

St. Catharines Magazine



WARWICK

December, 1964



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Speech and Drama:

MISS MARJORIE ANGER

Sport:

MISS BEVERLEY McDOUGALL

Dormitory Mistresses:

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MRS. S. METHERRALL (School House)	MRS. RICHARDSON and MISS SMITH (Parkinson)	MISS CONNOLLY (Massey)
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School Captain: Flora Reis.

Vice-Captain: Roslyn Fraser.

Sports Captains: Jill and Ann Gardner.

Other Prefects: Jennifer Baker-Finch (Crothers); Lesley Johnson (Neal);
Marion Knowles (Slade).

EDITORIAL

Annually many girls prepare for the big step forward in their lives which comes with leaving school. These are the girls who go out to take their part in our ever-progressing world. No one of them has an easy part to play. Inevitably any contribution to this progress will involve sacrifice — sacrifice of various things — time, ambition, wealth. However, sacrifice can be rewarded. In the bustle of the modern world there are plentiful opportunities for those who care to work for them. I do not mean merely to concentrate on book work. We come to school to be educated both academically and culturally.

One outstanding aspect of life at St. Catherine's is the unity among the girls, especially with the friendships which grow between Australians and the girls from near northern countries. This should indeed be an example to the world, as it enables our girls to have an open understanding mind towards racial problems.

Here are two thoughts which can guide our daily lives. The first is allied with our work. Remember — “the dictionary is the only place where success comes before work.” The second comes from the writings of our patron Saint, St. Catherine of Siena, which helps us in our strivings for the betterment of humanity.

“Be not content with little things;
God expects big things.”

SCHOOL DIARY

JAN.:

- 28 The boarders, old and new returned.
- 29 First day of school. Sister Rachel welcomed back all of the staff and girls, both "old," and "new."
- 30 Sister Agnes arrived and we are also pleased to have Sister Julian with us. Jean Gordon, Judith Deighton and Heather Jackson were successful in having their paintings hung in an Art Exhibition in connection with the Canberra Youth Art Competition.
- 31 Appointment of positions in school: Flora Reis, School Captain; Roslyn Fraser, vice-Captain; Ann and Jill Gardner Sports Captains; Marion Knowles Lesley Johnson and Jennifer Baker-Finch House Captains. New girls were given their "houses."

FEB.:

1. Miss McDougall accompanied the A tennis teams to see the Professional Players. The rest of the School had the opportunity of viewing Mrs. Metherall's slides of the School and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" this latter being on Television.
- 2 First communion in St. Mark's for the new girls and attendance at Evensong.
- 4 First Service of the new School Year was held in Chapel.
- 5 First House Meetings were held for 1964.
- 6 Commencement of early tennis practice.
- 7 Department of Child Welfare Lectures under the guidance of Miss Fittock were commenced for Fourth Form.
- 8 New Girls' Concert. Crothers top on points.
- 10 Early morning swimming training commenced.
- 12 With Sister Rachel, Sister Agnes, and Sister Julian we all attended the Ash Wednesday Service at St. Mark's.
- 15 Opening of the Warwick Municipal Library. Sister Rachel and Sister Agnes together with our Seniors represented the School. Film "Ivanhoe." Thank you to Mr. Dan for the loan of Slade School Projector.
- 16 Free Sunday.
- 17 First of a series of Lenten Talks. These were given to us by our School Chaplain, Revd. T. Brown-Beresford and were held in Chapel.
- 21 Educational films shown.

- 22 W.H.S. defeated our A, B, C and E tennis teams. Our D team won their match. Senior Geography girls visited P.G.C. and heard a lecture by Dr. Whitehouse.
- 24 Second Lenten address.
- 26 Interhouse swimming. Crothers House won first place. Jill Gardner won the Senior Championship Robyn Hornibrook the Intermediate and Djenan McDougall the Junior. Congratulations girls.
- 29 C.H.S. defeated our A and C tennis teams. We were successful in winning the B and D team matches.
- 29 Bishop Tutti, Mrs. Tutti and Sister Helen Barrett from the
- MAR. Diocese of Melanesia were guests of our School. Mrs. Tutti and Sister Helen Barrett addressed the girls and answered questions on Island life and conditions.
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- 2 Third Lenten Lecture provided by Rector.
- 6 Parents and Friends monthly Tuck Shop. Robyn Stephenson won first prize in the Health Poster Section at the Warwick Show. Robyn Hornibrook attained second prize, this in the Design Section.
- 7 Girls paid a visit to the Warwick Annual Show.
- 8 Free Sunday.
- 9 Fourth Lenten address.
- 11 Inter-school swimming. W.H.S. won both sections. Our team came in third. Jill Gardner and Robyn Hornibrook won an event. Our thanks to Mr. Gardner for his help with our training and to Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. McDougall and Mr. and Mrs. Stabler for entertaining the girls after the Carnival.
- 14 Our A, D and E tennis teams were defeated by W.H.S.
- 16 Fifth Lenten address.
- 23 Last of the Lenten addresses.
- 26 Maundy Thursday Service at St. Mark's. School members attended.
- 27 (Good Friday). The watch was kept and there were various forms of Devotions in Chapel. Traditional hot cross buns and drink for afternoon tea. Sister Julian played Easter records, for a time.
- 27 Paschal Service; lighting of the Candle Blessing of the Easter Garden; Service commenced at 11.15 p.m. Many parents joined us.
- 29 Following on the Paschal Candle Service was the Sung Eucharist, after which girls were free to go home. Rector officiated.
- 31 Sister Clare came for a holiday.

APRIL:

- 2 Some of the girls sat for lifesaving examinations.
- 3 Marion Knowles spoke on the 4WK Childrens' Hour. Parents and Friends meeting and Tuck Shop.
- 4 A, C and D tennis teams defeated P.G.C. and the E team was a draw. Social with Slade School.
- 7 School examinations commenced.
- 11 Film, "The Littlest Hobo" was shown.
- 12 Sister Clare returned to Brisbane and Sister Ruth came for a holiday.
- 18 The Junior form had a social at Scot's with the Scot's Junior form.
- 21 The pro-prefects attended the confirmation of two of the Domestic Staff.
- 21-23 The Mother Superior arrived for a visit.
- 22 The first night of our play, "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street," which was produced by Miss Anger.
- 23 Flora, Roslyn, Ann, Jill, Marion, Lesley and Jennifer were admitted as Prefects. The Senior Speech girls sat for a Theory Examination. The second night of the play, "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street," after which girls left for home.
- 24 End of term.

MAY:

- 12 Boarders returned to school.
- 13 School commenced for second term.
- 15 First Chapel service of term.
- 16 Film, "The Student Prince" was enjoyed by all.
- 18 Morning basketball training commenced.
- 20 Lesley and Marion represented the school by reciting at the Junior Youth Concert.
- 22 The music pupils and cast and back-stage workers of the play attended the Opera, "La Boheme" presented by the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust.
- 24 The School Choir sang two songs for the Legacy Broadcast and Catherine Richards played a piano solo.
- 26 Flora Reis and Roslyn Fraser represented the School at the Rotary Youth Night.
- 27 A, C, D, E, F, G and H basketball teams defeated Convent High School in the first match of the season.
- 28 The Young Elizabethan Players visited the school to perform "As You Like It" and "Hamlet."
- 31 Free Sunday. Miss Flood and Miss Anger showed the slides of their trip to Japan.

JUNE:

- 3 The A, C and D basketball teams defeated P.G.C.
- 4 The E and H teams defeated P.G.C.
- 5 Sister Rachel and the Seniors unpacked the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" which was brought from the proceeds of a stall convened by these girls at last year's play, and a donation from Father L. Roberts.
- 6 Films of the British Information Service and slides of the school, taken by Sister Lois, were shown.
- 9 Flora Reis and Roslyn Fraser represented the School at the second Rotary Youth night.
- 11 The A and B basketball teams lost to High School and our C, D, E, F, G and H teams won.
- 12 Girls left for long weekend which was the Old 'Girls' Reunion weekend.
- 16 Senior Speech girls sat for the Practical examination.
- 17 Career talks sponsored by the Warwick Business and Professional Womens' Club commenced with talks on Librarianship and Hairdressing.
- 18 All basketball teams defeated C.H.S.
- 24 Career talk, this time on "Teaching and Business methods."
- 25 The A, B, C, G and H teams defeated P.G.C. who won against the D, E and F teams.
- 27 Mrs. Elwing took the Senior Zoology class to Leslie Dam for an excursion which proved both enjoyable and helpful.

JULY:

- 1 Career talk—Nursing and Occupational Therapy.
- 5 Free Sunday.
- 6 P.G.C. defeated our A and B Primary basketball teams.
- 7 High School won the basketball by defeating our A team—Congratulations High School. Our C team was undefeated in all matches, our D, F and G teams defeated High School in the last match.
- 8 The Senior and Sub-senior Science girls went to Brisbane with Miss Barnes for the Science display at the University.
- 9 The School attended a film of the Royal Ballet.
- 10 The Primary School A basketball team had a win.
- 14 The Reverend Father Halapua from Tonga visited the school.
- 16 Career Talks on Physiotherapy and Pharmacy.
- 17 Miss Gladwell took some of the music pupils to the Helen McKinnon Recital. St. Mary's defeated the Primary basketball team.
- 18 Sub-seniors were challenged to a debate (Parliamentary) with the Loquor Club at Slade School.

- 20 School examinations began.
- 22 Career talk, this time on Kindergarten teaching.
- 24 British Information Service films shown.
- 25 Social held at Slade and attended by our Seniors.
- 28 A representative group of businessmen came to the school and gave a talk on Hire Purchase.
- 29 Last lecture in the series of Career Talks. Dr. Judith Best spoke on Medicine and Radiography.
- 31 Our Primary basketball team defeated East, who, in turn, defeated our B team.

AUG.:

- 1 The winning A, B and C basketball teams from High School, P.G.C. and St. Catharine's visited Toowoomba to play their winning teams. Congratulations to Warwick High School who defeated Harristown High to win the Downs Cup. Flora Reis and Marion Knowles attended the Annual Meeting of the Business and Professional Women and showed films which were later shown in the Assembly Hall.
- 3 Central defeated our Primary basketball team.
- 7 End of Second Term.

SEPT.:

- 1 Boarders returned to School.
 - 2 School resumed for third term.
 - 5 Slade School Annual Fete. Sister Rachel accompanied the girls of the School and the afternoon proved most enjoyable.
 - 10 Sister Rachel, accompanied by the Senior girls, represented St. Catharine's at the opening of the Hon. O. O. Madsen Bridge. In spite of drizzling rain the function was interesting and indicates progress.
 - 12 A Missionary film and an educational film were shown to the girls.
 - 13 Nine of our girls were confirmed by Bishop Hudson. Our Confirmees made their First Communion in Chapel and were pleased to be joined by the P.G.C. newly confirmed. Sister Rachel presented all girls with Cards for their Prayer Books to mark the occasion.
 - 18 The inter-house Marching and Appearance of team was won by Crothers and the inter-house athletics won by Neal House. Janet Beeton won the Senior Championship, Janie Bamberry the Intermediate and Pam Dixon and Pam Aldridge tied for the Junior Championship. In the evening the film, "Hamlet," was shown.
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- 19 The Unveiling of Honour Boards for Dux of the School and School Captain presented to the School by Mrs. E. C. Johnson and Mrs. U. Knowles, respectively, was held in the morning. Then followed Inter-house ball games. After lunch (which many parents shared in the grounds) the judging of the inter-house plays commenced. Neal House won the ball games and the play; Slade a close second.
- 20 Free Sunday for non-examination girls.

SENIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS — 1963

- CAROL BELL: English C, French A, Modern History B, Zoology C, Speech and Drama A.
- DEL FLETCHER: English C, French C.
- SUSETTE McIVER: English C, Maths I B, Zoology C, Music C.
- MARY McLACHLAN: English B, French C, Modern History A, Zoology C.
- DIANNE MILLER: English C, Modern History B.
- DIANA ROBERTS: English B, Latin B, Modern History A, Maths I B, Chemistry C, Physics C, Art B, Speech and Drama A.
- DAWA SOLOMON: English C, Modern History B, Geography C.

JUNIOR PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS 1963

- NANCY AIKEN: English C, Art C.
- JILL ANDERSON: English C, Geography C, Typing B.
- LESLEY BAKER-FINCH: English A, French B, History B, Geography B, Maths A C, Maths B C, Chemistry C, Speech and Drama A.
- JOY BALD: English C, Speech and Drama C, Typing C.
- LEGU BATE: English C, French C, History C, Geography A, Physiology C.
- HELEN BLUMSON: English B, French C, History C, Geography B, Art A.
- PAULINE BONA: English A, French B, History C, Geography B, Speech and Drama A.
- SUSAN CHIA: Maths A B, Maths B C.
- GLORIA COOPER: English C, French C, Maths A C, Bookkeeping B, Typing C.
- SUE CORY: English C, Physiology C, Art C, Home Science B C.
- ADELE CREER: English C, Geography C, Maths A C, Physiology B, Bookkeeping C, Typing C.
- JUDITH DEIGHTON: English C, Geography B, Art A, Typing C.
- ANNE FARRAWAY: Chemistry C.
- HELEN FINNIS: English C, Shorthand A.
- SUSAN FIRTH: English A, French B, Geography B, Maths A C, Physiology C, Art A, Shorthand A, Tying C.

- MARGARET FRASER: English A, French A, Geography A, Maths A B, Physiology A, Music B, Bookkeeping A, Shorthand A, Typing A.
- ROSLYN FRASER: Shorthand C, Typing B.
- JUDITH GARBETT: English C, Bookkeeping C, Home Science B C.
- ANN GARDNER: Physics B.
- JUDITH GILLAM: English C, French C, Geography C, Maths A B, Maths B B, Physiology C.
- MARY GONANO: English A, French B, Geography A, Maths A C, Bookkeeping A, Typing C.
- LOIS GOODWIN: English B, French B, Geography C, Maths A B, Chemistry C, Physics C.
- JEAN GORDON: English A, French C, Geography C, Physiology C, Art A, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping C.
- KAY GROTH: English C, French C, Geography C, Maths A C, Bookkeeping B.
- GWEN HOOPER: Home Science A B
- GENEVE HUNGERFORD: Geography C.
- RUTH HUNT: History C, Geography B, Maths A C, Maths B C, Physiology C.
- HELEN JACKSON: English B, Geography B, Speech and Drama A, Typing C.
- JAN KARLE: English C, French C, Maths A C, Physiology C, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping C.
- ERUE LAWRENCE: English C, French B, Physiology C.
- KATRINA LOCKWOOD: Physics C.
- ANNE MAKIM: English C, French C.
- TANIS MARTYN: English B, French C, Geography B, Maths B C, Chemistry C, Physiology C.
- JENNIFER MCGILL: English B, Maths A C, Physiology A, Speech and Drama B, Home Science A B, Home Science B C.
- GWENDA POOLE: Geography C, Physiology C, Art C, Home Science A B, Home Science B B.
- MARGARET REE: English B, French C, Geography A, Maths A B, Physiology B, Bookkeeping A, Typing B, Shorthand C.
- CATHERINE RICHARDS: Physics B.
- CHRISTINA RICHARDS: English A, French B, History C, Geography C, Maths A C, Maths B B, Chemistry C, Music B.
- JUDITH ROBB: English C, Art C.
- MARGARET STABLER: English C, French C, Geography C, Maths A C, Music C, Typing C.
- ROBYN STEPHENSON: Maths A C.
- VIRGINIA STILES: English C, French C, Geography C, Maths B C, Physiology C, Art B.

