



St. Catharines Magazine



WARWICK

December, 1958

CHRONICLE

of

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL



EDITORIAL

*"To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free ;
Henceforth the School and you are one
And what You are, the race shall be."*

I wonder how many of us realise just how important is the part played by school in our lives. For every one of us who passes through the school must receive and absorb some of its training, its teachings, and traditions. And, in turn, as we leave our school career behind us, we leave, too, a part of ourselves. For it is here that we first experience the triumphs and the defeats which will beset us in later years. Here, we are first left to our own resources, and we must rely on our own will if we wish to succeed, on our own strength to get us through.

Although the problems that face us are small compared to those we shall meet in our future lives, nevertheless they are developing our characters, so that when the time comes, we, too, shall be able to take worthwhile places in the community. So, in accepting the good with the bad, let us be thankful for the opportunities which school offers us to make ourselves worthy for "the race to be."

JULIE LINCOLN.



SCHOOL DIARY

- January 28th.—Boarders returned.
- January 30th.—School commenced.
- February 1st.—First corporate communion in school chapel.
- February 8th.—The New Girls' Concert.
- February 15th.—The secondary school and scholarship attended a dance at Slade School.
- February 21st.—Inter-House Swimming Competition. Neal came first, Crothers second, Slade third.
- February 22nd.—The secondary school attended a social at The Scots College.
- March 1st.—Members of the school went to see the Empire Games Squad swimming at the Olympic Pool.
- March 5th.—The tennis team went to see members of the 1958 Australian Davis Cup Squad playing at the Warwick Association Courts.
- March 8th.—The Old Girls' Concert.
- March 12th.—All Schools' Swimming Carnival. We won the girls' section with 105½ points, P.G.C. came second, W.H.S. third, and C.H.S. fourth. W.H.S. won the boys' competition.
- March 14th.—Mid-term week-end.
- March 15th.—Some girls from Junior and Senior attended an All Schools' Social at The Scots College.
- March 21st.—Eleanor Gray, Judith Charles, and Nancy Wilkinson were appointed pro-prefects. Julie Lincoln was announced Captain of the School.
- March 30th.—Palm Sunday. Beginning of Holy Week services conducted by Brother Mayhew and Brother Waddington.
- April 3rd.—Maundy Thursday. Sung Eucharist in Chapel.
- April 4th.—Good Friday. Services were held in the Chapel.
- April 5th.—The Lighting of the Paschal Candle Service was conducted by Brother Waddington.

- April 6th.—Brother Waddington blessed the Easter Garden and conducted the Easter Day Communion Service.
- April 7th.—All the school went on the Easter Picnic.
- April 18th.—Members of the Upper School attended a Civic Reception for the new Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel-Smith.
- April 21st.—P.G.C. presented "To Have the Honour," which the secondary school went to see.
- April 24th.—End of first term.
- May 13th.—School resumed after the May holidays.
- May 15th.—Ascension Day. Sung Eucharist in the Chapel.
- May 16th.—The Ascension Night Dance with Slade School was held in St. Catharine's Hall.
- May 18th.—Thirteen girls were confirmed at St. Mark's Church by Bishop Hand.
- May 22nd.—Senior Basketball Team played C.H.S. We won 34-8.
- May 24th.—The Senior Form went to Brisbane to see a presentation of *King Lear*.
- May 27th.—The School attended a performance given by the Beth Dean Ballet Company at the Town Hall.
- May 29th.—The Basketball Team played P.G.C. Congratulations to P.G.C. on their 36-16 win.
- May 31st.—Scholarship and the Secondary School attended a social in our hall with The Scots College Boys.
- June 5th.—The Basketball Team played W.H.S. They won 27-23. Congratulations W.H.S.
- June 12th.—The Inter-House Singing Competition was held. Slade came first, Neal second, Crothers third. The Basketball Team played C.H.S. and won 34-18.
- June 13th.—Members of the school went to see *Yangtse Incident* at King's Theatre.
- June 14th.—O.G.A. week-end.
The present girls defeated the old girls at tennis. The Old Girls' Dinner was held in the school refectory.
- June 16th.—The Old Girls attended Holy Communion in the School Chapel and then had breakfast at School. Later the present girls defeated the old girls at basketball. In the afternoon, members of the school went to watch a Tennis Tournament at the Association Courts.
- June 18th.—The Junior and Senior forms attended a Junior Chamber of Commerce Public Speaking Contest at the Town Hall. Our representative, Janice Hollister, gained second place.
- June 19th.—The Basketball Team played P.G.C. They defeated us 28-18. Congratulations P.G.C.
- June 26th.—The Basketball Team played against W.H.S. Congratulations W.H.S. on your 41-10 win.
- June 27th.—Mid-term week-end.
- July 6th.—Members of the Junior and Senior forms attended a Comrades of St. George party at Slade School.
- July 18th.—The All Schools' Musical Recital was held at King's Theatre.
- July 19th.—Scholarship and the Secondary School attended a dance at Slade School.

Neal and Slade played-off basketball. Neal won, Slade second, Crothers third.

July 26th.—The Secondary School went to a presentation of *Richard II* at the Town Hall.

August 1st.—A Sydney company, "The Young Elizabethans," enacted scenes from *Henry IV* and *Henry V* in our Assembly Hall.

August 4th.—The Inter-House plays were judged. Slade came first, Crothers second, Neal third.

August 5th.—Members of the School were invited to P.G.C. for their house plays.

August 7th.—Parents were entertained by the Junior School Verse Speaking Choir, and the presentation of three plays.

August 8th.—End of second term

September 2nd.—School resumed after the August holidays.

September 6th.—Sub-junior and the Primary School went to the Slade Fete.

September 8th.—Judith Charles, Eleanor Grey, and Nancy Wilkinson were made School Prefects.

September 9th.—Members of the Primary School went to see *The Willow Pattern Plate*.

September 12th.—Voluntary workers for the School staged a mannequin parade in the Assembly Hall, in conjunction with "Gay Styles" Frock Salon.

September 13th.—The Tennis Team played against W.H.S. and were beaten 28-46. Congratulations W.H.S.

Fifth and Sixth Forms attended an All Schools' Social at Slade.

September 16th.—The School went to King's Theatre to see the film *Bolshoi Ballet*.

September 19th.—The Tennis Team played against P.G.C. P.G.C. won 38-28. Congratulations P.G.C.

Members of the School went to St. Mark's fete in the afternoon.

September 21st.—A musical recital was given in our Assembly Hall by the celebrated New Zealand pianist, Miss Burnie.

September 26th.—Sixth Grade up went to a Musical Recital in the Town Hall, presented by members of the Brisbane Conservatorium.

October 2nd.—Janice Hollister, Avis Turnbull and Gwen Reis were appointed Pro-Prefects.

October 4th.—All Schools' Sports. We won the girls' contest with 90 points. W.H.S. came second, P.G.C. third, C.H.S. fourth. Congratulations to Slade School, who won the boys' competition.

October 7th.—The Tennis Team played against C.H.S. We won 39-36.

October 18th.—Mid-term week-end for the Junior School.

October 25th.—A.M.E.B. Music and Art of Speech Examinations.

November 14th.—Junior Public Examination began.

November 17th.—Senior Public Examination began.

November 27th.—Kindergarten Christmas Tree.

November 28th.—Nativity Play.

November 29th.—Speech Day 11 a.m. Christmas Fair 12.30 p.m.

SENIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATION, 1957

- ANNE ARMBRUSTER: English, B; Latin, B; Maths I, B; Maths II, B; Physics, C; Music, B. (Mat. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 16, 17).
 CECILIE HALL: English, B; Modern History, A; Ancient History, A; Maths I, C; Book-keeping C; Shorthand, C; Intermediate Maths, P. (Mat. 2, 4, 17).
 GWENDA NEWLANDS: English, B; French, C; Speech, C.
 PAT TYTHERLEIGH: English, B; Latin, C; Modern History, B; Maths I, C; Speech, B. (Mat. 1, 2, 3, 4, 17).

JUNIOR PUBLIC

- K. BARNARD: English, A; Latin, B; History, B; Maths A, A; Maths B, A; Chemistry, A; Physics, A; Physiology, B; Speech, C; Book-keeping, A. (Extension Scholarship).
 G. BATTERHAM: English, A; History, B; Physiology, B; Speech, C; Book-keeping, B. (Extension Scholarship).
 A. BENNETT: English, B; Maths A, C; Maths B, C; Physiology, C; Book-keeping, C.
 J. HOLLISTER: English, A; French, C; History, C; Maths A, A; Maths B, C; Physiology, B; Speech, B; Book-keeping, A; Shorthand, B; Typing, B. (Extension Scholarship).
 A. LAWER: English, C; History, C; Geography, C; Maths A, C; Maths B, C; Physiology, C; Music, C; Book-keeping, B; Typing, A. (Extension Scholarship).
 S. NOON: English, B; Maths A, A; Maths B, C; Chemistry, C; Physiology, C. (Extension Scholarship).
 G. REIS: English, B; Latin, C; History, C; Geography, C; Maths A, B; Maths B, C; Music, B; Book-keeping, A; Typing, A. (Extension Scholarship).
 B. ROBERTS: English, C; French, B; Latin, C; History, C; Geography, C; Maths A, B; Book-keeping, C; Typing, B. (Extension Scholarship).
 A. SABINE: Latin, C; Chemistry, C; Physics, B.
 N. STARK: English, C; History, C; Maths A, B; Shorthand, C.
 B. TREVETHAN: Maths A, B; Book-keeping, C.
 A. TURNBULL: English, B; French, B; Latin, B; History, C; Geography, C; Maths A, C; Music, B; Speech, B. (Extension Scholarship).
 N. WHACKETT: English, C; Maths A, C; Speech, B; Book-keeping, C; Typing, B.

SCHOLARSHIP

M. Cosgrove, 61.5% (pass); E. Howes, 61.2% (pass); H. Postle, 52.7% (pass); L. Porter, 51.7% (pass); A. Rushton, 60.5% (pass); M. Smith, 62.5% (pass); D. Thompson, 64% (pass); S. Lomas, 56% (pass); G. Grigor (pass).

