



St. Catharines
Magazine



WARWICK
November, 1954

CHRONICLE

of

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL



Editorial

With the completion this year of our new Assembly Hall, this seems an appropriate time to glance back at the past history of the school.

During a short period of thirty-six years, the number of boarders was increased from thirty to over a hundred, thus demanding improvements.

As a result of Mr. W. B. Slade's generous donation in 1918, the first building "Myi Gunyah" (now White House) previously owned by Mr. Tom Macansh, was able to be purchased. In the same year "Lestowel" (Mytton House) was given by Mrs. Barnes. During the fast receding years these two buildings have undergone many changes.

A great step in the history of the school was the combination of St. Catharine's, Stanthorpe, and C.E.G.S., Warwick, in 1939. The following year the school chapel was opened and blessed.

There was a sudden increase in the enrolment of the school on the outbreak of war. Among the many improvements which were necessary was the erection of a new hall, followed later by the construction of two new tennis courts. The chapel also was renovated.

In 1946 an army building was transformed into a school hospital. This was to be an asset to the school through the years. Parkin-

son House, next door to Mytton House was added in 1949. It was converted into cubicles and dressing rooms for sixteen senior girls. Soon after followed the extension of the kindergarten which enabled a larger attendance of pre-school children.

Our new Assembly Hall mentioned is one of the greatest assets we have obtained. This magnificent building, of which we are very proud, will be invaluable to the school in future years.

Such great progress of the school inspires us and teaches us that even distant goals may be gained through determination and perseverance.

—GLORIA McINTOSH.



School Diary

- 2nd February.—Boarders returned.
 3rd February.—School commenced.
 5th February.—First Corporate Communion in Chapel.
 10th February.—Gail Sutton, Judith Schwennesen, Marlene Young and Patricia Haggard appointed pro-prefects.
 13th February.—Old Girls' Concert.
 19th February.—School attended St. Mark's. Women's Guild Fete.
 20th February.—Canon Massey visited school for week-end.
 25th February.—Inter-house swimming carnival combined with Slade. Slade House first, Crothers second, Neal third—Macansh first and Barnes second.
 27th February.—New Girls' Concert.
 2nd March.—Dance at Slade School—Secondary School and Scholarship Form attended.
 5th March.—Some of the girls attended a floral display in Town Hall.

- Primary Tennis Team played against Intermediate on our courts. They won. Congratulations Intermediate.
- 6th March.—Senior Music girls attended a Celebrity Concert in Town Hall. Artists were Cecilian Trio and soprano, Iris Common.
- 9th March.—All Schools' Swimming Carnival. In girls' events P.G.C. first, W.H.S. second, C.E.G.S. third. In the boys' Scots first, W.H.S. second, Slade third, C.B.C. fourth. Congratulations P.G.C. and Scots.
- 11th March.—Girls 9 years and over visited Toowoomba to see Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.
- 12th March.—Mid-term commenced. An extra day granted in honour of Queen's visit.
- 19th March.—Primary tennis team played against P.G.C. on their courts. They won. Congratulations P.G.C.
- 22nd March.—Senior music girls attended a Celebrity Concert in Town Hall. Artist was Richard Farrell (pianist).
- 26th March.—Fourth Form up attended lecture given by Colonel Murray in Town Hall.
- 2nd April.—Term examinations began.
- 5th April.—Fourth Form up attended second lecture given by Colonel Murray in Town Hall.
- 9th April.—Term examinations ended.
- 10th April.—Fifth Grade up attended High School Fete.
- 10th-16th April.—Brother Gillespie conducted Holy Week Services in School Chapel.
- 11th April.—Palm Sunday Service was conducted by Brother Gillespie in School Chapel after which Palm Crosses were distributed.
- 16th April.—School joined in a procession from St. Mark's to a combined Church Service in the street.
- 17th April.—A service for the Lighting of the Paschal Candle was held in the Chapel.
Jennifer Smith, an old girl, was married in the School Chapel, the senior choir sang at the wedding.
- 19th April.—School went to Washpool for a picnic.
- 20th April.—Junior School attended plasticine display in Hibernian Hall.
- 21st April.—Mr. Quinn visited school and played records on 'Care of the Teeth' and then discussed the subject.
- 22nd April.—Upper School attended G.F.S. plays.
- 23rd April.—Mr. Stewart visited school to speak on "Anzac Day."
- 25th April.—School attended "Anzac Day Commemoration Service" at Slade Park. Gloria McIntosh and Jeanene Marsh placed a wreath on the Anzac Memorial, from the school.

- 27th April.—Gail Sutton, Judith Schwennesen, Marlene Young and Patricia Haggard were admitted as Prefects at a service in the Chapel.
Mr. Leadbitter judged the Inter-house singing—Crothers won, with Neal second and Slade third.
School Banner was blessed at service in the morning.
Mother Superior visited school for opening of new Assembly Hall.
- 29th April.—The new Assembly Hall was opened and blessed by His Grace, the Archbishop.
Presentation of the play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," by some senior girls of the school.
Rev. Canon and Mrs. Massey and Brother Gillespie visited the school for opening of new Assembly Hall.
Girls left for May holidays.
- 18th May.—Boarders returned.
- 19th May.—School commenced for second term.
- 22nd May.—Scholarship up attended Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" acted by the Toowoomba Company.
- 23rd May.—Part of the school took part in the Warwick Legacy Appeal over 4WK. The Senior Choir sang "Evensong" and "Say a Little Prayer."
- 25th May.—Jeanene Marsh and Gail Sutton attended the Rotary Dinner at the Soldiers' Club.
- 27th May.—Inter-house tennis matches were played. Neal House won with Slade second and Crothers third.
Annual Ascension Night dance with Slade at St. Catharine's.
- 28th May.—Some of the senior girls attended third lecture given by Colonel Murray in Town Hall.
Junior team played Intermediate Basketball on their courts. They won. Congratulations Intermediate.
- 29th May.—We used our new projector for the first time, showing in our Assembly Hall, "The Stratton Story."
- 30th May.—None of our girls were confirmed at St. Mark's by Bishop Halse.
- 1st June.—Three senior girls helped to entertain at an afternoon at St. Mark's.
- 3rd June.—Played basketball against W.H.S. on their courts. They won. Congratulations W.H.S.
Music examinations.
- 4th June.—Some of the senior girls attended a science display at High School.
- 7th June.—Shorthand Writers' Association examinations.
- 8th June.—Jeanene Marsh and Gail Sutton attended the Rotary Dinner at the Soldiers' Club.
- 10th June.—Played P.G.C. Basketball on their courts. They won. Congratulations P.G.C.

- 11th June.—Newly confirmed made their first Communion in the Chapel.
Junior Basketball team played P.G.C. on their courts. They won.
Congratulations P.G.C.
- 12 June.—Old Girls' Reunion. Old and present girls played tennis.
Gloria McIntosh attended their dinner at night.
- 13th June.—Old Girls attended service at St. Mark's. Old Boys and Old Girls played basketball and tennis.
- 14th June.—Old Girls attended a service in the Chapel and stayed for breakfast. Old and present girls played basketball. We won.
Some of the senior girls attended the football between Slade old and present boys.
- 15th June.—Vilma Lawrence was appointed pro-prefect.
- 17th June.—Played W.H.S. basketball on our courts. We won.
- 19th June.—Senior School attended football at Slade between Slade and Scots.
- 21st June.—Two leading members of the W.R.A.N.S. gave us a lecture on Navy life.
- 25th June.—Mid-term week-end began.
- 26th June.—Remaining senior girls went to watch football between Slade and W.H.S.
- 29th June.—"B" Grade basketball team went to Stanthorpe to play.
- 30th June.—Saw film of Davis Cup 1953 and others on our projector.
- 1st July.—A member of the C.S.M. gave a short lecture on their work.
Played P.G.C. basketball on our courts. They won, making them the winners of the Cup. Congratulations P.G.C.
- 2nd July.—Junior basketball team played Central on their courts.
We won.
- 8th July.—Junior basketball team played Intermediate on our courts. We won.
- 9th July.—School participated in an all Schools' Festival. Our verse speaking choir recited "Lord Lundy," and our senior choir sang "Manx Spinning Wheel" song and "Now is the Month of Maying."
- 12th July.—Senior music pupils attended concert given by Queensland Symphony Orchestra, in the City Hall.
- 13th July.—School attended Concert for all schools given by Queensland Symphony Orchestra.
- 15th-23rd July.—Term Examinations.
- 18th July.—Attended Empire Youth Rally in Town Hall.
- 23rd July.—Junior basketball teams played East on their courts.
We won.
- 24th July.—Junior Inter-house basketball matches. Neal won, Crothers second and Slade third.
Saw "The Great Caruso" on our projector.

- 25th July.—Sister Dorothy visited school till end of term.
- 26th July.—Junior basketball team played East on our court. We won.
- 30th July.—Junior basketball teams played Intermediate on our courts. Our "B" team won, but Intermediate's "A" team won. Congratulations Intermediate.
Two senior girls helped to entertain at a musical afternoon at St. Mark's.
- 31st July.—Junior basketball teams played P.G.C. on their courts. P.G.C. "A" team won and it was a draw in the "B" team. Congratulations P.G.C.
Musical pupils attended lecture and recital given by Mr. Denton, an examiner from Trinity College in our hall.
Non music pupils attended dance at Slade.
- 2nd August.—Mrs. Lundi Robertson judged the House plays. Neal won the Seniors and Crothers the Juniors. Neal gained the cup, with Crothers second and Slade third.
- 3rd August.—School attended recital in Kings Theatre given by Glenda Raymond (soprano) and Margaret Schofield (piano).
- 4th August.—Senior music girls attended Celebrity Concert in Town Hall. Glenda Raymond (soprano) and Margaret Schofield (piano).
Non music pupils attended play at P.G.C.
- 5th August.—Inter-house basketball played off. Neal gained the cup with Slade second and Crothers third.
Play afternoon for parents and friends. Plays were presented by Neal and Slade seniors and Crothers juniors.
Boarders left for August vacation.
- 31st August.—Boarders returned.
- 1st September.—School commenced for third term.
- 9th September.—Canon Benson gave a lecture and showed film on work in New Guinea.
- 10th September.—Inter-house sports combined with Slade and held at Queen's Park. Slade won the Athletics Cup, with Crothers and Neal tying for second. Ball games cup was won by Slade with Neal second and Crothers third. Neal won the Walking Relay. In the boys' events Barnes won with Macansh second.
- 11th September.—School went to Slade fete. Some of our girls served the afternoon tea.
- 15th September.—School attended Music and Arts Association Arts Display at P.G.C.
- 18th September.—Played W.H.S. tennis on our courts. They won. Congratulations W.H.S.
- 22nd September.—Art of Speech and Music Theory Examinations.
- 25th September.—Played P.G.C. tennis on their courts. They won. Congratulations P.G.C.

2nd October.—All Schools' Sports at Queen's Park. P.G.C. won in the girls' events with W.H.S. second and C.E.G.S. third. W.H.S. came first in the boys', with Slade second, Scots third and C.B.C. fourth. Congratulations P.G.C. and W.H.S.

School saw film "Son of Lassie," in our hall.

8th-9th October.—Art of Speech and Music Examinations.

15th October.—Mid-term week-end began.

16th October.—Remaining senior girls went to see The Arts Council of Australia's presentation of "Cosi Fan Tutti."

21st October.—School photos were taken.



PREFECTS, 1954.

SENIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, 1953.

SHIRLEY SMITH: English B, Ancient History C, Modern History B, French C, Geography C.

AILSA LAWRENCE: English B, Book-keeping C, Junior Chemistry P, Music B. (A. Mus. A.).

JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, 1953.

MARGARET FOOTT: English C, History B, Typing B, Book-keeping C, Music B.

FLORENCE HATTEN: English B, History B, Geography B, Maths. A C, Physiology B, Typing B, Book-keeping B, Art of Speech A.

