



St. Catharines  
Magazine



WARWICK  
December, 1969



## Office Bearers

**Sister-in-Charge:** SISTER KATHLEEN, S.S.A.  
SISTER MIRIAM, S.S.A.  
SISTER PHILIPPA, S.S.A., A.S.D.A.

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MRS. J. GARDE, B.Sc. (Hons.)  
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#### JUNIOR SCHOOL:

MRS. J. WYVILL  
MR. LUPTON

#### MUSIC:

MISS K. GLADWELL

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

#### SPEECH AND DRAMA:

SISTER PHILIPPA, S.S.A., A.S.D.A.:

MRS. G. CANTOR

#### ART:

MRS Y. STENT, Dip. Art (Belfast and London)

#### DORMITORY MISTRESSES:

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(School House)

MRS. K. HEWLETT,  
(Massey House)

MRS. D. LOVELL  
(Mytton House)

MISS M. GRAVES  
(Merrilees)

**Relieving Matron:** MRS. N. CARSTAIRS

**Secretaries:** MRS. G. GOSPER, MRS. R. BERGE

**School Captain:** PAMELA DIGHT

**Vice-Captain:** SUSAN FEEZ

**Sports Captain:** JULIE HORNIBROOK

#### Pro-Prefects:

JULIE HORNIBROOK, ROBYN ELSLEY, JEAN CLOTHIER, KATHLEEN REE, GAIL WAUGH

## PREFECTS AND PRO-PREFECTS



Back Row, Left to Right: Joan Clothier, Robyn Elsley, Kathleen Ree  
Centre, Left to Right; Gail Waugh, Susan Feez, Julie Hornibrook  
Front: Pamela Digh: (School Captain)

## EDITORIAL

This year man succeeded in making the biggest step in his evolution since he first rubbed two sticks together to produce flame; or since he first hewed a rough wheel from a tree trunk.

Man reached the Moon.

Television viewers from all ends of the earth watched Commander Neil Armstrong as he took his first steps on the moon. His feelings as he viewed the lunar landscape on the 21st July were probably akin to those of Columbus as he caught his first glimpse of America in 1492. The Age of Discovery and Exploration to which Columbus belonged has reached its farthest limits; the ends of the earth. Commander Armstrong's Age of Exploration has taken over; but this Age shall never find limits in the boundless volumes of space. The names Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin with the date 1969 will head a long list of new names and years which will take over from Magellan, Columbus, Cook, 1492 and 1770 in the classrooms of the future.

The human race has never before had such an expansive goal. It is a new, exciting freedom

never experienced by any other generation. Even in the days of Columbus, people realised the earth had extremes.

Now man has the Universe at his feet.

What a terrifying thought! Will people abuse this new freedom? Will there be a World War III fought on the Moon or on Mars? Will the Universe benefit or suffer from Man's presence? Looking at the unfortunate state of the modern world some wonder if the human race has the right to blaze its trail of destruction through the still unscarred Universe.

Obviously our generation, the young generation, the generation of the Space Age and, later, the generations following us, have a great responsibility. Our fathers have now given us an inheritance beyond the scope of imagination. They have also left a world bruised and battered by war, poverty and intolerance. We must use the education which we are being given to the best advantage so that we can meet the challenges offered on this planet and beyond.

Without doubt we are capable of accepting and surmounting these challenges . . .

## SCHOOL DIARY

### January:

- 27 Boarders from grades nine, eleven and twelve returned.
- 28 Boarders from remaining grades arrived.
- 29 New school year begins with a new Sister-in-charge, Sister Kathleen and staff members, Miss Grant-Thomson, Mrs. McGregor and Miss Clappison as a temporary teacher.
- 30 Commenced swimming training.
- 31 First assembly with Father Paxton-Hall.

### February:

- 2 First Communion at St. Mark's for School.
- 4 First Chapel Service for School.
- 6 Many girls watched the Jazz Ballet demonstration held at P.G.C.
- 7 First meeting for the Parents and Friends' Association.
- 8 New girls' concert.
- 12 New girls allotted to Houses. School Captain, Sports Captain and an additional four Pro-Prefects appointed. Sister Kathleen presented 1968 swimming awards.
- 13 First house meetings.
- 15 Old Girls' Concert. St. Catharine's defeated W.H.S. tennis.
- 16 During Evensong the school was addressed by Miss Judy Blackmore.
- 19 Ash Wednesday Service was celebrated in chapel.

- 21 Inter-house Swimming Carnival. (1) Crothers, (2) Neal, (3) Slade. Mid-term began after carnival.
- 23 Mid-term ended. 7.30 p.m.
- 24 New staff member, Miss Cobley arrived. Swimming champions were announced. Senior—Beth Harmer. Junior—Phillipa Frost.
- 27 First Litany and Lenten address given by Father Paxton-Hall.

### March:

- 1 Seniors worked on telephones to aid the "Annual Warwick phone out appeal."
- 2 Once again seniors helped and together with P.G.C. raised \$1400.63.
- 3 St. Catharine's v C.H.S. tennis.
- 7 Art girls visited Art section at Warwick Agriculture Show.
- 12 Inter-School Swimming Carnival. (1) W.H.S., (2) P.G.C., (3) C.H.S., (4) St. Catharine's.
- 13 St. Catharine's v W.H.S. tennis.
- 14 Sub-Seniors were given a lecture on Mexico by Miss Brown (Ipswich Grammar).
- 15 Film "Song Without End".
- 17 Mrs. Rutyna returned.
- 19 Young Elizabethan Players presented "Words and Music", "Merchant of Venice" and extracts from "King Lear".
- 20 Commenced Hockey training.
- 21 A visit from Mother Lois.

- 23 The Rotary Club gave a lecture on South-East Asia to secondary school.
- 24 Vocational guidance examinations.
- 25 Educational banking talks.
- 26 Vocational guidance interviews.
- 28 Debating team (Sue Feez, Julie Hornbrook, Kathleen Ree) debated against Slade School. Topic "Should Conscription be increased to a 100 per cent basis."
- 29 Film "Admirable Crichton."

**April:**

- 4 Senior School attended Three Hours' Service at St. Mark's.
- 5 Service in Chapel. "The Lighting of the New Fire."
- 6 6.15 a.m. Blessing of Easter Garden followed by Sung Eucharist in School Chapel. Mid-term began 8.30 a.m.
- 7 Mid-term ended 7.30 p.m.
- 11 The College Players presented "The Merchant of Venice."
- 12 Film "Macbeth."
- 13 Special evening Communion, at St. Mark's, celebrated by Archdeacon Lupton.
- 16 Theory of Music Examinations.
- 17 A.M.E.B. Speech Theory Examinations.
- 18 Admission of two prefects in the School Chapel.
- 19 Social with Slade.
- 23 May Vacation. Boarders left 3.30 p.m.

**May:**

- 12 Boarders returned.
- 13 Lessons began.
- 15 Special Chapel Service for Ascension Day.
- 18 Film "Great Expectations."
- 19 C.H.S. defeated St. Catharine's—Basketball.
- 20 P.G.C. defeated St. Catharine's—Hockey. School Captain and Vice-Captain attended Rotary Youth Night Dinner.
- 21 Hockey and Basketball teams saw demonstration by Denise Burns, and later watched films.
- 22 W.H.S. defeated St. Catharine's—Basketball.
- 24 The Secondary School saw the film "The Shoes of a Fisherman."
- 25 Various girls represented St. Catharine's in the 4WK Legacy Appeal.
- 25 Inauguration of the "Debating and Public Speaking Society." President—Julie Hornbrook. Secretary—Beth Harmer.
- 26 Seniors and Sub-Seniors saw the Engel Family performance.
- 27 Lectures on Alcohol Education.
- 30 Sub-Senior debating team (Julie Stower, Erica Womersley and Chris Gundry) defeated P.G.C.
- 31 Selection of Representatives for the Public Speaking Competition, Senior—Julie Hornbrook. Junior—Pam Hardie.

**June:**

- 1 Musical Club was founded.
- 2 St. C. v. C.H.S. Hockey. "B" team won.
- 3 St. C. v. W.H.S. Hockey.
- 5 Captain and Vice-Captain represented St. Catharine's in return Youth visit to the Rotary Club.
- 7 Pam Hardie first prize and Julie Hornbrook second prize in the Public Speaking Competition. St. Catharine's supported the Slade footballers.
- 8 Film "Walk, Don't Run."
- 9 Film on Wales presented by Foreign and British Bible Society. Practical Music examinations.
- 11 Speech practical examinations.
- 12 College Players performed one act plays. Robyn Elsley and Julie Hornbrook went to Brisbane to receive their Duke of Edinburgh Awards.
- 13 Old Girls' weekend and mid-term.
- 14 Old Girls' Dinner in Mytton. Later they had a dance with Slade Old Boys.
- 15 Old Girls' meeting and luncheon with Slade Old Boys.
- 16 End of Old Girls' Reunion Weekend, and mid-term.
- 19 Half-yearly exams. began.
- 24 Special St. John the Baptist Service.
- 27 Examinations finished. Physics, Chemistry and Zoology students went to the University Science Display. After the display, St. Catharine's, P.G.C. and Scots' Zoology students left for Dunwich.
- 30 W.H.S. d. St. C.—Basketball.

**July:**

- 3 Allora d. St. C.—Basketball.
- 4 The Arts Council presented an Opera "Dr. Miracle."
- 5 The School Choir sang at Margaret Stabler and Father Stevenson's wedding. Warwick Eisteddfod. St. Catharine's won three first prizes and one second place.
- 7 C.H.S. d. St. C.—Basketball.
- 9 C.H.S. d. St. C.—Hockey. "B" team won match.
- 11 St. Catharine's defeated C.B.C. in Debate.
- 12 Film "Hamlet."
- 19 Primary School Basketball carnival.
- 25 Seniors saw the film "Romeo and Juliet."
- 26 Secondary School Basketball carnival.
- 30 Junior Commonwealth Scholarship examinations.
- 31 School saw Scots and P.G.C. Play "An Ideal Husband." P.G.C. d. St. C.—Basketball.

**August:**

- 1 Interhouse Basketball. (1) Neal House
- 6 Term ended with Interhouse Plays. (1) Slade; (2) Neal; (3) Crothers.

- 25 Boarders returned.
- 26 Lessons began and Sister Kathleen welcomed new staff members, Mrs. Dunstan and Mrs. McKinlay.
- 29 Musical Recital presented by Mr. and Mrs. Eddie.

