

Mrs. H. J. Carpenter

St. Catharines Magazine



Jubilee Souvenir Number

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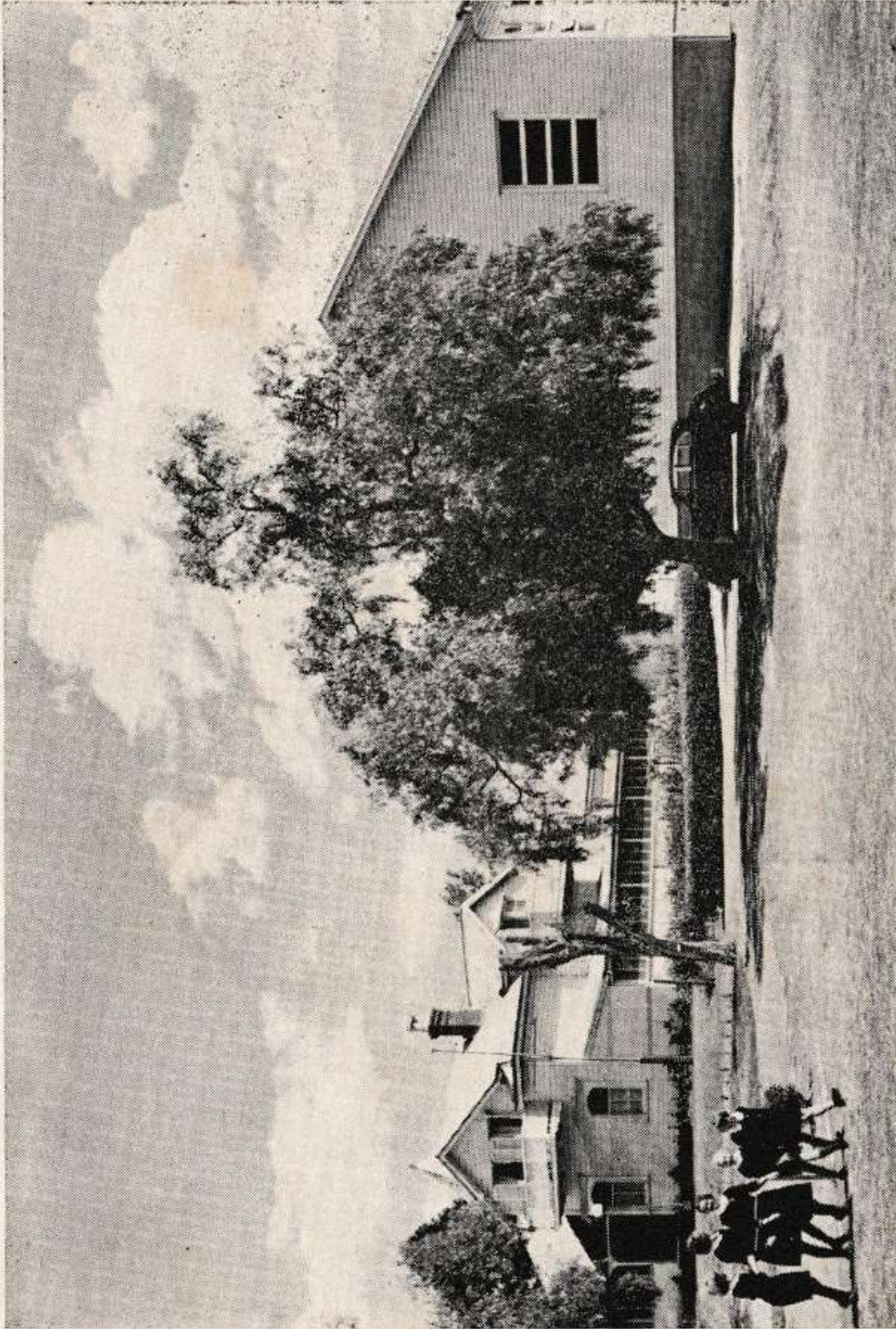


SISTER EVELYN, S.S.A.
First Sister in Charge of St.
Catharine's, Stanthorpe, 1909

Sister Evelyn was also the first Sister in Charge of St. John's Cathedral Day School, Brisbane, and held that position at the time of her death in March, 1941. With her death a vital link with the past was severed as Sister Evelyn was one of the few remaining sisters in the Community who knew the Mother Foundress, Mother Caroline Amy, personally.

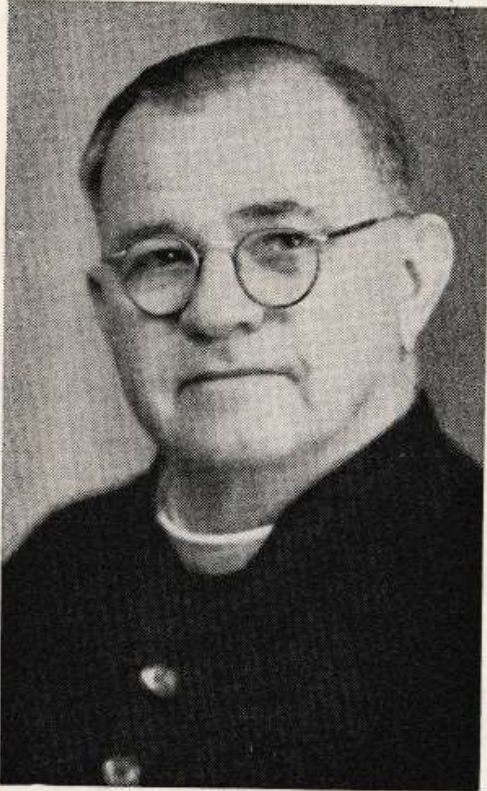
Sister Evelyn played a very important part in the early history of St. Catharine's and had a very special place in the affection of the girls who knew and loved her so well. We record with deep gratitude the splendid and devoted contribution she made to the establishment of the Sisters' first country school—St. Catharine's.

ST. CATHARINE'S SCHOOL, 1959



FOREWORD

(From the School's Chaplain, Venerable Archdeacon W. Hoog)



For nearly thirteen years now I have been Chaplain of St. Catharine's School. During this time I have conducted services weekly in the School Chapel, prepared girls year by year for Confirmation and, with the help of various Assistant Curates, given weekly Divinity lessons. Also I count it an honour to be allowed to share in the excitement and fun of school and inter-school sports, to attend the Annual Speech Days, School Concerts and Nativity Plays.

In view of the growing number of State High Schools and Schools with "High Tops", the question is asked, "What is the place and value of Church Boarding Schools?" After all, religious instruction is given by the clergy in most Primary and High Schools. First, let me state that scholastic results in most Church

Schools are as good or as bad as most State Schools. However, from the point of view of the Church the imparting and learning of religious and secular knowledge is not sufficient. We are not saved by knowledge. There must be the education of the whole person, body, mind and soul. And so there must be taught and learnt the practice of corporate worship through regular attendance at services in Chapel and Parish Church. It is through this worship that the deepest, most valuable and lasting lessons are learnt. Further there is the interplay of person with person, Mistress with Scholar, Scholar with Scholar and the discipline of living close up with others which "DOES" something to the girl or boy. They learn the valuable lesson of living together which will stand them in good stead whatever vocation they may follow in post-school years.

This contribution of Christian character building has been faithfully performed by St. Catharine's over the past 50 years and, please God, will continue to perform in the years ahead.



OUR REVEREND MOTHER SUPERIOR

It was with mixed feelings that we assembled on Opening Day 1959. The Christmas vacation had whisked from us a beloved Sister in Charge. Even the oldest inhabitant among the girls with eleven years to her credit, had known no other—so it was understandable that the children viewed a change with some misgiving. As Sister in Charge of St. Catharine's School for over eleven years the name of Sister Kathleen was on the lips of parents and friends in all parts of Southern Queensland. Her wisdom and understanding had won for her a special place in their affections and her tireless care of a sick child endeared her to mother and child alike. With exceptional administrative ability Sister Kathleen carefully husbanded

the financial resources of the school and her vigilance was rewarded in knowing when she handed over, that the beautiful Assembly Hall built during her regime and additional property "Parkinson House" were free of debt. Now, we turn the page at the end of our first half-century and record with thankfulness the work of Sister Kathleen at St. Catharine's and rejoice in the preference that takes her from us to a wider work in the Community as a whole in the role of Reverend Mother Superior of the Society of the Sacred Advent. May God bless her as she assumes the responsibilities of her high office.

JANICE HOLLISTER, School Captain, Jubilee Year



PER VOLAR SU NATA

Per Volar Su Nata—"Born to fly upwards", is the motto which has been written on the St. Catharine's School blazer for the past fifty years—to fly upwards, not looking back, but overcoming all obstacles set in one's course and achieving success. The success, not merely of passing examinations, of the achievement of receiving a certain percentage in Scholarship or a number of A's, B's, and C's in the Junior and Senior examinations, but the success should be that of a character moulded and developed by boarding school life.

Why should boarding school life be so important? It is important, because it is here that children receive the development of

their character necessary for them to become worthwhile citizens. Here, there are no conflicts between a home life and a school life, there is but one system, and schoolwork and recreation are fitted into a timetable which will benefit the child in the best possible way. As Australians we realise the benefit of a centralised government, and as boarding school students, we realise the benefit of having centralised control of our activities.

A child, on entering a boarding school, leaves behind the conveniences and security of a home life and finds herself independent and on an equal footing with her schoolmates. She is now faced with new and difficult problems and trivial matters gain importance. Parents hear of various activities and events of the school year, neatly packed onto pages; however, they read them without much consideration as to how these events affect the morale of their child. The first letter complaining of homesickness, the boy met at the social and the part taken in the school sports or concert are all minor trials to the schoolgirl. It is in training the individual to keep things in the proper proportions, overcoming difficulties and restricting excitement, that a boarding school fulfils its duty.

Both our minds and bodies are developed as we learn the value of working together as a team both in our schoolwork and on the sports field. We learn to be good losers as well as good victors and we benefit from the general education and religious training which a boarding school life offers.

School life teaches us how to use time, how to study and learn by our own initiative. We learn from the people with whom we come into daily contact and we set ourselves a standard from their examples.

Part of our education consists in learning discipline and self-control. To be obedient is a rule which one must learn before one is able to make others obedient. This, perhaps, is one of the most difficult lessons to learn, for we enter as individuals and find that we must become one of many, doing the same things and obeying the same rules.

The character of the individual has been formed before he or she enters a secondary school; however, it is here that he obtains the necessary poise and confidence for his future life. Some children have these natural advantages and do not need the training of a boarding school. It is true that some will take greater advantage of the opportunities presented to them; however, those who pass through the school gates without the school having had some effect on them, are in the minority.

Our uniform, school badge and blazer, are the symbols of our pride in our school.

As the length of the girl's term at school increases, the pattern of school life becomes a part of her life, and as she nears the end of her school days she is given responsibilities. Since first entering the school her progress has been watched and noted, and then if she

appears capable, she is given the task of leading and helping others. From this responsibility, however slight it may be, has arisen the necessity to make a distinction between right and wrong and to choose right for the sake of right. Gone are the days when one did right merely from the fear of being punished if one did otherwise. Instead, it is the individual's conscience which must make the choice.

Our school is a school which offers all the benefits necessary for the development of character. From our youth germinates a will to succeed and overcome all obstacles. In the fertile young mind is sown the seed of knowledge and understanding obtained from text books and our lives at school.

As the full tones of the School Hymn reverberate through the hall on the final day of our school life, we are able to survey, briefly, the life which we have built up for ourselves at school, part of which we will leave behind. We have flown upwards, the faults and mistakes become dim and unreal and the triumphs and achievements won from our school life are all that remain for us in the new life ahead.

—JANICE HOLLISTER.

ST. CATHARINE'S, STANTHORPE—1909



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL—1909-1959

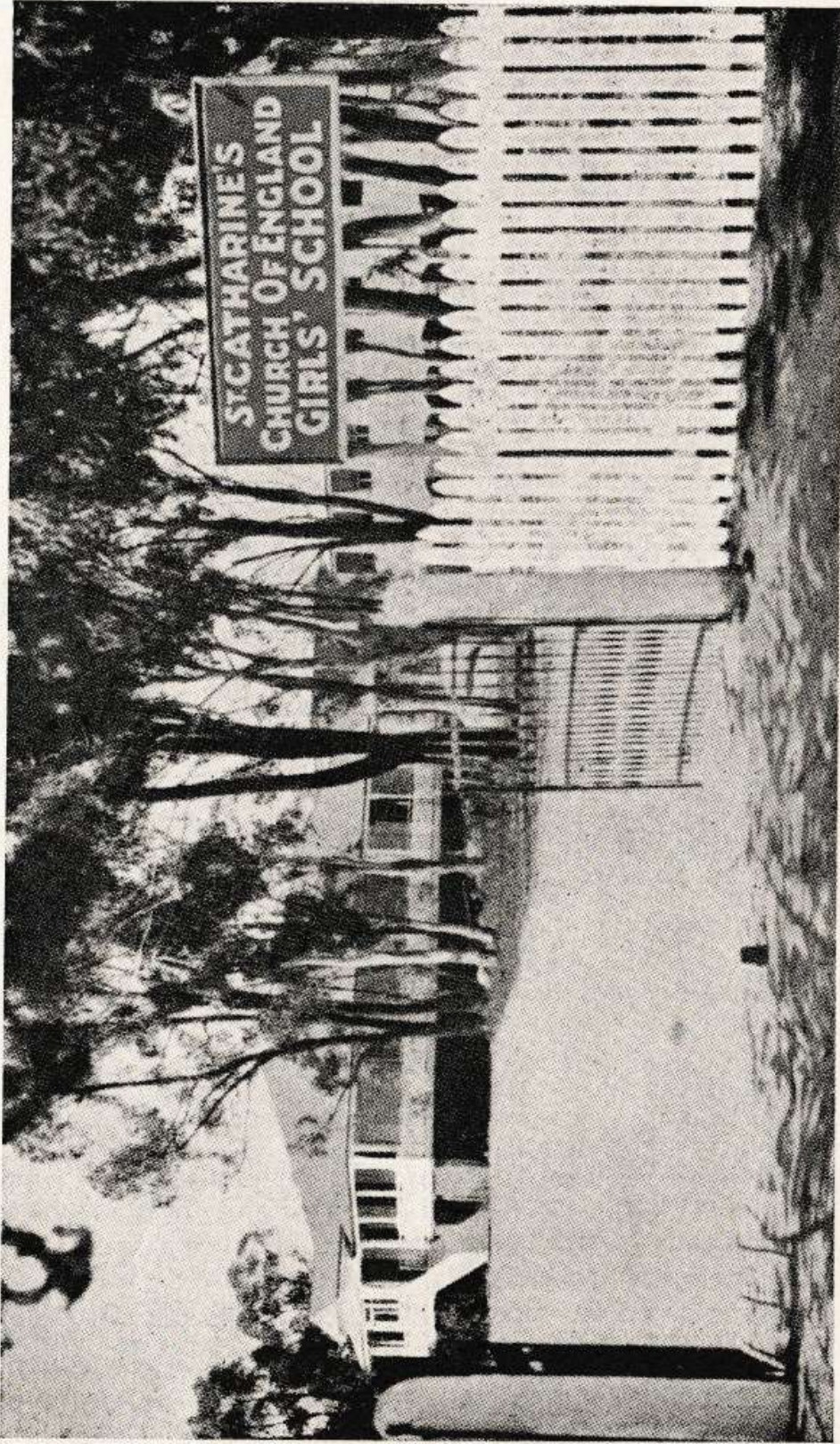
Urged on, no doubt, by the success of St. Margaret's High School, which the Sisters opened in Brisbane in 1895, a School was acquired in Stanthorpe run by Miss England and thus in 1909, St. Catharine's was started with three boarders and five day pupils, and takes pride of place in being the first country school opened by the Sisters of the Sacred Advent.