- ELAINE LAWER: English B, History C, Geography C, Maths. A. C, Maths. B. B, Typing B, Book-keeping A, Music B.
- VILMA LAWRENCE: English B, French B, Geography C, Maths. A. A, Maths. B. A, Physiology C, Shorthand A, Typing C, Book-keeping A, Music A.
- GLORIA McINTOSH: English C, Physiology C, Shorthand B, Typing B, Book-keeping A, Art of Speech C.
- WENDY MULLER: English B, History C, Maths. A. C, Maths. B. C, Shorthand A, Typing C, Book-keeping B.
- JEANENE MARSH: Shorthand B, Typing A.
- PATRICIA MARTYN: Shorthand B, Typing B, Book-keeping A.
- DEANNE ROSS: English C, History C, Geography C, Shorthand B, Book-keeping C, Music C.
- GAIL SUTTON: English B, French C, Latin C, Maths. A. C, Maths. B. B, Music B, Art of Speech A.

SCHOLARSHIP, 1953.

- SUSAN WILLIAMSON: 83.7 per cent. (Pass).
- ANNE ARMBRUSTER, 78 per cent. (Pass).
- PAT TYTHERLEIGH: 71.2 per cent. (Pass).
- NOREEN HOWSE: 64.7 per cent. (Pass).
- BETH LEONARD: 51.2 per cent.

MUSIC — 1st PERIOD — PRACTICAL — 1954

- Preliminary: Mary Cameron, 87 per cent.
- Grade I: Julie Lincoln 86 per cent. (Honours).
- Grade II: Gwenda Newlands 81 per cent. (Credit). Marlene Hunt 80 per cent. (Credit).
- Grade V: Patricia Haggard 73 per cent. (Pass).

SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOK-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION EXAMINATION — JUNE 1954.

- SHORTHAND SPEED — 90 WORDS PER MINUTE: Vilma Lawrence 97 per cent. (Pass).
- TYPEWRITING — JUNIOR: Deborah Robertson 77 per cent. (Pass), Denise Bagshaw 73 per cent. (Pass).
- BOOK-KEEPING — STAGE 1: Perella McIntosh 84 per cent. (Pass). Marlene Young 82 per cent. (Pass). Betty Jerome 80

per cent. (Pass). Patricia Haggard 80 per cent. (Pass). Robyn Craig 80 per cent. (Pass). Dawn Bishop 79 per cent. (Pass). Marion Barker 78 per cent. (Pass). Joyce Richmond 76 per cent. (Pass). Judith Schwennesen 72 per cent. (Pass). Rosemary Gray 71 per cent. (Pass). Deborah Robertson 68 per cent. (Pass).

MUSIC — 2nd PERIOD — PRACTICAL — 1954

PIANO—Preliminary: Jill Currie 88 per cent., Diana Cory 84 per cent., Sue Armbruster 81 per cent.
 Grade I: Mary Cameron 87 per cent. (Honours), Nada Bell 85 per cent. (Honours), Roslyn Cook 75 per cent. (Credit).
 Grade II: Julie Lincoln 83 per cent. (Credit), Ann Coote 80 per cent. (Credit), Pat Barry 78 per cent. (Credit), Lorraine Young 72 per cent. (Pass).
 Grade III: Cecilie Hall 78 per cent. (Credit), Jean Gunther 72 per cent. (Pass), Diane Martin 69 per cent. (Pass).
 Grade IV: Eleanor Gray 76 per cent. (Credit), Denise Herberts 73 per cent. (Pass), Margaret Gunther 72 per cent. (Pass).
 Grade V: Judith Charles 72 per cent. (Pass).
 Grade VI: Vilma Lawrence 76 per cent. (Credit).

ART OF SPEECH

Preliminary: Jane Slade 93 per cent. (Honours), Rosemary Best 90 per cent. (Honours).
 Grade I: Leona Bunbury 91 per cent. (Honours), Robyn Schwennesen 85 per cent. (Honours).
 Grade II: Kathleen Barnard 88 per cent. (Honours).
 Grade III: Pat Tytherleigh 86 per cent. (Honours), Ann Coote 83 per cent. (Credit).
 Grade IV: Betty Jerome 86 per cent. (Honours), Judith Schwennesen 85 per cent. (Honours), Rosemary Gray 85 per cent. (Honours), Glenda Chappell 80 per cent. (Credit), Beverley Riesenweber 79 per cent. (Credit), Marlene Young 78 per cent. (Credit), Dawn Bishop 77 per cent. (Credit), Denise Bagshaw 76 per cent. (Credit), Elizabeth Johnson 76 per cent. (Credit), Perella McIntosh 73 per cent. (Pass).
 Grade V: Gail Sutton 86 per cent. (Honours), Gloria McIntosh 79 per cent. (Credit).



Library Notes

This year we are in the happy position of being obliged to discard some of our older books in order to make room for new ones. Friends and Old Girls have made generous contributions and several books have been bought from Library funds—also, we have joined Foyles' World Book Club from which we receive one Junior and one Senior book each month.

New books in the Senior Fiction Library are—The Chalice and the Sword, No More Meadows, One Pair of Feet, The Kon Tiki Expedition, The Little World of Don Camillo, Those Fragile Years, The Great Roxbythe, Father Flanagan of Boys' Town, For the Term of His Natural Life, On Our Selection, A Power of Roses, After the Funeral, Overdue Arrival, In the Wet, Three Novels, Outrageous Fortune, County Chronicle, The Duke's Daughter, With the Sun on My Back, The undefended Gate, Jane Leaves the Wells, Let Love Come Last, This Side of Innocence, Slade, Anna and Flowering Wilderness.

To the Junior Fiction Library have been added A Spy in the Circus, The Enchanted Camp, Biggles and the Black Raider, The Boat Seekers, Peter and Co., Pollyanna's Castle in Mexico and

Pollyanna's Golden Horse Shoe, and to the Reference Library—In *The Antarctic* and *The Readers' Digest Omnibus*.

Exchanges have been—St. Anne's School Magazine, Miss Thistle, *The Condaminian*, *The Magazine of the Brisbane Grammar School*, *Slade School Magazine*, *The Link*, *The Glennie Gazette* and *The Recorder*.

We are very proud of our Reading Room with its new chairs, sloping reading bench and well stocked shelves. Here magazines—the A.P.R., *National Geographic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Geographic*, *News Bulletin* and *Everybodys*—may be read in comfort, and we hope that the girls will always show their appreciation of it by treating the Magazines and their Library books with care.



CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

House Motto	Dieu et Devoir
Colour	Gold
House Mistresses	Miss Spear, Miss Heard, Miss Derrick
House Captain	Rosemary Gray
Sports Captain	Joyce Richmond
Secretary	Marion Barker

This year we welcomed to our House a new Mistress, Miss Heard, and many new girls. Rosemary Gray was elected House Captain, Marion Barker Secretary, and Joyce Richmond Sports Captain with Anne Armbruster as Vice-Captain.

Slade won the swimming again and we gained second place. We are very proud of Denise Herberts who won the Senior Championship. Congratulations Slade and Denise.

This year we were successful in the Singing. The set songs were "Evensong" and "Say a Little Prayer" and our own choice was "When Daisies Pied." Anne Armbruster conducted and Rosemary Gray accompanied. Miss Heard gave us much valuable assistance.

Our senior play was "The Proposal" which came third. The Junior play "The Dyspeptic Ogre," was more successful, gaining first place. Neal won the play's cup. Congratulations.

Congratulations also Neal, on winning the Tennis once again.

Slade won both the Athletics and Ball Games this year, and Neal, as usual, the Walking Relay. Carol Rayner won the Senior Championship. Congratulations all!

In conclusion we would like to say thanks to all the members for their co-operation during the year and the enthusiasm they showed in all the House activities. We send a Big THANK YOU to Mrs. Crothers for the lovely Birthday cake. We wish all girls sitting for examinations the best of luck; and a Merry Christmas to all.

NEAL HOUSE NOTES

House Motto "Honour Before Honours"
 House Colour Red
 House Mistresses . Miss Thomasson, Mrs. Williamson, Miss Filatoff,
 Miss Telford
 House Captain Gloria McIntosh
 Sports Captain Judith Schwennesen
 Secretary Gail Sutton

At the beginning of this year we were pleased to see many new Nealites, including Miss Filatoff, but were sorry to think we had lost several of our members from last year, especially Miss Bunton and we wish her every happiness in her new school.

We congratulated all who had been successful in Public examinations in 1953 and welcomed all new members, hoping we would have another happy and successful year.

Throughout the year we have been fortunate in winning the Basketball and Tennis Cups and especially were we pleased to win the Play Cup, with our presentation of "Pygmalion" (Seniors) and "David's Dinner" (Juniors). Once again Neal House brought home the cake for the "Walking Relay!" This was the tenth time.

Although we were not successful in the Athletics we were proud to have Caroline Rayner as a runner in our midst. Caroline secured the Senior Championship with her performance. Congratulations Caroline!

Our singing efforts gained us second place during the first term, our own choice song being "Hark! Hark! The Lark!"

We were sorry to learn that we would be losing Miss Thomasson at the end of the term. On behalf of Neal House, I thank her for all her interest in all activities in the house during the past years and wish her every success and happiness in the future.

On behalf of Neal House I extend our Congratulations to Crothers and Slade on their "Wins" and wish all doing public examinations, best of luck. "Merry Christmas" to all and we hope next year Neal House girls will be as happy and work as hard as they have done in previous years.

—GLORIA McINTOSH (Captain)

of our new assembly hall.

Jeanene and Gail attended the Rotary dinner on behalf of the school.

As none of us is doing Senior this year, we have been working for our Commercial, Art of Speech, Music and Invalid Cookery examinations, and hope to have achieved success.

Jeanene, Gail and Vilma gave items for various functions at St. Mark's and positions have been held during the year in the Music Society. Jeanene, Vilma and Jeannette represented us in the sporting activities during the year, while Gloria and Gail cheered us on from the side-line.

At present we are working on our parts for the Nativity Play at the end of the year.

Our garden is looking very colourful, and sixth form has been particularly bright with the flowers from it.

We enjoyed hearing about the holiday which Gloria and Jeanene spent at Cairns with the Y.A.L. during the August vacation, and delighted in hearing of their experiences in the North.

Although our year has been happy for the most part, we were very distressed when Miss Cant met with her accident at the end of the second term. Nevertheless we were proud to be able to assist her as much as possible, and thank her for her interest and care throughout the year.

Our best wishes to Junior and Scholarship candidates, and a Merry Christmas to all.

FIFTH FORM NOTES

At the beginning of the year we were pleased to welcome Robyn and Joyce, who came to us from the Commercial Form, and Deidre who entered the school this year. This made up our number to twenty-one.

The Toowoomba Repertory Club came to Warwick last term and presented Shakespeare's play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and as this is the play set for study in our Junior year, we were, of course, very interested and enjoyed the play both for its good production and for the help it gave us.

At the opening of our new school-hall at the end of the first term a play "The Importance of Being Earnest," was presented and we were proud to claim Judith, Betty, Rosemary and Elizabeth as members of the cast and to applaud their fine performance.

About the beginning of the year we congratulated Judith, Marlene and Pat on their appointment as Prefects of the School.

In the swimming carnival this year some of our girls, Marlene, Judith, Joyce, Christine and Pat were in the team. We congratulated Judith on her fine performance in the diving.

The school's basket-ball team drew many of its players from our form, the "A" Team consisting of Judith, who was captain, Marlene, Joyce, Deborah, Deidre and Beth, and the "B" Team with Denise and Glenda.

Judith and Glenda in the "A" and Beth and Deidre in the "B" tennis teams helped represent the school in our annual tournament, which this year was deferred until the third term. We were very sorry when we had to lose Pat after the first match when she became ill and had to undergo an operation.