SHORTHAND WRITERS AND BOOK-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION**EXAMINATION RESULTS — NOVEMBER, 1957**

SHORTHAND SPEED, 110 words per minute: Cecilie Hall, 96% (pass).
 SHORTHAND SPEED, 90 words per minute: N. Wilkinson, 96% (pass);
 R. Tracy, 95% (pass); J. Charles, 95% (pass).

SHORTHAND SPEED, 50 words per minute: B. Trevethan, 99% (pass),
A. Lawer, 98% (pass) ; P. Cay, 98% (pass) ; A. Bennett, 97% (pass) ;
N. Whackett, 96% (pass).

TYPEWRITING — Senior: L. Young, 74% (pass).

TYPEWRITING — Junior: D. Donovan, 77% (pass).

BOOK-KEEPING — Stage I: L. Young, 71% (pass).

A.M.E.B. THEORY OF MUSIC — 1st Period, 1958

GRADE 4: P. Barry, 76% (Cr.); B. Reis, 75% (Cr.); D. Martin, 73%
(pass); B. Barker, 65% (pass).

GRADE 5: G. Reis, 70% (pass).

OLD GIRLS' NOTES

At the Old Girls' Reunion held last June at the School, approximately twenty-four members attended the Annual Meeting and Dinner.

As next year, 1959, will mark the 50th Anniversary of the School, which was started in Stanthorpe in 1909, we are hoping that as many Old Girls as possible will be present at next year's reunion. It was decided at the Annual Meeting that invitations be sent out to any original members of the Association asking them to be present at this reunion.

The office-bearers of the Brisbane Branch are busy at present making arrangements for their Annual Dinner to be held at Rowes on 10th October. GLORIA STEEL (Donovan) was re-elected as Secretary of this branch, with JUNE STIDOLPH, MADELINE BAUER (Eager), TONI BRACE and ANNE LAWER the members of the Committee.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

We now have only five members of the Association living in Warwick. EDNA THOMPSON is still working at the Warwick Baby Clinic; VAL GARDNER (Lucas) is very busy throughout the year with her Girl Guide work; VILMA LAWRENCE is on the teaching staff of the Warwick East School; while SHIRLEY MORRISH is teaching at St. Catharine's until the end of the year, when she leaves to be married. Two members who left during the year are OLIVE HARKISS (Searl), who is now living in Brisbane, and DEIDRE SKEHAN (Myers) who was married last August and is living in Townsville.

PATRICIA HAGGARD and ANNE ARMBRUSTER are both students at the University. Patricia is in her second year of an Arts course and Anne first year Veterinary Science.

Amongst the Old Girls who are now teaching are SHIRLEY SMITH, who is at Dalveen; ROSEMARY GRAY, at Inglewood; JANICE CATTERALL, in Brisbane; BEVERLEY RIESENWEBER, at Southport; BETTY JEROME, at Allora; and MARLENE YOUNG, at Goondiwindi.

ELAINE LAWER is spending a few months in New Zealand on a working holiday; while her sister, ANNE, is at the Teachers' Training College in Brisbane. PATRICIA TYTHERLEIGH, GWENDA NEWLANDS and BETTY MERRY are also at the Training College. ROBYN CRAIG and DAWN BISHOP both have secretarial jobs in Brisbane offices. CECILIE HALL is working in the S.G.I. office in Warwick.

TONI BRACE has finished her training at the Brisbane General Hospital and is now a Sister at the South Brisbane Hospital. DEANNE ROSS is nursing in Mackay. CYMBELINE RUSH is helping her parents in their shop at Morven. FAYE HOWARD is working in the Exchange at Wallumbilla, and FAY FLETCHER works in an office at Killarney.

MARGOT SANDERS (Granger) is now living at Coff's Harbour. DELL McLAY (Madge) is still at Pittsworth and is kept busy looking after her two young sons.

AILSALAWRENCE is in Brisbane completing her Pharmacy Course. MARION BARKER is in the office of Winchcombe, Carson, Ltd., Goondiwindi. GLORIA THOMPSON (Williams) lives in Tannymorel. LORRAINE YOUNG is working in an office at Mungindi. MARGOT SANDERS (Granger) has moved from Tweed Heads to Coff's Harbour. MARGARET GUNTHER is half-way through her training at the Alfred Hospital, Prahran. She spent her April holidays at home in Port Moresby. Her sister, JEAN, is a dentist's assistant in Port Moresby. MARGARET WATKINS is now at the Repatriation Hospital, Concord. PAULA WHITE is still overseas, but hopes to be home for Christmas. BETTY and ELAINE DONOVAN are helping at home. JEAN WICKHAM has begun her training at the Brisbane General Hospital. MARIAN IRWIN (Becker) is Secretary of the Old Girls' Association. SHIRLEY NOON is nursing in the Mitchell General Hospital. BETH COOK is at home. JUDITH SCHWENNESEN is enjoying life at Glenmorgan.

We offer our best wishes to our Old Girls who have become engaged:
 Toni Brace to Bob Thorne.
 Rhyl Tomlinson to Joffre Bell.
 Margaret Foott to Michael Sylvester.
 Beth Cook to Cecil Roberts.

And also to those who who have recently married:
 Natalie Budge to Peter Ferris.
 Barbary Becker to Richard Hogg.
 Desley Schwennesen to Ian Bassingthwaighte.
 Perella McIntosh to Douglas Brown.
 Gail Sutton to Ronald Chudleigh.

We congratulate the following on the birth of their children:
 Dorothy Dunlop (Hoog)—a daughter (Ruth Mary).
 Wilma Greishiemer (Donovan)—a daughter (Julie Margaret).
 Merryl Ludlow (Bell)—a daughter (Deborah May).
 Fay Rowbotham (Donovan)—a daughter (Wendy Fay).
 Val Sweeney (Donovan)—a daughter.
 Wendy Smith (Schwennesen)—a son (Bradley Raymond).

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. E. G. Cook, of "Avondale," Boggabilla. She was always keenly interested in the School and a generous supporter of all its activities.

The Sisters, Staff and Pupils feel that they have lost a very genuine friend, and they extend their sincere sympathy to all the members of the family.



PREFECTS AND PRO-PREFECTS, 1958

Back Row: Eleanor Gray, Eleanor Halter, Julie Lincoln (School Captain),
Judith Charles, Nancy Wilkinson.

Front Row: Avis Turnbull, Janice Hollister, Gwen Reis.



LIBRARY NOTES

Many interesting books have been added to the Library this year, of which some were gifts from Old Girls and friends of the school, and others were bought from Library funds.

New books in the Junior Library, which is now supervised by Miss Brown, are: *Caravan Children* (Lucy Bellhouse); *The Mystery of the Vanished Prince* (Enid Blyton); *Target Island* (Bruce Carter); *William and the Space Animal* (Richard Crompton); *Tiny Toilers and Their Work*; *Norse Wonder Tales* (Sir George Dasent); *No Entry* (Monica Edwards); *For the Admiral* (M. J. Marx); *Schoolgirls and Scouts* (Oxenham); *Boys and Girls I Have Known* (the Rev. D. D. Osborne); *The Boat Seekers* (M. Pardoc); *Underwater Adventure* (Williard Price); *The Enchanted Camp* (Mabel Tyrell); *Far Above Rubies* (E. Weigall); *The Family on the Tide*; *The Runners of Orford* (Tyler Whittle); *High Jungle* (Ross Salmon); *The Adventures of Ben Gunn* (Penderfield); *The Member for the Marsh* (William Mayne); *Thirty One Brothers and Sisters* (Rebra Mirsky); *Family on the Tide* (Frank Knight); and *Tam the Untamed* (Mary Patch) from Debra McDowall.

To the Senior Library have been added: *Beyond Desire* (Pierre La Mure); *The Great Temptation* (Hans Kades); *Judge Colt* (Archie Joscelyn); *Peridot Flight* (Doris Leslie); *Summerhills* (D. E. Stevenson); *Detection*

Unlimited and Sylvester (G. Heyer); The Snow Goose (Paul Gallico); Snowflake (Paul Gallico); Seal Morning (Rowena Farre); Doctor in Love (Richard Gordon); Wind on the Heath (Naomi Jacob); This Hospital Is My Home (S. R. Cutolo); Come Hither Nurse (Jane Grant); One a Pecker—Two a Pecker (Ruth Park); On the Beach (Nevil Shute); Sandy Was a Soldier Boy (David Walker); What I Have Had (Brighthouse) was presented by Robyn Craig; and Quo Vadis (Sienkiewicz) and The Dam Busters (Brickhill) by Cecilie Hall.

Pride of place in the Reference Library has been given to the ten volumes of The Australian Encyclopaedia. A history of the English Speaking Peoples (Vols. 1 and 2), by W. S. Churchill, has been presented by Miss Brown, and from Miss Elizabeth McGowan we have received several books, including In the Steps of St. Paul, In the Steps of the Master, and In Search of Ireland (H. V. Morton).

The Record Library now contains 3 records of Hamlet (John Gielgud); 1 record of Julius Caesar; 1 Mozart record (Sonata in B Flat Major and Rondo in D Major); 1 Emlyn Williams' record (Charles Dickens, Vol. 2); 1 Beethoven record (Bagatelle, Für Elise).

Copies of The National Geographic, Geographical Magazine, Facts and Figures, and Reader's Digest are received regularly, also the Reader's Digest Condensed Novels. A welcome addition to our Magazine section was a very interesting set of booklets, dealing with South Africa, obtained for us by Sue Little.

We are very grateful to all who have contributed to the Library, and to the schools which have exchanged Magazines with us.

During the year, the girls from VIb have devoted much of their spare time to covering and repairing books and to supervising the exchange of Library books each week. Their help has been much appreciated.



CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

<i>Motto</i>	Dieu et Devoir.
<i>Colour</i>	Gold.
<i>Mistresses</i>	Sister Gloria, Miss Spear, Mrs. James, Mrs. MacLennan, Miss Fisher.
<i>Captain</i>	Julie Lincoln.
<i>Sports Captain</i>	Eleanor Gray.
<i>Secretary</i>	Judith Burness.

Our first house meeting was held on 4th February, and the new mistresses and girls were welcomed. Miss Spear presided at this meeting and Julie was elected House Captain, Eleanor carried on as Sports Captain, and Judith was made Secretary. With the addition of 10 new girls, our number totalled 35.

The first important event was the Inter-House Swimming Competition. It was very close; however, Neal succeeded in beating us by 2 points. Congratulations, Neal. We are proud of Sue Armbruster, who won the Junior Championship. And congratulations go to Kay Sabine (Neal), the Senior Champion.

Second term was a very busy one, with three cups to be contested.

We were unsuccessful in the basketball and singing, gaining third place in both. The plays were won by Slade, and this time we came second. Congratulations to Slade, and also to our Juniors, who won their section with "The Magic Fat Baby." Our thanks go to Rosemary Best, who produced this play. The Seniors presented "The Londonderry Air."

The Athletics and Ball Games Competition was not held this year. However, we were represented in the School Athletics Team by Leslie Tomlinson, who won the Senior Championship, and Helen McDougall, the Junior Champion. These two were supported by other members of our house, Sue and Sandra Lomas, Barbara Barker and Sue Armbruster.

Interest is now focused on the Sewing Cup, which will be judged at the end of the year. Everyone is working towards this goal.

Each year, on Mrs. Crothers' birthday, a large cake arrives. This gift is greatly appreciated by all Crothersites, and many thanks and good wishes are sent to Mrs. Crothers.

In conclusion, we thank Neal and Slade for their friendly competition in the various activities. We thank, too, the house mistresses for their co-operation and encouragement.

Finally, Crothers wishes all candidates the best of luck in their examinations, and greetings go to everyone for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

JULIE LINCOLN.

NEAL HOUSE NOTES

<i>House Motto</i>	"Honour before Honours."
<i>House Colour</i>	Red.
<i>House Mistresses</i>	Miss Thomasson, Mrs. Dunstan, Miss Telford.
<i>House Captain</i>	Eleanor Halter.
<i>Sports Captain</i>	Avis Turnbull.
<i>Secretary</i>	Nancy Wilkinson.

Our meeting was held soon after our return first term. We were pleased to see many familiar faces still with us, and all new girls were welcomed. Our office-bearers are Avis Turnbull (Sports Captain), Nancy Wilkinson (Secretary), and Eleanor Halter retained her position as House Captain.

In the Inter-House activities held during the year, we won the Swimming and the Basketball Cups. Many thanks go to the girls who took

part in the teams for their enthusiastic spirit and teamwork. Neither of these Cups was won easily, for both Slade and Crothers provided keen competition. We are proud of Kay Sabine, who won the Senior Championship in the Inter-House Swimming.

Second Term we spent practising for the Singing and Plays. In both these events Slade House was the victor—congratulations, Slade. Our plays were "St. Joan," in the Senior Section, and the Juniors did "The Bells of the City." In these we came second and third respectively. Congratulations to Crothers on winning the Junior Section.

This year several members of the House obtained very few good marks, and a large number of disorder marks. I was very disappointed to see such a lax response from this phase of House work.

We are well represented in Inter-School activities this year, by several members of our House. Congratulations to all those who were chosen to do so.

During the year we lost four of our members. Also at the end of this year we are losing Miss Thomasson and Mrs. Dunstan. Miss Thomasson has, over the years, given valuable assistance in the House, particularly with the Plays and Singing. To both we wish all the best for the future.

The Sewing Cup is the chief goal at present, and as the term progresses we hope to see an increasing number of needles and threads.

In conclusion we extend our best wishes to all Public Examination candidates, and to one and all a Merry Christmas and a Successful and Happy New Year.

ELEANOR HALTER.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES

<i>Motto</i>	"Through Trials to Triumph."
<i>Colour</i>	Blue.
<i>Mistresses</i>	Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell, Miss Brown, Miss Morrish.
<i>Captain</i>	Judith Charles.
<i>Sports Captain</i>	Judith Charles.
<i>Secretary</i>	Janice Hollister.

Shortly after our return to school, we held our first meeting, at which all our mistresses were present, and Miss Cant presided. We welcomed all newcomers to the House, and new office-bearers were chosen. Judith was elected House Captain and Sports Captain, and Janice became Secretary.

On the whole we have had a very happy and successful year. During the First Term the Inter-House Swimming was held, in which we came third, Crothers second, and Neal first. Congratulations, Neal! House Basketball was a welcomed activity this year; we came second to Neal. Congratulations, Neal!

In the Second Term there was the Singing Competition, and we were fortunate enough to win the Cup, thanks to the co-operative teamwork of the girls, and to Miss Gladwell for her advice and enthusiasm. We were successful again in winning the Inter-House Plays. We found

pleasure in all our practices, and really enjoyed the presentation for the judge and the parents. Our Senior Play was "The Bishop's Candlesticks," and our Junior Play "Reaching the Heights." The Senior Play obtained the highest marks in its section, and the Junior Play came a close second to Crothers Juniors. Congratulations, Crothers! Our thanks go to Janice for the time she spent in producing the play for the Juniors. The marks separating the Houses were close, but at the finish we were proud to hold the Cup for the second year in succession.

Our last goal is the Sewing Cup, and the girls are busily sewing their way through the term.

It is with much regret that we say good-bye to Miss Brown and Miss Morrish. We wish Miss Morrish happiness in her future married life and Miss Brown every success in her new school. We wish to thank the staff for their encouragement and advice throughout the year, and the girls whose enthusiastic and loyal co-operation brought us through "Trials to Triumph."

In conclusion may we wish all examination candidates success, and a Merry Christmas to everyone?

JUDITH CHARLES.

SIXTH FORM NOTES

At the beginning of this year we welcomed one new girl, and, with the five Juniors who returned, this brought our number to six in Sub-Senior and five in Senior.

During the First Term swimming was of utmost importance, our representative being Avis. Congratulations to all the team who won for the School the Nell Foote Cup. In February Eleanor and Julie went to Brisbane with Sister Gloria to see the Queen Mother at St. John's Cathedral. In May the five Seniors were able to go to Brisbane to see a presentation of *King Lear*, their set play.

The Second Term found us occupied with Inter-House events; singing and plays. In the Inter-School basketball matches, Judy, Eleanor and Avis played in the A Team.

Now three busy months lie ahead, with the Inter-School tennis and athletic competitions, as well as all the usual end-of-year activities.

To Miss Cant, our Form Mistress, and to all our teachers we express sincerest thanks for their perseverance and enthusiasm throughout the year.

We would like to wish all Senior, Junior and Scholarship candidates the best of luck in their coming exams. Special wishes go to the girls and members of the staff who will not be returning in 1959, and to everyone greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

JULIE LINCOLN.

FIFTH FORM NOTES

A black blotch appears on the horizon as Junior approaches. An atmosphere of gloomy anticipation seems to be gradually descending as the dreaded day draws near.

We started the year well with twenty-one in our class, but at the end of Second Term Dawn Drabsch left to go to a business college. We also had an old pal from Scholarship year, Rosemary Best, back with us from St. Hilda's.

This year our class had many representatives in all sports. Two of the girls, Joyce Knowles and Kay Sabine, did well in the Inter-School Swimming by taking first and second places in all their races. In basketball and athletics we were well represented, and Robyn Schwennesen was in the A tennis team again, as well as others making the C and D teams.

During Second Term we were fortunate enough to be able to see the play *Richard II*, which is our "set book" this year. This enabled many of us to gain a better understanding of the play, thus helping us in our exams.

At the end of the year we lose our History and Geography teacher, Miss Morrish, who will begin a life far different from that of a teacher. All the best for your future happiness, Miss Morrish! We are also saying good-bye to Mrs. Dunstan, who has put up with the trials of teaching us French and English during the last two years. We hope Mrs. Dunstan will be very happy in her future work.

On behalf of the form I would like to thank everyone for the generous help they have given us during the last two years, in preparation for Junior; and so we all join together and wish everyone success and happiness for the years ahead, and also offer a little advice: "Study from the beginning; the end is too late."

DIANE MARTIN (Form Captain).

FOURTH FORM NOTES

Here's a cheery Hello from 1958's Fourth Form. At the beginning of the year we welcomed many new girls into our midst.

During the First Term two of our girls, Sue Little and Elizabeth Howes, participated in the Inter-School Swimming. We congratulate Neal House on their win in the Inter-House Swimming and also Slade House on their success in the Inter-House Singing.

Many of our girls represented the School in the Inter-School Basketball during the Second Term, and seven Fourth Formers competed in the Inter-House Plays.

Much to our disappointment, Jan Dorrough left us at the end of Second Term to go to Sydney. We also said good-bye to our French Mistress, Miss Purnell.

Doreen Halter, Sandra D'Ambrosio and Heather Postle represented our Form in the Inter-School Tennis.

Miss Fisher is our Form Mistress, and we extend our thanks to her and our other mistresses for all they have done for us during this year.

Lastly, we wish those entering for public examinations every possible success, and wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

PAM McIVER and GLENYSE NIMMO (Form Captains).

GRADES VII AND VIII CLASS NOTES

The year 1958 has been packed full of events for the 7th and 8th Grades. The old girls welcomed to this room all new ones, especially two girls from Papua-New Guinea—Dineh Dickson and Dawa Solomon. We sincerely hope they are happy here, and that they will further their studies to the full extent of their knowledge.

About six weeks after resuming school in the First Term, the Inter-School Swimming Carnival was held in the new Olympic Pool. Members of our class took part in many events.

At the beginning of the Third Term our class very much enjoyed the *Bolshoi Ballet*—a really wonderful picture.

A special measure of our gratitude goes to those over us. We regret having to say good-bye to our Form Mistress, Miss Morrish. May she live happily in her new home for many years to come. We were sorry to say good-bye to one of our number, Helen Burey, who left at the end of Second Term.

