

# St. Catharines Magazine



WARWICK

December, 1963



## Office Bearers

### Sister-in-Charge:

SISTER RACHEL, S.S.A., Th.A., A.A.S.A.

### Staff:

THE SISTER IRENE ELIZABETH, S.S.A.  
MISS A. L. CANT.  
MRS. CLARE LAMBART.  
MRS. JEAN ELWING.  
MISS FAY SPEAR.  
MRS. JOAN McLELLAN, B.Sc.  
MISS BARBARA BARNES.  
MISS PATRICIA FLOOD.  
MRS. LAURA FORSYTH.  
MRS. C. H. GILMOUR.  
MISS CORALIE TELFORD.

### Music:

MISS KITTY GLADWELL — MISS MILDRED WATT, M.R.S.T., F.T.C.L.

### Speech and Drama:

MISS MARJORIE ANGER

### Sport:

MISS BEVERLEY McDOUGALL

### Dormitory Mistresses:

SISTER DOROTHY GILLESPIE (Hospital) and MRS. G. CROCKER.  
MRS. S. METHERRALL (School House)      MRS. RICHARDSON (Mytton)      MISS CONNOLLY (Massey)  
MRS. Y. WHIP (Parkinson)

**School Captain:** Diana Roberts.

**Vice-Captain:** Dawa Solomon.

**Sports Captain:** Carol Bell.

**Other Prefects:** Del Fletcher, Mary McLachlan, Susette McIver, Dianne Miller.

## EDITORIAL

“I looked into the future far as human eyes can see

Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be”

What is our interpretation today of these lines from Tennyson? We think of the girls at school, and particularly now of these about to move out into the future. Those who will leave the more or less sheltered atmosphere of a boarding school. For a good number of their formative years they have spent long hours in study, many hours in pleasant companionship and above all a continual training in the Christian way of life which will help them to face the future whatever it may bring, cheerfully and courageously. The future looms ahead with all its greatness and prosperity, its new discoveries, new friendships, and very surely new experiences. This then is their future, perhaps like none other before for the children leaving school this year. What will they make of it? This world into which they step during the next few weeks. The world with its great forward strides in Science, still calls for men and women who are prepared to make sacrifices. The world which from the beginning of time has been wrought by sacrifice, still needs today the unselfish men and women who are prepared to make sacrifices, like those great men and women of the past who recognised the deep realities of life and did their part nobly and fearlessly to build a better world for the generations to come. Surely it is not a vain hope that we see in many of these young people the will to prove worthy of their heritage, and as THEY traverse Life's road, they too will find in every yard of that road an opportunity of doing something to help make the world of tomorrow a better and happier place.

## GLOVER HOUSE



Glover House commemorates the name of the late Archdeacon W. P. Glover, a former rector of St. Mark's Warwick, and one chiefly known as founder of Church of England schools in Warwick. The memorial has been most acceptable to the many friends of the Archdeacon in Warwick, and several contributions have been made to the building fund for this purpose. There is still a need for a great many more.

The re-modelling of the old home began as soon as school broke up at the end of last year and the builder Mr. Len Lowe worked and planned tirelessly for over three months so that by the end of March all was ready for occupation. Great was the rejoicing when we moved in. The School Captain and other prefects occupied for the first time their own personal quarters, attractive cubicles painted in various pastel colours. Ten sub-seniors joined the party making in all 15 in residence. The Sisters' quarters restful and comfortable supply a long felt want at St. Catharine's and these together with the fine Reference Library which houses our television set as well as some 1500 books and a Visitors' reception room complete the unit, which is pleasing to the eye and yet a very useful addition to the school buildings.

## SCHOOL DIARY

### JAN.:

- 29 The boarders old and new returned.  
 30 First day of school. We welcomed Miss Anger (Speech), Miss McDougall (Sport), Mrs. Gilmour (Geography and French).

### FEB.:

- 2 Had film, "The Swan."  
 3 First Communion at St. Mark's and attendance at Evensong.  
 4 Appointment of positions in school: Diana Roberts, school captain; Carol Bell, sports captain; Del Fletcher, Neal House captain; Sue McIver, Slade House captain; Mary McLachlan, Crothers House captain.  
 9 A dance with Slade School.  
 16 New girls' concert; Neal on top with points.  
 17 Senior and Sub-Seniors sang at broadcast Matins.  
 23 Seniors and Sub-Seniors sang at Dianne Fletcher's wedding.  
 25 Inter house swimming in conjunction with Slade School. Slade House came in first.  
 26 British trade films seen at High School.  
 27 An afternoon at the show for all, despite rain.

### MAR.:

- 2 First tennis match of the season won by P.G.C.  
 4 First of series of Lenten talks by the Rector.  
 6 Watched television survey of Queen's arrival in Brisbane.  
 7 New Guinea girls left for Canberra "to see the Queen."  
 8 Boarders left for mid-term weekend.  
 9 Those remaining attended P.G.C. Fete.  
 10 Picnic for the girls at school, arranged.  
 11 Vocational Guidance tests. Second Lenten talk.  
 12 Vocational Guidance Interviews.  
 13 Inter school swimming. Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Gardner who rewarded the team with a barbecue. New cubicles in Glover House occupied.  
 14 Convent won the tennis.  
 15 Confirmation classes begin.  
 16 High School won the tennis. New Guinea girls told of their Canberra visit.  
 17 Seniors attended Matins.  
 22 Primary school swimming.  
 23 P.G.C. again won the tennis  
 25 Fourth Lenten address.  
 28 Dawa and Susan represented the school at the Enthronement of Bishop Strong.  
 31 The Sixth Forms and Miss Cant were present in Brisbane for the Youth Welcome to the Archbishop.

## APRIL:

- 4 Exams. began.
- 6 High School won the tennis.
- 11 School in silence from six. A short prayer service was held.
- 12 Conducted our own prayer service at 7 a.m. Attended children's service at St. Mark's. We held short meditative service at midday. Enjoyed the usual hot cross bun. Saw Missionary Films that evening.
- 13 Chapel cleaned in the morning. Paschal Candle Service was begun at eleven p.m., which we continued on to the Easter Vigil Mass.
- 14 Easter Eggs at breakfast. Many went home. Those remaining attended St. Mark's.
- 15 Midday barbeque and then to the cinema for those remaining.
- 18 Theory exam. for Senior Speech girls.
- 19 For the 22nd time Mr. Leadbitter judged the house singing.
- 24 Last day of term.

## MAY:

- 14 Boarders return.
- 15 School began.
- 20 Basketball training began.
- 24 Mrs. Elwing took prize winners to Toowoomba Chronicle Art Exhibition. Dancing lessons began.
- 25 Entertained Slade boys at social.
- 26 Choir sang for Legacy.
- 28 Films for Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

## JUNE:

- 1 Primary school concert for Freedom From Hunger Campaign.
- 4 Carol and Diana attended Youth Week Rotary dinner.
- 5 Carol, Catherine and Verse Choir in the annual Youth Concert.
- 6 Teams C, D, E and F played High School.
- 7 Young Elizabethan Players gave us Henry V.
- 9 Old Girls' Service well attended.
- 11 Diana chaired return Rotary Dinner.
- 13 High School won the basketball.
- 14 Mrs. Crothers kindly sent her house a birthday cake.
- 15 Today Slade won the Senior tennis cup; Crothers the Junior.
- 20 Convent beat A, C and D teams.
- 21 Visit to cinema to see "Trapp Family."
- 22 P.G.C. beat Juniors in basket-ball.
- 27 P.G.C. defeated A, C and E teams only.

## JULY:

- 4 Only A and C teams returned defeated from High School.
- 5 Junior A defeated Convent.
- 6 Slade won the Senior and Crothers the Junior basketball.
- 13 P.G.C. defeated all but B and F. School saw film, "Brigadoon," while sub-Seniors were entertained at Scots.
- 18 Exams. began.
- 20 School saw film "Wreck of the Mary Dere."
- 27 Mrs. Bell judged house plays. Neal won both sections.
- 28 Several Seniors attended dedication of window to Archdeacon Hoog.

## AUG.:

- 5 Dress rehearsal of School Play.
- 6 Prefects admitted during Chapel Service. Carol, Diana and Dawa with Sister Rachel, attended funeral of Mr. Otto Madsen.
- 7 First performance of "An Ideal Husband" was successful.
- 8 Very good attendance for second performance. Boarders began to return home.

## SEPT.:

- 3 Boarders returned. We welcomed 3 new students.
- 4 Lessons began.
- 7 Heats for tennis championship began.
- 8 First Communion and Evensong at St. Mark's for the term.
- 11 Father Dams talked of Missionary work in New Guinea.
- 12 Diana represented the School in the Toowoomba Chronicle competition for Encyclopaedia Britannica.
- 13 Juniors and Seniors sang at Lily's wedding. All enjoyed visit to Slade Fete. Watched fire films.
- 21 House Sports saw Neal ahead. Finished the day with the film, "Three Little Words."
- 22 Senior Science students conducted several Physies experiments at Toowoomba Grammar.
- 25 Music Exams. for all grades.
- 26 Speech Exams. for public examination candidates.
- 28 Most enjoyable visit from St. Aidan's for sporting fixtures.

## OCT.:

- 2 Primary School Sports.
- 5 Inter School Sports. Seniors attended an All School Social Evening, arranged by High School.
- 6 The girls won the play competition at All Anglican Youth Festival at Toowoomba and processed with the banner at evening Service in St. Lukes.
- 8 Young Anglican film evening was successful.
- 9 Colonel Murray came to interview New Guinea students.
- 11 We were visited by His Grace, the Archbishop of Brisbane, who addressed the assembled school.

**SENIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS — 1962**

- SUSAN ARMBRUSTER: English C, Geography B, Zoology B, Logic B, Speech and Drama B.  
JANET BELL: English B, French C, Modern History B, Zoology B, Speech and Drama B.  
ANNE BOYCE: English B, Modern History B, Art C, Speech and Drama A.  
ANN CARPENTER: English B, Zoology C, Logic B, Speech and Drama A.  
DIANNA CORY: Art B.  
DINEH DICKSON: English C, Modern History B, Geography C, Zoology C.  
JUDITH FLETCHER: English C, Geography C, Chemistry B, Physics C, Zoology B.  
LYNNE JOHNSON: English B, French C, Maths I A, Chemistry A, Physics C, Zoology B, Speech and Drama B.  
JACQUELINE LAMBART: English B, Art C, Junior Maths A C.  
PATRICIA MARSHALL: Art C.  
GLENDA ROBERTSON: English C, Geography C, Speech and Drama C.  
JILLIAN ROBISON: English C, Geography B, Zoology C, Art C.  
DAWA SOLOMON: English C, Modern History C, Geography C.  
ELIZABETH WICKHAM: English A, French B, Modern History A, Geography A, Maths I B, Zoology A.

**JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS — 1962**

- JENNIFER BAKER-FINCH: English A, French B, Geography C, Maths A B, Maths B C, Chemistry B, Physics C, Speech and Drama B (Ext. Schol.).  
BETH BOADLE: English B, French C, Maths A B, Speech and Drama C, Typing C (Extension Scholarship).  
JANE BOWDEN: English B, French C, Maths A C, Bookkeeping B, Shorthand B (Ext. Schol.).  
JILL BURNES: English B, Maths A C, Physiology C, Speech and Drama C, Bookkeeping B, Shorthand B, Typing C. (Ext. Schol.)  
GAIL BUROW: English A, French C, Maths A C, Physiology B, Speech and Drama B (Ext. Schol.).  
SUE CORY: English C, Art A.  
ANNE FARRAWAY: English A, Geography A, Maths A C, Speech and Drama B (Ext. Schol.).  
ROSLYN FRASER: English B, Geography B, Maths A C, Maths B C, Music C, Bookkeeping C, Typing C. (Ext. Schol.).  
JILL GARDNER: English A, French B, Geography C, Maths A A, Maths B C, Chemistry A, Physics C, Physiology B, Speech and Drama C. (Ext. Schol.).

- ANN GARDNER: English B, French C, Geography C, Maths A C, Chemistry B, Physiology A, Speech and Drama C. (Ext. Schol.).
- JAN GILES: English B, Geography C, Speech and Drama C, Bookkeeping C, Typing B.
- JEANETTE GRANT-THOMSON: English A, French A, Latin A, History A, Geography A, Maths A A, Maths B B, Physiology A, Speech and Drama A. (Extension Scholarship).
- FAY HANCOCK: English C, Physiology C, Speech and Drama C, Home Science A B, Home Science B B.
- DIANA HARWARD: English B, French C, Geography C, Maths A B, Maths B A, Chemistry C, Physics C, Physiology C, Speech and Drama B. (Ext. Schol.).
- JAN JOCUMSEN: English A, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping C, Typing C.
- LESLEY JOHNSON: English A, French B, Latin A, History B, Geography A, Maths A A, Maths B B, Physiology A, Speech and Drama A. (Ext. Schol.).
- PENELOPE JONES: English A, French C, Geography C, Maths A C, Chemistry C. (Extension Scholarship).
- PENELOPE KING: English B, French C, Geography C, Maths B B, Book-keeping C, Typing C. (Ext. Schol.).
- MARION KNOWLES: English A, French A, History A, Geography A, Maths A B, Maths B A, Physiology A, Music C, Speech and Drama A. (Ext. Schol.).
- RAY LEGGE: English C, Physiology C, Art C, Typing C, Home Science B C.
- CAROL LEWIS: English C, Physiology C, Typing C.
- KATRINA LOCKWOOD: English A, French B, Maths A B, Chemistry C, Physiology A, Speech and Drama B. (Ext. Schol.).
- SANDRA LOMAS: English B, French C, Maths A C, Physiology C, Speech and Drama A. (Ext. Schol.).
- ETHEL MORRIS: English C.
- DEIRDRE O'CONNOR: English A, Geography B, Maths B C, Art A, Speech and Drama B. (Ext. Schol.).
- JENNIFER REID: English B, History C, Geography C, Physiology B, Speech and Drama A. (Ext. Schol.).
- FLORA REIS: English A, French C, History B, Geography B, Maths B C, Physiology C, Speech and Drama B. (Ext. Schol.).
- CATHERINE RICHARDS: English A, French C, Geography B, Chemistry C, Physiology C. (Ext. Schol.).
- SUSAN ROBISON: English B, French C, Geography B, Maths A C, Maths B C, Chemistry B, Physics C, Physiology A, Art A.
- JUDITH RUSHTON: English B, Physiology A, Bookkeeping C, Typing C.
- SHARON SEARLES: English C, Maths A C, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping B.

KAREN SHIELDS: English B, French B, Physiology A; Book-keeping A, Shorthand B, Typing B. (Ext. Schol.).

CHERYL STAAF: English B, Art C, Speech and Drama C.

SANDRA STEHR: English B, French C, Geography C, Maths A C, Chemistry C, Speech and Drama B. (Ext. Schol.).

BRONWYN SUTCLIFFE: English C, Maths A C, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping B, Typing B.

FLORA WHITTAKER: History C, Geography C, Physiology C.

#### **SCHOLARSHIP — 1962**

DOROTHY GOSPER: 69.7 per cent; ROSMARY DRAKE 64 per cent; LESLEY LATEMORE: 60.7 per cent; JULIE-ANN JOHNSON: 55.5 per cent; JANET McLACHLAN: 54.2 per cent; HELEN ROBB: 50 per cent.

#### **A.M.E.B. JUNE EXAMINATIONS — 1963**

Preliminary: Susan Hirschfield, 86 per cent; Grade IV: Jocelyn Wright, 75 per cent. (C); Grade IV: June Yates, 77 per cent. (C); Grade V: Roslyn Fraser, 70 per cent. (P).

#### **SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOK-KEEPING ASSOCIATION — NOVEMBER, 1962**

BOOK-KEEPING (Stage II): Jane Bowden, 70 per cent; Jill Burness, 68 per cent.

SHORTHAND (70 words per minute): Karen Shields, 98 per cent; Jane Bowden, 98 per cent.

SHORTHAND (60 words per minute): Jill Burness, 100 per cent; Gayle Burrow, 100 per cent; Carol Lewis, 99 per cent; Beth Boadle, 98 per cent; Margot Owen-Turner, 98 per cent; Leonie Little, 98 per cent; Sharon Searles, 97 per cent; Penney King, 97 per cent; Judith Rushton, 97 per cent; Bronwyn Sutcliffe, 97 per cent; Ethel May Morris, 95 per cent.

#### **SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOK-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION — EXAMINATION, JUNE, 1963**

SHORTHAND (80 words per minute): Mary Roberts, 98 per cent; Beth Boadle, 98 per cent.

50 words per minute: Helen Finnis, 99 per cent; Sue Firth, 99 per cent; June Yates, 99 per cent; Judith Deighton, 97 per cent; Margaret Ree, 95 per cent; Judith Robb, 95 per cent; Joy Bald, 95 per cent; Margaret Fraser 95 per cent; Buruka Tau, 95 per cent; Anne Makim, 95 per cent; Kay Groth, 95 per cent; Marynano, 95 per cent.

#### **ART OF SPEECH PRACTICAL RESULTS, NOVEMBER, 1963**

Sixth Grade: Honours, Coral Bell 85, Diana Roberts 85. Credit, Mary McLachlan 76, Jennie Thomson 75.