MANDY TANNER: Geography C, Maths A C, Bookkeeping C, Typing C.

BERUKA TAU: English C, French B, Physiology C, Bookkeeping B, Shorthand C.

BEVERLY TELFORD: Typing B.

DAWN WORMWELL: English A, French C, Maths A C, Maths B C, Chemistry B, Physics C, Art A.

JOCELYN WRIGHT: English B, French C, Geography B, Maths A C, Maths B C, Chemistry C, Physics C.

JUNE YATES: English A, French C, Geography A, Maths A B, Physiology B, Music B, Bookkeeping A, Shorthand C, Typing C.

KAREN BURNETT: English B, French C, Geography C, Maths A B, Chemistry C, Physics B.

SPEECH AND DRAMA

Sixth Grade Theory: Marion Knowles 65 per cent, Lesley Johnson 65 per cent.

Sixth Grade Practical: Lesley Johnson 85 per cent (Honours), Flora Reis 85 per cent (Honours), Sandra Stehr 82 per cent (Credit), Jennifer Thomson 76 per cent (Credit).

MUSIC — PIANOFORTE

Preliminary: Patricia Wilmott 77 per cent.

First Grade: Susan Hirschfeld 76 per cent (Credit).

Second Grade: Christine Beercoft 68 per cent (Pass).

Fifth Grade: Christina Richards 75 per cent (Credit).

Sixth Grade: Roslyn Fraser 73 per cent (Pass).

SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOKKEEPERS' ASSOCIATION — EXAMINATIONS, NOVEMBER, 1963

SHORTHAND (70 words per minute): Margaret Fraser, 95 per cent.

SHORTHAND (60 words per minute): Sue Frith, 98 per cent; June Yates, 98 per cent; Helen Finnis, 97 per cent; Mary Gonano, 96 per cent.

SHORTHAND (50 words per minute): Erue Lawrence, 95 per cent.

BOOKKEEPING (Stage II): Mary Gonano, 88 per cent; Margaret Fraser, 83 per cent; Margaret Ree, 81 per cent.

BOOKKEEPING (Stage I): Kay Groth, 80 per cent; Gloria Cooper, 70 per cent; Judith Deighton, 60 per cent.

SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOKKEEPERS' ASSOCIATION — EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1964

SHORTHAND (50 words per minute): Lesley Latemore, 99 per cent; Lyn Sullivan, 95 per cent.

RESULTS OF A.M.E.B. EXAMINATIONS THIRD TERM 1964,

Grade I Shandra Baker, 70%, pass; Marlene Erdman 73%, pass; Heather Brown 66%, pass; Grade II Christine De Vene 76%, credit; Grade III Helen Finnis 75%, credit; Grade IV Kerri French 69%, pass; Dorothy Gosper 65%, pass; Grade V June Yates 65%, pass; Margaret Fraser 65%, pass; Margaret Thorsborne 81%, credit; Grade VI Margaret Hill 76%, credit; Preliminary, Jan Slader, 82%, credit; Lynette Minton 88% honours; Betty-Anne Loney 88% honours.

ART OF SPEECH RESULTS OF EXAMINATION THIRD TERM 1964

Grade I: Cheryl Donaghue 77%, credit; Elizabeth Kinane 72%, pass; Grade II Ruth Postle 85%, honours; Lynn Minton 83%, credit; Pam Dixon 80%, credit; Susan Bramley 80%, credit; Elizabeth Hutton 79%, credit; Kathryn Beech 76%, credit; Sue Baker 68%, pass; Grade III Margaret Miller 88%, honours; Vicki Honisett 87%, honours; Djenan McDougall 87%, honours; Tempe Hornibrook 86%, honours; Pam Thurecht 85%, honours; Mary Hunt 79%, credit; Erica Tristram 76%, credit; Janice Bamberry 73%, pass; Leslie Youngberry 67%, pass; Shandra Baker 66%, pass; Pam Aldridge 66%, pass; Grade IV: Lynne Stower 82%, credit; Christine Robbins 81%, credit; Margaret Brown-Beresford 73%, pass; Jane Leggo 72%, pass; Jan Aldridge 70%, pass; Helen Robb 67%, pass; Christina Roberts 67%, pass; Lyn Sullivan 66%, pass; Grade V: Judith Gillam 81%, credit; Jill Anderson 80%, credit; Helen Jackson 78%, credit; Lesley Baker-Finch 73%, pass; Dawn Wormwell 72%, pass; Joy Bald 67%, pass; Grade VI: Marion Knowles 85%, Honours; Jennifer Reid 83%, credit; Betty Reardon 73%, pass.

**MATERNAL AND CHILD WELFARE
MOTHCRAFT EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1964****ST. CATHARINE'S**

We have advice from Sister Patricia E. M. Fittock, Sister Lecturer under the auspices of the Maternal and Child Welfare, Administrative Officers, Brisbane, that of the thirty St. Catharine's girls who attended the lectures and sat for the examination, twenty-five are eligible for certificates.

Jennifer Donovan has won the first prize with 87 per cent. and Mary Hunt the Best Mothercraft Project Book Award with 84 per cent.

The following girls completed the course: Jennifer Donovan, Sally Bagita, Erica Tristram, Mary Hunt, Heather Brown, Colleen Hasted, Djenan McDougall, Lynette Aylett, Denise Youngberry,

Doreen Lavalley, Christine Hoey, Eileen Wame, Christina Honisett, Margaret Miller, Kerri French, Tempe Hornibrook, Roslyn Hutchins, Pamela Thurecht, Christine Becroft, Lesley McDade, Janet Beeton, Diane Hutton, Janice Bamberry, Heather Jackson, Shandra Baker, Jennifer Aiken, Judith Donovan, Sharry Williams, Carolyn Burton, Pamela Aldridge.

ART NOTES 1964

Another year has imperceptibly slipped by and we wonder what has been achieved. From the Art Room have come no spectacular successes, but there has been progress nevertheless. Watching a timid, faltering talent gradually gaining in confidence and ability is very satisfying. This cannot be forced—it is a gradual process—but a year can show palpable results. Regarding the more experienced students, their development has continued despite sterile lapses. The latter are generally followed by periods of feverish activity when some new “fabulous” technique has been stumbled upon. There is a general tendency towards abstract art in these later years. One weans them from pretty pictures in the first months, and attempts to guide them through realism, impressionism, expressionism and all the other “isms” to selective and individual judgment of works created in any style of pictorial art. The younger mind learns to criticise without prejudice, regarding new ideas and old techniques with impartiality. Having absorbed knowledge of the arts, they become more sensitive to form and colour; their appreciation, more spontaneous. Most important, each pupil in her own way, to a greater or lesser degree, seems to derive some pleasure from the creation of and the association with works of art, and this is something gained.

During the year, every member of the class has produced at least one picture on design worthy of entering a competition. Three girls were awarded certificates at the beginning of the year for work displayed in the Y.W.C.A. Children's Art Competition at Canberra—Judy Deighton, Jean Gordon and Heather Jackson. At the Warwick Agricultural Show, Robin Hornibrook gained a second for her fabric design; Robin Stephenson, a first for her Health Poster, Judy Deighton coming second in the section. In the Toowoomba Chronicle Competition, the compositions of Judy Deighton, Sharlie Cory and Margaret Miller were highly commended; in the Sunday Mail Competition, Judy Deighton, Margaret Miller and Katherine Elwing had their paintings displayed.

We enjoyed Eric Jolliffe's amusing lecture on Pen and Ink Drawing, with his clever on-the-spot sketches, and numerous lantern slides.

We also found the exhibition at P.G.C. of loan pictures from the Lindsay Gallery extremely interesting.

The art pupils obtained very commendable results in the 1963 public examinations. Diana Roberts gained a B pass in Senior; six of the Junior candidates gained A passes, namely Sue Cory, Helen Blumson, Judy Deighton, Jean Gordon, Sue Firth, Dawn Wormwell. Virginia Stiles gained a B, Nancy Aiken and Gwenda Poole, C's.

We wish the students success in their exams this year, and that the friendly and productive hours in the Art Room continue over the years to come.

DRAMA NOTES 1964

Activity in the Speech and Drama field commenced first term with rehearsals for the production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" by Rudolf Besier.

The play was presented at the School Hall on the 22nd. and 23rd. April with the following cast: (Edward Moulton Barrett) Marion Knowles, (the sons Alfred, George, Charles, Henry, Septimus, Octavius), Jill Anderson, Lesley Baker, Margaret Thorsborne Maureen O'Toole, Lynn Stower and Helen Jackson respectively, (the daughters Arabel and Henrietta) Dawn Wormwell (the invalid daughter), Elizabeth Barrett, (Moulton Barrett) Jennifer Reid, (Robert Browning) Lesley Johnson, (Captain W. Surtees Cook), Elizabeth Cooper, (Henry Bevan) Margaret Hill, (Doctor Chambers) Flora Reis, (Doctor Ford-Waterlow) Sharlie Cory, (Bella Hedley) Christina Richards (Wilson the maid) Ann Makim.

Music was provided by the C. H. Allan Memorial Orchestra conducted by Miss M. Watt. Once again we thank Miss Watt and members of the orchestra. To Miss Barbara Barnes who so successfully made the costumes, we extend our appreciation and thanks for all of her hard work. Thank you is given also to the girls who helped so willingly with costumes, make-up, props and back stage. Theirs was no easy task especially on the first night when rain practically washed out the performance

The appreciation shown by parents and visitors completely compensated for the long hours of rehearsals. At the end of the final performance we had the gratifying amount of £137.

Some of the girls on the final day of the play had to face a theory examination as well.

During the second term seven of the senior girls sat for and of note was the attendance of the Warwick Youth Concert at which passed their sixth grade practical examination. The only other event Lesley Johnson recited "Native Born" by Eve Langley and Marion Knowles recited "Rock Carving" by Douglas Stewart.

Third term however has been one of constant activity with the theory examinations being held on the 24th September and the practical commencing on the 19th October extending two and a half days owing to the considerable number of thirty-nine entries.

On the 19th September, the inter-house play competition was held and these were adjudicated by Mr. David Axton.

This year each house only presented one play instead of the usual two performances of a Junior and Senior play. The competition was won by Neal House with "A Maid in Arms" produced by Helen Jackson, Slade second with "The Witching Hour" produced by Adele Creer and Crothers third with "A Perfect Holiday" produced by Lesley Baker-Finch.

On the 4th October the girls went to Toowoomba to present the plays "A Maid in Arms" and "The Witching Hour" at the Anglican Youth Festival competition for one-act plays. "A Maid in Arms" again won the honours by winning with "The Witching Hour" tying with Glennie School for a second so making the day an even greater success.

The past year has been a very full and successful one in many ways. To the girls leaving school at the end of the year who are furthering their studies of Speech and Drama every success is wished for them.



WIN FOR NEAL HOUSE AT THE DRAMA

Competition led to their selection to compete in the Toowoomba Anglican Youth Festival. They came first.

LIBRARY NOTES

Last year our present Via's organised a Sweets and Work Stall and as a result of their splendid effort and a very generous contribution from Diana Roberts we are now the proud possessors of The Encyclopaedia Britannica.

We also thank friends of the school for gifts of Reference Library books, including The Second World War (6 vols.) from Mrs. Whip, Seven Paths to Peace International, given by the Warwick Rotary Club, Readers Digest World Atlas from Ann Henning, Illustrated London News from Mr. Peter Roberts.

Other Reference Library Books have been bought from School Funds—Queensland Centenary Anthology (Ed. by Byrnes and Vallis), Discovery of Elementary Mathematics, The Language of Mathematics (Frank Lord), Current Affairs Bulletins, Knowledge, National Geographics, World Reviews.

We are grateful to Sister Rachel, Sister Moira, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Barnard, Judith Garbett, and Warwick Ladies' Bowling Club and Mrs. McDowall for their contributions to the Fiction Library which, with books bought from Library funds, include Florence Nightingale (Cecil Smith), The Unknown Mountain (Wilfred Noyce), A Traveller in Rome (H. V. Morton), The Heart of Japan (Alexander Campbell), Readers Digest Condensed Books, The Clocks (Agatha Christie), Pied Piper (Shute), The Old Man and the Sea (Hemingway), Fragrant Harbour (Ommanney), Mr. Kennedy's America (Newman), Tales from Shakespeare (Lamb), Donkey's Glory (Goodall), Mantle of Safety (Harley), False Colours (Heyer), The Bishops Mantle (Turnbull), Nawok (Temple), This Land I Love (Graham), Journey out of Asia (Sim), Tasmanian Adventure (Shepherd).

Seniors and sub-seniors have been responsible for the care of the Reference and Fiction Libraries and have done their work well.

THE CHAPEL

St. Catharine's has not yet attained to the dignity of a permanent Chapel, and so we still have the privilege of worshipping in what was once a stable; an ever present reminder of our Lord's Incarnation.

Over the year, loving hands and hearts have transformed the interior, and produced an atmosphere, which, aided by the Fourth Form "Marthas", who, week by week, sweep and clean and polish, combine to make the Chapel a place of beauty and peace, as worthy as possible of Him, Whose House it is.

The rear wall of the Sanctuary has been painted cream, and this throws into strong relief the beautiful blue and silver Dossal.

Electric points have been installed, a gift from Mrs. Cunningham. The other improvement, which gladdens the heart of the Sacristan, is a pair of large cupboards in the Vestry.

Our most prized addition to the Chapel this year was a gift from some St. Catharine's Old Girls—a beautiful Chalice and Paten, in Memory of Sister Vernon and Sister Dorothea. This was dedicated and used for the first time, at O.G.A. Corporate Communion in June.

With the ever increasing tempo of modern life, and the tremendous demands it makes on us all, it becomes all the more necessary to preserve the continuity of our prayer and praise day by day, and if, perhaps, these become a little humdrum and monotonous, they serve as background for some occasions of rare beauty.

Lent culminated in the sorrowful solemnity of Good Friday, the deep silence broken only by most moving readings of our Lord's Passion by the VIA and VIB girls, and by slides of the Oberammergau Passion Play.

After the bustle of preparation on Easter Eve, there came the climax just before midnight, when the New Fire being kindled, the darkened Chapel was illumined by innumerable tapers and "Hail, Gladdening Light" burst forth. The lovely Easter Eucharist with the Rev. T. Brown-Beresford as celebrant followed, and with some parents and friends present, the Chapel was packed to overflowing. Afterwards, the Easter Garden, with the stone rolled away from the Tomb, was blessed.