We wish to thank Miss Cant for her splendid help and encouragement which she has given us throughout our Junior year. Everyone was very upset when she met with an accident, but we are pleased to see that she is recovering satisfactorily.

To those of us who will not be returning we wish every success for the future and to the Scholarships the best of luck in their coming examination; and now to you all we send a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SUB-JUNIOR NOTES

We started the year with 27 in our form. Noreen left us at the end of the first term, and Judith Ann left at the end of the second term. We were very sorry to bid good-bye to them.

Members of our form took part in many of the school activities. Ann, Gwen, and Pat took a part in the play "The Importance of Being Earnest," which was held at the opening of our New Assembly Hall. Denise won the Senior Championship for swimming. Congratulations Denise. We also congratulate Caroline who is the School's Champion in running. Our representatives in the "A" Tennis Team were Caroline and Rhyl, and Ann was in the "B" Team. Rhonda, Berris, Ann, Caroine, and Judith were our representatives in the "B" Basketball Team. Several members of our form were chosen for various events in the Athletics.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss Spear, our form mistress, for all the help she has given us during the year.

We would like to wish success to all those who are doing Public Examinations, and also happiness to all who are leaving us at the end of the year. In conclusion we wish a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year to everyone.

G. JEROME (Form Captain).

GRADES VII AND VIII FORM NOTES

Before commencing our form notes we would like to welcome our new form mistress, Miss Filatoff, and on behalf of the classes, thank her for the valuable help which she has given us right from the beginning of the year.

Secondly, we extend our welcome to the three new sub-scholarships, Valerie Bayliss, Bernice and Ann and to the two new Scholarships, Jeannette, Valerie, and the third Kathleen who came second term.

Unfortunately, the number of twelve scholarships decreased to eleven at the end of the second term when we said goodbye to Cynthia, but the number of sub-scholarships has remained ten throughout the year.

Grade eight were pleased to nominate for their form captain this year Jean Wickham and vice-captain, Eleanor Gray. Sub-scholarships elected June Wilson, and to help her, Gwenda Batterham.

Towards the end of the second term, we were taken to the local Butter Factory and the manager kindly showed us through all the butter, cheese, pasteurised milk, and even ice, sections. We learnt many interesting facts from this enjoyable visit.

Congratulations to Nada on her splendid swimming first term, and on winning the Junior championship, and also to all competitors in this year's sporting activities, hoping they will keep up the **fine work**.

Congratulations to all the candidates in the recent Music, Theory, and art of Speech exams. One of the Inter-house plays which proved much interest to us boasted seven of our girls. The play was "The Dyspeptic Ogre" by Crothers House junior girls.

Quite a few members of our class were in the verse-speaking choir at Kings Theatre Music Recital and our poem (taught by Miss Thomasson) was "Lord Lundy."

We would also like to mention our appreciation to Miss Brown for help in Divinity, Miss Thomasson for verse-speaking, Miss Derrick for sport and Miss Heard for singing.

Some of our more interesting privileges during this year have been listening to school broadcasts including "The World We Live In," and some very educational talks concerning "The Sound Barrier," "Nylon," and "Cecil Rhodes." We have had full access to a modern and useful set of encyclopaedias lent to our room kindly by Miss Filatoff.

Oh! we forgot to mention we also had to welcome two new classmates (who have increased the number to seven) after the Slade Fair. Leanne and Julie brought back two white mice! They are kept in a large box, surrounded by smaller boxes containing silk worms, and the combined family proves a source of delight to us all.

In conclusion we wish all public examination candidates and those girls not returning next year, the best of luck and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all with best wishes from Grades VII and VIII.

GRADES FIVE AND SIX FORM NOTES

We in Grades Five and Six have had a busy and successful year.

At the beginning of the year we welcomed four new girls: Roesmary Best, Beryl Dowling, Leona Bunbury, and Miriam Padgett. Later on in the year we welcomed Corinne Gilliland and Patricia Barry. At the end of second term we were very sorry to lose two of our girls.

There are now fourteen girls in our classroom.

At the beginning of the year we voted for Form Captains, Sue Lomas being chosen as Captain for Grade Five, and Robyn Schwenesen for Grade Six.

We were very proud of Miriam's efforts in the Inter-school Swimming Sports, and even prouder when she won the Junior Running Championship. Seven of our number were in the Inter-school Sports.

We are all very happy and have done our best all the year through. We offer our thanks to Mrs. Williamson, Miss Derrick, and Miss Brown, who have done their best to teach us.

We are very sorry to be losing some of our girls at the end of the year, and we hope that they will be very happy at their new schools.

We wish the Junior and the Scholarship girls the best of luck in their examinations.

To everyone we offer our good wishes for a Happy Christmas and a successful 1955.

CLASS NOTES FOR GRADES III AND IV

The scene is the Class Room of Grades III and IV. The time is 1.35 p.m.

Narelle bursts into the room and looks around.

NARELLE: What are you all doing in here? It is not time for the bell.

JANE: We know! All we are doing is talking about this year at school. Does anyone remember anything exciting about our first term?

KAREN: I do, because I was a new girl. Daddy flew right down from New Guinea to Sydney, so that he could collect Kris and me and bring us here to school!

NOELINE: We were new in this class-room, too—from Grade II. Elizabeth had just joined us, and Shan came later.

MARY: The first exciting thing I can remember about First Term is the Swimming Carnival.

DESLEY: What about March?

JENNY: Oh, of course! We went to see our Queen during her visit to Toowoomba.

MARY: Queen Elizabeth was very gracious. I must say I liked the Duke!

ROSLYN: I'm glad we spent the day in the grounds at St. Luke's Church. The palm trees were a cool shelter from the hot sun!

JANE: I know another exciting thing! Miss Brown's birthday.

HELEN McD: She loved all of our presents, Jane.

DIANA: There was Holy Week, too.

PAM: I don't think any of us will ever forget Brother Gillespie's Mission in Holy Week.

VICKI: No we won't forget. I still have my pictures, and—

NARELLE: We still have the prayer he gave us.

HELEN W: I loved making the Palm-Crosses. Wasn't Sister Irene patient when she taught us?

SUSAN: Yes, and wasn't her Easter garden beautiful?

JENNY: Did you like being Boat-Boys for the Lighting of The Pascal Candle, Helen and Ros?

HELEN W and ROS, together: Oh, yes!

EVERYONE: Oon't forget the wedding in our Chapel. And the Easter Eggs on Easter Day!

CHRISTINE: I loved the Picnic at the Wash Pool. Remember our swim?

HELEN W: Brother Gillespie's pictures that night, were wonderful!

SUSAN: I am glad our Archbishop came to bless and open the Hall—

ROSLYN: We were all glad the hammering had finished, too.

EVERYONE: Don't forget Miss Thomasson's production.

DESLEY: Mummy said "The Importance of Being Earnest" was the best play she has ever seen.

VICKI: It was a good ending for our First Term!

PAM: We had a holiday almost as soon as we began Second Term, didn't we?

MARY: Yes, of course, for Ascension Day.

KAREN: I did not know any of the Girls who came for O.G.A., but I will next year.

PAM: Oh, I knew them all!

SHAN: Nearly everyone from our Class-Room had some part in the Plays, didn't they?

DIANA: I didn't, because I was in the School Hospital.

EVERYONE: Having tonsils out! Oooh! What an awful ending to Second Term.

HELEN W: It didn't seem as busy as First Term, did it?

CHRISTINE: Remember our second day back in Third Term?

NOELENE: Oh! My legs!

HELEN McD: Oh! My back!

- EVERYONE: Training for the House Sports! Ooooh!!!
- DIANA: It was a windy day for them, and there were some showers later.
- SUSAN: Good weather for our Bird Bath Garden. Hasn't it been colourful this year?
- DESLEY: I wonder if our new garden near the Locke Street fence will be as bright?
- JANE: Anyway, we had a better day for the All School Sports!
- MARY: It was quite good for our Examinations, too.
- ROSLYN: There were four out of our Class-Room to be examined this year. Jane, Mary, Susan, Diana and I went, too!
- EVERYONE: Now we have the Sewing Cup I wonder which House will win?
- SIAN: Don't forget the Fete I hope everyone buys our Plastic Brooches.
- NOELENE: And our kites—
- JENNY: And Fancy Sweet Baskets . . .
- JANE: I am excited about Speech Day, too.
- NARELLE: It has been a busy year: Diana and Pam and Vicki have kept our Class-Room bright with flowers. Vicki's mother has been very kind too, hasn't she?
- NOELENE: I am looking forward to having Christmas at home with everyone. And of course, it is the Birthday of Little Baby Jesus.
- EVERYONE: Let us say our Christmas Poem
- From Thy little manger bed,
Deeked with blossoms gold and red,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
For ourselves, and for each other,
For the world and each man's brother,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.
Love us always, little Child,
From Thy manger bed,
Wrapped in grasses soft and wild,
Blossoms gold and red.
- Have a holy and happy Christmas, everyone!
- CURTAIN:

GRADES I AND II NOTES

We have spent a very happy year during 1954. At the beginning of the year we were pleased to welcome new girls in both grades.

During the first term the children took a keen interest in the Queen's visit to Australia, especially to Toowoomba. The day-girls brought many pictures illustrating the progress of the Royal tour.

The results of the first term exam were:—Grade II: Susan Cory

1st., Nerida Philp 2nd. Grade I: Beverley Willett 1st., Laraine Forsyth 2nd.

The second term exam results were:—Grade II: Sandra James 1st., Beverley Telford 2nd. Grade I: Beverley Willett 1st., Judy Rowland 2nd.

This term we have been interested in watching our silk-worms growing from tiny grubs; now they are spinning silk.

During the year we have all helped in tidying our class-room before and after school. All have shared in providing flowers for the class-room.

We are now looking forward to helping the Kindergarten children with their Christmas songs on the night of the Christmas tree.

When our final exam for the year is finished, we shall be busy making gifts to put on the Christmas Tree for our parents.

We wish all our friends a very enjoyable holiday and a happy Christmas.



There are now 23 children on the roll at Kindergarten. It is indeed a very interesting, lively and pleasant group of children with ages ranging from three to five.

Mrs. Kings left at the beginning of July to rejoin her husband in England. The children still talk of her on occasions.

The newer indoor activities of colouring in and cutting out and modelling with dough have proved to be interesting to the children, while a new load of sand for the sand-pit at the beginning of the term has stimulated a greater interest in sand play.

We are starting Christmas songs and games and the children are already beginning to catch the Christmas spirit.

The activities and our work and play together have been very satisfactory. We do owe a deal of thanks to those who have helped.

Thank you, Mrs. Downes for the gift of a delightful picture for the Kindergarten walls. We enjoyed having Jan with us for the three weeks she spent in Warwick. Thanks to those who have arranged to have our floor cleaned weekly and to the girls who have done it. Many thanks to the mothers who have given us flowers. Since the beginning of the term we have not been without them to brighten the room.

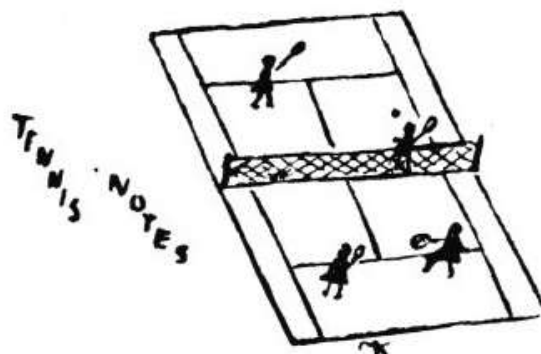


On returning, swimming was commenced, each House trying to find its "champion" to help carry off the cup. The 25th February proved that Slade House apparently had all the "champions" for it once again carried off the cup with 88 points, Crothers House with 60 points was the runner-up, while Neal totalled 18 points. The open Championship went to Denise Herberts while Nada Bell won the Junior trophy. Congratulations, girls.