Sister Evelyn was the first Sister in Charge and early records show that her indomitable spirit permeated the early years and established a foundation upon which has been built a School of which the Sisters may well be proud. Down the years Sisters have followed in her train, setting up principles which have become traditions in the school, and past pupils now scattered the length and breadth of the State look back happily at years spent at either Stanthorpe or Warwick. Early days of the School meant much sacrifice and "putting up" with all sorts of difficulties and these were overcome always in the same spirit of adventure and faith which inspired the Sisters to commence their work in the country.

In a Sisters' School the Chapel is always the heart of all activity and early action was taken to provide a place of worship. A small building at the rear of the house which had formerly been a gymnasium was converted into a very lovely little chapel and dedicated amidst much joy and thanksgiving by Venerable Archdeacon Rivers on 21st March, 1911.

Difficulties of World War I period were encountered but within the school itself life went on much the same with little interruption of studies and routine. Numbers grew and by 1916 a new wing for boarders was necessary. This was followed by a second house in 1918. By 1922 the Sisters knew their venture had been justified and they could expand still further. Thus started another period of seeking and planning. A suitable property was found in Wallangarra Road and negotiations were immediately set afoot for the purchase of the property. A reluctant farewell was said to the building in College Road which had housed the school so happily for thirteen years. Gone from the site are the old buildings now. The grounds have been sub-divided into building blocks and private homes take the place of dormitories and class rooms. It is interesting to record, however, that the owner of one of these homes has a granddaughter at St. Catharine's and we feel that an important link with the past has thus been preserved.

Within a short space the new property became a hive of activity, buildings were remodelled and enlarged for Sisters' quarters, with the chapel underneath, and a complete new block for classrooms and dormitories planned under the guidance of Sister Elisabeth, the Sister in Charge at the time. So the years rolled on with many blessings, and successes are recorded in Public Examinations results which equalled those of other schools in the State.



New Buildings purchased in 1922, situated in Wallangarra Road, Stanthorpe, home of St. Catharine's until 1936.



VENERABLE ARCHDEACON GLOVER

Now living in retirement at "Osterley", Nobby, near Toowoomba. During his incumbency as Rector of Warwick the first steps were taken towards the establishment of a Church of England Girls' School here. Backed by his church wardens he launched a very successful appeal for funds. Archdeacon Glover undertook a personal canvass of the district and raised £6000 towards the venture, in order that his cherished hopes should materialise. His reward came on February 5, 1918, when the school was opened under the control of the Sisters of the Sacred Advent, with Miss Margaret Brown as the first Headmistress.

In 1936 came the momentous decision to amalgamate with the Church of England Girls' School at Warwick, which had been established in 1917. So again the uprooting and moving began and again we ask what became of the Stanthorpe buildings. We do know that latterly the building was converted into a block of flats and we hope that merry voices and happy laughter echoed down the corridors as before. However, a few years ago a disastrous fire wiped out the well known landmark, and our school home and link with Stanthorpe days 1922-1936. The buildings, yes, but not the spirit which was born and thrived within its walls. The spirit still lives on in the lives of these hundreds of past pupils of Stanthorpe days, many of whom are travelling long distances to be with us to celebrate the Jubilee.

Of the merger and move to Warwick the Editor of the School Magazine in the issue of 1937 records thus:—

"In looking back for twelve months, the familiar words of Tennyson came forcibly to my mind: 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new; and God fulfils Himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world'. Hackneyed?—yes, perhaps, but they have their bearing upon life at St. Catharine's, Warwick, in the twentieth century, just as surely as ever they did upon the fated court of King Arthur.

"A year ago there was a spirit of unrest in the air, the uncertainty which comes with a vital change in any organisation. There were two schools, both founded upon the principles of a common church, both with the same ideal—that of training youth in the spirit of service to God and the Community. These schools were to become one—surely no difficult operation one would think, to bring about the merging of two institutions so similar in aim. St. Catharine's, Stanthorpe, and the C.E.G.S., Warwick, were to be one school and as St. Catharine's, Warwick, to enter upon a new



**REV. CANON GEORGE
NEAL**

Rector of Warwick, 1928-1942

It was during the time Canon Neal was Rector of Warwick that the move was taken to amalgamate the Stanthorpe and Warwick Schools and he thus became the first Chaplain of the co-ordinated School when the merger took place in 1936.

sphere of existence with Sister Katharine as Sister in Charge. And so began 1937. To all of us had come some realisation of the task that this would set. For, just as two peoples from a parent stock develop national language and customs of entirely different character, so naturally, will two schools—for what is a school but a people in miniature? Over twenty years of independent existence give to a school its peculiar tradition and method of working and a clinging to these evidences of one's independence might in a measure have been predicted. It could be foreseen that many matters would have to be settled, not in a loathsome 'spirit of compromise' which satisfies nobody, but in a spirit of wise judgment which chooses the better of two good things.

"What was not foreseen even by the most hopeful of us was the rapidity with which we should all settle into our respective corners and become truly one. With the sure bond of fellowship to unite us, and with the submergence of self in working for a greater whole, there has grown up among us that feeling of unity which comes from a common loyalty."

Thus we come to the period of World War II when during the years 1939-46 Warwick virtually burst at its seams in accommodating all the various military units which sought refuge within its boundaries. Records Office, Convalescent Camps, Military Hospitals, crowded camps housing militia from all parts of the Commonwealth were spread in areas in close proximity to the town. So also St. Catharine's was called to play a part when the city areas were considered unsafe for children. Sister Margaret, who was Sister in Charge at the time, valiantly set to work to find ways and means of providing accommodation for numbers of girls who came from schools in Brisbane and elsewhere. It meant long

hours of planning and workmen to be found during these difficult times, but the plan worked out and the same spirit which had pioneered the early years shone out with renewed vigour as beds and classroom space were found for the large number who came to us. In spite of all, the school worked happily and again the girls from others schools found a friendliness at St. Catharine's which they did not easily forget, as seen from the remark of one of the Old Girls at the Reunion recently—"We came for the war years only, but we stayed on to complete our schooling"—such was the love they had for the school of their adoption.

These notes would not be complete without some reference to the honour bestowed on the School at the end of its first fifty years when Sister Kathleen, who had been Sister in Charge of St. Catharine's for over eleven years, was elected to guide the Community as its Reverend Mother Superior. Further reference to Sister Kathleen's work amongst us is given earlier in this magazine.

It is regretted that over the years we have unfortunately lost track of so many of our old girls and their doings. But we record with thanksgiving and pride many who have gone from the ranks to be trained as doctors, nurses, missionaries, religious. Of those, too, who have entered professions in other spheres and those (by far the greater majority) who have become wives and mothers. Each at their appointed task in the place wherein it has pleased God to call them carrying their school badges and motto to the wider field of service to their fellowman.

Here may we pause for a moment and remember a schoolmate of Stanthorpe days, Blanche Hempstead, of whom many of you have read in "White Coolies" (Beth Jeffreys). Blanche was attached to the Australian Army Nursing Service on duty in the Far East when she was taken prisoner with many of her nursing sisters, and died in a prison camp at Sumatra on 19th March, 1945. And yet another, our own missionary, Lesley Taylor who, with her husband (Rev. Dennis Taylor) and young family perished in the tragic Mount Lamington disaster. Lesley was a student in C.E.G.S. days and a prefect in 1930. May their lives of love and service to God and their country be an inspiration to the many girls who will have the privilege, too, of gaining knowledge in the School these Old Girls loved so well. As we pass on, too, many hundreds of old girls will remember with affection Heads of C.E.G.S. days, Miss Margaret Brown, Miss Florence Phipps who followed her. They will recall with thanksgiving and appreciation the leadership of these two principals who by precept and example taught them the significance of the motto they learned so well in their school days—"Altiora in Votis".

Such briefly is the history of St. Catharine's School built up over the years by the devotion of loyal men and women under the guidance of the Sisters. We look back on the achievements of the

first half century and go forward in faith and humility remembering with thanksgiving the lives of those who have gone before us as we repeat a School Hymn (Purtin) of bygone days—

Wrought by brave hands long dead, the past has laid
 So great a heritage before our feet;
 We can, with grateful hearts, and unafraid
 Work on to make the present strong and sweet.

Time Marches On

(A Contribution by George Self)

St. Catharine's reaches its golden jubilee and this carries one's thoughts back to the years that have gone, and events of the past. After two years of casual employment I was, on June 1st, 1930, appointed to the permanent staff of what was then the Church of England Girls' School, in charge of grounds, gardens and miscellaneous jobs. The School was then run by the Church under the headmistressship of Miss Florence Phipps, a highly esteemed lady who passed away about three years ago.



The School then consisted of two places, one situated at the corner of Palmerin and Locke Streets and the other further down towards town in Palmerin Street. The corner house was then known as "Mygunyah", a stately home of two storeys from which may be obtained a splendid scenic view of the surrounding district. It was built by a Mrs. Parr and later became the home of the late Thomas Macansh, owner of the famous Canning Downs station. The School in those days did not possess the amenities of today. The assembly hall was in the main building as well as boarders' accommodation. The verandahs which were used as dormitories were enclosed with canvas blinds which were not very conducive to warmth in the cold winter nights. There were no such things as hot water systems. Hot water for baths, etc., had to be carried by kerosene tins from stove to bath.

The other house was known as Mytton House and still carries that name. It was quite a large rambling house, and was originally the home of Mr. and Mrs. Coberoft, Mr. Coberoft being one time manager of the Commercial Bank of Sydney in Warwick. The amenities here also were very scarce, but though the school was small it had already attained a high place in the scholastic and sporting sphere, and notwithstanding the lack of comforts everyone seemed happy and contented.

In or about 1936 the School was taken over by the Sisters of the Sacred Advent, who closed down their school at Stanthorpe and came to Warwick. The name of the School was changed from C.E.G.S. to St. Catharine's. Then started a period of progress and improvements. The first Principal was that grand old lady, Sister Katharine, now residing in Brisbane. There being no Chapel, we set to work and partitioned off a corner on the verandah at Mytton House. Later a stable at the rear of the house was converted into a Chapel. This has since been enlarged, and today it is a very fine Chapel to which the entrance is through the old stable door—perhaps appropriate to the birth of our Lord.

Our next Principal was Sister Moira, followed by Sister Margaret, who served for quite a number of years and carried out quite a lot of improvements. Then for a short term Sister Elizabeth, then Sister Kathleen—the present Mother Superior. She remained with us for some ten years and was responsible for many more improvements. Our present Principal is Sister Rachel, well known in Warwick and under whose capable guidance we confidently look forward to further progress and expansion.

During the passing years much improvement have been effected to the grounds. More tennis courts were laid out and a very fine, equipped hospital built at Mytton House. Another property was purchased, adjoining Mytton House, and was known as Parkinson House.

All sleep-outs and verandahs were enclosed with glass louvres, hot water systems installed at both houses, and many other modern improvements effected.

The house at the top place has been remodelled and shingle roof replaced by corrugated fibro. Many old buildings were moved and a very beautiful large hall was erected at White House grounds.



SISTER RACHEL

As a boarding school, of course, we have a moving community. Principals, teaching staff, domestic staff and pupils come and go, but somehow I have stayed put. Some of the pupils of the early days have been replaced by their own daughters at the old school.

Yes, many changes have taken place. The school has grown and improved. Maybe I can't say. I have neither grown nor improved but I have grown old in the service of the school and carried on through all the changes time may bring.

May the school continue to grow and prosper as time marches on.

ST. CATHARINE'S PROUD RECORD OF NATATION

(By His Worshipful the Mayor of Warwick, Ald. E. J. Portley)

It is with extreme pleasure that I extend congratulations to St. Catharine's Church of England Girls' School, Warwick, upon the occasion of its celebrating its Golden Jubilee.

My happy association with St. Catharine's commenced in 1920, the year that saw the opening of the old Warwick swimming pool—almost 40 years ago, but time has intensified St. Catharine's interest in swimming and life-saving. Today the students at St. Catharine's comprise an expert team of speed swimmers and lifesavers capable of holding their own against allcomers.

As their Honorary Coach and Life Saving Instructor I have happy memories of teaching the "Originals" the art of propulsion in the water.

By 1924 several students were well advanced and were successful in gaining awards for their knowledge of the rudiments of life saving. I well remember that Beryl Medhurst, Elenor Stewart, Gwen Ryder, Shilley Creed, M. Bensen, D. Larsen, P. Morgan; Val Rowland, L. Smith, J. Tanner, D. Thompson, I. and R. Wickham, E. Macartney, Joan Mitchell, M. Matthews, Rita and Joan Collins, J. Rowland, Maud Lamb, Marie Addison and J. Rutter were all excellent speed swimmers and successful candidates for awards. This form of useful athletic exercise has been maintained all through the years and I recall that M. Chappell, J. Hill, D. Flower, L. Mills, Queenie Warby, the Whatley sisters (Nancy, Beatrice,



Hazel and Miriam), Winnie Gunn, Lorna Hill, Peggy Brett, Moyah Francis, Margaret Richards, Joan Steer, Patricia Prior, Barbara Boucher, Nancy Greenup, Patricia Anderson, Moya Johnston, D. Strudwick, Joyce Stidolph, Olive Searl, Clarice Dight, Muriel Taylor, Pat Staunton, Val Lucas, Josephine Brewester, Joan Blain, Fay Bunton, Beth Harding, the Schwennensen's (Pat, Wendy, Lilian and Judith), Ruth and Patsy Monaghan, Patricia Griffin, Diana Budge, Ruth Morgan, Helen Naylor, Doreen Foote, Nancy Dunne, Jean Wehl, Betty Tweedie, Airdree Neil, Stephanie Jones, Penelope Porter, Sarah Sherry, Jacqueline Hughes, Jenny Smith, Beverley Hockings, Muriel Johnson, Ann Davies F. M. Jackson, Jill Griffin, Paula McKee, Agnes Jackson, Pam Seitz, Noelle Ridge, Mary Johnston, Hilda Rose, Joan McDonald, Keron Langford, Val Hughes, Helen Fraser, Val Humphreys, Denise Dickson, Dallas Porter, Marina Jones, Merle and Edith Bottrell, Jean and Marina Nation, Shirley Morrish, Jean Cosh, Beryl Russ, Desley Willmott, Claire Lotan, Vilma Laurence, Elizabeth Jackson, Jean Padgett, Marlene Young, Gay Sutton, Patricia Haggard, Margaret Gunther, Ann Armbruster, Marlene Bradford, Florence Hatten, Robyn Craig, Fay Donovan, Marjorie Tosh, Jean McDonald, Phyllis Porter, Wendy Miller, Barbara Harris, Jill Farrington, Jeanne Marsh all distinguished themselves in Natation. What a celebration it would be if all these past students of St. Catharine's could return for the Jubilee Year.

It gives me great satisfaction to know that the high standard of water work set by those grand girls mentioned here is maintained today.

Since the opening of our Olympic Pool the students of St. Catharine's have had outstanding success and have won the All Schools' Championship for speed swimming and, up to date, between them, St. Catharine's girls have gained 274 awards for their knowledge of practical life saving.

I feel privileged to have been invited to record this tribute to those responsible members of St. Catharine's Staff, particularly the late Miss Margaret Brown, Miss Phipps, Sister Kathleen S.S.A., Miss Faye Bunton, Miss Patricia Griffin, Sister Rachel, S.S.A., and the students who have contributed so much in establishing St. Catharine's Church of England School at Warwick as one of our nation's grandest educational institutions.



SWIMMING TEAM — 1959

HAPPY MEMORIES AT CATHARINE'S, 1912-14

So many pictures of these years lit across my mind that it is difficult to know where to begin. St. Catharine's roll in 1912 consisted of 30 to 40 boarders and about half that number of day girls. The building had originally been erected for a boys' school and was situated on a ridge overlooking the town of Stanthorpe. This was quite a different location from that occupied by St. Catharine's before the final move to Warwick. I stress this point because it is, owing mainly to the position, that we were able to enjoy the pleasures and interests of the bush. Another factor one must remember was the freedom and lack of restrictions only possible with a small number of girls. Afternoon walks were rambles and scrambles through the adjoining paddocks collecting wild flowers, grasses and autumn leaves according to the season.