Soon we shall be working hard for our annual School Fete on November 30.

Finally, we hope all candidates sitting for public exams gain success, especially scholarships. As Form Captains, we wish you all a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

BEVERLEY PORTER, JUDITH FLETCHER.

GRADES V AND VI FORM NOTES

We started our year with fourteen girls in the Classroom, but there have been many changes since the beginning. Nerida left us, and Fay and Heather joined our Grades.

Our garden has flourished, and wallflowers, linarias and freesias are blooming at present. We experimented with sorghum and corn, but decided that the radishes growing in their shade were a more profitable undertaking.

Several girls are participating in the All Schools Sports, and we congratulate them and wish them success.

Swimming in the Olympic Pool was enjoyed by all, and we were excited when the Cup was carried home by our girls.

We have been to several entertainments and thoroughly enjoyed *Under the Southern Cross*. However, Adeyle, Marise and Flora were gazing at hospital walls, so did not share our fun. We have seen Ballet Films and the Elizabethan Players, and really loved *The Willow Pattern Plate*.

To all members of the Teaching Staff of our School we say, "Thank you for your help to us," and wish those who are leaving good luck in the future.

We hope that all examinees who are sitting for public examinations for Scholarship, Junior and Senior will be successful, and that all our readers have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GRADES II, III AND IV NOTES

Our year has been busy but happy. Cheryl, Rosemary and Cathrine left us in Term One. Cheryl went to live on the Gold Coast, Rosemary went to the West, and Cathy flew up to Mount Isa. We write to them and always like receiving their letters and hearing about the different parts of the State in which they now live. Lesley Sewell had to leave us because of an illness, and we were sorry to say good-bye.

It was nice to welcome Margaret from New South Wales, and also Diana from Brisbane.

Easter was as wonderful as ever. We spent many spare moments looking at the Easter Garden. Our picnic at Braeside was fun. No one fell into the water, and we all enjoyed our picnic lunch.

Our bulbs bloomed well near the Quad fence. We think it was because of our careful watering with the can! It is much harder work, though.

The Road Safety talk was very interesting, and we made posters to help us remember our rules.

At present we are making golliwogs in Slade, and our School Colours. They are for the All Schools Sports, and we hope some girls from our Classroom will help represent St. Catharine's on that day.

Sister has allowed us to go to several entertainments this year. We enjoyed *The Willow Pattern Plate* best of all, although the Ballet Film was very beautiful. There are several pictures of ballerinas in our Diary. The Slade Fete was fun, and we enjoyed our Friday at St. Mark's.

We say a big "Thank you" to everyone who has helped us during the year, and we hope you all have a Happy and Holy Christmas and a Bright New Year.



To celebrate the close of a very happy year, the Kindergarten children held their Christmas Tree function in the Assembly Hall at 3 p.m. After a short programme of carols and singing games, Sister Kathleen presented each child with a book prize from the decorated Christmas tree. Then the children and their parents were entertained at afternoon tea on the School lawn.

This year Grade I as well as Kindergarten children occupied the Classroom. While Grade I are busy with their school-work, the little ones are kept occupied with puzzles, drawing, painting, modelling, and block-

building. All share the playground equipment, such as climbing-frame, swing, slippery-slide, see-saw, and sand-pit.

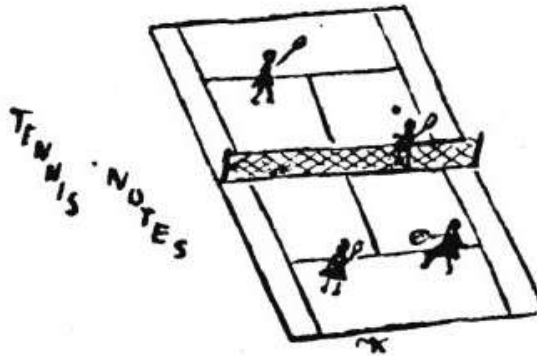
The children are happy and energetic, and many are very helpful.

The children's ages range from three years in Kindergarten to six years in Grade I, and all enjoy listening to the school broadcast, "Kindergarten of the Air," at 9.30 each morning.

At present all are happy to be learning new songs and games for another Christmas-tree concert.

We sincerely thank parents who have provided flowers during the year. We are also very grateful for many gifts of magazines, cotton-reels, matchboxes, and other useful articles.

Now we wish children, parents and friends an enjoyable holiday and a Happy Christmas.



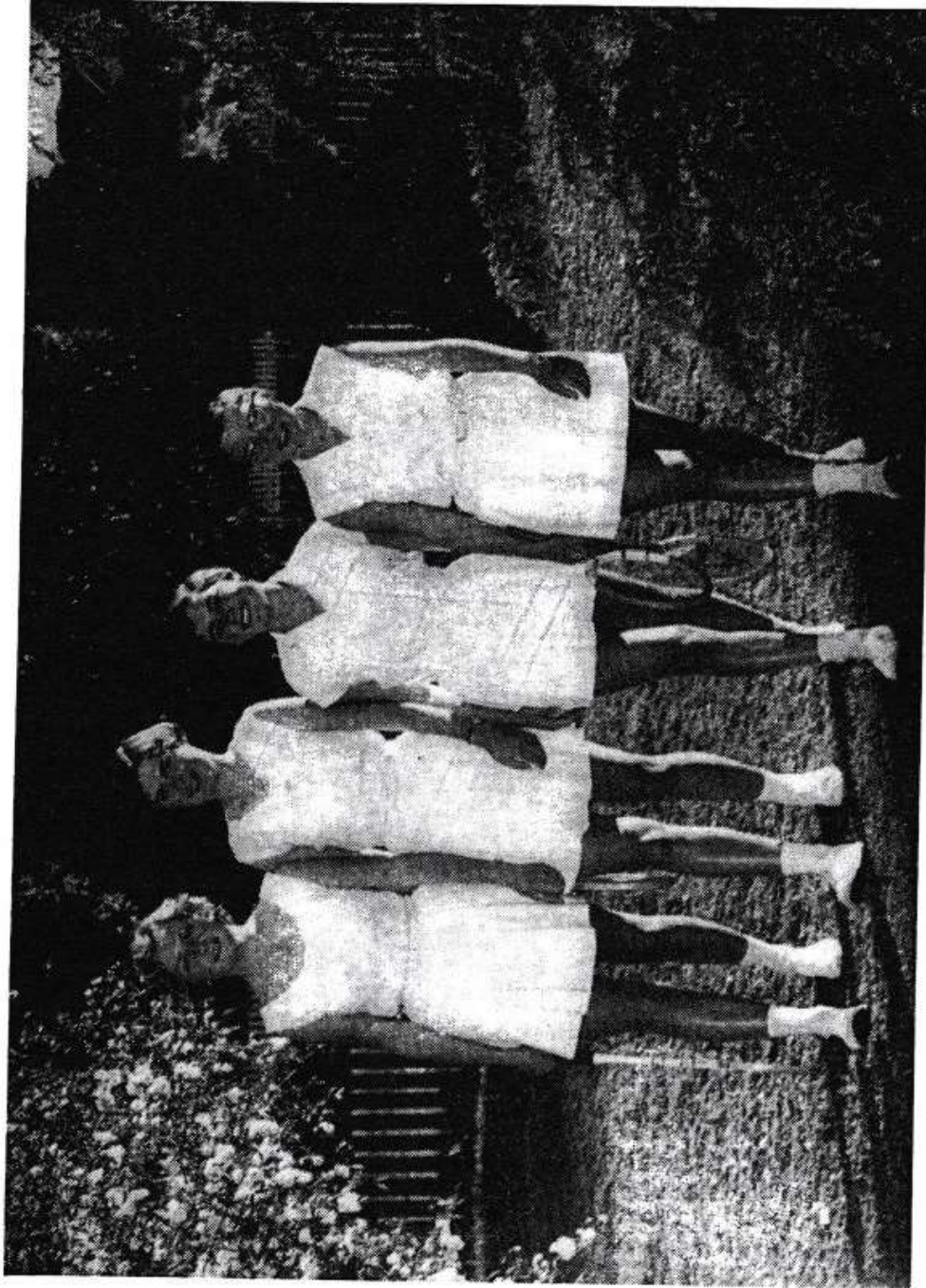
This year we were fortunate in losing only one of our last year's "A" team, and, as tennis is so popular throughout the School, there was no difficulty in filling the vacant position. Unfortunately, we lost the first two matches; but, owing to hard practice and steady progress, we succeeded in winning our last four matches. Under Mr. Gould's guiding hand we gained many helpful hints.

More scope has been given with regard to teams this year; instead of the usual two teams, "A" and "B," we now have "C" and "D" teams as well.

Our "A" team consisted of Mary Cameron, Robyn Schwennesen, Judith Fletcher and Eleanor Gray (Captain), while the "B" team consisted of Avis Turnbull, Kathleen Barnard, Susan Armbruster and Judith Charles (Captain). Doreen Halter very ably filled Susan Armbruster's position for three matches.

ELEANOR GRAY.

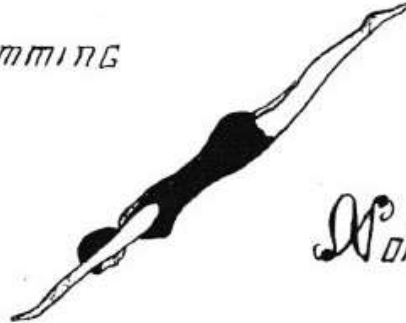
"A" TENNIS TEAM, 1958



Eleanor Gray, Robyn Schwennesen, Judith Fletcher, Mary Cameron.



*S*WIMMING



Notes.

The most wonderful thing in the history of St. Catharine's swimming happened this year. For the very first time we won the Nell Foote Cup for Inter-School swimming between Girls' Secondary Schools. This was due to very hard work put in by all members of the team during training periods each morning, and to the excellent coaching of Mr. Nichols, to whom we are all most grateful. Unfortunately, he has now left Warwick. However, before his departure Mr. Nichols was entertained to afternoon tea and presented with a travelling-clock on behalf of the team.