On the 11th March our Annual Inter-School Carnival was held and proved to be a very eventful day for P.G.C., who broke the long run of successes by High School, by winning the Nell Foote Cup. Congratulations, P.G.C., on your victory. Our best performer was Pat Haggard who obtained a second in the Breastroke and Butterfly. Anne Armbruster also obtained a third in Breastroke, while Miriam Padgett and Marlene Young both were placed second in Breastroke and Backstroke, respectively.

Finally, I would like to say "thank you" to Miss Derriek for all the keen interest she has shown, not only among the team but also the smaller ones, who are our future hope. I also thank Sister for allowing us to attend the baths so frequently; and last, but by no means least, Mrs. Armbruster, who gave up her valuable time to take us to the baths by car.

Our thanks go to Marlene, our Captain, who has been an asset to the Swimming team. Her enthusiasm and good leadership has made her a valuable member of the team.



Our tennis "season" this year was transferred from the first term to the third term, therefore, when we were not practising for the Athletics we were playing tennis. Besides the Athletics we have Junior and doing our best to combine all three, we hope we shall not be disappointed in our next matches or Junior result.

However, we have enjoyed our practises and so far our first two matches, in which we have been beaten. We were sorry to lose Pat, who was one of our two remaining "A" teamers, during our High School match but are sorry still to know that she won't be able to play anymore tennis this season.

This year our A grade team consisted of Ryhl Tomlinson, Pat Haggard, replaced by Carol Raynor, Glenda Chappell, and Judith Schwennesen. The B grade team consisted of Vilma Lawrence (captain), Deirdre Myers, Anne Armbruster and Beth Richardson.



"A" TENNIS TEAM, 1954.

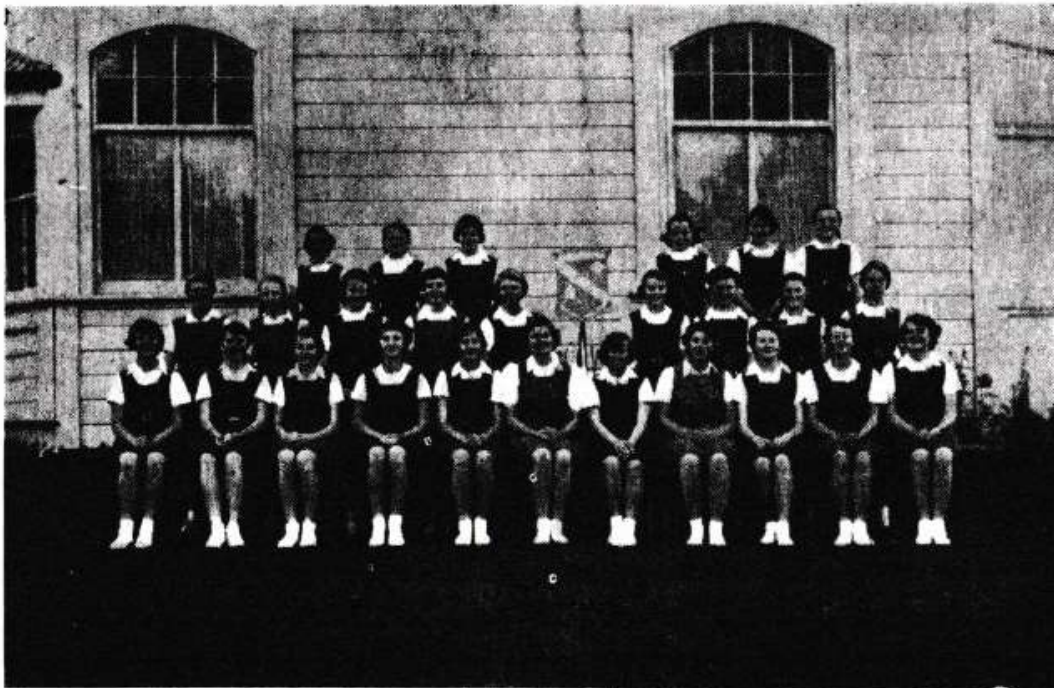
Neal House proved the strongest in both Senior and Junior Inter-House competitions with Slade second and Crothers third.

In conclusion we wish to thank Miss Derriek and Mr. Strohfeldt for their many hints and good coaching; the scorers, and servers of the morning tea for their co-operation. Also Sister Kathleen and Brother Mayhew for allowing the boys to give us practice, and last (but not least) the boys themselves.

It is with regret we say "goodbye" to our Captain, Judith. She has been a valuable member of the team for many years and we will miss her very much. During the past season she has proved a most conscientious captain and we thank her for her keenness and leadership she has displayed.

Athletics Notes

On returning for the third term we began very constant practice for the annual Inter-House Sports which were to be held on the 10th September. These sports proved to be very eventful for Slade House who won both the ball-games and Athletic Cups, while Neal House walked off with the cake for the ninth successive time. Eight records were broken, three by Caroline Rayner, winner of the Open Championship, and by Miriam Padgett, winner of the Junior Championship. Congratulations, girls!



ATHLETICS TEAM, 1954.

With these "flyers" in our midst, it appeared as though we would do better in the All Schools' this year than in previous years, but we were unfortunate enough to lose Miriam. Although, when practising our Ball Games we broke the previous records, we were unable to do so when the "great day" arrived. We were therefore not so disappointed because we know we can do it and are sure that one year everyone will be able to believe we can. Before we went on to the arena Miss Derrick promised us an ice-cream if we won; whether it was because of the girls' thoughts dwelling on that, or because of nerves that we didn't win them, I'll never know. This year a new event, under 15 File-Gap was introduced, replacing Tunnel and Bean Bag. P.G.C. set the record for it as they did for most of the other events. Congratulations, P.G.C.! Our congratulations go to P.G.C. on their victory and also High School on their performance. We offer our thanks to Marlene and Judith who, throughout the year have carried out their duties as Sports Captains with much enthusiasm.

We would like to say "thank you" to Miss Derrick for all the keen interest and help that she has shown in us during the season.

Basket-Ball Notes

This year we were fortunate enough to have four of our last year's "A" team members back, and we didn't have much trouble in making up the remaining numbers as everyone seemed eager to start playing. We were beaten in three of our four matches, P.G.C. winning by a wide margin. Congratulations, P.G.C.! Our matches against W.H.S. were very close and exciting. Our first match against High was one of the most thrilling and spilling of the season. In the latter half it began to rain very heavily, and became quite dark. However, by the aid of our "well bred" eyes we finished the game. The result was a win for High by 19 goals to 18.

Our "B" teams had the fortune to go to Stanthorpe and play the High. We were victorious, winning by 17 goals to 15. The return match was spoiled by rain and postponed "indefinitely."

Junior teams again played Inter-School matches. These revealed some talented players in our Scholarship team who were undefeated. Neal House won the Inter-House Cup by gaining first place in the Juniors and second in the Seniors. Slade was second with Crothers third. Our Old Girls match was as interesting as ever with the Present Girls having a decisive win over the Old Girls.

The "A" team consisted of Diedre Myers, Beth Richardson, Deborah Robertson, Jeanene Marsh, Joyce Richmond, Marlene Young and Judith Schwennessen (Captain), while those in the "B" were Vilma (Captain), Rhonda Codrington, Anne Armbruster, Beris Bridges, Carol Rayner, Judy Charles and Glenda Chappell.



"A" BASKETBALL TEAM, 1954.

In conclusion we wish to extend our thanks to Miss Derrick for her eager coaching and encouragement throughout the season. Our thanks go to Judith and Vilma for all they have done for us during the season. Throughout the season they have worked well and enthusiastically.

MUSIC SOCIETY NOTES

This year marked the forming of the Music Society in the School. The first meeting was held on March 27th, and all boarders from Grade V up were invited to join. Sister Kathleen accepted presidency, Misses Gladwell and Heard acted as associate vice-presidents, and Jeanene held the position of secretary. Vilma was elected vice-secretary, but with her resignation at the beginning of the third term, the post was filled jointly by Gloria and Gail.

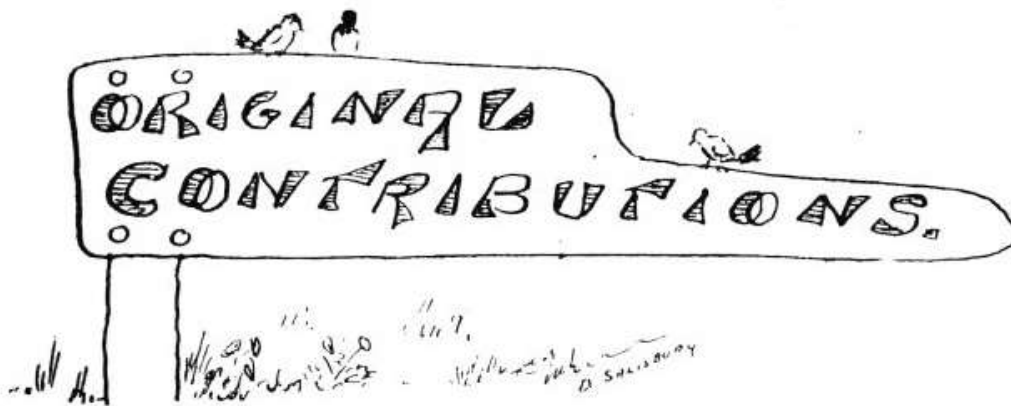
The members agreed to an annual subscription of 2/- for the purchase of an electric gramophone, records, and books. It is to be hoped that next year's members will complete the payments on the beautiful gramophone on which £8/-/- is still owing.

Meetings were held during the year in which records were played and concerts and lectures given. We were honoured with a visit from the Trinity College examiner, Mr. Harold Denton, who thrilled us with his performance on the piano and his short talks.

Our thanks go to Miss Brown, Noreen Howse, Gloria McIntosh

and Jeanene Marsh who generously donated records from which much enjoyment has been gained. Our record library now contains:—The Orchestral Fairy Tale "Peter and the Wolf" (Prokofief), The Nut Cracker Suite (Schaikowsky), "Eine Kliene "Natchmusik" (Mozart), Violin Concerto in E Minor (Mendellsohn), Water Music (Handel), "Hallelujah Chorus" (Handel) and songs by Mario Lanza and Joseph Schmidt and Anni Frind.

Although we could not help but meet with the many difficulties which beset a newly formed club, we had a happy time together, and much information and knowledge has been gained.



"THE FEARLESS TREASURE"

"One Bright Day," "Lorna Doone," and "Jane Eyre," set out in search of "The Fearless Treasure," in "The Green Light." They travelled along the "Secret Road," to "The Village in the Valley," where they intended to visit "Old Phibus," at the "Secret Sanctuary."

They picked "The Black Rose," and "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which were growing in "The Secret Garden" under "The Cherry Tree" near "The Farm by the Lake." As they neared their first destination they passed "Blue Water Dwelling" where they were greeted by "The Good Master," on his mount "Black Beauty." After leaving "The Secret Sanctuary," for "The Far Country" "In the Wet," they crossed "Sick Heart River," and later stopped at "The Castle Inn," where the "Red Chief," and "Renny's Daughter" were hunting for the "Missing Legatee."

Later reaching "The Beckoning Shore," they saw "The Cruel Sea," where "The Sea Eagle," followed by "The Snow Goose," flew across the sky. "The Headless Angel" sensing that they were lost led them to "Dynamite Cargo" a ship which took them to "Coral Island," where they found "Ann's House of Dreams," with "Ann of Green Gables," standing under "The Apple Tree," calling to "Rosemary," "The Guests Arrive." They found "The Golden Treasure" at the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," where they discover-

ed "Kon-Tiki," would return them to "The Town of Tombarel," which was "Signed with Their Honour."

—DENISE BAGSHAW.

TWO FRIENDLY SOULS

On a day in the middle of May,
A wee dove was very sad,
For away curling up in the hay
Lay the body of a lad.

So he flew o'er the snow as it lay,
To the body of the lad,
But he passed right away sad to say
With the soul of the friendly lad.