Fourth Grade: Honours, Helen Jackson 87, Leslie Baker-Finch 85, Pauline Bona 85; Credit, Anne Makim 82, Dawn Wormwell 82, Jean Gordon 78, Jennifer McGill 78, Janis Karle 75, Judith Gillam 75; Pass, Joy Bald 72, Margaret Stabler 65, Mandy Tanner 65.

**THIRD GRADE:** Honours, Lyn Stower 92, Cristine Robbins 87; Credit, Lyn Sullivan 76; Pass, Margaret Brown-Beresford 73, Jan Aldridge 73, Christina Roberts 72, Lesley Latemore 70, Helen Robb 68, Caroline Bettridge 65.

Second Grade: Honours, Margaret Miller 85, Heather Jackson 85; Credit, Judy Donovan 75.

### **PIANOFORTE PRACTICAL, NOVEMBER, 1963**

Preliminary: Marlene Erdman 89, Heather Brown 88, Nerelle Mews 82, Shandra Baker 78.

First Grade: Sue Grayson 85 (Honours), Lesley Latemore 78 (Credit), Judy Donovan 70 (Pass).

Second Grade: Debonnie Cross 80 (Credit), Sue Baker 76 (Credit).

Third Grade: Dorothy Gosper 65 (Pass).

Fourth Grade: Margaret Thorsborne 83 (Credit).

### **ART NOTES**

We have almost completed another productive year in the studio, with considerable increase in the number of students. We miss the old faces of the Senior and Junior classes of last year, who were successful in passing their public examinations, but the new pupils present a challenge, and their development is always interesting; their talents, varied. Great stress, of course, is laid on free expression.

We hear that Diedre O'Connor is enjoying her course at the East Sydney Tech. and all the other facilities open to the art-lovers in Sydney. Diana Cory has kept up her interest in Brisbane, with various artistic activities. Whether the interest remains an active one or one of pure appreciation in post-school life, the seeds sown at school will surely germinate in one way or another.

With limited time available for art classes, because of the extensive courses of the girls, less consideration can be given to outside competition work than to the art curriculum. However, by devious ways and means, the students do manage to enter for a limited number of contests.

We had some success in the Warwick Agricultural Show in which the Warwick Arts Council organizes the Art Competition and shows much active interest. There were the following awards:—

Diana Roberts, Senior Section, 1st and 2nd; Sue Cory, Poster Section, 1st; Sue Firth, Christmas Cards, 1st.

School Section — Primary: Elizabeth Small 1st; Mary Hunt 2nd; Katherine Elwing 2nd.

In the Toowoomba Chronicle School Art Competition the following girls were successful:—

Diana Roberts, Senior Section, 2nd.



Brother Andrew, a visitor from home for the New Guinea girls. Left to Right: Vicki Honisett, Eileen Waine, Sally Bagita, Patricia Willmott, Brother Andrew, Dawa Solomon, Lesley McDade.

Sue Cory, Intermediate Section, 1st.

Highly Commended: Diana Roberts, Judy Deighton, Katherine Elwing.

No awards were gained in the Sunday Mail Competition this year, though the work entered was of good standard, and some of it was displayed. Better luck next year!

Competition work is good training for the girls, and the ready response from the students is very gratifying. They prove that they enter for the sheer pleasure of creating; not necessarily for the reward.

Theory of Art takes an important place in the course, and this gives the pupils a wide knowledge of the great achievements of the past and the present developments, which sets a standard for them and which will enrich their lives, no matter what lies ahead for them.

### DRAMA NOTES, 1963

For the Speech and Drama girls second term was one of industry with rehearsals for the production of the school play "An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, and for the Inter-house one-act play competition.

Our emergence from inactivity in the public eye began early second term with the attendance of a verse-speaking choir which recited "Skimble Shanks the Railway Cat" and "Clearing for the Plough," and Carol Bell recited "The Snake" at the Warwick Youth Concert.

The Inter-house Play Competition was judged on the 27th July in the afternoon for the Juniors and at night for the Seniors by Mrs. Bell. The Junior section was won by Neal with "The Knave of Hearts," produced by Del Fletcher, Crothers was second with an extract from "David Copperfield," produced by Jennifer Baker-Finch and Slade third with "The Nightingale," produced by Penny King and Sandra Stehr. Once again Neal was successful in the Senior section with their winning play "Queer Street," produced by Katie Lockwood, Slade was second with "The Patchwork Quilt," produced by Susette McIvor and Crothers third with "The Age of Leisure," produced by Mary McLachlan.

"An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde, was performed in the School Hall on the 7th and 8th August, with the following cast: (Sir Robert Chiltern) Marion Knowles, (Lady Chiltern) Dawn Wormwell, (Mabel Chiltern) Katie Lockwood, (Mrs. Cheveley) Jennifer Reid, (Lord Goring) Lesley Johnson, (Lord Caversham) Flora Reis, (Lady Markby) Ann Makim, (Lady Basildon) Cathy Richards, (Mrs. Marchmont) Christine Richards, (Vicomte de Nanjac) Maureen O'Toole, (Mr. Montford and Phipps the butler) Sue Cory, (Mason the butler) Margaret Thorsborne, (waiter) Jill Gardner, (Extras) Rosemary Fox, Sue Coles, Ann Gardner.



**Katriana Lockwood and Lesley Johnson, members of the cast of "An Ideal Husband."**

Music was provided by the C. H. Allan Memorial Orchestra, conducted by Miss M. Watt. We are very grateful to Miss Watt and the members of the orchestra. A special thank you must be given to Miss Barbara Barnes who made such a wonderful success of the costumes for the play. Thank you also to the girls who helped so willingly with costumes, make-up and backstage and to Diana Roberts who was mainly responsible for the painting of our sets for the play. We appreciated, too, the generosity of Mrs. Whittaker who loaned us the furniture which so perfectly suited the period portrayed in the play.

The hours of hard work on rehearsals were rewarded by the appreciative comments received from the parents and visitors who attended the play. At the end of the final performance we had the gratifying amount of £108 to add to school funds.

During our third term work has been constant with theory and practical exams. However, time was given by Sue Coles, Marion Knowles, Jennifer Reid, Flora Reis, Rosemary Fox, Sandra Stehr, Lesley Johnson, Diana Roberts and Jennifer Baker-Finch (costumes) to produce the one-act play "Progress to Fotheringay" for the Anglican Youth Festival in Toowoomba and happily for us we were fortunate enough to win the competition.

To complete our drama activities of the year, on Speech Day Diana Roberts and Carol Bell, seniors who will this year be leaving us, will recite, as befitting the forthcoming season of the year, the poems "Journey of the Magi" and "A Song for Simeon."

### LIBRARY NOTES

At the end of 1962 the Reference Library books were moved to the Glover House Study and while Sister Moira was here she undertook the tremendous task of sorting and classifying the 4000 books we are fortunate enough to possess. This involved hours of work and we are very grateful to Sister for giving up so much of her time and to all those friends who made such generous contributions, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Slade, who gave us 30 volumes, including the plays of Shakespeare and Scott's novels; Helen Slade (Concise Cambridge History of English Literature), Colonel and Mrs. Murray (Dutch Painting by Pierre Descargues), Mr. Coles (Georgian Architecture in Australia), Patricia Marshall (Australian Painting, by Bernard Smith), the Sub-Seniors (The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary), an Anonymous Friend (Illustrated English Social History — 4 volumes by G. M. Trevelyan), Mr. Bruce Mitchell (The Ampol Book of Australiana), Sister Moira (The Queens and the Hive, by Edith Mitchell), Mr. A. T. Morland (South Africa in Colour and the Monastery of Jade Mountain), Mr. Peter Roberts (The Illustrated London News).

There are special shelves in the Library for current Reference Magazines which come regularly — Digests, Year Books, Current Affairs Bulletins, National Geographics, Knowledge.

The Fiction Library is growing steadily and here too are books for which we thank Sr. Rachel who gave us *I, the Aboriginal* (Lockwood) and *The Nonesuch* (Heyer), Mrs. Reis for *Craig's Spur* (E. S. Madden), the Hermitage Branch of the C.W.A. for *Tangara*, and the members of the R.S.S.A.I.L.A. and Warwick East Ladies' Bowling Club, for their Anzac Day gift book.

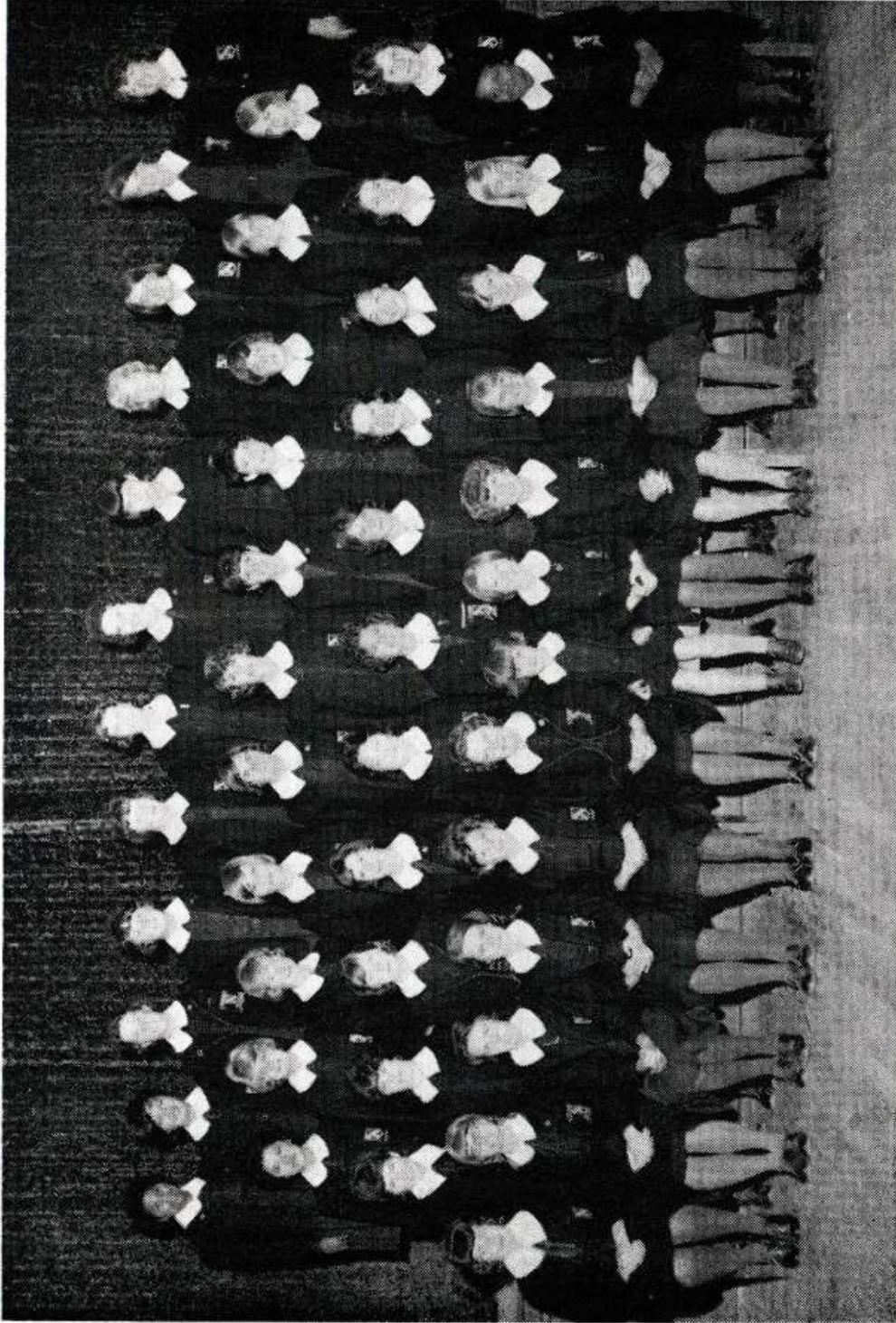
Library funds have provided other new books — Digests, Doctor at Sea and Doctor in Clover (Gordon), In Search of Sheba (Barbara Toy), Aristocrats of the South Seas (A. Russell), Highway to the Wilderness (Walter Bacon), Living Free (Joy Adamson), The Chess Players (Keyes), China Court (Rumer Goden), The Incredible Journey (Sheila Burnford), In the Steps of the Master (Morton), In the Steps of St. Paul (Morton), The Empty Shrine (William Barret), Atlantic Fury (Hammond Innes), Among Jungle Indians (Berger Lovgren), Far Eastern Journey (Bernard Newman).

After third term examinations are over it is usually the task of the sub-seniors to check the Fiction Library, mend and cover books. It is not easy work and their cheerful co-operation is very much appreciated.



#### PREFECTS 1963

**BACK ROW:** Susette McIver, Mary McLachlan, Del Fletcher, Dianne Miller.  
**SEATED:** Carol Bell (Sports Captain), Diana Roberts (School Captain), Dawa Solomon (Vice Captain).



CROTHERS HOUSE

## HOUSE NOTES

### CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

Motto .. . . . .	“Dieu et Devoir”
Colour .. . . . .	Gold
Mistresses .. . . . .	Miss Spear, Mrs. Elwing, Miss Barnes, Miss McDougall
Captain .. . . . .	Mary McLachlan
Secretary .. . . . .	Jennifer Baker-Finch

We began the year with a meeting, welcoming the new girls, and our new sports mistress, Miss McDougall.

Neal House began the year well, by winning the New Girls' Concert, which was enjoyed by all.

We have a promising athlete in Djenan McDougall, who won the junior swimming championship, as well as the junior athletics.

Both Slade and Neal have had a share in all the cups this year, and I would like to extend our congratulations to them.

We have been successful in winning the singing, junior tennis, senior basketball and marching cups. Keep up the good work, girls.

Mrs. Crothers sent us a beautiful cake on her birthday, and everyone appreciates this honour from our patroness.

Thanks are in store for our mistresses, in their unfailing help in school and house activities.

We must not overlook our local Parents and Friends, however, who have been constant in their support of our monthly tuck-shops, and other work.

Sister Rachel deserves a special vote of thanks, for her understanding in our sundry, individual problems.

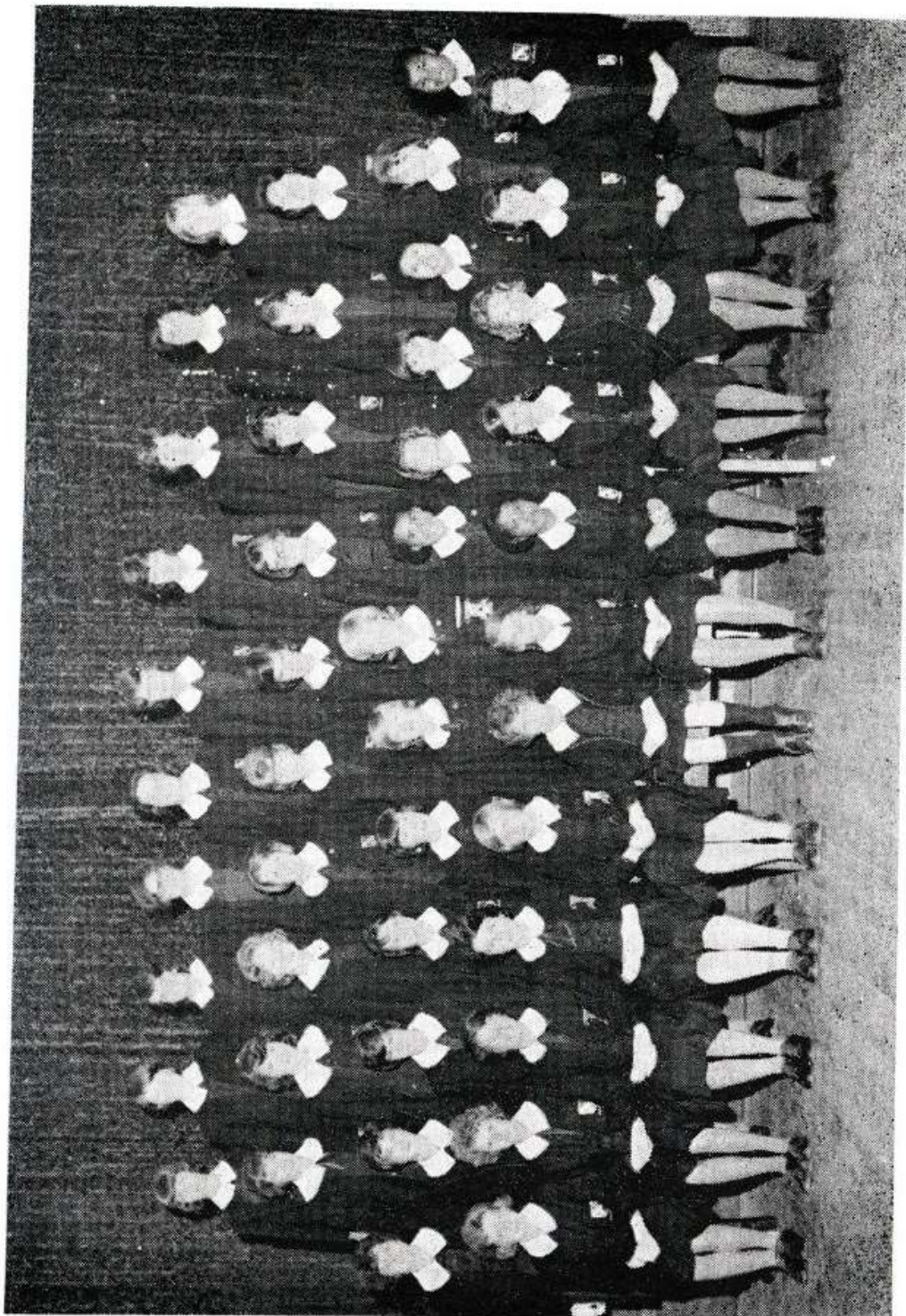
Good luck to all the examination girls, and also, in the future, to those who are leaving school this year.