Again, at very short notice, the Fifth Form gave of their best, and conducted a beautiful fully sung Evensong.

The most memorable Service of all, for some of the girls, was on Holy Cross Day, when the School Chaplain, celebrated the Holy Eucharist, and the newly Confirmed girls from P.G.C. joined with our nine to make their First Communion.

Another ceremony which took place in September, was conducted entirely by parents of some of the girls. Two Honour Boards, for the Dux of the School and the School Captain, and given by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles respectively, were dedicated in the Assembly Hall by the Revd. Maurice Fox. After the Unveiling by Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles, the Revd. Lyn Roberts gave a short address.

The Rev. Canon Eric Hawkey, through A.B.M. has kept us supplied with Missionary Films, but these might be so much celluloid, were they not brought to life by the visits we have received from Bishop and Mrs. Tuti and Sister Helen Barrett from Melanesia, and Father Fine Halapua, Vicar of Tonga, who spent nearly a day with us, and fascinated us with his stories and pictures of the life

and works of the Church in Tonga. Since then, Flora has received a letter from one of Father Halapua's daughters, so we may be able to establish a permanent link with them.

Revd. T. S. S. Brown-Beresford and Revd. David Hughes have been untiring in their ministrations to us, and the three Houses have provided a faithful band of Servers to assist them. Nor must we forget the organists who play their part by providing us with music. Catherine Richards has proved a worthy successor to past girls who have given of their best in this regard and we will miss Kathy when she moves out with the seniors this year.

As the girls go out at the end of each year into wider spheres of influence, may they never forget the Centre of life at St. Catharine's—the Chapel, and all for which it stands.

And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy House forever.



WREATH LAYING CEREMONY ANZAC DAY, 1964

Sub-seniors: L. to R.: Margaret Stabler, Lois Goodwin and Judith Deighton placed the school wreath on the War Memorial in Leslie Park.

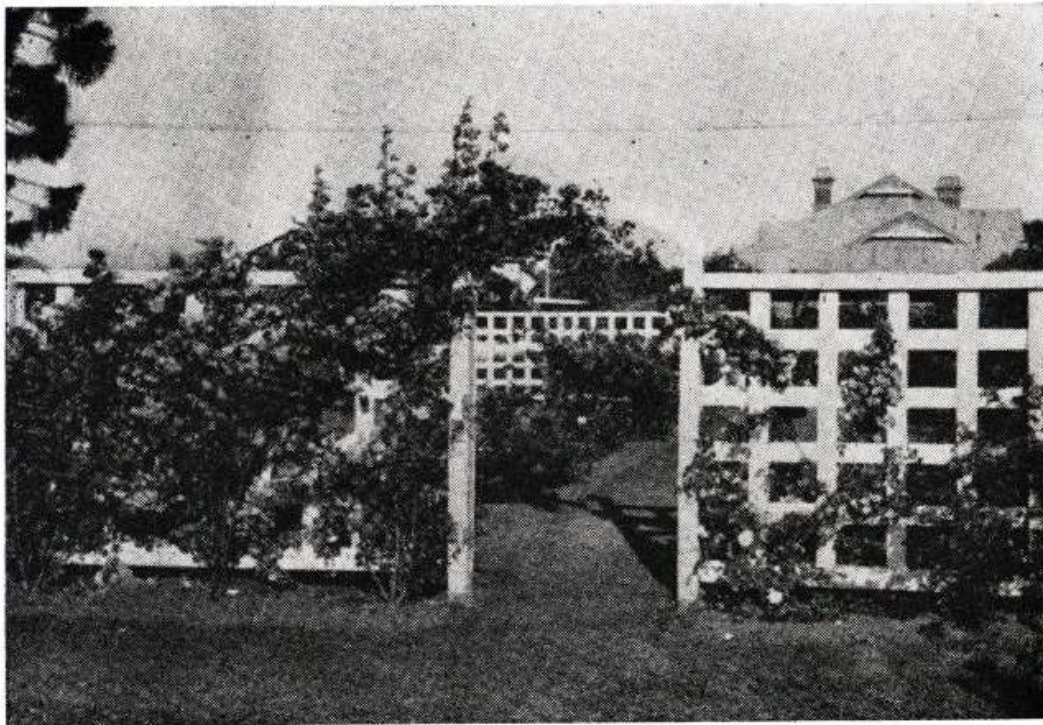
HOUSE NOTES

CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

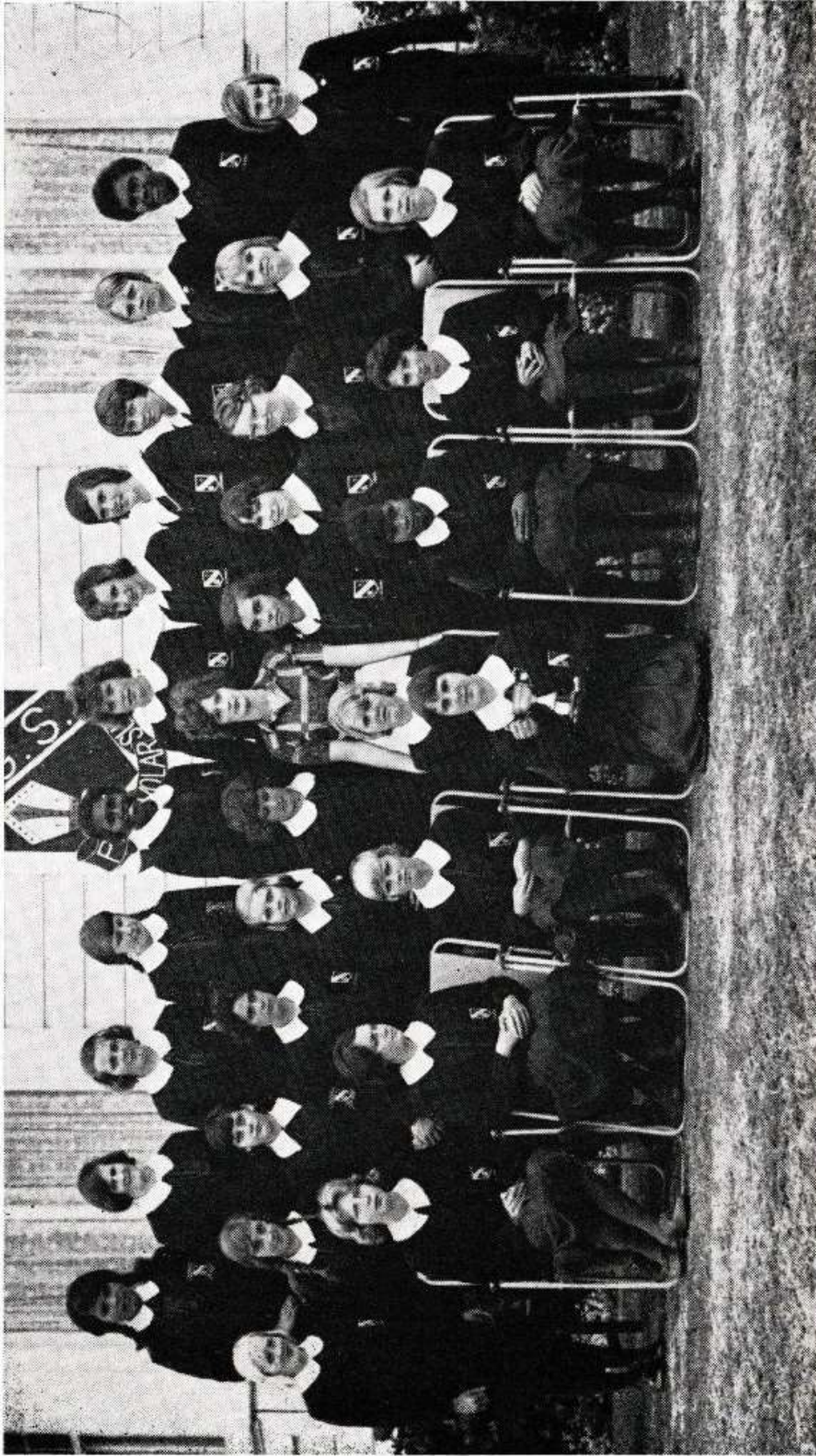
Motto	“Dieu et Devoir.”
Colour	Gold
Mistresses	Miss Spear, Mrs. Elwing, Miss Barnes, Miss McDougall
Captain	Jenny Baker-Finch
Vice-captain	Cathy Richards
Secretary	Robyn Stephenson

Many new girls were welcomed at our first meeting presided over by Miss Spear. Mrs. Elwing, Miss Spear, Miss Barnes and Miss McDougall have continued their advice and encouragement which was much appreciated. The new office bearers were chosen with Cathy Richards as Vice-captain, Robyn Stephenson as secretary and Jenny Baker-Finch, Captain.

The first important Inter-House activity of the year was the swimming competition in which the Crothers team, captained by Connie Altmann retained the cup. We were all proud of the team, especially Djenan McDougall who won the Junior championship. Our congratulations go to Jill Gardner and Robyn Hornibrook who were the senior and intermediate champions respectively.



“A corner in the Rose garden” at Mytton House. October 1964



Miss Flood and her girls from Grade VII and Grade VIII proudly show the cup won at the Horticultural Show in October. Displays of flowers and individual blooms brought the form in 33/-. Well done, girls. On opposite page we show you corners in the garden.

We would also like to extend our congratulations to all those girls who won colours during the year.

The new girls' concert provided entertainment and friendly competition. Our new girls showed keen interest and gained the most points for their items.

However, we were unsuccessful in the singing and basketball competitions which were won by Slade and Neal respectively. Our congratulations to our competitive houses for their well-deserved wins.

Again in the Inter-house plays, Neal House is to be congratulated for its win with the play "Maid in Arms." I thank Lesley Baker-Finch and Anne Makim for their untiring work in the production of our play "The Perfect Holiday."

The athletics and ball-games cups were retained by Neal House due to the hard training of the girls and their captain. Congratulations Neal! However Crothers House again managed to win the marching cup. Thank you girls for your wonderful co-operation.

On 14th June, Mrs. Crothers' birthday was celebrated with a glorious three-tiered cake which she sent us. The cake was suitable for any wedding. Our thanks and best wishes were conveyed to Mrs. Crothers.



A Lagerstroemia in full bloom. Glover House in the background.

Crothers House has always been a great one for second place. At the beginning of this year we said we would remedy this — but have only partly done so, I'm afraid. So there you are, Crothers — next year, under more expert leadership, try again and good luck. However, I may be underestimating the strength of the House this year. We still have tennis and hobbies results to come.

In conclusion I would like to thank Slade and Neal Houses for their good competition, and also all the Crothers girls who showed much house spirit in all activities of the year.

A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to you all.

—JENNY BAKER-FINCH.

NEAL HOUSE NOTES

Motto Honour before Honours
 Colour Red
 Mistresses Mrs. Lambart, Miss Telford, Miss Anger
 Captain Lesley Johnson
 Vice-captain Pene Jones
 Secretary Mary Roberts
 Sports Captains Mary Bagita and Margaret Ree

At our first house meeting it was a pleasure to welcome back all last year's mistresses and so many old girls. We were also happy to welcome the new Nealites. At this meeting Pene was elected vice-captain — a new institution and a very necessary one as the houses are now so large. Mary Roberts has filled the role of secretary admirably and Mary Bagita and Margaret Ree headed the sports activities. All were elected by popular vote and have acquitted themselves very well. Thank you!

Crothers won the swimming cup. Our congratulations. Slade deserve a big bravo for their win in the singing competition. In both these cups Neal came second.

In second term we pulled up our socks by winning both Senior and Junior basketball cups. Congratulations to the teams!

For our Patroness' birthday, Mrs. Neal, the Nealites clubbed together and sent a small gift. Mrs. Neal generously sent two pounds to celebrate her birthday. The two pounds were most enjoyable in the form of ice cream for everyone.

In third term, the marching, athletics and ballgames were contested. Our congratulations to Crothers for retaining the marching cup. Neal was fortunate in retaining the athletics, ballgames and drama cups. The play was produced efficiently by Helen Jackson.

This year a Hobbies cup has been introduced in conjunction with the Sewing cup. The enthusiasm of the girls augurs well for the success of this cup. The tennis is yet to be contested.

Congratulations to the girls in the House who won colours. I would like to thank Margaret, Helen and Elizabeth for all the help they gave me in third term in the athletics, plays and ball-games.

Congratulations must go to Janie Bamberry and Pam Aldridge for their fine achievements in the athletics.

I want to thank all my Nealites for their co-operation and spirit all year.

All the best for the future.

—LESLEY JOHNSON.

SLADE HOUSE NOTES

Motto Through Trials to Triumph
 Colour Blue
 Mistresses Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell, Miss Flood
 Captain Marion Knowles
 Vice-Captain Jennifer Reid
 Secretary Sandra Stehr

The year began with a hearty welcome to the new girls, which culminated in the New Girls Concert, in which we were able to see of what "stuff" our new members were made.

We reluctantly farewelled Flora, Ann and Jill, but were proud to think that three of our ranks had taken on the responsibilities of School Captain and Sports Captains.

The first inter-house event was the swimming and our congratulations go to Crothers who won the cup. Robyn Hornbrook was successful in winning the Intermediate Championship. Congratulations Robyn.

First term was accompanied by the strains of "Brown Bird Singing" as we practised hard for the Singing Cup, with Margaret Hill at the piano. We were thrilled to be judged the winners after all our effort.

The Interhouse Basketball was held during second term and we congratulate Neal on their wins in both the Senior and Junior competitions.

Third term has been very busy, and the activities of the weekend of the 18th and 19th of September decided the winners of four cups. Our congratulations are extended to Crothers for their win in the marching and Neal who carried off the Athletics, the Ball Games, and the Plays. We were very proud of Janet Beeton who was the Senior Athletics Champion.

Our thanks go to Adele Creer and the rest of the cast of "The Witching Hour" for their wonderful performance which won for us a close second.

The interhouse tennis is yet to be played. We are looking forward to the new idea of a Leisure Cup with all our handwork displayed on Speech Day.

This year the House has been kept together with the new system of lining up, and going to chapel in Houses.

As 1964 is drawing to a close, I would like to thank Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell and Miss Flood for their continued support and encouragement to the House throughout the year. My thanks go also to all the girls who have put so much effort into all the competitions. We could do no better than our best. We also thank Neal and Crothers for friendly competition.

We wish the best of luck to all examination girls and to everybody a very Happy Christmas.



PREFECTS 1964

FRONT, L. to R.: Marion Knowles (Slade House); Flora Reis (School Captain).
 BACK ROW: Jill Gardner (Sports Captain); Roslyn Fraser (Vice-Captain) Ann
 Gardner (Sports Captain); Lesley Johnson (Neal House) Jennifer Baker-Finch
 (Crothers House)

FORM NOTES

VIA ACTIVITIES

We began the year with twenty girls after losing some of our Sub-Senior classmates, and now as Senior draws near there are eighteen of us left to face it.