**September:**

- 5 Senior Forms saw film "Helga." Junior Forms went to see "The Maid of the Mountains," produced by the Choral Society.
- 6 Inter-House Athletics. (1) Crothers, 214 points; (2) Neal, 203 points; (3) Slade, 126 points. Senior Champion—Vernett Stibbard. Junior Champion—Philippa Frost. Saw film "Elephant Walk."
- 11 Seniors went to Toowoomba to the "French School Night."

- 13 St. Aidan's visited St. Catharine's and played Basketball and Tennis. Girls went to Slade Fete in afternoon. School of Department students—M. Myers, H. Smith, H. Frost and K. Ree graduated.
- 20 School Choir sang at Diana Dight and Ron King's wedding.
- 22 Trial Senior and Junior exams. began. Junior school went to Fete in aid of the "Aged People's Home." Film. "Thirty Nine Steps."
- 29 Trial examinations finished.
- 30 Special Service for St. Michael's Day.

**October:**

- 1 Trinity College Music and Speech Examinations.
- 2 Primary School Concert. Air Force talk on Careers.
- 3 Trinity College Music and Speech results.
- 4 Inter-School Athletics. Mid-term.
- 6 Mid-term ended. 7.30 p.m.

**SENIOR EXAMINATIONS—1968**

	English	French	German	Modern History	Ancient History	Geography	Maths I	Maths II	Bookkeeping	Chemistry	Physics	Zoology	Art	Music	Speech	Latin
BAKER, Suzanne	5	3		3	4								4	4	5	
BEECH, Kathryn	5		4	5			5	4							4	
HUMBLEY, Sandra	5	4		4	4				1						4	
HUNGERFORD, Kathleen	4			3	2	2			2							
TANDY, Anne	5		5				5	4		4	4					
TANDY, Elizabeth	6		5				5	4		4	5					
WOMERSLEY, Ruth	7			4	4	4						4				3

**JUNIOR—1968**

Key to subjects:

(1) English, (2) French, (3) German, (8) History, (9) Geography, (10) Art, (12) Mathematics A, (13) Mathematics B, (14) Science A, (15) Science B, (16) Music, (17) Speech and Drama, (22) Business Principles, (23) Shorthand, (24) Typewriting, (25) Homecraft A, (26) Homecraft B.

- ARNOLD, Janine E.; 1c, 2c, 10b, 12c, 24c, 25a, 26c.
- BAXTER, Jacqueline, E.; 1b, 2a, 8c, 12b, 13c, 14c, 17a.
- BULL, Catherine R.; 1a, 2b, 8b, 9b, 12b, 13c, 14b, 15c.
- BURTON, Kim-Maree; 1c, 3c, 9a, 12c, 16b, 17b, 22c, 24b.
- CLOTHIER, Kristine A.; 1c, 2c, 9c, 12b, 13c, 14b 15b, 17a.

- EVERSON, Suzanne G.; 1b, 2c, 9b, 12b, 13c, 22c, 23b, 24c.
- FRANKEL, Judith A.; 1c, 9b, 12c, 22c, 24c, 25b, 26b.
- HARMER, Elizabeth M.; 1c, 2c, 9b, 12b, 13c, 22c 23c, 24a.
- KINANE, Elizabeth I.; 9c, 12c, 26c.
- LIVERMORE, Gillian J.; 1a, 2b, 8b, 10a, 12b, 13c, 14b, 15c.
- McDOUGALL, Pauline J.; 1c, 2a, 8b, 9a, 12b, 13c, 14b, 15c.
- MEFERAMU, Ueri C.; 1c, 2c, 9c, 12c, 22c.
- POOLE, Cheryl A.; 9c, 25a, 26c.
- SISA, Vaili L.; 1c, 2c, 9c, 25b, 26c.
- SMITH, Sandra M.; 1b, 2c, 8c, 9c, 12b, 13c, 14c 15c.
- STECKELBRUCK, Lana K.; 1c, 2c, 8c, 9c, 12c, 22c.
- STOWER, Julie A.; 1a, 3b, 8a, 10a, 12b, 13c, 14b 17a.
- WOMERSLEY, Erica H.; 1b, 3c, 9b, 12c, 13c, 14c, 16c, 17a.

## A.M.E.B. RESULTS—OCTOBER, 1969

## MUSIC—Practical

St. Catherine's  
SPEECH—PRACTICAL

- Grade VI:  
 J. Hornibrook 89% (Honours)  
 S. Feez 80% (Credit)  
 P. Dight 79% (Credit)  
 S. Evans 72% Pass  
 K. Ree 71% Pass
- Grade V:  
 K. Clothier 86% (Honours)  
 E. Womersley 85% (Honours)  
 P. McDougall 80% (Credit)  
 F. Matthews 80% (Credit)  
 C. Gundry 77% (Credit)
- Grade IV:  
 B. Summers 86% (Honours)  
 J. White 85% (Honours)  
 H. Frizzell 83% (Credit)  
 J. Lacey 81% (Credit)  
 H. Bain 81% (Credit)  
 Madeline Johnson 81% Cr.  
 F. Ledger 81% Cr.  
 R. Ryan 73% Pass  
 D. Tanner 70% Pass  
 Merryl Johnson 65% Pass
- Grade III:  
 R. Garth 83% (Credit)  
 A. Carney 78% (Credit)  
 H. Watkins 78% (Credit)  
 J. Blaik 76% (Credit)  
 J. Bailey 75% (Credit)  
 J. Bourne 75% (Credit)  
 P. Dean 75% (Credit)  
 J. Frith 71% Pass  
 R. Sharpe 69% Pass
- Grade II:  
 D. Kelly 92% (Honours)  
 S. Wyatt 87% (Honours)  
 P. Frost 83% (Credit)  
 D. Hall 83% (Credit)  
 K. Hewetson 76% (Credit)  
 J. McNamara 75% (Credit)  
 L. Page 72% Pass  
 J. Martin 67% Pass
- Grade I:  
 Trixie Paxton-Hall 88% (Honours)
- Elementary:  
 Jane Marten 71% Pass

## SPEECH AND DRAMA—THEORY

- Grade VI:  
 K. Bromley 76% Cr.  
 S. Evans 74% Pass  
 J. Clothier 73% Pass  
 R. Elsley 71% Pass  
 P. Dight 68% Pass
- Grade V:  
 E. Womersley 65% Pass
- Grade IV:  
 H. Frizzell 71% Pass  
 J. White 70% Pass

- Grade VII:  
 M. Myers 62%
- Grade VI:  
 R. Hatcher 82% (Credit)  
 Marie Bailey 71%  
 D. Grayson 69%
- Grade IV:  
 J. A. Bailey 80% (Credit)  
 J. Ferrier 68%  
 P. Willmott 68%
- Grade III:  
 K. Humbley 77%  
 A. Hammond 71%
- Grade II:  
 E. George 89% (Honours)
- Grade I:  
 M. Tabua 91% (Honours)  
 J. Ayers 85% (Honours)  
 W. Hughes 83% (Credit)  
 P. Akuru 80% (Credit)  
 T. Paxton-Hall 79% (Credit)
- Prelim.:  
 P. Page 84%  
 J. Whybird 83%  
 D. Humbley 73%

## MUSIC—THEORY

- Grade IV:  
 H. Bain 81% (Credit)  
 R. Hatcher 78% (Credit)  
 V. Stibbard 65%
- Grade III:  
 K. Humbley 83% (Credit)  
 J. McNamara 77% (Credit)  
 J. Ferrier 75% (Credit)  
 P. Frost 73% (Credit)
- Grade II:  
 J. A. Bailey 86% (Honours)  
 J. Dight 85% (Honours)
- Grade I:  
 T. Paxton-Hall 95% (Honours)  
 E. George 94% (Honours)  
 A. Hammond 71% (Honours)

SHORTHAND WRITERS' & BOOKKEEPER'S  
ASSOCIATIONExamination Results October, 1969  
St. Catherine's

- SHORTHAND SPEED—80 Words per Minute  
 Everson, Suzanne—99%  
 70 Words per Minute  
 Hatcher, Rosemary—99%  
 Tanner, Deborah—99%  
 60 Words per Minute  
 Stibbard, Vernet—98%  
 Eckhardt, Leanne—96%  
 50 Words per minute  
 Ryan, Ronda—98%
- TYPEWRITING—SENIOR  
 Everson, Suzanne—78%

**A.M.E.B. EXAMINATIONS**

**Music—First Period 1969:**

**PIANOFORTE:**

Preliminary: Marion Callow 76.  
Grade III: Jill McNamara 73.  
Sixth Grade: Helen Frost 65.

**THEORY OF MUSIC:**

Fourth Grade: Helen Beech 78 Cr., Ruth Greenup 77 Cr., Kim-Maree Burton 71 Pass, Vernet Stibbard 68 Pass.

**Speech and Drama:**

**PRACTICAL:**

Fourth Grade: Jane Stratton 77 Cr.  
Sixth Grade: Joan Clothier 86 H., Robyn Easley 81 Cr.

**Theory:**

Fourth Grade: Bronwyn Summers 91, Deborah Tanner 70, Helen Bain 68, Madeline Johnson 66, Jane Stratton 65, Jo Lacey 65.

Sixth Grade: Susan Feez 72, Julie Hornbrook 68, Kathleen Ree 65.