—MARY McLACHLAN.

### NEAL HOUSE NOTES

Motto .. . . . .	Honour before Honours
Mistresses .. . . . .	Mrs. Lambart, Miss Anger, Miss Telford
Captain .. . . . .	Del Fletcher
Secretary .. . . . .	Katrina Lockwood

At our first Neal House meeting we introduced anew Miss Anger, who replaced Miss Simpson (now Mrs. Henzell) and Miss Sheridan. We also welcomed back Mrs. Lambart and Miss Telford. Katy Lockwood was elected secretary and with a total of 18 new girls we endeavoured to begin our year with enthusiasm. It is interesting to note that Diana Roberts is the fourth Neal House girl in succession to be elected Head Girl. We all miss your help and co-operation, Diana.



NEAL HOUSE

Our first inter-house competition, the New Girls' Concert was won by our talented newcomers on behalf of the House.

Following this was the Inter-house Swimming in which Slade House was victorious and so brought home the cup. Congratulations to Slade for their fine display.

In the tennis and basketball, at the beginning of the second term, our teams played well but were defeated. Congratulations Slade and Crothers.

The next Inter-house activity was the Singing where Crothers gained first place. However, Lesley Johnson, our conductor, did some very pleasing work in training our choir.

Soon after, we were judged on our house plays with the result that Neal House won both Junior and Senior sections. I would like to thank the girls involved and Katy Lockwood, who produced the Senior play. Del Fletcher produced the Junior play.

Towards the end of term, Mrs. Neal, the wife of our patron, very generously sent money towards a party to celebrate her birthday. We all appreciated this kind and thoughtful gesture.

Third term found our teams working hard towards the Inter-house sports. Crothers are to be congratulated on winning the marching. Neal House won the ball games and athletics after keen competition from all houses. Geneve Hungerford, a promising athlete, won the senior championship and Lynette Brown the intermediate championship, both of Neal House. Djanan McDougall of Crothers House won the junior championship. All are to be congratulated on their fine efforts.

I would like to thank Mrs. Lambart and Miss Anger for their interest shown in House activities and all other beneficial help and patience throughout.

The enthusiasm of our fellow members has always been bright and cheerful, thank you girls for your co-operation. I'm sure that with our last Inter-house competition approaching, hand-sewing, we will retain the same spirit and put forth only our best.

Crothers and Slade have always been good competitors and played fairly.

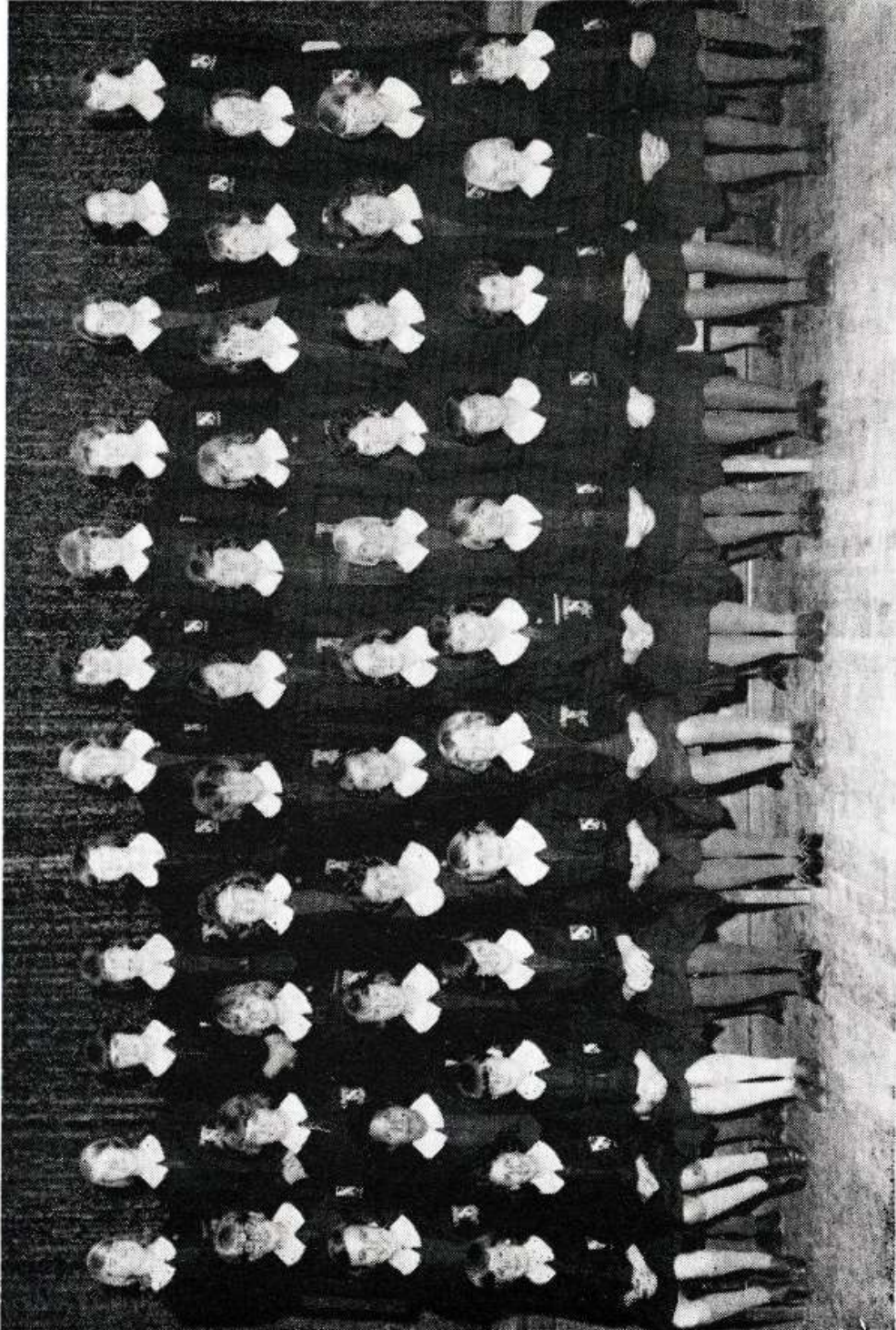
At this point I should like to wish all examination candidates the best of luck and all others a happy Christmas and New Year.

—DEL FLETCHER.

### SLADE HOUSE NOTES

Motto . . . . .	Through Trials to Triumph
Colour . . . . .	Blue
Mistresses . . . . .	Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell, Miss Flood
Captain . . . . .	Susette McIver
Secretary . . . . .	DiAnne Miller

At our first meeting held this year, we welcomed again our house mistresses and our old girls as well as fourteen new girls.



SLADE HOUSE

We were sorry to lose Dawa to her position of school vice-captain and Carol to her's of sports' captain. Both have filled their positions very well.

Congratulations to Neal for their success with the New Girls' Concert. We all enjoyed it.

Next came the swimming and our first success. Thank you everyone for your co-operation. Congratulations to Crothers for their fine singing, also held first term.

Second term found us very busy. Well done Neal for winning both plays and also to Crothers for the junior tennis and senior basketball. We won the senior tennis and the junior basketball.

Third term and we have already contested three cups. Neal were successful in both athletics and ball games, while Crothers won the marching. We gained three seconds. House sewing is still to be judged.

I would like to thank Sister Rachel for all her help to us during the year. Our thanks also to Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell and Miss Flood for all the help they have given, and still are giving to us.

The very best of luck to all examination candidates and to those who are leaving school. May everyone have a happy and holy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

—SUSETTE McIVER.

## FORM NOTES

### SIXTH FORM NOTES

We began the year only a small band, there being only seven. We were sorry not to have Leonie, Gayle and Margot back with us.

Undaunted by our small number, we have eagerly competed in all inter-form events, and we thank our fellow Senior from Slade, Fred Alley, for coming to our rescue in the relay at the swimming.

It has been a very busy year for all of us, with plays, singing, athletics and swimming. We would like to say "Thank You" to Miss Cant, our Form Mistress, for her ever willing help. In fact, everyone has been so wonderful that we are reluctant to realise that this is the last of our happy years here.

So, good luck to all examination candidates, and a Happy, Holy Christmas to the Sisters, Staff and Schoolmates.

DIANA ROBERTS (Class Captain)  
DAWA SOLOMON (Vice-Captain)

### SUB-SENIOR NOTES

We began our year with twenty-seven representatives, nine of them being new girls. We were sorry to lose Sue, Gayle, Caryl, Anne, Jacky and Beth during the year, but Sue and Rosemary were welcomed into our midst at the beginning of second term. Also Eng-Nan and Suzie joined Madeleine.

Ann and Jill represented the school in the swimming and Jill was school senior champion.

Flora and Beth represented the school in the "A" tennis team. Other 6 B's were in various other teams. Sub-Seniors also played their parts in the basketball and Flora was in the "A" team.

Marion and Lesley received "Academics" on their blazers for their efforts in Junior.

We thank Miss Cant very much for taking us to the Scots-T.A.S. football party, enjoyed by all.

We were well represented, both acting and producing, in the House Plays. Also in acting, serving, and organising a stall for "An Ideal Husband," produced by Miss Anger.

Third term is now well under way and we are recovering from the Inter-House Sports and a visit from St. Aidan's tennis and basketball teams whilst preparing for the Inter-School Athletics. A number of Sub-Seniors put on the play, "Progress to Fotheringhay" for the Drama Competition of the Downs Anglican Youth Festival, and they gained first place.

Geneve was successful in breaking some records in the Inter-House sports, and in breaking the record for the 220 yards in the Inter-school sports.

We would like to thank Mrs. Reid for her kind hospitality when we went to Brisbane for the Youth Welcome to the new Archbishop.

Our thanks go to Miss Cant, Mrs. Lambart, Mrs. Elwing, Miss Barnes and Miss Anger for their guidance and assistance throughout the year.

K. LOCKWOOD.  
F. REIS.

### V FORM NOTES

This year started with the thought that our fate was approaching; namely, the Junior exam.

Unfortunately, we had to say good-bye to three of our day girls, Beverley Willett who left to enter the working world, Christine Watkins, who went to our sister school, St. Margarets, and Barbara Brown-Beresford who goes to St. Aidan's.

During the year we have welcomed six new girls, Jenny McGill, Judy Garbett, Helen Blumson, Mary Gonano, Helen Finnis and Karen Burnett.

Fifth Form was well represented in all sports. Sue is our star swimmer and Margaret our runner.

Two of our artists, Sue and Judy won prizes in the Toowoomba Chronicle Art Competition. Congratulations! Congratulations also go to Sue for winning the cooking competition in Brisbane.

We would like to thank the staff who have done so much during the year to help make ours a successful Junior.

Good Luck, Seniors in your examinations, and we hope all will have papers to their liking.

MARGARET FRASER (Captain).

ANNE MAKIM (Vice-Captain).

#### **FOURTH FORM REPORT**

We commenced our Sub-Junior year with 38 in the form, 36 being boarders. Our two day girls, Lyn and Margaret, have now been joined by Dorothy, formerly a boarder, who has new come to reside in Warwick. Class captaincy was shared by Gail, Sue, Lynn and Mea during the three terms.

During the year, members of our class have represented school, form and house in sporting events. We proudly congratulate Robin for breaking the breaststroke records and Lyn (Brown) for obtaining the intermediate championship for running. Cheryl and Denise have distinguished themselves in the tennis matches throughout the year.

Social activities of the three terms included two enjoyable socials with Slade School Sub-Juniors. Our Friday evenings in second term were spent in dancing lessons in our assembly hall.

At the beginning of third term, we had the pleasant duty of entertaining the Girls' Friendly Society of Warwick. Every member of our form contributed something to the light concert programme we presented, and we all hope that the girls enjoyed our company as much as we did theirs.

Several of our form mates showed their flair for drama by participating in house and school plays. Wendy, Lynn, Charl and Helen played major parts in their house plays while Maureen and Margaret took minor parts in our annual school play.

To conclude, we wish to thank Sister Rachel and all the mistresses, especially our form mistress, Miss Barnes, for their interest in our education and welfare here at school.

We would like to extend to all examination candidates and those leaving school at the end of this year, our very best wishes for their success in the future.

MARGARET THORSBORNE (Form Capt.)

ROSLYN STEHR (Vice-Capt.)

## CLASS NOTES

### GRADE EIGHT NOTES

This year we welcomed a number of new girls to our classroom, making a total of 23 in Grade Eight, and one Grade Seven. First we have Sally and Eileen, the two Papuan girls, and Vicki from New Guinea; Elizabeth from News South Wales, and Margaret, Erica, Leslie, Heather, Shandra, Lynette and Dianne from all parts of Queensland. Sharon is our lone Grade Seven member.

After the Christmas holidays we found a bitumen footpath leading up to our classroom, making good appearance to our newly painted classroom. The interior of our classroom was bright because the desks and chairs were carefully painted by us at the end of last year as a new project. Our class garden, another of our projects, looked very gay. This year we are doing twelve subjects. They are: English, History, Geography, Physiology, Science, French, Typing, Home Science Maths A, Maths B, Art and Divinity. We congratulate Slade on winning the inter house swimming. Many of our class participated in events for our houses. This year Kerri French won the Anzac Essay and received a prize of fifteen shillings at Slade Park on the 25th April.

Congratulations Crothers, on winning the house singing. In the new girls concert, which we thoroughly enjoyed, Neal were the victors.

Second Term: This term we welcomed a new girl, Erica. To raise money for the Freedom From Hunger Campaign the Primary School conducted a concert—everyone seemed to enjoy our efforts which resulted in our earning £9. During the term we collected many stones for our garden. We painted them white and put them along the edge of the garden, making a neat finish. This term was the competition of Basketball between the schools. For our teams Djenan was captain of the A and Lesley the B. We thoroughly enjoyed playing but were not at all victorious. In the house basketball Slade won the junior and Crothers the senior. In the plays, which were thoroughly enjoyed, Neal won both the junior and senior. As second term ended Miss McDougall (our sports mistress) was teaching us ball games and giving us athletic training.

Third Term: We have just finished training for our Inter School Sports and we are now ready for the swimming season. In our house sports Crothers won the marching and Neal won the ball games and athletics. The junior school participated in the Primary School Athletics held at Scots College Oval. We enjoyed the participation but St. Catherine's was not victorious.

Grade Eight would like to thank Miss McDougall for teaching us French, and Miss Barnes for conducting our many Science experiments. We have enjoyed many interesting lessons. We would also like to take this opportunity and thank Miss Flood for all the help and devoted teaching she has given us, in teaching us so many subjects.

We wish all the Juniors and Seniors the best of luck in their examinations, and a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year to all.

MARY HUNT (Class-Captain)  
CHRISTINE BECROFT (Vice-Captain)

### CLASS NOTES FOR GRADES II TO IV

During this year our numbers have been small, but we have worked well.

At the beginning of the year Jannette came into Grade V, while at the commencement of the third term Helen also joined Grade V, and Yolande was admitted into Grade II.

In the first and second term exams, Katherine gained first place in Grade VI, and Jannette came first in Grade V.

We were interested to watch some of our classmates take part in the inter-house swimming carnival.

This year for the first time we took part in the Primary Schools' swimming carnival.

Also, for the first time this year we entered for the Primary School Sports, and gained a sufficient number of points to come third.

Once a week we look forward to watching TV. This session is very interesting and helps us a great deal with our Social Study lessons.