On Saturday afternoons we would often plead successfully to take our tea to our favourite part of the creek known as the Weir. Loaves of bread, tins of jam, a roaring fire for toast on our own special flat rock in mid stream which we reached by stepping stones. Once a term we went further afield, setting forth at an early hour in large horse-drawn conveyances to places of interest such as the Undercliff Falls across the border into New South Wales. The bushranger Thunderbolt's Caves were within walking distance of the school, also a hill or small mountain known as Bald Rock which we scaled with the zeal and enthusiasm of alpine climbers.

An unforgettable sight here one day was the vivid green flat covered in golden buttercups. Many of our expeditions took the form of topaz hunts when we would patiently sift through the warm sand on the banks of a creek, or a dam formed by the tin miners, to be rewarded with a yellow-white or blue stone. I still have a little jar full of my efforts in that direction. The winter one remembers with mixed feelings.

The school was exceedingly well ventilated and we had plenty of fresh air! And so chilblains and the practising with stiff fingers are among the less happy memories. Still, there were the early morning walks, or more accurately gallops, to warm us up before school when we would run down to the creek and find the shallow part near the bank iced over and the bridge looking fairy like with its thick coating of sparkling frost. Life had its more serious side, of course, and there again a vivid picture forms of the little white chapel with Sister in the doorway tolling the big brass bell and a line of girls wending their way along the path.

There are so many things to remember — the large pile of granite rocks known as the Sentimental Rocks which were just outside our back gate and on which we had many adventures, the wattle trees in full bloom, our own fruit trees—so tempting at times!

I cannot close without reference to our Mother Superior and Sister-in-Charge — Mother Emma and Sister Winifred — who gave us unstintedly their love and wisdom and that, I think, is the best memory of all.

In the News



KATHLEEN BARNARD
(Form VI, Prefect)

Chosen to represent the School at the Young Peoples' Luncheon to meet Princess Alexandra on the occasion of the visit of Her Royal Highness to Warwick, August, 1959.



JOYCE KNOWLES
(Form VI b)
Winner of a Gowrie Trust
Scholarship, 1959



ANNE NICHOLSON
Third place Australian Broadcasting
Commission's Commonwealth
Literary Award, 1959.

SCHOOL DIARY

Date	Event
FEB.:	
3	Boarders returned to school. We welcomed Sister Rachel as our Sister-in-Charge and Sister Angela as our Speech Mistress and Senior Maths Teacher. Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell and Miss Spear are still with us and Miss Fisher and Mrs. James also returned to the staff. Our new mistresses are Miss Connelly who is to teach the Seventh Graders and Scholarship. Miss Stathan is taking Primary Grades, and Mrs. Lambart the Junior English and History Classes as well as Junior and Senior French.
8	All the new girls were allotted to the three Competitive Houses, Neal, Slade and Crothers, and were given badges.
9	Janice Hollister was made School Captain, Avis Turnbull Sports Captain and Kathleen Barnard and Judith Burness were appointed pro-prefects. In order to allow more Senior girls to hold offices, Avis and Janice were removed from their houses and Gwen Reis was elected Slade House Captain, Kathleen Barnard Neal House Captain and Judith Burness Crothers House Captain.
10	The beginning of 5.30 a.m. swimming training.
12	The beginning of tennis training.
21	New girls' concert which was judged in Houses. Slade was the winning House.
24	Janice Hollister, Avis Turnbull and Gwen Reis were made prefects.
25	Our Inter-House Swimming Carnival—Crothers was successful in winning the cup. Sue Little won the Senior Championship and Leonie Little won the Junior Championship.
28	The Senior School attended the Olympic Swimmers' Carnival.
MAR.:	
4	£9/6/- was collected for the Bowen cyclone Fund.
5	Heather Postle won first prize in the Poster Competition at the Show.
7	Tennis against Convent and we were successful.
11	The school formed a cheering squad in front of White House for the Governor General and Lady Slim. We lost the Swimming Cup to Warwick High School and we offer our sincere congratulations to them. The standard of swimming had greatly improved and many records were broken. Miss Cant, the Seniors and Sub-Seniors attended a civic reception for Sir William Slim and Lady Slim.

- 14 Mid-term.
- 21 Tennis against P.G.C. and we won. The Seniors and Sub-Seniors attended a Red Cross Fete with Miss Connolly which was opened by Lady May Abel Smith.
- 26 Father Waddington held our Maundy Thursday Service. Joyce Knowles won a Gowrie Scholarship Prize. The girls had their final swimming lesson for this term.
- 27 Good Friday and our service was taken by Father Frost. This evening we saw a film on the Lambeth Conference.
- 28 We had the service of the Paschal Candle which was taken by Father Frost.
- 29 Our Easter Morning Chapel Service began at 6 o'clock with the Blessing of the Easter Garden, the Procession and Holy Communion.
- 30 We had our Easter Picnic at Cunningham.

APR.:

- 2 We defeated Warwick High School in the tennis.
- 4 Tennis against Convent High School and we were successful in all the teams. Some of the boys from Slade cleared our basketball courts.
- 8 Mr. Nicholson showed an Olympic Film lent to the school by Mr. Irwin.
- 11 We played tennis against Warwick High School and were again successful.
- 13 Miss Cook, from the Australian Board of Missions, was our guest for tea and later gave us a talk on the missionary work of the Church in New Guinea.
- 18 Mr. and Mrs. Lomas took Gwen Reis and Janice Hollister to Brisbane to attend the St. Margaret's Fete. The tennis team won the final game against P.G.C., thus winning the tennis cup.
- 19 The tennis team went to the pictures to celebrate their win.
- 21 Father Waddington celebrated our last Communion Service for the term and afterwards Sister said a few words of appreciation and we made him a presentation. We attended a Celebrity Concert.
- 22 Inter-House singing. We were pleased to welcome Mr. Leadbitter once more for the judging. Crothers was the winning House.

MAY:

- 12 Boarders returned to school after the vacation. Mrs. Metherall is our new matron at White House and Miss Shepherd is

- the new Kindergarten teacher. The dining room floor has been covered with rubber tiles.
- 15 Mrs. Bartley and Mrs. Magary presented a book to the school on behalf of The Hermitage District of the Country Women's Association.
 - 17 St. Catharine's formed the choir at St. Mark's for the presentation of a tableau depicting the life of Christ by the St. Mark's Young Anglican Fellowship.
 - 19 Marjorie Crook, Avis Turnbull and Janice Hollister attended a Rotary Dinner.
 - 20 The trees in front of Mytton House have been pruned and some have been removed.
 - 23 Pat Marshall was baptised at St. Mark's Church.
 - 24 Our sixteen Confirmation candidates were confirmed by Archbishop Halse. The sixteen girls each invited a friend and were able to have a Confirmation Party that evening.
 - 27 Constable English and his assistant instructed us in Road Safety.
 - 28 To open the basketball season we played Warwick High School, but we were defeated. Mary Cameron broke a bone in her foot during the match and was unable to play for the remainder of the season.
 - 30 Miss Steer is the new Mytton House Matron. We held our first debate, Seniors versus Juniors, on the subject, "Is Television an Invention to be Regretted?", and the Seniors won. After the debate a number of girls attended the Sydney Symphony Orchestra Concert.

JUNE:

- 1 We attended the Jaycees' "Youth Speaks For Australia" competition and Janice Hollister, the St. Catharine's entrant, was successful.
- 2 The First Communion of the Newly Confirmed took place in our Chapel. Avis, Marjorie and Janice attended the second Rotary Dinner and Janice made a speech.
- 3 The second "Youth Speaks For Australia" competition was held in Toowoomba. Janice was again successful.
- 4 We played Convent High School basketball and the "A" team won.
- 8 Nine Junior girls sat for commercial examinations.
- 9 We saw the film "David Copperfield".

- 11 Played basketball against P.G.C. We lost 19-23. Miss Cant and Janice attended the third Speech Competition held in Brisbane and St. Catharine's was once again successful.
- 13 The beginning of Old Girls' Reunion. The Old Girls played the Present Girls tennis. The Old Girls' Dinner was held in the Refectory and thirty-eight girls attended. We attended an All Schools' Social held at The Scots College.
- 14 The Slade Old Boys played tennis and basketball against the Old Girls.
- 15 All the Secondary School attended the Old Girls' Communion Service in our Chapel. The girls were entertained at breakfast and afterwards held their annual meeting. That night we saw the film, "The Bridge on the River Kwai" at Kings Theatre.
- 18 We were visited by the Bishop of North Western Australia.
- 20 Mrs. Barnard took the five Seniors to Brisbane in order to see an exhibition of French Art as well as the set Senior Play, "The Tempest".
- 23 Six girls entered the Centenary Essay Competition.
- 24 Kathleen Barnard and Judith Burness were admitted as prefects. Robyn Schwennesen, Joyce Knowles and Judith Pace were made pro-prefects.
- 25 The "A" basketball team defeated Convent High School.
- 26 Diane Lynch second in Queensland for Bookkeeping, Stage 1.
- 27 The Senior School attended the Junior Set Play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", in the Town Hall.

JULY:

- 2 Basketball against P.G.C. and we were defeated, 21-19.
- 3 Our School Concert and we made a profit of £62.
- 7 We returned to school after mid-term, having been given a holiday on the Monday by the Governor General.
- 9 High School again won the basketball.
- 11 Inter-House basketball, Slade v. Neal and Neal won.
- 13 Beginning of Examinations.
- 17 The result of the final "Youth Speaks for Australia Competition", held in Mackay—Keith Crossland, a Cairns High School boy, came first and Janice Hollister, of St. Catharine's School, came second.
- 18 Crothers and Neal played basketball and Neal won.
- 22 Mr. Martin, a Trinity College Examiner, talked to us in our Hall on Music Examinations.

- 23 Judith Pace and Joyce Knowles sat for the Higher Local Trinity College Music Examination.
- 24 Avis Turnbull, Robyn Schwennesen and Joyce Knowles played a trio at the St. Mark's Cabaret and Janice Hollister recited.
- 27 All the Warwick Secondary Schools, with the exception of Slade School who had the chicken pox, attended "The Young Elizabethan Players'" presentation of "Julius Caesar" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream". The Secondary School attended a Celebrity Concert.
- 28 The judging of the Inter-House Plays began at 2 o'clock and we were fortunate in once more having Mr. Lowe as our adjudicator. Mrs. Lowe presented the cup to the captain of the winning House, Crothers.

AUG.:

- 1 We entertained The Scots College with a Social in our Hall.
- 4 The school attended the Arts Display in the Town Hall, presented by all the Warwick schools.

SENIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, 1958

JUDITH CHARLES: English, C; Ancient History, C; Speech, C.

ELEANOR GRAY: English, C; French, C; Ancient History, C; Speech, C.

ELEANOR HALTER: English, C; Ancient History, C; Modern History, C; Intermediate Maths., P.

JULIENE LINCOLN: English, A; French, B; Latin, B; Modern History, B; Ancient History, A; Speech, B.

NANCY WILKINSON: English, C; French, C; Ancient History, C; Shorthand, B; Speech, B.

JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS—1958

BARBARA BARKER: English, C; History, B; Maths A, B; Maths B, C; Bookkeeping, A; Shorthand, B; Typing, A (Ext.).

PATRICIA BARRY: English, B; Latin, C; History, B; Maths A, A; Maths B, C; Chemistry, A; Physiology, B; Music, B (Ext.)

ROSEMAREE BEST: English, A; French, B; Maths A, B; Maths B, B; Chemistry, B; Physics, B; Physiology, B; Speech, B (Ext.)

HELEN CRESSWELL: English, B; French, B; History, C; Shorthand, B; Typing, B.

MARJORIE CROOK: English, C; Latin, A; History, C; Maths A, B; Maths B, A; Chemistry, B; Physics, C; Music, A; Bookkeeping, A (Ext.)

VALDA JEROME: English, C; French, C; History, C.

BARBARA KING: English, A; French, A; Latin, A; History, B; Maths A, B; Maths B, A; Chemistry, A; Physiology, A; Speech, B (Ext.)

- JOYCE KNOWLES: English, A; French, A; Latin, A; History, A; Geography, B; Maths A, B; Maths B, B; Music, B; Bookkeeping, A (Ext.)
- DIANE MARTIN: English, C; History, C; Maths B, C; Music, C; Bookkeeping, C; Shorthand, B; Typing, A.
- JAN NEWLANDS: English, C; Shorthand, C; Typing, A.
- JUDITH PACE: English, A; Latin, A; History, A; Maths A, A; Maths B, B; Chemistry, A; Physics, A; Physiology, A (Ext.)
- BEVERLEY REIS: English, A; Latin, B; History, C; Maths A, B; Maths B, A; Chemistry, C; Physics, A; Physiology, C (Ext.)
- ROBYN SCHWENNESEN: English, C; History, C; Maths B, C; Shorthand, B; Bookkeeping, A (Ext.)
- HILARY WEBBER: English, C; Maths A, A; Physiology, C; Bookkeeping, B; Shorthand, B; Typing, A (Ext.)
- AUDREY WHITEWAY: History, C; Geography, C; Maths A, C; Maths B, C; Typing, B.
- JANET GROVES: English, C; History, C; Bookkeeping, A; Shorthand, C; Typing, A.
- BARBARA MOLESWORTH: English, C; History, C; Maths B, B; Physiology, C; Music, C; Speech, C.
- BARBARA RODWELL: English, C; History, C; Bookkeeping, C; Typing, C.
- KAY SABINE: History, C; Geography, C; Physiology, C.
- BETH YOUNG: English, C; Latin, C; History, C; Physiology, C; Typing, B.

SCHOLARSHIP, 1958

MARY CAMERON: 74.7 per cent.; JUDITH FLETCHER: 78.2 per cent.; DEANNE YOUNG: 50.2 per cent.; ROSLYN COOK: 51.7 per cent.; SUE ARMBRUSTER: 55.7 per cent.

SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOKKEEPERS' ASSOCIATION EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1959

SHORTHAND—50 words per minute:

Sue Mitchell, 99 per cent.; Diane Lynch, 99 per cent.; Sandra D'Ambrosio, 98 per cent.; Lynn Macquarie, 97 per cent.; Glenyse Nimmo, 95 per cent.; Heather Postle, 95 per cent.