**TRINITY COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS**

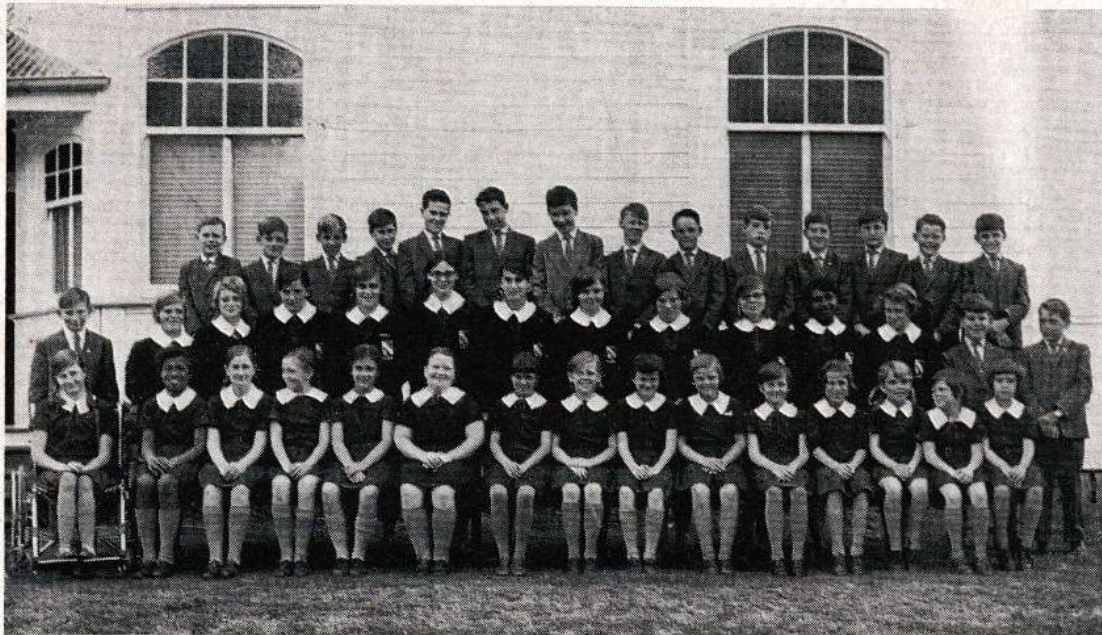
**Violin:**

First Grade: Margaret Tabua 89, Petronella Akuru 80.

**Speech:**

First Grade: Kiam Kelly 83, Pauline Page 82, Janelle Poole 77.

**JUNIOR SCHOOL**



## HOUSE NOTES



**CROTHERS HOUSE**

Motto ..... Dieu et Devoir  
 Colour ..... Gold  
 House Mistresses ..... Miss Spear, Mrs. Garde  
 House Captain ..... Gail Waugh  
 Sports Secretary ..... Robyn Elsley  
 Secretary ..... Marilyn Myers

We held our first meeting early in the year, with Miss Spear and Mrs. Garde presiding. After welcoming the new girls our number totalled 45, but since then we have lost five of our members. At this meeting new office bearers were chosen. Marilyn was elected secretary, Robyn Sports Captain and Gail House Captain.

In the inter-house activities during the year we won the Swimming Cup in first term, Athletics and Ball Games cups in third term. Congratulations to Neal House on winning the Junior and Senior Basketball and to Slade House on winning the House Plays. Our thanks go to Christine Gundry and all the other girls who helped to produce our play, "Pygmalion."

We were all very proud of Beth Harmer, who won the Senior Swimming Championship, of Vernett Stibbard and Therese Taylor who were the Senior athletics champion and runner-up respectively, and of Sandra Evans and Ruth Greenup who won the Senior Doubles. Sandra also won the Senior Singles championship.

Congratulations go to Phillipa Frost of Neal House who won the Junior Swimming, Athletics and Tennis championships and the Junior Tennis Doubles with Emily George, also of Neal House.

In conclusion I would like to thank Neal and Slade for their friendly competition throughout the year.

Also special thanks go to Miss Spear and Mrs. Garde for their encouragement and advice and to those girls whose co-operation has brought us success in these events.

Finally, Crothers wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—GAIL WAUGH





#### SLADE HOUSE

Motto ..... "Through Trials to Triumph"  
 Colour ..... Blue  
 House Mistresses .... Miss Cant, Miss Gladwell  
 House Captain ..... Joan Clothier  
 Sports Captain ..... Marie Bailey  
 Secretary ..... Diane Grayson

1969 has been an eventful year for us, although we did not carry off as many cups as we should have liked, and I wish to thank all members of the House for their whole hearted support and co-operation and for the interest they have taken in House activities during the year.

We began the year with a concentrated early morning training programme in preparation for the Swimming Carnival. The day was not a general success for Slade but we were proud to cheer home one of our number as outright winner of the dog-paddle event!

House members trained and tried very hard for both the Swimming and the Athletics Car-

nivals and also for the Tennis and Basketball matches between the Houses.

Our teams put up a good performance in the ball games and also met with some success in the relay events.

Our greatest achievement this year was the winning of the Inter-House Plays. Kristine Clothier produced George Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan", and the cast, Frankie Matthews, Julianne Bailey, Ruth Garth and Jane Stratton, put on a very creditable and entertaining performance. Congratulations, girls!

At this time of year everyone is, of course, thinking very much of examinations and of the Christmas holidays.

I should like to thank everyone who has been concerned with the house during the year and I hope, too, that at the end of it, everyone will be able to look back on an enjoyable and exciting time in Slade House.

—JOAN CLOTHIER

## FORM NOTES

### GRADE 11 FORM NOTES

At the beginning of the year there were sixteen girls in the form. Since then four have left and there are now nine boarders and three day girls.

Although there are no budding scientists among us, we are, on the whole, average at scholastic achievements and sport and the Senior Swimming champion, Beth Harmer, was a member of our form before she left at the end of second term to take up a position in the Bank of New South Wales.

Julie Stower, Beth Harmer, Erica Womersley, Christine Gundry and Cathy Bull formed a folk singing group. They performed at the House plays and everybody was very pleased with their effort. Julie, Chris and Erica also formed a debating team and were successful in a good many of their "battles."

We were very sorry to lose our Form Mistress last term.

### GRADE 8

1969 has been a year of both success and failures for the eighth graders. Right from the beginning of the year there was a shortage of staff and grade eights was a form that suffered the most. The long period without permanent teachers left us behind the normal standard in subjects.

However, this let-down in our school work proved to have little affect on the ability of some members of the class in sports.

Philippa Frost and Gongi Simon won honours in the schools athletics, gaining the junior championship and runner-up. Phillipa also turned out to be junior tennis champion, and in swimming, was also successful in winning the championship again. Other class members also gave good performances in these events.

In conclusion, Grade 8's wish to thank all the teachers for their help and patience throughout the year, and to our readers, a very Merry Christmas, and all the best in the New Year.

### GRADE 9 FORM NOTES

This year, Grade 9 acquired 11 new girls, five from St Michael's and St. Margaret's and six from various other places. All the old girls from Grade 8 came back, except one.

When the New Girls' had their concert some of the new Grade 9's were in the skits, and in the Old Girls' concert we performed "The St. Catharine's Belly Dancers" and raised a few laughs.

On the 25th May we helped in the Legacy Appeal, our form made up a small Verse Speaking choir and spoke two poems, "The Plaint of the Camel," and "The Naming of Cats." Some of us also entered in the Verse Speaking choir for the Eisteddfod. We spoke "Preparations" and came first with 86 points.

The majority of Grade 9's do the Commercial course, six Academic and six Homecraft.

We would like to thank Mrs. Garde, our Form Mistress, for her kindness and co-operation throughout the year. Mrs. Garde has been our Form Mistress for the last two years and we are all very grateful for the help she has given us.

### 6A REVIEW

This is the voice of the top form of St. Catharine's reporting on the events of 1969.

We began this year with three pro-perfects, who were appointed in their sub-senior year and four new additions were appointed this year.

On behalf of our form, I would like to thank our two prefects, Pam and Sue and five pro-perfects, Joan, Kathleen, Julie, Robyn and Gail, for their support and loyalty to the school during this year. As a form we feel we have contributed substantially to the school activities and to the general enthusiasm of the school.

We are very proud of Julie and Robyn for the work they put into their Duke of Edinburgh Awards which they received in mid-June, 1969. Congratulations Robyn and Julie.

The 6A's played a prominent part in all sports—Basketball, hockey, tennis and swimming.

When our debating club began again this year, the foundation members were three present 6A girls, Julie, Sue and Kathleen, but gradually their positions were handed on to the 6B girls whom we would like to congratulate also. The girls from both forms have been successful in four debates.

Our inter-house plays are this term and again the 6A girls in each house are helping produce the plays. Good luck to all the houses.

This year our form showed quite an artistic element when Helen Smith won first prize in the Warwick Show and Joan Clothier won second prize in the Toowoomba Chronicle Art Competition.

We would also like to thank Joan Clothier, Trudie Redmond, Chris Gundry and Helen Smith for doing drawings to help decorate the hall for our Slade-C.E.G.S. social. We extend our thanks to the other members of the school who helped us that weekend too.

### PEN PICTURES OF 6A

BAILEY, Marie Ann ('Straw'): Came '65; Pittsworth; Slade House; B Tennis; A Basketball; Organist; Choir Leader. Pet Aversion: Heindrick. Favourite Saying: "If I don't soon get a letter." Ambition: Joining the teaching profession. Probable Fate: Bingara??

BROMLEY, Karen Anne ('Brom'): Came '65, 3rd Term; Goroka, N.G.; Neal House; A Hockey; Swimming Team. Pet Aversion: Opera singing next door. Favourite Saying: "I don't live in New Guinea for nothing." Ambition: To live in New Guinea. Probable Fate: Living in New Guinea.

**CLOTHIER, Joan Marilyn:** Came '65; Wandoan; Pro-Prefect; Slade House Captain. Pet Aversion: Being on time. Favourite Saying: "Sort of . . . you know." Ambition: Have the alphabet after her name. Probable Fate: Self-philosopher.

**DIGHT, Robyn Pamela ('Carrots'):** Came '66; Warwick; School Captain; A Hockey. Pet Aversion: Four cold water bottles in her bed in the middle of winter. Favourite Saying: "Look, you kids!" Ambition: Go to Uni. Probable Fate: Mental Institution (after being with us!!)

**ELSLEY, Robyn Ethel ('Rob Robb'):** Came '68; Inglewood; Pro-Prefect; Crothers House; A Basketball. Pet Aversion: Them and Chem. Favourite Saying: "I don't know—ask Sue." Ambition: Join the Uni Protestors. Probably Fate: Social drop-out.

**EVANS, Sandra Lea ('San'):** Came '68; Cunningham; Crothers House; A Tennis Captain; A Hockey (part-time). Pet Aversion: Angus and Hereford breeds!!! Favourite Saying: "How embarrassing!?" Ambition: Kindergarten teaching?? Probable Fate: Grooming Santa Gertrudis.

**FEEZ, Susan Mary ('Fuzz'):** Came '68; Warwick; Vice School Captain; Prefect; B Basketball; Debating Team, Pet Aversion: Claude. Favourite Saying: "That's really terrific isn't it? Ambition: Speak all languages. Probable Fate: Speaking only English.