Throughout the year we have been busy with sports, with VIA represented in Tennis, Swimming, Basketball and Ball Games.

We are proud of Cathy who is the school pianist. She was assisted early in the year by Roslyn, Robyn, Marion and Flora, and is now being assisted by some Sub-Senior musicians.

The Seniors enthusiastically participated in the School play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" in the first term, and leading roles were played by Jennifer, Marion, Lesley and Cathy.

Sister Rachel has taken us to represent the school at a number of public functions. The Science girls enjoyed their trip to the University Display, and the Zoology girls spent a beneficial day at Leslie Dam.

Good results were obtained in Speech and Music Practical Examinations, and as this goes to press we are studying for the theory.

We are indebted to the teaching staff for their generous help and wish to thank them, and our special thanks to Miss Cant, our form mistress, for her continual help and encouragement. Our best wishes are with the Juniors, as they too face important examinations.

FLORA REIS (Captain)
ROSLYN FRASER (Vice-Captain)

SUB-SENIOR FORM NOTES

We began the year with twenty-eight representatives, having said 'good-bye' to fourteen of our colleagues from Junior form, and having welcomed three new girls. During the year, our number of Sub-Seniors has dwindled down to twenty-three. We were reluctant to say 'good-bye' to Helen who returned to St. Margaret's, Jean, Judy and Jan who are all working girls now.

We were strongly represented in the All Schools' swimming carnival by Connie, Margaret Stabler and Adele.

Sub-Senior names have been included in all sports lists for the year, and we offer our congratulations to Margaret Ree and Elizabeth who gained colours for basketball and Margaret Stabler who gained them for tennis.

We were very proud when we saw what a success the school play "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was, as six Sub-Seniors participated—Jill, Anne, Tina, Helen, Dawn and Lesley.

couple of occasions, including our contribution towards the Inter-house Play Competition, as the producer of each of the plays, was a Sub-Senior.

During second term we formed a Debating Club. We have had debates between ourselves and accepted an invitation to Slade School, where a Parliamentary Debate was held. At present we are planning a return debate with Slade.

In all, we have had a very successful year and would like to thank Miss Cant, our form mistress, for her valuable assistance, available at all times. We would also like to thank the other mistresses for their guidance.

Our best wishes go to Miss Barnes and Miss Flood who are being wed in the holidays.

Wishing all public examination candidates success, and a very happy Christmas to all.

—JOCELYN WRIGHT (Form Captain).

—ANNE MAKIM (Vice-captain).

FIFTH FORM CLASS NOTES

This year has been a very active one, with a lot of sport, and a greater emphasis on school work, as the Junior Public looms ahead.

We have welcomed to our form Judy Brownless, Margaret Hill, and Jane Leggo, at the beginning of the year, and Felicity Randal in third term. We were sorry to say goodbye to Sharyn Nimmo and Gwen Welsh, at the beginning of the year, then Wendy Aylett during second term.

In the field of sport, Fifth Form has been well represented. We began the year with swimming, in which Robyn Hornibrook and Tina Roberts represented the school. Cheryl Cully and Denise Welsh are in the "A" tennis team, but as in the basketball, although only Robyn and Erue Lawrence are in the "A" team, many other girls took positions in other grade teams. Ann, Beth, Robyn, Jane and Lyn are the athletes of the class, and Lyn Sullivan and Jan Aldridge are captains of their respective ballgames teams.

We should like to extend our thanks to our form Mistresses Miss Spear and Mrs. Elwing, for their help and guidance during the year, and also to all the other mistresses for their patient teaching throughout the past two years.

As many of the class leave at the end of the year, those remaining would like to wish them every success and happiness in their new lives and chosen careers.

—ROSEMARY DRAKE (Class captain).

—CAROLINE BETTERIDGE (Vice-Captain).

FOURTH FORM REPORT

We commenced Sub-Junior with thirty girls, twenty-five of whom were boarders. Since then, however we have lost one boarder, Lyn Aylett—we wish her happiness and success at her new school—and have gained three more girls, Niki, Jane and Heather. Class captaincy was shared by Mary, Margaret, Tempe and Pam, during the three terms.

Through the past months, members of our class have represented school, form, and house in sporting activities. We are proud of Janet Beeton who won the Senior Athletics Cup, Janice Bam-berry who won the Intermediate Cup and Pam Aldridge who shared the Junior Cup with Pam Dixon, who is in Eighth Grade. The Junior Swimming Cup was won by Djenan McDougall. We congratulate each of them on her splendid effort. We also congratulate Margaret Miller who was awarded "Highly Commended" for her painting entered in the Toowoomba Art Contest early this year.

Social Activities so far include an enjoyable Social with Slade School Sub-Juniors and the attendance of the Slade Boys who joined us for dancing lessons each Friday night during second term. We also spent an enjoyable afternoon at the Slade Fete, a week after school had recommenced this term.

On our return to school this term, we were delighted to find a bitumen path leading up to our newly painted classroom. Large new windows have also been added to the classroom which has made a marvellous difference to the lighting of the room.

Early in the term, five girls from this form—Erica, Roslyn, Niki, Dianne and Jenny (Donovan)—were confirmed at St. Mark's Church and took their first communion in the School Chapel.

Quite a few of our girls showed their acting ability in the House plays—Vicki, Pam (Thurecht), Jenny (Donovan), Tempe, Mary, Lesley, Jenny (Aiken) and Carolyn—all played major parts.

In concluding, 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.

COLLEEN HASTED (Form Captain)

JENNY DONOVAN (Vice-Captain)

CLASS NOTES

GRADE EIGHT CLASS NOTES

We were proud to welcome to St. Catharine's and to grade eight, Mary and Margaret from Melanesia. The beginning of the year also brought thirteen new girls to join our ranks. Shirley, Susan and Christine came later in the year.

This year we are studying ten subjects: English, Maths A, Maths B, History, Geography, Science, Divinity, German, French, Home Science and Art. Thank you Mrs. Elwing and Mrs. Lambart for the efforts you have taken to teach us German, Art and French. These subjects have been very interesting, and we hope we will always enjoy them as much as we did this year.

Our very best wishes go to Miss Barnes, our Science teacher for her future happiness and thank you, Mrs. Forsyth for your patience in Home Science. We are very sorry we gained so much weight in winter and had to alter our garments.

In our ranks we have the school junior champion runner, Pam Dixon, as well as many girls who have represented our grade in all fields of sport. Thank you Miss McDougall for your many lessons.

We thank all the people who assisted us in our many excursions covering our project work. Our special thanks go to Sister Julian who gave up so much of her own time to help us. Our project visits covered Lyndhurst, Risdon, Mr. Evans' dairy farm, Leslie Dam, Butter, Milk and Cheese Factory, Bacon Factory, 4WK, Daily News, Transport counts and a project on all business houses in Warwick. History projects on Warwick churches and schools met with great assistance and a project on the Agricultural Show gave us a good insight into local industries.

Lectures in local geography and history were given to us by Mr. Williams, the local Employment Officer, Mr. Moller on Arbitration and Conciliation, Miss Tease, on Australian, Queensland and local transport, Mr. Cooper on communications, Mr. Connolly on local history and a tour of historic spots, Mr. Walsh on Agricultural history of Warwick and the Leslie Dam Irrigation Scheme, Mr. Lang on duties of the City Council and the Health Officer.

As you can see we, of grade eight, have enjoyed a very busy and interesting year. Our very special thanks go to Miss Flood, our Form Mistress for the many hours she had made so interesting. We give to her our congratulations for her forthcoming marriage and we wish her a happy future.



HOME SCIENCE WIN

Mrs. Laura Forsyth and Home Science girls l. to r.: Jennifer Aiken, Roslyn Hutchins, Joy Bold, Gwenda Poole, Mrs. Forsyth, Elizabeth Hungerford, Janic Bamberry, Erica Tristram, Carolyn Burton admire the Fowler's Preserving outfit purchased with their "Exhibition" prize money.

GRADE SEVEN NOTES

First term we welcomed four boarders and three day girls to our class, Koi and Mabel from New Guinea, Helen and Gail from New South Wales. The day girls were Margaret, Cheryl and Elizabeth. In third term we welcomed Trudy, another boarder, into our number. Owing to grade eight having different teachers the back of the assembly hall was turned into a classroom for our benefit, but we still have many lessons in the lovely grade eight classroom. Kathy, Elizabeth and Margaret represented our class in swimming and Marlene and Trudy are our members for the inter-school carnivals. In the ball games Trudy, Marlene, Helen and Kathy are our seventh grade players.

All seventh grade think that second term was our best term because Sister Rachel and the school congratulated us for being the best form in the whole school. We didn't obtain one bad mark. Our subjects this year are Mathematics, English, Social Studies and Sewing and Sport. Our teachers are appreciated for helping us so much in our school days.

May we take this opportunity to wish the Juniors and Seniors, the best of luck for their examinations and everyone a happy Christmas and New Year.

CLASS NOTES FOR GRADES V AND VI

At the beginning of this year we welcomed to our classroom four new girls from New Guinea. They were Larian, Deborah, Marilyn and Helen. We were sorry to lose Helen at the end of the first term, but she returned to New Guinea with her parents after they had completed their overseas holiday.

At the end of the first term, when Jennifer's parents decided to move from Adelaide and settle at Currumbin Heights, Jennifer enrolled in Grade VI at our school.

We enjoy Sister Julian's instruction in Divinity on two days during the week.

On Mondays and Wednesdays we go to White House for sport with Grades VII and VIII.

In March we attended the inter-house swimming carnival, when Larian swam for Neal House. We were also present at the inter-school swimming carnival.

One afternoon during the second term we went to "An Evening with the Royal Ballet," in the King's Theatre. It was very interesting and beautiful to see.

In Grade VI Pat Wilmoit came first and Helen Vigar was second in the first term examination. At the end of the second term, Jennifer Harvey was first and Helen Vigar came second. In Grade V Deborah Tanner gained first place and Marilyn Hockings was

second in both term exams. We congratulated Pat for passing her music exam in the second term.

At the inter-house sports Marilyn came first for Slade House, and Joy came second for Neal. We hope Jennifer and Deborah will take part in the inter-school sports in October.

We had fun at Slade School fete one Saturday afternoon in September. We also enjoyed the Mission afternoon held at St. Mark's Parish Hall.

We are working extra hard now for the last exam of the year.

We thank Sister Julian, Miss McDougall, Miss Telford, our music teachers, also Matrons for taking care of us during the year.

We wish Sister Rachel, members of the staff and all our friends a very restful and enjoyable holiday.



SWIM TEAM, 1964

SPORTS NOTES

SWIMMING NOTES

At the beginning of first term we commenced early morning training in preparation for the house and inter-school carnivals. Congratulations to Crothers House on their inter-house win and also to Djenan McDougall on winning the junior championship. Robyn Hornibrook the intermediate championship and Jill Gardner the senior championship. Congratulations to our colour winners — Full colours went to Ann and Jill Gardner and half to Robyn Hornibrook.

The team is very grateful for the assistance received from Miss McDougall, Mr. Peachey and Mr. Gardener throughout the season.

—ANN AND JILL GARDNER (Sports' Captains).

BASKETBALL NOTES

Eight senior teams and two junior teams were chosen early in second term. The A team consisted of Flora Reis (captain), Robyn Hornibrook, Mary Bagita, Erue Lawrence, Mabel Willi, Mea Solomon and Margaret Ree. They played exceptionally well, but were defeated by two points by High School in the final. Congratulations High School. Thank you Miss McDougall, Miss Flood and Miss Barnes for your helpful hints. On the 26th September the "A" tennis and basketball teams had a very enjoyable trip to Brisbane to play St. Aidan's School.

Thank you very much Sister. Congratulations Neal on winning the senior and junior basketball.

Colour winners were: Full colours to Flora Reis, Margaret Ree and Elizabeth Hungerford and half colours to Robyn Hornibrook, Mary Bagita Erue Lawrence and Mabel Willi. Congratulations "C" team on being undefeated and representing Warwick in Toowoomba.

—ANN AND JILL GARDNER (Sports' Captains).



"A" GRADE BASKETBALL

F. Reis (Captain), M. Ree, E. Lawrence, S. Bagita, M. Willie, R. Hornibrook, E. Hungerford.

TENNIS NOTES

Congratulations to Convent who won the inter-school tennis cup this year and also congratulations to our tennis team who did very well in tying for second place with the High School.

The "A" team, consisting of Flora Reis (captain), Margaret Stabler, Denise Welsh and Cheryl Caulley were rewarded with half-colours.

Thank you very much Mr. Flanders for your help and thanks also go to the parents who gave up their time on Sundays to help the girls.

ANN AND JILL GARDNER (Sports' Captains).



"A" GRADE TENNIS

D. Welsh, M. Stabler, F. Reis (captain), C. Caulley.

ATHLETICS NOTES

Congratulations to all the teams in Inter-House sports, both successful and unsuccessful. Crothers House won the marching cup, with Neal House coming a close second. Neal House also won the ball games and athletics cups.

Congratulations also to the senior champion, Janet Beeton, the intermediate champion, Janie Bamberry and the junior champions, Pam Dixon and Pam Aldridge.

Thank you, Miss McDougall for your enthusiastic help given to all and also many thanks to Mr. Gardner for his help given to the girls in the athletics.

ANN AND JILL GARDNER (Sports' Captains).



"CIRCLE GAP" AT ALL SCHOOLS ATHLETICS
Flora Reis (centre led the team to victory and broke the standing record.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

A HOLIDAY TO REMEMBER

Young teenagers of today when asked what sort of a holiday they had, answer: "Wonderful! I went to some terrific dances and met a most fabulous boy."

My holiday this year was full of events I should never have expected.

Just after Christmas we had one of the biggest heatwaves that Northern New South Wales has felt in the last fifty years.

Temperatures indoors were over 11 degrees and outside over 160 degrees. It was impossible to work outside and many of us spent all our time in the water.

Then came the cyclone—a break in the weather. We experienced only the tail end of it, but in places where it hit head on, public buildings, houses and churches were ruined.

As a result of these two weather conditions clashing, we had one of the biggest floods in 150 years.

Our house has been built only ten years and it had never been hit by flood waters.

This time unfortunately the floors went about one and a half feet under water, our back lawn was five feet six under water.

Next to our house we have a big two and a half way garage. The cyclone we originally experienced moved it off the foundations and then flood waters swept it towards the house. If it had not been for the grape vine trellis separating the two, both would have been wrecked.

Our house was the fourth worst hit by the floods but others lost more fencing than we did. We lost about three miles, some lost ten, others more.

Fortunately we lost no stock but we had a close shave with our pigs. There were about four sows and twenty-seven piglets in the sheep-yards. When the flood reached the yards, they panicked and swam into the main stream. We had a pet pig amongst them and as they passed the house she heard us calling and led all the rest to land.

After the waters had receded there was nothing but debris, mud and ruin for miles.

It took us a week to make the house worth living in. We lost all the floor coverings but had saved the rest of the furniture.

We now have men out helping Dad to restore the rest of the property to normal.