—MERRILYN GILLESPIE, Age 11 (Grade V)

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS

Once I had a lovely holiday. I went in the Spirit of Progress from Sydney to Albury. Would you like me to tell you all about it?

The Spirit of Progress is air-conditioned and is one of the fastest moving trains in Australia. It has comfortable lounge chairs and is set up with a dining car, too. What fun it was—the 200-mile dash on the Spirit! I saw the wool and wheat on the north of the Divide and the farm lands not far from Melbourne. I was sorry to leave the Spirit when we reached Victoria's capital, but took a photo of the train which I shall keep always.

—HELEN McDOUGALL, 9 years (Grade IV)

"ANZAC—ITS MEANING AND ITS LESSON"

Have you ever paused in your mad race against time, in your vain striving to further your ambitions and meaningless desires in this cold, hard world of mechanism, paused for just one moment to look back through time to that day, now so many years ago, when gallant youth sacrificed itself that an ungrateful world might continue its everyday life in peace and freedom? And, looking back, have you tried to fathom the meaning and lesson this brave attack should convey to us, who live in a different age, an age of more worldly aims, of death and destruction more terrible than they ever dreamed of?

Anzac is a word which burns deep into the mind of any person who believes in peace and prosperity with government by a capable body, and reviles tyrannical rule and with it the crazy genius which works only towards world domination, entirely disregarding the

sufferings or fate of any lesser creature—or race—which stands in its path to power; for this is what those immortal heroes gave themselves to defend—not only that scrub bound coast, but what it symbolized, the rights of man.

Had that day never occurred, had those in charge never determined on attacking the Turkish-held peninsula that misty morning, perhaps we should never have really grasped the full meaning of that love of country which makes some give themselves to pave the new path to the future, to be trod by countless free nations.

There was no thought of surrender in those young men. Before they even reached the land place they were "stormed at by shot and shell," they leapt from the barges to the beach and charged towards the Turks on the hills. There was no turning back—none thought of it!—Death lay behind them; Death lay before them. They were cut off, isolated, lost in unfamiliar scrub, involved in sudden point-blank duels. They fought and died nobly, these children from the dominions, now colonies no longer, fought and died to defend the mother country all loved so well.

"They were the flower of this world's manhood and died as they had lived, owning no master on this earth."

They fell, believing that from their death would rise a wiser world dwelling in peace. But such was not to be, and since then have been fought the Second World War and the war in Korea.

Let us join with those whose homes have suffered and those who remember too well the war and all its terrors, in remembering those brave men who fought and died for us in those three great wars.

Let us learn, from their undying example, to follow in the footsteps of these brave men of Anzac, the men of the Kokoda Trail, of Syria, Crete and Egypt; and let us try to follow the example of courage, endurance, loyalty and comradeship set by those who, in those three World Wars, "fell with their faces to the foe."

"They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old,

"Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn,

"At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,

"We shall remember them."

—Binyon—

—PATRICIA HAGGARD

"BEHIND SCENES"

"The play's the thing . . ."

After much discussion, serious no doubt, it was decided that our play or thing should take the form of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." As there was such a short time in which to produce it, the cast was quickly decided upon and rehearsals began in "earnest" at the beginning of the first term.

For a while things went smoothly—that is while we were able to read script. Soon, however, as the date of our presentation became imminent, we decided, at least our producer decided, that books should no longer be seen at rehearsals. The cast realised the “importance” of knowing their parts and endeavoured to commit their lines to memory. It was not only the cast who knew of the sudden turn in events, but to all in general, who were obliged to listen to our constant wailings. Soon the lines from the play which they heard so often became accepted into the school vocabulary.

Many humorous incidents occurred at rehearsals. These helped to ease the tension for those who did not know their lines, and for those who waited nervously for cues.

We were obliged to practise in the school-rooms since the stage was not yet completed. School desks had to be imagined as garden seats, and the inked stained floors resembled flower beds.

As the weeks took wings, we “earnestly” realised the “importance” of costumes and discovered that we had none. Feverishly the girls began climbing into dresses which didn't fit, while boys struggled into their trousers. Our producer painted weird pictures of the costumes for us, some of which were staunchly banned by the boys! Finally, after much altering and stitching, and anxiety for Algy (his clothes did not arrive until the day of the dress rehearsal), our costumes fitted us perfectly. Special attention must be drawn to the skill of our producer whose imagination ran away with her head when it came to the hats. Some of the hats were masterpieces “constructed” of a great amount of ribbon and flowers, and numerous other odds and ends that came to hand. It may be realised how they looked when we add that one of these hats was made during a blackout.

The next obstacle arrived with the construction of the set. It was impossible to enter the hall without treading on a tack, which, as you have already probably guessed, was meant to be driven into the canvas but which missed its mark. Before the rehearsal the personal properties such as cards, letters, books, cigarettes and matches had to be collected. At last the play was ready and it was time for the dress rehearsal.

Everything proceeded rather too smoothly for a dress rehearsal, which was really a bad omen for the actual presentation. There was, of course, a little disturbance when items of furniture used in Act I were unable to be found for Act III. These were generally found near or under the men “back-stage”! On the whole, we reached the end of our rehearsal thinking we had managed “wonderous well”. Our producer though, perchance a little superstitious, had different opinions, and on arriving back after changing our costumes were greeted with a somewhat stormy reception. It was a crestfallen cast who was making its way towards bed, and our producer, having set aside her belief in superstition, called

to say that our performance had been "quite good"—but just a little too good for a dress rehearsal.

At last the night arrived and suddenly a realisation swept over us that we were practically "on." The audience, we are sure, do not know how much they missed that night by only seeing the performance after the curtain was drawn back. After much excitement behind scenes and in between acts we found the final curtain being drawn back and the cast coming forward. It was with mixed feelings that we realised the play was over and as we presented our bouquet to our producer, Miss Thomasson, we heard the cheers and clapping of the audience and we knew that they had "gently heard and kindly judged our play."

—ALGERNON and CECILY

THE FAIRIES

One night I was watching the Fairies playing hide and seek on the grass.

I thought I would play, too.

I got dressed and quietly opened the door and tiptoed outside. The fairies saw me and asked me if I would join them.

What fun I had!

About half-past seven Mummy came out and called me for my breakfast. I asked Mummy if the fairies could come, too, if they were good.

However, when I went to call to them the fairies had disappeared.

I suppose they had gone home to bed.

—CHRISTINE CATHCART, 9 years (Grade III)

JUMBO

I have a black and white fox terrier pup, whose name is Jumbo. He plays with my brother and me every afternoon after school. Jumbo always waits for us at the gate. Daddy is very kind to Jumbo and gives him a big bone. One day my big brother Bill made him a kennel with his name "Jumbo" on the side. Jumbo made very good friends with a dog which was in Daddy's care. Every night Daddy takes Jumbo out for a walk.

—VICTORIA CAPTAIN, 9 years (Grade III)

MY PET FOAL

One day when Daddy went out to bring some sheep into the field, he saw a foal without a mother. It was very quiet and came up to him and sniffed him.

Daddy gave it a pat. The foal gave a friendly whinny, and then it followed Daddy home. It would not leave Sally, who is Daddy's horse. We hoped the other horses would like it but they did not so we kept it as a pet.

Colin and I still have the foal and we call her Taffie because Colin liked that name.

—SHANDRA HURST, 9 years (Grade III)

CLOUDS

Have you ever lain on your back on a calm, clear summer's day, with the grass tickling your legs, and watched the tiny, fluffy fragments of clouds go scudding across the azure sky? I have. And what has been the feeling recorded in your mind? One of blissful content? This, also, has been my sensation; yet I seem to feel something deeper than that, a feeling that I am just one insignificant creature among the thousands of other living things which run their separate courses under the same blue sky.

But there are many different kinds of clouds besides those which one sees in a clear sky, and which remind one of a ballerina's fluffy tutu. There are the dawn clouds. Beautifully soft they appear as the sun's first rays, striking across the valley, tinge them a rosy pink in blushing imitation of a modest maiden's cheek. Petite and feminine as a fresh morning breeze catches them and tears their delicate edges, wafting them away across the heavens until, imperceptibly, they disappear, and we are left with a deep, blue, cloudless sky, with a ball of fire slowly raising itself onto its long pathway from East to West.

Then there are the sunset clouds. Huge masses which remind one of virgin snow piled by an embankment; long fingers stretching up into the darkening sky, or little fluffy flecks, scattered here and there, all tinted with the golden rays of a dying glory. Yet all these wonderful colours must fade, and as the sun slowly sinks, the dusty earth is filled with an inexplicable air of mystery, until at length, the last glow disappears from the highest cloud and darkness rushes down upon us to take possession of her own.

Who does not know the thunder-clouds, dark, threatening, which, as they push their way across the sky, seem to resemble the vanguard heralding the approach of a mighty army and enveloping in their midst the fearful chariot of wrath, while the lightning playing here and there, and flickering across and through the vanishing mass, seems to be the sunlight flashing on the spears of countless host? This is a sight which so often fills one with awe in the parched summer months so often passes over, leaving expectant land in a feeling of despair.

Such are clouds as seen through my eyes. Fluffy, dainty

like, or grim, dark and ominous. These first are the clouds, which, like a beautiful deity seem to say to the world, "Rest in peace, I am here." The second seem to say, "Awake! prepare! beware! I am come!" These are the clouds which I love to watch in their ever changing moods.

—P. HAGGARD (Fifth Form), 15 years

"THE ANTICS OF ALGERNON ANT"

I'm Algernon Ant come skipping by,
The bravest Ant beneath the sky,
No frightening thing can frighten me,
For frightening things delighten me.

"Now Algy," said Nursie, "remember all the things I told you about when you go out to play."

"Yes, Nursie," said Algy, "I'm a good rememberer, I am. Now there's that splicing, slicing cornblower, that silly barrow, the twittering herds and that giggling twirl, hum-er-um and that horrible, horrible big joy!" said Algy triumphantly. Nurse looked at him sternly and said, "Algernon Ant! how many times have I told you that a lawnmower is not a cornblower, a sparrow is not a barrow; a bird would be insulted if you called it a herd, a girl is definitely not a twirl and neither is a boy a joy!" Algy looked at Nursie as though he was sorry—but he really wasn't and said: "Can I go out to play now!"

Nursie said he could so he popped out the door and ran down the path leading to the garden fence. He was skipping along and singing merrily to himself when suddenly—he found he was airborne and dangling by one leg. When he came to rest he found himself in Mr. Sparrow's nest. Three nestlings were eyeing him hung hungrily and Algy became frightened.

"Whose turn is it to be fed," said Mr. Sparrow. The three nestlings all chorused, "Mine."

"I know it's not your's Beakie, because you had the worm and Squeakie had the grub, so it must be your turn Tweakie," said Mr. Sparrow.

"It's not his, it's mine," chirped Beakie and Squeakie.

"No, it's not, it's mine," chirped Tweakie.

"If you don't be good no one will have this fat, juicy antling," said Mr. Sparrow sternly. The nestlings still squabbled and picked each other so Mr. Sparrow dropped Algy over the nest edge.

He made his crash landing safely and standing up, counted his legs and finding them intact he started off for home.

Arriving breathlessly at the doorway he found Nursie waiting and, after telling Nursie his adventure she made him promise to be more careful next time.

—JEAN WICKHAM (Grade Eight)

HOLLAND

“Jan and Katrinka
 Wear shoes made of wood,
 And clatter to school
 When the weather is good,
 But when winter freezes
 Canal, pond and pool,
 Then Jan and Katrinka
 Go skating to school.”

Of course you have guessed that my two little friends are Dutch children.

Do you know that there is so much water in Holland that they have to build canals?

Jan and Katrinka's father has many cows so the children help him milk them. They have plenty of cream, butter, milk and cheese.

Holland is such a pretty land with Tulips growing for miles and miles.

England is very close to Holland so tourists go over to visit the land of Jan and Katrinka.