**FROST, Helen Margaret ('Frosty'):** Came '64; Bingara; Neal House; A Basketball; Organist. Pet Aversion: Reading Ancient (aloud!). Favourite Saying: "Mmmm . . . I'll get up in a minute." Ambition: Dietetician. Probable Fate: Making clothes.

**GRAYSON, Dianne Lorra ('Shorty'):** Came '68; Legume; Slade House. Pet Aversion: Piano plus accompaniment. Favourite Saying: "Gee, you kids are awful to me." Ambition: Computer programme. Probably Fate: Working a candy machine.

**HORNIBROOK, Julie Anne ('Jules'):** Came '66; St. Lucia; Sports Captain; Pro-Prefect; Swimming team captain; C Tennis; A Basketball; President of Public Speaking and Debating Club; Debating team 1. Pet Aversion: Curly hair. Favourite Saying: "Who'd like to . . ." Ambition: Social Worker. Probable Fate: Reading through a magnifying glass.

**MACLEOD, Moira Anne ('Aunty Mu'):** Came '68; Caloundra; Neal House; C Basketball. Left 3rd term. Pet Aversion: Dumb Frenchman! Favourite Saying: "I don't think I'll go!" Ambition: Pass French. Probable Fate: Fail French.

**MYERS, Marilyn Ellen ('Merry'):** Came '65; Main Beach; Crothers House; B Basketball; Organist. Pet Aversion: People saying she looks nice. Favourite Saying: "I can't do this Maths." Ambition: Commercial Mistress. Probable Fate: Continuing to improve her Short-hand speed.

**REDMOND, Trudie Louella ('Trude'):** Came '64; Camp Hill; Crothers House; B Basketball. Pet Aversion: "This place." Favourite Saying:

"Not really!" Ambition: TV set designer. Probable Fate: Potato peeler in the army.

**REE, Kathleen Mary ('Ree'):** Came '65; Ballandean; Pro-Prefect; Neal House Captain; A Basketball; C Tennis; Debating Team 1. Pet Aversion: Lighting the boiler on Sunday. Favourite Saying: "Truly?" Ambition: Join the high wage earners—teachers!!! Probable Fate: Picking grapes.

**SMITH, Brenda Eileen ('Boo'):** Came '69; Caloundra; Slade House; A Basketball. Pet Aversion: Standing next to Robyn 4' 11" v 5' 8½". Favourite Saying: "Leave off, Judy!" Ambition: Stewardess on an ocean liner. Probable Fate: Getting married on a surf board.

**SMITH, Helen Rosalie ('Smithy'):** Came '66; Ballandean; Neal House; A Hockey; C Tennis (part-time). Pet Aversion: Reading the lesson in assembly. Favourite Saying: "Oh, Joan!!" Ambition: A course in the Fine Arts, Probable Fate: Fence painting.

**SUNDSTROM, Judith Helen ('Sunny'):** Came '69; Philippines; Neal House; Swimming Team; B Basketball. Pet Aversion: Lying still in bed. Favourite Saying: "Oh, but my (fish was this long)". Ambition: Interior Decorator. Probable Fate: Tramping in the paddy fields near Manila.

**WHYBIRD, Kay Dawn ('Happy Ade'):** Came '67; Warwick; Crothers House; Swimming Team; B Hockey; Daygirl. Pet Aversion: Pictures of octopuses. Favourite Saying: "Oh, quit it Barbara." Ambition: Drive a car properly. Probable Fate: 20 points in a week.

**WAUGH, Gail Elizabeth ('Cackles'):** Came '67; Wandoan; Pro-Prefect; Crothers House Captain. Pet Aversion: Washing up on Sunday. Favourite Saying: "It's not funny." Ambition: Tour the world by ship. Probable Fate: Tour Wandoan by truck.

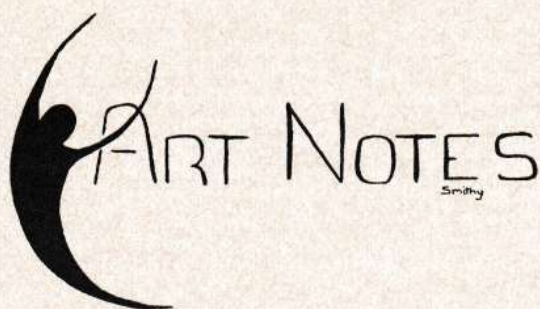
#### FIFTH FORM NOTES

For fifth form, the 1969 school-year began cheerfully on the 27th January, with the return of our twenty-three boarders. After a day of rowdy unpacking and exchanging of holiday stories, the boarders were-reunited with their day-pupil comrades. With Miss Spear as our form-mistress we all settled in as quickly as possible to the strenuous work of "Junior" level education.

The first term was over very quickly, and to our joy was unaccompanied by examinations. After the May holidays we were all back vowing to do some serious study for second term. Most of us kept our promises and so we were prepared for the examinations when they came. On the whole we were pleased with our results, but of course we will try to do even better for the Junior Public Examinations.

On the 30th and 31st July, thirteen girls sat for the "Commonwealth Secondary Scholarship," and are hoping for the best in their results. We all feel that 1969 has been a very interesting year, and we would like to wish everyone the best of luck in exams.

## COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES



There has been considerable activity in the art world within the school this year. Although we haven't had much competitive success, we have had quite a productive period. Once again we continue our combined classes with P.G.C. under the helpful guidance of Mrs. Stent. Our thanks are extended to her. During the year the following awards were gained:

Warwick Show: Portraits: 18 years and under, Helen Smith, 1st., Joan Clothier, 2nd. Pictorial, 18 years and under: Joan Clothier, highly commended.

Toowoomba Chronicle: Joan Clothier, highly commended.

Although no prizes were gained, it was good to see that St Catharine's sent so many excellent paintings to the Sunday Mail Competition.

Late first term the girls rallied round and produced some very original and decorative posters for the school social held in the assembly hall. Many people have wonderful souvenirs to remind them of the occasion.

Later in the year the seniors intend to visit the Art gallery in Toowoomba in order to see the exhibition of Australian Artists.

As Senior and Junior examinations are approaching rapidly we wish all the Art students the best of luck.

—H. SMITH 6A

### CHAPEL NOTES

Once again this year our Chapel activities played a vital role in our school life. Chapel services were held daily and on Tuesday mornings the Senior School attended Holy Communion which was usually celebrated by Father Paxton-Hall.

Father Stevenson, Slade School Chaplain, celebrated on Fridays for the Sisters, members of the Primary school and anyone else who wished to attend. Sister Philippa trained the girls to serve and each House in turn was responsible for Chapel duties for a week.

On Thursday nights during Lent we had special compline services, followed by an address given by the school Chaplain. Palm Crosses were made for Palm Sunday and on

Good Friday, the senior girls attended the Three Hours' Devotions at St. Mark's. A service for the younger girls was held in the Chapel.

Easter Eve brought the beautiful Paschal Candle Service and the Resurrection seemed more real as we lit our tapers from the New Fire and solemnly renewed our Baptismal vows. Easter Day services began with the Blessing of the Easter Garden, which was followed by a Sung Eucharist.

Evensong was sung on the eve of St. John the Baptist's Day to celebrate the patronal festival of The Society of the Sacred Advent and on 18th April a special service was held to admit Pamela Dight and Susan Feez as prefects.

Fifteen girls were confirmed by Bishop Hudson on 19th October and made their first Communion in the School Chapel on the following Wednesday.

Our sincere thanks go to Sister Philippa for her devoted work in the general organisation of Chapel activities and to Father Paxton-Hall, Father Stevenson and the Reverend Noel Gill for all they have done for us, also to our organists, Marilyn Myers, Marie Bailey and Helen Frost.

We hope that the training the girls have received here will remain part of their lives and that those who are leaving school at the close of the year will be strengthened and guided by what they have learnt in the School Chapel.

—JUDY SUNDSTROM

### REFERENCE LIBRARY NOTES

The Senior girls have made good use of the books available in this library, but it is to be deplored that very little use is made of them by other members of the school.

A number of very fine works often remain untouched for weeks. Recourse to books other than the set texts is essential if one is to have a real appreciation of a subject.

A few books have been added to the library this year. In the English literature section have been added—Happenings—a poetry anthology, and paper back editions of the plays under Millwood (Dylan Thomas) and Playboy of the Western World (J. M. Synge). The Australian Literature section has gained the collected poems of Douglas Stewart, Surprises of the Sun (James McAuley's latest collection), One Sunday Morning Early; a book of children's poetry by the Adelaide writer Irene Gough, and Critical Essays on Kenneth Slessor (selected by A. K. Thomson) The Art of J. J. Hilder has been an attractive addition to this section of the library.

Current additions of such magazines and periodicals as June, Walkabout, Illustrated London News, Cover Notes on International Affairs, National Geographic, Current Affairs Bul-

letins, Overseas Trading, Nat.-Dev. (National Development Quarterly) and the various publications of U.N.O. and the Department of External Affairs are on display.

Each day's Courier Mail and Australian are placed in the library together with Tuesday's edition of the Sydney Morning Herald and the Times Literary Supplement, newly subscribed to this year.

The book of the year for 1968 (Edition-Britannica) has been purchased to complete this important set.

The illustrated London News comes to us as a gift from Mr. Peter Roberts, and we thank him very much.

However, all sections of the library are still inadequate, if we are to keep pace with developments in the various fields. Many more books are required in the History and Geography sections, and there are many writers both English and Australian, contemporary and otherwise, who are not represented on our shelves.

We are disappointed that we are not to receive any money from the Commonwealth grant for libraries this year, but let us hope that in 1970 we shall be more fortunate. Perhaps there are some old girls or girls leaving school this year who would like to give a book to the library. That would be splendid.

Mrs. Noakes of the Warwick Public Library staff has been coming once a week to help us reorganise our books which will then be catalogued under the Devery System. We are indeed grateful to her for this.

#### FICTION LIBRARY NOTES

We wish firstly to express our sincere appreciation to Mother Lois, Sister Philippa, Miss Edna Thompson, Ann Rollinson and Sandra Evans for their generous gifts of books for the library.