In future when I hear of floods I shall know what the victims must go through and I consider this holiday well worth remembering.

—JENNIFER DAVIES, Fifth Form.

THE QUEENSLAND SUMMER

Parched plains and golden sand! Quite a contrast, but in fact that is what our Queensland summer is really like.

In the west, the tired stockman is driving his herd ever onwards, always hoping to find fresh water and grass for his stock but always feeling that he will fail and all will be lost.

Meanwhile on the lonely sheep station the manager gazes hopefully to the west where storm clouds bank in the gathering sunset, but will they pass over as all before and his charges which up until now have resisted gamely will drop and die. Just one good fall of rain and his worries are over.

His eyes, are not, however, always on the red sky, for at intervals he scans the horizon fearfully for the slightest sign of fire—summer's worst enemy.

For just one bushfire unchecked, can wipe out thousands of acres of trees and grassland and with it all that he has ever worked and hoped for. However, summer is not all tragedy for just over the mountains to the east happy holiday-makers are enjoying the sun, surf and sand for which they have waited all year.

Summer is a busy time for store-keepers in the hundreds of ocean and bay side resorts which stretch up and down the coastline of Queensland, for winter is their slack time and the profits of the summer rush must pay for their winter meals. Sun and sand and plenty of fun—these holiday-makers get them all.

The Queensland summer is truly wonderful for the busy city folk and being a surfing fan I should be quite lost without it; but my heart goes out to those in the Outback who must work throughout the cold winter months only to face the drought, bushfire and heartbreak of summer.

ANN LANGDON, Fifth Form.

SOUND LOUNGES

Although I have never been to a sound lounge, I chose this topic because I have heard all about them and, from other peoples' views, I have formed my own opinion. I do not know if what I think is correct as you never can tell till you yourself have been and seen a sound lounge.

I think that sound lounges are a very good thing for the young teenage generation of today.

Now they have made a law that the teenagers can dance on Sundays. I think that this is a very good thing as it helps quite a lot to keep the teenagers from roaming about the streets, also it helps you to meet more people and to be able to mix better in public.

The stomp has caused quite a lot of trouble as, after a few hours of stomping by a crowd of teenagers, the floor becomes ruined, but in these sound lounges there is a special pit just for the stomp. If you should not feel like stomping there is another floor for other dances. When you go, you are not obliged to dance but can sit at a table, of which there are quite a few, and drink coffee. I do not think liquor is allowed and that is a good thing.

The dress of the teenagers at a sound lounge is quite informal. The girls usually wear stomper skirts with check blouses, also sneakers. The boys wear jeans and shirts. At one particular lounge in Brisbane the boys have to wear ties.

I do not know very much about the bad points as all I have been told is how good the lounges are, but I have heard that sometimes there are fights, but fights can start anywhere. So, on the whole, I think that the sound lounges are a very good thing for the teenagers of today.

CAROLINE BETTERIDGE, Fifth Form.

LOST IN THE HILLS

Through the thickly growing tropical growth I tore with my friend, Suzy, close behind me. Terror struck me for the first time in my life and in wild desperation I was trying to find the only path out through these never ending hills.

For two days now we had been lost, and not realising the danger that was involved, we had decided to take our time slowly and carefully through the dense undergrowth of the Hills of Wilcani. We knew that there was only one way out to freedom and that was through the Swatback Pass.

From behind me I could hear Suzy's restraining calls. Suddenly, in the hollow of an aged mahogany tree, I saw two large white eyes peering out at me. Natives, I thought. Quickly reversing my direction I collided with Suzy, who by this time had nearly caught up with me. Thud! We both landed flat on our faces. When I had regained my energy I sat up and what should meet me but a dark skinned creature. Picking up a large stone I was just about to throw it when this strange animal let out a high pitched shriek. I knew that squeak; it was one of Suzy's many well known characteristics. All I could do was to laugh and there, seated in the middle of some tropical jungle, our faces covered in thick chocolate mud, we sat and laughed and laughed.

Five minutes elapsed and after our laughing fit had ceased we sat up and looked around us. There was certainly no doubt about it—this country was magnificent. Giant cedar trees towered overhead and luxxuriant foliage wound its way round the trees.

The red hibiscus looked most striking against the pale lemon of the frangipanni. For a moment all my fear had passed, as my mind was fixed upon the tropical wonders of nature.

Picking ourselves up we started off in a different direction hoping that it might lead us to the one and only way out of this maze.

As evening approached an eerie mist was coming down, veiling the hills. The air became dark and Suzy began to sneeze as she normally does when she is scared. We both decided that we had better seek shelter for the night. Ahead of us was the hollow of an old cathedral tree. It was roomy enough to accommodate at least six persons so that it would easily make the two of us most comfortable.

We settled ourselves and made our little shelter as neat as possible. The noises of the night were drifting around us and I began to think how pleasant it would be to be neatly tucked in bed between two clean sheets. Home seemed a far away dream to us both and the more I thought of it the farther off it seemed.

After a long restless night we awoke to find that the fog had lifted and ahead of us through a stand of trees was a clearing. Springing to my feet I rushed out of the hollow and stumbling over the debris and foliage on the ground, I reached the edge of the jungle. Before me was a plain of sparse trees and, I could see smoke on the horizon. I called out to Suzy, but she too was also wondering at the sight. We had made it. Truebeck, our destination, was ahead!

LOIS GOODWIN, VIB

NIGHT-TIME IN OUTBACK QUEENSLAND

As the long, hot summer day draws to an end, twilight comes creeping silently over the plains, and, for a few moments, the bush is wrapped in stillness.

Soon, however, the crying of home-winged birds puncture the quietness, and the loud, half-honk, half-cawk, of the graceful brolga, is heard above all else. Beautiful little Rainbow birds dart about, in flashes of brilliant colour, as they hastily snap up an unwary insect before flitting home to bed.

Night comes quickly and the sky turns a deep blue, punctured by millions of bright twinkling stars. Gliding gracefully among them is the moon, shedding her pale golden light over the parched earth.

With the moon comes a gentle breeze, cool and refreshing, ruffling the water in the lagoon and rumpling the tops of the trees. A buzzing and a humming of numerous insects start up in the ti-trees and the cry of a night bird comes sharp and clear through the night.

A thunder of galloping hooves announces the arrival, at the lagoon, of the horses in for their evening drink. Then a splashing and stamping as away they go—fleeing dark shapes in the moonlight.

Rustling sounds of small animals scurrying around in search of food, and the chirping of crickets are heard in the dry grass.

Then the great Outback sighs and settles down, glad of some ease from the blistering heat of day.

—COLLEEN HASTED, Fourth Form.

“THE SUNSHINE STATE”

The Sunshine State most surely lives up to its reputation during the summer, which though actually recorded on the calendar as from December to February, really extends for four or perhaps five months across most of the state.

Crowds of holiday makers throng the many beaches like hundreds of brown specks beneath multi-coloured beach umbrellas. They stay here to escape the heat of the days until late each evening. Chemists' sales soar in the buying of suntan lotions and creams and the fashion stores deck their windows in the so many different colours and styles of the “latest”.

In the cities, the streets are still filled with busy people, jostling the crowds on their way to work or shopping excursions. Every week-end families leave the roar and bustle of the city and make their ways to the coast. With temperatures often reaching and passing the century mark, literally hundreds of fans, air conditioners and refrigerators are sold. Some times a fall of rain brings a short period of relief from the sticky heat.

In the country towns farther out, swimming pools are crowded each day when possible and even at night where the heat becomes unbearable. In some parts, however, the nights turn quite cool in contrast to the days. This stifling weather does not prevent sportsmen from carrying on with their activities.

Through long periods of heat, much of the state, without rain, can be exposed to severe droughts. Thousands of pounds are lost as stock die and their withered pastures and crops refuse to respond to a meagre watering. When low depressions form, heavy and sometimes continuous rain brings floods to either the coastal areas or large rivers. At these times, the devastation is almost as severe, in some cases, as in droughts. Where there are large expanses of grass on forest, the tinder dry material often provides a basis for a bush fire which could be started at a mere dropping of a used match. While these rage, many men give up their lives and are injured in the effort to save another's property.

Towards the centre of Australia near the far western Queensland border, the dry heat evaporates every drop of moisture

from the already parched rock-sandy soil. Only scattered grass and trees survive through the year. "The Centre" has become a tourist attraction as well as being a place of great desolation.

Soon however, the cracks in the ground disappear, the blackened earth is covered with green shoots, the swimming pools and beaches are deserted and Autumn is on the way to chase away the heat for another seven months.

—ROSLYN STEHR, Fifth Form.

THE HOLIDAY I DREAM ABOUT

"All aboard"!

The cry rang out through the waiting room where I was anxiously waiting the arrival of my room-mate, who was to come with me on this voyage to Japan—The Land of the Rising Sun. My friend finally arrived, and we stumbled up the gang plank just as the ship started to leave the quayside.

The excitement of the voyage would take a whole book to describe, so I shall leave it out.

Eleven days later we arrived at Tokyo, the capital. What an exciting place! Our hotel was the Imperial, the largest in all Tokyo. It was opposite Hibaya Park in central Tokyo. The Imperial a European type of Hotel, but there are many Japanese hotels where one can eat, sleep and be entertained the Japanese way which is very simple and gracious.

One night we went to a geisha show where young women, dressed in traditional Japanese costume, performed for us. The man who was looking after us, Mr. Okino, explained the costume.

"As you probably know, a kimono is worn," he said, "over this, is worn an obi or sash, which is very tight and seems to cut the body in half. Over this is worn, sometimes, a horii or short coat, which covers the huge, ornate bow at the back, and makes the wearer look hump backed. On the feet are worn tabi or socks and geta—thongs with raised wooden soles. Wigs, also are sometimes worn. The girls dance to a samisen (something like a banjo) which is plucked with a thin piece of wood or shell."

These geishas also showed us the tea ceremony, where tea is drunk, after much traditional preparing, from lacquered porcelain bowls. Sometimes complete little landscapes are created in the tea leaves, and fortunes are read from them.

After this, we spent a happy hour or so playing simple, humorous games, which ended up on the floor—no less! Also we were shown how to make paper storks. Legend has it that a thousand of these strung round an invalid's bed can cure illness.

When the party ended, we returned to the hotel where we were served with supper of 'sashi', fish fried in a vegetable sauce.

An enjoyable fortnight followed, and, almost before we realized it we were hurtling through the Tokyo street in a kamikaze or taxi, bound for the international air terminal.

The tip of Fujiyama disappeared under the horizon as I said 'Sayonara' to Japan.

"Oh Mum, why did you have to wake me up? I was dreaming I had a holiday in Japan—the holiday I always dream about."

—KERRI FRENCH, Fourth Form

SUMMER RAINS IN NEW GUINEA

In New Guinea we have summer all the year around. This is divided into a hot and a wet climate. From March to August we have scattered showers but from September to February we have fairly heavy rainfalls. These rainfalls vary from place to place and from year to year.

Two years ago, there was no rain at all for a whole year and everything was dried up. All the vegetables died, the pigs died and the people had to depend on their food stores and fish. The wells had to be deepened and the sand-flies were a menace to the people and animals. Then, at the beginning of the year, a very little rain came. This helped the people to start all over again. The scattered rains and the sun helped the gardens which were growing as fast as they could.

Then, just before the Christmas harvest, a very heavy disastrous summer rain came. For a fortnight it rained day and night and the sea was too rough for the fishermen. Some people harvested their crops earlier during the rains but, for others, it was too late, the ground got wetter and muddy and the fields became flooded so they had to stay inside. The sea rose over the shore lines, the creeks overflowed their banks, the vegetables were left in pools of water and the well waters were unfit for drinking so the people had to depend on the rain waters. Most of the old homes on the sea shore were uprooted and the canoes were swept out to sea. After the rains, everyone went about his work. The men went out to drain the fields and bury the dead animals which had died during the flood. When the water had dried up, the women went to dig out their rotten crops and get them out of the way.

Mostly, the summer rains come in their right months. December and February have the heaviest rainfalls during the year. September, October, November and January have average rainfalls. Sometimes the summer rains are very helpful to crops and people, but mostly they ruin lives. These summer rains often follow the storms with their thunder and lightning.

I like the summer rains because they help our crops and supply us with water although they are very ruinous to us.

SALLY BAGITA, Form IV.

TAKING IT EASY

In this modern world of bustle and noise, everyone needs some time in which they can "get away from it all." Our lives become so tangled and tense that relaxation is one of the necessities of sane being.

Everyone has a different idea of how to take it easy. Most teenagers can settle down on the back lawn or the beach with a transistor blaring in one ear and a book in their hands. In a scattered circle around them are suntan lotions, scrapbooks, beauty creams, writing materials, records, and anything else which is a "craze" at that particular moment.

Many spend their leisure time in the surf, soaking in the sunshine and salt which make them as brown as berries and glowing with vitality.

For those young people who live far from the coast, there are long gallops across the plains to relieve the tension of a work-day.

My idea of taking it easy is to relax on the deck of our launch, the "Warrawilla," with a fishing line threaded through my toes, a nice soft pillow under my elbows, and a magazine, when all that can be heard is the lap-lap of the waves alongside the boat, and the gentle "plop" of a rebaited line.

In the large cities of overcrowded countries there are usually parks where people can come to stroll and meditate, or to feed the birds or just sit by the lake.

In our grandmother's younger days, young girls would sit and embroider or knit beautiful tablecloths and garments. In still earlier times, beautiful tapestries were sewn.

Some people prefer to equip themselves with brushes, paints, and palettes and make for some scenic spot, where not a leaf or twig is left unnoticed in their desire to express all the wonder of the countryside.

Numerous city dwellers are ardent football fans, and regularly every Sunday afternoon, they make a bee-line for the football grounds, where they hope to see the "Souths" defeat the "Butchers." Others are race-goers and track meetings attract huge crowds every week.

Many young boys spend their weekends pulling apart and reassembling their old jalopies, which are their pride and joy. When every nut is back in place and it has been polished to such a shine that it positively glows, old "Genevieve" is then festooned with luminous streamers and taken around the neighbourhood to show "the gang."

No one agrees with anyone else's ideas of how to take it easy. For instance, if you sat Gran down with a transistor and a stack of Beatle scrap-books, and gave Teena an intricate pattern to knit, I am sure that both would declare that she did not know how the other could bear to relax in that way.

—MARGARET FRASER, Form 6B.

THE SWAGMAN'S DREAM

A misty haze of dust mingling with the dying sun's rays, rose above the horizon. Sleepy-eyed cows lovingly sniffed their minute calves as they sank slowly by their mothers' heads. They were tired now after running and playing in the friendly sunlight, and they were glad to snuggle into their mothers' necks and dream their strange little dreams of tomorrow.

A very ancient man lay under a sheltering Wilga tree, and watched the sun slowly sink beyond the distant horizon. He watched the mingling colours of gold and red and yellow as the veil of night enfolded this glorious spectacle. Slowly he turned his head to the sky, and watched for the first light of the Evening Star. The old man smiled a gentle smile as he saw through his soft wrinkled eyes, the first silver gleam of light from the darkness. He shook his head slowly and thought of his deceased wife, and wondered when he could be with her again.

