

St. Catharines
Magazine



WARWICK
December, 1966



Office Bearers

Sister-in-Charge: SISTER LOIS, S.S.A., B.A., Th.L., M.A.C.E.
SISTER MOIRA, S.S.A., B.A., Th.L., Dip. Ed.
SISTER ROWENA, S.S.A., B.A., Th.L., A.A.S.A.

Staff:

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MISS F. SPEAR.
MRS. J. McLELLAN, B.Sc.
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MISS K. GLADWELL

MISS M. WATT, M.R.S.T., F.T.C.L.

Speech and Drama:

MRS. J. HARDIMAN, A.T.C.L.

Sport:

MISS Z. KEENAN, A.C.P.E.

Dormitory Mistresses:

Hospital: MRS. G. CROCKER.

MRS. S. METHERALL.
(School House)

MRS. E. RICHARDSON.
(Mytton House)

Secretary: MRS. G. GOSPER.

School Captain: MARGARET THORSBORNE.

Pro-Prefects: PATRICIA BOURNE, LYN STOWER, SALLY BAGITA, MARGARET BROWN-BERESFORD, JENNIFER DONOVAN, DOROTHY GOSPER, COLLEEN HASTED, DJENAN McDOUGALL, MARGARET MILLER, HELEN ROBB.

EDITORIAL

From time to time throughout history we find periods referred to as "The Age" of either an outstanding person or of a specific trend. For instance we speak of "The Age of Shakespeare" or the "Age of Reason". I wonder whether future historians will label this decade of the twentieth century as the Age of Ugliness? They might well do so.

A few days ago I was relieved to see in Helen MacInnes' book *The Double Image* the following—"Haven't you noticed a considerable decline in pretty girls in the last few years? What's gone wrong? A cult of ugliness? Or it might be that this is a base form of democracy—let everyone look equally unappetising, destroy the beauties, turn all girls into the same type with the same hair styles, the same grotesque eyes, the same vapid lips?" I rejoiced to find that we are not alone in our recognition of, and dislike for, this "cult of ugliness."

Unfortunately it is not only in the world of fashion that we find the ugly and the grotesque. Fashions are notoriously ephemeral and we take comfort in that knowledge. What is much more serious is the effect on our children of so much of our so-called literature and art,

portraying as they do the perverted, the pornographic, the degraded and the diabolic. How can we expect the children of this generation to have standards of decency in behaviour or dress, or taste in literature and art when almost incessantly they are being bombarded from one source or another with all that is the essence of vulgarity and immorality? What can we expect them to think when the Orders of the British Empire are awarded to members of a pop singing group, and to the inventor of the mini skirt?

Those of us who have studied history are apprehensive about this trend towards decadence. Many of the Great Civilisations of the World became decadent and were overthrown. Are we to go the same way? Or can we, while yet there is time, call a halt and prevail upon the youth of this generation to heed the warning of St. Paul to the Philippians "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

SCHOOL DIARY

January:

- 30 Boarders return for new school year.
- 31 New girls arrive.

February:

- 1 Lessons began. Sister Lois welcomed the girls, both old and new, supported by Sister Moira and Sister Rowena. Sister Lois introduced Miss Clarkson and Miss Keenan our two new Staff members and the girls joined in welcoming greetings to them, and the older members of Staff.
- 4 School Service in Chapel.
- 7 Swimming lessons began.
- 9 Work began on new tennis and basketball courts.
- 11 Patricia Bourne, Felicity Randall, Margaret Thorsborne — Crothers, Neal and Slade House Captains. Patricia Bourne, Lynn Stower, Margaret Thorsborne made Pro-prefects. New girls put into houses. Farewell to Governor at Queen's Park.
- 12 New girls' concert.
- 19 St. C. v. W.H.S. tennis. Won by St. Catharine's. Old girls' concert.
- 21 Interhouse swimming with Slade. Crothers first, Slade second, Neal third.
- 22 Mike, Sister's Boxer dog died. The School mourned with her. "There shall be in that rich earth a richer dust concealed" — Mike rests in the garden alongside the fence which we all thought he couldn't jump, the garden of Le Fanu.
- 23 Ash Wednesday.
- 26 St. C. v. C.H.S. tennis. C.H.S. won. Film "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
- 28 First Lenten Address and Evensong with Rev. T. Brown-Beresford.

March:

- 2 St. C. v. P.G.C. tennis. Won by P.G.C.
- 3 Boarders leave after school for mid-term.
- 6 Boarders return from mid-term.
- 7 Visitors to school — Mr. Cornish and Canon Hawkey. Mr. Cornish spoke on New Britain at Assembly.
- 9 Inter-school swimming.
- 11 Awarding of colours for swimming. Full colours — Robin Hornibrook, Djenan McDougall. Half colours — Leslie McDade, Elizabeth Atkinson, Marilyn Myers, Julie Hornibrook, Tempe Hornibrook. Academic colours to Tempe Hornibrook for Junior Pass.
- 12 St. C. v. W.H.S. tennis. Won by W.H.S. Film "Sammy Going South."
- 23 St. C. v. C.H.S. tennis. Won by C.H.S.
- 26 St. C. v. P.G.C.—Won by P.G.C.
- 26 St. C. v. P.G.C. — Won by P.G.C. Film "The Parent Trap."

- 28 Vocational Guidance tests for 6A.
- 29 House tennis began.

April:

- 1 Vocational Guidance interviews Form VI.
- 2 6B debating team — Dorothy Gosper, Djenan McDougall, Tempe Hornibrook won debate with Slade at All Schools' debate at P.G.C. 8th Grade Verse Speaking Choir won at C.W.A. Eisteddfod.
- 6 C.W.A. plays in Hall "Members of the Jury" adjudicated by Mr. Connell. S.E.A.Q. cooking demonstration in hall.
- 7 Boarders leave for Easter.
- 11 Returned from Easter break.
- 12 S.E.A.Q. cooking demonstration in hall.
- 13 Examinations began.
- 16 "Members of the Jury" taken to Toowoomba for Lions' Club Drama Festival.
- 20 S.E.A.Q. cooking demonstration.
- 22 Examinations finished.
- 26 Anzac Day 6A's and 6B's went down to park. St. Catharine's wreath laid. House singing. Slade first, Neal second, Crothers third. Margaret Thorsborne elected school captain.
- 29 Boarders left for May vacation.

May:

- 15 Boarders return.
- 16 School began. M. Thorsborne admitted as Prefect.
- 19 Ascension Day holiday. Film "Chalk Garden." Slade House won Senior tennis (on new courts).
- 21 "The Mouse That Roared." Film.
- 25 A and B basketball teams played High School (non competitive).
- 26 A team defeated C.H.S. 30-21.
- 28 6A's and 6B's went to Toowoomba for production of "King Lear."
- 30 8th Graders and 4th and 5th formers went to see "Julius Caesar," and "Midsummer Night's Dream."

June:

- 2 A team lost to P.G.C. 12-6.
- 4 Film "The Reluctant Saint."
- 11 Old Girls' Weekend. O.G. tea in Mytton, later, dance with Slade at "Horse and Jockey."
- 12 Old Girls' Meeting. Luncheon with Slade Old Boys in Refectory.
- 13 Old v. Present Girls. Tennis — won by Old Girls. Basketball — won by us.
- 15 A team defeated High School.
- 16 A team defeated C.H.S.
- 17 6A Zoology Students left for Dunwich. Also went to Science Exhibition at Queensland University.

- 19 Film "Baby on the Battleship." Girls returned from Dunwich.
- 21 Teachers' Association meeting in Hall.
- 22 Bank talk to Junior Form by Mr. Weaver. Music Examinations began.
- 23 A team defeated P.G.C. Primary School, attended puppet show.

July:

- 1 Boarders left for mid-term.
- 4 Boarders return.
- 8 Concert in City Hall for Mr. Mac-Namara. New Guinean girls sang. M. Thorsborne played the piano.
- 9 Film. "The Ugly American."
- 14 Examinations start.
- 16 Father Colin Blow, the Chaplain's (Rev. T. Brown-Beresford) Assistant Curate left Warwick. He is to be replaced by Father Peter Brewer of Mitchell Parish. Social with Slade.
- 22 Eisteddfod. Choir gained first place. Lynn and Julie Stower first in speech sections. Marie Bailey, Jacqueline Baxter places in music and speech respectively.
- 24 Film "The Reluctant Maiden."
- 25 Examinations finished.
- 29 N.A.S.A. Science Talks in Hall.

August:

- 6 Primary School concert.
- 7 Film "The Fast Lady."
- 9 Dress Rehearsal for House plays.
- 11 House plays. Slade first, Crothers second, Neal third. Boarders left after plays and next day for August holidays.
- 27 Mrs. Neal died (during holidays).

September:

- 4 Boarders return and with them seven new girls. Confirmation.
- 7 Violin concert with Ruggiero Ricci and Pianist Clemens Leske. Pam Kilborn (Olympic Gold Medallist) gave sprinting advice over at P.G.C.
- 8 English lecture by Dr. Val Vallis for 6A's and 6B's in R.S.L. Hall.
- 9 Lecture by Dr. Vallis for 4th and 5th formers at P.G.C. First Communion in our Chapel for newly confirmed. We were glad to have the P.G.C. girls with us on that occasion.
- 10 Slade Fete.

- 13 School attended Australian Ballet Matinee.
- 14 Robyn Croft, St. Anne's Old Girl, and member of Australian Ballet Company spoke to us in assembly.

Obituary**SYBIL ELAINE NEAL**

It was with regret that we heard during the August holidays of the death on 27th August of Mrs. George Neal, who has been connected with this School since her husband came as Rector to this Parish in 1928. The regret we feel is for ourselves and the breaking of the link with the past History of the School. For her we can have no regrets, since for many years now she has been suffering a long and painful illness, and we feel that death, for her, was a kindly release from the hampering restriction of bodily ailment.

From the time of their arrival in Warwick both Canon and Mrs. Neal showed great interest in the School so that when it was decided to run the School on the House system, it was a matter of deep satisfaction to the then Head Mistress, Miss Florence Phipps, that Mrs. Neal graciously consented to allow her name to be used for one of the Houses and to become its Patron. From that time onwards she took a very special interest in Neal House, and until quite recently did not forget to send them a Birthday Cake on her Birthday, as Neal House also did not forget to send her some small token of remembrance on that auspicious occasion.

For many years her association with the School was very close, not only as the Patron of Neal House, but in her capacity of Guide Commissioner for this district, when the School had a very strong Guide Company and Brownie Pack. In fact there are two of the Sisters in the Community who cherish memories of serving with her as Guiders in this City.