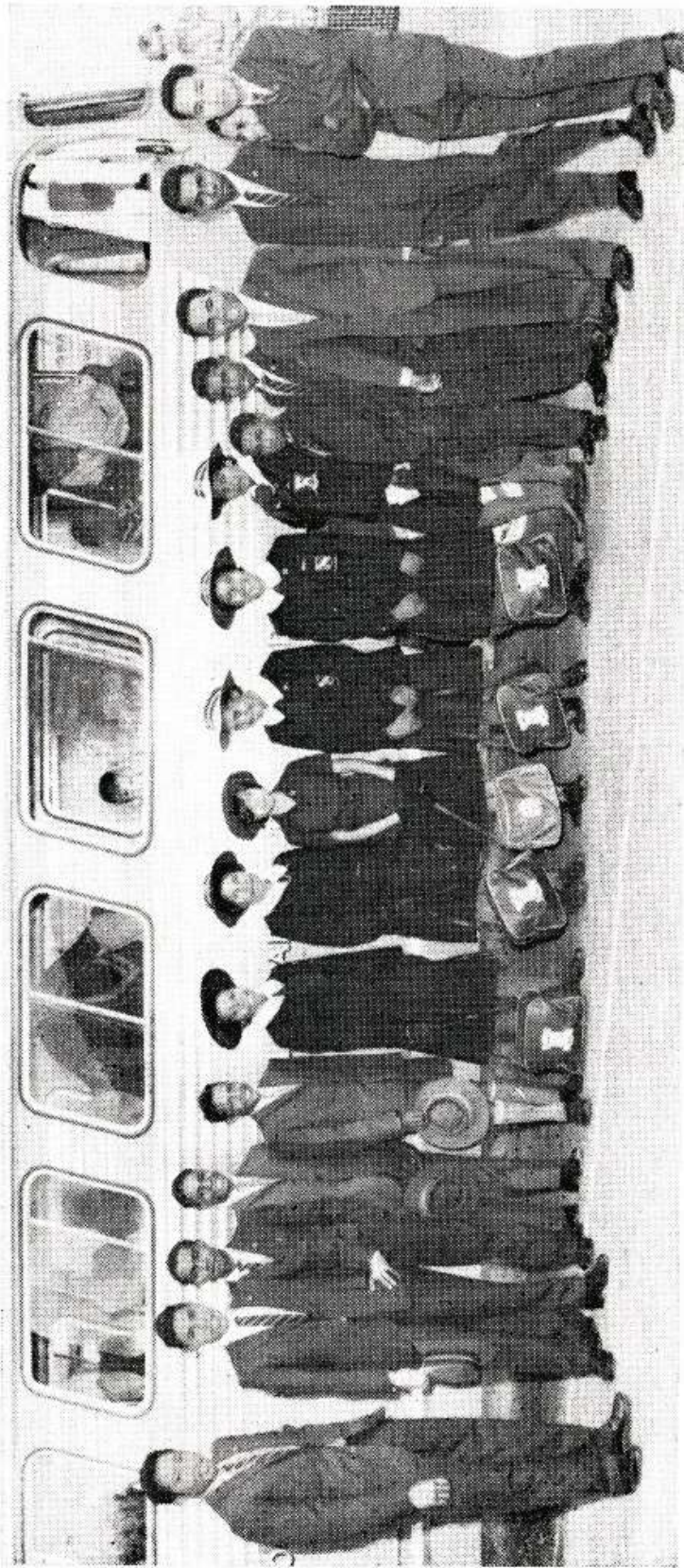
In May Sue sat for the Preliminary Music Exam., and gained 86 per cent. Marlene is now working hard for a music exam. this month.

At the beginning of the second term the girls in our classroom joined with Grade VIII in staging a concert to help raise funds for the "Freedom From Hunger" Campaign. The concert was very successful.

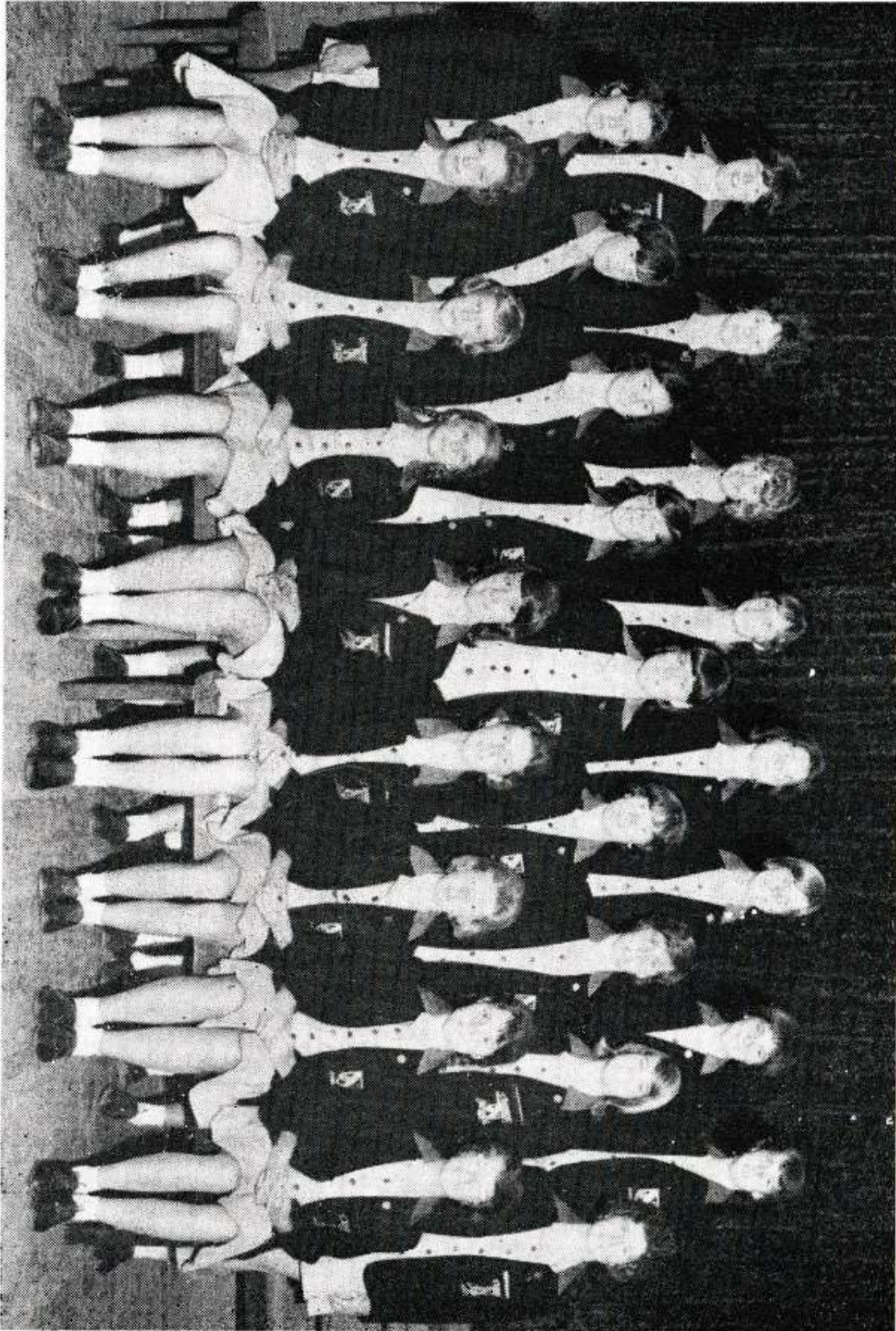
Now we are all busy preparing for the final exam. of the year.

After that we look forward to the Christmas vacation, and wish our friends a happy and enjoyable holiday. We wish our parents and teachers a happy Christmas and a successful New Year.

"OFF TO SEE THE QUEEN"



The Warwick contingent of overseas students who represented the territory for the visit of Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Canberra.



SWIMMING TEAM

## SPORTS NOTES

Sports Mistress . . . . . Miss B. McDougall



**PRIMARY SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM**

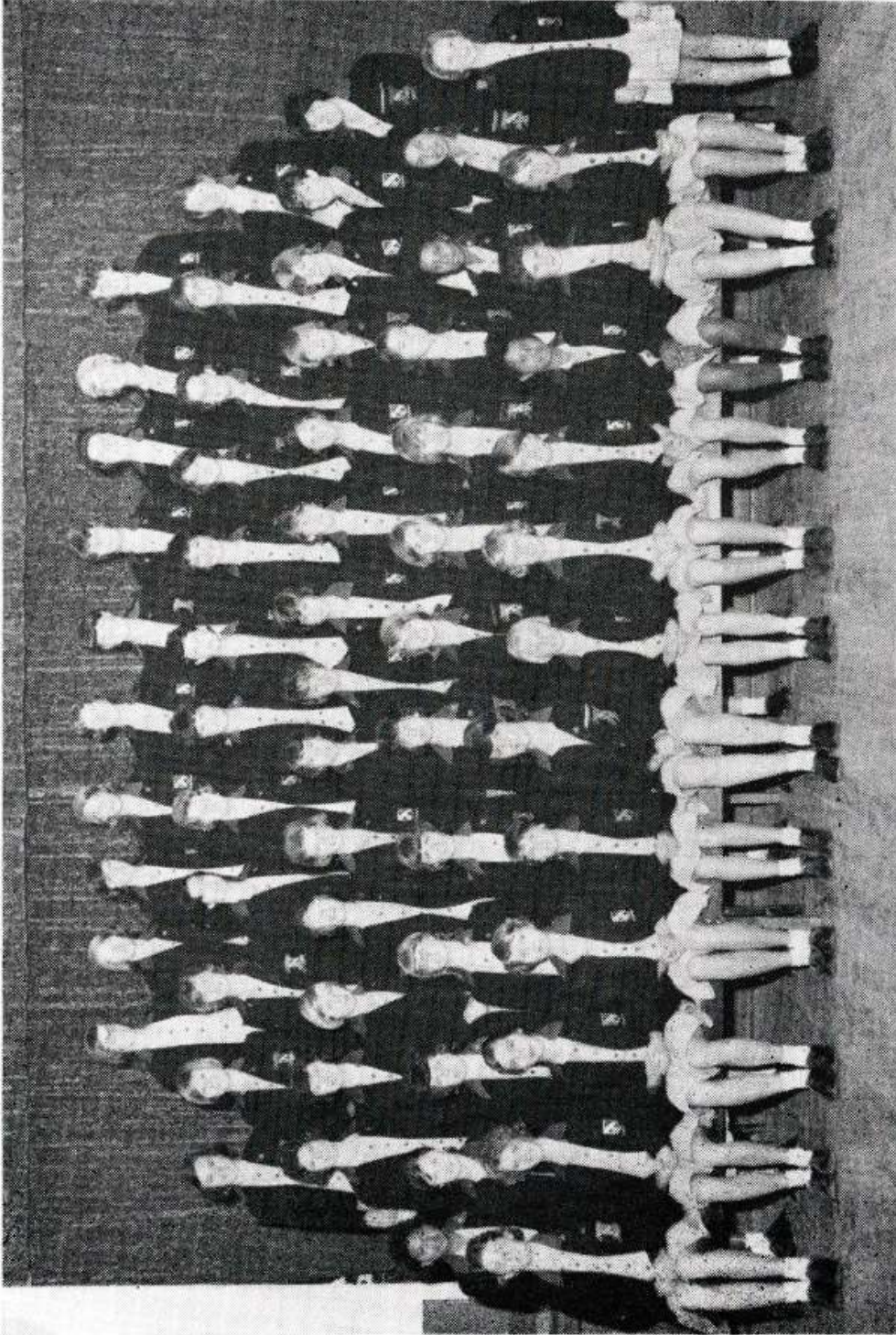
**SWIMMING:** The teams trained solidly and enthusiastically for both the Inter-house and Inter-schools' competitions under the guidance of Miss McDougall, Mr. Gardner, and Mr. Peachey.

February 25th proclaimed Slade House winners of the inter-house Swimming Cup, with Jill Gardner Senior Champion, Margaret Stabler Intermediate, and Djenan McDougall Junior; while the inter-school competition saw the Warwick High School girls on top for the year.

Robyn Hornibrook and Ana Gardner both deserve a special mention for their events, too.

Meanwhile, Flora and her foursome were putting in some good practice for the tennis season. Thanks again Mr. Gardner for providing our new practice board. It has been a great help for the teams as well as lots of fun for the others. P.G.C. were successful in the tennis and again with the basketball in the second term.

On June 15th, representative House teams played the House Tennis. Slade were winners of the senior section, and Crothers of the junior. However, Neal has been highly successful in other fields and Del proudly carried home both the ball games and the athletics cups for her house.



ATHLETICS AND BALL GAMES TEAMS

Mrs. Armbruster and Mrs. Jenkins judged Crothers winners of the marching cup, and it was really well earned.

The overall Inter-house results were of a good standard with six records broken in the ball games, and a further two broken in the athletics.

Congratulations "Littlies"! You set us a new record for the Infants' Race this year. On October 2nd, our primary teams represented us at Scots for the Inter-primary Schools' Athletics. However, the girls events were non-competitive and no points were allotted.

Geneve Hungerford was outstanding in both House and School athletics, and broke the school's record for the 220 by .4 of a second. Well done, Geneve! You worked hard for it. Our two other wins for the day were the junior relay and the senior tunnel and zig.

We were proud to march behind our new school flag, which Sister Rachel had made specially for us. Thank you, Sister.



**"A" TENNIS TEAM**

**"A" GRADE BASKETBALL TEAM**



**"B" GRADE BASKETBALL TEAM** won all the competitions in their grade.



This term has been a great rush but we managed a spare weekend to have the St. Aidan's tennis and basketball teams as our guests for some friendly competition on the 28th September. The day was enjoyed by all and we were happy to have a win each, St. Aidan's in the basketball and the tennis for us.

The school tennis championships are still being played and Flora is **handling** the organisation competently.

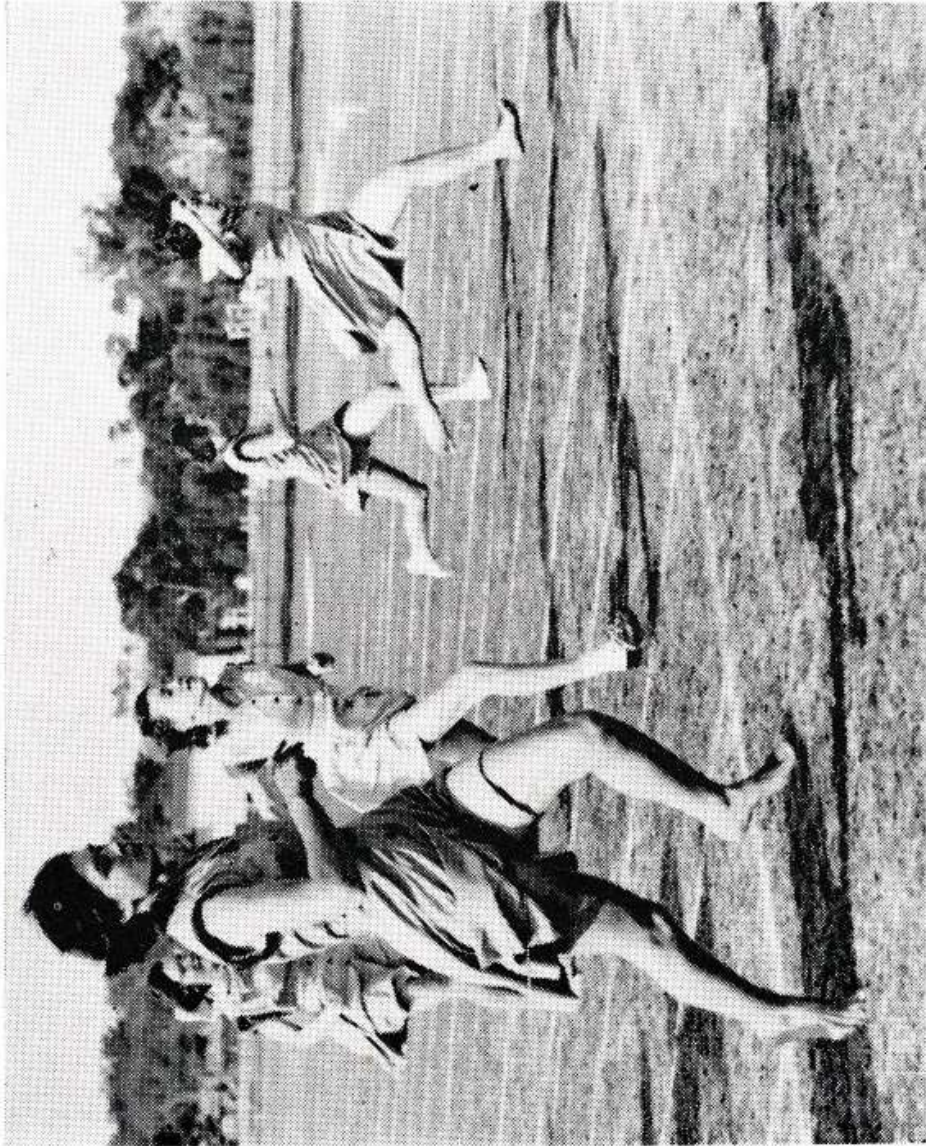
Just now sporting activities are playing second to school-work as Senior and Junior are approaching at a frightening rate!

Best wishes to all of you in both your examinations and your sports for next year.

—CAROL BELL (Sports Captain)



**PRIMARY SCHOOLS ATHLETICS TEAMS**



"AT THE SPORTS"

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

### A YEAR WITH A DIFFERENCE

I belong to a new era. One could certainly not be idle in our classroom. This year, although we are in grade eight, we do not sit for Scholarship. Next year the whole State will work to the same syllabus, which has been carefully studied and selected. This year we have studied a great variety of subjects, and we hope to find ourselves prepared and able to adapt ourselves to our sub-junior syllabus next year. As many of you have wondered why we found our studies so interesting this year. I am going to tell you a little about our course.