The sad old man closed his eyes and was soon dreaming of his beloved. Now in the darkness, everything was still and asleep. Birds huddled side by side high up in the branches. All animals were silent and dreaming, and there was a feeling of peace and love in the cool still atmosphere. The only movement was the gentle rustle and swaying of the leaves of the Wilga and tall Gums as the soft night breeze whispered and played.

That was the last night the old man spent on earth. Peaceful death touched him gently as the blue grey shadows played over his body.

When the first tip of the sun showed over the horizon, the animals were glad to be alive in the freshness of the morning. As the sun rose to the heavens, the old man's soul rose with it to clutch the hand of his longed-for wife.

—JUDY DONOVAN, 4th Form.

FISHING

Mindai and Jocandi, having completed their tasks within the camp, were stacking their spears and a primitive net into their long, dug-out canoe.

The day promised to be fine and already the tropical heat was beginning to make work in the sunshine unbearable.

The two boys lifted the craft onto their shoulders and trod the path to the little salt water creek that flowed nearby.

The canoe was lowered carefully to the water's edge where it bobbed gently in the lulling tide. With the agility of cats the two boys sprang into the boat and pushed off from the sand bank.

They drifted slowly into the lower reaches of the creek with the outgoing tide till they reached a snag in the middle of the water. Mindai expertly fastened the bow of the canoe to the fallen tree and the boys lapsed into a watchful silence.

An unsuspecting fish had swum up from the depths to investigate the strange craft overhead. Jocandi, who inherited his fine, strong young body from his chieftain father, rose slowly, cautiously, and aimed his three pronged spear at the fish. It seemed a long time while he stood there, but never once did a muscle relax in his poised form.

Then suddenly, with lightning speed, the spear plunged down into the water. The fish realised its danger a second too late, and it was carried on board in triumph before it could flash back down to the depths.

This procedure was performed a number of times and by midday the boys had caught about ten fish. After they had been killed they were tied together by a piece of rough twine and allowed to trail behind the canoe to keep them fresh.

The outgoing tide had pulled the boys eventually to the mouth of the creek where they tied up to eat their lunch of yams and berries. Satisfied after the meal, the two boys settled down for a quiet doze before they allowed the incoming tide to take them up the creek to camp.

Mindai had just slipped into sleep and his friend was already snoring softly when he felt a sharp bump against the side of the boat. He opened one eye lazily and saw a dark triangle sweeping in and out from the back of the boat. It took him some time to realise what it was, and when he did, he sat up with a start.

Mindai roused his complaining companion, and with wide eyes they watched the four-foot shark gorging itself on the remaining few fish.

The boys acted quickly. Mindai drove his spear with all his might into the grey beast and Jocandi enmeshed the shark with his net. It took the combined strength of both boys to haul him to the side of the canoe and then Mindai struck with his hunting knife.

The water around the canoe was stained dark red with the blood, and, after a harsh struggle, the shark's life expired.

Trailing the shark, along with the fish, the boys paddled excitedly back to camp where they were met by a group of elders who had heard their cries.

Proudly they bore their prize to the encampment, and that night, the smell of roasted shark flesh drifted from the fire, accompanied by the eerie songs of the women, telling of the boys' adventure while they were out fishing.

—M. THORSBORNE, 5th Form.

COUNTRY PLEASURES

The soft, sweet breezes whisper in the vivid green tree tops. The cattle graze on brown and green pastures as the little creek trickles on its way to its destination.

This is the kind of country I should like to live in as the days and nights pass slowly and quietly by. The country is quieter than the city with its noises. The forever clattering noises of the busy traffic scuttling through the heavily populated streets is one which grates on one's ears. The country life is free and pleasant. You make friends with all sorts and sizes of bush animals.

Visiting a farm is an interesting experience and full of fun. The pigs slop lazily around in their pens in mud and water. The cows bellow loudly in the paddock, ready for milking and feed time. The weeping willow trees droop sleepily over the river bed. The rocky surface of the creek forms a waterfall for the clear crystal water running calmly and refreshingly downstream. The city has no pleasant shady creeks or coloured paddocks which spread for miles. Little children paddle messily in the mud pools during the rainy season in the deep valleys of the rolling countryside. The pitter-pattering of the light rain drops falling on the roof tops seem to make a musical sound.

These are the pleasures of the country.

—HEATHER BROWN, Form IV.

AN UNUSUAL SITUATION

Mr. Stanley, a short, stout man of sixty-five, had to make a business trip to Casablanca. This the young Mr. William Radford objected strongly and he tried everything in his power with which to persuade his boss to cancel the trip.

Mr. Radford drove Mr. Stanley to the airport and, just as he was boarding the plane, Radford called out to his friend: "Mr. Stanley, don't go, you'll never get off the plane alive!" His last effort to stop the trip had failed, because Mr. Stanley's reply was a smile and a brief wave of the hand.

Mr. Radford stood back and watched the D.C.G.B. run down the airstrip, watched the heavy body raise itself from the ground, but, instead of heading due north, it circled back — and landed. The hostess was first off the 'plane and gave orders for a doctor to be called.

The aeroplane took off two hours later without Mr. Stanley, for he had had a heart attack a few minutes after take-off, and was carried off the plane — dead.

As Radford was strolling down the street, thinking of what he had said and what had happened, he noticed a small black and white dog chasing cars.

That stupid dog ought to be locked away," thought Radford. "He'll be a squashed dog if he doesn't watch himself." The next minute he swung around to see a car skid into the gutter and a black and white dog lying in the middle of the road, in pain and helpless.

Mr. Radford hurried away before a crowd gathered, deep in thought and very worried.

"Something about me is peculiar. I said Stanley would die, and . . . he died, but I was only trying to stop him wasting his time by going to Casablanca. Strange that the dog was run over just after I was thinking about it . . . I wonder? Yes, that's it, he thought. Then, talking aloud, he said to himself, "Radford, my boy, you will never determine anything's future again.

Strange though it may seem, Radford stepped off the foot-path and a car came tearing round the corner and knocked him over. Radford died before the ambulance arrived at the scene of the accident.

As Mr. Radford had predicted, he never did determine anyone's future again, and just as well! This is an unusual situation which has left many puzzled, including me.

—VICKIE HONISETT, IVth Form.

COUNTRY SHOW TIME

The first light of the rising sun illuminates the showgrounds. An air of expectancy and tension greets the new day as "early bird" officials, rosettes on shoulders, and notebooks in hand rush checking and rechecking, making sure that things are in order for the hectic day ahead.

Rumbling stock wagons and lurching horse floats arrive in ordered succession, leaving the show cattle to be tagged, exhibited and judged. The campdraft beasts, worn after their arduous journey from town and property are forced into pens to the accompaniment of cursing, swearing and prodding. Soon the stench of cattle and sweat mingled with dust fills the air. There they are left to rest until they are guided into the arena to test the horsemanship of some rider.

It is still early, and the first group of participants begin to arrive. These are the landowners. Long, shiny cars drawing horse floats glide to a halt. The young girls are clad in white or bone

jodphurs with checked blouses and skullcaps. Watched by enthusiastic similarly clad youths, they lead their horses to the stables — beautifully groomed animals, long legged and healthy. They prance and kick up the turf in a flighty, impatient manner. These are the horses whose spirit and grace will provide entertainment for young and old in the ring events.

Later in the morning, carloads of townspeople and sight-seers arrive — mothers and fathers, with eager little children gaily and tidily dressed for the day's outing.

Another aspect of the showground is Sideshow Alley. The tents have been stayed and pegged since early morning. Show people dressed in gaudy clothes stand beside their displays shouting with "simulated enthusiasm" advertising their goods and entertainment.

By noon the heat is almost unbearable. Dust hangs in fusty indifference and people seek relief in pavilions and sideshows.

Parents wear a tired, haggard look as they watch their children. Little girls and boys seem one sticky mess—a conglomeration of fairy of fairy floss, toffee apples and dust. Cold, dry, tasteless luncheon is served in a gauze-enclosed building, where enough strength is regained to cope with the remainder of the day.

The afternoon drags on. In the show pavilions, wool, grain and other products of the district. These displays represent hours of tedious arranging, and the exhibits themselves years of producing.

Flowers, plants, cakes, sweets, embroidery and handicraft provide a profusion of colour and variety pleasing to the eye.

As evening draws near, the family sedans are started, children, tired, ruffled, sticky and protesting, are bundled in and driven away. The glimmering headlights pierce their way through the dust haze towards the gathering dusk. The line of traffic like a never-ending, honking, centipede crawls towards the town.

Stockmen, stained and filthy, from falls and events in the ring, force the stubborn cattle into the wagons once more then quench their thirst with a glass of tepid, warm beer—all that is left after a hot, dry show day!

The lorries and horse-wagons move away, the loudspeakers are disconnected, and the last rays of the dying sun come to rest on a scene littered with thousands of ice cream cones, paper bags, fairy floss sticks and assorted rubbish.

The hustle and bustle is gone and all that is left is the emptiness of something, that, despite its adversities, has been enjoyed by all.

—LYNN STOWER, Fifth Form.

A NIGHT IN THE OUTBACK

The fire was already crackling merrily when the weary drovers rode into camp for their evening meal. Pots clanged noisily as the old, bearded cook made ready to serve the food. On the outskirts of the camp, too, horses neighed impatiently as a sign that they, too, were hungry. Such was the start of a night in the outback.

Supper over, it was time to make ready for the next day's droving. Horses were groomed, leather was polished, and, all in all, the men were kept very busy. An old oil lamp hung from the supply wagon while another stood in the middle of the enclosure. The latter was near the fire and, as a result, most of the drovers grouped around it—some laughed noisily as they played poker, while others gazed idly into the crackling fire and thought of the end of the long trail.

In the background, the strumming of a guitar is heard as old Joe entertains the other men. It is not long, however, before the work is completed and it is time to "turn in" for the night. Blankets are unrolled and laid beneath the trees. All is still now save for strumming of old Joe's guitar. This will continue until midnight for he is on guard duty.

Here and there, the stillness of the scene is broken by a dingo howling in the distance. This, however, makes no difference to the men as they have their well-earned rest. No further noises are heard until midnight, when Joe is relieved from his post. The time has passed slowly for him and he is glad to stretch out beneath the stars.

And so we must leave this peaceful drovers' camp as it is time to continue our journey.

—PAM THURECHT, Form IV.

DO TEENAGERS HAVE TOO MUCH FREEDOM?

Teenagers have to prepare for the time when they become adults. In order to do this they have to have a certain amount of freedom and responsibility.

In my opinion, the average teenager of today has not too much pleasure. Some are getting worried at the age of nineteen or so and if they are to mature, freedom is certainly to be allowed to them so that they can prepare for this position which is supposed to be permanent.

However, in some cases it can be taken too far. These misunderstood and uncared for people who roam the streets at night, those who have no decent place to live or who join the wrong crowd — they are the teenagers who have been given too much freedom in their childhood, and have demanded it ever since, or else they have frightened their parents into it.

Many are just people — not necessarily parents — who do not care at all how their children flounder along in life so long as they leave them in peace.

Teenagers of today are a lot more independent than those of twenty years ago. Today they are taught the value of money by being allowed to save and buy for themselves clothes, make-up and so on.

Teenagers are really young adults, except that they have not the same experience and to gain this experience, some take the matter too far. In this way they are trying to grow up too fast instead of enjoying themselves with others of the same age group. Thus a gang forms. These are gangs or young people who have distorted minds and do not know what course in life to take. Many just become drunkards who gamble and drink their lives away and have no goal at which to aim nor the ambition to try.

Even if it were thought that teenage freedom had gone too far, it would be too late to reform them, because the number of juvenile delinquents is increasing so rapidly, I'm sure it would take a lot of psychiatrists to take on the job of changing their minds to a different way of life. By the time enough doctors had volunteered, a new theory would have evolved and the old one put out of practice. So the troublesome teenager would once more have no place in the community. Besides costing a lot of money from Government funds, such a project would need the dedication of quite a few men in the endeavour to make the country a more uniformly orderly place.

—ROBIN HORNIBROOK, Form V.

SUMMER RAINS IN THE NORTHERN CATTLE COUNTRY

Stretching for miles are vast areas of dry, withered land, regarded as useless for agriculture. Here hardy cattle thrive in the good seasons, but die like flies in bad seasons. Cattle die unbelievable deaths, while the magical heavens conjure up fold upon fold of low-massing, dark clouds, which lie in many tantalising shapes on the distant horizon.

Set among nature's surroundings, the unruly clouds lie very heavily upon the darkening horizon. Weeks drag endlessly on. More animals weaken and die. All is suspense ridden. Why, why won't the heavens release the long wanted rains? What did we do to deserve this punishment? Fractious people, with parched mouths mutter curses.

Mystified by many strange occurrences, no one expects the next trick of the playful magicians. Night has fallen! it is hot and stiffling, but the smell of rain is wavering through the dying bush.

The rain begins softly in an undulating rhythm. Swiftly and suddenly the volume of water increases from pittering, dainty fairies that bedeck leaves and dead things with crystal jewels, to thundering, clumsy elephants that race madly onwards kicking up dust and flattening grasses. Lightning flashes, trees crash, thunder claps. The heavens seem to be rattling with the movement of heavy battle arms.

These days preceding the floods are dull, damp miserable days, brightened only occasionally as the sun creeps around and, finding a slight tear in the dark curtains, peers through and tips the crystalline trees and bushes with golden splashes of sunlight.

Peace reigns for a while, then aroused in anger, the heavens let forth an increasing deluge. Overnight dry river beds become surging tides of dirty water with dead animals and broken fences and trees floating in them. At dawn all looks as though Santa Claus has been and left in his footprints, beautiful presents.

Next, roads become impassable, all communication cut off. Beauty ends in ugly terror. Dry grass and sprouting bushes are flattened by heavy rains and speeding winds that toss large drums as though they were peanuts. Horse yards and cowyards become bags. Puddles turn to pools which turn to streamlets with miniature waterfalls. Animals, drenched to the roots of their coarse hair, look like ogres. Rain pours down, then abates, then pours, continuing in this manner for days.

After weeks, perhaps, peace reigns, and so ends the "Wet."

—MARGARET MILLER, Fourth Form.

SUPERSTITION

We were on our way to see my aunt's new baby. "Remember what I said," my mother warned me, "don't say how fat the baby is. It isn't right to say a thing like that." I was very young then, and had to be taught such things. At that time I just accepted and obeyed what I was told. I was not curious enough to ask why I could not do or say certain things. Well, perhaps I was curious, but, if I had given voice to my curiosity, my grandmother would have told me (very severely) to mind my manners!

We arrived at my aunt's home. My aunt's mother-in-law was at the doorstep to greet us. She was beaming with pride and happiness. The wrinkles on her face seemed more marked, but now they told a different tale. They had turned to lines of laughter. How a moment's happiness can change a whole person, I thought.