BOOKKEEPING, STAGE 1:

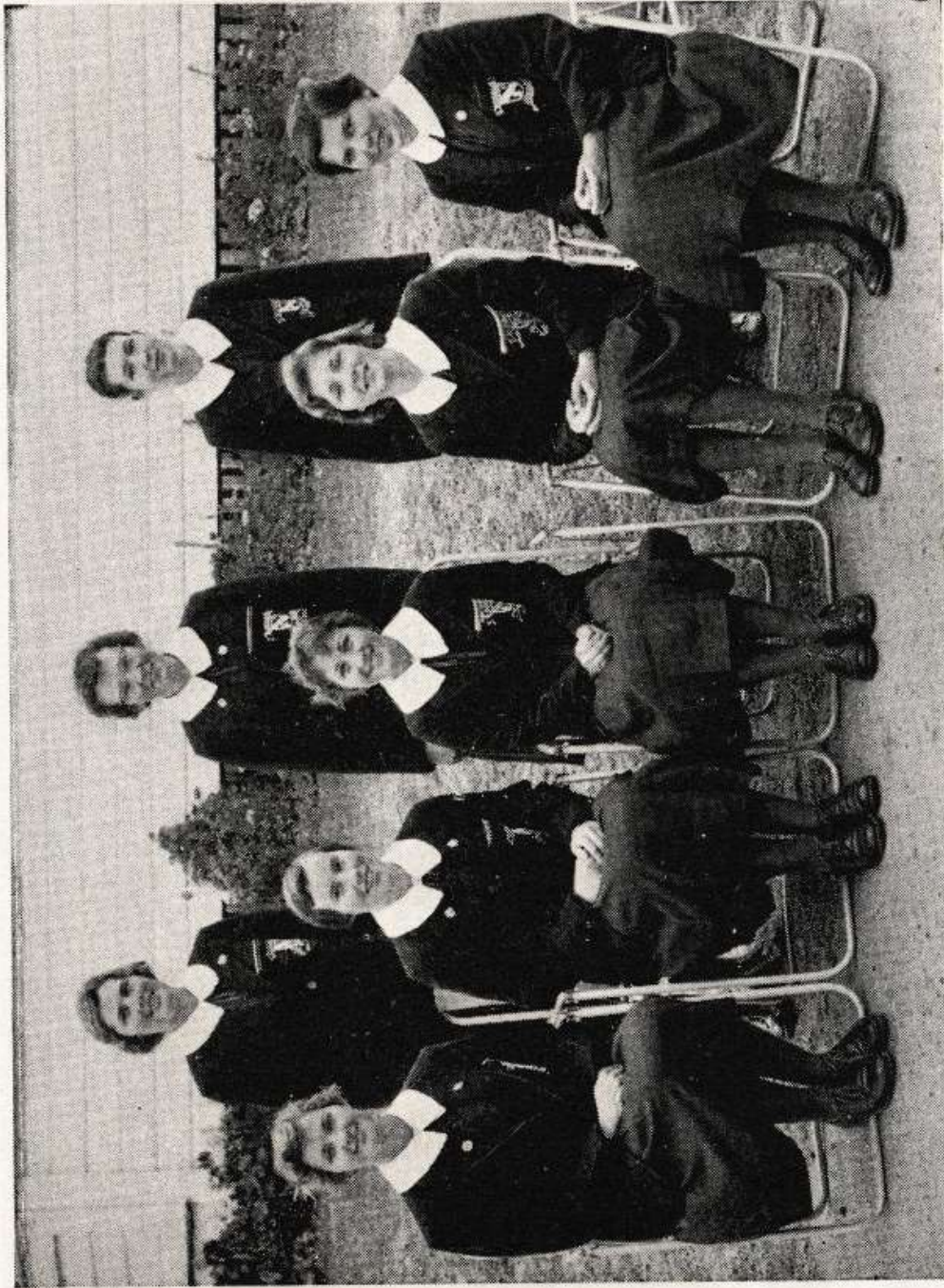
Diane Lynch, 91 per cent.; Sue Little, 84 per cent.; Sandra D'Ambrosio, 75 per cent.; Lynn Macquarie, 70 per cent.; Heather Postle, 66 per cent.; Lin Porter, 64 per cent.; Sue Mitchell, 62 per cent.; Glenyse Nimmo, 60 per cent. (Diane Lynch 2nd in Queensland for Stage 1 Bookkeeping).

PIANOFORTE—TRINITY COLLEGE EXAMINATION—JULY, 1959

HIGHER LOCAL:

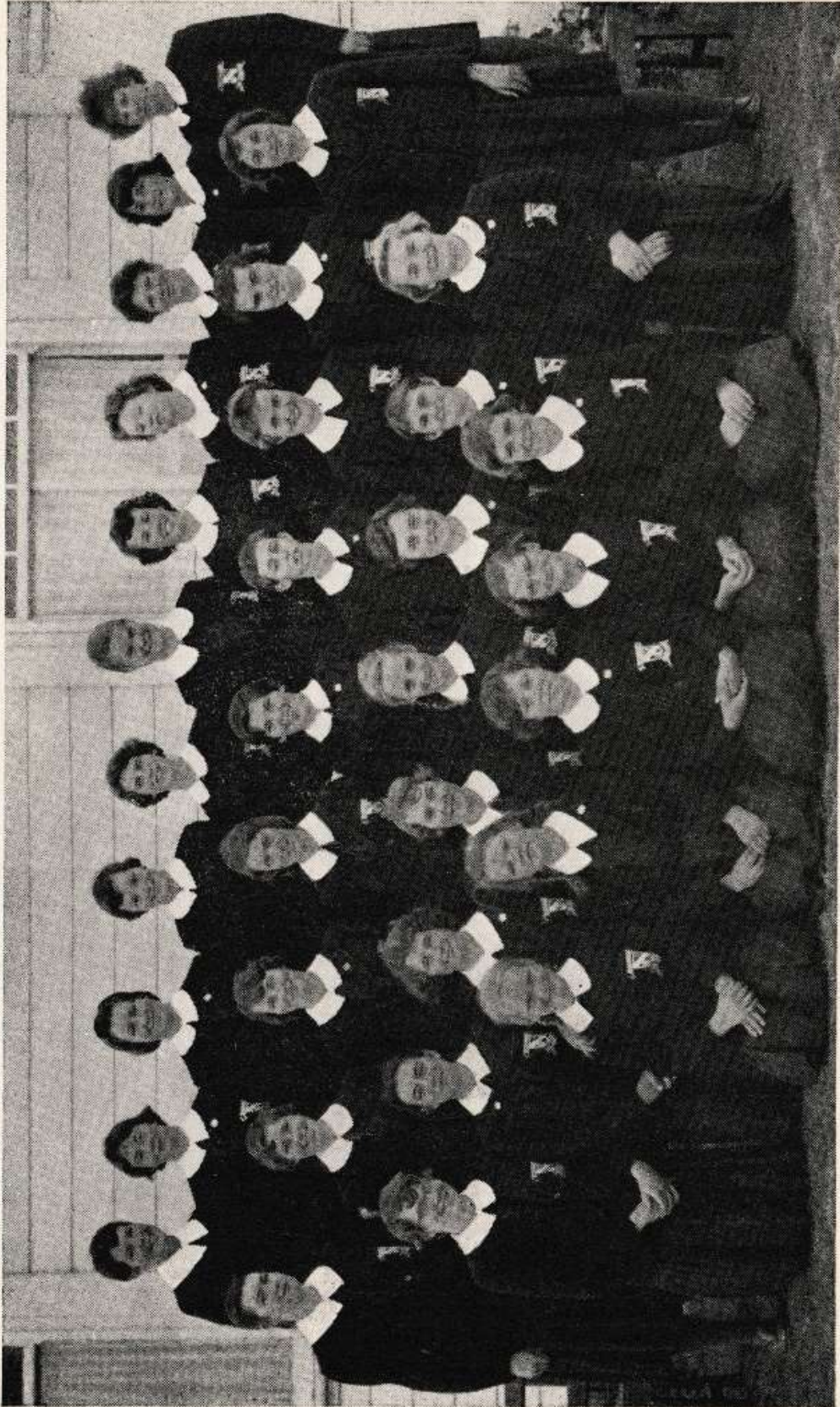
Judith Pace, 67 per cent. (Pass)—Tutor Miss Mildred Watt.

PREFECTS — 1959



SEATED — Left to right: Kathleen Barnard, Gwen Reis, Janice Hollister (Captain), Avis Turnbull, Judith Burness.
BACK ROW — Left to right: Robyn Schwennesen, Joyce Knowles, Judith Pace.

CROTHERS HOUSE — 1959



HOUSE NOTES

CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

Motto	“Dieu et Devoir”
Colour	Gold
Mistresses	Miss Spear, Miss Fisher
Captain	Judith Burness
Sports Captain	Rosemaree Best
Secretary	Judith Pace

We held our first meeting early in the term at which Miss Spear presided. Judith was appointed House Captain, Rosemaree was made Sports Captain and Judith became Secretary. We welcomed fourteen new girls and warned them against getting bad marks.

On the whole we have had a very successful year. Our first triumph came as a result of the inter-house swimming competition. We were very proud of Sue and Leonie Little who were made senior and junior champions. They were very ably supported by the rest of the team.

During second term we took part in several inter-house competitions. We won the cups for singing and the plays with Neal and Slade, taking second and third places in both. We are grateful for the support of both mistresses and girls which made these victories possible. The Seniors presented “The Boy Comes Home”, and the Juniors “The Man in the Bowler Hat”, both plays being written by A. A. Milne. Our thanks go to Rosemaree for the time she spent in producing the latter.

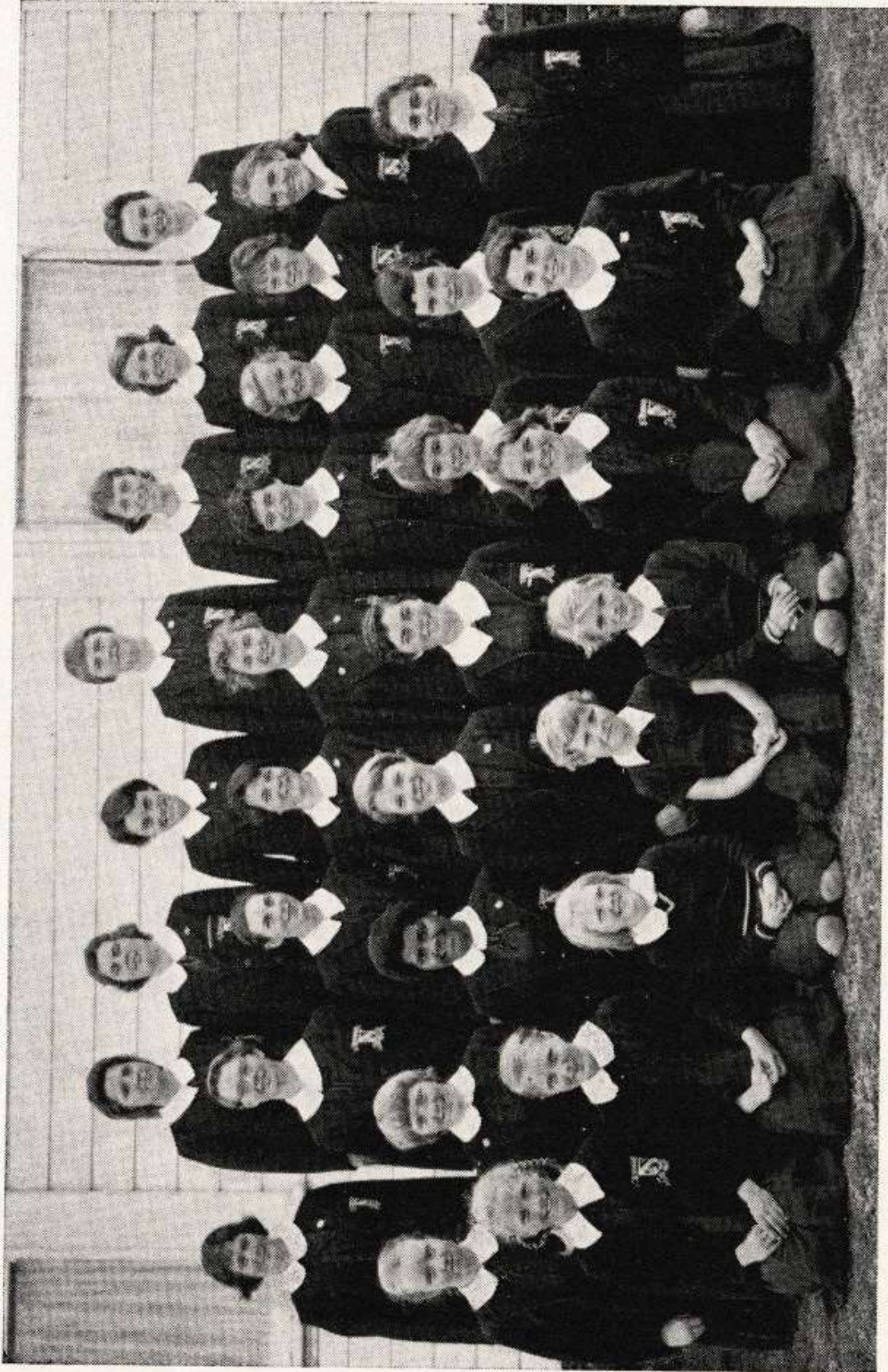
The athletics competition has been postponed until third term when the sewing cup will also be contested. We wish the other Houses the best of luck in these competitions. Our congratulations go to Neal House who were successful in gaining the basketball cup.

Our thanks and best wishes go to Mrs. Crothers who once again very kindly sent us a cake on her birthday. We are very grateful for this kindness.

We wish all students sitting for public examinations the best of luck.

—JUDITH BURNES.

NEAL HOUSE — 1959



NEAL HOUSE NOTES

Motto "Honour before Honours"
 Colour Red
 Mistresses Sister Angela, Miss Connolly and Miss Telford
 Captain Kathleen Barnard
 Sports Captain Robyn Schwennesen
 Secretary Marjorie Crook

In the first week of school this year Sister Rachel announced that the school's captain and sport's captain would be taken out of their houses so that they could help everyone. We lost Avis Turnbull who was made sports captain. Although we miss her very much we are pleased that now she holds such a high position in the school.

On the 9th February, Sister Rachel appointed Kathleen Barnard house captain. At our first meeting held on the 11th February Robyn Schwennesen was unanimously elected sports captain. We welcomed seven new girls and new mistresses, Sister Angela, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Connolly. Unfortunately Mrs. Taylor left us half way through the second term.

Sister Rachel introduced a new idea to our New Girls' Concert which was held on 21st February. The concert was made a competition between the houses and so the standard was raised. We came second to Slade who put on several splendid performances. As a consolation prize we received a bag of sweets which was heartily welcomed.

The inter-house swimming carnival was held on 25th February. Crothers won with many marks to spare, while we came second. Congratulations, Crothers!

For the singing competition we practised the set songs, "The Minuet" and "The Muse's Gift", and our own choice was "The Wild Rose" by Schubert. Again Crothers won and we came second. Congratulations, Crothers!

During the second term the basketball matches were played. We were successful in the senior, but our juniors did not do so well. We won the cup and as this was our first victory we were all very pleased.

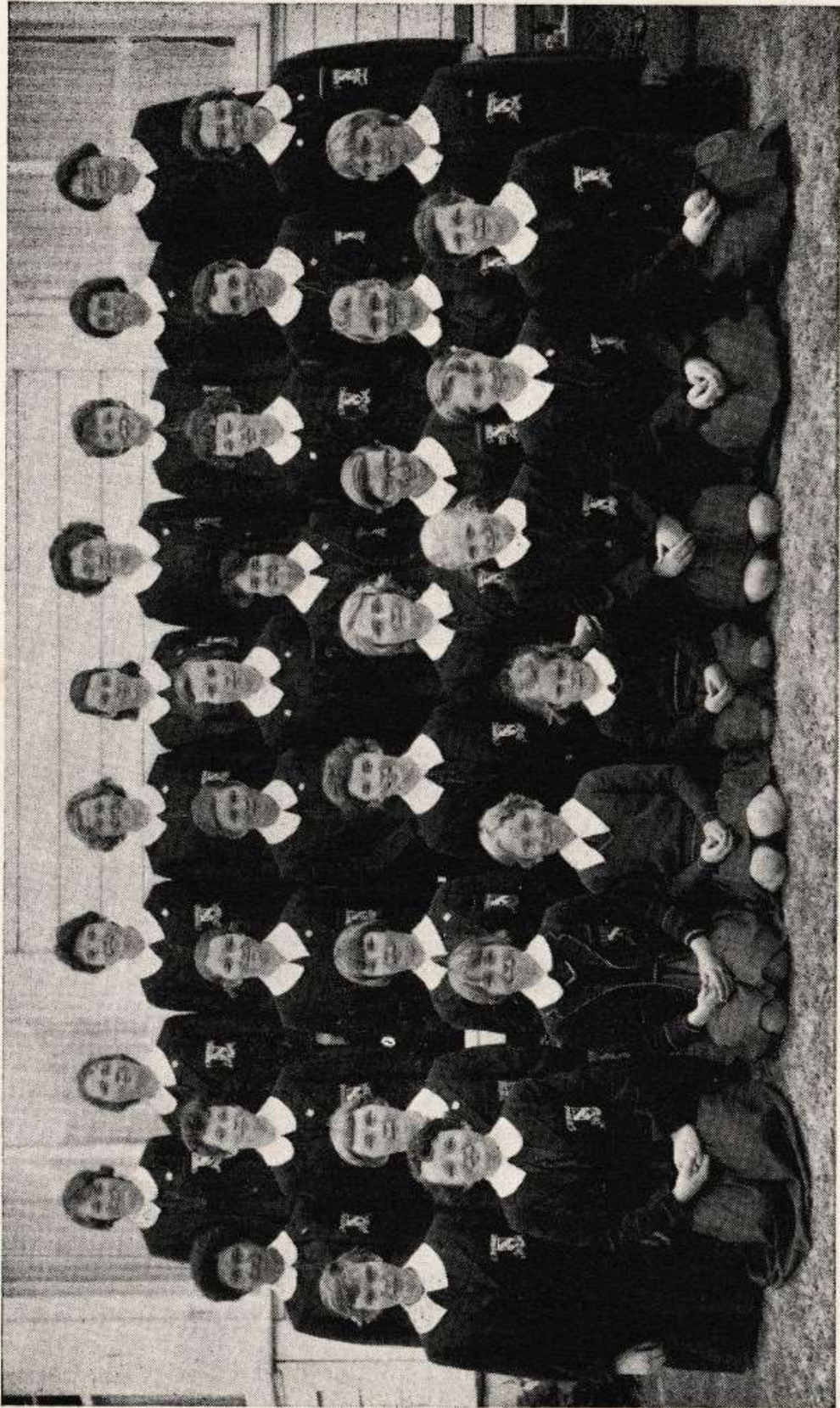
The plays were judged by Mr. Low on the 29th July. Our senior play "The Queen and Mr. Shakespeare" by David Scott Daniels came second and our junior one "Peter and the Clock" by Kate Barne, came third. Crothers won in both plays. Congratulations once again.