Maths A this year, is the same as scholarship, and will be when the new syllabus is introduced. Certain avenues of the course have been broadened to suit our every day experiences in this field. In Maths B we also do the grade eight work, but as we completed the syllabus, we were introduced to Sub-junior Geometry. English has been like a new adventure. We have learnt to appreciate our books. Poems have lived for us under Miss Flood's interpretation, but we also learnt to interpret our own meanings from the Poet's words. We have studied two novels, both of which I enjoyed so much. I cannot pick a favourite. The studying of one act plays, and the classroom acting of such have opened new doors of adventure. I found our extracts from Shakespeare quite interesting, but why Miss Flood enjoys reading his work to us so much, I'm not so sure. The usual grammar sources were covered by us using the same syllabus set books as last year's grade eight. After completing our Australian History Book, we began studying the revolutions of England, France and America to give a background to our Sub-junior History. In Geography we have explored the Southern Hemisphere. Great attention has been paid to our neighbours. At the present time we are televising a session called "Our Northern Neighbours." After each session we answer a written question on some topic viewed by us.

We all enjoy our little French conversations, but learning French vocabulary is very much like learning tables. Our experiments in Science are the highlights of our week's work, but our theory works have shown us a new side to this subject. Home Science for this year has seen much more practical work than theory.

Next year grade eight will find this subject very interesting and enjoyable. Instead of studying the usual Physiology Book, we use the St. John's First Aid Book. We have received a good knowledge of the functions of our body, but have also spent many happy hours practising our First Aid on one another. We hope to be the first members of a St. John's Group formed at our school next year.

Art is Miss Flood's favourite subject, and mine also. After watching a television series on beautiful buildings in Europe, and Egypt, we have a greater appreciation of our architectural studies. The works by many of our Australian painters have lived for us, and we now have our firm favourites.

Typing is conducted as a hobby class but results from one lesson a week and one practice a week (if we can find time to fit such in) has shown many interested pupils. Divinity, Verse Speaking, Singing and Sport are also part of our syllabus, whilst gardening, flower arranging, newspaper discussions, debating and deportment classes are extra activities we enjoy outside normal school hours.

This has been a wonderful year for us and one full of new experiences.

—MARY HUNT, Grade 8.

### A WHITE CHRISTMAS

As the snow silently fell on the ground I began to think of the Christmas we would have been spending at home in Australia. How different it was in Edinburgh. The mountains were snow capped and the trees were bare.

The previous day we had gathered holly from the hill slopes to decorate our pine tree. Each person seemed to take pride in the appearance of his home. Little Christmas trees are placed in front of large glass windows decorated with tiny coloured lights and bells. Silver frostings and other Christmas decorations also add to the appearance of the "wee houses."

The lights at night are very attractive. Edinburgh Castle, which is built into the slopes of a rugged cliff face, was flood-lit. This made it an even more outstanding feature of the city. Coloured lights decorated the main street while brightly lit Christmas trees and decorations added to the splendour of the gaily decorated city.

As Christmas day approached the Christmas puddings were popped in the oven and the poor old turkey was slain. The traditional haggis' were prepared and cooked while eager eyes looked on.

What fun we shared on Christmas day. It certainly turned on a White Christmas for us. The snow was knee deep as we trekked our way through to church. The snow fell softly on our coats and landed as if there were tiny little cotton balls.

After church we decided to build a large snowman. We rolled two large balls, one for his body and the other for his head. An old hat was placed on his head and a pipe in his supposed mouth. Buttons were next put down his middle. For a nose we gave him the largest carrot we could find and to chase away the neighbouring dog we gave him a dilapidated old straw broom.

Christmas Day soon passed and the Christmas merry makers continued on their normal way. For the next White Christmas would soon be round again.

—LOIS GOODWIN, Form V.

### THE SUNSHINE ROUTE

"All aboard! Would all girls going on the Y.A.L. Tour to Cairns, please take your seats in the train." Through all the hustle and bustle of Roma Street Station there was a hush of noise when these words were spoken over the loud speaker.

In front of us our train was stationed. During our last ten minutes before departure we were giving our luggage to the porters and frantically buying the last minute sweets and magazines.

These last few minutes passed very quickly. Many tearful and many excited children were to be seen saying "Good-bye" to their parents.

As my friend and I took up our positions in the carriage, the final announcement that the Young Australian League train for Cairns was departing, was made. As the diesel engine roared, the train of four hundred girls waving boisterously, slowly moved away from the station, leaving on the platform mothers carrying forlorn looks upon their faces.

For some of us this was quite an experience, because we had never been in a train before. As we settled down in our compartment, we made ourselves feel 'quite at home,' as there were six girls in each compartment and the other four girls in our apartment came from the Presbyterian Girls' College in Warwick.

We had quite a lot to talk about, and before long our Chaperone told us that we had to line up in our carriages for lunch. We were rather eager to see of what our first lunch was going to consist.

I was in Oxley Company, in which there were thirty girls.

As the miles flew by so did the afternoon. Before long we were up the Brisbane Near North Coast passing through Nambour. Our next stop was Gympie. We were due to be there at three o'clock, which was in fifteen minutes time.

We were not allowed out of the train here, as the train was running late and we were to be at Bundaberg by six o'clock for tea.

No more time was wasted. At five-thirty our chaperons told us that we would be in Bundaberg in twenty minutes time, so we quickly tidied ourselves and lined up in the hall-way of the carriage. This enabled us to step out of the train as it stopped.

Our first dinner was very enjoyable. We had two sittings for dinner that night, so as I was in the first sitting, I had a chance to walk around the station.

The train departed at seven thirty. The lights were to be put out at eight o'clock, so we made up our bunks and got ready for bed.

This was my first night on a train, so I wanted to sleep on the top bunk. We had three bunks on each side of the two walls.

The lights were put out and we knew that during the night we would pass through Gladstone and Rockhampton.

At three a.m. all the girls in our compartment awoke to see the Rockhampton Railway Station in the dead of night.

The following morning we breakfasted at St. Lawrence, which is a small railway siding south of Mackay.

The previous day we had been travelling through sugar plantations and mixed farming regions but that day we were in cattle country.

That day we had lunch at Mackay, which possessed the best Railway Station on the Sunshine Route.

During the afternoon we passed through many sugar plantations and the sugar towns of Bowen and Ayr.

We reached Townsville at eight o'clock, but were not allowed out of the train. We were greatly looking forward to our arrival in Cairns the following morning, as we had not bathed since leaving Brisbane and we were only allowed the essential clothing in the train.

Much to our annoyance the night passed slowly. At sunrise we were forty miles from Cairns, so we dressed quickly.

When we arrived in Cairns, the first thing we noticed was the lovely modern railway station. We filed out of the train onto the platform where we were arranged in our Companies, for our bus drive to the Young Australian League Centre.

This was the beginning of a week, filled with experiences, sight-seeing excursions and social engagements, before returning to Brisbane via the Sunshine Route.

I thoroughly enjoyed my Y.A.L. Tour to Cairns, as I had never been farther north than Rockhampton, and the outstanding feature of the Sunshine Route is that the northern railway stations are very modern.

—JOCELYN WRIGHT, Form V.

### TELEVISION

A rainy five-thirty makes the streets black with mud and dripping newsprint, as drizzles run down proofed coats to the end of hard-worked hands whence they drip drearily to the rivulets below.

Hastening feet, slowly dampening through muddy shoes, clamber clumsily into already brimming buses and quickly retreat under seats to avoid the subsequent downfall from grey coat hems.

The doorsteps gained, we remove damp coats, and a door slides to behind us, closing out the weather.

It was on such a night that I discovered one of the city's waifs, an unwanted child clad in sagging trousers and shabby stained shirt, standing on the pavement outside the "Television Shop."

He became something beautiful as I watched his face, his eyes, dark and unaware of my presence, and of all else, except the square of moving pictures through the glass window which held him spellbound.

I have never seen such mingled adoration and wistfulness on a child's face, and could not help picturing the faces of my own children, healthy and loved, and yet with an expression of "taking-it-for-granted," as they watched the television clad in warm pyjamas.

I thought too of my own usual materialistic attitude to this shop-window television, previously an advertising gimmick to me.

For this small boy, his nightly adventure comprised his education, his family and his T.V. friends.

This incidental encounter has taught me to appreciate all my possessions of which store one of my greatest now is my dark-eyed orphan, curled up contentedly between my own two children, watching television, now happy and secure within our family circle.

—CAROL BELL.

### A TRAGIC ACCIDENT

The day dawned bright and sunny which was rather unusual for New York. Already the city-folk were scurrying about so as to arrive at work on time. There were the usual newspaper boys standing on the corners crying out "Extra, extra — read all about it!" The headlines as usual were about the on-coming war which had made the headlines for quite some time.

No one paid attention to the big lengthy airship which glided across the New York skyscrapers on its usual route. The sight was familiar to all New Yorkers. It carried about one thousand passengers and though it was a large framework, it was a graceful machine, sailing across in the early morning sky.

There was not a cloud in the sky as it landed at the depot and took on the next load of passengers, who pushed and shoved rather rudely to grab the best seats while last minute comers made

a dash for the door just as it was closing. Everything was normal — just like any other day — as the doors glided shut and the big ship was airborne once more. The distance to the next depot was about a half-hour journey. Twenty-eight minutes later, it prepared to land and impatient passengers made for the door.

Then it happened! It was about fifteen feet off the ground when suddenly it just burst into flames. Five seconds later all that was left of the graceful machine was the frame work, and astonished spectators watched it crumple to the ground. Of the thousand people on board, only one hundred succeeded in jumping out. All others were burnt to a cinder.

To this day no one really knows what caused the flame out-burst in the airship. One other of the same type was on the run and it was immediately taken off. These airships have never been used again since. Of the hundred who jumped out, at least a third died and others were badly burnt and disfigured for the rest of their lives. I should go so far as to say that this would be one of the most tragic accidents in history.

—TANIS MARTYN, Fifth Form.

### MY PACIFIC HOME

The place where I live is outside the tiny town of Honiara which is situated on the island of Guadalcanal, the largest island in the British Solomon Islands Protectorate.

Honiara is the post-war capital of the islands, and was discovered in 1567 by Alvares de Mendana, on this trip from Callao to the unknown mines of King Solomon, where he was sent by the King of Spain, to bring its wealth to his native country.

During the Second World War, Tulagi a nearby island was the capital, but as it is only a small island, the authorities realised it could not support a growing population. They made the new capital on the island of Guadalcanal, thirty miles south. At this time it was in a bad state as it had been subjected to the Battle of Guadalcanal, and was strewn with American and Japanese bodies and their artillery, but it was soon cleared and since Honiara has grown into a flourishing town.

My home is four miles out of the town. It is at a marine training College. It is situated a few hundred feet from the school, which is a new building consisting of two very large classrooms and sleeping quarters, with the dining room at the back. It houses about thirty of the trainees, who come from all over the islands.

About fifty feet from the house is the blue Pacific, with the island of Nggela, and the volcano Savo rising out of the horizon.

Honiara, the sleepy little tropical town, is often too quiet for people who visit it, but to me it is home, and the best place in the world.

—ROSEMARY DRAKE, 4th Form.

### SWISS HOLIDAY

I think the best place for a holiday would be Switzerland, and I would give almost anything to have been able to spend such a holiday as my two English friends have just had.

The continuous rattle of the train wheels and the gentle sway of the carriage added to the excitement as Joan and her friend, Babs, sat staring into the darkness, hoping to catch glimpses of the country side as they sped through Europe to their destination — Switzerland.

Presently their heads began to nod, and very soon they were both sound asleep.

They awoke in the early light of dawn just as the train was pulling into a small village station. They sat there half asleep, watching the busy porters bustling about the platform.

Then they heard the announcement, "Next stop will be at Geneva in ten minutes."

This brought them to their senses and they began gathering their bits and pieces, for Geneva was where they were to get out. The whistle blew, the train gave a big jerk, and they were away again. In no time at all they were hauling their luggage down the platform to a taxi, which whisked them through the crowded streets to a hotel.

After a good breakfast they spent most of the morning in their room getting themselves and their belongings organised, but after lunch they ventured out into the streets for their first real look at the Swiss capital.

They visited big department stores, antique stores and jewellery stores displaying some of the most beautiful clocks and watches in the world, one of which is very well known, the Swiss cuckoo clock.

As night began to fall the town was lit up most beautifully and the two girls who were enchanted, stayed so late that they nearly missed their dinner at the hotel.

In the next few days they spent many happy hours, wandering through the narrow cobbled streets at the back of the town, strolling through sunny fields or visiting the tiny old-fashioned farms.

Soon it was time to leave Geneva for the much famed Alps. They were very glad of their warm clothing up in that cold atmosphere.

The train began its long climb up the Alpine valleys to the passes. They were soon surrounded by towering snow clad peaks, dotted with pines and tiny Alpine villages.

At last they arrived at the holiday lodge, which was tucked away in a tiny valley.

They stepped out of the stuffy train into the pure invigorating air and stood filling their minds with the scenery and their hearts with the enchanted music of the wind whistling through the firs on the hill sides.

They had a wonderful time during the next week. They visited many of the famous glaciers. They learnt how to ski, and spent many happy hours whizzing down the snowy slopes with their many new-made friends. They saw many skiing carnivals and the finest feats of skiing from many world-famous skiers. At night they would skate on the village lake which was lit by coloured lanterns. There were also many parties and gatherings at different lodges all over the Alps, to which everyone skied, it being the only way of getting to some parts other than walking in snow boots.

Then suddenly the holiday was over, but it was a holiday they would always remember, and Switzerland would always rate first in their holiday book.

—JEAN GORDON, Fifth Form.

### A NIGHT OF TERROR

There are many different kinds of terror; perhaps the bombing of a city during wartime, a fire or even lying injured in some wild animal infested country.

All of these terrors can be disastrous to mankind; yet another misfortune is flood.

A night of terror concerning a flood is a terrible thing to happen and is one that often does.

Those few, but long terrible hours when all is in darkness and raging torrents of water invade homes, destroy animal life and crops, and, if no warning has been given, the loss of human lives, causes extreme suffering to all.

Here is a story of a flood, during the night which could be entitled, "A Night of Terror."

The little district of Whippleton lay between two mountain ranges; here in a valley it was subject to all the dangers experienced during flood time.

Peaceful looking as it was then with its green fertile and quietly grazing animals:—there was the time to come when all was left a complete wreck after the flood.

Great giant-like forbidding storm clouds had been gathering during the afternoon when one of the residents of Whippleton remarked, "Looks as if it's going to be a bad storm, this one!" And he was indeed right.

Soon the rumble of thunder was heard and flashes of lightning illumined the sky.

News reports told of a storm which would reach the little village during the coming night.

Last minute preparations included roofs being battened down, food, furniture and livestock moved to the safety of the hills and tents erected on high ground for the needs of any homeless families.

Just as it was about tea time a bolt of lightning struck a tree near a house. The impact caused telephone lines to be disconnected. This left everything in complete darkness.

Children began crying, and in the dark everyone fell over everything.

Before anything else could be done rain and hail began to pelt down upon the roofs.

Everything was soon awash because of the rain water running into the houses. A fierce gale began to blow and soon all the people of Whippleton were in dire confusion in their swamped houses.

While the din of trees being uprooted and crashing down outside could be heard.

Suddenly a terrifying noise like trees being uprooted and then smashed in fragments by some monstrous creature was heard.

People stood and listened in horror as the noise came nearer. By this time it was almost deafening when suddenly a huge wall of water hit the houses, raging with violence it soon submerged everything under brown swirling water and debris.

This mighty inrush of water had occurred because the Whippleton river had burst. Thus the gigantic volume of water engulfed all in its path; bringing death and destruction with it.

People tried to reach safety by every way possible to try and save themselves from such an unmerciful death.

After some considerable time the storm abated to some extent and every once in a while the moon peeped from behind the clouds and the forms of plant and animal life could be seen. The animals were huddled together on whatever place of shelter they could find amongst the muddy water.

The less fortunate people who had not managed to attain the higher ground were either drowned, or by the faint agonising cries for help — there were some who had continued to live through the terrible calamity!

When morning dawned only a ghastly exaggerated picture could describe the tragic scene that was seen by the horrified residents of 'what was once' Whippleton.

It seemed that all would be in vain to try and repair everything which had suffered from the flood.

Many months were spent trying to repair all the properties of the people. Although only nature could replace the vegetation and what, "A Night of Terror," had brought about.

—NANCY AIKEN, Junior.

### **ADVICE I SHOULD LIKE TO GIVE TO A BOY OR GIRL ABOUT TO ENTER A SECONDARY SCHOOL**

While I was in Primary School, I looked at those in the grades above me with awe and I always admired those in my own class who managed to obtain high marks in their examinations. I looked at the world around me, but I was never starry-eyed with some ideal for which to work. Plodding along, I eventually became old enough to enter Secondary School. By this time, however, I had only a moderately good Scholarship pass behind me; realising that the rest of my life depended on my future education, I knew what I had to do.

Young boys and girls of this generation never listen to the advice of their elders. I know that, because of this, I have made many mistakes and do not like seeing it happen to others. Your days at Secondary School are probably going to be the most colourful of your life — days that you will look back on. If you work hard, they will be the most pleasant memories you have; but to ensure this, a solid foundation is necessary.