Perhaps her most outstanding characteristic, the one which those of us who knew her well will remember is her enthusiasm for whatever she undertook, and the courage with which she overcame all obstacles. I often feel that this characteristic—her courageous dedication to whatever she put her hand is symbolised by the colour which is that of Neal House—Red, the colour of the Holy Spirit, to whose guidance in all things she committed her life.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to Canon Neal at the same time rejoicing in the inspiration and the example which she has left, and which we hope will be faithfully followed by the House in which she took such an interest.

THANKS

Our special thanks this year are offered to Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barth and to Mrs. R. C. Eather for their very generous contributions to our library. From these donors alone the library has benefited to the extent of over 100 books.

To Mrs. W. E. B. Minchin, Miss Cant and Miss Armstrong who have also given us books for the library.

To Miss Granowski of St. Hilda's School who gave us their stage curtains to replace the ones of ours which were destroyed by vandals during the last Christmas holidays.

To Mrs. H. Crothers, Mr. and Mrs. Eastwell, Mr. and Mrs. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Ree who have been very generous in their gifts of fruit and eggs throughout the year.

To all Parents and Friends and Members of the Staff who have given generously to the Building Fund Account and to all Parents and Friends who have worked so hard to make our Street Stalls and Paddy's Market the successes that they were, and to all donors to the Prize Fund.

A very special thank you to Mr. H. Gardner, Dr. J. Deane-Butcher and the members of the Warwick Tennis Association who gave so generously of their time and hard work to produce the new tennis and basketball courts.

Lastly to our Advertisers whose interest in the School helps considerably in the publication of the magazine.

SENIOR RESULTS, 1965

ALTMANN, Conny: English C, Modern History B, Ancient History B, Mathematics I P, Physics C, Art B.

DEIGHTON, Judith: English C, Modern History C, Ancient History B, Geography C, Art A.

FRASER, Margaret: English B, French B, Geography C, Zoology B, Music B, Bookkeeping A.

GILLAM, Judith: English C, Ancient History C, Mathematics I C, Zoology C, Speech and Drama C.

GOODWIN, Lois: English C, French C, Modern History C, Ancient History C, Geography P.

HUNGERFORD, Elizabeth: Ancient History C, Chemistry P, Home Management B.

JACKSON, Helen: English C, Modern History B, Zoology C, Speech and Drama B.

LO, Madeleine: English C, Modern History B, Geography C, Zoology C, Art B.

MARTYN, Tanis: English C, Ancient History A.

REE, Margaret: English C, Modern History B, Ancient History B, Zoology C, Bookkeeping B.

WORMWELL, Dawn: English C, Mathematics I P, Physics P, Art B, Speech and Drama B.

WRIGHT, Jocelyn: English C, French C, Ancient History C, Mathematics I P, Chemistry C, Physics C.

YATES, June: English C, Modern History B, Ancient History C, Geography C, Zoology C, Music B.

JUNIOR RESULTS, 1965

AIKEN, J.: Physiology C, Art C, Home Science A C, Home Science B B.

ALDRIDGE, J.: English B, French C, Mathematics A B, Physiology C, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping B, Typing C.

BAGITA, S.: English C, French B, German B, History B, Geography C, Mathematics B C, Physiology C.

BAMBERRY, J.: English B, Mathematics A B, Physiology B, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping C, Typing C, Home Science A B.

BECROFT, C.: English C, French B, History B, Geography B, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B C, Chemistry C, Physics C.

BEETON, J.: Physiology C, Home Science B C.

BLINCO, A.: English B, Geography C, Mathematics A A, Chemistry C, Physics B, Physiology C, Home Science A A, Home Science B A.

BOURNE, P.: German B.

BROWN, H.: English C, French C, Geography C, Mathematics A C, Bookkeeping B, Shorthand A, Typing B, Home Science B B.

CORY, S.: English C, Physiology C, Art B, Home Science A B, Home Science B C.

DEIGHTON, Judy: Mathematics A C.

DONOVAN, Jenny: English C, French A, History A, Geography A, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B B, Chemistry B, Physics C.

DONOVAN, Judy: English C, Physiology C, Art C, Typing C.

HASTED, Colleen: English A, French B, Geography B, Mathematics A B, Physiology A, Art A, Bookkeeping A, Typing C.

HORNIBROOK, Tempe: English A, French A, German B, Mathematics A B, Physiology A, Speech and Drama B, Bookkeeping B, Shorthand B, Typing A, Home Science B A.

HUNT, Mary: English B, German C, Geography B, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B C, Chemistry B, Physics B, Art A, Speech and Drama C.

HUTTON, Diane: English C, Mathematics A C, Physiology C, Bookkeeping C, Shorthand C, Typing C, Home Science B B.

JORGENSEN, H.: English A, French A, German B, History A, Mathematics A A, Mathematics B B, Chemistry B, Physics B, Speech and Drama C.

LAVALLEE, A.: English C, French C, Geography C, Chemistry C, Physics C, Typing C.

LEGGO, J.: English C, French C, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B C, Physiology B, Speech and Drama B.

McDADE, L.: French C, Physiology C, Typing C.

McDOUGALL, D.: English C, French B, German B, Geography B, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B B, Chemistry C, Physics C, Speech and Drama B.

MILLER, M.: English A, French B, History B, Geography B, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B B, Chemistry C, Physics C, Art A, Speech and Drama B.

O'SULLIVAN, M.: Mathematics A C, Physiology C, Home Science A C, Home Science B A.

THURECHT, P.: English A, French A, History A, Mathematics A A, Mathematics B B, Chemistry A, Physics A, Speech and Drama B.

TRISTRAM, E.: Physiology A, Speech and Drama C, Bookkeeping C, Typing C, Home Science A A, Home Science B A.

WALLACE, J.: English C, French C, Geography C, Mathematics A B, Mathematics B C.

WAME, E.: French C, Physiology C, Typing B.

WHITE, C.: English C, French B, Mathematics A A, Mathematics B B, Chemistry B, Physics A, Physiology B, Art B.

YOUNGBERRY, L.: English C, French B, History B, Geography C, Mathematics A C, Mathematics B C, Physiology B, Speech and Drama C.

MUSIC RESULTS, A.M.E.B., First Period 1966

Piano—Practical

Preliminary: Koi Rima 79%; Mabel Willis 73%.

Grade IV: Shirley Green 80%.

Grade VI: Margaret Thorsborne 92%

Theory of Music

Grade III: Susan Baker 73%.

SHORTHAND WRITERS' AND BOOKKEEPERS' ASSOCIATION EXAMINATION—1966

Results of the 1966 examinations resulted in the following girls obtaining certificates:

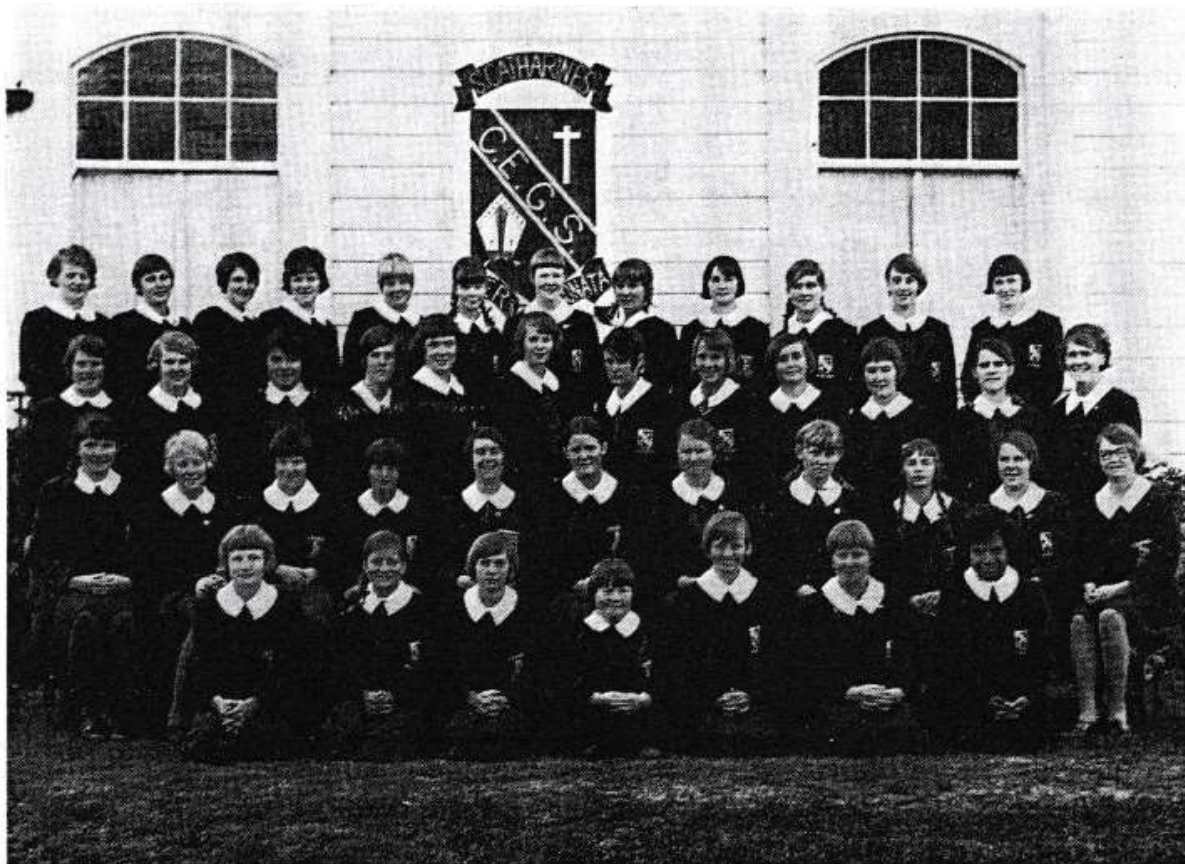
Shorthand Speed Certificates:

Tempe Hornibrook, Anne Schwenke, Lesley McDade, Ruth Postle.

Senior Typewriting Certificate:

Credit Pass—Shandra Baker.

HOUSE NOTES



CROTHERS HOUSE NOTES

Motto Dieu et Devoir
 Colour Gold
 Mistresses Miss Spear, Mrs. Gilmour
 Captain Patricia Bourne
 Secretary Djenan McDougall
 Sports Captain Helen Robb

We welcomed nineteen new girls into our ranks this year. Many of these girls took part in the swimming and helped to gain our first Cup. Next on the agenda was the Singing. Although this was won by Slade, Crothers sang well with Marilyn's competent accompaniment.

Slade House were victorious in the tennis after a closely fought match. Crothers won the Senior Basketball.

"Druid's Ring" was Crother's selection for the House Plays, and the girls performed well under the direction of Margaret Miller to take second place.

Mrs. Crothers, celebrated her birthday once again this year by presenting us with a

delicious birthday cake. We expressed our gratitude by presenting Mrs. Crothers with a Travelling Rug.