—NOELENE CLIFFORD, 8 years (Grade III)

FLYNN OF THE INLAND

John Flynn was a Presbyterian Padre, who started the A.I.M., which stands for Australian Inland Mission.

Nursing homes were built in the Never-Never Land of Australia. It is given this name because houses are miles apart. John Flynn knew how lonely the people were, and how far from medical aid so he decided to help them by beginning the A.I.M.

A Flying Doctor service was set up. The bases are Charleville, Cloncurry, Kalgoorlie and Broken Hill. Nearly every lonely station has a pedal wireless. The first flight was made by Dr. K. St. Vincent Welch in 1928. In 1952 there were more than 500 pedal wirelessnesses. John Flynn died a short while ago. His death robbed us of one of our most famous pioneers.

—HELEN WILLIAMSON, 9 years (Grade IV)

WATCHFUL WILLIE

Little Willie Wag-tail
 Sits upon the fence,
 Waiting for the postman
 Though the fog be dense.

When the postman passes
 Willie sings a song
 Just to let me know that
 The postman's been and gone.
 —DEANNA DONOVAN, age 12 years (Grade VI)

"THE PRETTIEST PICNIC SPOT I KNOW"

I am a fairy, so you may well imagine my wings have taken me to many pretty picnic spots and glens; from Duncansby Head to Land's End; from the mouth of the Shannon across to the Naze. The most delightful of any, however, is one in the gloomy heart of Sherwood Forest, known to all immortal folk as "The Dryad's Diamond."

You come across it as an island in the ocean, or an oasis in a sandy desert. For, pushing through the under-growth you come into a pretty opening, shaded by the thick, green foliage.

Around grow many dainty flowers of delicate hues and the fresh grass is always wet with the silver dew. Across one corner of this miniature heaven trickles a gurgling brook whispering the little secrets of the forest to the spruce maiden-fern, and to the bent weeping willow, which brushes the silver surface of the streamlet with its trailing branches.

The spot is a haven of peace for the little animals, birds and any other of God's creatures. Here they hold their meetings concerning all forest matters. A toad-stool ring is in the centre of "Dryad's Diamond" round which we elfkin folk dance at our picnics.

The golden sun or the silver moon, the fleecy clouds or the shimmering stars above, the soft warm earth below, the trees, flowers, the brook laughing on its way, and the timid natives of the forest scampering on their business, paint a most enchanting scene of a picturesque world which you could imagine and surely the most delightful of any picnic spot is the fairies' "Dryad's Diamond." (I think it was so named because it is like a bright gem shining from the depth of a great dark forest).

You know it is in Sherwood, but "whereabouts?" you say. That I can never tell, for unless you take the shape of an immortal pixie, you will never find it."

—JULIE LINCOLN (Grade Eight)

AUSTRALIA'S LIVING WONDERS

ay! Do you like living out in the bush with the other animals
 is? I would love to be a Joey like you. I could hop, and when
 bigger I would learn to box. When my brother John had a

little Joey we used to feed him every time we had a meal. He was a naughty little fellow, because he would get away from us and then box us. After a while, I am sad to say, he died. We went into the bush in search of another Joey but saw a Platypus out for a stroll. When he spied us he waddled across the grass and "splash" into the water he fell!

Whilst we were camping out that night I awoke and heard a dingo's howl. It frightened me dreadfully, so I switched on my torch and looked outside. There he was, sneaking away with a piece of meat in his mouth. John shot him and found a furry little cub close by.

I think I saw the cuddliest of all animals and that was a Koala. He became my pet. One day we had to return home. Never mind! I still have my pet and John has his cub. Would you like to join them, Joey? Oh no, I knew you wished to go back to the bush. Good-bye for now.

—PAMELA LLOYD, age 9 (Grade IV)

SPRING

Spring has come upon the earth,
Flowers are dressed in colours gay.
Children's games are full of mirth,
And all of us rush out to play.

—CATHERINE SMITH, 11 years (Grade V)

MY TRIP TO HOBART

With a light heart I stepped on board the plane which was to take me to Hobart. It was like a dream suddenly changed into reality.

We landed at Sydney and Melbourne, where we had to wait several hours. I spent the next five hours touring Melbourne by bus. We saw many great public buildings such as the Library, Museum, Town Hall and the Melbourne High School. St. Patrick's Catholic Cathedral and St. Paul's Church of England Cathedral have spires that reach far into the heavens, that of St. Patrick's being the highest spire in the Southern Hemisphere. The size of Flinders Street Railway Station held us breathless, as we learned it was the busiest station in the Southern Hemisphere. We also saw the Melbourne University and the Conservatorium of Music. In the beautiful Shrine of Remembrance the sun shines through at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month each year into the burning memorial bearing those inspiring words, "Greater Love Hath No Man".

Bad weather prevented our direct flight to Hobart. We landed at Launceston and arrived in Hobart by bus.

Our first trip was to Mount Wellington. What a glorious feeling one has when on the top, looking down at Hobart nestling in the beautiful valleys, and yet almost clinging to the lovely coastline of this "Apple Isle." There had been snow on the mountain tops earlier, and we revelled in our many discoveries up among the low misty clouds.

The following day found us enjoying the delightful scenes of Mt. Field, Tasmania's National Park. The Russell Falls tumbled in a huge wondrous mass over giant boulders, to fall below into a beautifully serene lake.

We travelled along the coastline to Port Arthur, seeing many interesting yet some fearful sights. At the Devil's Cave, so named because of its treacherous position, water roars and flings itself wildly against the battered rocks. Spray reached up to those more venturesome yet awed spectators who stood out of danger.

Port Arthur still retains its many ugly and terrifying reminders of those earlier days when it was only a convict penal settlement. One sees a leg iron weighing seven pounds, which was cruelly attached to those poor creatures. There is the "Miniature Tower of London," underneath which is the Condemned Cell. In this, those more stubborn convicts were placed, alone, until they were driven mad by darkness, fear and loneliness. Could anything seem more cruel to us free citizens, who visit this place of torture? It was Captain O'Hara Beeve who first started this terrifying practice. Out in the distance is Dead Island, where 1,646 convicts lie, their graves unmarked and their names forgotten. John Owen is the only convict whose grave is marked with a stone. We were grateful to return to Hobart. Maybe such signs of cruel treatment of earlier days make too stark an impression on those who see them.

We went up the Derwent River the following day, in the cruiser "Cartela," going under the gigantic floating steel bridge. We saw the ship "Gothic" as it shipped at this Apple Isle for the last time before its preparation for Her Majesty's tour. We disembarked at Huonville. We enjoyed our free invasion of the raspberry beds. We also saw the hops climbing up the tall poles. We went to Sandy Bay and some of us who were braver ventured a swim in the icy sea. Although it was January, the water was so cold that we were only able to stay in a short time before escaping to the warm sunny sands.

This marked the end. Tomorrow we were to go home to Brisbane. But my trip to Hobart holds for me many happy memories.

I shall ever long to return to this lovely little isle, full of beautiful valleys, which charm even the most experienced and critical

R.

—VILMA LAWRENCE, Sixth Form.

WOOL FROM THE SHEARING SHED

Thanks to Jack MacArthur who bred the first merino for wool, sheep have brought in much wealth to our land. As time went by Jack MacArthur became "The Father of The Wool Industry" because of his wonderful work.

My story begins in my father's shed, where the machines are buzzing loudly, and six shearers are working hard. The Wool Classer is busy classing the wool which he throws into different portions. Jack, the wool presser, then presses it into bales which are sent to Brisbane. At Brisbane the wool is judged and a cup is won.

New South Wales produces the most wool in Australia. We sell our wool to Japan, Britain, Belgium, America and France. It is fun to live on a sheep station.

—JANE SLADE, 9 years (Grade IV)

A WALK IN THE WOODS

At break of day one morning in Spring
I went for a walk to find
The blossoms and the wattle spray
And the birds singing down the wind.

It was enchantment all the way
To wait for the birds at play,
I gathered blossoms fresh and sweet
While they sang a roundelay.

—BERYL DOWLING, 13 years (Grade VI)

TWO LITTLE RABBITS

Two little rabbits played one day
On top of new-mown hay;
They scampered here, they scampered there
As happy as the day.

The farmer soon came tramping by,
Now guess what he espied;
Two busy little fluffy tails
Trying hard to hide.

—SUE LOMAS, 10 years (Grade V)

MY WONDERFUL WEB

I am a spider, as you probably know. I am getting old now
I must tell you about my first and best web.
I was very young and happy when I began my first web.

carefree and proud to think that, if I made a nice web, I would be praised by my brothers. So, with these thoughts in my mind, I set to work. I began on a spray of hedge, circled round to a leaf of a tree and then back to the hedge, with the fine, silky thread coming out of my mouth very quickly. Before doing this I had been careful to make a kind of cross, so that it would be easier to join the circled thread to it.

Besides, the circle would not stay a circle if I did not have a proper foundation. I kept circling round and round, the circle getting smaller and smaller each time. At last, I reached the middle. Here I used more thread because this was going to be my feasting place. I smiled to myself as I thought of the surprise the flies and other small insects would feel when they found themselves caught in it.

My brothers, too, would have a surprise for my spider-web was the best that had ever been made for them, themselves, told me so.

At last, when I had finished my web, I sent word to my brothers by the Cabbage Moth. When they came they told me it was the best web they had ever seen.

But, alas! Pride comes before a fall. Just after my brothers had gone, along came Mr. Spiteful, the hornet. On seeing my work he gave a cackle of laughter, flew straight into it, and destroyed my Wonderful Web.

Of course, I have made another web since, but, after spending so much time on the first one, I felt heart-broken and I resolved to have my revenge on Mr. Spiteful.

However, that resolution was short-lived and I decided simply to keep the happy memories of My Wonderful Web.

—ROSEMARY BEST, 11 years (Grade VI)

ON THE MURRAY

Aren't I fortunate in being able to live on the large River Murray?

A great area of country is drained by this old River. At the part of the Murray, where the Mitta-Mitta joins it, stands the Hume Dam. I have seen another tremendous dam, too, called the Burrunjuck. It releases water for irrigation purposes. Leeton and Griffiths are the main towns and have canneries. We often go to Leeton for a can of strawberries. Peaches, plums, grapes, rice and other are grown here, too.

Between the Murray and the Murrumbidgee is the Riverina district which produces large quantities of good wheat. I love the Riverina with its soft hills and coloured patches of greens and

Irrigation was first started here where I live in Mildura. I think I am fortunate to be a Murray-sider because there is fruit and ample water.

—MARY CAMERON, 11 years (Grade IV)

BOOKS OF TO-DAY

- “School Magazine,” by Isla Tempt (I’ll attempt).
- “A Grand Win,” by Pat Yaback. (Pat your back).
- “The Dark Passage,” by Yugo First (You go first).
- “Days of Napoleon,” by Francis Falling (France is Falling).
- “Drinks,” by Ailsa Please (Ale, sir, please).
- “Green Apples,” by Iva Pain (I’ve a pain).
- “Hints on Posture,” by Ilene Moore (I lean more).
- “Naughty School Children,” by Tania Hide (Tan your hide).
- “Disappearing Fruit,” by Janet All (Jan ate all).
- “Over the Cliff,” by Ima Gonna (I’m a “goner”).
- “Nothing to Eat,” by Pauline Man (Poor, lean, man).
- “School Tuckshop,” by Penny Scone (Pennies gone).
- “Six O’Clock Bell,” by Rose Early (Rose early).
- “Sunrise,” by Dawn Scumming (Dawn’s coming).
- “Spring Time,” by Teresa Green (Trees are green).
- “The Winter Tale,” by June Seer (June’s here).
- “Water’s Scarce,” by Peter Out (Peter out).
- “Windy Weather,” by Donna Coat (Don a coat).