Sister Rachel has suggested that flags be made for each house. Ours will consist of a red "N" on a white background and we hope it will be ready for the athletics and ball game competitions to be held early in the third term. These are the cups we are aiming for at present. We still have to compete for the needlework, tennis and general excellence cups.

Since this is St. Catharine's jubilee year we hope that everyone doing public examinations will do especially well.

—KATHLEEN BARNARD.

SLADE HOUSE — 1959



SLADE HOUSE NOTES

Motto	“Through Trials to Triumph”
Colour	Blue
Mistresses	Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell Mrs. Lambart, Miss Shepherd
Captain	Gwen Reis
Sports Captain	Joyce Knowles
Secretary	Beth Young

On 13th February we held our first meeting at which Miss Cant presided. Mrs. Lambart, our new mistress, was welcomed together with the new girls. Miss Shepherd joined us at the beginning of second term.

This year Janice is school captain. We miss her very much but we are proud to think that one of our members was chosen to hold this important position.

Although, on the whole, we have had a happy year together, we have not been successful in gaining any cups as yet. We wholeheartedly congratulate Crothers House on winning the singing and swimming cups during first term.

Second term found the girls hard at work with plays. Our senior play was “The Master of the House”, and our junior play was “Recalled to Life”, from “A Tale of Two Cities”. Thank you, Joyce, for the time you spent in producing the junior play. Here again Crothers House was successful. Congratulations, Crothers

The house basket ball was played off during second term. This year there were two teams, a senior team and a junior team, for each house. The juniors came second but the competition from the other two houses was too great for the seniors. Congratulations Neal House on winning the cup!

During third term our goals will be the athletics and ball games cups as well as the needlework cup. We hope to retain the needlework cup, so as the term progresses we hope to see an ever increasing number of needles and threads.

Keep up your good work in obtaining good marks but don't blot them out with disorder marks.

We wish to thank our mistresses for their encouragement and advice throughout the year.

In conclusion we wish all examination candidates success.

—GWEN REIS.



TENNIS PREMIERSHIP PLAYERS — 1959

SEATED: Robyn Schwennesen.

STANDING — Left to right: Judith Fletcher, Doreen Halter, Mary Cameron.

SPORT

TENNIS NOTES

Great excitement followed the winning of the tennis cup which we last held in 1952. It is fitting that we should gain the cup during our jubilee year. Our "A" team practised hard and presented a high standard of tennis during the matches. They succeeded in winning all the matches during the season. Sister Rachel allowed the "A", "B" and "C" teams to attend "The Pyjama Game" at the King's Theatre to celebrate winning the cup. We all enjoyed the evening very much, and we ended the night with a small party.

We would like to thank the Slade boys for coming down on Sundays to practise with our "A" team. We are hoping that, with this extra practise, the girls will be successful in the Downs finals to be played during third term.

The tennis was played off during first term to leave third term free for study. The "A" team consisted of Mary Cameron, Robyn Schwennesen, Judith Fletcher and Doreen Halter, while the "B" team was Susan Armbruster, Mavis Codd, Kathleen Barnard and Avis Turnbull.

—AVIS TURNBULL (Captain).

BASKETBALL NOTES

As basketball is so popular throughout the school, we had no difficulty in filling any vacancies in the teams. Practise began early in second term. During our first match Mary Cameron broke her ankle and her position was very ably filled by Diane Lynch.

We congratulate W.H.S. on their win, and thank P.G.C. and C.H.S. for the interesting matches we played with them. We came third in the competition, but we gained more confidence as the season progressed.

Our junior teams played very well and proved that they will be capable players when they reach the "A" team. The match against the old girls was, as usual, a "catch and run" game, but the present girls were triumphant.

We thank Miss Fisher for her coaching and for her encouragement during the season. Beth Young was a capable umpire for the "C" and "D" teams.

The "A" team consisted of Robyn Schwennesen, Majorie Crook, Judith Fletcher, Doreen Halter, Mary Cameron (Diane Lynch), Susan Armbruster and Avis Turnbull. The "B" team was Roslyn Cook, Kathleen Barnard, Elizabeth Howes, Flora Reis, Yvonne Noon, Lynn Macquarie, and Dineh Dickson.

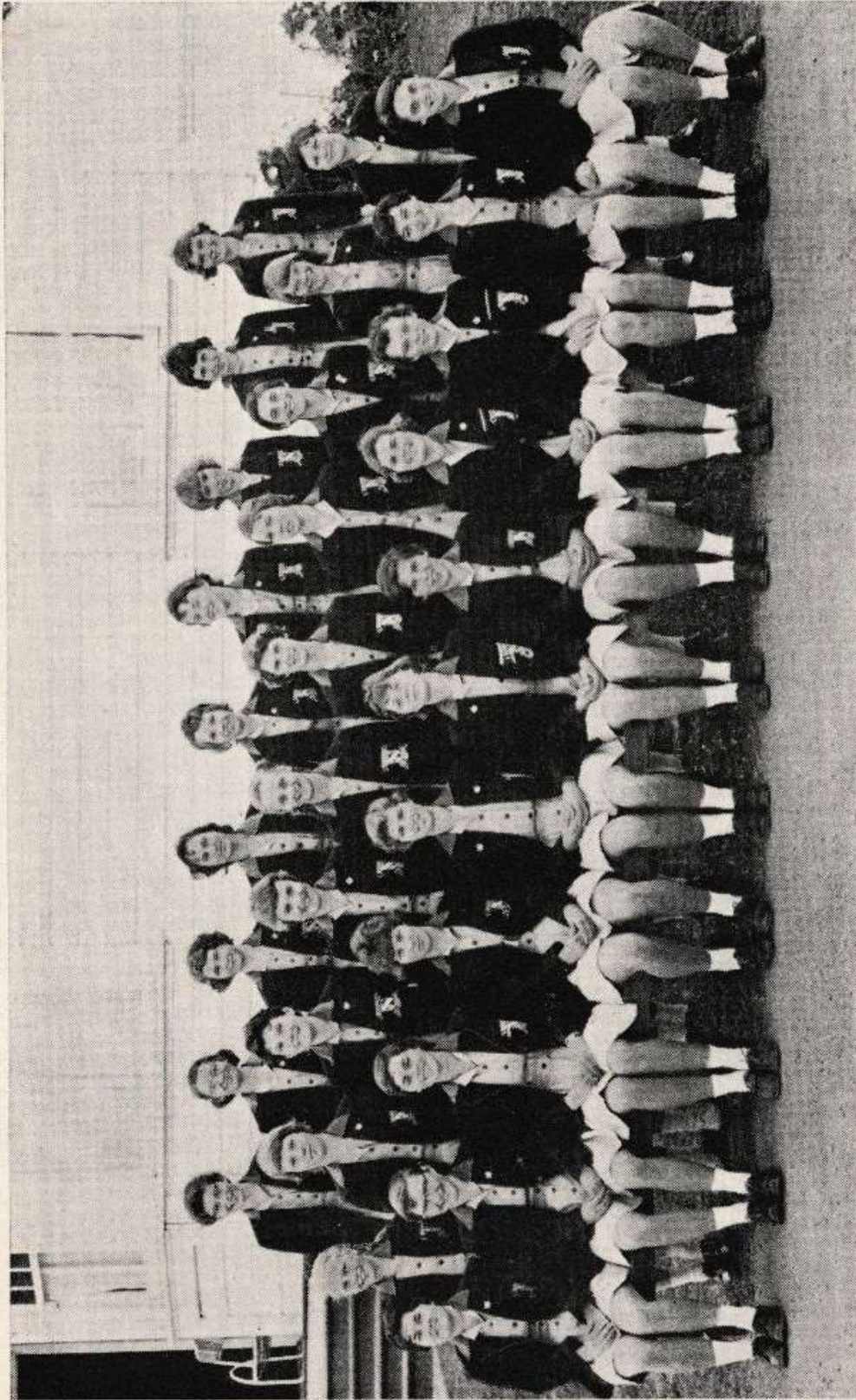
—AVIS TURNBULL (Captain).

BASKET BALL (A GRADE)

SEATED—Left to right: Judith Fletcher, Avis Turnbull, Mary Cameron.

STANDING—Left to right: Sue Armbruster, Doreen Halter, Robyn Schwennesen, Marjorie Crook.

ATHLETICS TEAM — 1959





Students from Papua—Dinah Dickson, Patricia Coppard, Dawn Solomon—talk with Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra after the Service at St. Mark's Church. With the Princess is Archdeacon Hoog, Rector of St. Mark's, and the School Chaplain.

SWIMMING NOTES

On February 25th, the inter-house competition was held. Crothers gained the cup this year, with Neal second, and Slade third. Sue Little won the senior championship and Leonie Little the junior.

This year, on February 28th, we attended an Olympic swimming carnival. It was a wonderful opportunity for the girls to see the swimmers in their top form. Mr. Cusack, who trains our school team and the teams of the other Warwick schools, has trained Olympic hopes, and we benefitted much from his coaching.

At the inter-school competition on March 11th, W.H.S. won the cup. Congratulations W.H.S. We dropped back to third place, but this has made the girls more determined to practise. The schools were honoured by the presence of the Governor General Sir William Slim and Lady Slim at the carnival. Sir William Slim presented the boys' cup and Lady Slim the girls' cup.

Our thanks go to Miss Fisher who accompanied us to our early morning training. We are grateful to Mr. Cusack, who not only assisted us in our training, but also raised the standard of swimming in Warwick.

—AVIS TURNBULL (Captain).

FORM NOTES

SIXTH FORM NOTES

Our Sixth Form this year consists of five Seniors and six Sub-Seniors. The five Senior girls are all prefects and three of the Sub-Seniors are pro-prefects.

Everyone has been concerned with some school activity. Avis, Robyn, Joyce and Marjorie have been our representatives in the sporting field and in the scholastic field we can be very proud of Joyce Knowles for winning a Gowrie Scholarship.

Gwen and Janice were fortunate in being able to attend the St. Margaret's Fete held in Brisbane earlier in the year and we would again like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Lomas for giving us such an enjoyable day.

We all took an active part in the School Concert and the trio was so popular that St. Mark's again requested the three girls to play for the St. Mark's Cabaret.

Avis and Janice attended two Rotary Dinners and we are grateful to Mr. Don Crook who took us to both functions.

We appreciated Mrs. Barnard's gesture, in taking the five Seniors to Brisbane to see the play "The Tempest" and to see an exhibition of French art.

We would like to thank Miss Cant and all our other mistresses for their teaching and assistance. We sincerely hope the five Seniors

do well in their final examination and that the Sub-Seniors may return in 1960 happy and energetic to begin another year.

As Seniors in 1959 we are proud that our final year at school is our jubilee year and we wish every success to St. Catharine's in the future years.

—JANICE HOLLISTER (Form Captain).

FIFTH FORM NOTES

Unfortunately we lost four of our companions during the year, and we now number sixteen, two of whom are day students. Much to our disappointment our Maths. teacher had to leave us during second term, and we thank Mrs. Taylor for the helpful and much appreciated work she did with us.

During first term we competed in the inter-house and inter-school swimming. Congratulations to Sue who became the senior champion of the school. Also inter-school tennis was played off. Doreen was lucky to be elected as a competitor in the A team, which was most successful in competing against the Warwick schools.

Second term we helped to welcome many of the old girls who returned to the Old Girls' Reunion.

Something new and interesting was the inter-form debates. Our team was Sue, Doreen and Adele.

Sister Angela and other members of the staff worked very hard to produce an entertaining concert for many parents and friends at mid-term. It was most enjoyable, and also most successful.

Junior Commercials sat for stage I bookkeeping and shorthand examination, organised by Bookkeeping and Shorthand Writers' Association. We were happy to congratulate Diane, who gained second place in Queensland, with 91 per cent.

We have been most fortunate in that we were able to see our set Junior play twice, once being in our school Assembly Hall.

Also inter-house and inter-school basketball was played during the term.

Third term brings perhaps, the most important occasion in our lives, the Junior. For many of us it will be the conclusion of our school days, and the profession to which we enter will no doubt depend on our Junior passes.

We would like to thank Miss Spear, our form mistress, in being such a wonderful help to us, and also Mrs. Lambart and Miss Cant for their kind assistance throughout the year.

Best of luck to all Scholarship and Senior candidates.

—LIN PORTER (Form Captain).

FOURTH FORM NOTES

With the beginning of the new school year of 1959 we of 4th form welcomed our new girls and new mistresses. We were very sorry to see Mrs. Taylor leave, but are extremely grateful to Mrs. Lambart for taking her place.

Our diary for the year started with the inter-house and inter-school swimming. We are very proud of our fourth formers who took part in these events. Mary Anne Forrester, Janet Bell, Sue Armbruster, Dineh Dickson, Deanne Young, and Moyra Price.

Our inter-house singing was won by Crothers House. Congratulations Crothers. On the 28th February we went to see the Olympic swimmers and enjoyed the carnival very much. Our tennis girls did very well and our thanks go to Judy Fletcher, Mary Cameron, Mavis Codd, Sue Armbruster, Joan Humphrey and Elizabeth Wickham.

Second term brought victory again for Crothers in the plays, and for Neal in the basketball. Congratulations both houses. Our inter-house sports have been postponed until next term. The sewing cup will be presented next term for the best sewing done by the three houses. Speech day will close the 1959 year at St. Caths.

To Miss Fisher, our sports mistress, we extend our thanks for her interest in our sport. And also to all our other mistresses for their work during the year.

To one and all we wish a Merry Christmas and a bright and happy new school year.

—ANN CARPENTER (Form Captain).

GRADE 7 AND 8 FORM NOTES

Before introducing our form notes for 1959, our school's jubilee year, we would like to extend a hearty welcome to Miss Connolly, who, right from the beginning of this year, has given both forms valuable and unwavering assistance.

We would also like to welcome our new classmates in Sub-Scholarship—Carol and Bronwyn, also Pat and Jennifer, who arrived later. In Scholarship we welcome Lyn, Mary, Diane, Donna, Pam, Lorna, Leone and Janet, and wish them the best of luck with their studies. We were sorry to lose our old mates, Nancy and Pam this year.

The eighth grade form captain is Lorna, and she is assisted by Anne, our vice-captain. These two have the responsibility of both grades during these three terms.

We congratulate Leone on her excellent performances in the inter-house swimming and wish her good luck in the future.

Towards the end of first term the Rotary Club kindly organised a tour of the flour mills and the milk factory, which we found extremely interesting and extend our thanks on behalf of the Scholarship girls who were fortunate enough to represent this grade.

Seventh and eighth grade contributed an item towards the Legacy Day Appeal, and under Sister Angela's tuition, presented, what we hope, was a pleasant recitation of the legend entitled "Asses' Ears".