Ball Games, Athletics, Marching, Sewing and Hobbies are still to come. I hope that the House Spirit which has been evident in our consistent performances throughout the year will come once again to the fore and lead us to victory.

Special congratulations to Djenan McDougall who received full swimming colours, Mabel Willie and Pat Bourne who received full basketball colours, and Marilyn Myers who received half-colours for swimming.

Special thanks are offered to Miss Spear and to Mrs. Gilmour without whose assistance I am sure we would never have performed as well as we have. We extend to those sitting for Public Examinations our best wishes and hope that their ambitions will be fulfilled.

PATRICIA BOURNE.



NEAL HOUSE NOTES

Motto Honour before Honours
 Mistresses Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Hardiman,
 Mrs. Merchin, Miss Clarkson.

Captain Lynn Stower

We began the year with our ranks considerably thinned, many of our members having left school at the end of last year. This gave us the opportunity to welcome eighteen new girls and also a new House Mistress, Miss Clarkson.

Congratulations to Lesley McDade, Joanne Krause and Liz Atkinson, three of our members, who were awarded colours for their efforts in the Inter-House Swimming. Liz Atkinson also won the Junior Swimming Cup.

The next Inter-House Competition in first term was the Singing. Many thanks to Mrs. Gosper for accompanying us. Despite the inevitable bouts of 'flu, the House sang well and gained second place close behind Slade.

Both Junior and Senior Tennis Teams tried hard. We gained third place. Congratulations Slade and Crothers.

Early in June we sent Mrs. Neal a gift for her birthday. We later learned that she was ill and were very sorry to hear of her death in August. The interest Canon and Mrs. Neal took in our House has long been known to all of us and we will miss her.

The Sub-Seniors and Sub-Juniors provided the cast for our Play, "The Dream." Dorothy and Logan were responsible for its production and we again gained third place. Congratulations to Slade.

This term we had the pleasure of welcoming Karen, Sue and Marea into our ranks.

Past Neal members can not but agree with me that our standard this year does not compare favourably with that of previous years. Neal House has a standard to maintain. We still have our Athletics and Marching Competitions and our Hobbies Display. Results can only be obtained by co-operation and enthusiasm on the part of every member of the House. I hope that all our members will realise this next year and carry on our traditions.

On behalf of the House I would like to thank all the members of Staff who have helped us during the year. It has been much appreciated. Crothers and Slade have been, as always, good competitors and have played fairly.

I would like to extend to all Examination Candidates our best wishes for their success and wish all others a Happy Christmas and New Year.

LYNN STOWER, Sixth Form.

gaining first place. Special thanks are due to Tempe Hornibrook who produced the play.

Training for the Inter-House Athletics is well under way and it is hoped that our efforts will bring us success. Preparation has also begun for the Sewing and Hobbies Cup which will be judged at the end of the year.

Finally I would like to say that although we have accomplished much this year, the greater part of the hard work which goes with victory was left to the willing few. So I must now urge all Slade-ites to try and live up to the standard which has been set before our time.

MARGARET BROWN-BERESFORD.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

CHAPEL NOTES

St. Catharine's is a Church School, and each day for most of the year we devote part of our time to worship in our School Chapel. These daily services are taken by the Sisters.

Our first School Service was held on the 4th of February. Here I wish to thank our School Chaplain, Father Brown-Beresford, for his unfailing guidance and instruction during the year. Two services are held each week, the servers and communicants from each house taking turns in services and cleaning of the chapel.

The second Communion Service, each week is a voluntary one, said by the Assistant Curate. We farewelled Father Blow in second term and a little later welcomed Father Brewer in his place.

Ash Wednesday fell on March 23rd and each week during Lent Father Brown-Beresford gave us a series of Lenten Addresses. The Nativity of St. John the Baptist, the Patron Saint of the Society of the Sacred Advent, was celebrated on the 24th of June.

Preparations for Confirmation were held each week in the Chapel. The year was marked by a rather memorable occasion when Mavis Chapman was baptised prior to her Confirmation. Altogether thirteen girls were confirmed and they made their first Communion on the 9th of September in the Chapel.

Before closing these notes, I would again like to offer our sincere gratitude to Father Brown-Beresford and also to the Curates and the three Sisters for their efforts to help our spiritual education.

MARGARET THORSBORNE

ART NOTES

We began this year by welcoming our new Art Mistress, Mrs. Romano, whom many of the girls remembered as Miss Flood. The year as a whole has been very productive and our thanks go to Mrs. Stent, the P.G.C. Art Mistress, who has given up much of her time to help the senior forms with art theory.

The following competitive awards were gained:

Warwick Show:

Senior Design: L. Brown 1st, A. Langdon 2nd.

Senior Pictorial: M. Miller 1st.

Toowoomba Chronicle:

Pictorial: M. Miller 1st.

There were no entrants from the school in the Courier-Mail Competition as it was felt by all that more time should be given to the Theory of Art.

We combined with the P.G.C. art students for a trip to Toowoomba during which we attended a lecture on Art Education and an exhibition of works by the Australian Artist, J. J. Hilder. We have also attended a recent art lecture in Warwick.

Congratulations to Judy Deighton on her Art Scholarship to Training College. Many of the girls are now hoping to qualify for scholarships of this type.

The Senior and Junior examinations are approaching fast and we wish all the art students the best of luck.

ANN LANGDON, Sixth Form.

DRAMA NOTES

Under the direction of Mrs. Hardiman, the School presented the Play—"Members of the Jury" at a Drama Festival organised by the Lions Club held in Toowoomba, during first term. The cast consisted of Lyn Stower, Paulette Coates, Helen Robb, Margaret Miller, Tempe Hornibrook and Djenan McDougall. The Production was commended by the Adjudicator, Miss Joan Whalley. A thank-you is extended to Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. Stower, Mrs. Merchin and Miss Clarkson who assisted in transporting the girls. Thanks are also due to Ann Langdon and Robin Hornibrook for their assistance with the scenery and to Cathy White, Logan Atherton and Colleen Hasted who helped back-stage.

The School was represented in the Inter-School Debate held at P.G.C. by Djenan McDougall, Tempe Hornibrook and Dorothy Gosper. The debate was "It's a Man's World" and we were opposed by members of Slade School. Our team was successful.

On July 4th, in second term, another play "The Goldfish Pool" was presented in the newly introduced Jean Trundle Memorial Drama Competition held in the Brisbane Arts Theatre. The Adjudicator was Mr. David Rowbotham. Most sincere thanks to Sister Rachel who invited our girls to be guests for the day of our sister school, St. Aidan's, and also to Sister Lois to whom we were all very grateful for permitting us to enter for this Competition and so gain experience in a wider field. On this occasion our cast consisted of Margaret Miller, Helen Robb, Djenan McDougall, Tempe Hornibrook and Dorothy Gosper.

The next big event in our School Year was the House Plays Competition adjudicated by Mr. Connell who travelled from Toowoomba to judge for us. All members of all Houses show great enthusiasm and interest in the House Plays and a great deal of work goes on in preparation in which many of the School join. The winning play this year was presented by Slade, "A Touch of Faith", with Tempe the producer. Crothers House Play, "Druid's Ring" produced by Margaret Miller gained second place closely followed by Neal's "The Dream" produced by Logan and Dorothy.

At the end of Second Term the Primary School entertained Parents, Friends and pupils of St. Catharine's and Slade with a Concert in which there was a variety of items including the play "The Sword and the Stone."

Earlier in the year, on the 28th May, the Senior Form was privileged to see a performance of "King Lear" in the Grammar School Hall in Toowoomba, and on the 15th July, some of the School attended a performance of "The Mikado" in Warwick which was produced by students of the Harristown High School.

We should like to express our thanks to Mrs. Hardiman for her advice and help throughout the year, and to our fellow students—too numerous to mention here—who helped in so many ways "behind the scenes."

D. McDOUGALL, D. GOSPER

FICTION LIBRARY NOTES

During the past year the number of books in the libraries has been considerably increased and we are grateful to Sister Lois and Sister Moira for the books they have passed on for the Fiction Library—The Shoes of the Fisherman (West), The Fellowship of the Ring (Tolkien), The Glass Barrier (Packer), The Nonesuch (Heyer), The Strode Venturer (Innes), The Loud Halo (Beckworth), The Sad Variety (Blake), It's a Dog's Life (Bishop), No Barrier (Dark), Mr. Jelly's Business (Upfield), My Turn to Make the Tea (Dickens), Katherine Wentworth (Stevenson), Trustee from the Tool-Room (Shute), Travels with Charley (Steinback) and The Artist (Hartog).

Mrs. Eather's generous contribution was very much appreciated. Among the large collection were 22 Readers' Digests of Condensed Books, In Search of Ireland and In the Steps of St. Paul (Morton), Mine Inheritance (Niven), Prelude to Waking (Brent of Bin Bin), Northern Gateway (Flynn and Willey), The Beautiful is Vanished (Caldwell), The Beckoning Shore (Timms), Sara Dane (Gaskin), Winston Churchill (Fletcher), If Ever I Cease to Love (Keyes), This Other Eden (Gaskin), The Upstart (Marshall), Random Harvest (Hilton), Behind God's Back (Farson), and The Call of the Kimberleys (Shackcloth).

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Barth, too, have been very generous with their books and from them we received a lovely copy of Ruskin's *Frondees Agrestes* and one of Omar Khayyam, as well as The Turquoise Cup (Smith), Blake's Reach

(Gaskin), Belles on their Toes (Gilbreth), Britannia Mews (Sharp), Came a Cavalier, The Ambassador, The Royal Box and Joy Street (Keyes), Literary Lapses (Leacock), Nodding Wold (Gee), The Lizard Eaters (Lockwood), The Blue Feather (Amundson), The Darkness and the Dawn (Costain), The Lonely Plough, The Old Road from Spain and The Wisdom of the Simple (Holme), Bright Day (Priestley), Laughter on the Stairs and Merry Hall (Nichols), The Flower and the Wheel (Bell), Tambourine, Trumpet and Drum (Kaye-Smith), A Few Flowers for Shiner (Llewellyn), Dunkerleys (Spring), The Turquoise (Seton), Foxfire (Seton), Into the Morning (Webb), Young Sam (Leslie), Where Helen Lies (Lowe), Carnival (Mackenzie), Catalina (Maugham), Tap Roots (Shute), The Silver Bell (Tweedsmuir), The Hearth and the Eagle (Seton), Wax Fruit (McCrone), The Foolish Gentlewoman (Sharp), Crusader's Tomb (Cronin), and several volumes of Readers' Digest Books.

We wish to thank members of the Quota Club, the Warwick East Bowling Club, and Miss Nancy Dight for books placed for us on the Anzac Memorial. Mrs. W. E. B. Minchin, Miss Cant and Miss Watt have also been generous in gifts of books.