As a result of our success, Drs. John and Judith Best, parents of one of the team members, gave us a celebration dinner at the Langham Hotel. Thank you, Drs. Best, for a wonderful feast!

Before this great occasion, however, the Inter-House swimming was held, in which Neal House remained supreme. Kay Sabine, a member of the winning team, was Senior Champion. Sue Armbruster (Crothers) won the Junior Championship.

Two members of the School team, Avis Turnbull and Joyce Knowles, competed in a carnival staged for the touring Empire Games swimmers, and both were quite successful.

The swimming season is again in prominence, and we hope that next year and for many ensuing years we may retain this hard-won Cup.

JOYCE KNOWLES (Captain).



SWIMMING TEAM, 1958 — PREMIERS

Front Row: Rosemary Best, Joyce Knowles (Captain), Elizabeth Howes.
2nd Row: Kay Sabine, Sue Armbruster, Dine Dickson, Barbara Molesworth.
3rd Row: Pat Barry, Mary-Anne Forrester, Sue Little.
Back Row: Barbara King, Avis Turnbull.

ATHLETICS NOTES

Unfortunately, this term the House teams did not reach a competitive standard by the required date; so the Inter-House Sports were cancelled to enable us to concentrate on working up the School teams.

We were fortunate again in having Mr. Acworth, who rose early every morning and trained our enthusiastic runners at Slade Park. We heartily congratulate Lesley Tomlinson, our "star" athlete, who gained the Senior Championship and contributed 32 points to our total. She was supported only by Helen McDougall, who won the Junior Championship.

We retained the Montrose Cup by gaining 90 points. W.H.S. came second with 58 points, P.G.C. third with 57 points, and C.H.S. fourth with 46 points. For the first time since 1942 we shared our win with our brother school. Congratulations, Slade!

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Acworth and Miss Fisher for the time they sacrificed for us, and for the valuable assistance they gave us.

JUDITH CHARLES (Captain).

BASKETBALL NOTES

Our teams began to practise enthusiastically during the First Term, and we were fortunate in losing only two of our last year's team.

We congratulate P.G.C. on their win, and thank W.H.S. and C.H.S. for the enjoyable matches we played against them. We came third in the competition, and, although we won only two matches, we gained more confidence and better control of the ball as the season progressed.

Our Juniors proved to be steady players, showing promise for the years to come. They were quite successful in their matches. The match we played against the "Old Girls" was enjoyed by everyone, but the "Present Girls" proved to be too strong for them.

The "A" team consisted of Eleanor Gray, Avis Turnbull, Diane Martin, Robyn Schwennesen, Barbara King, Judy Fletcher and Judith Charles (Captain). The "B" team was Barbara Rodwell (Captain), Beverley Reis, Diane Lynch, Lyn Macquarie, Doreen Halter, Lesley Tomlinson and Sue Armbruster.

JUDITH CHARLES (Captain).

ATHLETICS TEAM, 1958 — PREMIERS



Front Row: Sue Ambruster, Pat Forrester, Flora Reis, Jennifer Reid, Katrine Lockwood, Joyce Knowles.
 2nd Row: Eleanor Gray, Roslyn Cook, Fay Welsh, Annette Rushton, Beverley Porter, Sue Cory, Pamela Smith.
 3rd Row: Avis Turnbull, Diana Cory, Pat Barry, Glenyse Nimmo, Dawa Solomon.
 4th Row: Susan Waterhouse, Robyn Schwennesen, Judith Charles (Captain), Janice Newlands, Barbara Barker, Diana Martin.
 Back Row: Kathleen Barnard, Leslie Tomlinson (Senior Champion), Helen McDougall (Junior Champion), Barbara King, Doreen Halter.



AN AUSTRALIAN SUNSET

*When the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.*

The great, golden sun throws its last, gilded rays over the darkening horizon, as it sinks into a quiet tranquillity. Its farewell gift is the resplendent beauty with which it bathes the world before sinking to a gentle repose. It kisses the snow-white clouds, and turns them, for an instant, into the gorgeous, pink-tinged plumage of the brightly coloured flamingo.

The beautiful, grey bush loses its sobriety as Sol pays homage to its golden silence by lightly throwing a kiss to the tallest and smallest living thing. Around the tree-fringed billabong the "Whip-bird" sends a ringing call in thanksgiving to the golden sun-bath the generous sun has given him.

The learned owl sends his cry of "Mo-poke!" through the eerie silence, heralding the approach of his silvery, phantom-like idol, the moon. The gaudy cockatoo cheekily reprimands the haughty lyre-bird upon the magnificence of the sun. A small, shimmering creek winds its way noiselessly through the mossy banks, and slips, with a silver, laugh-like tinkle, over tiny, miniature waterfalls.

The golden wattle-fairies dance in the last, soft breeze as it wafts its way through the glorious, colour-splashed scenery. The sun is half hidden now by the dark silhouette of the mountains. It slips further, and disappears behind the wall of horizon, leaving only its bronze-gold rays to remind us of its glorious departure.

As Sol's last, rosy flush gently recedes into the quickly gathering dusk, the dingo's triumphant yodel reaches our ears as he slinks through the bush, unseen, to make his kill. Not even a delicate pink remains now, and all is in semi-darkness till the moon shall take up her vigil.

*As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under the evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.*

ANNE NICHOLSON (Grade VII).

LIONS

I have seen lions in three different circuses that have been in Warwick.

The lion is light brown, and the lioness is a creamy colour. The lion has a long mane, and stands about three feet high. He weighs about five hundred pounds. He is called the King of the Jungle. The lioness is not as tall as the lion, and has short hair. I have seen the cubs. They are as big as kittens when born.

We learned a poem once about the Lion and the Unicorn. I think the lion is a really noble beast.

YVONNE BAGULEY (9 years).

SUNSET IN THE MOUNTAINS

The sunset is beautiful in the mountains. All people look forward to the end of a hard working day, and when the glorious colours blend themselves in unparalleled beauty the weary farmer plods slowly home. The magnificent array of colours helps to strengthen us and to erase the lines from an exhausted human's face.

Delicate balls of fluffy wool are taking on a pink shade as "Mother Earth" continues her orbit around the sun. "Sol" appears to be gradually sinking over the edge of the world we know and love. The fleecy bundles are changing continually as the golden setting sun nears the horizon.

Distant mountains are changing their clothes as rapidly as the clouds. Having spent the day dressed in a hazy blue, they now make up for the laziness, attiring themselves in all shades of blues; now it is violet, and shall stay like that until twilight falls. The mountains which surround my home loom high into the atmosphere, and cast their evening shadows far and wide.

"Sol" is sinking swiftly now. The clouds which have passed through omnifarious colours are indescribably glorious. The brilliancy of the burning carriage and horses, driven by Apollo through the gates of heaven, is unequalled. The sun has gone.

The dews are silently falling. A lonely dingo raises his mournful cry to the moon, and a desolate mopoke calls to a lost lover of hers. Long-fellow describes movingly the end of a day:

*The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.*

MARY CAMERON (Scholarship).

A GUM-TREE

*Ye who would pass by
And raise your hand against me,
Harken ere you harm me;
I am the heat of your hearth on cold winter nights,
The friendly shade screening you from the hot summer sun.*

The tall grey gum-trees whisper this every time you pass them by. The gnarled boles, mottled with age, the slender branches shrouded in delicate green foliage, tell stories of days gone by.

Of the days when the "Terra Australis" was inhabited solely by aborigines, wild animals and native birds. The shy koala would cling to the branches, nibbling tender gum-leaves. Lively kookaburras built their untidy nests and reared their young ones; while at night the owl would hoot monotonously, "Mo-poke, mo-poke," only the 'possums and other small marsupials listening.

Aborigines cut notches in the trunk with their primitive axes, in order to scale the tree, to spear kangaroos unaware of the danger above them. Huge reptiles would glide up the trunk to escape a well-aimed stone thrown by a native hunting for a "tasty" supper.

When the first convicts and settlers arrived in Australia, many beautiful trees were destroyed, either by fire or from being ringbarked. They were also used in building the pioneers' humble dwellings.

Later on much fine timber was used in the construction of shafts in the mines during the days of the "Gold Rush."

Gums are trees of surpassing splendour, playing major parts in our daily life, as they are used to make furniture, hardwood goods, and fence-posts. In their natural state they help form our beautiful Australian bushland.

*Ye who pass by,
Listen to my prayer—
"Harm me not;
I am a tree."*

MARY-ANNE FORRESTER (Grade VII).

ABORIGINES

Since the arrival of the First Fleet at Botany Bay the attitude of the whites towards the coloured people has undergone many changes. At first there was much antagonism between the two races; but the early settlers were actually to blame, for they did not take into consideration the primitive ideas of this race. The members of the First Fleet brought with them large numbers of stock which they immediately turned out to graze. To a race of people whose whole life depends on hunting, these animals were a gift from the Gods, and they killed them for food. Yet for this act, natural to their instincts, they received bursts of gunfire sufficient to arouse the warlike tendencies never far away in the natures of these people.

So, driven off by forces beyond their understanding, they receded farther and farther into the inland regions, filled with a hatred of all whites and a burning desire for revenge. As the white pioneers made their journeys of exploration, they found this prejudice in the natives a great disadvantage to progress; and the aborigines, realising that they were hindering these hated whites, continued their warfare, becoming more and more aggressive. In their ignorance they knew only the desire to drive out these people who had invaded their land, and they even attacked women, making white men long for their extinction. For a long time these conditions prevailed, until finally the black man weakened, losing all his fighting spirit, all his love of the outdoors, and retreated to the reserves. Here, forced to live in a restricted area, the natives,

accustomed to roaming freely, existed in a pathetic fashion. "Lived" is not the word for it, as living consists not only in breathing but also in love for and interest in all around.

In these years, perhaps those people who have been born and bred on the reserves have become accustomed to such a life; but to the early natives life became empty and, finding no excuse for living, many willed themselves to die.