Schooling is the beginning of your career and your life. These days can never be repeated. There is no need to let them be a drudge, something that you will moan to think of. As the school-leaving age is increasing, most children do receive this education which is absolutely essential now for a position.

Consider carefully the various aspects of life, the careers possible, and choose the vocation for which you will work willingly. Study the kind of people with whom you will be working and find out exactly what work you will be required to do. It is a difficult problem to solve, as you bear in mind how much depends on your careful consideration. It is possible to obtain the help of a Vocational Guidance Officer who is specialized in this work. He will be kind, considerate and understanding and possibly, after seeking his advice, your problems will be solved.

Attend a suitable school with pleasant surroundings in which you will be willing to work, concentrate on any activity and study. Choose a course of studies suitable to your requirements but do not forsake pleasure for work. Divide your time suitably, and you will be surprised how thoroughly the company of others gay, social activities can be enjoyed without, for one minute, interfering with your own private life. Do not think that you are the only one in the world and you, only, have problems. Open your eyes and look around. There are so many girls and boys also striving towards their goal and a little human understanding towards them will help you in your own life.

I have no special right to hand out this advice because possibly, I know less about life than those to whom I give my advice, but having come to the time when I feel a great load being lifted off my shoulders, I could almost jump for joy and sing praises to the Lord, but all I can do is merely utter my thanks and ask that those of you who are about to enter a Secondary School take this advice.

As I said before, choose your vocation, something for which you will never be sorry and work, work, work towards this goal. If you do this, then you will never regret having taken my advice and those whose lives you may influence, will be forever grateful.

—JENNIFER MCGILL, 5th Form.

### “MUSTERING”

Until boys are of age, they are not allowed to go to the horse-mustering. This great event occurred only once a year. My first year for mustering came only too slowly and I could hardly believe I was really going at last.

Dressed in my roughest clothes and mounted on my quiet, reliable pony I rode to join the group gathered at the gate. I felt extremely young and inexperienced as all eyes turned towards me. My father introduced me to the men. I was relieved when I saw another boy younger than I with the group.

When the riders started off, I wove my way among the horsemen until I found myself coupled with the young boy I had noticed previously. He was full of fun and ready to talk. His name was Tony and he lived quite a distance from our ranch. We became staunch pals and talked non-stop until we reached the river crossing.

This was the most dangerous part of our muster. As we rode through the thrashing water we felt terrifically proud of ourselves. This was also Tony's first muster.

All the riders reached the opposite shore without mishap. Then began the hunt for horses on the island.

Tony and I had not yet accomplished the art of lassoing, so we could not actually join in the capture. However, we did help in the actual rounding up of the horses.

They were really magnificent animals and were strong and pure-bred. Tony and I were fascinated by the immense strength and beauty of these wild animals.

I had my eye open for a young pony as my father had promised me one for my birthday which was several weeks away.

Several hundred horses were rounded up. Only a few had to be lassoed and these were extremely dangerous.

After all the horses had been gathered, we turned for home. The horses swam the river with ease and soon they gathered in the corral for sorting. Our brand was on some of the finest foals of the season.

When I dropped asleep that night after my wonderful day, my mind was filled with great, magnificent horses and strong capable horsemen.

My following musters were never as exciting as the first. Tony and I became firm friends and are now close neighbours.

—DOROTHY GOSPER.

### THE FIRE

The wicked flames leapt high, hungrily licking and blistering the wooden walls. Through the dim veil of choking smoke a single man watched dazed as the red menace caught the walls around him, hemming him in as a spider traps its prey.

On the ground below, the shining fire engine drew to a screeching halt. No sooner had the vehicle stopped than a dozen asbestos-clad rescuers sprang to work. Within a few minutes the snake-like hoses were spurting forth jets of water, but there was a man trapped inside that burning building and he had to be rescued.

An extension ladder was placed against the remaining wall and Wes Davies, a young fireman with the reckless courage of youth, scaled the wall to save another man's life.

The choking smoke swirled about the room. Stifling heat accompanied by the fierce crackling roar of destruction practically smothered Wes and, but for a breath of air through a fallen window, he might have lost consciousness. A body so consumed by smoke and heat, hardly recognizable as a human being lay wheezing in convulsive bursts on the opposite side of the room. Wes summoned up all his strength and courage and made his way through the swirling mass until he reached the victim.

By this time the room from which our victim had been rescued was almost wholly destroyed and now the fire had begun

to lick the far wall which seemed to sway and almost topple, then for one fleeting second, it stood balancing. Wes hoisted the body over his shoulder and hurried as tired legs could carry him to the safety of the window. The wall started toppling. Realizing the danger Wes took one look down, said a short prayer and jumped into the safety net below.

The wall came down with a deafening crash. Sparks flew high in the air. As Wes jumped, a rush of freshening air hit his face and he realized what a great adventure he had had and how very near he had been to death.

LYNN STOWER, 4th Form.

### SUNSET

At home, we see some beautiful sunsets. I should like to tell you about one particular sunset I saw, not long ago while out riding my horse.

After riding for many hours, I came to rest on top of a rather large hill. As I rested something made me look out across the ranges in the distance. I saw a most wonderful sight. Mt. Hutton, a table-topped mountain seemed to be inked in in black against the rich orange and red of the setting sun. One or two lonely, dead trees also stood out in black against the vivid colours of the sky. The pale orange-pink clouds above the mountain seemed to be lined with gold. It was a magnificent sight. As I sat and watched it, it slowly faded to a pale pink and blueish grey as the huge sun sank quietly below the horizon and darkness fell upon the earth once more.

—JUDITH MAKINSON, 4th Form.

### THE WORLD OF AUTUMN

"Whoosh!" A sharp gust of icy cold wind went eddying and whirling up the quiet road stretching before me, setting the leaves dancing, then losing itself in the stark, gaunt trees that loomed up, like sentinels against the blue grey sky of Autumn.

Only a few green leaves remained to tell of the glory that was Spring. The sunny days were gone now until the spirit of Spring stepped out and cast aside her mantle of ice and snow to warm and care for every living thing.

The leaves around me were a glory of many colours — red, gold, brown and countless other hues for which no name has ever been found. Tiny woodland creatures peered at me through inquisitive beady eyes, hiding from the cold breath of Autumn.

How busy Autumn must seem to these tiny denizens of the forest. Food must be collected — brown acorns, nuts, seeds and berries. To man it is but a time of blazing log fires, and a neighbourhood gathering in a warm home.

Drifts of leaves formed a multi-coloured carpet under my feet, the many hues the same colour as the modern autumn tinted clothes, the colours of which the couturiers of the world steal from nature's domains for, is it possible that humans are jealous of Nature's garb?

The brown tones of the leaves and trees seemed to wave gently, farewelling me as I left their world — the brown-gold world of Autumn.

—KERRI FRENCH, Grade 8.

### MY SON'S CAREER

Though my son is still a babe in arms his career is already carefully planned. Those chubby little hands which must touch everything are to become the skilful hands of a surgeon upon whom many lives will depend.

Many young men and women, due to thoughtlessness on their part and their parents, have ruined their lives and are of no use to the world. This will not be so with my son. He will be given every possible opportunity to grow into a good man. It will not be easy for him, of course, as there will be much study involved.

Sitting here now, looking at the plump, contented little face and fat little body, I can see in my mind's eye an image of him as a grown man standing by a patient with steady hand and skilful fingers.

He will bring honour and happiness to me, unlike some young people of to-day who can do nothing but bring shame and unhappiness to their families. If possible, he will be sent to one of the best schools where he can obtain the knowledge necessary for his profession.

Maybe some day he will become a celebrated doctor known far and wide. But those things will come later. I feel he must become a doctor not to carry on a family tradition, but because it was what I always wanted should I have a son.

For now I must cherish every twinkle in the dark eyes and every little laugh and gurgle for I know when he is grown and has succeeded in his career I shall wish that I could have him as he is now, a chubby faced, starry-eyed little babe.

—ANN LANGDON, 4th Form.

### HOME IS FAR AWAY

Home, to me, is like a dream which comes true only at holiday time and then, so quickly, fades back to a dream. Home is the breaking of gentle waves on the golden sand of a vine entangled island just off the coast or a gay market place where many varieties of native fruits and vegetables are brought by the dark-skinned people to be sold.

The threatening cries of the tribal warriors and the brilliant Bird of Paradise head dresses and dog's teeth of shells around their necks, when having a "sing sing," together make a frightening experience which I will never forget.

Underwater swimming is one of my favourite pastimes. Peering down into the mysterious hollows in the hard colourful coral, or seeing little fish dart away as I stir the water. Speeding out to an island for a moonlight picnic with the phosphorus dancing in the wake of our swift moving runabout. Memories of skiing across the blue green depths slowly trolling and watching the sun sink down behind the horizon of water, the lucky or unlucky fishermen are stored away to be recalled in the future.

Many pleasant hours I have spent, watching a craftsman skilfully carving masks and spears, with only a few simple native tools, for souvenir collectors.

Often when a ship came into port, carrying supplies from all parts of the world, native dancers, in ceremonial dress, raised funds by dancing on the wharf for the tourists. I cannot think of a better sight for someone wishing to see the world than to see the century old traditions of my island being acted for him as soon as the ship arrives.

The swaying palm trees, the hot burning sun, the friendly atmosphere through the neatly kept villages, the sparkling blue seas, all this is New Guinea, my far away home.

—VICKI HONISETT, Grade 8.

### TIME, THE TYRANT

Can't you hear the sounds of marching  
Down long corridors of time?  
Footsteps of the low, then arching  
To those of the most sublime.

Low, sublime—they march together.  
Noble, peasant, hand in hand.  
Time's decreed they'll march forever,  
Soldiers of that ghostly band.

Hear the tread of headless Danton,  
Heavy, weighted with remorse.  
Time still chants to him the canton  
Of French blood, that gutters coursed.

Khaki clothes are now turned scarlet  
With the blood of brothers dead.  
Now they walk with knight and varlet  
Side by side—all those who bled.

Louder! Louder! Grows the footfall  
Of the weary, marching dead.  
Closer! Closer! Comes the death-call.  
Time, the caller at their head.

—L. C. JOHNSON.

### SHEARING TIME

“Pick up that wool and we’ll press this bale.” That was only part of the long routine of shearing. Our shearing season started last Tuesday but work began on Monday. With the help of our kelpie dogs we mustered about half of the sheep and took them along the little dirt road to the pens at the shearing shed. It was situated down in a small valley which was framed on all sides, by tall, slender gums.

Here the sheep were yarded and the larger lambs were put into a separate pen until the morning.

When the sun slowly peered over the horizon, the shearers had already started the machines working on the ewes that were in the shed the night before.

While the shearers worked on, my job was to separate the young lambs from the ewes, and put them in another paddock, where the ewes were put after they had been shorn. Here the lambs were reunited with their mothers, and they had a long rest by their mother’s comforting sides until they were ready to go back to the paddock, from which they came.

Inside the wool was put onto the sorting table and it was sorted out according to its fineness and quality. It was put into separate compartments ready to be baled and pressed accordingly. After that the hooks were put in and the top closed over.

Smoko was one of the highlights of the day as the men sat round and talked, but that was one thing that did not last long.

Then back in the shed again, the machines and men worked on, as sheep by sheep gradually lost its wool. Day by day and bale by bale, was slowly pushed aside until the joy of shearing time had finished. All the sheep went back to their lush, green pastures and the wool went to Brisbane for the sales, where it would enter the world of commerce, competition, and sales promotion.

—JENNY DONOVAN (Grade 8)

### THREDBO

Have you ever tried to ski? Well neither had I until my last holiday. The family, minus Dad (he protested that he had to stay home to earn the money for financing our trip—poor Dad) and plus a friend of Mum’s, stepped off the bus on to dirty, slushy snow in the lovely little Alpine village of Thredbo.

We stayed at the "Silver Brumby Lodge." It is like a guest house with a friendly, casual atmosphere about it, although it was housing about fifty people at that time. At night we would sit around the fire in the lounge amidst a warm, friendly atmosphere. There was also table-tennis downstairs for the more energetic people. Sometimes we would go down into the village at night to go dancing, or just to wander about. I would not say it was a very restful holiday, what with skiing all day and then the late nights, but I loved every minute of it.

Our first attempt to ski was not very successful. The boots seemed like a ton weight and they were so stiff I felt I would never be able to move my ankles again. I think I spent more time on my seat than on my feet that afternoon! At our first lesson we did comparatively well, I think. We learnt how to ski down a straight, gentle slope and we also performed a few balance exercises, but we could not stop; The easiest way to stop when it was absolutely necessary, I discovered, was simply to sit down. We learnt to turn and stop in future lessons. The instructors were mostly Austrian, handsome and very suntanned. They had a number of smart remarks up their sleeves to throw at their infuriating class of ski-bunnies ever so often. I presume this was to help keep their sanity! The skis were about two feet longer than my height, so you can imagine what a difficult task it was to move those "big feet."

We had to go to the top of the chair lift for our lessons and then come down again via the lift. The view from the chair lift was really beautiful. Everything was white, with green trees dotted here and there. On the way, below the lift, there were two little chalets with snow stacked right to the doors and snow on the roofs. This was a contrast to the village where there was not much snow around, if any. It was lovely to look back over this quaint little village set in a picturesque valley, surrounded by snow-clad mountains. To add to the glory of the scene, a small stream gurgled through the village and disappeared, winding into the hills. The colourful skiers, skiing below the lift, set off this whole scene of peaceful serenity beautifully.

It was great fun skiing down a slope, provided you went down on the skis instead of the seat, although that was quite fun, too. I wore out the seats of two pairs of slacks doing that. I call it tobogganing without a toboggan. Climbing back up the slope was a little more difficult. One must climb up sideways like a crab, and on the edge of the skis, otherwise there was a great danger of sliding back down backwards; I did that several times and I saw Mum once, too. It is not a very pleasant experience really. I used to take my skis off and carry them up, but then there was the danger of losing them, when putting them on, and a lost ski tears down the mountain at a terrific pace, gaining momentum all the way down, naturally, until it reaches the bottom.

There was a blizzard (or almost) one day and Mum lost her new cap, so I trudged off across the snow after it but I am afraid that it travelled much faster than I could. I kept sinking knee-deep in snow while Mum stood there with freezing ears, and told me not to fall into a snow-drift and so break my leg or ankle. There were only two days out of the seven when it was cold like this. Every other day we used to become very hot and I usually welcomed a fall in that cold snow! It was very glary on the snow, much more so than on the beach.

We left Thredbo with very shiny red noses, but with very happy memories even though we were flat bloke!

—ANON.

### MY DISTRICT

Stretching endlessly towards the horizon is the sea, and before that mile upon mile of soft golden sand. The deep green trees on the dunes contrast well with the colour of these sands. This is the sight beheld by all who visit the Sunshine Coast.

The splendour and beauty of this countryside may be seen before entering the coastal towns, such as Maroochydore, Mooloolaba and Alexandra Headlands, when driving towards these towns. The road from Brisbane winds over the Buderim Mountain, thus giving us a view of this scenic panorama.

Most of these towns are comparatively new, and therefore the majority of homes are modern and attractive. Flowers grow profusely, both wild and in well-kept gardens, and trees, which are evergreen in the warm sunshine, may be found wherever one travels.

The sunshine accents the golden colour of the sands, and adds a sparkle to the enticingly cool, blue-green water that ceaselessly pounds onto the shore.

The river lies silent. It offers a quiet contrast to its neighbour. Yet the sun still causes it to sparkle with its slight movement. The river is dotted gaily and colourfully in the swimming areas, by children and adults enjoying themselves. Whereas the sea has merely surfers, and surf-board riders, the river is cluttered in most parts by small craft of all kinds and colours. These include launches, sailing boats, fishing boats and speed boats. Sailing races and water-skiing are popular here for the young and middle-aged. Fishing seems to be the interest of the older person.

The water and the beach are not the only splendid sights. One may view the horizon opposite the sea, and see a line of purple mountains, rising majestically to touch the clouds and sky. Although perceptible to be purple in the distance, one may travel along the scenic highways on these natural monsters, and find they

are covered in a dense green foliage. From lookouts along the highways one may view the entire countryside with all its beauty.

Sugar cane farms are numerous farther from the sea, and at cutting time red glows appear at various intervals along the darkened horizon at sunset and dusk. This is really only the cane fields being burnt before cutting. However, it does enhance the beauty of this evening scene.

Of course the Sunshine Coast is noted for her various fruits. Fields of green speckled with gold may be seen as the juicy golden pineapples ripen in the sun. Bananas are grown well on the hill slopes, and one may also see orchards growing oranges.

All these sights compose the district in which I live, and of which I am very proud. It is my home, and it is a home I will always love and dearly remember.

—CATHERINE RICHARDS, VIB.

### STILL I LOVE THE OUTBACK

Dust rose from the sunbaked plains in short, swift gusts. The duckweed's bronze brocade slowly wilted, the water level fell until the waterholes were mere pools of mud or hard caked earth. The scorching ray of the merciless, summer sun beat down upon the charred earth's face. Bushfires were frequent occurrences and the days were still and stifling.