—Compiled by PAT TYTHERLEIGH and BERIS BRIDGES

DAWN AT SEA

Hastily I slipped out of bed, put on my clothes and hurried down to the beach. I made my way to a small boulder lying near the edge of the cliff at the western end of the beach and, scrambling up on it, stood quite still watching out over the bay. Watching for what?—for the approach of dawn.

A light grey mist hung over the bay giving the water a dark appearance and deepening the colour of the sand. Everything was silent except for the gentle wash of the waves against the shore and the occasional cry of a sea-gull.

Slowly the mist began to recede and out along the horizon appeared a thin, pale line of yellow which lit up the sea-line. A gentle breeze sprung up, stirring the tree-tops and quickening the rhythm of the waves. The grey took on a vague hint of purple; the sea turned a sullen blue. A few rosy streaks flushed the sky and waves, and then grew to larger, brighter rays. These the first heralds of dawn.

Soon all the sky was a delicate pink and the few clouds in the Heavens were tinged with crimson, lilac and primrose.

Now the sun, it seemed, was peeping up out of the sea and the horizon was a picture of silver with all the gay colours of the rainbow dancing across the shimmering path made by the light of the sun on the water.

Soon all the eastern sky was aflame with colour and, as the wide, golden beams broke across the sea, the sand, now a gleaming white expanse with myriad diamonds, woke to new life as countless sea-birds scurried over it. Everywhere gulls wheeled and screamed as they flew into the glare of the sea, shining like silver.

The lingering mist, now a thin veil of palest lemon across the horizon, vanished completely as the sphere of gold lifted up from the edge of the sea. I gazed fascinated by the splendour unfolded before my eyes and then as I turned to go, cast one glance back. Behind me, I saw the bay, drenched in the sunlight, looking like a bright sapphire set in a band of gold. Soon the bright rays of the sun would be the only reminders of that magical time of dawn that is repeated anew each morning with just as much splendour and beauty.

—MARION BARKER (5th Form)

THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS

It was a very exciting day for me, when I left on a trip to the Australian Alps. My first stage was by car to Sydney and then I caught a train to the Chalet in the Alps.

The girls there were very friendly. They told me much about the Alps and this is what they said:

"The Australian Alps take up the south-east part of Victoria. They are covered with snow for eight months of the year. In spring the snow melts and causes floods in the Snowy and Murray Rivers."

As they talked to me, I looked out at the glittering countryside and the bright array of colours worn by the tourists. Tomorrow I thought, I shall join in the fun. Tonight? Oh, Tonight

No, you are wrong. I am not going to bed. Here are my easel and palette. I am going to paint a scene in the Australian Alps.

—DIANA CORY, age 10 (Grade IV)

"THE STUDIOUS SCHOLARSHIPS"

Our class is in a fairly large room,
 We hope to have it painted soon.
 The girls inside are very bright,
 Everything they do is right,
 Or so they seem to think, I say,

But what mistress will agree, I pray?
 Now let us look around the class,
 Which girls will get a Scholly pass?
 I have my doubts for the whole lot,
 Is that an unexpected shock?
 Now, Nada hates a Mathematics Test,
 But when swimming she's our very best.
 And Jean's long arm would reach to the moon,
 But she's quite clever, so that's a boon.
 As for Leanne, why she's the one,
 With whom to have a bit of fun.
 And that sweet-young girl is Bethy Cook,
 Talking as usual, just you look!
 There's a girl who's quite a pear,
 Happy and cheerful, that's our Merle.
 Another of our group is V. A. Graham,
 To pass the Scholarship is her aim.
 And there's our new girl, Kathleen Reis,
 Won't her Scholarship improvement ever cease?
 Eleanor with her fairish hair,
 Has for sport a certain flair.
 Jeannette and Wilma sit behind,
 Girls as decent t'would be hard to find.
 But wait! the teacher I have missed.
 "Don't write 'bout her!" someone hissed.
 So nothing about Miss F. I'll say,
 Except for a better you'd go a long way.
 Now I'd better sign off before I find,
 Myself writing about . . . well, never mind!
 —JULIE LINCOLN (Scholarship).

"WHITE MICE"

It was at the last Slade Fair
 When we purchased our famous pair.

While looking round for something cheap
 Into the tent we did peep.

It was only one shilling, the price
 So we bought our two white mice.

There home was a tin
 But they needed a bin.

For the mamma mouse
 Required a big house

For the expected addition
And likely repetition.

Which, reared for a December date,
Would find a market at our Fete.

Then finally we could broadcast
The great event occurred at last.

Oh! what of poor pappy?
Nine babies to nappy!

The mistresses squirm
They think we're the worm.
But never-the-less
There are nine babies to bless!

LEANNE HOLLAND (Scholarship)

TO CAIRNS WITH THE Y.A.L.

We arrived at Cairns five hours late and were taken immediately to the Y.A.L. camp. Then came the task of finding our suit cases which we knew to be somewhere amongst the maze of luggage through which four hundred and thirteen girls were jostling and pushing in search of their own. Eventually claiming our possessions and then satisfying our hunger, we were led to one of the three large dormitories and were thankful to settle in our somewhat precarious position on one of the top bunks. Miscalculating the Cairns weather, we began with several blankets, but these were discarded during the night.

The whistle sounded at six and we arose to find a beautiful day which helped to enhance the pleasure of our trip to Green Island. Fortunately, we were not adversely affected by the swell of the sea between the mainland and the island. We were delighted with this small island set like a "jewel" in the deep green sea, the swaying palms, the fresh breeze, and the various shades of colour, particularly in the sea.

It was almost unbelievable that we were seeing with our own eyes the glorious coral formation and colour of the many and varied fish. The latter was viewed first from the glass bottomed boats, which did not show the beauty nearly as well as it could be seen from the underwater observatory.

Next day, in spite of the light drizzly rain, Kuranda and the rounding countryside provided many a breath-taking view. The land laid out in little squares of green and browns, with their arm houses, with the smoke rising from the chimneys gave a

feeling of peace and calm, while above the towering mountains held in store such beautiful sights as Lake Placid and the mighty Barron Falls. Here we stopped, interested to see the harnessing of electricity, and were overwhelmed by the beauty of the weir at the head of the falls. Another short stop was made while we photographed the delicate veil of Stoney Creek Falls. The beautiful ferns which adorned the railway station of Kuranda left us speechless with admiration.

On our way to Hambledon sugar mill the following day Mt. Bartle Frere was clearly visible to us, and we were thrilled with a drive through an avenue of the largest mango trees in the world. Our thorough inspection of the working of the mill proved very interesting and informative. That afternoon ten thousand Barrier Reef Shells and Marine Display were exhibited at one of the private houses, the owners of which obliged us by their detailed answering of our many questions.

On the fourth day a bus trip took us to Ellis Beach from which we could see Double Island. The mountains were close to the sea and water falls of fresh water sometimes flowed on to the beach. Our disappointment at not being able to swim in the sea because of the many dangerous rocks on the sea-floor, was compensated by the enjoyable time spent in the Cairns salt-water baths.

On the following day, after lunch in the park we were free to make a tour of the pretty township of Cairns noted for its many fine public buildings. Souvenirs were in great demand and coconuts were popular. Several of us enjoyed a wander through the Tropical Museum.

Because of the proposed Y.A.L. tour to New Zealand, we were shown films of the many sights which would be seen by fortunate Australian boys and girls who go. Other than this and Sunday night when we visited our respective churches, we went to bed early, although it took some time for one hundred and thirty girls in each dormitory to settle down.

It seemed a short time before we were back again looking at the impressive new Cairns railway station which was under construction. Eventually we were aboard the train homeward bound, and as we caught our last glimpses of the north, we knew that the eager excitement and anticipation we had experienced on our arrival, was now to be replaced by everlasting memories of our enjoyable holiday at Cairns.

—JEANENE MARSH, GLORIA McINTOSH (Sixth Form)

OUR GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL COUPLE

Wednesday's lunch hour found us lined up in the front in rows of nine, practising for our walk through the streets of Toowoomba. Yes—the day, when our dream would

come true, was only a few hours away. After school, the classrooms were tidied and everyone rushed about feverishly gathering together their belongings—paper mug, label for suitcase, square of blue plastic and various other oddments, not forgetting the clearly printed name tag which everyone was obliged to wear.

Tomorrow we would see the Queen, so how could we possibly sleep with such a day ahead of us. Morning at last arrived. We breakfasted, collected our small suitcases containing our food for the day, then boarded the bus which took us to the station, where already hundreds of children, varying in age from nine to nineteen, each clutching a small bag or suitcase, were assembled. The St. Catharines' girls formed what was called "a line in pairs," proceeded to the platform and entered their carriage. On the platform, other school-children, Girl Guides and Scouts still bustled about.

At last the shrill whistle sounded and the train gave a couple of jolting movements. Then it became smoother and slowly we glided away from the platform. Soon we were outside the city and racing the cars along the road. They stretched in one endless line, only stopping when our train held them up at a cross-section. The cars could be seen in varying sizes, ranging from the tiny specks crawling over the distant hills to the others of life size, moving down along beside us. For me the country-side held much interest as I had never before been further north than Warwick.

After what seemed a very short time, we reached the Toowoomba platform. Alighting from the train, we soon emerged through the crowd into a gaily decorated street. Everywhere was one mass of flags and colour; but this picture was a miniature compared with that which was awaiting us. As we turned into Ruthven Street, we saw, stretching from one side to the other, flags and bunting. All the buildings were decked with flowers and colourful decorations. Already people were beginning to line the streets behind the barricades as we, walking nine abreast, made our way towards St. Luke's Hall.

The Church grounds overlooked the street and thus enabled us to watch the traffic as it moved by. Refreshed, we collected our lunch cases from the Hall and sat down to our picnic-meal under the palm trees. It was necessary to select our meal carefully from the food which had been placed in our cases overnight so as to leave sufficient for our tea. The meal finished, we washed and tidied ourselves and lined up, ready to move towards the Sports Oval where all the Darling Downs school-children were to see the Royal Couple.

The welcome and enthusiasm with which we were received on entering Margaret Street were entirely unexpected. We proceeded down the street, passing under the various arches, and up the hill to Queen's Park, where the other children from Warwick had gathered. We gained the park a little earlier than necessary and

took advantage of the shelter offered by the trees. This was to be the last shade we were to have until the sun had gone in the afternoon.

Soon all the children assembled in their respective school groups and we moved towards the Sports Oval in a long procession. Already there were many children who had taken up their allotments on the oval, and eventually we reached the space which had been marked for us. Then began the long wait in the sun, with nothing except our blue plastic as shelter. We had to choose either between sitting on it, or sacrificing our uniforms to hold it over us in an attempt to break the rays of the sun. Some had brought books which they were now able to read. Those who had not brought books, exhausted all the subjects which they could think of in way of conversation. At first the time had gone quickly but presently the hands of my watch seemed as though they were stuck.

When everyone was becoming restless and it seemed as if the clock would never move, the cheers of the people in Margaret Street became audible. Suddenly through the noise, the microphone boomed, announcing that Her Majesty was on her way. A sudden hush fell over the oval as we awaited a further announcement concerning the Queen's progress. Suddenly the band began The National Anthem, and the cheers of the children, who were near the entrance gates, sounded. The Queen and Duke had entered the oval and were driving around to the official dais in front in their gleaming black sedan. Her Majesty and the Duke left their covered car and stepped into an open land-rover, so that everyone would be able to see them more clearly. The noise of the children was almost deafening as the land-rover slowly drove around the oval and down the lanes.

