of the earth.

Dark clouds start to fill the skies overhead. Dusk is setting in and the hour of stillness settles on the earth. Venus peeps out and soon many little firelights are twinkling here and there doing their best to light up the fast darkening atmosphere of the world.

Diana, the Goddess of the moon, sets out in her silver chariot to ride through the night. Darkness settles down and once more fills our little world.

As I descend the hill towards my home in the valley, I thank God for the wonder and beauty of Nature.

—VILMA LAWRENCE (IV Form).

“A GOOD COMPANION”

Here am I, an old grey bearded wanderer with nothing to do except walk drearily along the busy highways carrying my swag. For many years now, I have done this and where ever I may roam my faithful dog, Snip, accompanies me. We go together through thick and thin, good times and bad.

Snip has been with me for about eight years now, and has always stood up for me against any enemies, or unkind people, whom we may meet on our lonesome journeys. Snip was born many years ago, at the farmhouse of Mr. Fisher, a friend of mine. Mr. Fisher promised me that as soon as the dog was old enough to come with me I could be his proud owner. I met my friend not long afterwards, and he told me that I could call for the dog as soon as it was convenient. As I was anxious to have a companion, I called upon Mr. Fisher the following day to collect the pup.

At first Snip, as he was later called, did not want to be a wanderer but soon he was so anxious to travel the countryside, that he would race ahead of me and then back, and become so excited that he made me want to run after him myself. I quickly found out that this faithful companion of mine was not an ordinary dog, but instead a very intelligent, understanding pup.

His looks were even intelligent ones, and I could often walk along chattering to him and he would always seem to know what I was saying. Snip had long black hair and fairly short legs. He

was not a very big dog, and because of this I was more fond of him.

One dark, ghostly night in the middle of winter, while we were camping in the open, my faithful companion seemed to be acting in a very curious fashion and he could not make me understand what was disturbing him. After a lot of fuss and bother, I could see finally what he meant. I could now see two big, round, dark eyes staring at me through the bushes. Immediately I began to wonder why anybody would wander around and play "Peeping Tom" at two lonely creatures like Snip and myself. Gradually I could see these queer things coming closer.

By now Snip was barking and as soon as our looker-on heard the noise he flew away. After some time I realized that the terrifying object was merely an old owl. My companion barked and barked at the bird until it was some distance away, as he did not want the owl to harm us in any way, although I knew it could not.

Since this incident Snip has proved his faithfulness to me on many occasions, and now I would not part with him for all the world. Never have I known so loving and so faithful a dog.

—ELAINE LAWER (IV Form.)

IF WE COULD CONTROL THE WEATHER

One might say control of the weather was a very desirable thing. The days would vary according to our moods; the nights would be still, peaceful, moonlight-flooded. If we wished to go swimming, why then, a moment's thought would produce a hot, cloudless day; if we wished to spend the day comfortably before the fire with a book, presto! the weather would become chilly and grey, with a hint of rain.

This idyllic vision, however, has its draw-backs. Before we present weather control to a grateful world, it would be advisable to map out our plan of campaign. Are we, for instance, to allot to every person his or her square yard of atmosphere, to be changed as the owner moves from place to place, or are we to limit atmospheric juggling to the backyard? This in turn raises another objection. In over-populated countries such as China and Japan, the average person does not have a backyard; and in any case, it might be rather difficult to separate your snow from your neighbour's brilliant sunshine, or keep your "sharp touch of frost" from ruining his prize tomatoes.

These difficulties are, certainly, apt to discourage the free weather crusader, but they are not insurmountable. Weather control is a big thing; and big things should benefit the people as a whole, rather than the individual. The sensible method of dealing

with the problem is to call a National Conference. All slight disagreements having been amicably settled the solution is apparent. Each country has, out of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, a certain number to call its own. During these few days, its government enjoys the privilege of controlling all weather conditions, and the rest of the world takes what is meted out to it. This arrangement precludes the havoc that would be played with ocean currents and trade winds if every country had control at the same time.

To ensure that our prospective prime ministers know something of what they are directing during their country's control period, we have now an exacting university course being developed. The elements of weather study are also being made a compulsory subject in all high schools and colleges.

Every innovation, of course, causes friction. This scheme is no exception. Among the more depraved members of society there springs up a new round of petty offences, and the courts find themselves instituting heavy fines for the illegal manufacture of atmospheric conditions. Betting on the next week's weather becomes a popular sport, and ministers retire from politics on the fortunes earned by well-timed "tips" to the bookmakers. The various countries find themselves regarding with mild interest fiery groups of religious fanatics who shout that their governments are defying God.

But these irritations automatically die down, as the term "weather control" becomes a trite and uninteresting phrase. The world has accepted so many new ideas and revolutionary changes in her time that her capacity for amazement is somewhat decreased. The next generation or so of eager theorists must find something more important than space ships or free weather on which to concentrate.

—STEPHANIE MARSLAND.

THE FIRST VENTURE

My first dimly remembered venture was down to the corner shop with some obscure person called "Buddy," who was supposed to be my boy-friend—at least that's what he said. I remember the results of that venture even better—a thrashing!