Other new books include *Quest Under Capricorn* (Attenborough) and *The Weather at Tregulla* (Gibbons).

THE REFERENCE LIBRARY

The Encyclopaedia section of the Reference Library is up-to-date with the 1965 and 1966 Supplementary volumes of our Encyclopaedia Britannica and we now have two sets of the World Book Encyclopaedia, one in the Reference Library and one in the Grade VIII Library and the Primary School has its own encyclopaedia. The Science Section has grown and will eventually be transferred to the new Science block where the books will be more accessible to the girls.

Additions to the Art Section of the library this year include "The Readers' Digest Family Treasury of Great Painters and Great Paintings" and "Art and Australia" and the Knowledge Publications of the Masters.

Mrs. Eather whose generous contribution to the Fiction library has been noted above, has also given a number of Travel books to the Reference library.

The History Section is being regularly augmented now by volumes from the History Book Club (London), to which we are subscribing; the most recent additions being "Roman Women" by Balsdon and "William the Conqueror" by Professor Douglas.

The Drama shelves have more losses than additions and contributions would be appreciated.

We append the following list of Reference needs for any who may be considering a book remembrance to the School.

Plutarch's Lives (Everyman).
Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare".

Walter Murdoch's complete Essays.
 Kipling's complete Poems.
 The Savoy Operas.
 Barrie's Complete Plays.
 Tchekov's Plays.
 Leslie Rees on Australian Drama.
 Green's Outline of Australian Literature (2 volumes).

JUNIOR LIBRARY NOTES

This year with the combination of Primary Grades of boys from Slade School and St. Catharine's girls, special attention was given to improving the Junior Library.

St. Catharine's enhanced our collection with \$60 worth of books covering many fields. These books, about Music, Science, Health,

Art, Drama, Poetry, History, Myths and Legends are greatly appreciated. The Junior School was very proud to receive their own set of encyclopaedias.

Many hours of practice in second term resulted in a happy little concert performed by the Junior School to raise money towards their own library. The children greatly appreciate the \$46 donated by the small but busy band of parents and friends who ran a street stall in June.

Weekly copies of the New Knowledge series are filed in our General Knowledge section.

We hope that future Primary Grades will be able to enjoy the variety and selection of the Junior Library as much as we have this year.

SPORTS NOTES

TENNIS NOTES

We had four tennis teams this year with the A team consisting of Pat Bourne, Margaret Green, Robin Hornibrook and Tempe Hornibrook who changed places with Djenan McDougall half-way through the season.

On the 29th March representative House Teams played off the House Tennis. Slade won the Senior Section and also the Junior Section. The finals were played on the new tennis courts which were then completed. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Gardner and Miss Keenan for their untiring efforts in the preparation of the new basketball and tennis courts. Sharlane Charles won the Senior Championship. Congratulations to Pat Bourne and Margaret Green who won the Open Doubles.

The present pupils were unsuccessful in an attempt to beat the Old Girls on their Reunion Weekend. Most of the games were played on the new courts but windy weather made play difficult.

In the Inter-School fixtures we got off to a good start by winning our first match against the High School, but unfortunately lost the rest of the matches. This was an improvement on last year's try but is far from a satisfactory standard. Better luck next year.

ROBIN HORNIBROOK, Captain.

BASKETBALL NOTES

We started basketball with six Senior Teams and one Primary School team. We were beaten for the premiership by P.G.C. The A team consisted of Pat Bourne (captain), Margaret Green, Tempe Hornibrook, Sharlane Charles, Cathie White, Mabel Willie and Jean Holland, all of whom were awarded full basketball colours.

Crothers House won the Senior, and Slade House the Junior Basketball.

The Primary Basketball Team consisting of Debbie Tanner (captain), Vernet Stibbard, Narelle Bailey, Leanne Eckhardt, Mavis Chapman,

Patty Willmott and Jennifer Dight played in the inter-school fixtures. Congratulations to the St. Mary's School on winning the premiership in this competition. The Primary Team also took part in the Basketball championships at the High School Oval on the 5th and 6th August and performed very well.

The teams are very grateful to Miss Keenan for the time and energy she has devoted to the training of the girls.

SWIMMING NOTES

The keenness and increased interest shown in swimming this term was due to the drive of our new Sports Mistress, Miss Keenan.

We started early morning training for our first goal — the Inter-House Swimming in the week we resumed School.

Crothers, being the dominant House in swimming for the last Decade, again won, but this year they were closely followed by Slade with Neal third.

The individual championships results in a tie in the Senior Cup for Robin Hornibrook and Patricia Bourne; the Intermediate Cup was won by Djenan McDougall and the Junior Cup by Elizabeth Atkinson.

The inter-school Carnival was held on the 9th March and, although there were some good close finishes, we gained fourth place. Although Mr. Peachey and Miss Keenan tried to improve our diving standard, we were not very successful in the School Competition.

It is hoped that Life Saving Classes will be held this term, but those interested will be competing for awards.

Swimming Colours awarded were as follows:

Full Colours — Robin Hornibrook, Djenan McDougall.

Half Colours — Liz Atkinson, Tempe Hornibrook, Julie Hornibrook, Mariyn Myers, Joanne Krause and Lesley McDade.

DJENAN McDOUGALL, Swimming Captain.



ATHLETIC NOTES

With the inter-house and inter-school athletics looming up ahead, training is in full swing in both fields of running and ball games.

On our return to School for third term, training began immediately as the inter-house competition was only two weeks away, and the sportsmanship and keen interest shown by the majority of the girls is to be highly commended and will, I hope, bring them good results.

Under the guidance of Miss Keenan and Mr. Gardner the inter-house running teams have been going to Slade Park early morning and afternoon. Mr. Gardner has also devoted much of his time in training the long-distance runners at Queen's Park each afternoon.

The girls have benefited much from the aid given to them and I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of all concerned, of sincerely thanking Miss Keenan and Mr. Gardner for all their efforts to bring our athletic teams to a high standard.

JENNY DONOVAN, Athletics Captain.

HOCKEY NOTES

Last term the School's first hockey team was formed. Most of us were quite ignorant about how to play hockey, but, thanks to the guidance and interest Miss Keenan showed, we were soon able to participate in a game.

As the P.G.C. hockey team was formed at the same time as ours, we played a few friendly matches with them on their hockey field. This we appreciated and enjoyed because it gave us a better experience and understanding of hockey.

After each match we played there we returned home victorious. Our history making goal was shot by our left half-back, Helen Smith.

We hope that next year we will be able to play more matches with other schools and have a really strong hockey team for St. Catharine's.

Once again the team would like to thank Miss Keenan for her efforts, also Miss Chappel and the girls from P.G.C.

JANE WALLACE.

AWARDS FOR 1966

Academic Pocket:

Tempe Hornibrook.

SWIMMING, Full Swimming Colours:

Djenan McDougall, Robin Hornibrook.

Half Swimming Colours:

Tempe Hornibrook, Joanne Krause, Lesley McDade, Elizabeth Atkinson, Julie Hornibrook, Marilyn Myers.

BASKETBALL, Full Colours:

Margaret Green, Catherine White, Tempe Hornibrook, Patricia Bourne, Mabel Willie, Jean Holland, Sharlane Charles.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

GREEN ISLAND

We clambered on to the launch and quickly grabbed three seats on the very front deck for our crossing over to Green Island. Slowly the heavily laden boat carrying two hundred very excited Y.A.L. girls pulled out from the jetty. Because the sea was not very rough on the way over, only a few girls were lightly sprayed with water.

After a one-and-a-half hours' journey we reached Green Island, which is an atoll, made entirely of coral. Getting off the launch we were bundled into glass-bottomed boats, from which we saw below us a wonderland of nature. Gaily coloured fish darted in and out of the coral where we could hardly see them.

On the island it was very peaceful. There were tall coconut trees and thick tropical forest almost as thick as on the mainland. Groups of us were allowed to walk around the island by ourselves. This only took us about a quarter of an hour as the island is so small. On the jetty was an Underwater Observatory which was like a big room sunk into the sea. From here we saw the coral and fish in their natural environment. It was fascinating.

Also on the island was a reserve where live crocodiles, turtles and tropical fish were kept. Tourists were provided with comfortable bungalows where they could spend an enjoyable holiday.

When at last it was time to leave we returned to the boat and found seats on the back deck. On the return trip to the mainland the rough rolling of the boat caused much excitement and many girls returned drenched to the skin, but we were sure they enjoyed themselves.

PENNY WHITE, JULIE STOWER, PAULINE McDOUGALL, Grade VIII

"THE HURRICANE"

All was deathly still . . . no breath of warm humid air ruffled that incredible silent calm. Not an animal stirred, yet an air of intensified expectancy hung like drops of rain in a heavy-laden cloud.

But the sharper ears among those huddled, sombre natives detected a distant sullen whine; yet not a single cloud marred that brilliant blue of sea and sky.

But wait! Was there on the horizon a dark, infinitesimal smudge? Like the mark of a fingerprint scarring the otherwise perfect peace of a country scene. As terrified eyes watched, that inky smudge grew and the distant drone was audible to all but the deaf, and the blue smudge clear to all but the blind . . .

In a matter of minutes that previously brilliant sky changed into a dark menacing morass. The drone accelerated and rose into a deafening mighty roar but, strangely, no wind stirred the icy calm of hut and foliage. Still

no living creature stirred; all was motionless, waiting.

A slight, tremulous but cooling breeze wafted on the hot faces, accompanied by the music of blackened, frightening clouds.

This innocent breeze then was increasing until, suddenly, it became a whipping, hunting force, propelled by angered giants, making everything hurtle pell-mell through the dusty, stinging air until not a solitary thing remained to tell of the calm.

Huts, branches, clothes, bodies and furniture rolled, crushed, flew, banged and soared in that sickening, deafening and violently pushing rush.

No person or thing could escape its might!

Years of toil and the promising future of golden hopes were lost to the sound of the wind and the waves.

Then — the airborne objects fell back to their earth. People still alive heard their own sobbing and incoherent terror above the noise of the storm and; saw the wreckage of a thousand lives piled around them.

But the vivid bitter-sweet relapse was not to be theirs for long. The final blow was about to be struck by the already victorious elements. The destruction was not yet complete.

Several miles across the heaving ocean the wind was pushing and goading the waves to form a high, mountainous and wellnigh impenetrable mass of rushing water, smooth and rolling — the final weapon.

Closer and closer it crept, unseen and unheard, until the wreckage was collected in one violent sweep, the huts demolished, the homes crushed.

It was gone. As suddenly and swiftly as it had come. Vengeance had been wreaked.

All was deathly still. Not a breath of warm air ruffled that incredible silent calm.

The rains came!