Enjoyable and instructive information was provided for us when seven of the Young Elizabethan Players attended the school

and presented the two Shakesperean plays "Julius Caesar" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream", in our hall. We all enjoyed their splendid performances, and would like to thank them all for coming.

Lyn very kindly lent us her wireless to listen to such broadcasts as "The World We Live In", "Treasures of Book Land", and "Social Studies" for both grades. Thank you Lyn, we appreciate your generous offer.

Miss Connolly has thoughtfully supplied us with many of her own books, which certainly cover a variety of subjects. We enjoyed and are still enjoying reading them. Thank you, Miss Connolly.

We would like to congratulate Anne on her wins at this year's shows, and also her success in the Australian Commonwealth Literary Awards.

In conclusion, to all of this school and others, who sit for public examinations, we wish you all the best of luck and a very Happy Christmas and New Year, with best wishes from Scholarship and Sub-Scholarship.

—LORNA POSTLE (Form Captain).

ANNE NICHOLSON (Vice-Captain).

GRADES V AND VI NOTES

This year has been a very pleasant one. We welcomed Robyn, Jill and Sharlie in the first term and Christine and Lois second term.

During first term holidays our classrooms, as well as the desks, were painted.

In the second term we had a concert to raise money for the painting. Everyone took part in the concert and the photos turned out very well.

Alison and Sharlie took part in the inter-house swimming carnival.

At present we are practising for the inter-house sports and working hard for next term exam.

We saw the Elizabethan Players in the Assembly Hall and also the film "David Copperfield". We went to the Town Hall to see the Education Week display.

Mrs. Jackson brought us some snow.

We would like to thank Miss Fisher, Miss Shepherd, Sister Angela and Sister Rachel for teaching us during the year.

Happy Christmas from Sixth and Fifth grades.

—BEVERLEY WILLETT.

Library Notes

Both Senior and Junior libraries have been well patronised during the year. Miss Connolly is now in charge of the Junior library and has done much to encourage the younger girls to read.

Sixth Form girls help in the Senior library each week and they and members of Fifth Form have covered new books and mended old ones but, unfortunately, their good work is often undone by those who are careless.

We are grateful to Old Girls and friends for gifts of books—Letter From Peking (Pearl Buck) from Celie Hall; Aku Aku (Thor Heyerdahl) from Shirley Kenafake; Doctor at Sea (Gordon) and The Sword and the Scalpel (Slaughter) from Eleanor Halter; Around the World with Auntie Mame from Beverley Reis; Jane Eyre and Father Brown Stories from Jane Brown; The Golden Story Book (Patrick Dennis) from the Hermitage Branch of the C.W.A.; and Gold and Paper (for Reference Library) from the National Bank of Australasia.

Books bought for Senior Library from school funds were: Digest of World Reading; three Digests of Condensed Books; Nor the Moon by Night; The Valley of the Vines; Apes and Ivory (by Joy Packer); The Edge of the Sword (Farrar-Hockley); Flower of May (Kate O'Brien); Captain Rebel (Frank Yerby); the First and the Last (Galland).

Mrs. Jenner gave two books to the Junior Library—The Horn of Merlyns and Hans Brinker—and from school funds were bought: Family on the Tide (Knight); Thirty-one Brothers and Sisters (Mirsky); Young Johnnie Bimbo (Roberts); The Member for the Marsh (Mayne).

Geographies, Digests and Current Affairs Bulletins were received regularly and Exchanges were: The Link, The Recorder, Miss Thistle, Glennie Gazette, Ipswich Girls' Grammar School Magazine, Brisbane Girls' Grammar School Magazine, St. Anne's Magazine, St. Gabriel's Magazine, the Condaminian, St. Mary's Magazine.

Original Contributions

“BEAUTIES OF THE BUSH”

There are many beauties of the bush. The singing birds, gurgling streams, huge forest monarchs, which provide shelter for birds and possums and koalas, beautiful ferns and lilies, growing on the ground, on ponds, rocks and on trees. In these surroundings live the small forest folk, such as the pretty rock wallaby and also the large creatures like the friendly red kangaroo.

In spring time the trees and flowers and ferns in the forests surpass all other natural beauties. A familiar sight to country dwellers is a creek, on which float flowering water lilies, and the banks of which are covered by clematis, and ferns which surround blossoming gums.

During the years droughts are experienced. The grass dies, and many creeks and gullies become waterless. To some people the

outlook is rather unpleasant, but to one who lives in the country, there is much beauty to be found in the springs and gullies in which, although not in such profusion, are found flowers of all kinds. The wild apple trees show their sweet buds in the drought only, and add colour to the dry country.

Floods are also experienced. When the floodwaters have subsided, many fungi of various colours appear in rotten logs and on the sodden ground. Some of the fungi are phosphorescent and show up beautifully against the dark background of night. Lush grass grows rapidly, flowers show their faces to the warm sunlight, and the bush is filled once more with beauty.

Some people do not appreciate the bush, and scatter litter through the trees and spoil the forests by ringbarking and fires when they are not necessary. The Australian bush is very beautiful, especially in the Eastern Highlands in northern New South Wales. It is our duty, as young Australians, to protect the unspoilt parts of our great land, and to prevent vandals from spreading their rubbish around and destroying the national parks.

As we grow old, and the bush vanishes, owing to the progress of towns and cities, we will look back, with pleasure and longing, to the beauties of the bush. And we will hear in our minds the gurgling streams and the musical notes of the little birds and see in our minds' eye the glorious bush and the small forest folk which we knew and loved when we were young.

—MARY CAMERON (Sub-Junior).

A JOURNEY BY AEROPLANE

I made an aeroplane journey from my home Honiara in the British Solomon Islands to Brisbane. My fifteen-year-old brother and I made the journey to attend school in Warwick.

We arose early on the twentieth of January, a Tuesday. Our suitcases were packed and we had our tickets. We arrived at the airport to find that a few of our friends would be travelling in the same plane.

At a quarter past seven we bade farewell to our mother, father, brother and sister, and stepped aboard the plane.

We waved to everyone as we flew past the airport.

Our first place of call was Yandina, a town on an island situated not far from Guadalcanal. Here a woman and her baby disembarked. Soon we were flying again and breakfast was served. Our second place of call was Point Munda which is in the Bougainville Islands, north of the Solomon's. There is a mission station at Point Munda and there were a lot of native children waiting for the plane to land. We had lunch after we left Point Munda.

Early in the afternoon we landed at Buka. The island lies not far from New Guinea. We then landed at Rabaul for a short while and saw the many volcanoes.

At half past four we arrived at Lae, our night stop-over. We stayed at the Qantas quarters, where I shared a bedroom with a girl who had boarded the plane at Yandina. We stayed at Lae that night and rose next morning at half past eight. We went to the airport at half past ten and were on our way again.

At half past two we touched down at Port Moresby where we waited two hours for the changing of a punctured tyre.

When we boarded the plane again we did not land till half past ten, when we arrived in Brisbane. After we had gone through the customs, we were met by our grand-father, grand-mother and cousin.

—MARY McLACHLAN (Grade VIII).

PURSUIT

I was riding in the crisp, early morning of an autumn day. The iron bark and brigalow clumps stood out across the wide grassy plain that stretched before me.

I was just coming out into the open, when something made me cautious; I felt something was wrong. Looking round me I saw nothing but fallen logs and tall iron barks with mistletoe suspended in long delicate fingers from their branches—and then I saw it.

Coming through the timber from my left, I saw several small calves that looked as though they were in trouble. They saw me, stopped a minute and were then off again in another direction, not the direction from which they came. I decided to investigate.

Riding towards the direction from which the calves had come, I saw nothing at first, but after a few minutes' riding I saw the culprit. There, standing behind a log, was a full grown dingo with tail erect and ears pricked; he was sniffing the air. Noting that the wind was from him to me I just sat in my saddle and hoped my horse would be still.

Then he saw me—I froze—then he sniffed the air again, I remained frozen; the wind blew from my direction for a couple of seconds. The dog sniffed in my direction once more, my horse shook his head and the dog was off, and what is more, so was I.

Naturally, the dog headed for the timber; but so did I. I cut him off and forced him into the open; and then it began. I stood up in my stirrups and urged my horse forward. Fortunately, my mount, a big black, was an old hand at running down dingoes, and hastened his speed greatly, his eyes fixed on the dog.

The dog went swiftly across the open plain, but my horse went more swiftly, and very soon we were upon the killer. He turned round and snapped at my horse's fetlocks. My horse reared slightly and fell upon the dingo.

The dog gave one mighty yelp and tried to get away but the blow of my horse had broken his back. I removed my stirrup leather from its hitch and swung it at the yelping dingo. I had miscalculated the distance and it went flying over the dog's head.

My horse reared; I struggled; I was almost out of the saddle and then just when I had expected my mount to fall over backwards with the extra weight I made by struggling, he fell again on the dingo, killing it. The jolt was too much for me and I fell to the ground.

But the dingo was dead and his killing days were over. I picked myself up, recovered my stirrup leather, attached it to my saddle, gave one last look at the dead dog, and was almost sick at the sight. Then I mounted my horse and rode on into the beautiful autumn morning.

—MOYRA PRICE (Sub-Junior).

THE ORCHARD

On the outskirts of Stanthorpe, main township of the productive Granite Belt, on a rocky hill overlooking the village, stands a small white cottage and behind the cottage stands an orchard. To a traveller who, by some strange quirk of imagination, has turned up the twisting gravel road to satisfy his curiosity or view the sprawling township from a higher vantage point, this picturesque little orchard, tucked away behind granite boulders and solemn gums, has a fairyland quality, as indeed it might.

Fifty years ago the Sisters of the Sacred Advent opened the Church of England School of St. Catharine's with eight pupils. The school was situated in a clear, cool climate — an excellent place for the child of the smog-bound city where she could wax strong and healthy, and a close link with education for the grazier's daughter, whose only playmate was a flea-bitten cattle dog and whose tutor was the Correspondence School . . . until St. Catharine's was opened.

The school was situated on a hill, overlooking Stanthorpe, on Slaughter House Road (now College Road) which took its name from the slaughter yards further up the rough road and which was, and still is, a stock route. In those days the Governor spent his holidays in the crystal climate of the Granite Belt, away from the bustle and worry of the city and politics. Government House was situated about half a mile in front of St. Catharine's and having a Governor for its nearest neighbour was indeed an honour to the little school.

Set among the granite rocks and guarded by the gums, the school stood gracious and staunch among the flowering fruit trees of its orchard. But the orchard is not the only remainder of the past. There is the summer-house. True, it sags a little and the benches have gone, but still it preserves its quaint sweet air of old fashioned dignity; and the tennis courts still seem to be haunted by a ghostly peel of girlish laughter, although the tennis house was once used by a later owner as a fowlhouse. The long poles lean at all angles, still supporting the rusty, sagging wire netting as the weeds choke the once smooth surface of the courts.

I have often walked between the old fruit trees of the orchard, listening to the cicadas' orchestra and dreaming. Often have I

played in the old summer-house and climbed through the tennis court fence; but I will never tire of it, for an enchantment sweet shall always lure me back there to dream of the St. Catharine's of fifty years ago and compare it with the present one, for in this jubilee year, I am proud to be a pupil of St. Catharine's!

—ANNE NICHOLSON, aged 14 years (Grade VIII)

THE MOON

The moon shines gently from the sky,
Smiling softly from on high;
A lantern in the eerie night,
A soft and silver, gentle light
Shedded on the oily waters,
Assisted by her winking daughters,
Silhouetting tree and farm,
Shimmering on creeks so calm.
An owl sits by and hoots his praise,
He who shuns the glaring days
A shadowy form slinks o'er the earth,
As a jackass chuckles in sleepy mirth.
Down on the beach where the spray's flung high,
And the White-horses' silver reaches to the sky,
Where the shadowed sands glisten like snow on a hill,
And the whispering grasses stand rank and still—
Two lovers sit hand in hand on a dune
Watching a beautiful goddess—the Moon.
Out on the plains stands a ghostly grey gum,
Waiting in vain for the rains to come.
Its only companion a spinifex plant,
Growing where even the Mitchell grass can't.
A brumby stallion appears on the plain—
His coat a-sheen with silvery flame,
A sol'tary figure, an eerie world,
Under a sky so studded and pearled.
The stars are fading quickly now,
Soon the moon must make her bow,
For in the east there's a reddish glow
And now her ladyship must go.
With gracious radiance she departs,
For now's the time tomorrow starts!

—By ANNE NICHOLSON, aged 14 years (Grade VIII)

SUNSET

The day faded to dusk as every living creature, great and small, returned home for a peaceful slumber.

The blue sky arching the heavens was dotted with white fluffy clouds, as the sun in all its glory, sailed on to the west. As it descended, it left behind it the coolness and peacefulness that everyone enjoyed.

Birds, such as the fantails, whose gorgeous black and white tails open up like a fan, flew from their feeding grounds to their cup-shaped nests. Metallic starlings with red, beady eyes, and black metallic feathers, are cuddled in their nests, poking their heads out of the openings, on a look-out for danger. Honeysuckers, swallows, house-martins, and doves, have settled peacefully, and the doves hummed their youngsters to sleep. Flying-foxes, wakened from a dream, were off in search of some juicy sun-kissed tropical fruit. The sound of the flapping of wings grew louder, as they flocked in from neighbouring islands.

Insects, such as the crickets, ceased from their harassing shrieks, and dozed off into a quiet rest. Bees, after their busy task fluttering from flower to flower gathering the sweet nectar, have crept into their hives for a nap.

Cats, satisfied after their delicious meal, crouched under the tables for a sleep, or watched out for the hungry rats.

Giant cumulus clouds on top of the western mountains, seemed to make a soft couch for the sinking sun. As it sank through them for the night, they transformed to a deep orange colour and gradually rose while the glorious hue changed to pink, then to white haze. They sailed slowly across the firmament in every direction.

Trees closed their blossoms and sank into rest, while the stately coconut palms swayed from side to side in the cool evening zephyr. Flowers like the hibiscus, closed their colourful blossoms too, and forgot the laborious work of the passing day.

The atmosphere was cool, quiet, and peaceful, as the monarch of the day disappeared from sight, and the moon ruled the heaven which was dotted with bright, twinkling stars.

Women and men, girls and boys, and every living creature have looked forward to this time of rest which they enjoyed with gratitude.

—DAWA SOLOMON (Sub-Junior).

THE CROW

Ho! ho! ho! I'm an old black crow,
 And nobody loves me, as far as I know!
 But little I care if I'm loved or not,
 So long as a strong pair of wings I've got.
 My home's on the mountains, the plains, and the scrubs,
 My food is fresh fish, grasshoppers and grubs.
 I may not be handsome, but ugly I'm not—
 And I'm quite content with the beauty I've got.
 My voice was not made for sweet singing I know—
 But it's quite good enough for a funny black crow.

—YVONNE NOON (V Former).

ABOUT MY OWN COUNTRY—NEW GUINEA

I would like to start my composition about my own country—
 New Guinea.

Well, in New Guinea there are lots of natives, half-castes and
 Europeans.

In New Guinea we could say that the climate is very hot.

The hot wet climate allows the natives to grow crops for their own use, such as bananas, coconuts, sweet potatoes, yams and sugar cane.

Copra and rubber are the most important of the plantation products

The copra is used in making soaps and margarine.

The main food of the coastal natives is sago that grows wild in the swamps. It grows as high as a coconut tree. There are lots of swamps in New Guinea.

The largest rivers in Papua are the Sepik River and the Fly River.

Port Moresby is the main town in Papua.

Papua and New Guinea lie entirely within the tropics.

There are lots of New Guinea men and women who trained as teachers and are willing to help train people who are doing their best. Nowadays they have their doctors, nurses and orderlies. And they also have their own native member of the Legislative Council and lots of other members.

New Guinea has its own transport that flies from Port Moresby to Samarai and it sometimes comes down to Brisbane about three times a week.

In the highlands some of the people are not properly civilised. Some of them haven't seen a European man in their lives.