To a race of people whose lives were full of music, laughter and dancing, this new way of living—being stared at by curious tourists, making boomerangs to sell for trade—was unbearable. No more were the drums of the corroboree, the pounding of the bare feet or the weird chants of these people heard. Now the bora-ring was filled with a new, unearthly quiet.

In America a considerable amount of friction between white and coloured people has been caused by the segregation of the latter, and it used to be thought that such a state of affairs could never exist in Australia. However, recently there have been isolated examples of a similar problem, and it is to be hoped that in this country it will not be allowed to expand.

Many of the Australian aborigines have proved themselves worthy of a place among white people, and some of them have won fame for themselves and their native land. The pictures of Albert Namatjira, the great aboriginal artist, have won international fame; and the singer, Harold Blair, is widely and favourably known. Tudwali and the native girl who played the title-role in "Jedda" proved their natural acting ability, and during the visit of the Queen Mother we saw with what dignity and grace Ruth Daylight behaved when presented to her. The fact that Ruth and several other dark children have been adopted by white people and allowed to share all the privileges of a comfortable family life is an indication that there is now a greater measure of tolerance and understanding between the two races; but, although we have come far since Captain Phillip's day, we still have a long way to go before we can hope to gain the full confidence of our dark people.

JUDITH BURNES (VIb).

ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

The advantages of travel are many and they cover a wide range of things. As the world of today is forever changing, life is never monotonous. One major benefit from journeying is that it broadens one's outlook in life; so today, as in the past, a travelled citizen gains on a narrow-minded one.

Seeing things in reality, not in printed matter or any type of literature, is another advantage. Books are very interesting, but the author has not the same sense of personality. To learn to mix with different types and races of people is one thing most travellers have to do.

Two places where the advantages of travel are gained are the Kruger National Park, in South Africa, and the geysers of New Zealand. The world-famous park conveys to one the way animals live in their native state. The geysers show a remarkable feat of our Creator's works.

The exchanging of ideas and forming of friendly relationships is another result of going overseas. Also, understanding on different matters may have been discussed. All these trivial experiences may grow into better and more friendly relations among countries.

A person greatly interested in languages would gain benefit from going abroad, as a language is more easily grasped by a person mixing with citizens speaking their own tongue. Those who are not so fortunate in going overseas may explore Australia more fully. In my opinion, these are a few of the advantages of travel.

JUDITH FLETCHER, Grade VIII.

A THUNDERSTORM

The brilliant sun rises over a steadily warming land. A cool breeze stirs the leaves, whilst the flies make a continuous, buzzing sound, causing even more noise than the birds or the bees. The heat is now unpleasant, and it is becoming worse as the day wears on. Near the horizon, in the far north-west, little woolly clouds, resembling balls of cotton wool, are gradually building up.

A faint roll of thunder. Where has it come from? It issues from the clouds, those tiny little clouds which have built up swiftly in the north-west. There is now a tinge of blackness to them, and they have all joined together. The land has become lifeless. Everything is waiting; even the flies have disappeared. That cool breeze, so pleasant earlier, has gone. The country lies breathless as the perspiration pours down one's grimy, florid face.

Dark, billowing clouds are near. The breeze has now returned, and is becoming stronger every second. Menacing clouds emit yellow streaks of lightning, and roaring thunder growls over the waiting land. An unseen hand is driving the wind to stronger gusts. It roars and wails in the trees, and blows the nests of the silent birds out of their green foliage.

There comes a lull. Suddenly the wind, the thunder and the lightning return. The wind howls over the land, the thunder rolls and rumbles over the sky, and the silent lightning is continuous. They are all striving to make up for the time lost during the lull. The first big drops of rain fall on the dry earth.

The rain batters against the trees and the earth; and the hail, representing the same mysterious power rolling in the heavens, strips the trees of their foliage. The storm is leaving; but, before he goes, he has a final fling, until the earth shakes under the tremendous force directed at it.

Peace! Perfect peace descends on the battered land as the terrifying creation of the "Unseen Powers" moves away. The sun sparkles on the leaves, the birds sing, and the animals begin to feed in the cool, clean and pleasant evening air. In the south-east one can see where the sun has thrown his brilliant light over the vengeful clouds.

MARY CAMERON, 15 years (Scholarship).

BIRD SONGS

Flying high on the wing,
 And in the trees they sing,
 These happy birds you hear
 Are heralding the spring.

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet!
 Their blithesome song is sweet.
 These happy birds you hear,
 All come fair Spring to greet.

KATRINA LOCKWOOD (11 years).

I SAW THE QUEEN MOTHER

At seven o'clock, one Thursday morning in March, Mummy popped in to us with a wonderful surprise. My sister and I were to see the Queen Mother! We journeyed to Halbar, a small township, through which the Royal visitor was to pass.

Because she is so popular and loves to talk to everyone, the Queen Mother was half an hour later than scheduled. When the escort arrived everyone cheered wildly.

My sister and I were right at the end of the long line of people, but we cheered just as heartily as anyone. We admired her frock of turquoise blue, and the beautiful bouquet of orchids which she carried. The Queen Mother passed by so swiftly that we felt we had dreamt it all!

We decided to drive along the road to Brisbane, but could only follow a short way as we had to return to school.

I will long remember the Queen Mother as a gracious lady with a sweet smile.

—By SANDRA LOMAS (11 years).

ST. LAWRENCE

The time was two o'clock in the afternoon. The heat was unbearable. The occupants of the second last carriage of the train lay languidly in their seats. The windows were up as far as possible to admit every breath of a practically non-existent breeze.

The train came to a grinding halt. Someone grunted, "There's no station—we must have stopped for water," and lapsed back into sleep, mumbling, "I hope we have dinner soon."

A deep silence descended. The cameras stayed in the racks. No one moved. The slight breeze due to the motion of the train was gone. The heat was so intense one felt it could be cut from the air in chunks.

Footsteps sounded along the platform. "Come on! Doesn't anyone want any dinner?" said a chaperon. We roused ourselves. Visions of a picnic lunch out in the blazing sun flitted through my mind. We descended from the train. On either side of the train extended a vast stretch of rank, yellow grass, with here and there the grey ghost of a dead tree, devoid of its leaves, charred scars bearing witness to fires that had licked its trunk but not destroyed it.

There, up near the engine of the train, we saw the station. It consisted of a platform about the length of two carriages and a small, dingy fawn building proudly bearing "St. Lawrence" in white on a black sign. A poor sickly-looking plant lay shrivelling with a small chance of survival in the drought conditions.

We tramped the whole length of the train. The St. Lawrence River stretched itself into a swamp practically dried up, which we could see in the distance. Shambling along to view us came a blackfellow. He surveyed us out of bright eyes and then disappeared into a little building which looked too small to house even a bed.

The dining-room was steamy and the flies buzzed around annoyingly. It was so small dinner had to be eaten in shifts. We stood in the sun waiting our turn. When it came we filed into the dining-room. The stools were so high it was possible to put one's knees on the table while eating. Three little native girls watched, round-eyed, from the kitchen door while we ate the fish served to us.

When dinner was over we boarded the train again. The station-master, his wife, their children, the waitresses and the natives gathered to give us a royal farewell. The train pulled away from the station and the rank grass gave way to sugar-cane. That was St. Lawrence, and I shall never forget it.

JUDITH PACE (Fifth Form).

SLIDING DOORS

Our sliding doors go sliding by,
Sliding, day by day;
The factory makes them, one by one,
And sends them far away.

A customer came to the shop one day
And asked for a sliding door.
I said, "What measurements do you want?"
And he answered, "Four by four!"

The workmen rushed around about
And finished the work by three.
But the customer sadly shook his head:
"It's much too big for me!

"I only wanted a little thing,"
He muttered in despair—
"A door that would fit Dolly's house,
A door four inches square!"

Our sliding doors go sliding by,
Sliding, day by day;
The factory makes them, one by one,
And sends them far away!

—By MARISE SPORK (11 years).

THE VISIT OF THE QUEEN MOTHER

Far in the distance I could see the aeroplane flying towards the Canberra aerodrome where I was waiting in the midst of a crowd of people. We were all waiting for the arrival of Her Majesty the Queen Mother. This would be her second visit to Australia. This time she travelled alone. Her husband, who accompanied her on her last tour, was now dead.

As I stood on the edge of the tarmac among the crowds of people waiting for the momentous landing, I could not help thinking back into the past to the year 1927, the year of Her Majesty's first visit to Australia.

Then she had been the Duchess of York, a young married woman at the side of her husband, the Duke of York, who was destined to become King of England and the Commonwealth. In 1936 King Edward VIII abdicated and the following year his younger brother ascended the throne as King George VI. His wife became Queen Elizabeth.

In the years that followed, they gained the love and loyalty of their subjects. During the war they did not leave their home, Buckingham Palace, in order to live in a safer part of England, although part of the palace was bombed during an air raid on London. This, and the fact that they went about the country giving encouragement where it was needed, so tightly strengthened the bond between the people and the Throne that it is unlikely that it will ever be broken.

Now, as I stood here, I wondered if the bond between the Australian people and the Throne would ever be as strong as it was in Britain. I remembered the warm welcome given to the Duke and Duchess of York on their first arrival in Australia, and I knew that if the welcome given to Her Majesty today was just as warm, then the bond between Australia and the Crown would be much stronger. Even now I could hear the cheers that greeted the Royal visitors in 1927, and I knew in my heart that they would be just as loud and warm today as they were then.

I was suddenly brought back to the present by the loud noise of an aeroplane close by. There it was now right in front of me, slowly making its way down the tarmac to where the welcoming committee stood. I could almost feel the excitement of the crowd growing as the aeroplane came closer and closer.

At last the huge aeroplane came to a standstill. A few more minutes to wait and then I would see that smiling face again, the one I had remembered for so long. There she was now, right in front of me as she came out of the aeroplane, walking slowly and majestically down the steps to the tarmac. She was smiling just as radiantly as she had the first time I saw her. She seemed sincerely happy at again having the opportunity of visiting Australia.