The venture fresh in my mind, however, is the one I made nine years ago. I was sent to boarding school, and the memory of that first day is still with me. I was assured that there were mysterious somethings, which my fellows termed "wogs," in the porridge, that we had to get up about 4 o'clock in the morning and that the music teacher was an ogress. Needless to say I felt

thrilled to the marrow at what was in store for me. Alas! the porridge was the same as I had been used to, and though I peered hard, in vain I sought the promised "wogs." Furthermore, we rose at the civilized hour of 7 a.m., and the music teacher I found to be a friend of ours. Such an anti-climax!

The venture to school however, was to influence my life. I learnt to conform to rules, and respect the other person's point of view. I had to be taught to be silent at certain times, and to avoid those mysterious things called "disorder marks" which decided whether one would play "Prisoners' Base" on Saturday afternoon, or work a card of sums—decimals—also on Saturday afternoon. I had to work in class, and play fair in sport, and learn to share the good, as well as the bad with my comrades. As I settled in and felt more at home, I grew accustomed to the ways of my school, and took great pride in showing the new girls just what to do, and scaring them with grim hints, such as, "Keep an eye on the cabbage, today, dinner!" and other gruesome tales. The "scrape" line was no longer a maze to me, but a battle Royal where one sallied forth to procure the said scrape with strong determination, and harder still, emerged hot and dishevelled but victorious clutching the spoils, and leaving in one's wake scowls and many jammy blazers. Sunday "rest" ceased to be a terrified silence and became a daring and dangerous voyage to other dormitories, with the inevitable "Stand in the library!" if one was caught.

Then as time went on and EXAMS loomed ahead, I had to remember what I had been taught. Read the questions, answer concisely, and don't panic, though how one was to obey the last rule I don't know. After placing Dublin at the head of the Ganges River in Africa, and then being told not to panic—!

As the years went by I found myself growing up (and at such a rate that, for awhile there were anxious consultations as to where I should sleep) and my teachers endeavoured to erase from my vocabulary, the many words I employed to express myself graphically. At last I found myself at the head of the afore-mentioned "scrape" line, and lecturing my fellows on disorder marks—I, who had been the most constant contributor of them in past years! It seemed strange, and yet as I look back I know now that I was helped more than I shall ever realize. All the training I have endeavoured to remember, as has everyone who has been here, and now as I stand on the brink of a new venture—into the world, with no sheltering place in which to rest—I find I am grateful to the school that gave me that training and to its motto, "Per Volar Sunata"—"Born to Fly Upwards," which has guided so many, as they face the world for the first time.

—TONI BRACE (Form VIA).

Old Girls' Association

We had a very happy and successful reunion this year. There were 29 members present at the dinner. At the Annual Meeting it was decided to work during the year to raise sufficient money to buy a Film Projector (about £200), for the School. You will be pleased to know we have £64 to hand. A Brisbane committee was formed with June Stidolph as secretary.

News of Old Girls:—

Valmae Donovan is working in a Warwick bank. **Miss Cant** and **Shirley Morris** are teaching at St Catharine's. **Edna Thompson** is Sister at Warwick Baby Clinic. **Judith Carstens** is announcing at 4WK Warwick. **Joyce Donovan** has finished her nursing training, and is now at Warwick Hospital.

Married members in town and district include **Olive Harkiss**, **Gwen Winkle**, **Val Gardner**, **Ethel Reid** and **Jean Shooter**, **Dorothy Hoog** is teaching at St. Margarets.

The following girls are nursing in Brisbane: **Rosemary Akers**, **Beverley Hughes**, **June Killeen**, **Pat Lewis**, **Paula White**; in Toowoomba, **Beryl Scott** and **Betty Tweedie**. **Cecily Davies** is teaching at Glennie, **Neredah Hughes** has finished her nursing training, and is now at Beerwah. **Doris Huntress** is nursing at Hornsby, **Margaret Watkins** at Royal Prince Alfred, Sydney and **Noelle Ridge** at Chinchilla.

Have heard from **Nancy Campbell (nee Whatley)**, who lives at Lamington, that her three sisters, **Beatrice**, **Miriam** and **Hazel** are in England and are taking time off from nursing and chiropody to tour the British Isles and the Continent. **Margot Sanders (nee Granger)** whose husband is Rector at Woodburn, is kept very busy with Parish work. **Ruth Monaghan** is in an office in Lismore, and **Nancy** is hairdressing in Lismore.

We wish to offer our sincerest sympathies to relatives of **Roma Warner** and **Patsy Schwennesen**, who passed away.

We offer our best wishes to these girls who have become engaged:

Heather Donovan to **Godfrey Schnitzerling**.

Joan Hinton to **Cyril Dale**.

Dell Jackson to **James Stephenson**.

Blanche Pyrie to **Clyde McNelly**.

Also to these girls on the occasion of their marriage: **Wynsome Boatfield**; **Belle McNickle** to **Jim Quinlan**; **Marian Becker** to **John Irwin**; **Fay Nation** to **James McDougall**; **Joy Biggs** to **Remo Angostinelli**.

We congratulate the following girls on the birth of their children: **Betty Bedford (nee Jones)**—a son; **Gloria Steel (nee Donovan)**—a son; **Adele MacDonald (nee Warrener)**—a son; **Eve Brown (nee Welsh)**—a son.