DOROTHY GOSPER, VI B

THE BRUMBY

As the mighty muscles gathered beneath me I braced for another plunge. The brumby leaped and twisted, both my hands gripped his mane and my aching knees slipped from their hold against his ribs. I held tightly as his heavy frame fell from beneath me. With my eyes closed against the rope-like mane that whipped across my face, I could slowly feel strength pounded out of me. Suddenly the brumby surged with an unexpected power, shuddered, and, this time, he meant to throw me. He sprang to the right and I lost my grip. Then he rose on his hind legs and twisted. I fell to the ground with a thud as his mighty hooves pounded the earth beside me.

JULIE STOWER, Grade VIII

HULA

Hula, a tiny littoral district, situated about seventy-five miles east of Port Moresby is one of the most colourful and splendid villages in that area. On either side, it has two arc-like inlets, which provide shelter for ships and canoes in stormy weather. They also provide the swimmers with sparkling, crystal-clear water and beautiful, sandy beaches. Lining these sandy shores are clusters of high-towering palm trees, backed by vegetable gardens here and there surrounding the widely scattered houses.

The people, known as Vulas, love singing and dancing as the Hulas of the South Pacific do, and they are always friendly and happy. The permanent residents in the village make their living either by fishing and subsistence farming, or by running trading and transport businesses.

The Christmas-New Year Festivals attract many visitors from Moresby and elsewhere, Papuans, New Guineans or Australians, who are all warmly welcomed. It always gives them pleasure to have so many people taking part in their ceremonies and sporting events. The latter include cricket, basketball, football, athletics, swimming, canoe sailing and paddling, and finally traditional dances and hymn-singing about the Prophets.

Although more people go to Hula during Easter and Christmas-New Year, there is always a joyous, welcoming air about the village throughout the year. For the mid-year visitors, there are the torch-light fishing and moonlight swims, or sailing, to be enjoyed. These are very fascinating sports, greatly admired by the Vulas themselves.

The houses which once stood over the water, are now dotting the shorelines and gradually moving towards the interior. The domestic water supply comes from tanks and underground wells. There is no electrical link from Port Moresby to Hula, but the people have built a tidal power plant, which supplies the Mission Station at Raukele.

Hula is not just a seaside village, it is a people's paradise. There they find peace, joy and freedom. To complete the picture, it experiences pleasant, sunny days and cool, breezy moonlit nights. All these factors, besides the joyful, peace-loving Vulas make this little village a happy, magnificent place to visit.

SALLY BAGITA, VI B

CAMOOWEAL CUP DAY

"I'll take six to four, I'll have six to four" droned the Bookie. "Step up, step up, place your bets," piped the opposition.

The stipe waved his flag in answer to the starter's "All set" from the six furlong post. The starter's flag dropped and: "They're racing in the Georgina Handicap." The crowd surged to the fence and the Bookie jumped up and down on his feed tin as he kept up a running commentary of the race.

The fence shook as the horses made the Home turn and the crowd roared as the horses pounded down the straight to the photo finish.

Unfortunately, the Camooweal Race Club has no photographic equipment, so, no photo!

Five horses crossed the finishing line in a jam, with Gralta winning by a nose.

Young Phillip, the jockey, beamed as he rode up to the saddling paddock.

Meanwhile the judges of second and third places, scratched their necks, ruminated awhile, then, thanking God that they knew their horses, allotted the positions.

Everyone in the secretary's booth prayed that the "angle" photo taken by the Isa Star photographer would not entirely disagree with the judge's decision.

The barriers for the next race were formed and on went the three "brother" jockeys. The boy thundered home to a smart win and Jim, the jackaroo, who had been doing cart wheels by the fence when Bedourie was leading, pulled a dour face and groaned "foul, the horse was pulled."

Then the Cup horses pranced into the saddling paddock, the jockeys mounted and pulled them out on to the track to the eight furlong post, where they lined up in their barrier positions.

A lull came over the crowd as they waited expectantly for the flag to drop. The flag fell. "They're off, they're off in the Camooweal Cup." Rockland's "Norma" flew to the lead but then dropped back and, for the remaining few furlongs, chewed dust. "Famine" fought towards the winning post but "Pinocchio Boy" thundered past to win the double.

After the Farewell Handicap most of the crowd returned to their camps or to the top or bottom pub. A few racing enthusiasts remained to continue betting on the Southern races and a few remained to spend their winnings at the booth. The secretary remained behind to do the back-stage work and soon only the framework remained. The silver fence, the white and green grandstand, the deserted tea booth and the bars and the enclosures were littered with tickets and food wrappings. A stray willy-willy sneaked through the fence and whipped much of the litter into a corner or threw it over the fence towards the town.

Camooweal was now a hive of activity much of it around the bars, where the men

would drink to closing time at ten, have a cold sobering shower, dress and stagger over to the ballroom to liven things up.

The races ended and all race track work completed, the Secretary looked over her shoulder to see a lonely out-house that was the Camooweal Race Track waiting for next September.

MARGARET MILLER, VIB.

OUR GRADE

To open this poem,
I'll let it be known,
It's about Grade seven I write.
The rhyme might be loose,
So you'll say I'm a goose,
But I just want to write what I like.
We have fun in our Grade,
We prayed and we prayed,
That the work we'd not done would be right.
When sent to the garden to work,
We hoe and pull out all the plants,
And when we're sent in,
Sutto sits on the bin,
To work and fool about.
And when we're let out,
We all start to shout,
And we see the boys off on the truck.
Then some have their showers,
Some polish for hours,
And the hungry ones go for their tuck.

VERNETT STIBBARD, Grade 7

LIFE AT ST. CATHARINE'S

Tell me, please tell me
Why St. Catharine's is great?
Well I'll tell you the reason for our happy state.
We rise in the morning and make our small
beds,
We then wash our faces and comb our neat
heads.
We eat our hot porridge, our good health to
keep,
Then run down to school, our classrooms to
sweep.
We sit through our lessons with interest and
care,
When we come out of school, a black' con-
science is rare.
After eating our tuck, then it's under the
shower,
Straight after tea off to prep for an hour.
Although we are tired we still say our prayers,
Then once into bed forget all our cares.
We continue our lessons in the same cheerful
way;
Then it's up in the morning to start a new day.
Now a cheer for St. Catharine's for it's here
we will stay.

GEORGIA WASHINGTON, Grade VIII

EARLY MORNING ON OUR FARM

I wake to hear the birds a-chirping
Merrily on the bough
I can hear already Father working
And the lowing of the cow.
The cock upon his perch crows loudly
As across the fowlyard ground
Run fluffy chicks to mother hen, proudly
Holding a worm that she has found.
The pet lamb bleating for its bottle
Rouses me from dreams
A soft breeze with the scent of wattle
Through the open window streams.
The sun is shining over the hill,
A gentle wind doth blow
There's not a moment to be still
For to work now we must go.

KRISTINE CLOTHIER, Grade VIII. Age 13 years

SAFARI

To go on a safari with Father was something very special for me as normally big brother would have that honour. The reason for the trip was obscure to me but, judging from the large black box, it must have been a "pay trip."

After days of preparation we were ready to leave. The lorry was loaded and we were off. The first important stop was Lodaur, a growing town on the Turkwell River. The camp was soon set up and, as chief cook, I was able to have a meal on the fire in no time.

We had a couple of askaris, native policemen, to keep an eye on the camp. Their uniform is rather out of the ordinary. All they wear are short navy wrap-around skirt things, bordered with crimson bands and topped with a crimson turban. They do carry guns but they all prefer to use their long spears.

Next stop was Lake Rudolf where we sailed over the roof of the District Commissioner's guest house—no, not flying, the place was swamped when the lake rose 14 feet in a year. We also tried to buy some copper ear drops which the young men of the tribe wear on the ends of their elongated ear lobes. There had just been a recent rainfall in the area and now the whole desert was a mass of colours, little pink and white flowers on the floor, while the sturdy Desert Rose woke up to bloom profusely for a few short days.

Lake Baringo was fascinating. We were conveyed to the hot springs on an island in the middle of the lake in the local fishing crafts—balsa-type logs roped together and having no back end. In addition to the hot springs, boiling mud and sulphur, we saw a few crocodiles and hippos. When we landed again the tribe asked if they could "buy me"—no doubt to feed to the crocodiles, but I was "priceless" so no sale took place.

After camping at various other places and seeing just about every animal from an elephant to tame ground squirrels it was a relief to drive into Nakuru and home. It had been a successful safari as our many photographs can prove.

FELICITY RANDALL, Sixth Form.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

Barangaroo wandered along the river bank chanting the age-old songs of her people. As she bent to the water's edge her eye was attracted by a shimmer in the water. She froze, then watched Future unravel her mysteries, and with eyes glued, as in a daze, to the mysterious patch, she saw Life reveal a secret.

On a large expanse of water—the bay she knew so well—there was a winged monster which floated like her own canoe. On this winged monster there were white men—the Bereewolgal or "men come from afar." Men with the skins of strange animals on their backs, boots on their feet and skins on their heads. Barangaroo shook her head and wiped a hand across her eyes—now the picture danced before her above the water.

The Bereewolgal were coming ashore in a large canoe, and now were jumping and shouting. Then, Barangaroo saw the long sticks that spouted fire and killed her tribesmen and their animals. She saw strange kegs that spouted water of fire—water that made her people shout and kill. Black people writhing in their miamias—she watched them die. Dying natives, dying whites—she closed her eyes. But still the dream rolled before her—women in long garments that reached their ankles, and the animals—strange animals with long horns or rolls of fleecy possum-like covering, and then the animals with long swishing tails—that men sat on. All these she saw and was afraid.

Barangaroo then jumped up and ran to pick up her dilly bag and yam stick. The strange picture would spare her nothing, for as she stopped to gather her belongings she saw blood—blood shed by kinsmen as they defended their lands, the blood of her fellows who were being driven from their water holes and pools and ceremonial grounds—driven away by the Bereewolgal with the spitting sticks. She saw her tribes—women going to the white men's huts at night, returning with bleary eyes and aching limbs, carrying blankets, coloured beads, sugar, tobacco or bottles of bad "water." She saw children not the chocolate brown children she knew so well, but children with a yellow skin. She saw these children—not black but, not white—living and dying as a foreign tribe. Wumbal was playing with the white children—he wore their strange covers and scribbled with coloured sticks on thin white bark. Then she saw him running, stumbling and bleeding, towards a dead camp. Her natural

mother's instinct was aroused and she ran back to the camp and her son. She brushed her eyes and shook her head to clear away the vision, that had poisoned her thoughts. She heard excited men coming from their huts and, as she entered the camp, she saw her man who was gesticulating wildly. She stopped in bewilderment—it's not true—and looked towards the bay—it can't be true—a winged canoe—the white men.

MARGARET MILLER, VIB.

SOUTH-EAST ASIA TODAY

Never before has the welfare of South East Asia been so profoundly important to the Western Civilisation as it is today.