The purchase of many new books has been made during the past two years and much pleasure has been derived from reading them. These books include To See the Glory (Taylor Caldwell), Parson on the Track (Ivan Southall), Beasts in my Bed (Jacquie Durrell), Young Sam (Henrietta Leslie), Edwin Brood (Charles Dickens), Let the People Sing (J. B. Priestly), The Lonely Skier, The Doomed Oasis, The Mary Deare (Hammond Innes), The Horse's Mouth (Joyce Carey), Nineteen Eighty Four (George Orwell), I Have Friends in Heaven (Max Catto), The Fall of an Eagle (Jan Cleary), Time of Trial (Hester Burton), Love of Seven Dolls (Paul Gallico), Afternoon for Lizards (Dorothy Eden), Tinkerbelle (Robert Manfrey), The Author Bites the Dust (Arthur Upfield), A Funny Thing Happened on the Way (Nancy Spain), Endless Night (Agatha Christie), Madame Castel's Lodger (Frances Parkinson Keyes), The World is a Proud Place (Joy Packer), The Wild White Man of Bodu (Ian Idriess), Murder London—Aus-

tralia (John Creasey), The Gabriel Hounds (Mary Stewart), The Sceptre and the Rose (Doris Leslie), The Saint Returns (Leslie Charteris) The Moon Spinners (Mary Stewart), Lord of the Flies (William Golding), Brave New World (Aldous Huxley), My Family and Other Animals (Gerald Durrell), Death of the Dolphin (Ngaio Marsh), Vass (Patrick White), Last Days in Paradise (George Farwell), Of Good and Evil (Ernest Gann), The Tower of Babel (Morris West), The Room Upstairs (Monica Dickens), David and Destiny (Ian Hay).

—KRISTINE CLOTHIER; CHONG FUI KEN; FRANCES MATTHEWS; Fiction Library Assistants.

#### THE PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING SOCIETY COMMITTEE

President: Julie Hornbrook.

Secretary: Beth Harmer.

Form Representatives: Sandra Evans (6A); Erica Womersley (6B); Bonnie Summers (5th Form); Pamela Hardie (4th Form); Judy Arthur (3rd Form).



The Debating began successfully this year with our first victory being won by Julie Hornbrook, Sue Feez and Kathleen Ree against Slade.

A second team was formed by Julie Stower, Christine Gundry and Erica Womersley. These three girls debated a number of times within the school and against P.G.C., Convent and C.B.C. winning each time. The Scots' College and High School forfeited to us.

The St. Catharine's Public Speaking and Debating Club was formed on the 25th May with election of a President, Julie Hornbrook, and a representative from each secondary form. Meetings have continued successfully since then with a variety of programmes to give all girls more experience in Public Speaking.

Inter House Debates will be held this year for the first time in many years and we are all interested to see the outcome.

After founding our club we hope that it will continue for many years to come. We would like to thank Sister Philippa whose unending enthusiasm has helped us "on our feet". We are also very grateful for the help given to us by the members of the Warwick Rostrum Club.

— BETH HARMER (Secretary)



DEBATING TEAMS

#### THE PRIMARY SCHOOL CONCERT

After many hours of preparation, practising and learning of lines, the great night arrived, and it was good to see such wonderful support from parents and friends of the school.

First on the programme was the Recorder Group. Mr. Lupton had worked hard with the group and it was a very good beginning for the evening's entertainment. Then followed recitations, tumbling and a very colourful scarf dance.

Owing to illness one of the boys was not able to be in the play, "The Pie and the Tart", so Mr. Lupton took his place and the play was very good indeed.

The younger members of the Primary School

presented a delightful play, "The Enchanted Cupboard," which everyone really enjoyed.

After interval the Grade 7 girls presented a tragic play. It was entitled "Riders to the Sea" and was a complete contrast to the other two amusing plays.

When this was over we had a carnival scene with singing, dancing, and playing and to end the programme, everyone sang "Now the Carnival is Over", and this, I thought, was very fitting. Mrs. Wyvill had spent many hours preparing costumes and she and Mr. Lupton made the concert a success. We would like to say "Thank You," to them both.

TRIXIE PAXTON-HALL



PUBLIC SPEAKING

#### THE NEW GIRLS' CONCERT

Another year, and the thought of having to prepare the New Girls' Concert came round again. Although amateurs at this procedure, two new Senior Girls had the responsibility of organising entertainment for this event.

With the assistance of the Sub-seniors in the production, the concert was quite a success for beginners.

Credit goes to Judi Sundstrom for the work and responsibility she had to bear with her "little hippy friends" who demonstrated by a loud rendering of "We're Happy Little Vegetables."

The Primary School of course could not be forgotten for their active part in this production. There were many Primary New Girls this year, and their efforts were really appreciated by the whole school.

Let us hope that next year the New Girls will produce a bigger and better New Girls' Concert and show that the New Girls have what it takes to make them fit happily into the life of the school.

—BRENDA SMITH, Form 6A

#### SENIOR ZOOLOGY TRIP TO DUNWICH

Boxes of food and overflowing suitcases were bundled into the luggage compartment while 10 excited seniors, under supervision of Mrs. Garde and Mrs. McLellan, scrambled to fill the vacant seats, on the chartered bus in which we started with some P.G.C. girls.

Two buses departed from Warwick on the 27th June, 1969, filled with Science and Geography pupils from Scots, P.G.C., and St. Catharine's. Before going on our excursion to Dunwich we were to inspect the wonderful Science Display at the University of Queensland. While we were there, we Zoology students inspected some of the different species of Marine Life we were to see later on the island.

We left the University at 4.30 p.m. and continued our trip to Cleveland Bay, where we caught the ferry for Dunwich.

Without many sea sick passengers, we arrived at the wharf at about 7.15 p.m. The truck which was to carry our luggage the mile or so to our huts failed to arrive on time, so consequently we had to trudge up the hill towards camp with as much as we could carry.

Then we packed things away and sat down for our first home-made meal—cold soup and toast!

Mr. Rodger, Headmaster of the Scot's College who was in charge of the Scots boys, took us up to the Marina Cafe where we saw some of the island's inhabitants. (I think they were dumbfounded when 32 of us marched in)!

Cooking and washing-up lists were thoughtfully drawn up for us with two from each school on at each meal. Then we fell into bed exhausted and thought excitedly of the day to come.

Breakfast was arranged for 8 a.m. but as it happened—breakfast was cooked and eaten by 7.30. Apart from a few comments and groans, the meals were well planned and excellently cooked for amateurs like us!

Time was filled in buying our meat for the next two days and preparing buckets, spades and plastic bags for the afternoon expedition.

A quick lunch was had by all and at 11.30 we followed the tide out, picking up everything that moved just to show off our brim-full buckets! We investigated all types of beaches, a Rocky Shore and a Sandy Spit and a Mud Flat—all of which held weird and wonderful creatures in store for us.

The entire afternoon was spent investigating different environments until group by group we tired of it and wandered back to the huts.

All our specimens were placed in the laboratory until we had our showers and settled down to our most important duty . . . eating!

After tea we spent a long time drawing up specimens and looking at unusual creatures through microscopes and magnifying glasses.

Later that night we trudged back to the wharf and scooped up bottles full of water—in hopes of capturing plankton to add to our large collection.

Saturday ended happily for all as we scrambled to bed even more exhausted than we were the night before, and not even the rattles and squeaks of our double decker beds bothered us and we were soon fast asleep.

On Sunday morning the cooks rose early to cook a quick breakfast and to say goodbye to Mr. Rodger and five of the Scots boys, who had to be back early to play football and hockey. The rest of us went walking and took our last looks at the rather overgrown grave yard where doctors and patients had been buried after dying of a typhus plague and other serious illnesses many years before.

Everything we captured had to be thrown back into the sea and all equipment had to be cleaned up and left the way we found it. Food had to be sorted out and packed into the different school boxes.

By 1 p.m. everything had changed, cases were packed and the truck loaded. School uniforms took the place of salty jeans and jumpers as we prepared for the walk back to the wharf to catch our ferry out from the wharf and head-

ed for Cleveland Bay's jetty where our bus was waiting.

Apart from the occasional screaming of the word "Shark"! and people's rushing to different windows only to see either porpoises passing by — or nothing at all! ! !, the crossing was uneventful.

The bus trip home was the quickest part of the entire weekend—and then it wasn't silent! We stopped only once on the journey home-ward to buy drinks and unpack our sandwiches for our tea.

We arrived back at school, flooded with memories of hilarious experiences and adventures with new found friends. —S. L. EVANS

#### DEPARTMENT

During the second term four of our Senior girls, Marilyn Myers, Kathleen Ree, Helen Smith, Helen Frost, took a department course from Carol-Ann Henry, a graduate of June Dally-Watkins Department School.

After ten lessons the girls graduated and had an impressive graduation with P.G.C. and Convent where each girl modelled several of her own outfits

The St. Catharine's senior form was invited to watch the mannequin parade and presentation made by Mr. David Cory, M.L.A.

We would like to thank Miss Henry for the time she gave up to teach us.

—HELEN FROST



With the second term of 1969 came the formation of the School Choir, having a membership of thirty-one girls under the leadership of Marie Bailey and the accompaniment of Marilyn Myers. The main activity of the choir was the singing at the wedding of Father Keith Stevenson and Margaret Stabler, which was held at St. Mark's Church.

After many practices with Miss Stay at St. Mark's and Marilyn here at school our singing at the wedding was praised by many of the guests.

Naturally everyone was thrilled when Mrs. Stabler so kindly sent us a large slice of wedding cake to be shared among the choir members.

A regular duty of the choir is the singing during the 7.30 a.m. Communion Service and Evensong at St. Mark's each Sunday during the term.

We hope that in following years the choir will uphold the standard of singing that has been produced this year

To add to the musical field, a number of sub-seniors have formed a folk-singing group; Chris Gundry, Julie Stower (guitarist), Erica Womersley, Cathy Bull and Beth Harmer. These girls and the Papuan girls gave a beautiful ex-

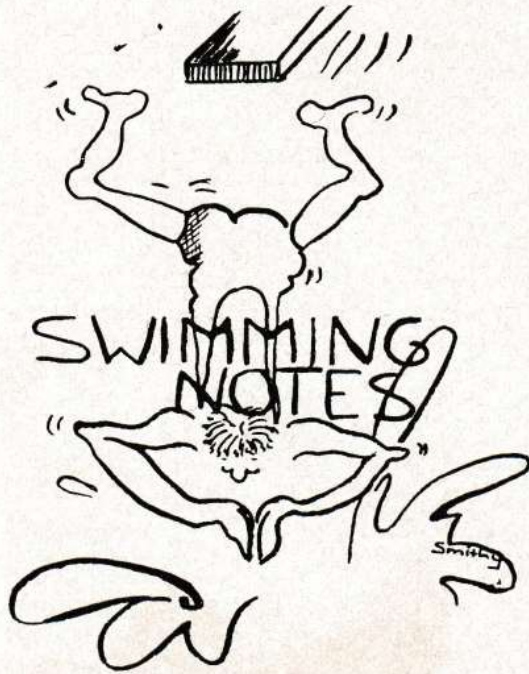
hibition of singing during the Legacy Broadcast on 4WK. The folk group also entertained the audience at intervals during the House Plays.