After pleasantries were exchanged, we went in to see the baby. It was a plump, pink, baby girl, and the prettiest I had ever seen. How I longed to say what I thought of her! My mother was saying that the baby was good for spanking! That was what everyone usually said and that was as far as you could go to say how

much you liked the baby. If I had said that the baby was plump or heavy, my aunt and her mother-in-law would have been very displeased. Grandmothers were particularly superstitious about such things. They believed that after such thoughtless remarks, the baby would come to harm. But they also believed that the baby could get used to such remarks and then would not come to harm. I believed this. In the months that followed, I grew very attached to the baby and I was determined to make her get used to being called "plump" and so on. When no one was near, I told her that she was bright and cute. I was often rewarded with a happy chuckle and a painful pull of my hair. To my delight, no harm came to her. Today, she is a happy school girl.

There are many other superstitions. I always believe that a grandmother in the house is a link with the past. I love to hear the things my grandmother says. She brings to life old Chinese customs and traditions and of course, superstitions. Some are very silly, but nevertheless, they fascinate me.

My grandmother never allows us to sweep the dust out of the front door. "You will sweep the wealth away!" she says. So we always sweep out of the back door. We must never hit (accidentally) anyone with a broom because the person who is hit will have seven years' bad luck. On the first day of the Chinese New Year, we are not allowed to sweep at all. That is the day when we welcome all the goodness the New Year brings. Nothing must be broken that day, or else bad luck will follow. During Chinese New Year we usually place two sugar canes (complete with leaves) one on each side of the front door. They are said to bring sweetness into the family. The green leaves stand for a year of wealth.

My grandmather never turns a cooked fish over. When she has eaten one side of the fish, she carefully removes the back bone and then eats the other side. She is most particular about this when anyone in the family is going on a sea journey. She says that the boat will sink if the fish is turned! Chinese fishermen are extremely superstitious about this.

At home, old customs and superstitions are dying out. Western influence and education have changed our way of life almost completely. We are drifting farther and farther away from the Chinese way of life. In many ways the changes have been for the better. If only we will not forget the little beliefs and customs that are entirely Chinese! I am very sorry to see them go because I think they are interesting and they give us something new to think about.

—MADELEINE LO, 6A.

FOX TROT

Imagine yourself beside a clear running creek, surrounded by palms and gum trees. The creek bed is wide and crowded with round, ankle-breaking stones of every imaginable colour and design. On either side of the creek, less than a hundred yards apart, smooth cliffs rising sometimes two hundred feet from deep reflecting pools shut in the stillness. All you can hear are the age-old sounds of water and the breeze in the palms.

Beside the creek, under the trees, the bladey-grass grows four feet high. Through the grass winds a track less than a foot wide, running down to meet the creek bed near a neat pile of stones. Across the creek where the track begins again is another neat pile.

But now you hear a new sound: a rhythmic tramping of feet over palm frouds accompanied by a metallic clanging. As the sound comes closer panting is also heard, and the swish of bladey-grass. Six people emerge into the clearing. Ten seconds later the six lie full-length among the palm-frouds, heads on swags, eyes closed, eating oranges. Five minutes pass. Then the unshaven, khaki-clad leader says "Time's up. Only five more miles now!" Swags are hoisted on to reluctant shoulders, bags picked up, and the rhythmic tramping and clanging fades away.

The scene is the Carnarvon Gorge, one hundred miles north of Injune. The six weary people are the Fox family, very grimy, dressed in old jeans, shirts, and canvas hats, and carrying rough swags, from one of which hangs a billy and a mug, which play a kind of marching tune together. They are on the last stages of a twenty-mile "trot."

We started our walk up the Gorge on a Tuesday morning, very jauntily. However, a few miles of sliding on treacherous stones in the creek bed, and on many occasions very nearly landing hard in the freezing water, rather dampened our enthusiasm as well as our feet. But not for long. We explored wonderful Ward's Canyon, which runs back several hundred yards from the top of a waterfall to an icy dark pond in a bunyip cave (it was definitely the home of a bunyip!). Above this tiny creek the walls were sometimes barely six feet apart.

Then, farther along the main creek, on the cliff face, is the "Aboriginal Art Gallery." Here are hundreds of impressions of hands, feet, shields, knives and boomerangs. An aborigine years ago ground up red or yellow stones from the creek bed, chewed them, then placed his hand on the rock and blew the coloured 'paint' round it as were use a spray painter. This must have been a sacred place for the tribe, decorated as it is with 'paintings' and carvings.

That evening we reached the great Cathedral Cave, under whose enormous arched roof we spent the night. As we lay on palm leaves, huddled together under our rugs with two great fires be-

tween us and the cold (it was a freezing night) we could see beside and above us, from one end of the cave to the other, ancient aboriginal hands and feet. Some father even 'painted' his child's tiny hands on the wall. In the middle of the cave some months before, university geologists had dug down through the camp-fires of centuries.

The next morning we explored farther up the creek, then turned for home I was sad at the thought of leaving this gorge, with its creek, its greenery, and its vast cliffs; white on the left, and red on the right, as we hiked downstream.

Someone told us of a wonderful short cut, which would save us a lot of walking — instead of following the curve of the creek round a spur, we could simply climb over the spur! And at the top we would have a wonderful view down the gorge. We were not quite so enthusiastic when we saw where we were to climb, but, "we might as well have a go!" So we did. We hoisted our packs up the slope, and the leader threw them down the other side through the bush. It was a scramble, and when we got to the top no one thought to look at the wonderful view.

Most people do not see the Carnarvon Gorge — but those who do will probably return again and again, as we plan to.

—ROSEMARY FOX.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Hammer, crash, bang, "Oh, excuse me, but my father is just making the set for the latest play he is producing. This is my father's usual occupation. Three times a week, every week, he is off to his rehearsals. Perhaps this is rather trying on the family, but he has had the privilege of winning the Arts Festival in Canberra, twice.

To see behind the scenes of any play is very interesting. The making of costumes, how the background sounds are made are two items that may be difficult or very simple. Set making or finding furniture for the stage is work for the handyman. Lighting, and many other smaller items have all to be completed.

The night of the production is a concern always remembered. Last minute checks on everything are made. The curtain gradually creeps open, the prompt is sitting quietly in her corner and as the man controlling the sound turns on the opening tune, the play begins. Actors step confidently onto the stage hoping to remember all their lines. These people are the main part of the whole production.

Being a success the producer and all concerned usually celebrate by a small party. This is held after the last production before all go home, satisfied. Joy, hard work and experience all happen behind the scenes of any play you may venture to see.

—KATHRYN BEECH, Grade VIII.

THE GRANITE BELT

I live in a district named the Granite Belt. It stretches between Wallangarra and Dalveen and has Stanthorpe as its centre. The main work carried on here is fruit growing. Sheep are also grazed on some properties. Stanthorpe was noted for tin, but now all that is left are the deserted mines. Because of all the granite rocks, this district is named the Granite Belt.

Ballandean is the name of the small town in which I live. It is situated half-way between Stanthorpe and Wallangarra. The whole district is made up of many of these small settlements. Ballandean was settled and named after two men called Ball and Dean. It lies in a lovely valley surrounded by beautiful tree covered mountains, which are blue in the distance. In the evening the golden sun tips the edge of the hills and leaves a sunset long to be remembered.

Our home is at the foot of many hills and is called "Sunset Vineyard." Many orchardists have their farms on the slopes of hills. Grapes and stone-fruits (such as peaches, plums, and nectarines) are the trees we grow. At this time of the year, in September, the trees are in full bloom. The whole orchard is very picturesque with white and pink blossoms. Busy bees are buzzing around, laboriously obtaining nectar from the scented flowers. Soon the trees shed a green foliage and fruit then begins to appear. In December the first fruit (plums) appears and starts to ripen. Hard working days commence, as the harvest begins. After being collected in baskets the fruit is taken into the shed where it is graded into all different sizes by a large machine. Many hours are then spent packing the fruit. Several of the trees have to be picked at least four times a season. Later the peaches mature and next the grapes. Out in the hot sun all day, orchardists pluck the grapes, which also have to be cleaned and packed.

By the beginning of April all of the fruit is finished for another year. But still there is more work to be done such as cultivating, spraying and pruning. Also there are many disadvantages and

drawbacks in the fruit industry. Lately hail has never failed to come each year and do some damage. Then there are droughts. Stanthorpe has an extreme climate. In summer it is very hot, while in the winter months there are freezing frosts which cut many plants.

But I still love this district. Its sunny summers and cold winters help all the delicious fruit to grow. The lovely scenery, its serenity and peacefulness are enjoyed by many people.

Stanthorpe is a very busy town. It has cold stores, while there are many fruit cold and cool stores found in the smaller places. There are loading depots, and many big trucks are always rushing to markets and back again. Its shopping centre is very busy and suits almost every person.

I think the Granite Belt (only a few miles from the border) is a district to be proud of, as it is the only extensive temperate fruit growing area in Queensland.

—MARGARET REE, 6B.

A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO WILD HORSES

A long piercing call sounded abruptly through the stillness of the woods. It was no ordinary call, but a call with a challenge in it. Five minutes passed, and the call came again and died to a whisper as the sound of hooves were heard on the steep rocks. Then onto a ledge jutting over the cliff, came a wild horse. He was a big horse, but all wild horses are. He stood proudly on his long sturdy limbs, with his flowing mane shining in the sun, the colour of the horse, silver. He was a King, a King who ruled over the brumbies, and some other horse was daring to challenge him.

Just then the noble challenger arrived. He was much smaller, darker and his muscles rippled in the sun. It was quiet and everything was in a hush when they circled each other. The challenger's leg was the first to strike, thus the King swerved and the fight began. They fought on and on, their breath snorting through their blood red nostrils. Then the King found his grip on the challenger, who struggled in vain at the mercy of the King. The King reared to his hind feet and came down with a mighty blow.

The Pinto was dead. But would the King believe he was dead? No, the King jumped on and around the lifeless body until he was sure every breath of life had been drained from him. He was not merciful, for that is not a gift of a King.

Silence now fell on the valley. Sure now that the challenger was dead, the King went to a high ledge above and trumpeted out his cry. This time, there was no challenge in it, but victory, for he was to be King for another day.

—SUE BAKER (Grade Eight).

SPACE TRAVEL

My eyes watched the clock. The hands pointed to seven minutes past nine. I heard a loud whistle and a steadily increasing whine; the hull of the huge ship shuddered, as slowly, very slowly, it rose from the launching pad. The struggle between the rocket and terrestrial gravitation had begun. The whine was actually no louder than the one you hear in a cockpit of a jet fighter, but in it were countless musical notes and timbres that no composer had ever written down and that no human voice or musical instrument have yet produced. The great rocket motors were creating the music of the future.

This is my mind's description of a take-off of a spaceship as it boosted into orbit in outer space.

Space travel requires rockets, as has been seen in our last five years of putting artificial earth satellites into orbit.

At the present time, although eleven men and one woman have entered outer space, space travel is in the form of space exploration, which is the accumulation of recorded data on conditions and phenomena outside the earth's aerodynamically effective atmosphere, between celestial bodies and their surfaces.

The purpose of space exploration by means of these rocket powered vehicles lies fundamentally in three areas. These being the accumulation of knowledge, the utilization of space for terrestrial purposes and the extension of man's activities beyond the limits of the earth.

The purpose of the instrumented space probes — a section of space exploration — is to conduct measurements outside the earth's relevant atmosphere and to transmit the results back to earth. These measurements deal with optical navigation of the sun, moon, planets and stars in the ultra-violet and X-ray regions of the electromagnetic spectrum.

There have been radio observations and cosmic ray research work done in the last few years.

Man's dream of travelling through space to the moon is an old one — as old as astronomy itself. For centuries before the Christian era the courses of planets and stars were plotted but there was no appreciation of the distance to the "abodes of the Gods." There was no understanding of the layer of atmosphere which is a short distance from the earth's surface. Nor did they know that the world was round, but when they learned that the moon and planets were actual bodies, they wanted to visit them, so that is how our present spaceships have come to be the first vehicles to open up a path into outer space.

It may well be that soon the spaceships will be as different from those we know today as modern motor cars differ from their prototypes of the late nineteenth century.

—JOCELYN WRIGHT, 6B.

ON A SPORTS UNIFORM

Brown, faded-brown, off-white,
Collars and skirts are near shred,
Buttons are off, the waist is too tight,—
Results of that adolescent spread.

The waist and the hem are much too short,
(Except when the said-hem is down)
This is the garb we don for sport
And NEVER-EVER wear down town.

This uniform is an invaluable thing,
It's many assets vary.
The cloth is worn and does not cling.
But's light and cool and airy.

As a duster, painting rag or such,
It excels when asked to serve.
It's something sticky hands will clutch.
Call it a mere garment? The nerve!

We would like to wear them always —
(At school) these old, rough ladies.
But I suppose there must be days
To don our navies and play ladies.

ANON!

CITY BY NIGHT

“When night comes down on the children’s eyes,
And all in the house is still.”

That certainly does not refer to night life in the city. The city, with its fascinating appeal wraps itself continuously around families who are caught in its wonderful trap.

After a hard and trying day, people travel on their weary way home, only to freshen up once more for a wonderful evening. To me a city appears to be a world of its own, which lasts until the dawning of another day. All through the night hours, policemen pace their beats up and down the streets, while not far away delinquents have nothing better to do than look for trouble.

There are many varieties of entertainment imaginable for the amusement of people. Neon lights flash on and off. Colours of the rainbow flicker to attract attention. People crowd to an evening at the theatre or maybe an opera. The low continuous beating sound of the bongoes, can be heard by passers-by as they walk quickly by to other entertainment of their own choice.

Then it is gone as quickly as it came. The pace has changed and people return to their homes. Occasionally, there may be heard the sound of a passing car or the whistle of a train. Now the streets are desolate of crowds which coloured the pavements not long before. The steel monsters of the subways have ceased their journeys. Quietness overrules this world and the dawning of a new day sends forth its rays of announcement.

—LYNETTE MINTON, Grade Eight.

A WALK THROUGH TIME

“Who are these coming to the sacrifice?”

With some imagination, the procession of citizens from the —

“. . . little town by river or sea-shore, or mountain — built with peaceful citadel,” and “emptied of its folk this pious morn,” may have been reincarnated in the procession which ascended the stairway in dignified order, passed across the platform, erect and proud, and descended again to a lower level. In reality, this procession was a group of students attending the August School of Creative Arts Drama Course at the Queensland University.

The class was titled on our programmes "Costumes and Walking," and led by our three tutors and eager to learn, we needed no time machine to transport us through the centuries. In a variety of comfortable, casual clothes, we revelled in the realms of imagination, arranging ourselves in simple Grecian styles, medieval costumes, farthingales or crinolines, and deducing that through the ages men and women have each adorned themselves with the aim of pleasing the opposite sex.