The natives in New Guinea have different customs from those of Europeans.

—PATRICIA COPPARD.

YOUTH SPEAKS FOR AUSTRALIA

(Address given by Janice Hollisters, of Jaycees' Public Speaking Contest, 1959—Winner of Southern Queensland Zone Final and Second in State Finals)

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to speak to you tonight on the social and economical development of Australia with reference to our individual way of life.

"We may trace the development of Australian civilisation through the pages of history, from the time of Captain Cook, step by step up to the twentieth century, when we have become a progressive and democratic country.

"It is for us, the youth of today, to remember that shortly it will be our duty to take our places in the world, and to shoulder responsibilities, for as a democratic country, the decisions and opinions of the people affect world policy. Our training for the task ahead of us lies in our individual way of life.

"Our surroundings have a vast influence on our character, and on examining them, it is seen that we lead interesting and attractive lives. The average family have their own home and car

and are suitably employed in Australian industries. They live in modern well laid-out towns or advanced country districts, and have the use of all modern conveniences such as the wireless, telephone and electrical appliances, as well as the use of a vast network of travelling facilities. Most of the commodities obtainable on world markets may be purchased from the large and attractive stores of the city and we are able to benefit from a plentiful supply of fresh fruit, meat, and vegetables, thus, unlike the starving overpopulated countries of the world, we do not suffer from the extreme effects of poverty or hunger.

“Not one of us here now is thinking—‘where will my meals next month or next year come from?’ No we are not like the people of India, China, Japan and other European countries who worry, not where their meals next month, next week or even tomorrow will come from, but where will they be able to obtain their food for today!

“Our Government is elected by the people by secret ballot, and national questions are decided by a referendum, that is, a ‘yes’ or ‘no’ vote by the people. Complete control of Australian affairs is in the hands of the Commonwealth Government which subdivides its responsibilities, which come under State control. It is this Government which makes possible the free distribution of milk to schoolchildren, and free injections against contagious diseases. Our trade agreements with other countries, our taxes, the upkeep of our roads, railways and public buildings all come under Government control.

“The Australian family has at its disposal various social amenities such as child endowment, health schemes and pensions. We have modern, well equipped hospitals with highly trained doctors and nurses so that our chances of disease and death have been greatly diminished.

“Our country offers much in the way of education, for we have primary and secondary schools both Government and private, and the yearly state examinations prove the high standard of Australian education. After completing our secondary course, we are able to enter one of the Universities in any capital city of Australia. There are Commonwealth and other scholarships open to young people who otherwise would not have been able to afford this tertiary education.

“Thus, it is in these environments and under such conditions that we are able to develop into a physically and mentally active people.

“We are a free country, and examples of this freedom may be seen from the views and opinions expressed by the people in our newspapers and magazines. Our large number of churches show our respect for the freedom of religion. We have an effective judicial system and from the work of our police forces and law courts are ensured of a protected and democratic life.

"Australia offers much in the way of entertainment, although because we are still a young country, we are far behind the other great nations of the world in our arts and culture. Visiting companies are finding a growing appreciation of the classics in Australian audiences. Gradually Australian expression is being promulgated in the fields of literature, art, and music and not only Australian prose and poetry, but recently Australian drama has been received abroad with acclamation. Our interest in opera has led to the proposed building of a new Opera House in Sydney.

"Another form of entertainment is sport, and with our wonderful beaches and fine swimming baths, swimming is one of our main sports, although many find enjoyment in golf or bowls, polo or sea sports such as yachting and surf planing. Most schools take a keen interest in children's sport and they play tennis, cricket, football, softball, basketball and many other games which help to train their muscles—but even more important, which help to train them as a team.

"Australians love displays and exhibitions and are continually holding shows, fetes, concerts and competitions which display Australia at its best and which bring the best talent to the public's eye. We have our own groups and clubs such as Jaycees, Rotary and Country Women's Association in which every member of a community is able to participate.

"Thus, to sum up, it is seen that we enjoy the four freedoms of President Roosevelt: A freedom from fear, a freedom from want, a freedom of speech and a freedom of religion. These are the characteristics which constitute our Australian way of life, this is the life which we offer the Australian migrant, and this is the life which has prepared us, the youth of today, to receive and uphold the standard of civilisation built up by our forefathers—to receive it and progress from it, building up a stronger and more highly developed country, our country, Australia."

—JANICE HOLLISTER (With Form).

TROPICAL NIGHT

'Twas a perfect night—a night of blue and pearl. The long smooth beach swept away in a graceful curve, beyond the place where the mangroves grew right down to the margin of the water. Here, the sinister grey rocks gleamed wet as they cut the rolling breakers into millions of shattered flecks of white. Elsewhere, the oily surface of the wide purple sea was unbroken, except at the shore line, where it was edged with a line of foam that creamed and hissed.

On the right, the sand was lost in the murky foot of a rocky cliff face. From the top of its sheer height jutted crags and serrated ledges, while far below crawled the wrinkled ocean. The precipice brooded thoughtfully over the water, casting a dark uncertainty into the sliding depths.

Above, the firmament glittered with twinkling sapphires—myriads of tiny jewels that winked from their dome of inky velvet.

The stars flickered mockingly on the bosom of the ocean, but appeared subdued when the eastern sky faded slightly and the moon, rising in clouded majesty, unveiled her peerless light, and threw her silver mantle over the dark. Instantly, from the gloomy, unsteady blur of the jungle, emerged elegant palms and clawing mangroves which clung tenaciously to the bare face of mother earth.

The stark white orb rode higher, her keen arrows piercing every little nook of darkness. Presently, however, the east waxed pale, and in the clear white dawn the stars melted in their flight and the moon grew weak, as if faint and weary from her efforts.

With the dying of the moon's beams, doubtful shadows lurked uncannily by the shore, till the dawn-lit sky glowed with new colourful hues. The eastern horizon passed quietly from the faintest, coolest lilac to lemon and fiery pink. Then, the brilliant sun crept stealthily, guiltily over the rim of the world, as if as yet dubious as to whether he was welcome or not. He soon lost his first meekness, and then blazed boldly forth to herald another new day.

—ELIZABETH WICKHAM (IVth Form).

SUCCESS?

The scientist sat before the warped, hardboard bench. His head was in his hands. "I'll never do it," he muttered to himself from time to time, "never, never." Then he sat up. An idea had suddenly come to him. The lines of worry and weariness which had creased his face disappeared. Slowly a beautiful smile brightened his unshaven face and his untidy long hair looked as if it were rejoicing with him.

He began to work. Into a bowl he poured some yellow viscous syrup, and to that he added a pale blue transparent liquid. All the time he chattered to himself in a squeaky falsetto: "Two grains of this, and five of that." He sounded like a supernatural being as his voice reached into the still eeriness and disturbed the spider's rest. The mixture in the bowl accompanied him with a bubbling and hissing and slowly turned black. Then he took down from the back of an old cobwebby shelf, a tiny brown bottle, shook it, opened it, and turned it upside down over the bowl. A pungent odour spread through the room as the colourless mixture dribbled out of the bottle and he retired to a corner, coughing.

The hissing suddenly died away. From his corner he could see the tiny bowl, silhouetted by the closed frosted-glass window and on either side of the window the long, dusty shelves with marked bottles on them, and he thought of all he'd been through in this room, all the inventions which had gone wrong. He looked up at the big, dark-brown stain on the ceiling and sighed. He felt sentimentally attached to that stain. It marked his first big failure. He felt that that stain had been through a lot with him. "And now," he thought exultantly, "now it will see my first great success. Together we shall—."

His attention was drawn to the tiny bowl. A crimson glow grew above it; grew until the bottoms of the shelves were suffused with it; grew 'till it illuminated the room. Then, as quickly as it came, it died again. "How pretty," he thought. "It's just like watching your own fireworks." He could smell the odour no longer, so he strode back to the little bowl. The mixture was as crimson as the glow had been and was bubbling no longer. He transferred the mixture from the bowl into a glass flask. The light from the window filtered through it in a little crimson pool on the floor.

But he was ready with the next ingredient. He had prepared it in a little bottle two years ago for one of the many failures. Now he brought it out again and tipped it into the flask. The tiny crimson pool on the floor flicked from right to left and disappeared. He stared at the spot where it had been, fascinated.

Like a light it flashed yellow. He turned his head quickly to look at the flask. It was a deep gold colour. It reminded him, in a way, of his mother. Her hair had been that colour. He remembered the day when they'd had to bury her. He shuddered. He must not think of her. Where was the next bottle? He looked up his files: Top shelf, back row, eight from the end. He found it. A black bottle with an ominous red notice—"Poison". He edged the cork a little way out, and let three drops fall into the flask. Quickly he glanced at the pool of gold. It still doggedly shone gold. He moved a little closer. Now he could see his shoes a little more clearly. The holes had a pale yellow margin around them. One day he'd have new ones. "And," he said aloud, exultantly, "that day is at hand."

He was watching the mixture expectantly now, hopefully. Success or failure bubbled in that flask. He was optimistic. He hoped that it was success.

A wisp of vapour climbed up from the flask. Thin and thread-like, it wavered in the air. It became thicker and the mixture in the flask bubbled merrily. It was losing its colour. The vapour was coming thick and fast now. It was pea-green; it billowed up from the surface of the now colourless mixture. His excitement surged up within him. His voice rang out, loud and clear. "I've beaten them all," he shouted.

The vapour poured off. He opened the little window and it escaped. Soon the mixture was quiet and no more vapour arose. It was finished!

Now the final test. He reached into an old drawer and took out a once-silver spoon. It had tarnished black. He dipped the spoon into the flask and the spoon was once again silver. He had discovered a way to clean spoons!

He wrenched open the old door and rushed into the street. A youth accosted him. "Hey sir," he said, "does your wife have any trouble cleaning her silver? I have some New Formula"

—ROSEMAREE BEST (Sub-Senior).

A GARDEN

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the grimy, smoke-laden atmosphere of the railway station, for the clear, refreshing fragrance of the morning air, as I entered the solitude of the bright, yet neglected garden.

Standing there, just inside the wicket gate, I could not help catching my breath in surprise and wonder at the resplendent array of colours which met my delighted gaze. Reds, whites, blues, golds—all were blended together to form a glittering cascade of colour as tiny drops of dew lingered on the petals as the glorious beams of the rising sun endeavoured to steal their crystal beauty.

In one corner of the garden stood a magnificent summer house—not, alas, magnificent in structure but in its colour finery—practically enshrouded with creepers. One, a golden creeper, had curled itself around the awnings over the doors and windows, lending a celestial air to the whole place. I was amazed, and a little startled to see that the golden glory had been cut away from the windows and was not, as I thought, naturally avoiding the dark spaces.

As I wandered towards this incredible haven of delight, the tiny primroses, clustered along the edge of the house, seemed to be dancing to the accompaniment of the numerous bird songs which ceaselessly entranced the listener's ears. In amongst the primroses were scattered tiny clumps of maidenhair fern which seemed to magnify the daintiness of the other flowers.

Inside the summer house was a sight which almost made me wish I had not outgrown the "mummies and daddies" stage. Never have I seen such a perfect replica of a proud mother's home. Tiny cups and saucers, plates, even knives and forks were set down on the miniature table. Everything was exactly as it should be—even to "mummy" lying down and enjoying a well earned rest, after her early morning work.

With a slow, deep sigh, I turned and retreated down the flower-lined paths, back to the outside world of reality.

—ELIZABETH HOWES (Form D).

THE APPROACH OF NIGHT

A shadowy grey curtain cloaks the world. A lone star winks in the dark, awful sky. The sounds of weary activity accompany the end of a day's work. It is that time which precedes night—twilight. Noticeably the curtain thickens, enveloping the world in its friendly folds, until the earth is a dark nothingness, and trees and buildings are even darker silhouettes. Further stars succeed the first, and the moon, a transparent golden orb, makes its first appearance. The sky is a dark blanket upon which thousands of living white fires bow down to their awful majesty—it is night.

—SUE MITCHELL (Junior).

CLOUDS

Many people look up to the heavens and see the clouds which are to them only the mist that brings the rain. The farmer folds his arms, gazes upwards and curses—not a cloud in sight. He does not think that some beauty is missing, but only that there will be no rain for his drooping crops.

To me they are the birds of a world above.

Flying over the cumulus clouds in an aeroplane, you can see one huge white mass heaped like a range of snow-mountains, stretching as far as the eye can see and through the frequent breaks lies below, the dark turbulent ocean or the green roof of a jungle. As the plane, slanting, descends from its unearthly realm through the milk white cloud the fleecy vapour clings to the windows.

The sun, like a god, is the clouds' maker. By his intense heat he vapourises the sea and waters, and the particles condense to fashion a visible mass floating in the upper air. They form patterns of all shapes and sizes. The imagination moulds curved boomerangs and wisps of silk set on a blue background. The cirrus clouds are driven before the wind from beyond the horizon like a flock of sheep, and others in still flat shapes are sandbanks surrounded by an ebbing sea.

During the day clouds are a common sight as foam crested waves rolling across the sky looking down in their travels upon mountains and rivers. But at night they disappear in the darkness, sliding across the sombre sky, unseen, except when the silvery moon brightens their path.

Just as a face is clouded with gloom, so can the sky be, with great grey billowing masses. The whole dullness is reflected upon the earth. But only a dullness of light for the coming of rain in most cases is a time for rejoicing by man, animal and plant.

As the clouds slowly assemble above the earth they must see the parched soil longing for their tears of pity. For they communicate with flashes of lightning followed by thunder and weep upon the earth with large drops which quench the thirst of the land.

Then in the fresh morning only a few on the horizon, relaxing above the blue mountains, mingle with the slow rising mists from the valleys below. At evening the rosy clouds bar the west, tinted with the sun's last rays.

"O! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
 And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!"

—MARJORIE CROOK (Sub-Senior).

A 'PLANE TRIP

Thirty people were sitting expectantly in the comfortable aeroplane seats to which they were firmly secured by safety belts. No one talked because words seemed inadequate whilst inside a great monster that would soon be speeding across the sky. A red light blinked a warning, "no smoking", the engines roared into life and the aircraft taxied out onto the runway. Revving its four powerful hearts, it lingered here as if for the sole purpose of causing great excitement and expectation in the waiting passengers. Then it raced along the ground. There was a moment of uncertainty as to whether it was on the ground or in the air. Then the first line of houses was far behind and below.

The take-off had been so rapid that it was hard to believe that the ground was far below and that the plane was speeding towards Launceston. Looking down, the passengers wondered whether the earth was moving and not they after all. This doubt was quickly dispelled by common sense.

Far below, cars and trucks appeared like ants scurrying along paths to unknown destinies. Everything was so small that it was almost like viewing them through the wrong end of powerful field-glasses. A drive-in theatre might easily be mistaken for a vegetable garden before planting. Just as mere rural scenes began to appear, a curtain of cloud was drawn between the aeroplane and the ground.

The cloud layer was so thick that it appeared to the people in the plane as a first grade Merino fleece would to a flea. This white desert of rolling moisture seemed to isolate the passengers in a great loneliness and silence, broken only by the steady throb of the engines. All alone in this wilderness they were impressed by the smallness of the plane when compared with the size of the troposphere, the thinnest layer of earth's atmosphere.

Suddenly the aeroplane burst out into clear sky again and the loneliness disappeared with the clouds. Below stretched Bass Strait that could so easily be whipped into huge waves to menace shipping. Even today, with only a gentle breeze blowing, the white caps or sea horses could be seen by the passengers 2000 feet above. Occasionally islands, becoming more and more frequent, slipped into view and broke the vast stretch of sea. Then the people became aware that the land they saw was not merely a cluster of small islands but Tasmania itself.

The aeroplane seemed to be suspended over the junction of sea and land, so that the passenger could see the tiny waves creeping in to the shore. Gradually, however, the machine overcame the force that held it there and visible progress was made. Below, the grass was very green and was "a feast for sore eyes", especially as most of "the eyes" had grown tired from the dry, parched country of the Mainland that was suffering from drought.