Suddenly she was at the end of our lane and was moving slowly towards us. It was almost as though we were in a dream. There was the Queen, standing in an attractive lemon frock, looking radiant, waving to us and smiling happily as she passed right in front of us. Beside her was the Duke, equally happy, and seeming to take a personal interest in each school as he passed it. Surely it was only a dream! Not quite-satisfied with one glimpse, everyone rushed to the other side to catch a view as the land-rover entered the next lane. Necks were stretched as we stood on tip-toe and thronged against the rope which kept the lane clear. The climax came when the Duke, bending towards the Queen, whispered something in her ear, and then they laughed happily. This was a touch of realism—it certainly was not a dream any longer. At last the Royal Couple returned to the front of the oval and regaining their car, departed as the children all gave one last loyal cheer for them. The departure, however, did not mean they were forgotten. Mentally we were travelling with the Queen and Duke on their way back to the Oakey airport while physically, we were viewing a very interesting corroboree performed by the Northern Territory natives.

The afternoon was over and we filed through the gates, retracing our footsteps to St. Luke's Hall, where we had our tea. Later, we returned to the railway station, and thankfully boarded our train. Toowoomba was, by this time, transformed into a fairy-city by various coloured lights and the streets all seemed to be glittering.

When we eventually reached the Warwick platform, I do not know how we found our way among the mass of children to our bus. On arriving home, we were welcomed with a cup of tea and hot toast. Having eaten, we at last fell onto our beds, tired to the state of exhaustion. Our longed-for day was over, but certainly not forgotten. The inspiration which Her Gracious Majesty had given us that day, was to help to carry us through our difficulties in many years to come.

—GAIL SUTTON (Sixth Form)

MY EXPERIENCES BEHIND THE COUNTER

As the last Christmas holidays consisted of four months I decided to do what nearly every other "uni." student does at such times—get a job, and in doing so, see the world from another angle, meet new people, and last, but to a student, by no means least, endeavour to supplement my ever dwindling allowance in a pleasant way. My decision greatly pleased my poor harassed father, who has been my sole means of buying a malted milk on Fridays (I am always bankrupt on Fridays!) for the past two years.

Therefore, one afternoon I made ready for an interview at a well known department store. I was ushered into a comfortable office, and the interrogation began. My name, age, and what I could do were the most prominent of questions, what COULD I do? I racked my brains—after all I did win a prize for Divinity—er—. Here my thoughts were shattered by a voice—"Have you any commercial subjects?"

I had to admit I hadn't. However the voice went on relentlessly:

"—And do you like office work?"

Again I had to reply in the negative. If there's a thing I dislike above all things, it's licking envelopes—possibly a fond memory of many an afternoon spent in such a manner at school. A few more questions followed—and I was told that I'd be notified in a fortnight's time—as to the outcome of our discussion. This did not suit at all, as there would be little time left to try for another position if the firm found they could not put me on the staff—so once again I was on the lookout for a position. This time I tried "Blanks"—and after a very nice talk and a few questions, I found myself signed up for a period of six weeks.

I reported for work the next day—and was shown, along with two other new girls—into the training room. This consisted of a counter, stocked with goods—and complete with cash register and “customers.” Here I learnt to attend to a customer according to the policy of “Blanks”—being helpful—smiling, etc. When our instructress was finally satisfied with our performances—adding $1/11\frac{1}{2}d.$ plus $2/9$ in less than the ten minutes I took at school—we were taken to be fitted out with our uniforms—and spent fully half an hour trying to find one to fit. From here we were led downstairs to be assigned to a counter in need of our doubtful talents. I was put on gardening and glassware.

My first sale went off quite well, even if I did take a little longer to figure out five hose clips at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ each and one nozzle at $6/6d.$ I felt pleased with myself. If only my department store man could see me now, he wouldn't ask what I could do. I had just bade farewell to the gentleman with a smile as in rule No. 1—when a lady came up to the counter.

“Excuse me please, dear, but could you tell me where the haberdashery counter is?” In spite of my efforts my face became a blank, I had no idea where it was, but at that moment the head of the counter came along and rescued me from my plight. However, as the days went by, I became more sure of myself, till one day—

“May I help you?” I asked.

“Er—wot sorta fertilizer d'yer put on termata plants?”

Again I was stumped. Not even at school was I garden-minded—and I knew less about tomatoes than the man himself. I excused myself and went to find out. Mr. Ell came to my assistance this time, and I served my customer.

“And I want 30ft. of garden hose to water me termata plants,” he added. Those wretched tomato plants! If anyone has ever tried to measure hose in a restricted area, with glassware all around, they will appreciate my predicament. One sugar-bowl and three glasses later I had his hose for him. He paid—thanked me—(he couldn't see the murderous thoughts in my heart I'm sure) and went away. Ten minutes later he was back. He'd met “Bill” down the street and “Bill” had said the fertilizer he'd got was no good. So now he wouldn't need it and could he have his money back 'cause Bill said it wasn't worth it. I obliged—and the last I saw of him he was going to buy some of Bill's fertilizer! Anyway he was satisfied.

Some days work was very hard, especially when the big baskets of new stock were carried up to the counter—and had to be unpacked. Trying to serve and unpack at the same time was very difficult, but everyone seemed to survive. One day there was an alert sounded as a “shop-lifter” was spied. Of course everyone was on guard to prevent such thefts. Then too, there was the lure of pay-day—which never seemed to come quickly enough.

One day soon after my "tomato" episode, a woman came in and asked for two plastic lids to fit her bottle. The only hold up was that she had neither the old lid—the bottle—or a measurement. When I suggested that she wait and measure the bottle, she confidentially told me that her bottle was up in Townsville with—tomato seeds in it! With that she wandered away, leaving me a little on the hysterical side.

Life went on though—and I met some very nice people and some not so nice—such as the person who refused to take "under the counter" glassware—preferring to ruin the display in an effort to "pick the best." There were only a few of these people, I'm glad to say. Some people would just stop for a chat—comment on the weather or ask our opinion of a recent purchase. An example of the latter was the woman who asked me did I think a new shirt she'd just bought would fit her husband—and did I think he would like it. There was only one thing wrong—I didn't know the gentleman in question, but my reply seemed to make her happy.

And now Christmas is round again and I'm still bankrupt—so I'm off to "Blanks" again for a change of scenery and a bulging bank account, I hope.

—TONI BRACE.

Old Girls' Association Notes

1954 has been a successful year for our Association. Our financial membership for the year was 73.

Our Annual Reunion was, as usual, a very happy one. The Present Girls proved too good for us this year in both Tennis and Netball, but we are thinking of insisting on a handicap next year for the "Old" girls.

We hope before the next year's Breakfast at the School, the Old Old Girls who can remember the days of Latin Grace Saying, will look up their yellowed notes and (with learned faces) deliver that ageless language to the awe of the Present girls, thereby gaining their respect—a thing we can't seem to manage to do in Sport.

We helped to cheer the Slade Old Boys on to near victory in their football match against the Present boys. We enjoyed a very pleasant lunch with the boys up at Slade—renewing old acquaintances and making new ones.

At our Re-union Dinner we had 26 members present—some spoke fluently tho' not to any great length and some had to be counted out in their speeches.

At our Annual Meeting we were pleased to announce that the Film Projector for the School has been installed with only £9 owing; the girls present at the meeting put in that £9. At this time last

year we had £198 in our Fund and by June this year we had raised the required sum of £289, so we were very happy. Sister Kathleen thanked all the Warwick Committee for the work they had done to achieve this end and the distant girls for their donations of cash and goods. We feel that, by doing this in two years, we have proved that even a small Association like ours can do much to help the School if the spirit is there.

April 29th, 1954, is a Red-letter day in the History of St. Catharine's—that day His Grace Archbishop Halse opened the lovely new Assembly Hall. It is a building of which every girl who enters School will be proud and will make a great difference to her life in the School.

The School's Annual Fete is to be held on December 6th and we Old Girls can help swell the funds. The local and district girls make the sweets and run the Sweets Stall, but the distant ones can contribute to the other Stalls each year and do their bit that way.

We hope our Association will continue to grow so that we may be better able to carry on the work for which it was intended—namely that of keeping former pupils in touch with each other and the work of the School. In this way we can greatly assist the progress of the School. We would also like those Old Girls who were not present at the Annual Meeting to note that the yearly Subscription is now 10/-.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS:—

Still with us in Warwick we have:—

Edna Thompson, Sister at the Baby Clinic.

Margaret Welsh on the Telephone Exchange.

Judith Carstens at 4WK Broadcasting Station.

Dorothy Hoog teaching at Tannymorel near Warwick.

Marjorie Deacon living in Allora.

Ailsa Lawrence is doing Pharmacy and is apprenticed at Warwick.

Our married members here are:—

Doris Donovan (nee Brunckhorst), **Olive Harkiss** (Searle), **Gwen Winkle** (Smith), **Eve Brown** (Welsh), **Marion Irwin** (Becker), **Val Gardner** (Lucas), and in the district we have **Ethel Reid** (Meiklejohn), at Karara; **Jean Shooter** (Fraser) at Pratten and **Heather Schnitzerling** (Donovan) at Leyburn.

We were sorry to lose **Kirsty Boal (Weiklesen)** who has gone to live near Bundaberg; **Joyce Baguley (Crichton)** to live in Brisbane; and **Valmae Donovan** transferred by the Bank to Molong, N.S.W.

The following girls are nursing at the Brisbane General:—**Vilma Bell, Peggy Johnstone, Bette Sanders, Paula White.** Finished training at St. Martin's are:—**June Killeen** and **Maureen Wormwell.** **Margaret Watkins** is nursing at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

Vicki Graham and **Toni Brace** are doing Physiotherapy at Brisbane University.

Natalie Budge and **Anne Jackson** are nursing at the Ipswich General.

Some married Brisbane girls with whom our Brisbane Secretary (**Thelma Snowball, nee Fraser**) has been in touch are:—**Lal Wilson (Franks), Blanche McNelly (Pyrie), Betty Bates (Deshon), Brenda Melloy (Burton), Betty McKenzie (Thompson), Joy Agostonelli (Biggs), Joyce Ross (Stidolph), Florence Wilcox (Hoare), Beverley Ford (Hockings).**

Dorothy Thomas is enjoying her life as Sister at Brisbane Boys' College.

Jane Oakeley is Librarian at the University.

Blanche Martindale is in a Bank in Brisbane.

Dell Madge and **Beverley Foster** are in offices at Millmerran—they proved to be our strong Tennis pair this year.

June Stidolph is in an office in Brisbane.

Betty Bedford (Jones) who lives at Liverpool (N.S.W.), and **Belle Quinlan (McNickle)** wrote wishing us well for our Re-union; also **Joan Austin (Beckinsale).**

Pat Martyn from Roma, **Deanne Ross** from Inglewood, **Freda Evans** from Lismore, **Elaine Lawer** from Severnlea, **Laurel Reimers** from Stanthorpe—we were pleased to see these young Old Girls back at last Re-union.

Wendy and **Desley Schwennesen** are at home at Glenmorgan.

Shirley Smith finishes her training at Teachers' Training College this year.

Eileen Holzberger is at Teachers' Training College—she takes a keen interest in the Twelfth Night Theatre.

Stephanie Marsland is in an office in Brisbane.

Shirley Morrish is teaching at St. Faith's, Yeppoon.

Fay Donovan, Marjorie Tosh, Jeanette McDonald are doing Child Welfare in Toowoomba.

Margaret Jackson has finished her nursing training at Townsville.

Margaret Foott is at home near Mitchell, and **Betty Donovan** at Cobba-da-mana.

Florence Hatten is in an office in Charleville.

Jan and Toni Smith are at home at Yetman.

Margot Sanders (nee Granger) is leading the busy life of a Rector's wife at Tweed Heads.

We wish to congratulate the following girls on the birth of their children:—

Heather Schnitzerling (nee Donovan) daughter Christine.

Betty Bedford (Jones)—daughter Helen.

Barbara Ross (Page)—daughter.

We offer our best wishes to these girls on the occasion of their marriage:—

Joan Beckinsale to John Austin; **Jennifer Smith** to Jim Gardiner; **Delma Hatten** to Fred Robertson.

Also to these girls who have become engaged:—

Esme Tosh to Bob Leggett; **Joan Belford** to Eric Whyse; **Gloria Williams** to Colin Thompson.