Noisy cockatoos, stripped the drooping trees. Always the wish was the longed-for rain, but it never came. The temperature rose above the century mark. Disease-stricken cattle fell, struggled to rise, but, weakly fell to die a torturous death. Stockmen tried to shift the stricken cattle to the scarce waterholes or bores, but the stubborn animals refused to shift camp from the gidgee's shady branches. Some were left, other were moved across the barren plains to water. New-born calves and weakened cattle that were merely hide and bone fell under the oppressive heat to be puffed and swollen until they rotted. The dingoes' mournful howl was enough to make your blood curdle.

Men worked in only their tattered khakis. They became bronzed from the rays of the red, gold sun.

Horses that usually worked endlessly became work-worn after only a few hours. All bird life moved their flocks to far away paradises, plant life died for want of the moisture it lacked. It was the sight, sights enough to make you sick and want to leave this barren corner of the world. Flies buzzed everywhere. All about you dead or dying, suffering from diseases such as tick-fever, red water or botulism. The outback was experiencing one of its dreadful droughts.

Why did the heavens not open? Was it God's will to see our animals and ourselves suffer? Was it? The bushmen cursed and swore; their families prayed, but still no rain.

The weather became hotter and stickier. Bushfires sprang up and rampaged for days. They took enormous tolls. Weakened cattle fell to the creek's edges only to be clasped in the hardening mud's iron claws.

Slowly, without warning, the monsoonal rain clouds gathered. Lingering in the north the great, black, massing clouds seemed never to end. Would it rain?

Pitter-pat. Was it? Was that noise the stinging drops of rain? Yes, it was. At last the heavens had given way to the will of God.

The rain poured down in torrents. Lightning flashed. The water level rose, creeks flooded over, broken fences, uprooted trees and drowned cattle were washed away in the heavy current. Many thousands of animals lost their lives. Next season would perhaps be a good one. Luxuriant grass would cover the miles. Once again the herds would pasture with freedom from want.

I love the outback. I love it whether it be barren and lifeless or green and gay. I love the voice of the silver songsters as they herald the coming dawn. I love the vast and unpredictable outback, for it is my home.

—MARGARET MILLER (Grade 8).

### FORREST BEACH

I have been to many places during my holidays, but I think that my favourite place to spend a holiday is Forrest Beach. This is a fairly large bay which sweeps around in a semi-circle of golden sand and gentle waves. We have a small hut on the beach front. There are quite a few holiday homes being built and some people live there permanently.

Forrest Beach is only twelve miles by road from Ingham. The road winds through canefields until it reaches Victoria Mill. It continues through paddocks of dairy cattle and enters a scrub just before it reaches the beach.

The beach is very quiet when there are no holidays, but, around Christmas time, it comes alive, with fun for everyone, with lovely sunny days and sparkling water. Most people escape to the beach to get away from the hot weather in town.

On New Year's Day, a huge carnival is held by the Life-savers' Club. Cars stream in from all corners of the district to join in the fun. There are stalls and merry-go-rounds, not to mention the swimming and life-saving displays. Almost every year our hut is invaded by different Italians who intend to have their picnics on our back verandah. After a lot of yelling and abuse, during which neither side can understand what the other is saying, they leave to use the more friendly ground of the caravan park.

That night a big dance is held in the old hall, where everyone dances in slacks or sun-dresses to the tinkle of the piano. Spectacular fireworks whizz around and rockets light up the sea as they fall.

On days when you are feeling adventurous you can walk about two miles along the beach to where a little creek enters the sea. This affords a good fishing ground and gives sunburnt noses.

Across the water from Forrest Beach are the Palm Islands. They are almost uninhabited except for Great Palm Island, where there is an aboriginal settlement. On Orpheus Island a family has built up a tourist centre.

We go over to these beautiful islands on our launch, the "Warrawilla." Beautiful shells wait to be picked up and many shades of coral can be seen on the bed of the sea.

Forrest Beach provides a quiet holiday, which is all one can wish for if in need of relaxation.

—MARGARET FRASER, Form V.

### THE CANBERRA VISIT

During February of 1963, on the occasion of the visit of the Royal Couple, five girls were chosen from St. Catharine's to see Their Royal Highnesses at Canberra, A.C.T.

Students from The Territory of Papua and New Guinea, attending Queensland and New South Wales schools were also chosen for the visit. From Warwick there were representatives from St. Catharines, Slade School, The Scots College and P.G.C.

All those who attended Queensland schools met at Brisbane and we four from St. Catharines were among the chosen sixty-one.

A special chartered plane sped us to Canberra through mist and cloud, but an inspection of the cockpit was fascinating. We touched down at our destination in the late afternoon and were transported by buses to Ainslie Hostel where we stayed for a fortnight. The trip had proved to be tremendously interesting. We shared the hostel with emigrants from some of the European countries and they were extremely sociable towards us.

One afternoon a gentleman enlightened us as to the layout of the city and to what they hoped to construct in the near future.

The visit to the War Memorial was the greatest moment, for we saw paintings from World War II of the places we know in New Guinea and compared them with what they are now.

This had been a great time, but meeting the Royal Couple was a greater honour and thrill. His Royal Highness was the capital interest as he was informal, yet has a keen eye for details. He remarked on the old and new blazers with St. Catharines' pockets.

The Queen was regally reserved and we saw both of them quite a few times. We were present at the assembly where Her Royal Highness made a speech and then at the fly-past by the R.A.A.F. and the Trooping of the Colours.

The Administration provided a tour of the city and some youth groups organised entertainment for us during the nights, which we appreciated and thoroughly enjoyed.

Parliament House was opened for our inspection by a guide, who could not get a question out of us! Besides touring we went swimming and the boys, played cricket against one of the schools and we saw numerous things of interest that took up each minute.

The visit was a wonderful dream, but all dreams end at some time and ours brought us back to school, bubbling over with news.

—PAULINE BONA, Form V.

### OUR NEW HOME — LORENGAU

In the middle of the world almost, and 240 miles from the nearest mainland, Manus Island floats in the Pacific — green, and stretching to the sky with its backbone range entirely composing the mainland; the beaches seem to have slipped down the hill slopes to hang poised above the water.

The natives are not brown on Manus, they are the colour of gold. The women are very attractive with perfectly formed hands and feet, the men form firm muscular bodies from paddling their canoes.

My father is the principal of the Manus Junior High School attended by 80 girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 17 years. The highest form is seventh grade although the school is being extended to accommodate higher grades. There are three other European teachers and one local teacher. Not far from here is the Primary "T" (territory standard) school. Most of these children are 7-12 years. Other education units are the Technical school and the Mother Craft centre.

Lorengau is the Administrative centre of Manus, boasting 70 Europeans, three trading stores, the schools, a large hospital built during the war and a line of quansett huts, also built and left from the war. These house Government Stores, the Primary "A" (Australian standard) school, another store room, the Post Office, plus the Telegraph office, the Law Court and District Office and the Education Department together. The rest of the buildings are residences and various quansetts used for the tennis court, Manus Sports Club, the Guide Hut and other organisations.

Every bridge, new or old, bears this sign: "Danger. You use this bridge at your own risk." Wood rots so quickly it is

impossible to keep up with its decay. This gives an uneasy feeling when one thinks back over the number of crocodiles seen, caught or shot near by. There are many streams too small for any transport, but others carry canoes up to beautiful falls like the one on the Lorengau River. Three tiers each 80 feet, where the water thunders and tumbles, finally plunging into a turbulent pool below. One climbs almost straight up the side of the falls, 120 feet, slipping on the smooth clay, and clutches the pipe which carries water back to Lorengau.

The war has left a mark, not of devastation as in other countries, but a mark which fills one with solitude more than horror. From a hill top you could count fifty wrecks of landing barges resting along the coast and the huge troop ship forever standing sentry on a reef at the edge of the deep water channel. Quansett huts and flats of cement stand in rows along once busy bitumen streets that no longer exist. Here once 2,000,000 soldiers and sailors lived in defence of their country, leaving after the armistice and abandoning machinery, airfields, wrecks of planes, bread bakeries, electric pumps, stoves. Fringing Lorengau's coast, four wharves crazily bobbing with the tide, still stretch out to sea.

Every wise person carries the uniform black umbrella, the closest shelter from abrupt teeming rain which interrupts the heat but is on its way without even shutting off the sunshine. A cool breeze always fans the town and occasionally at night it is cold enough for a jumper — 2 degrees south of the equator.

Some of the people belong to the "Paliou" religion. This was begun by Paliou, head of the council on Baliwan Island, as a cargo cult, but gradually has become vaguely Christian. At a service attended by a friend of mine, they sang their own songs to strumming ukeles and recited prayers in the Paliou language. They seemed to have no fear of "Presence" and several hurriedly picked flowers stuck in Victoria Bitter beer cans reflected their imitative character.

Such is our new home. I am sure this little island will give us a full life in our modern day "return to nature."

—PENNY K.

### TALES TOLD ON MOON CAKE NIGHT

It was Moon-Cake Night, a very important Chinese festival. The moon was like a bright ball, its beams thrown everywhere. We were all out in the open sipping hot tea. On Moon-cake Night, no one stays indoors. Everyone comes out to enjoy the beautiful moon. It is a night of magic, where the old and experienced are inspired to relate beautiful tales of long ago.

My grand-mother had invited two of her friends to spend the night with her. Now, they sat on the benches talking over old times. It is very true that the young always talk of the future while the old talk of the past. Occasionally there was a burst of soft laughter when they recalled some amusing event, perhaps? Now there was silence. They were listening intently to some one talking. The table, laden with moon-cake, melon-seeds and so on, was forgotten as they focussed all their attention on the speaker who was obviously relating a very interesting past event. They sat as still as the dark shapes of the trees which loomed majestically round us. But suddenly, one of them would give a quick swish of the fan. I watched, quietly amused, and wondered how I would spend my last days. Shall I invite friends in, like my grand-mother, and talk of old times? Shall I die young and never reach old-age? I do not know. I do not know what the future holds in store for me.

Then curiosity took the place of amusement. I strolled over and joined them. "I was born a brave child," my grand-mother was saying, "You had to be brave in those days, you know. The children of today are even afraid of the darkness!" Here, she gave me an accusing but fond look and continued, "Why, the bed-time stories my mother told me would give these children night-mares! I can still remember one that I was particularly fond of. In the very old days, when our fore fathers were building the Great Wall, there lived a very happy young couple. One day, the husband was called to help build the Wall. Opposite the growing wall was a hill. Everyday, the wife climbed the hill and just as the sun was being swallowed by the distant hills, she would wait patiently for her husband to join her. Together, they would look proudly at the wall, inching its way through valleys and hills. Sometimes, she could hear the groans of the dying and was afraid that her husband would one day be one of the hundreds of men who died each day. She knew that few great deeds were done without the price of life. Just as she had feared, one day her husband did not return. She stood there patiently waiting for him. The rain came. It mingled with her tears and flowed down in streams. Months passed and the solitary figure turned into stone. A statue that overlooked the Great Wall which is built of the blood and sweat of millions of brave men. Men who thought of the future, who sacrificed themselves for their children and grand-children."

All was silent. There was a soft rustling of the leaves as the night breezes stole past. The limbs of the trees stretched out, motionless, as if waiting for the human voice to break the wall of silence. I stole a glance at my elders and noticed that each was absorbed in her own thoughts. Their minds had wandered off to a world of their own. It would be unkind to jerk them back to reality.

It was late. But to us, the magic which the moon created was just beginning to affect us. My elders continued their tales. There was one about a man who had killed his friend in a moment of anger. To punish himself, he decided to suffer for the good of all people. There was a big mountain with a narrow patch running by the side of it. People had to walk to the other side to do their trading. One wrong step would send a person plunging far into the valley below. Now this man decided to cut a way through the mountain so that no one would have to run the risk of being killed. His only tools were a hammer and a chisel. With these he worked for years and years. Everyone noticed him and called him a mad-man. But the undefeatable spirit toiled on. After many years of suffering, he did what he had intended and made the way safe for the people. He himself was too old and died as he finished the last stroke.

Another tale is of a scholar who read by the moonlight because he was too poor to buy oil for the lamp. A woman spent years grinding a piece of iron on a hard stone in order to make it into a needle. These tales of the land of ancient civilization may not be true. But they show us the endurance of a people torn by poverty and misfortunes. They hold a special fascination for me.

These are the tales told to me by the bravest travellers — my grand-mother and her friend — who left their homeland when they were very young to come to a strange country.

These are the tales I heard on that memorable night of the Moon Festival. They will live forever in my memory. There will come a time when I will tell my grand-children these beautiful tales under the same magical moon which helps to make our imaginations so vivid.

—MADELEINE LO, V.I.B.

### “A LONG JOURNEY”

“Being the youngest of the family, she was surrounded by the love and security every parent gives his child. She received encouragement whenever she ventured upon a new undertaking. She, like every other child, loved to learn how this fitted onto that, why that spun around in the one direction, where this noise or melody came from, when this flower bloomed and for what period. She had spasms for this task or that one, but her love for the natural surrounding was unlimited.

“From the moment the light of the dawn crossed her room, she would sit up to welcome another day, whether it were dull or bright. Most times she listened to the deep, warm humming of the

dove on an overhanging branch, the lilting melodious whistle, or the gleeful chirrup of unseen birds. Whatever it was, whether a drone of a bee buzzing around the shrubs, or a cackle of the awakened fowls, her heart leapt in ecstasy. Eventually, afar off behind the dark hills, a resplendent glow of the sun spread across the great arc above. I am sure every living creature rejoiced. Every delicate bloom of the glorious multi-coloured plants stretched out its petals in satisfaction. The cool, clear, crisp spurts from the fountain, neatly plopping onto the mass of water-lilies, increased her delight in Nature.

“Thunderstorms reminded her of the love of God toward every individual on earth. He builds up His love for men, as clouds build up moisture. With one burst the shower descends in innumerable streaks. Each drop on each portion of the thirsty ground suggested the care and love each individual receives.

“Now she was alone but she was never lonely. Whatever her parents instilled in her she cherished. She became a pillar of strength to all around. She was an inspiration to the young; a comforter to the unhappy ones; a supporter of the unfortunate; and an adviser to those who called on her.

“She was blessed with a family, her utmost joy, whom she served with tenderness and understanding. She was a remarkable educator of nature. At times she would stroll with her family through the woods and observed the tall, dark forests through which rippled a stream. Gurgling merrily over the slimy, smooth pebbles as it descended, a diminutive cascade, and advanced along its course like a lazy serpent.

“As dusk approached, she would forget almost every insignificant worry, while she watched the sunset. Peace came at last, as the magnificent sun made its stately descent once more. From beyond the fields, the fading lights silhouetted the soft profile of the countryside. From the dark dome, myriads of twinkling stars appeared as glittering diamonds. As each star winked its farewell for the night all cares fled for a while. A peaceful uninterrupted slumber hovered around the homestead.

“The grandchildren compensated for an inevitable incident. She was a lovable character in our lives. To us, she was a saint and an angel all in one.”

As the mother arose to return the photograph of the beloved grandmother on to the mantlepiece, she smiled at her children and said, “Gran lived an honourable life. It was a long journey. Her kindness, understanding and unselfishness remain in our memories.

—DAWA SOLOMON, Senior.

### TRAVELLERS' TALES

Some of the earliest tales we know are those told by sailors who made long and perilous journeys in sailing ships. Their tales terrified some people, but in others they stirred a curiosity, and a desire to see strange lands and experience similar adventures. One famous tale which I never tire of reading is Scott's journey to the South Pole. It is an epic of courage and endurance, which fills me with admiration.

The instinct of curiosity has been stirred in many men. Since Sir Edmund Hilary conquered the heights of Mt. Everest, there have been many men who have taken the attitude. "If he can do it, so can I!" and off they go, up Mt. Everest! But, of course, it is not as easy as "off they go, up Mt. Everest" sounds. Many men have returned greatly disheartened.

World tours are becoming increasingly popular nowadays. Wherever you go there are people who enjoy telling you of their travels. At parties, before things start to move, people stand in groups talking — often about places they have visited. When aboriginals met for their corroborees, the members of one tribe would describe to eager listeners of other tribes, places and people beyond their tribal boundaries. Special tales were formed into corroborees, this being the aborigines' way of emphasising adventure.

Old men like to sit around in club rooms, smoking, and listening to tales told of journeys made by their friends.

People who never have the opportunity of travelling widely often travel in their dreams, but here they see only countries of their imagination, but quite often these are much more fascinating than existing countries. When you have time to sit dreaming, all types of countries are conjured up in your imagination. Your dreams often run away with you, when suddenly something brings you back to reality, and instead of travelling fifty years ahead of yourself, you are back in the comfortable span of your own lifetime, and sometimes not quite so happy to be there!

There are so many different wonderful places to visit, that it would be quite impossible for one person to see them all, and so it is good to relax for a time, and listen to some travellers' tales.

—F.R.

### LIFE

The life of a rose is only short, as is the life of a human being. A rose bud reminds me of a little girl, young, pure and gay. As the girl matures, she becomes more beautiful. In a way, she is lonely because she is by herself often, giving her time to think about things.