Everything below had a striking resemblance to pictures of the English countryside. The only thing that belied this was that

every here and there a bush, or rather an Australian gum tree, grew. The patch work fields that stretched for miles along the coast, were separated in many cases by dark green lines which were hawthorn hedges. Houses and old mills made out of quarried stone looked very like those of England. However, everyone was oppressed by the realisation that the old buildings below were constructed under terrible conditions by half starving convicts who would have given anything to return to their homes where they had been treated as men not beasts.

Suddenly, all the passengers secure in safety belts again, became aware that the ground was much closer and that the view could be seen in more detail, but was more limited. The plane tilted, and everyone automatically leaned over as if pushing on a wall. The earth began to swing round towards the great noisy bird but, changing its plan for attack, it ceased its rotating and a telegraph pole, lights on a railway crossing, and a hedge rose in turn to strike; but all missed until the aeroplane landed gently on a long asphalt surface.

The plane stopped outside the depot, and attendants approached with trailers, stairs and refuellers. The hostess said she hoped everyone had had a wonderful trip and would repeat the experience on the same airline. With that, she began removing hats and coats from the rack and thus showed plainly that the short but glorious tour in the sky was over.

We who have experienced an aeroplane flight, know exactly what Michael Thwaites meant when he said:

“Hauled headlong starward by the quadruple conviction
Of lion-lunged engines in their pride of power
That roar for their prey on the fleecy cloud-velt—
The droves of distance and the dwindling hour.”

—KATHLEEN BARNARD (Vith Form).

THE PEN AND THE NUCLEAR WEAPON

In the midst of this Atom Age, how mighty is the pen? Once it was believed to be mightier even than the sword, but is it mightier than the nuclear weapon of today? Can the power of the written word be compared with the power of the hydrogen bomb or is its effect as far reaching as that of an intercontinental missile? It is a dark day for the world when the outpouring of the pen is powerless to check the all-consuming flame of science for destruction.

This flame has spread immeasurably during the last fifty years. In the bitter striving of the nations for supremacy, the use of science to give one greater power of destruction than the other is tending to overshadow the triumphs of science in other fields. The scientists themselves cannot see more than a few steps in front of them. Even those wonders of science, such as the X-ray, once received as a blessing to humanity, are now being reviewed with caution.

Every time an atomic bomb is made, dangerous waste which will not burn itself out for hundreds of years, is formed. But still such work continues at fever heat. The flame of scientific development burns brighter as the scientists strive to give their country more fearsome and deadlier weapons.

When this flame was still a modest glow, that of literature had burned through centuries. Through the pen the early humanitarians had fought for better working conditions for the poorer people, painting their miserable lives with an abundance of sympathy calculated to soften the hardest-hearted employer. Again the pen was used in attaining equal rights for women. The war correspondents of the last century in writing of the horrors of those battlefields such as the Crimea, influenced the government through the people to do their utmost to improve conditions for those who were willing to give their lives for their country. Again and again the power of the pen was used in this way, and though results were not always immediate, through perseverance they came in time. People came more and more to rely on the power of the pen to win reforms. However, by the beginning of this century, the more learned men may have seen on the horizon, a flicker of what was to come.

At that time one of our own poets wrote:

“They tell you the poet is useless and empty the sound of his lyre,

That science has made him a phantom, and thinned to a shadow his fire.”

And that was written before the Second World War. How powerless would the mere writings of a human appear beside the mass destruction of the Atom bomb. It takes time to read, time to reflect before action is taken. The devastation caused by a bomb is the matter of a few minutes.

Nearly fifteen years have passed since Nagasaki and Hiroshima opened the eyes of the world to the dreadful possibilities of atomic power. What fantastic feats of science have taken place since then? The Atom bomb is no longer the world's chief wonder. We know of terrible weapons which have come into being; and what of those of which we know nothing, those which are “top secret” except to the highest government officials? And the more of these a government has, the greater its power, so the more it exhorts its scientists to greater efforts. But those who fan the fierce blaze had best beware lest it turn on them; for when it does, no one will escape.

Now is the time to act. Now is the time for the pen to come into its own again. Learned men and writers are needed as never before to put the country's future into the hands of the people. They must warn them of the danger the future holds, of the threat to future generations as well as to the present one, of the possibly disastrous result of this heedless race for power. For the people

govern the fate of their children. They must be brought to a fuller realisation of the state of the world in which they live, and given an opportunity to secure hope of a less uncertain future. Faith in the mightiness of the pen must be restored and strengthened.

“When, comrades, we thrill to the message of speaker in
highway or hall,
The voice of the poet is reaching the silenter poet in all:
And again, as of old, when the flames are to leap up the turrets
of Wrong,
Shall the torch of the New Revolution be lit from the words
of a song!”

—JUDITH PACE (Sub-Senior).

QUEENSLAND

A short one hundred years ago
Queensland was made a State,
And separated from New South Wales
To settle her future fate.

A century has passed since then,
In which time she has prospered well.
Her resources expanded rapidly,
And have a tale of success to tell.

Her people are friendly, good and wise,
And with all may hold their own.
It is hoped that future generations
Will cultivate the seeds they've grown.

Yes, Queensland's a State of which to be proud,
And one that we all may honour.
May she continue to prosper in years to come,
And may blessings be showered upon her.

—SUE MITCHELL (Junior).

DAYBREAK IN THE BUSH

As the fleeting night gathered up her cloak of darkness, the first red rays of the still hidden sun flushed the sky.

Here among the moss-grown stones, that bordered the leaf-strewn path, shy bush animals crawled out of their hiding places to welcome the day, while myriads of birds trilled incessantly.

Rising from behind the rugged hills, the sun filled the spacious firmament with a glow of light. The sky was a blaze of glorious colour, while fleeting fluffy white clouds were transformed into lovely shades of pink and gold.

Spangles of dew glistened like pearls on every leaf and blade of grass, and flowers fragrant and beautiful opened their petals to greet the fresh new day with smiling faces. A harmonious chorus of birds filled the air as they flew from tree to tree in the joy of another new day.

A soft gentle breeze ruffled the trees and grass, as if wiping away traces of sleepiness, and blew itself over the hills. The first warm shafts of light touched the depths of the woods, as the sun ascended into the heavens.

Slowly the sun rose until its bright red disc stood out bold and clear above the hills. It was day.

“The sun is up, and Death is far away,
The first hour is the sweetest of the day.”

—DINEH DICKSON (Sub-Junior).

SEA-SCAPE

The moon rose above the sea and hung suspended in the star-studded sky, illuminating sea and heaven with its brilliance, and recalling to mind Wordsworth's words:

“ . . . only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed Moon
Who, from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean”

The remaining puffy clouds extended in a fanlike formation, the edges of which were saturated by a deep crimson stain which gradually became violet and then ran down to meet the blue ocean. The sea gleamed with the white touches of the moonbeams and contrasted with the deep blue-green colour of Mother Ocean.

A small boat bobbed on the horizon, sometimes disappearing from view, and then, as if to prove the Columbus theory, once again appeared as a dark speck in the distance.

The small waves splashing on the shore were playful and softly lapped the sand. The salty tang of the sea, brought by the evening breeze, was pleasant and refreshing. The cries of the sea-birds were hushed as they huddled together on the cliffs. Tiny blinking lights from a town told of the approaching night. The last of the fishermen were anchoring their small craft and their voices drifted out to sea as they talked and laughed about their day's expedition.

As the moon rose higher, it appeared larger, brighter, darkening the sky in its contrast and making the myriad dots of flickering stars less conspicuous. Blackness enveloped the clouds and the rainbow colours had disappeared, for it was night.

The sand was soft underfoot and gleamed and shone under the powerful rays of the moon. Weird pieces of sea-weed and flotsam were scattered in the folds of the receding tide. Over near the cliff, the sea thundered against the rocks, dashing down upon them, and forcing spray shimmering into the air displaying the varying emotions of the turbulent sea. Gazing out upon the serene ocean, it is difficult to imagine the fury and power which the sea is capable of lashing against intruders upon her waters.

The air, heavy with moisture, and the quickening of the sea breeze disturbs enjoyment of the peaceful scene and one leaves, again recalling to mind Wordsworth's lines:

"While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years."

—JANICE HOLLISTER (Senior).

HOME

Home to me is on an island 30 by 90 miles in area. It is one of the group of islands called the British Solomons. The name of it is Guadalcanal. It is a Dutch word which means "land of waters". Guadalcanal was very famous for the fighting that took place on it between the Americans and Japanese in World War II.

The capital is called Honiara, and near Honiara is a place called Rovey. The population of these two consists of Europeans, Fijians, Indians and Melanesians. Together, these make a population of about 1000. The main street is called Mendana Avenue, which was named after the man who found the Solomons. The shops consist of a butcher's, a trading corporation which is run by the government, a Chinese shop called Hokee, and a sort of bakers and grocers combined, called Blum's. About a mile from these is a group of about thirty shops. These are called China town, as all the shops belong to Chinese people. A little way past China Town, is the hospital.

At the other end of Honiara are two tennis courts which are in sore need of repair. They were built by the Americans during the war. Swimming is rarely practised in the sea, as it is infested with sharks; however, people swim a lot at the mouth of a river. This place is called Biniki, but unfortunately it is not very deep.

A library is run by the women of Honiara, and they all take their turns in supervising it. The library is open on Mondays and Fridays.

The one and only club is situated near the sea. An annual fee is paid by each of its members and parties for children are paid for by it.

The people are very friendly. Teenage children are rarely seen, because there is no proper school capable of handling them.

Coconut plantations bring most of the wealth to the islands.

The native villages are mostly near the sea, although there are some inland. Their way of living is quite primitive.

The only communications are by plane and ship. The planes come in once a week, and ships every six weeks; so of course people have a long wait for overseas mail.

Honiara has its own radio station of which it is very proud.

I like Queensland very much, but I will always prefer my island home, Honiara.

—BARBARA BATTYE.

ST. CATHARINE'S PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' and Friends' Association of St. Catharine's School was formed on the 27th of February in this, the school's jubilee year. The response of many interested in the school has been very good, but we would like even more members. Our aims are firstly to help the school by raising funds for building purposes, and also to provide amenities for the school that gives our Church of England girls such a good education in a healthy climate. St. Catharine's is, above all, a happy school. The Sisters and staff work together for this end, and we of this association are solidly behind them. Secondly, we aim to give St. Catharine's publicity in country areas, and by so doing build up the school's numbers, for surely if we do not support our own Church schools we do not deserve to have them. In fifty years the Sisters of the Sacred Advent have worked hard building up St. Catharine's from a handful of pupils to its present strength, and it has always been their aim to make the school available to people of average income. In this they have succeeded, as the fees are well below any other boarding school in southern Queensland, which is a decided help to many parents. My thanks to those local members who have worked so willingly, and all other members for their support during the year.

—S. M. NICHOLSON, President.

OLD GIRLS' NOTES

Twenty-six Old Girls attended the Annual Reunion which was held at the School in June. The Reunion Dinner, which was held in the School Dining Hall, was the main event of the week-end, and the catering for this was very ably carried out by members of the newly formed Parents' and Friends' Association.

It was decided at the Annual Meeting that the Brisbane Branch of the O.G.A., should form their own committee. As a result, a meeting was called and the following members were elected as office bearers: **Florence Wilcox (Hoare)** secretary, **Gloria Steel (Donovan)** vice-president, and **June Stidolph** treasurer.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS:—

We were very pleased to see **Nancye Campbell (Whatley)** at the Reunion this year. It is many years since Nancye has returned to her old school, and she found everything very different from her schooldays. **Eleanor Gray, Eleanor Halter, Julie Lincoln** and **Nancye Wilkinson**, who all left school at the end of last year, are now at the Teachers' Training College.

Vicki Graham was bridesmaid for **Toni Thorne (Brace)** when Toni was married in Brisbane recently. Vicki has now left her position in Toowoomba, and has started nursing at the South Brisbane General Hospital. Toni will be living in Sydney for a few months.

Jean Wickham is nursing at the Brisbane General Hospital and **Deanna Ross** is at the Mackay District Hospital. **Hilda Rose** is teaching in Brisbane. **Delma Lawrence** is kept busy with her teaching and music and singing studies. **Kay Gross** is working for a local Warwick jeweller.

Ailsa Lawrence has completed her Pharmacy Course and has been doing relieving work in different towns. When last we heard from her, she was in Bundaberg. **Judith Charles** is now working in Toowoomba, also **Gwenda Batterham**, who made her debut at a ball there earlier in the year.

Amongst those who have secretarial positions are: **Gay Raymond** who works in Goondiwindi, **Robyn Craig** and **Dawn Bishop** who have positions in Brisbane; **Lorraine Young** is working in an office at Mungindi and **Marion Barker** is in the office of Wincombe Carson in Goondiwindi.

We offer our best wishes to Old Girls who have been married during the year:—

June Thomasson to Henry Horneman;
Toni Brace to Bob Thorne;
Fay Fletcher to Keith Ireland;
Shirley Morrish to Phil Kenafake.

And also to Rosemary Gray who has announced her engagement to Ken Catterall.

We congratulate the following on the birth of their children: Heather Schnitzerling (Donovan)—a son (John Henry); Dorothy Dunlop (Hoog)—a son; Joyce Ross (Stidolph)—a daughter; Deidre Skehan (Myers)—a son; Marian Irwin (Becker)—a son (Bruce Alexander).

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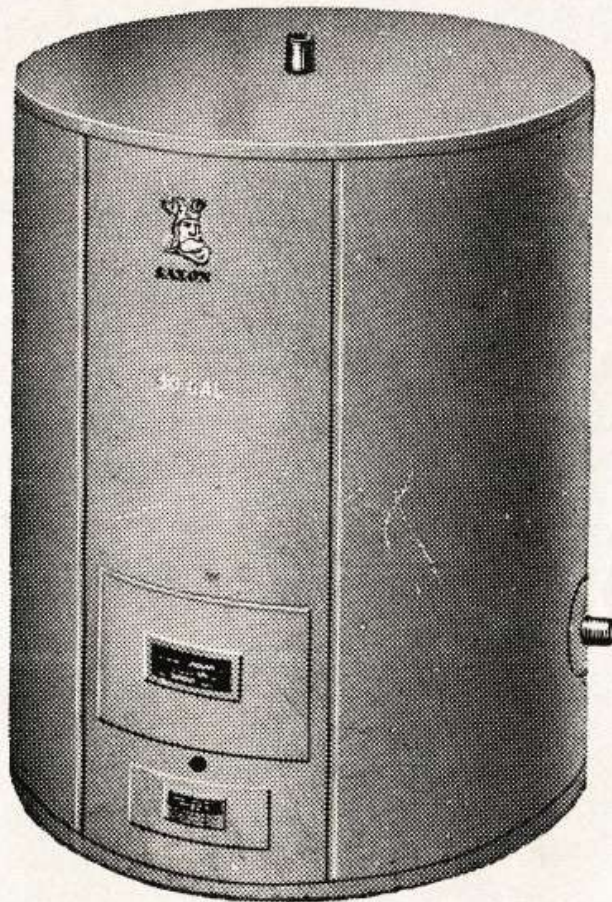
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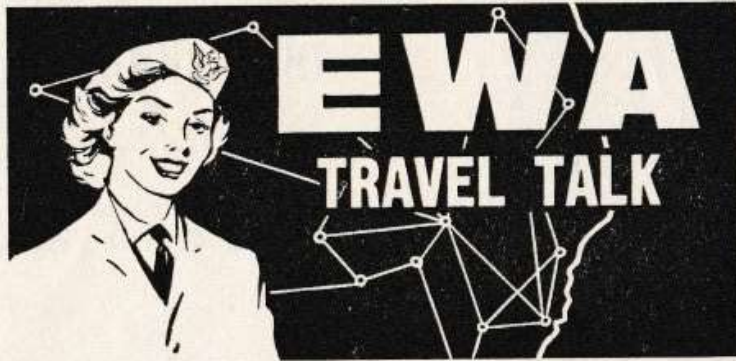
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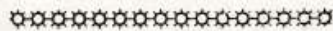


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