Although the war in Vietnam, described to us daily by newspapers, is of ultimate importance, the rest of S.E. Asia is equally important to the future of Australia.

These countries not yet converted to the doctrines of Karl Marx, function as a series of buffer States, curbing the southward advance of Communism. Their fall would throw Australia into direct contact with Red China.

But is Australia concerned solely with her own preservation? What of the people who live in these vital States? Is it fair or Christian we should stand by and watch as they, undefended as they are, have Communism forced upon them as a child is forced to eat his spinach? Should any human be stripped of his liberty?

These people are the survivors of an ancient cultured civilisation. Maybe their glory has declined over the centuries. But in very few cases is this downfall through any fault of the innocent peasant. These humble people, not like Uriah Heap, but truly humble, scrape a meagre living from the soil they cultivate with their own hands, and nourish with their own bodies. They are tied by custom and religion, and to us they seem primitive and pagan, but even they have a right to maintain their liberty. They are human beings, riddled with disease? Probably for the most part uneducated? Definitely, but through no fault of their own. Only by a miracle were we fortunate enough to be born in such pleasant circumstances as those in which we dwell. We know nothing of hunger, we have never had the pall of plague, famine, flood and death over us daily. Yet to these people they constitute such a large part of life.

Do we, tucked away in our little corner of the world ever think of those, not so very far away, who live such a sad life? Do we even try to understand their plight? Until we do so honestly and conscientiously, the links between our world and theirs can never be forged into the chain of truly united mankind.

ROSEMARY DRAKE, Form VIA.

A BALLAD

It was at P.G.C.'s debating night,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 It was P.G.C.'s debating night,
 That fair St. Cath's spoke with all her
 might.
 First to the fray came red-haired Nan,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 First to the fray came red-haired Nan,
 To state the world belongs to man.
 Precisely backing up her claim,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 Precisely backing up her claim,
 Determined, Tempe spoke with flame.
 Dot strongly followed in the rear,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 Dot strongly followed in the rear,
 And her remarks did make us cheer.
 St. Catharine's School is famous now,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 St. Catharine's School is famous now,
 For our three girls did speak and how!
 And now of this, fair Jean may boast,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 And now of this, fair Jean may boast,
 So, to her let's all drink a toast!
 The poor little boys from our brother school,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 The poor little boys from our brother school,
 Had not a hope—Oh! Weren't we cruel!
 This story must be quick and fast,
 With a hey down, down and a down,
 This story must be quick and fast,
 And so this verse I make my last.

COLLEEN HASTED, VI B

FIRE

Last Sunday my brother's friend and I went bush-walking. We were sauntering along leisurely enjoying the cool and shady scenery when suddenly we heard cries for help. "The cries are coming from the west of us, deeper into the bush!" cried Pim.

"That's the way to Smithson's farmhouse!" I yelled. "Come on, we'd better run!" I took off in the direction of the cries, with Pim close on my heels. It was one mile to the farm, but to us it seemed about one hundred miles. In a while I saw smoke. "That's it" I cried, heaving breathlessly. "Hurry up or we'll be too late to help!"

Running across the last acre of clearing I pushed at the door. It wouldn't budge. I was petrified with horror. "Quickly!" I cried, "we must smash down the door!" Pim grabbed hold of a log and dragged it over to me. I caught it up and banged it against the door. It wouldn't budge. We tried again. It still wouldn't budge! The sweat was pouring off my face. Desperate this time, I ran at the door yet again. A splintering crash—silence!

Oh! The door had broken. With a cry of relief I dashed into the house.

Slumped in a heap on the floor lay a girl of about fifteen years of age. "Look after her, Pim" I cried, "I'll see what I can do in here!" I rushed from room to room but found no one. There was only one other room, the attic. I was right. In the attic were the five other children. Mercifully two of the other children were not unconscious. "Help me get the others out," I said. "Right," they replied.

Downstairs again we were met by a stream of water. "Look's like we'll have to swim through this," I said, laughing and crying at the same time. Outside I was congratulated on my courage. I was rewarded and have ever after been the Smithsons' best friend, especially Mr. and Mrs. Smithson's best friend because at that time they were away on business concerning the building of a new farmhouse.

JACQUELINE BAXTER, Grade VIII

CAUSTIC COMMENTS ABOUT OUR FORM
MATES

(Quotes from "Coriolanus")

- Logan Atherton—"Why did you wish me milder?"
 Anne Blinco—"Come I too late?"
 Margaret Brown-Beresford—"I say it shall be so."
 Sally Bagita—"I am content."
 Sharlane Charles—"I will wish her speedy strength."
 Robyn Cochrane—"Yes, certain, there's a letter for you."
 Jenny Donovan—"I could beat forty of them."
 Georgina Elsley—"I cannot tell how to turn it."
 Julianne Gray—"I could weep and I could laugh."
 Dorothy Gosper—"I never saw the like."
 Colleen Hasted—"I'll do well yet."
 Tempe Hornibrook—"You can never be too noble, but when extremities speak."
 Diane Hutton—"I am weary."
 Jillienne Jordan—"A hundred-thousand welcomes."
 Djenan McDougall—"I have known thee long."
 Margaret Miller—"She will but disease our better mirth."
 Helen Robb—"I am light and heavy."
 Marguerite Thompson—"You are resolved rather to die than to famish."
 Jane Wallace—"I know you can do very little alone."
 Cathie White—"I would I had the power."
 Ruth Wood—"Most welcome."

GEORGINA ELSLEY, HELEN ROBB, Form VI B

POLOCROSSE

Polocrosse is a sport played on horses, and there are six players in each team. You have to have a very good horse and keep it in good condition and it is important to feed the horse twice a day and to rug it every night. The horse has to have many hours of special training to understand what is required of him in a game of Polocrosse. The player can be either a boy or a girl, and, like the horse, they need to have a good understanding of the game and rules.

The game is played using a racquet with a long handle. The racquet has a string net at one end. The ball used is of rubber, about four inches in diameter. The idea is to scoop the ball into the net and gallop with it towards the goal. This game is played during the winter months and is becoming very popular in Queensland.

KAREN HUTTON, Grade V

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, even though beautiful things last only for a certain time, because the remembrance of them refreshes the joyfulness first experienced.

Flowers, for instance, are beautiful, but only live, on the average, for about four days; yet even after they have died, the memory of the pleasure we have gained from their beauty serves to keep them alive. Also consider Poetry. What can be more beautiful than Shakespeare's "Music", "How Sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank" or that old Ballad, "I sing of the maiden". These poems are centuries old yet they have lost none of their beauty, and still give endless joy to the reader.

I can still gain immeasurable joy from the memory of the sight of my first rainbow, the clean, dripping world, spanned by a gloriously coloured arch. The beautiful desolate landscape of Central Australia, always makes me feel happy even when I am not there.

An ugly thing will claim our attention for a while and we will shudder and turn away in horror, but, after a time, we will forget it or think of reasons which mitigate its ugliness. But when we see something which is beautiful, be it a person, a thing of art or a scene from nature, it will always leave us with a sense of joy and enrichment which lasts for ever.

We do not try to puzzle out why it is beautiful, because it satisfies us. When we are old and look back over our lives, we will always remember the happy times and things we have experienced, and behind each incident can be traced Beauty in some form or another, even if it was only a word.

Some people claim that there are fewer beautiful things than ugly ones in the world. If

this is so, then doesn't it prove that Beauty, although smaller in amount, is mightier, because it can give lasting enjoyment and happiness. I am sure that many more instances than I have quoted here can be used to illustrate and prove that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

COLLEEN HASTED, Form VI B

LIFE IN THE BUSH

In the past few years we have lived on many aboriginal stations. Some of them are Bamyili, Beswick, Maningreda, Mananboy and Hooker's Creek.

Living in the bush is rather a quiet life. At Bamyili they grow fruit and do some farming. The aboriginal women are taught cooking, sewing and home management. The aboriginal men are taught to build proper homes for themselves. All the aboriginal children go to school.

Beswick Station is about forty miles from Bamyili. It has a beautiful cascading water-fall. The Aborigines perform many different duties.

Maningreda is a much larger settlement near the sea. Thirty white people also live on the settlement. They teach the aboriginal women nursing, cooking and other home crafts. The men learn a little engineering and how to drive and maintain vehicles. On Saturdays and Sundays the aborigines go out in their canoes to hunt turtles which are the largest I have ever seen. They also go after moles. If they catch a turtle, they take it ashore and lay it on its back until night, when they cut the turtle up and keep its huge shell.

Mananboy is really made up of a policeman's house, a gaol and an old mine.

Hooker's Creek is near the border of Western Australia and the Northern Territory. It is a dry place so hardly any green grass is to be seen. Many aborigines live there and only a few white people. My father goes to all these settlements and builds kitchens, hospitals, stores, homes and home management centres.

At different settlements they have different types of tribes. When the aborigines have corroborees they like to paint themselves all over. The women, if they happen to be in a corroboree, wear only a skirt. The natives dance their corroborees at night by firelight. They sing and bang Banging Sticks to give rhythm. Surprisingly some of their songs and their dances are very good.

The aborigines make various types of "knick-knacks" from large woven mats or carved figures. To make bark paintings they find some bark and paint on it with red rock clay. Boomerangs, hunting spears, killing spears and banging sticks are just several of the many things made to sell to tourists.

Although life on these stations can at times be a little lonely, I must say I really enjoy the peace of it all, away from the hustle and bustle of city life.

MAVIS CHAPMAN, Grade VII

LES GENS — DIE LEUTE

People are a funny shape,
Some like an O, some like an 8,
Some are tall and slim they say,
But we're afraid we've never been that way.
But why do we care what shape we be,
Our skeleton is the same, you see.

Some have brains, and some are dumb,
Some have knobby knees and thumbs,
Some with brown hair, some with blond,
Some with black hair like James Bond;
Film stars with shiny teeth,
And Cadillacs going Beep! Beep! Beep!

Now we'll deal with the common run,
With no Cadillacs but having lots of fun;
Farmers, soldiers, teachers 'n kids,
What have they all got except a few "quids"!
So why worry, people, what we are;
Anyway, who would want to be a star?

So don't go wishing you were Sandra Dee—
Just be content with what you're meant to be.

D. GOSPER, J. A. GRAY, R. COCHRANE, VIB.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ZOOLOGY EXCURSION

On Friday, the 16th June this year, around about half past eleven, a wee troupe of seven Seniors could be seen tottering along the path under a great pile of boxes, bags and suitcases, headed for the bus parked over at P.G.C. At three minutes past noon we boarded the bus, and, amid frantic farewells from fond left-behinds, we departed for our Zo-ol. Excursion at Dunwich.