The scene switched from Grecian times to the Middle Ages, when the warship of God was eccented by high, spire-like head-dresses. Skirts were four to twelve inches longer than ground length, and so we were very careful to pick them up, without losing the head gear, as we climbed the stairs. Our work in previous movement and improvisation classes aided our efforts to cope with these mimed costumes.

In the royal presence of the great first Elizabeth we each dropped into a deep curtsey of obeisance, only to have to repeat it to meet with our tutors' approval. In keeping with the liveliness of the age we "bounced" along in our farthingales. The Elizabethan women had comfortable arm rests to carry around with them, but it was rather awkward for us to mime them, and the levels seemed to move to remarkable positions and angles.

The fanciful time machine whirred on and this time as we climbed to the stage it was the Restoration period, and fans and snuff boxes were in evidence. We enjoyed the performance of Sir Benjamin Backbite, the dandy with his delicate lace handkerchief and long walking staff. The men learned the trick of displaying the calf of the leg, an elegance of this day.

We "sailed" into the eighteenth century, where curtsies were free, and then "swam" into the Victorian age in our beautiful crinolines and with tiny steps.

The whole pageant was punctuated by bursts of laughter as some students got stuck in the midst of a deep and graceful curtsey; or, endeavouring to hold their heads high, missed some of the stage steps, and, pride deflated, picked themselves up from the floor and a little subdued, continued gliding, bouncing, sailing or swimming, according to the age in which we were sojourning.

Modern, free, relaxed movement followed our voyage through the annals of time, and these aspiring actors under experienced guiding hands sought to learn with eager interest some more of the facets of Drama.

—MARION KNOWLES, 6A.

ISLAND VISITORS

Although it was a cloudy day, trouble shone through the dark sky onto the tiny band of natives gathered by the sea in the bay. There were huge birds upon the waters, with big wings that flapped in the breeze.

The natives had never seen a bird as large as this before, and stood in wonder and amazement at it. Then men began to appear, on its great broad back, and there was heard suddenly a mighty roar that shook the heavens and a flash of fire was seen coming from its side. At this the natives ran horrified from the shore and hid behind the boulders scattered on the sand.

Eventually a boat was put out to shore from the nearest ship, and as it neared the beach the natives could be seen peering from behind their shelters. The little boat moved across the still waters with great ease and at last came to rest at its destination, amid cheers and shouts from the men on board. A little way out to sea the two ships "Sea Breeze" and "Endeavour", rocked lazily upon the calm waters of the bay and looked majestic silhouetted against the dark sky. On shore the natives began to creep stealthily from their hiding places as the white men coaxed them with brightly coloured beads and other gifts. But it took some time for them to become used to the strange new men from over the sea.

Time elapsed, and after a little more coaxing with beads, fancy buttons, and axes the last of the natives were drawn from their hide-outs, fascinated by what they saw. Soon they were all crowding around the little boat, fingering it, and voicing in loud tones their astonishment at such a craft. Some were given gifts of cloth, scissors and small pieces of looking glass. The women were intrigued with the gaily coloured pieces of cloth and chattered ceaselessly to one another about their good fortune. The men gazed wistfully at the proud new owners of tomahawks, while the children caught small pieces of debris that floated in the water around the boat, and squealed in delight at their newly found treasures.

Next came the landing ceremony, with curious natives as onlookers and witnesses of the memorable event. When the flag had been hoisted and the last few words uttered, a cheer arose from the white men gathered around the sight. Then it was time for rejoicing, and they were led away to their dusky friends' homes. Here they were treated cordially, and were even invited to join in the singing and dancing. But all ended too soon. The sun had now set, and they found their way back to the ships remembering their newly found friends and their kind hospitality. The entry in the captains log book began thus — "Landed on island — natives friendly."

—JILL ANDERSON, Form 6B.

THIS COUNTRY IS DIFFERENT

To live in a country like Australia is all very interesting, particularly for its dwellers, because they understand her actions in civilisation. People are working earnestly in all departments, in order to make Australia an advancing attractive country, and to link her people together one with another. People carry out their duties willingly, and so their country advances rapidly year after year.

It is not so simple for me, a foreigner, to describe the conditions in this wonderful country, but the reason why I am in Australia now is, because my country is still far behind Australian civilisation standards, and I have come to study the best, and correct way of living. When I leave, I will take what I have learnt in Australia to my own people. Some of my people have their own ideas, of why they are sent to Australia. They are wrong in thinking we come to learn, and then imitate Australia. We come to gain more education, and how to teach our own people these things to their best advantage.

The first strange sight I saw when I first landed in Australia was the city of Brisbane, the capital of Queensland by night. I really thought I was seeing a vision of it, as for years I have been hearing about cities in Australia, but was unable to picture them. Then there came my journey to school by bus, where we passed several cattle and dairy farms on the way. The city of Warwick also was a surprise, but even so to learn that it has so many schools, shops and office buildings. The alteration of the weather is another thing of which I am now greatly aware. I knew before I came here about the seasons in Australia, but I never gave them much thought. These are just a few of my new experiences in Queensland.

I am very thankful that the Australian Government permits overseas students to come and study in Australia, for I have much to learn.

—MARGARET MANEBONA (Grade Eight).

BOATS IN THE HARBOUR

As I made my way down the familiar hill my eyes looked beyond the huddled village at its base, and rested upon the quiet bay beyond.

The sun had risen above the horizon, and rays of gold and orange shot out from the great red ball, like an opened fan.

I reached the beach and sat down on the cool pebbles. The gulls shrieked and wheeled overhead and at intervals one would drop down upon the crystal surface to catch a fish. It was a peaceful sight! With the water gently lapping on the shore. I folded my arms about my knees and observed the bay before me.

This morning there was a new ship in the harbour. Far out it seemed, as though on the horizon, was a great white liner. How proud she looked as she lay majestic and still on the blue carpet, her red funnel vividly contrasting with the flushed sky and her stepped decks rising up like a huge sand-castle.

Closer in lay a yacht, a blue beauty, gracefully holding her bow high above the breasting waves, while her long jib pointed towards the west. Her tall masts stood erect on the whitewashed deck as she gently rocked in the swell.

Out beyond the yacht were smaller sailing boats. They seemed like toys as they tossed about on the choppy seas, while their milk white sails stood out from the bluey-green sea as they sped along with their sails billowing before the breeze.

A dog's bark interrupted my observations. The fishermen were making their way along the shore. They carried nets, long rods and creels over their shoulders. They gave me a cheery wave as they unloaded their gear into the small rowing boats.

The dog stood knee-deep in the water — he would wait for his master's return at nightfall as he always did.

My eyes shifted towards two grubby little tug boats. They seemed like wrecks alongside the graceful yacht, with their dirty smoke-stacks surrounded by jungle of rope and rubbish; but their hardy hulls only slightly rocked in the gentle swell.

By this time the fishermen had reached the trawlers which were lying farther out. These were dirty, grimy looking boats, but they had braved many a sea and storm and had brought home many a proud haul of seafoods.

Then the motors began to rumble as the trawlers headed out to sea. A day's work had begun.

I turned towards the village and already people were beginning to set about their daily tasks. The morning will no longer be quiet and peaceful — not until tomorrow, when I will come again to watch the boats in the harbour.

—HELEN JACKSON, VIB.

OLD GIRLS' NOTES

At the Annual Reunion Dinner, held during the Old Girls' Weekend in June this year, these were forty Old Girls present. This is the greatest number we have had for many years, and everyone had a most enjoyable evening.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS:

JACKY LAMBERT has a secretarial position with a motor firm in Warwick. PATRICIA and MARYANNE FORRESTER both have secretarial jobs in Warwick also—Patricia works with a Bank, and Maryanne works for the Australian Estates.

We were very pleased to see WYNSOME MUNNINGS (Boatfield) and MARJORIE McELHONE (Dickinson), at the Reunion Dinner this year. They both live in Toowoomba. Marjorie is teaching at a Toowoomba school, as well as looking after her family, and Wynsome is kept busy looking after her twins. BETTY BEAL (Tweedie) and BEVERLEY FORD (Hockings), also came up together from Brisbane this year for the weekend, after many years absence. They both had a most enjoyable time, and were very interested in all the alterations and extensions to the School since their last visit.

ELEANOR and JENNIFER POOLE are both nursing at the General Hospital in Stanthorpe. Jennifer has just announced her engagement to Trevor Batterham. ETHEL MORRIS is working at the Allora Butter Factory. DIANNE MILLER is a receptionist at one of Warwick's Motels. BETH BOADLE has a secretarial position at the Barnes Milling Company in Warwick, while GLORIA COOPER works at the Warwick Radio Station.

The last news we heard of GLENDA CHAPPELL, she was on a trip overseas, and was at the time enjoying a tour of the Continent.

BETH YOUNG is governessing on a station property outside of Mildura (V). DEL FLETCHER is a junior music teacher at St. Michael's School, Clayfield.

DOREEN HALTER was at School for the unveiling of the Honour Boards. She is teaching at Emu Vale. BETTY ROBERTS is returning to England in February and hopes to go from there to America. BEVERLEY REIS has completed her training at the Toowoomba General Hospital, and is now a Sister at Coonabarabran. ANN LAWER is married and living in London. JUDY and JILL BURNES are still in Townsville. DIANA CORY works with the Mobile X-ray Clinic in North Queensland. SUE ARMBRUSTER and SUE CORY are nursing at St. Martin's. SUE FIRTH is governessing in the Warren district and KATIE LOCKWOOD outside

Longreach. DINEH DICKSON, LYNNE JOHNSON and ANN CARPENTER are in their second year at University and Dawa Solomon is at Teachers' Training College, Port Moresby. HELEN HENNING, PAMELA McIVER are at St. Martin's, and FAY HANCOCK is nursing at Kingaroy. MARJORIE CROOK is doing her final year of Pharmacy and JUDITH PACE has completed her fourth year Medicine. JEAN WICKHAM has finished a year's nursing in New York and at present is enjoying an eleven weeks' tour of the States and Mexico after which she intends nursing at a hospital near the Niagara Falls. ELIZABETH WICKHAM, MARY McLAUCHLAN and CAROL BELL are at the Teachers' Training College. DIANA ROBERTS is enjoying life at the University. JENNIFER CROFT works for a Brisbane Wool firm. SUSETTE McIVER is nursing in Dalby and KATHLEEN REIS helps at home. PAT MARSHALL has a Receptionist position at Indooroopilly and MARY CAMERON lives at home and is continuing her Music Studies.



OLD GIRLS REUNION, JUNE 1964

Luncheon at the school on Sunday proved a happy innovation. Several Old Boys of Slade joined us.

BIRTHS:

LYN PRYOR (Donovan) a daughter — Pekita Elizabeth.

VIVA PHIPPEN (Luke) a daughter — Jane.

MARGARET FINLAY (Welsh) a daughter — Jane.

ENGAGEMENTS:

LYNNE EISEMAN to Graham Wallace.

JENNIFER POOLE to Trevor Batterham.

MARRIAGES:

AVIS TURNBULL to Elo Rolandson.
 JANET BELL to Leon Billing.
 ELEANOR GRAY to James Cay.
 HELEN CRESWELL to George Rivers.
 GWEN REIS to Robert Mahoney.

BRISBANE BRANCH O.G.A.

As we reflect on the past year's activities, it is with great disappointment that we realise the flourishing year we anticipated for 1964 was not fulfilled.

Lack of support caused cancellation of functions. A few faithful souls braved the wet weather in April to attend our basket picnic in the Botanical Gardens. One of these was Coolah Cassimatis (Malanos) and another Val Rossiter (Clarke) both keen supporters.

The month of June brought a large number of Brisbane members to Warwick for the Annual Reunion Weekend. It was a great joy to have Sister Margaret share the activities with us and to hear her reminiscing of her days as Principal. Amongst those sharing in the fun were Joan Austin (Beckinsale), Helen Henning, Pam McIver, Joy Knowles and Marjorie Crook.

All present voted the picnic luncheon a highlight of the week-end and once again we express to Sister Rachel our thanks for making this possible.

A supper dance in July proved to be a most successful evening both socially and financially. Noticed amongst the dancers were—Olive Young (Bauer), Hazel Wickham, and sisters Beverley Schatz (Foster) and Andrea Foster. Jacqueline Bayard (Hayles) brought a large and happy party from Ipswich.

We are grateful to Mother Kathleen for again allowing us to hold our Annual Meeting at Community House. It is a delight to spend the morning with her and to have an opportunity to chat with the Sisters at morning tea. This meeting brought about a change in office bearers with the election of Joy Knowles as vice-president and Judith Fletcher as secretary, both commencing duties in the New Year.

Thelma Foster (Donovan) and Pat Marshall were two amongst the attenders.

A particularly happy evening was spent at the "King do Restaurant" in September, on the occasion of the Annual Dinner. Some of the very talkative members were Joyce Ross (Stidolph), Judith Pace and Sheila Dalton (Harvey).

Future functions for this year will be a basket picnic in the gardens during October, and a barbecue in November at Jacqueline Bayard's home in Ipswich.

We wish Warwick Branch success with the combined Rodeo Dinner Dance, which is fast approaching.

Other news received recently, includes, the announcement of Carleen Jensen's engagement and the marriage of Alison Ralston. Our much travelled member, Robyn Craig paid us a visit between a trip to Japan and returning to New Zealand.

In this, our last joint report we would like to pay special tribute to our Treasurer, June Stidolph for her untiring efforts, and our thanks to her mother for her efficient help at all times. Our condolences to June in the tragic death of her finance within a few weeks of her approaching marriage.

To the new office bearers, we wish every success. To the young members and to those just leaving school, we make a request that you show appreciation of your days spent at St. Catharine's by giving your earnest support and co-operation to the Old Girls' Association.

Happy holidays and Christmas Greetings to all.

—GLORIA STEEL (Past vice-president)

—MADELINE BAUER (past secretary)

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

The 5th Annual General Meeting of the Parents' and Friends' Association was held on Friday, 3rd. April, 1964 and the election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. R. Goodwin, vice-presidents, Mrs. V. Armbruster and Mrs. B. Barnard; Treasurer, Mrs. C. Jenkins, secretary, Mrs. D. Redmond and assistant secretary, Mrs. E. Deighton.

We were all very upset in June, to hear of the sudden illness of our secretary, Mrs. D. Redmond. She is recovering gradually and we hope that it won't be very long before she is with us again.

The year has been quite a successful one financially. We had two enjoyable luncheons, one at Mrs. Whitaker's home in East Warwick in March and the other in September at the home of our president. We raised £138 altogether at these two events.

The monthly tuck-shops, subscriptions from members and one Jumble Sale in March have provided a steady source of income. We catered, as usual, for the Old Girl's Dinner in June and our Raffle of a pair of blankets brought a net profit of £42.

During the year, we spent £439 on a new staff bathroom upstairs at White House and £68 on a Singer Slant-O-Matic Sewing Machine for the Domestic Science Classes.

Even after these cheques were drawn, we still had a bank balance of £200 odd, so we really have had quite a good year.

We are looking forward to 1965 with the hope that we will have many new members, who will be able to work enthusiastically with us in our endeavours for the good of the school.

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