The rose, to me, is the loveliest flower. It stands erect and proud, on the end of its long slender stem, in all its glory.

As a girl grows into womanhood, her character unfolds, as the petals of the rose, and her brightness shines through. The petals unfold, and before our eyes is the bright bloom, waving softly in the breeze.

The harsh sunlight seems to tarnish the flower, as people are affected by sin, but when they are removed, they gain new life.

When we cut a rose from a bush, it dies more quickly, as a girl would lose her lustre, if separated from her young friends, who seem to give her life.

A rose in a bowl with other flowers, retains its individuality, and dwells apart, as if a higher being. Some young girls live in a dream-land of their own afar from reality, preoccupied with their own thoughts.

When at the peak of her beauty, the girl captivates all, and then the bloom weakens, the rose petals begin to fall, until at last, all that is left, is the remains or shell of the beauty that has been there.

A woman's life is very like the life of a rose. She begins as a small insignificant thing, grows and comes to the peak of her life, and then slowly fades from recognition, to become small and unknown again.

—MARY McLACHLAN, VI A.

### THE BUNYA MOUNTAINS

Everyone warned us that if we went to the Bunya Mountains during winter we would be either frozen or washed away. Apparently no one goes to the Bunya Mountains in winter. But we did.

After driving through dry bush for about thirty miles, we started a very slippery climb up the range. About half way up we stopped, fascinated by the wonderful view to the west. I, in a burst of energy, climbed to the top of a grassy knoll (by the time I had reached the top it felt more like a mountain) and stood looking at the view until an icy wind forced me to return to the warmth of the car.

Soon we reached the top of the range and moved into a new world of dark green ferns and trailing vines, the damp, deep silence broken only by the moan of the wind in the towering Bunya Pines. We settled down in a grassy camping ground, ringed in by towering forest. After lunch we strolled down a narrow path which followed a frosty little creek on its way down the hillside. The water was hidden by enormous green leaves for most of its course, and as we walked we were accompanied by mysterious hidden gurgles. The path led to the bottom of one of the higher

waterfalls. Low leafy vines cascaded from the trees, trying to imitate the thin, continuous stream of falling water, lit by the afternoon sun.

Our visions of camping by a roaring fire that night were literally doused by a severe storm which threatened to lift the tent from over us, and sent not-so-little rivers running beneath our feet. We thought in horror of all the dirt roads between us and home, as the rain fell in a solid mass.

Next morning, however, it was fine, and we packed up and moved onto another camping ground. Here we followed another tiny creek, until suddenly we emerged at the top of a cliff of breath-taking height, over which the little stream fell. Breath-taking also was the view, down a valley clothed in Bunya pines, the tops of which were far below us. We lay on the grass for a long time, just looking.

On the way back to the car we walked among acres of maiden-hair ferns, onto which the sun filtered through the trees. I would not have been at all surprised to see a stag appear out of the bracken; it would have seemed quite natural here.

Over everything, the tree ferns, the maiden-hair, the berry bushes, and the wicked stinging giwpy-giwpy trees, towered the immense Bunya pines. On the sides of most of these ancient trees we saw moss-covered cracks about five feet apart cut long ago by aborigines as they climbed to reach the Bunya nuts during their annual Bunya nut feasts, years ago.

By this time we had exhausted our walking-power, so we left for home thinking how wrong all the pessimists had been about our proposed trip. The Bunya Mountains would be well worth visiting at almost any time of year.

—ROSEMARY FOX.

### CHINESE FESTIVALS

The Chinese people have a special festival in nearly every month of the year. Out of these, the four more important ones are New Year Festival, May Festival, Moon-cake Festival, and Winter Festival. Here are two of these festivals:—

The Chinese have a different way in calculating the days and so have for themselves a different calendar for the years. On 1st January of the Chinese calendar (about February in the ordinary calendar), is the New Year Festival which is the most important festival of the year. On this day everybody is up earlier than usual. There is much preparation going on in every house. All the homes are beautifully decorated and spotlessly clean. Within each family itself, the first thing the children do is to pay

their respects to their parents and wish them "Happy New Year." The parents in return give their children small "red packets" which contain money. For the Chinese people red stands for happiness. Later on in the morning, the younger generation from each family goes to homes of relatives where they show their respect to their elders. After this duty is performed, the young people then go and visit their friends and go out in groups to enjoy themselves.

For once, everybody stops work, and they all share some fun together. Out on the streets "Dragon" and "Lion" dances can be seen which are accompanied by the beating of drums, clashing of cymbals and banging of gongs. The streets are really crowded and filled with noise. To add to the noise are the fire-crackers from every direction. All of these are to celebrate the happiness New Year brings to everybody. In the evening there is a big feast in every family at which as many members of the family as possible are present. A lot of favourite and rich dishes are presented on the table, and also typical Chinese soups such as birds' nests soup and sharks' fins soup. The New Year feasts usually go on for about two or three hours.

This New Year Festival lasts for three days and three nights. On the second night of the festival, two or three streets are chosen by market producers where they entertain people with a big display of all sorts of vegetables, fruits and garden products. There is also a great amount of other foodstuffs for sale. These few streets on this night are described by a popular Chinese saying, "The traffic is like flowing water and the horses are like dragons" meaning that the streets are so crowded that one can hardly move at all. The New Year Festival finishes on the night of 3rd January in the Chinese calendar.

On 5th May, the Chinese people celebrate the May Festival.

Long ago there was a certain man in China whose name was Chee Yuan. At that time there was a part of China known as "Province of Chu," and the king was Chu Huan. Chee Yuan was the king's chief counsellor, and he was a very good counsellor so that the country was being governed wisely. However, there came a time when there were corrupt officials in the country who tried to make the king distrust Chee Yuan. As a result of the king's refusal to accept further advice from Chee Yuan, the country was very close to corruption. Chee Yuan made a few attempts to help the king in restoring peace and prosperity to the country but failed. Chee Yuan, filled with despair, left the province of Chu and lived the rest of his life alone in a distant part of China. There, with a patriotic heart and a sacrificial spirit, Chee Yuan wrote a book called "Lee Sound" which later became a famous piece of Chinese literature. Hoping that his book would help the king in waking up from his being mis-led, Chee Yuan sent his book to the

palace. Chee Yuan, after performing his last duty, tied himself to a big piece of stone and drowned himself in a big river so as to give the king an evidence of a loyal subject. In his book "Lee Sound," Chee Yuan gave further advice to the king in ruling the country.

Thus, it is that on 5th May, the day when Chee Yuan died, every year the Chinese have this May Festival to commemorate a patriotic soul. Every family has a special kind of rice pudding which is wrapped with a certain kind of green leaves in a triangular shape and tied with a certain kind of twine. Most of the people on this particular day, row their boats along rivers from morning until noon. The boats used are rather different from those ordinary ones and are known by the Chinese as "Dragon boats." The people who do not go rowing, go swimming instead. All these celebrations by the rivers and on beaches have a common aim which is to commemorate the patriotism of Chee Yuan; and also as a symbol of searching for his body.

—TIO ENG NAN, VI B.

### **ST. CATHARINE'S PARENTS AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION**

The fourth annual general meeting of the Parents' and Friends Association was held on Friday 5th April, 1963, and the following officials were elected, President, Mrs. R. Goodwin; vice-presidents, Mrs. V. Armbruster, Mrs. B. Barnard; treasurer, Mr. C. Jenkins; secretary, Mrs. D. Redmond; assistant secretary, Mrs. R. Lockwood.

Money-raising efforts have been made regularly during the year; and although there has been nothing spectacular, we have a credit balance of £236. This last has been derived from two Jumble Sales, a stall, various tuck shops, and the annual subscriptions.

This year more parents joined the Association; and the five shillings per parent is a great help in swelling our funds. Some country parents who are unable to attend functions, sent us substantial donations towards these. At the beginning of the year we paid £191 for bitumen laid down in front of the Science and Music Block and forming a pathway to the Domestic Science Block. The funds in hand at present have not been ear-marked for anything specific. We are waiting to see what is needed most urgently. For those of us lucky enough to visit the school regularly, there is great satisfaction in seeing our contribution towards the greater comfort and better instruction of the girls. So, if there are parents reading these notes, who have not joined the Association, would you please think about it for next year.

## OLD GIRLS' NOTES

Thirty Old Girls attended the Annual Reunion Dinner at the school in June this year. This was the largest number we have had for many years, and it was very pleasing to see so many girls returning for the weekend activities. For the first time this year the Annual Meeting was held on the Sunday afternoon instead of the Monday morning. This enabled more of the girls to attend the meeting, as quite often they have to return home on the Sunday night, thus missing the Annual Meeting on the Monday.

The Brisbane Branch of the Association have had a very active year. Once again they have held many functions, and they are to be congratulated on their efforts. It was very pleasing to hear, that, Gwenda Batterham, who is the Toowoomba representative for the Association contacted all Old Girls in that city, and arranged an afternoon tea, which was held a few months ago.

### ENGAGEMENTS—

Avis Turnbull to Elo Rolandsen.  
Gwen Reis to Robert Mahoney.  
Helen Cresswell to George Rivers.  
Eleanor Gray to James Cay.

### MARRIAGES—

Viva Luke to Harry Phippen.  
Janis Hollister to Graham Denton.  
Inez Turnbull to Fred Travis.  
Barbara Barker to Richard Donovan.

### BIRTHS—

Shirley Kenafake (Morrish) — a son.  
June Horneman (Thomasson) — a son (Alexander Adrian James.)

**Joyce Knowles, Marjorie Crook and Judith Pace** are all studying at the University. **Rosemary Best** sits for her final exams in Physiotherapy this year.

**Doreen Halter** and **Clare Wilkinson** will be sitting for their final exams at the Teachers Training College this month.

**Patricia** and **Mary-Anne Forrester**, both work in Warwick. Patricia made her debut at the Warwick Church of England Ball this year.

**Eleanor Gray** and Jim Tomkins are being married in St. Mark's, Warwick on 7th December, **Avis Turnbull** on 30th November and **Gwen Reis**, also **Eleanor Halter** early in January. **Beverley Reis** has finished her training at the Toowoomba General Hospital and has begun her Midwifery course. **Janice Catterall** has returned from her trip overseas and is now teaching at Williamstown High

School. Among other Old Girls overseas are **Helen Slade** and **Nancy Wilkinson**. **Betty Roberts**, who has been in England for two years, expects to be home in time for Christmas.

**Judith Pace** is in her 4th year of Medicine at the Queensland University. We congratulate her on being made president of the Women's College. **Rosemary Best** is now in her final year of Physiotherapy and **Joyce Knowles** is almost through her Arts course. **Kathleen Barnard** is doing Fourth Year Science, and **Marjorie Crook** 3rd. Year Chemistry.

Of the Seniors who left school at the end of last year, **Judith Fletcher** and **Elizabeth Wickham** are at the Teachers' Training College, while at the University are **Dinah Dickson**, who is doing Social Studies, and **Lynne Johnson** and **Ann Carpenter** who are doing Speech Therapy. **Jackie Lambart** has an office position in Warwick and **Diana Cory** has entered the commercial world in Brisbane. **Susan Armbruster** is nursing at St. Martin's **Patricia Marshall** is at the Salisbury High School and **Anne Boyce** is nursing in Melbourne. Other Old Girls now training at St. Martins include **Pamela McIver** (finals this year), **Helen Henning** and **Lyn Porter**.

**Judith Fawcett (Schwennesen)** paid a visit to Queensland during the Christmas holidays. She now lives in Clunes, Victoria. **Robyn** is at home.

**Doreen Halter** and **Clare Wilkinson** will have finished their Teachers' Training at the end of this year. **Janet Bell** works in the Commonwealth Bank in Goondiwindi.

**Anne Clark (Armbruster)** returned from a trip overseas recently and has settled in Brisbane.

**Diana Hoog (Bell)** is now living in Townsville and taking an active part in church work. Her husband John, is Rector's Warden at South Townsville. **Judith Burness** has been transferred to Cairns so is company for sister Jill who is on the staff of the Bank of New South Wales. **Ruth Boadle** is in her third year nursing at the Brisbane General Hospital and her sister Beth, has recently taken up a position with Barnes' Milling Coy., in Warwick. **Ethel May Morris** has been appointed to the staff of the Factory Store at Allora, and **Judith Rushton** has a clerical position in Toowoomba. **Margaret Lyons (Jackson)** Melbourne, is on an extended visit to Queensland and housekeeping whilst her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Jackson (Petrie), are on an overseas tour. **Viva Phippen (Luke)** has settled in her new home, Rose Bay, Sydney, and **Deanne Young** is working in Melbourne. **Gloria McIntosh** wrote an interesting letter from Quebec where she is nursing. Another letter of interest came from **Rosemary Akers** now living in Sydney. **Rosemary** is anxious to get in touch with any old girls down there. Perhaps she will link up with **Sue Mitchell** and **Glenise Nimmo**. **Bronwyn Sutcliffe**, Ballina, called to see us on her journey through Warwick; she has a clerical

position in her home town. **Fay Hancock** is now working in Kingaroy. **Fay** seems to spend much of her spare time in Dancing Competitions. **Kay Sutton** has started her nursing career at the Miles Hospital. **Jan Hughes (Munro)** is living in Warwick, her husband is on the staff of the Commercial Bank of Sydney.

Our sympathy is extended to **Edna Thompson**, a vice-president, in the death of her sister **Mavis**; also to **Val Rossiter (Clark)** whose mother died a few weeks ago.

### NOTES OF BRISBANE BRANCH OF ST. CATHARINE'S O.G.A.

Closing remarks in last year's notes mentioned that we were all very busy preparing for our Warwick Rodeo Dance to be held in conjunction with Slade Old Boys. This proved to be a very happy and successful evening and it was pleasing to have a function at which so many of our South-Western members could be present.

A Barbecue and Swimming Party in November attracted nearly forty Old Girls, families and friends. Hazel Wickham was amongst these but since then has returned to her home in Leyburn. One family party there included mother and daughter Old Girls—Thelma Foster (Donovan) and Bev Schatz (Foster) and others enjoying the swimming and the steaks were Clare Smith (Jackes) and her husband.

Activities for 1963 got away to a good start with the first party for the year at the National Hotel in March when over sixty friends gathered together for a most enjoyable supper-dance. Amongst the energetic dancers were members of a large party of fellow nurses and friends with Andrea Foster. We hear that Andrea is off to New Zealand very soon and wish her all the best. Jackie Bayard (Hayles) came down from Ipswich to join in the merry-making. New members attending their first Old Girls' function were—Judith Fletcher, Diane Cory, Lyn Johnson, Sue Armbruster, Ann Carpenter and Elizabeth Wickham. Also Karen Shields who travelled up from Tweed Heads to join them.

In April a small group met at a city restaurant to have a chat and morning tea. We were very pleased to have Mrs. Southerden (Willmott) with us on this occasion and to see Doris McAlpine (Martin) and Betty Bedford (Jones) also there.

Once again during the long week-end in June many members ignored the cold and set off to Warwick for the Annual Reunion. Brisbane Branch was very well represented and all voted this the most successful Re-union for some years. Pat Marshall was amongst those who took a car-load back to see their old school and to join in the various activities. It was particularly pleasing to have Sheila Dalton (Harvey) and Val Rossiter (Clark)

back with us again and to hear their very favourable comments regarding school improvements and extensions. Joy Knowles and Marjorie Crook managed to leave their University studies long enough to attend but Judy Pace was less fortunate, being in the midst of exam. finals. Ev. Brown (Welsh) organised a very successful street stall during the year.

Our sincere thanks go to Lieut.-Commander Frank Young and his wife (Old Girl, Olive Bauer), for making it possible for us to have such a delightful party in July. Amongst those enjoying the cosy and friendly atmosphere were Helen Henning and nursing friends from St. Martin's. Val Rossiter re-introduced Nancy Hooker (Riggall) whom many had not seen since school days but whom we hope to see regularly in the future. Joan Austin Beckinsale) also received a "welcome back" after being missed for some time. Also there among the dancers was Helen Cresswell.

At the Annual Meeting held at Community House in July the same office-bearers were re-elected for another year — Vice-President—Gloria Steel (Donovan), Treasurer—June Stidolph, Secretary—Madeline Bauer (Eagar). We were particularly pleased that Mother Kathleen was able to take prayers for us in the chapel and so commence our morning together in such a fitting way. Following this we all shared a delicious morning tea before settling down to the business meeting. Once again we were very happy to have our friend Sister Angela with us and also to welcome back from a trip abroad one of our very loyal supporters, Mrs. Goffage (Caton) Joyce Ross (Stidolph) joined us for the morning and Sue Little who is a first year student at the Kindergarten Training College was also there. At this time too we welcomed Dineh Dickson to her first official Old Girls' function.

News reaching us from outside Queensland tells of Jan Hollisters' recent marriage in Melbourne. From New Zealand we hear that Robyn Craig and Carleen Jensen are still having a gay time touring around but are expected home at the end of the year.

The Committee of our Brisbane Branch feels that much has been achieved during the last twelve months and that we are growing and gaining strength is obvious. We hope that this condition will continue and that all members will maintain or re-new their interest in 1964.

Christmas Greetings to one and all.

—MADELINE BAUER.

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