As well as the usual pianoforte music students under Miss Gladwell and Miss Watt, again this year our two New Guinea girls, Margaret and Petronella, continued their violin lessons under the guidance of Miss Watt. Many thanks must go to our organists and school pianists, Marilyn Myers, Helen Frost, Helen Smith and Marie Bailey.

It is hoped next year will be as successful musically as was this year.

—MARILYN MYERS, MARIE BAILEY

## SPORTS NOTES



This year we welcomed our new Sports Mistress, Mrs. McGregor. With her we went early every morning to Slade pool to train for the Inter House swimming. This was held at Slade pool. Crothers has won the swimming for the last 11 years and did so again this year, followed by Neil and Slade. The Senior Championship was won by Beth Harmer and Junior Championship was won by Philippa Frost.

The Inter-School Swimming was held on the 12th March but unfortunately we only gained fourth place as many of our swimmers had left. However we were very pleased with the firsts gained by Beth Harmer and Philippa Frost. The girls trained very hard for diving, but did not attain the standard of the other schools.

Once again we had a high standard of Life Saving and many girls received their awards. We are proud to say that Karen Bromley received her Distinction award, the first one given at St. Catharine's. Joan Clothier received her award of Merit.

As yet no Sports colours have been awarded this year  
JULIE HORNIBROOK (Captain)

## ATHLETICS NOTES

This year the Inter-House Athletics were held early in the term, on the 6th September, two weeks after we came back to school so there was little time for organised training. Our sports Mistress, Mrs. McGregor, resigned early in the term but with the help of one of the mothers, Mrs. Wells (who now also takes charge of all the tennis) we managed to train the girls and organise the Sports Day.

The day was a success and our thanks go to Slade for arranging our Sports with them at their school oval. Crothers won on the whole, followed by Neil and Slade. Crothers also won the ballgames. Congratulations Crothers! We had a couple of records broken on the day—one was Junior Broadjump, broken by Phillipa Frost who jumped an excellent 14ft 1in. Therese Taylor broke the record for the 100yds open.

In the Inter School Athletics the girls in our fifteen years relay won their event and our girls gained places in most of the other races. Although we came fourth on the whole, we were pleased with the standard of the running.

Mrs. Lynch kindly offered to help us with the Ballgames and Mrs. Wells was always there. We are very grateful to Mrs. Garde and Miss Marendy, P.G.C. Sports Mistress, for training us every morning and afternoon. We could not have gained our 77 points without them! Mr. Gardner erected a tent for the team again this year and we appreciate his work. I would like to take this opportunity, on behalf of the team, of sincerely thanking these teachers for all their efforts to help us during the season.

—JULIE HORNIBROOK (Sports Captain)



SWIMMING TEAM

**HOCKEY NOTES**

The hockey standard this year was not equal to that of last year as we lost a few of our best players and a good coach, Miss Keenan

At the end of first term, the two teams were picked and practices started. Our first hockey match was a week after the May holidays and so the teams did not find time to have a thorough practice. For some of our practices, we competed against the Slade primary team. The boys were a good match for our B team but did not equal the standard of our A team.

During the season, we enjoyed playing each game even though our efforts were not good enough to meet those of the other schools. The results of all the matches were:

**A Team: Round 1:**

P.G.C. v St. Catharine's 1-0; W.H.S. v St. Catharine's 2-1; C.H.S. v St. Catharine's 1-0

**Round 2:**

St. Catharine's drew with P.G.C. 2-2;  
St. Catharine's drew with W.H.S. 1-1;  
C.H.S. v St. Catharine's 2-1.

**B Team: Round 1:**

P.G.C. v St. Catharine's 2-0; W.H.S. v St. Catharine's 1-0; St. Catharine's v C.H.S. 2-0

**Round 2:**

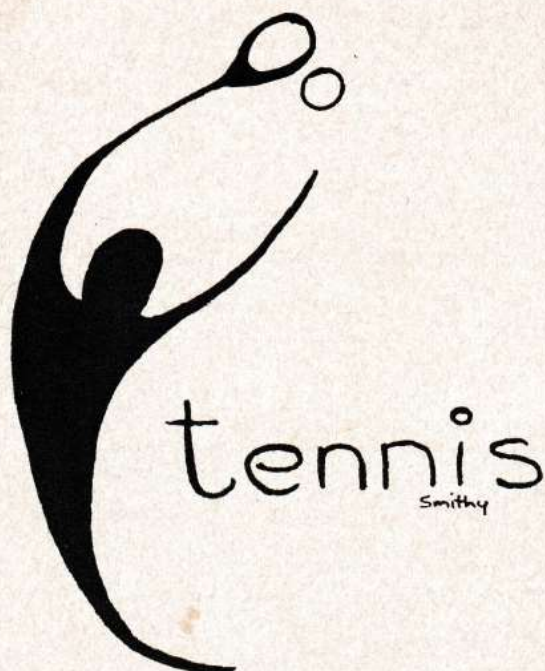
P.G.C. v St. Catharine's 2-1; W.H.S. v St. Catharine's 1-0; St. Catharine's v C.H.S. 1-0

Three of our girls, Janell White, Helen Smith and Jenny Dight were chosen to play with the Warwick School-girls team in Cairns during part of the August holidays.

—KAREN BROMLEY. 6A



**HOCKEY TEAM**



There were not many victories this year, but school spirit was high and never wavered throughout the tennis season.

Sandra Evans and Ruth Greenup made excellent team mates and put up good opposition. Both rose from the "B" grade team last year, to Captain and Vice-Captain of the "A" grade this year.

Ella Brown and Pam Hardie were two new additions to our world of tennis. Pam was Captain of the Junior "A" grade team at St. Margaret's last year and had little trouble finding herself a prominent place in the "A" grade team here this year. Although Ella previously had no place in any team she proved herself a worthy team member.

Marie Bailey, Beth Harmer, Deslie Sutton and Jackie Baxter formed the "B" grade tennis team defeating their opponents on several occasions. All improved as the term progressed and by the end of the season were quite skilled.

In the "C" grade team, Julie Hornibrook, Catherine Bull, Kathleen Ree and Kerry Humbley all played well.

The "D" grade players were Pat Gordon, Philippa Frost, Karen Gordon and Julie Smith.

Mr. Bourke gave the "A" grade team some very helpful hints during the first few weeks of the term, coaching us one morning and afternoon each week.

Our thanks go to Mrs. McGregor and Mrs. Wells also for their help in coaching.

S. L. EVANS (Captain)

### TENNIS RESULTS — 1969

#### A Team: Round 1:

8th February, P.C.G. defeated St. Catharine's 47-23.

15th February, Warwick High School defeated St. Catharine's 48-10.

3rd. March, Convent High School defeated St. Catharine's 41-10.

#### A Team: Round 2:

1st. March, P.G.C. defeated St. Catharine's 48-26.

13th March: Warwick High School defeated St. Catharine's 43-24.

15th March: St. Catharine's defeated Convent High School 40-33.

#### B Team: Round 1:

8th February, P.G.C. defeated St. Catharine's 44-31.

15th February: St. Catharine's defeated Warwick High School 35-32.

3rd March: Convent High School defeated St. Catharine's 41-36.

#### B Team: Round 2:

1st March. P.G.C. defeated St. Catharine's 46-22.

13th March: Warwick High School defeated St. Catharine's 36-35.

15th March: St. Catharine's defeated Convent High School 35-33.

A TEAM: Ruth Greenup, Ella Brown, Sandra Evans, Pamela Hardie.

B TEAM: Deslie Sutton, Jacky Baxter, Beth Harmer, Marie Bailey.

SENIOR SINGLES CHAMPION: S. Evans.

SENIOR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP: S. Evans, R. Greenup.

JUNIOR SINGLES CHAMPION: P. Frost.

JUNIOR DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP: P. Frost, E. George.

—JULIE HORNIBROOK



The basketball season this year has been interesting. We competed in the Inter-School basketball matches, but unfortunately our teams were defeated in a few of the matches although there were several good wins.

Our A, B and C teams competed in an All Schools Basketball Competition in July, and had quite a successful day, considering the handicap of having about a dozen girls withdrawn at the last moment. The A team won in two out of four matches with help from some Warwick High School goalies.

On the 13th September, our sister school, St. Aidan's, brought its A and B basketball and tennis teams up to St. Catharine's for the day. It was a Social day and enjoyable for all; the basketball was a draw on game scores and St. Aidan's won the tennis by a narrow margin of

two games. Our thanks go to St. Aidan's for coming for the day and to Miss Mareudy of P.G.C. who umpired for us, and to all those who helped prepare for the occasion. We hope that this 'social event' and others with our sister schools will be continued each year and become traditional.

Most of the teams trained well during the season and our A and B teams showed considerable enthusiasm. Congratulations girls. Though we were not always successful during the season we tried hard.

—JULIE HORNIBROOK (Sports Captain)



TENNIS TEAM



A BASKETBALL TEAM

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

### DAWN

The stars paled, the mid-night  
 Blue turned to black.  
 And the light spreading,  
 Spreading over the clouds,  
 Crawled down the trees  
 And onto the roof tops.  
 Pink streamers spread out over the sky,  
 The small white clouds turned pink,  
 The drab buildings, for once were a beautiful  
 orange-pink.  
 The sky turned from pink  
 To a pale blue and deepening,  
 As the sun climbed into the sky.

—JANET BLAIK, IV Form

### THE BEE

The branches sway idly above me as delicate  
 peach blossoms fall daintily on to my grassy  
 carpet. The bees are humming in a single voice  
 which seems to surround me. The air is filled  
 with the spicy tang of Spring. There is some-  
 thing about Spring that one can never find in  
 Summer, Autumn or Winter.