Mass introductions to the P.G.C. section of the bus led to a rather raucous trip to Brisbane where we stopped off to see the Science Exhibition at the University. By 5 o'clock we were summoned back to our Chariot which bore us to Cleveland to catch the Ferry across to North Stradbroke.

The Ferry pulled into the Jetty about 8 o'clock and after unloading all the P.G.C. and C.E.G.S. gear, we found to our dismay that there was no waiting transport, and the Jetty looked positively miles long. In due time however, a milk cart arrived and bore us triumphantly to our lodgings. Housing arrangements were quickly decided and sometime before midnight we were bedded down in the rusty iron frames that, by a stretch of the imagination could be described as bunks. Before lights out,

a certain party, not mentioning any names, declared that anyone who dared to awaken that certain party before the sprightly hour of eight, would be likely never to see the light of day again. Lo and Behold, the next morning, at approximately a quarter past six all the Zo-ol kids, including the party above-mentioned, were tramping down the red streets of Dunwich—a little bleary-eyed perhaps, but never-the-less, up and awake!

We decided to patronise the only cafe (there were two) that catered for "early birds", and we emerged gorging on Peppermint Dazzles, Jaffas, Chips and Cadbury's Chocolates. Our appetites unabated, we returned to our "Digs" for an enormous breakfast of bacon and eggs.

After lunch, armed with an intelligent array of buckets, nets and such, we headed for the sand-spits, the next couple of hours we spent in abject concentration digging up sand and overturning rocks and coral. Surprisingly enough, these yielded an amazing number of fascinating experiments, which unfortunately lost half their fascination when Mrs. McLellan instructed us to sketch and classify each.

Five of the more adventurous of us decided to tramp it out to the Wreck, an abandoned ship from the Second World War. Little did we realise that between us and that rusty hull lay over half-a-mile of knee-deep mud embedded every few feet with impressive razor clams. Pioneering spirits that we are, we tackled the arduous journey with cheerful smiles and tireless legs. We arrived back in civilisation an eternity later with drawn, haggard faces and practically dismembered appendages.

An incident, not a particularly happy one however, woke two of us up sufficiently for tea; Paulette and a certain party struck a match to light the Gas Heater for our sixpenny bath, and the thing blew up in our faces. We ran screaming from the room, much to all and sundry's amusement, with the smell of burning hair clinging to us. The hair on our arms has not, as yet, grown back to normal.

The next morning we spent doing the rounds of the open shops (it was Sunday). That included the Bakery, the early morning Cafe and another establishment that sported a rather out-of-date Juke Box. We were also taken on tour of the Sand Refinery, apparently the only Industry that supports the overwhelming population of Dunwich.

Mrs. McLellan insisted on another excursion to the waters before we left the Island after lunch. After scraping sufficient dirt off ourselves to look almost respectable and donning our respective uniforms, we said a sad adieu to our week-end home and left for the Ferry, passing by the Cafes to spend the rest of our pocket money on Goodies to sustain us on the way back to Warwick.

The trip back to the Mainland was long, hot and crowded and it was rather a relief to board our faithful Chariot and return to the drudgery of School. Bed was very welcome that night, rather a change from those disastrous bunks, and, believe it or not, much, much softer.

MARGARET THORSBORNE, Sixth Form.

CLIMBING SAILOR JACK

Sailor Jack is a high mountain fifteen miles south-west of Ballandean, as the "crow flies." It was named after a shepherd who used to work on Sailor Jack Station many years ago. Ballandean is situated in the Granite Belt twelve miles south of Stanthorpe.

One day I had the opportunity of climbing this mountain with some friends. We packed all our gear on the back of a truck and as we were camping out for a few days there was quite a lot.

At last everything was ready and we all set out to enjoy ourselves. The road was quite rough, and sitting on the back of a truck was not very pleasant. Nevertheless we enjoyed sitting on top of the gear. After driving through many paddocks of the homesteads we finally came to hilly country. Here the road was worse. After a while we came to the foot of a steep hill. We tried to drive the truck up, but the ground was too steep and slippery. Finally we decided to go back and camp at a creek we had previously seen. We went back and found a likely spot and unloaded the truck.

The three men decided to go back home for a four-wheel drive vehicle known as the "Blitz." This vehicle would enable us to reach the foot of Sailor Jack.

While the men were gone we decided to put the tent up and get things organised. After much pushing and pulling, the tent finally stood erect.

By the time the men arrived everything was in ship-shape order. We were all very tired that night so we went to bed very early with the thought of having to climb Sailor Jack next day.

We arose early and packed what we would need for the day. We all managed to sit safely on the Blitz and we set off. The road was so rough that sometimes I thought I would fall off the truck. Then all of a sudden the road seemed to disappear so we had to make our own road. After a few hours of driving we reached the foot of Sailor Jack.

We all started the climb in high spirits, but half-way up five of the eight of us decided to go back to the truck because the climb was too rough and steep. Three of us kept going. There were some lovely views and beautiful scenery from the top of the mountain. While

we were descending we came upon a beautiful green shade with the most magnificent trees I have ever seen. Many wallabies appeared but these never came very close.

The bush was very thick in places and we had to force our way through. I thought we would never reach the foot of the mountain.

After following a dry river-bed we finally reached the bottom. The rest of the party were waiting for us, eager to know what we had seen.

We drove back to camp and arrived soon after dark. We had walked about eight miles that day. Even though I was very tired I really enjoyed the climb, and I am proud to know I was one of the very few who had climbed Sailor Jack.

KATHLEEN REE, Form IV

THE ANNUAL ROUNDUP

When the paddocks were mustered and all the cattle at last drafted into the yards, we rode home satisfied with our efforts of the long, wearying day. The next morning we were met on arriving at the stockyard by the usual constant bellowing and confusion of the separated calves and cows. In one corner of the yard a young heifer was licking a tiny calf which had been born a few hours before. So that it would not be trodden on, we drove the mother out of the yard and carried her calf to her.

Gathering some dried twigs and pieces of wood we set the branding fire and heated the irons. Soon we had the race full and the first calf in the cradle. Another day's work had begun.

KRISTINE CLOTHIER, Grade VIII

WATCHING THE SUN

Every morning at half-past five I awake to see the sun peeping over the horizon. How magnificent it looked this morning in a pinky-red that I had never seen before. I hurriedly dressed and began to follow its course as it moved slowly higher. By breakfast time the reddish tinge had disappeared. I sat outside and watched it, taking care not to look directly into its rays.

By nine o'clock the sun was about north-east from where I was sitting. Naturally the naked eye cannot detect the movement of direction. The sky was now a clear blue. A wisp of cloud could be seen here and there. The sun was King and the sky seemed to pay homage to him. At twelve o'clock midday the sun was directly above me; at any other time of the day, either a minute past or a minute to twelve o'clock, the sun is not directly above

again. I could detect the sun's movement because the shadows of the trees began to form once more, and as the hours advanced so did the shadows.

Late in the afternoon I was called to my chores. I was not eager to leave my observation of the sun's movement as now I could see it sweeping towards the west.

At half-past five the shadows began to creep along the ground and the sun descended towards the horizon. When I returned the rays reflected on the clouds, changing their colours to glorious tones of pink-red and gold-yellows and as the sun descended further the colours deepened.

The "King" sank below the horizon; gone, but not forgotten. Night now approached and the pale colours faded to velvet darkness.

JENNIFER DIGHT, Grade VII

MY HOME—NEW GUINEA

The people of New Guinea are not so primitive as people think, certainly not those in the outlying districts of Port Moresby. There is a large village near Port Moresby called Hanabada where all the houses are built on stilts standing in the water. There, the children play with nothing on, and run and scream like dogs, after the cars which go by. The houses are made of plaited bamboo. The natives nearly all eat beetle-nut which is a kind of vegetable which has a drugging effect.

At the market, people live on lakatoes, a type of boat. The people on the boats sell fruit and vegetables and also many kinds of smoked fish together with smoked crabs, beetle-nut, limes and other things.

The Meckios are a tribe which have very fuzzy hair growing profusely. When they cut their hair they have a large ball of hair left around their heads which they adorn with feathers and native combs. The Papuans and New Guineans are very good at carving. They carve native combs and dishes. The women weave lovely baskets. They also collect shells which they polish and sell to tourists. The men go out fishing in their boats and catch different fish for several nights at the one time.

This is the life of the natives near Port Moresby but in the highlands the people are quite different and grow many more crops; also the growing of coffee, cocoa, and the harvesting of copra help to occupy them. They have their own separate gardens and grow sweet potatoes and sago. It is cooler in the highlands so the natives wear more clothes.

Some of the people pick passion fruit and take it to Cottee's factory to be made into soft drinks. The women carry the passion fruit in big bags around their heads and walk for miles to reach the factory.

In the highlands the women wear a lap-lap, which is a piece of material wrapped around them, and a kind of smock dress cut short with puffed sleeves. Down near the coast the women wear dresses.

I have lived in New Guinea for four years and, though I have seen the majesty of the tall green peaks, the brightly coloured native dancers and the dense jungles with their hidden stories, I, being a city girl at heart, would prefer to return to City Life in the future.

HELEN BEECH, Grade VII

A PREFECT'S TRIAL

In a school career there comes a moment of truth, when the prefects no longer seem to be ten feet tall, black-hearted tyrants and mind readers. Instead they appear to shrink gradually and become almost human and even slightly stupid as they fall victims of your, by now, superior guile.

Suddenly, before you can take evasive action, the profitable days of cheerful plotting against the "Law" and devious scheming to outwit the rules are over. Instead of employing all your mental and physical resources against authority, you become a pillar of authority and henceforth lead a comparatively blameless life.

The acid test of a prefect's skill and nerve is prep. It is a most interesting form of torture and requires extraordinary acting ability as you enter the room, hoping fervently that you do not look as terrified as you feel, and affecting a look of unconcern as countless pairs of eyes watch every move you make. Some pupils are under the happy, if misguided, impression that homework is a group effort, not the task of the individual. You must gently, but firmly, point out the error of their ways. It is not unknown for games of naughts and crosses to be played and to combat this, you need at least four pairs of eyes focussed on all the corners of the room at the same time.

The most common entertainment is making a noise and this need never be as clamorous as talking. It is designed to test a prefect's powers of endurance to the utmost. The climax comes when the whole form decides to do its geography prep. First of all, pencils and crayons are produced as weapons, and inevitably a few dozen dropped. This is followed by the rustle of reams of paper and sounds of thirty brown crayons shading countless ranges of highly unlikely mountains on countless separate maps.

With providence on your side, you may come through the ordeal successfully, that is, the riot you envisaged will not materialize and you will survive to see the end of your school career with your reason more or less intact.

PAT BOURNE, VI A

DONJON MICHAEL ADVENT

Requiescat in Pace

Obit February 22, 1966.