Her face had hardly changed with the years. Such a royal figure she looked as she came down the steps, waving and smiling at the people below, stopping now and then to let the photographers take pictures of her. Once at the bottom of the steps she inspected a guard of honour. After this she was escorted to the official dais, where she heard a speech of welcome. She then replied. After this many important people were presented to her, some for the second time in their lives. She had a smile and a few words to say to each one.

All around me I could hear people commenting on how beautiful she was and how well she spoke. She had indeed won their hearts just as her daughter, Queen Elizabeth II, and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, had in 1954 when they toured Australia as part of their Commonwealth tour. The bond between the Crown and the Australian people was now tightened more securely than ever.

This over, Her Majesty drove on to more official functions. As I trudged wearily home I felt that the strenuous day had been worth while, for I had seen once again the gracious Mother of our beautiful Queen.

NANCY WILKINSON (Form VI).

A TRIP TO NEW ZEALAND

One Christmas holidays, my sister, Kathleen, and I were given the opportunity of going for a trip to New Zealand. When we heard the great news we were most excited and anxious to be on our way.

The first part of our journey was by train to Sydney. We stayed in Sydney for a week-end and were able to view many things which we had not seen before. Then late on Sunday afternoon we went to Mascot Airfield to catch our aeroplane to New Zealand.

At last the great engines started to roar and the aeroplane taxied slowly along the runway. Then, as it gained speed, it gradually rose, and in no time we had left Australia behind us. All about us there were clouds, and only when there was a break in these clouds we could see the deep blue sea far below us. While crossing the Tasman Sea we were told to turn our watches two hours forward, as New Zealand time is two hours ahead of Eastern Australian time. It was midnight when the aeroplane was circling around Auckland, which at that time of the night was a huge mass of different-coloured lights.

The first thing I noticed on awaking the next morning was the difference in the atmosphere. It was much cooler than that of Australia. As we were touring the South Island, we experienced some cold, windy days compared with what we were used to in Queensland in December. While in Wellington we realised how this town got its name, "Windy Wellington."

Another thing to which we had to accustom ourselves was the different currency used in New Zealand. New Zealand money has the same value as English coinage. As well as the silver and copper coins that Australians use, the New Zealanders use the crown and the half-crown. While we were there we used the half-crown but did not see a crown piece.

We saw much of the country, mainly the North Island. When we visited Rotorua, we were lucky enough to see the geysers erupting. The geysers shoot steam over 100 feet into the air. Maori guides took us over a Maori fort which was used during the Maori Wars, a primitive village, and then a modern village. In this Whaka Thermal Region we saw a huge boiling mud-pool as well as many small ones.

A train journey took us from Auckland to Wellington. On the way we saw much of the best sheep country in New Zealand, the North Island being the largest producer of wool. The New Zealand countryside is very much like that of England, with hedges as fences in many places.

While in Wellington we went through Parliament House, where Mr. Holland, who was then Governor, spoke to us. After spending a few days in Wellington, viewing some of its many splendours, we went to Christchurch by ship. Christchurch interested me especially. This beautiful city is built on the Avon River, the river having an average depth of four feet, while the deepest part reaches seven feet. Another interesting point about this river is that in the city area there are 37 bridges built across it.

As much as we would have liked to see the Southern States of the South Island, we did not have time to visit them, but we travelled across the Canterbury Plains to the Southern Alps. Here we went for a hike up a mountain near Arthur's Pass and saw snow for the first time.

From Christchurch we went back to Auckland, where we spent another few days sightseeing before returning to Australia. While sightseeing in Auckland we went for a trip around the Waitemata Harbour, the northern harbour of Auckland. Ships coming from the Panama Canal use this harbour, while ships from Australia use the Manekū Harbour.

We came away from New Zealand with pleasant memories of the people whom we had met. This trip has meant much to me and has been very valuable in my geography studies. I would like very much to visit New Zealand again to see and learn more of the country.

GWEN REIS, Sub-Senior.

DAWN

Across the still, silent waters the first glimmer of light cautiously wove a trail of shimmering crystal. Gradually the eastern sky awoke as the trail became a path, and the path widened into a roadway. Suddenly the whole water became a sea of glittering diamonds, as beautiful as a sparkling tiara.

Birds began to stir in their nests, and a melodious thrush started a chorus to herald the approaching morn.

The heavens were a delicate rose toning which slowly changed to a pale pink, and then to a light marigold. By slow degrees the marigold merged into a faint yellow.

Yet another day was added to the earth's years.

ELIZABETH HOWES (14 years).

BUSBY'S FLATS

My home is at Mount Pickabean, which is in the lower part of Busby's Flats. It is 32 miles from Casino.

Wherever we stand we are able to see wide creeks. On their banks are pines, gums, bottle-brush, and currajong.

Close to my home there is a large forestry. Pine-trees are grown in it, and are cut when they are tall enough. The logs are sent to timber-mills at Busby's Flats, Rappville, and Lismore.

Our dairy-farm is large enough to hold three share-farmers. We have Guernsey, Friesian and Jersey cows, so always have rich milk, cream, and butter.

Behind our house are two high, rocky mountains named Belmore and MacIve.

I enjoy my holidays because Mary and I wander around the Flats. We will soon be able to take the twins out, too.

MARGARET YATES (8 years).

INSIDE A CATHEDRAL

While awaiting the departure of my train, the sound of the city-hall clock reverberated across the crowded city as I aimlessly wandered through a labyrinth of streets. I came to a cathedral, an ancient, massive stonework, imperious, yes, but certainly not graceful. It stood erect and magnificent and without the welcoming appearance one might associate with a country church nestled amongst fir-trees and honeysuckle. There were no surrounding embellishments save a straight driveway and trimly cut lawns. My footsteps crunched on the pebbles of the path as I made my way up to the thick oak door. When I pushed this open it silently moved back into place, shutting out all sounds of human activities, and I found myself in glorious splendour of lavish decorations. A luxurious carpet muffled the sound of my footsteps. The cathedral was empty and ponderously quiet. The afternoon light gently filtered through the multi-coloured glass windows, staining a maze of colour across the church. Down the long aisle and at the end was the altar, surrounded by a rich blue carpet and adorned with a spotlessly white covering cloth and gleaming white lilies. The cross and golden vessels caught the light and threw back a dazzling brilliance. Quietly kneeling in a front pew, the extravagant beauty overcame all other trivialities of life—this was man's attempt to show his appreciation for the beauty of soft grasses and crystal streams! Satisfied, and with a deep feeling of contentment, I rose and ventured out to the confused din of the streets towards the railway station.

JANICE HOLLISTER.

ON A QUEENSLAND CATTLE STATION

Two years ago I went up north, to a cattle station.

The property consisted of 20,000 acres. Each paddock was well watered with bores and had many well-bred Herefords roaming the grassy hills.

In the beginning of the year, the manager bought and bred cattle. After twelve months all the Herefords were earmarked and branded—which was a very strenuous job.

During the time I was on the station there were many hardships—disease, drought, fire, and, worst of all, cattle-stealing. Fortunately, cattle-stealing seldom occurs.

During my stay on the station I learnt much about cattle—where they camped at night, how they knew where there was water, where they went when there was a storm, and many other things which are known to a cattleman.

When I had to leave Queensland I was very sorry, as I thoroughly enjoyed the life on the cattle station.

PATRICIA FORRESTER (12 years).

THE WIND IN SPRING

The wind that went away last night,
 It rustled in the shadows;
 Blowing the mist quietly along,
 It ran across the meadows.

The wind that went away last night,
 It tossed the trees a-flying;
 It sent the loose hay all about,
 And watched the winter dying.

ALISON STREAM (10 years).

GREEN ISLAND

It was during the August vacation that a party I was with visited Cairns and the Barrier Reef. One day of our visit took us to Green Island, just off the coast from Cairns.

When we were coming into Green Island the different depths of the sea caught our attention. The immediate water was a deep blue which merged into a bluey-green, while light-green white-capped waves washed over the white sands of the small island. From a distance the island was a mass of green trees clumped together with the clear sands encircling it.

The jetty reached into the sea. Small island vessels and touring-boats were roped fast to it. A number of men moved down the jetty to and from the boats. A branch of the skeleton-like wooden frame led to an underwater observatory, and along this strolled tourists like ourselves. Large hats, bathing-costumes and merry faces showed clearly the atmosphere of the island.

Youthful figures seeking the sun were dotted in groups over the beach. Picnic parties were gathered beneath the wind-blown palm-trees. Shouts and splashes came from bathers. Island-children (white though well tanned by the sun) played amongst the various vegetation. These children, we found, were quite expert at scaling the coconut-palms which at that time were laden with clumps of fibrous-coated nuts.

The only buildings were two houses, a kiosk and a small souvenir-shop. Well-worn paths leading in through the green spreading trees disclose these buildings, which were not visible from the sea.

At low tide glass-bottomed boats took tourists to near-by reefs to view the living coral and many wonders of the Great Barrier.

When we were going from the island at the end of the day, the sun was just setting and the island stood out against the redness of the sunset. It was just as it is so often described, a perfect example of a tropical island. One day, in my opinion, was far too short a time to spend on such a paradise set in the sea.

BEVERLEY REIS (Fifth Form).

AN ADVENTURE WITH A DRAGON

One night, when all was quiet, peaceful and very still beneath the golden moon, a dragon lost the way to his home.

He hunted everywhere, but nowhere could he find the path back.

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At last he came to the entrance to our school. The dragon tip-toed into a dormitory where we were all sleeping. He bumped against a chair and scurried outside.

I awakened and opened my window. There was a very large reptile which looked like a lizard peering in at me.

I wakened my friend and we crept outside to investigate.

The very large lizard was a dragon! I was a little nervous at first when the dragon crawled up to us.

Now, when dragons think they are large and strong they become larger and larger, but when they think they are weak and small they become smaller and smaller. So, because we were not afraid, the little dragon grew smaller and smaller.

However, another girl came running out, and, seeing the dragon, she threw up her hands and screamed. The little dragon began to puff up and grow!