Something is sitting near me. It is a little  
 bee. I sit watching it gather honey from the  
 flowers. This tiny creature has stirred my mem-  
 ory . . . . I try to remember . . . . Was it many  
 years ago? . . . That bee has a sting—and—  
 ah, yes—now I remember—long ago, when I  
 was quite young.

I watched a bee buzzing about its duties, and thought to myself: "I will catch it for Mummy". Then I felt a pain, a very sharp pain. I ran to my mother crying "What bit me, Mummy?"

Yes, I remember. The bee will sting me if I annoy it. But I will not annoy it. I learn't my lesson. I quietly turn over to go back to my day dreaming. "Nasty bee," I think, not bothering to look where I turn. Suddenly I felt a hot pain searing my leg. I cry out in pain and go limping off to find a place where I may lie, depending on the beauty of Spring to soothe my stinging wound.

—KAREN HUTTON

#### THE WEEKEND

On Saturday I do my homework and then I go for a ride on my bicycle. Sometimes I play with my ball and skipping rope. I like riding my bicycle. I also have a pony and I ride her too. After I ride her I brush her coat. Her name is Gidget. Sometimes on Sunday I help Daddy feed the sheep, and sometimes we go to a shoot. I play with my friends. They bring their racquets and we play tennis. When we get home we look at TV and then I go to bed.

HELEN WIEDMAN, Grade 4

#### HAPPINESS — THE ESSENCE OF LIFE

Where has it gone in their lives,  
How can they lose such a thing  
Which is the very essence  
Of human love and life.  
Yet, it is hidden deep down,  
Wanting to break through and shine  
Its rays of light upon them,  
To bring the message washed away  
By the surging wave of sadness.  
Happiness has at last won through,  
They never dreamed it would come,  
Those who were surrounded with misery and  
self-pity,  
For them happiness was new life.  
A life full of meaning and hope,  
With days of glorious living,  
Bringing happiness to all,  
Upon whom its light reflects.  
Never again would life be lonely.  
For with their happiness  
They found new friends and love

—KATHLEEN REE—6A.

#### THE WILD STORM

One day Peter and Robert went out sailing. They loved to go sailing in their boat, the Blue Bird. That afternoon there came a wild storm. Peter and Robert tried to get home, but they couldn't swim. Peter thought the boat would turn over any minute now.

Then it did turn over. Peter told Robert to hold on as tight as he could. But it was too

late. Robert had let go, and he was floating away. Peter kept on screaming, "Robert, Robert, where are you, where are you?"

Peter was now too weary to look for Robert. Then Peter guessed Robert was dead. Peter stayed awake all night, and he was washed up on to the shore. He was glad to be on the nice, cool, sand now. The next morning a search party came looking for him. He was taken to hospital. Now Peter had lost his only brother.

—LINDA FRANKS, Grade Four.

#### PEOPLE

People of today are very strange.  
They show hatred more than love.  
There is no joy,  
There is no happiness;  
Only that selfishness  
Which none can fathom.  
That self love, self pity,  
Jealousy and cursing,  
What has happened?  
They find no love.  
They find many faults,  
But never within themselves.  
They defy themselves,  
Then expect the world to fall at their feet.  
Nothing can be done.  
Nothing will be done.  
Those with self love like it this way  
. . . . . I don't.

SANDI-LEA EVANS, 6A

#### INDIVIDUAL THOUGHT

I see a long distant horizon,  
Divided only by trees standing sentinel;  
Yet the closer I move to this line of demar-  
cation,  
The farther away it seems to be.  
I sit and think, part bewildered,  
Part annoyed that this should be so.  
The immenseness of the world surrounds me,  
And suddenly I felt alone,  
And aware of my self insignificance.  
If I die in this barren desolate land,  
Who will know it, who will care?  
I will become another mound of dust,  
To live, and not to succeed,  
I would rather not have lived at all.  
To live and not succeed is as good as being  
dead,  
Rather to become another useless thing.  
To clutter and aggravate the world situation.  
I will gladly lay down my life for someone  
To replace me and succeed, and I'll admire  
them,  
For their success, and be envious;  
But for now, all I can do is wait and stare,  
At this distant and intangible horizon:  
. . . . and hope.

JUDI SUNDSTROM, 6A

## CENSORSHIP

Such an uproar is planned,  
 For books that come,  
 To the people of Queensland,  
 Yet nothing can be done.  
 The censors have most of them banned,  
 They leave us hardly a one,  
 They read every book in their hand,  
 But give the public no fun.  
 'Hair' is typically scanned,  
 Touring the world like the sun,  
 But nor for Brisbane. It's contraband!  
 And clamped on like a ton.  
 There's nothing in the land.  
 It's as pure as an unused gun.  
 That's why Sydney seems so grand,  
 At least there, things come!

—JULIE HORNIBROOK. 6A



## THE SURFER

He paddled through the cold sandy shallows out to face the huge expanse of water which would elevate him to a position as high as that of Neptune-King of the Sea.

His sandy coloured hair blew about his face—his long, gay coloured board tucked under his arm.

The small waves licked his feet—the sand stirred and settled again as his tanned feet

waded deeper and deeper. The huge green waves were like curtains trimmed with lace, their mighty folds crashing down over their victim, pushing him to the very floor of the ocean where the tiny peaceful animals lived.

He saw his chance and lying front down paddled in on a mounting wave, his body like a bronzed streak on the board. Slowly, but with great confidence, he raised his mighty body to a standing position where his sure feet worked cleverly to maintain this promotion as far as the water's edge.

The white gulls, like flowers blowing in the wind, cheered him on, their loud mewing penetrating his ears. As an escort, a venturing porpoise dived close to his board, stirring the frothy water. The rubble continued inwards-inwards towards the golden sands, its King riding a pedestal on its back.

How many times before had he achieved this feat? Many times, often alone in this secluded part of the golden beach, often with noisy on-lookers gazing in amazement and envy at the glistening body flowing in on the water way.

His mind was not at ease. He was troubled, teased, challenged by the huge wooden pillars that supported the rotting jetty. Their jeering faces laughed at his weak effort on the open ocean. His one desire to win the everlasting glory of riding the tide in under the jetty and continuing down the long forbidden hall formed by the pillars. The shells clung to the rotting wood and the angry sea flung a life. One surfer had lost his life trying to ride down the alley, which had turned into the gallery leading to St. Peter's gates. All visions had turned to one in his first and last attempt to defeat the overpowering poles.

His broken board had floated in to shore and lain amongst the sun-white shells—a manifestation of his death.

The surfers' browned body glided out to challenge the jetty whose jeering look seemed to have changed to one of anger.

The tall waves carried him in, confident of his win. The tall pillars leered nearer and nearer, their forbidding bodies towering over the sun bleached-hair.

His arms steadied his balance and his feet nervously manoeuvred the jolting board. His head high, his spirits high, he continued along the cold dark hall, the tall pillars-prophets bowing before him. His entire body was overcome with the exhilarating feeling of having defeated the obstacle of his life.

The mass of colour on the beach came to his notice. Tall men ran forward gathering him up—up onto their shoulders. Not only was he Neptune—King of the Sea—but also King of his own surfing generation.

—TRUDIE REDMOND, 6A

**OF LOVE**

That love is living to live and love,  
Is giving and understanding and loving;  
That man is made to love,  
Is born and dies for love;  
That he lives,  
Gives  
And breathes all because of love,  
Is altogether the most lovely thing.  
That binds us man to man.

—JOAN CLOTHIER, 6A.

**"SCARED!"**

(By D. G. Humbley)

PLAYERS: Two burglars; John 14; Janette 12;  
a policeman.

SCENE: In the children's bedroom. The two children are sitting down on some cushions on the floor with some blankets wrapped around them.

TIME: 10 p.m.

Janette:—(shivering) -Wh-What was that?

John:—Nothing!

Janette:—There it is again!

John:—What was it? (Slowly they crawl to the window and look down on the tree outside. Seeing something)

Janette: (quietly to her brother)—What was that? I thought I saw someone.

John:—S-So did I.

Janette: (after a pause)—It IS someone!

John:—Get back to the shadows while I go for help.

Janette:—(moving back):—All right, but be quick about it! (After a minute or so in through the window came the two burglars).

(Janette, alone in the corner grabbed the fire-fork. Watching the two men slowly walk towards the safe in the wall, Janette bounds out and hits them).

Janette:—(running to her brother who has just come in with a policeman)—Oh, John! I was so scared!

John:—(With a comforting arm around his younger sister)—It doesn't matter now. It's all over. (The policeman drags the two men off the stage. THE CURTAIN FALLS.

**HIS HOBBY**

He sat there near the window,  
Gazing intently at the sky;  
Through his gigantic telescope,  
Although he didn't need to try;  
He saw the wonders of the sky.  
He saw the flames,  
That ran along the surface of the sun,  
He saw the stars that gave  
No end of pleasure, in his fun.  
His hobby he thought was the best on earth.

—JENNIFER BOURNE, IV Form.

**THIS INTERLUDE**

This interlude of dusk  
It is the coming of night.  
Or the breaking of dawn?  
So slow to unfold,  
Yet having a pattern,  
Which each of us follows.  
Perhaps we are guided,  
By some mysterious hand.  
That decides the future,  
And has destination planned.  
Will understanding come with time,  
Or is this another phase,  
That we are not meant to comprehend?  
But watch, the dusk is passing . . .

—JULIE HORNIBROOK, 6A

**"TASMANIA"**

One of the recent voyages my family and I have been on was a trip to Tasmania It is very beautiful with all the old buildings scattered about the little Island.

We visited many historical building sites including Port Arthur with its gloomy prison and dark cells.

Launceston is farther up in the highlands. It is a very pleasant place and while we were there Mum took us to see some beautiful homes and the museum which had collected many wonderful things.

Hobart was the next stop on our journey. It was a very pretty and unique city. It has the only underground freeway there and my little sister and I spent our time playing underneath it. We stayed at the Travelodge Motel in Hobart, which stands beside the freeway. We had a room on the sixth floor over-looking the road.

The next day we travelled one hundred and fifteen miles northwards to Devonport. There we saw many ships docked ready to pick up their supplies.

From Devonport to Burnie is about a hundred and fifty mile and we managed the distance in a couple of hours, admiring the scenery as we went. We stayed in Burnie for two days. Mum took us sight-seeing while Dad and Richard, my brother, inspected some Border Leicester sheep which they wanted to buy.

We boarded the ship once again and returned to the mainland. When we arrived in Melbourne we unloaded our car and drove straight to Canberra where we were to spend a few days. While we were there we visited the war memorial and other important historical places.