Peach blossom petals drifting down
 Creamy or faintly striped with pink
 Or varying from shell to rose,
 Cherry, hibiscus pink or plum,
 With what a magic softness do they come
 In bright September days above the fence,
 While breezes stir the pines along the track
 Trodden smooth by hurrying feet
 From morn till eve.

Just inside the gate by palings tall
 You may glimpse a bed of pansies
 These September days, with fragrant vase
 Of stocks, ranunculi or poppies always there,
 And on the fence, geranium-twined,
 A small, grey, rain-washed disc.
 Poppies for remembrance, you may know,
 On Unknown Warrior's cold grey stone
 Are placed to make a flame — inside
 The Abbey door of Westminster.
 Here pansies grow on Michael's grave —
 Pansies for thoughts. Ah, who can say
 What dreams they hide
 This Michaelmastide?

Pansies gold and green, velvety smooth,
 Yellow, purple and blue, reminding us
 Of his golden coloured winter jacket.
 How proudly he wore it
 On frosty morn or great occasion!
 And blue — for loyalty — remembering
 His turquoise coat so cunningly made
 And meet for such a gallant prince.
 The yellow, too, with black and scarlet thread
 Of Macleod Tartan he could wear
 To great advantage on his mighty frame,
 And turn all eyes his way
 When he appeared, to watch our game.

And what of the royal purple, do you ask?
 Surely that will be for ever his own —
 Our Michael, prince of golden boxers.
 So we could amend St. Michael's hymn
 As round again comes Michaelmas
 With memories of soaring notes 'neath Chapel
 roof
 And Michael's never-failing presence near the
 door.

In former times, I've heard it said,
 In northern clime the trio lived, Mike, Asti, Jed.
 Mike was the youngest boarder at the new St.
 Anne's.

In late September days of 'fifty-eight he came,
 So small his Boss could hold him in her hands—
 A gift from friends to cheer her on her way;
 His destiny to be the guardian of that place
 Through five such happy years.

Pansies for thoughts and poppies for remem-
 brance!

I see him yet, and never can forget
 His racing on the sun-drenched Houghton Sands
 With friends who loved him from his earliest
 days,

And often up and down
 The clear or hyacinth-clad lagoon
 In hot but vain pursuit of herons white
 That, having reached safe perch in trees so far
 above,

Seemed to enjoy the game as much as he.
 Likewise he'd run the length
 Of swimming pool in every race
 Urging his special friends to win a place,
 His barking rivalling the cheers.
 How many times he raced from steps to gate
 To meet the car as it came slowly
 Round the curve of the lagoon,
 And dashed to vacant seat through opened
 door—

So long a wait for his dear Boss
 So well rewarded.

And then in future days, of her bereft,
 Air-borne the north he left
 To make his home again with her
 Far south — named for his patron saint.
 You may have read his missives
 From there to Jed and Asti and his son;
 His words of wisdom and of fun
 Raised many a smile from friends
 Both near and far who knew him well,
 Before he came to fair St. Catharine's.

Who can forget his grand patrician look through
 all his days?

His greying face bespeaking age and pain?
 When racing days drew to inevitable close,
 And the times he jumped the fence with ease
 Were added to his memories.
 That fence, near where he lies and pansies
 grow.

Pansies for thoughts—Ah, who can say
 What dreams they hide
 This Michaelmastide?
 With wind in the pines
 And the peach petals falling.

OLD GIRL'S NOTES

The Old Girls' Re-Union held at the School in June this year, was a very successful weekend, with more than thirty members being present at the Dinner, and at the Annual Meeting.

Firstly some news of Old Girls who live in the Warwick area. Heather Schnitzerling (Donovan) and Alma Hamblin (Rauchle) both live in Clifton and are very keen tennis players in that district. Bernie McKillop (Tracy) lives in Warwick and is kept busy looking after her two young children. Her sisters Jacqueline and Ruth are both married and live in the Stanthorpe district.

Gwenda Batterham lives with her family at Karara, and Bronwyn Grayson works in her father's business at Killarney. Ev. Brown (Welsh) is still a very keen tennis player with the Warwick Association, and is also interested in the local Swimming Club.

Edna Thompson spends most of her time now looking after her aged mother. Val Gardner (Lucas) is kept busy with the Girl Guide Movement, and now holds the position of Australian Training Adviser.

Judith Pace sat for her finals in Medicine recently and Marjorie Crook completed her Pharmacy course last year. Marjorie is now working with a Brisbane Pharmaceutical Company in Woolloongabba. Ann Gardner and Marion Knowles are both at the University, Ann doing Second Year Physiotherapy and Marion Second Year Arts.

Margaret Ree, Margaret Fraser, Judy Gilham, June Yates, Conny Altman and Judy Deighton are at the Teachers' Training College. Judy won an Art Scholarship and is specialising in that. Jill Gardner is in her second year at the Kindergarten Training College and Jocelyn Wright began there this year. Jocelyn, Margaret Ree and Margaret Fraser, Jeanette Clarke, Janic Bamberry and Mary Hunt came to Warwick to support St. Catharine's at the Inter-School Sports. Madeline Lo has begun an Arts Course at the University. Elizabeth Hungerford is nursing at the Rockhampton General Hospital. She made a very special effort and came all the way from there for the Reunion Dinner.

Jill Burness is working in the Bank of New South Wales in Port Moresby and Judith Burness is teaching at a Northern School.

Marianne Forrester, Dianne Miller, Fay Welsh, Denise Welsh and Jan Aldridge have positions in Warwick.

Pauline Bona is doing First Year Arts at the Queensland University and Mary Bagita is in her second year at the Port Moresby Teachers' Training College.

We hear news from time to time of Old Girls who are nursing. Pam McIvor has finished her general training at St. Martin's and is now at home in Tara nursing her mother. Her sister, Susette, is at the Dalby General. Betty Riordan has left the Princess Alexandra and now has a

Public Service position in Canberra. Other Old Girls who are nursing in Brisbane are Margaret Stabler, Cathy Richards, Sue Armbruster and Jeanette Clarke (St. Martin's), Helen Jackson, Erue Lawrence, Geneve Hungerford (Brisbane General), Gwenda Poole, Jan Karle, Penny Jones and Lesley Johnson (Princess Alexandra) and Adele Creer (St. Andrew's).

Mary McLachlan is Sports Mistress at Moorooka High School and Carol Bell is teaching in Labrador.

Dawa Solomon was granted a Scholarship to Honolulu University. Before leaving Port Moresby she taught at Kila High School, being the first Papuan girl to qualify for such a position. Dineh Lawrence (Dickson) is a Radio announcer at 9PA Port Moresby.

Helen Henning is nursing at the Mater Hospital, Brisbane. Mary Cameron comes to Warwick to play tennis. She is now interested in Bee Keeping.

We were all delighted with the increased attendance at the O.G.A. Reunion at the School during the Queen's Birthday weekend. Surely O.G.A. history was made with the five Welsh sisters all at the dinner. And surely never before has one of the O.G.A. tennis teams been made up of four sisters. The Welsh sisters showed the School teams how tennis can be played.

It is very pleasing to have news of some of the Old Girls of the C.E.G.S. days before the amalgamation with St. Catharine's. Those whom we have seen are Edna Thompson and her sister Clarice, now Mrs. Hodgson, Marjorie Deacon and Florence Kelly (Stirling).

ENGAGEMENTS:

JILL BURNESS to Harley Harrison.
MARJORIE CROOK to Trevor Leis.
ROSEMARY BEST to John Symonds.
DIANNE MILLER to Arthur Prosser.
JOYCE KNOWLES to Robert Schultz.
DALE THURECHT to Trevor Williams.
JILL GARDNER to John Leahy.

MARRIAGES:

PAT FORRESTER to Trevor Wheatley.
LEONIE LITTLE to Ian Crompton.
ANN CARPENTER to Peter Curtis.
ELIZABETH HOWES to Bill Moseley.
LYN PORTER to Barry Cox.
ELIZABETH WICKHAM to Paul Lupton.

BIRTHS:

BETTY BUCK (Jerome) a daughter (Jean Nesta).
AUDREY SMITH (Welsh) a daughter (Donna Audrey).
JENNIFER BATTERHAM (Poole) a daughter (Wendy Louise).
JAN BILLING (Bell) a daughter.
ANNE CLARKE (Armbruster) a daughter.
PAT WHEATLEY (Forrester) a daughter (Karen).

DEATH:

JEAN SHOOTER (Fraser).

BRISBANE BRANCH O.G.A.

The Annual Meeting of our branch was held at Community House this year, and we are grateful to Mother Kathleen for allowing us to hold the meeting there.

The following Office Bearers were elected:

President—Sister Lois.

Vice-Presidents—Sister Rachel, Val Rositer, Judy Fletcher and Margaret Ree.

Secretary—Jennifer Croft.

Treasurer—June Stidolph.

Committee Members—Madeline Bauer, Bev Schatz, Sue Coles, Jocelyn Wright and Margaret Fraser.

The Combined Warwick Schools Show Ball was held again in August this year. Among those present were Sue Coles, Jill Gardner, Bev Schatz, Judy Fletcher and Margaret Finley.

Our Annual Dinner was held at the Criterion Hotel in September. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by those who attended this function—noticed among them were Sheila Dalton, Freda Evans, Margaret Ree, Margaret Fraser, Joyce Ross and Pat Marshall.

It has been decided to hold get-togethers for a cup of coffee and a chat once a month. We have already had two of these gatherings, and we were pleased with the good attendance, especially the young members. Among those who attended these gatherings were Jenny Baker-Finch, Lesley Johnson, Marion Knowles, Pauline Bona, Jocelyn Wright, Jeanette Grant Thompson, Sandra Steer and Rosemary Fox.

The main aim of our Association is to form a link between the girls who have passed and those who are passing through St. Catharine's School. We are looking forward to welcoming those just leaving School this year, to our Branch of the Old Girls' Association.

Happy holidays and Christmas greetings to you all.

JENNIFER CROFT (Secretary)

PARENTS AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

The 7th Annual General Meeting of the Parents and Friends' Association was held at the School on 1st April, 1966 and the following officials were elected: President, Mrs. M. McDougall; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. T. McDonald and Mrs. V. Armbruster; Treasurer, Mrs. G. Bourne; Secretary, Mrs. T. Stabler; and Assistant Secretary, Mrs. Kinane.

We have held regular money-raising functions throughout the year in the form of Street Stalls, Jumble Sales and a Mannequin Parade. We also sold home-made sweets on the night of the House Plays and morning tea and drinks on Speech Day.

Our present bank balance is \$559.32 and this is after paying \$1000 towards the cost of the new tennis courts, so we have done quite well financially one way and another.

It is hoped that all parents will join the Association next year, as the annual subscription of 50 cents per parent is a great help in swelling our funds. We also need lots of active members as a strong Parents and Friends' Association is an essential requirement for the progress of the School.

B.S.

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