I decided to ask where he came from, and he said, "I just don't know at the moment, I am lost," and because he was sad he grew small again.

We decided to help him to find his home, while the moon was still up.

The dragon suddenly cried, "I know! I live in a cave in a mountain! There is a cool stream running past."

A voice called from the dormitory, "Girls! Girls! What are you doing?" We said a hurried good-bye to the dragon and went to Matron.

She did not believe we had been talking to a dragon, and said we had better go to bed and not be silly.

We often wonder if our little dragon found his cave.

Have you seen one wandering around at night? If so, do not be afraid. He is only a little dragon and will not harm you.

SUSAN CORY (11 years).

SOUNDS IN THE NIGHT

It was midnight. I lay on my back on Mother Nature's couch, surveying the sleeping world. My father and I, with the assistance of two aboriginal stockmen, were droving a mob of cattle from our station to a far-distant town.

In me there was a sense of freedom, a sense of utter ecstasy, for what better roof was there than a heaven of twinkling stars and a moon that rode the sky like a silvery-grey, phantom equestrienne? What made a healthier bed on which to rest my weary limbs than the soft maiden-hair ferns which had once caressed the banks of a little creek that tumbled over the granite rocks nearby? What other lullaby was sung as sweetly and as soothingly as the whispering of the wise, grey gums?

A dingo's eerie call rang through the silent bush as he slunk from his hollow log in quest of prey for his midnight feast. One of our kelpies rose from his slumber by the dying embers of the campfire and answered the ringing challenge with a deep, sullen growl, only to turn round and lie down again, in the tradition of all the canine race.

The owl sent a shiver down my spine with his shrill cry of "Mopoke," which in my opinion sounds like an imitation of our black cook

yelling, "More pork!" The clink of a hobble-chain echoed through the gums as one of the horses moved while dining under the light of the moon.

Not far away the rich, melodious voice of one of the stockmen was to be heard as he started his rounds, to prevent the cattle from stampeding. The bellow of a lost calf wended its way to my ears, and the comforting low of its mother, reassuring it of its safety. The chuckle of a drowsy jackass issued forth into a hearty guffaw.

As I lay in my swag, thus meditating upon the beauty of life, the sounds of the night brought back to my mind a verse—a verse I was sure no one else now understood as I did:

"These are the haunts we love,
Glad with enchanted hours,
Bright as the heavens above,
Fresh as the wild bush flowers."

ANNE NICHOLSON (Grade VII).

THE ACCIDENT

During last Christmas holidays, Daddy decided to take Noreen and me to Uralla, in New South Wales.

We had a pleasant journey by car, through farming land. Daddy allowed us to stay on a farm for a week, and we had great fun with the animals. Then it was time to return home.

The roads were very slippery after the frequent thunderstorms, and, to Daddy's horror, the car skidded as we turned a bend. With a crash, it rolled over twice! Noreen and I were flung clear, but Daddy was pinned underneath. Noreen ran for help, and soon the ambulance car tore up and took Daddy to hospital. He had a broken collar-bone, and was in hospital for quite a few weeks.

Daddy is now better, and the car has been repaired, so it was not an unhappy ending to our holiday.

SYLVIA DUNCOMBE (8 years).

SPRING

The pale yellow of the sun rose above the horizon, casting clear light on the earth. Young birds awoke and put on their dresses of rainbow hues.

The fields of dancing colour swayed to and fro, as in tune to some unheard melody. The pale yellows contrasting with bright blues, reds and oranges, brought the soul of man to admire God's work of art.

Butterflies, their frail and crystal wings glinting in the bright sun, flitted from flower to flower to draw out the sweetness they love.

The birds sang their sweetest songs; even the birds of mourning were happy. Notes of clear, sweet song filled the air with tremulous sound as they greeted a spring day.

When the sun begins to set beyond the distant horizon, we may think over the day gone by and thank God, the Creator, for the pleasures that are true and simple.

SUSAN ARMBRUSTER (Scholarship).

THE CHILDREN OF HOLLAND

The children of Holland
 Make gardens of flowers,
 There are tulips so gay,
 And daffodil bowers.

They wear wooden clogs,
 These little folk do.
 Their hair is of gold,
 And their patches are blue.

BEVERLEY WILLETT (10 years).

SUNRISE IN THE TROPICS

The grey sea surrounding the black-covered isles of the tropics was calm as it awaited the rising of the sun.

Not a stir as the light gradually transformed from grey to light grey, and in the east the sky was pinky-orange. Fluffy cumulus clouds tinted with orange halted above the mountains as if making a bed. The sun rose majestically from its bed of soft pink clouds. Its bright rays shot out to wake the sleepy earth.

Birds such as the dove and thrush, nestling comfortably on the nearby trees, heralded the day with melodious carols that sounded like the tinkling of bells. Some birds with black-coloured feathers whistled a harmonious tune that rang out all over the island. The chirping of the hungry baby-birds told their parents that it was breakfast-time; so off they flew to gather food.

The sparkling dew on the grass and shrubs made them look as if they were clothed in armour of pearls; but as the sun rose higher towards the heaven, the robes of pearl vanished from our sight. Emerald grass covered the island with its red and silver painted roofs of the houses. The palm-trees, with their tall, slim trunks, swayed to and fro in the morning zephyr as if they greeted the glorious morning with joy.

Gloomy, shapeless islands only lit by the dying embers of a former bonfire, began to take form as it drew nigh to daylight. White sands, bordered with palm trees and beech trees are a delectable spot for picnics. The blue sea added more beauty to the islands.

The sky was pink, but as the sun ascended, it became azure with fleecy, cottonwool-like clouds flitting across it. As the sun shone brightly, it struck the snow-white clouds with its glittering rays, which changed them to silvery haze. Soon they formed into giant cumulus clouds embellishing the firmament.

The sea of grey reflected the pink clouds above, which made it look pink, but soon it faded away, and sapphire carpet lay around the islands. The snow-capped waves rolled across the smooth sea, then disappeared in the mass of water.

Now, Apollo and his chariots and horses of fire rode across, ruling the heavens. Human beings, animals, plants, birds, insects and fish enjoyed this radiant tropical morning with gratification.

DAWN SOLOMON (Sub-Scholarship).

THE BIRD

Hey, diddle dee!
 One, two three!
 I saw a little bird
 In the middle of a tree!
 He sang so sweetly,
 I had not a care,
 As I listened to him,
 In the lovely cool air!
 Hey, diddle dee!
 One, two, three!
 I wish I were a little bird
 In the middle of a tree!

JENNIFER DONOVAN, 8 years.

CIRCUS TIME

Once, in a small village in England, there lived a girl who wanted to belong to a circus. Her name was Neta. Neta's father was a circus rider called Bernado. Sometimes when she went to visit her father at the circus, Maxie and Moira, the trapeze actors, would give Neta some lessons, because she wanted to be a trapeze actress. However, Bernado wanted her to be a rider.

One night when Neta was at the circus, Maxie and Moira were entering the ring when Moira tripped and sprained her ankle and when she fell down she could not rise again. The act was delayed a while for Moira to be taken to her caravan. As Moira was carried past Neta she said, "Will you take my place, please, Neta?" "Oh yes! Yes! of course!" said Neta, for she could do most of the tricks by now.

Maxie and Neta entered the ring. Everyone stared in amazement! It was the girl who was to be a rider!

Maxie and Neta climbed deftly! They swung gracefully!

After the act, Neta's father said, "You were wonderful to-night, Neta. I hoped you might be a rider, but you were born to be a trapeze girl. You will be, my dear."

As Neta fell asleep that night, she thought of her ambition. Her dreams were certainly coming true, thanks to an accident.

Flora Reis, 11 years.

MY ISLAND HOME

On the island of Kwato, just off the coast of Papua and New Guinea, I was born and spent my happy childhood. This was my world and through it I moved with love for the living things about me.

Set in the azure sea and encircled by coral reefs, it looks very picturesque from the air. Trees and flowers of every hue grow splendidly in the rich soil, and birds also nest among the thick foliage.

Though this island lying peacefully in its beautiful surroundings appears calm and peaceful it had a hard beginning.

The history of Kwato goes back to the early 1890's, when the first white missionaries came into our country.

Seventy years ago, the inhabitants of the surrounding districts were cannibals, and their main interest was inter-tribal fighting. They made spears, clubs and war canoes and stockaded their villages and raided neighbouring tribes.

In 1891 Charles Abel, of the London Missionary Society, brought his wife in a sailing boat and founded Kwato. His aim was to turn cannibals into Christians and responsible citizens, and to rally Papuans to take part in the fight for their country. Industries were introduced to replace old occupations, and to help the people to find a new place in their changing country.

The whole foreshore of Kwato was then a swamp, and this had to be overcome, with the superstition that went with it. Local villagers believed that a serpent or dragon, which they would not risk annoying, dwelt in the depths. Anyhow, the victory was won, and the ground reclaimed, where sawmill, workshops and sports ground stand to-day.

Charles Abel died in 1930 and his work is carried on by Papuans and Europeans. He is commemorated in the Memorial Chapel, where he is buried with his fellow pioneers.

Papuans in the schools and workshops learn carpentry, sawmilling and engineering. Girls are trained in nursing, child welfare, handicrafts, home science, teaching and kindergarten work.

Many who have been trained at Kwato are now taking part in our country's development.

There are at present a number of Papuan boys and girls who are attending different schools in Australia, and there are also two girls who are training to be fully certificated nurses.

Kwato Island is the headquarters of the Kwato Association, where a hospital, a nurses' training centre, boarding and technical schools are situated. There are also out stations in Milne Bay, The Highlands and the Central District.

The Mission has been independent ever since 1919, and is supported mainly by its own earnings and the small coconut plantations in Milne Bay, managed by Papuans.

At present in this school, I look back and see what my country needs. It does not need only education and learning, but Christianity and a new fighting spirit in the lives of the people. We believe that if a country is free from want, greed, fear, hate and disunity, it can give the answer to the nations of the world to-day.

DINEH DICKSON, 15 years (Sub-Scholarship).

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