When the stay ended we drove the last seven hundred miles home. We arrived home feeling very tired, but thrilled with our wonderful holiday in Tasmania.

SALLY-ANNE EVANS, Age 13. Grade 8

**RIDDLE**

Why did Mrs. Garde tell the girls to be quiet in the laboratory?

Ans.: To let the acid concentrate.

J.D., G.S., K.H., Fourth Form.

**THE KANGAROO**

The kangaroo goes hop, hop, hop,  
And she cannot stop, stop, stop,  
She can jump up high,  
When the night is nigh,  
When it is night,  
She crouches under a tree;  
And when it is morning, it is easy to see,  
That she is up early and bright.

PAULINE PAGE, Grade 4

**GHOST IN THE MOONLIGHT**

The moon was sliding silently across the cloudless sky when I was returning from a visit to the home of my friend. My house was about five miles away from my friend's with a few villages in between. At that time, there were not any proper roads so we only had tracks. There were two tracks going from my home to my friend's. One went through some villages but the other led through a coconut plantation. Instead of following the one that went through the villages, I followed the one that went through the plantation. It was the shortest way. I didn't carry a torch with me because I didn't need it while the moon was shining so brightly.

I was only a few miles from home when I looked behind a coconut stump and saw a man dressed in black staring at me with twinkling eyes and I knew by his twinkling eyes that he was a ghost. I stood there petrified, staring at the ghost, not knowing whether to yell for help, scream, or run away from that penetrating gaze which seemed to look through me. I suddenly felt weak in the knees and sank onto the dusty path. I knew that if I yelled, no one would hear me because that track wasn't often used by the people and they believed that it was haunted.

I could see the ghost moving towards me, and it came nearer until it was only a few yards away. I tried hard to stand up and run, but I was too paralysed with fear to move. When I looked at the ghost, who was only a few yards away, I recognised it as the ghost of my uncle, who had died only a few days before. I didn't want to look up at him so I hid my face between my legs and cried. Just after that, I heard someone whistling and found out that the ghost had disappeared when I looked up.

It was a relief to get into bed when I reached home, but for the rest of the night I had nightmares about the Ghost in the Moonlight with twinkling eyes.

—PELE WUNAIS, Grade 8

**THE STREAM**

I love to watch and to listen,  
To a cold clear stream.  
Rippling over little pebbles,  
And gurgling down the sloping hill.  
The little stream,  
That I call mine, runs away,  
Right down to the sea,  
But here I see it,  
Splashing over tiny water-falls,  
And running round a bend.  
Oh! I love that little stream,  
The one that I call mine.

—DANA KELLY, Grade 8

**TREES**

Some trees are tall.  
Several trees are small;  
Some are middle-size,  
Several reach up to the skies.  
Their colours can be yellow, red, brown and green,  
The prettiest I have even seen;  
They spread their branches up high,  
As high as the sky.

—SUSAN LACEY

**PRIMARY SCHOOLS' DAY IN TOOWOOMBA**

One bright morning near the end of Third Term, we boarded the bus at school and set out for Toowoomba with our teachers. As we travelled along our teachers pointed out interesting landmarks.

On arrival we had morning tea and then proceeded to Cobb and Co., where we saw many old horse drawn coaches. We also saw paintings and historical books kept by Cobb and Co. Then on to Point Lookout for our picnic lunch.

After lunch we proceeded to Channel 10 Studios, where we were shown the cameras and how telecasting is done. We then went to the gardens for games and afternoon tea, before leaving for home, tired but happy.

—JANELLE POOLE, Grade 4

**KIM'S CUBBY**

Kim was a little girl and a very adventurous little girl too. She liked exploring and building. One day Kim and her friend Susan decided to build a cubby. It was going to be a tall cubby. They got all the wood they could and started to build. Susan handed the wood to Kim while Kim stacked it. When they had finished it, Kim said "what a beautiful cubby." They got their knitting and started to knit in their cubby. That is the story of Kim's cubby.

—JANINE WHYBIRD, Grade 3

**THREE BELLS**

We rise and enter a world of new light.  
And the darkness lingers in the background of  
our mind.

We long to re-enter that world of peace,  
And be ever sequestered from the ties of man-  
kind.

Our old world cries with time,  
As hearts mourn deep in woe.  
At each smouldering step we smile,  
As our light lessens its glow.  
Then, the light glow smoulders, soft,  
And flickers as a breeze blows in the cloud.  
Darkness creeps forward and the light goes  
out.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

—DIANNE GRAYSON, 6A

**THE FLAPPING FLY, THE BUZZING BEES, AND  
THE CUDDLY CAT**

The flapping fly flapped around,  
The flipping window flaps,  
And the flipping window flaps,  
Flapped in the fl'pping breeze.  
The flipping breeze flapped,  
In the fluffy, flowery clouds.  
And the fluffy, flowery clouds,  
Fluttered in the flipping sky.  
The buzzing bees buzzed,  
In the blooming blue buttercups,  
And the blooming blue buttercups,  
Blew in the blue sky.  
The cuddly cat curled its tail,  
In the curdly milk,  
And the curdly milk was splashed  
Over the cream coloured cupboard.

—J. BAILEY, IV Form

**THE KOALA**

Up in the gum tree,  
Sits a little koala,  
And she sees me  
Standing down below.  
She is soft and brown  
Like an eiderdown.  
She climbs up high,  
Where she like to lie.

SUSAN PANTON, Grade 4

**THE BUSH FIRE**

The blazing sun,  
Falls to quiet night;  
The flames give way,  
To smouldering light.  
And I sit and watch,  
The fiery beauty  
Of a costly fire,  
That served no duty.

—SALLY WYATT, Grade 8

**INTO THE MIRROR**

A mirror seems to be anything that one can  
see oneself in, no matter how poignant or how  
blurred the image there. Indeed there are many  
different kinds of mirrors, all of which reflect  
disconcertingly different and yet similar  
images. One must find oneself in all of these  
although realisation of the essential person  
within oneself—as in life's varicoloured ex-  
periences—is certainly not always pleasant.

Should one seek clearer perception than that  
which is experienced when looking into a  
mirror? In an interplay of light and dark, shal-  
lowness and depth, sufficient for one to find  
oneself, or will the mirror, like the one belong-  
ing to the Lady of Shalott, crack and crumble  
if we run away to see the different, perhaps  
brighter colours that the light from some win-  
dow affords us?

One needs light indeed to find oneself. How-  
ever, the kaleidoscope of colours that the ex-  
periences of maturity and middle age bring to  
our capacity for vision cannot be reached for  
and grasped until age and experience allow,  
and, until then, the adolescent surging on  
adulthood can only look into the shadowy  
mirror of inexperience and uncertainty that is  
youth, and balance it with youthful vivacity and  
bubbling spirits to bring him or her to shining,  
multicoloured summits from the darker valleys.  
For when one is young the light is very bright  
and the dark, very dull.

A mirror reflects light and dark and, as  
colours come to be reflected more clearly, I  
find that, in turn, my colour appreciation be-  
comes more aware. Perhaps I am simply grow-  
ing up and becoming aware of life and living—  
real living, not the shallow pretence of living  
that we as adolescents make.

As one grows into maturity and one grows  
more and more towards heightened apprecia-  
tion of colour, one comes too, to know love as  
living and giving and understanding, for this is  
the essence of life.

Is the effect of life itself on the individual,  
simply an interplay of colours on a dark stage?  
We can only grow to be more aware of them  
as our sense of perception becomes more  
aware—as we grow ready to grasp the elusive  
meaning of this life.

Whatever this mystery of life is can only be  
resolved in living and seeing life in all its  
shades and colours, for whatever life is, it is  
no more, no less than life itself, no matter  
what the light, the shade or the colour.

—JOAN CLOTHIER, 6A

**THE STRANGE VISITOR**

"It's incredible!" cried Jim. "How could any-  
one climb up such a high wall and get in  
through the barred windows?"

Jim was referring to the headlines of Frank-  
lin's morning paper. Franklin was a small town  
in the south of England.

"Eat your breakfast," commanded his mother.

"But . . ." protested Jim.

"Go outside if you are not going to eat your breakfast," said his mother crossly, and they continued their meal in silence.

Then Jim and his little sister Wendy went to meet their two friends, Margaret and Mike, who were twins. They discussed the morning's headlines. There had been a wave of disappearances. Valuable documents had been stolen and the latest robbery had occurred in the children's own town, so they decided to find out who the strange visitor was. They would go to the scene of the last robbery.

"It was one of Professor Carvis' most valuable possessions," said Margaret.

"Then we will find out who stole it," cried Mike. Professor Carvis was Mike and Wendy's grandfather. That was why they were so interested. On that afternoon they went to Westly Manor, where Professor Carvis lived. He was delighted to see them and answered all their questions about the robbery. Jim made a plan of the room from which the document had been stolen and when they returned home they discussed their plan of action. They thought that the thief would most likely visit Professor Muddle's house next.

"Oh! What a wonderful name," giggled Wendy, who, until now, had been sitting quietly in the corner, taking this all in.

"Yes! It is rather," said Jim, beginning to laugh himself.

"Anyway, back to our plan."

At 10 o'clock, Jim and Mike were fully awake. Jim crept downstairs and quietly opened the back door. He tiptoed out and ran down the lane to meet Mike. Mike was waiting for him. They had their bicycles ready at Mike's house so they mounted them and rode into the starry night. They heard the clock strike eleven, and then the half hour. Would he come? They waited, scarcely daring to breathe, then at last they heard a crackle of twigs and saw two large green eyes staring at them in wonder. They would have liked to run away, but were overcome by fear. Mike quickly shone a torch on the creature's face. What was it? Why, a Monkey! They had seen him only a few days before at a circus.

"Could a monkey climb up the wall and in the window?" asked Jim.

"Let's see," whispered Mike.

They let him go and sure enough he climbed up the drainpipe and in the window. In a couple of seconds he was down and back to the boys.

"My, you are a very strange visitor!" Jim and Mike exclaimed together.

Next morning they saw their own names in the headlines and were very proud of the part they played in solving the mystery of the strange visitor.

—TRIXIE PAXTON-HALL, Grade 7

## TO PLAY MUSIC

Doleful, disheartened  
I trace my steps to the place of relief  
The empty room.  
Empty except for the one thing,  
That rids me of all sorrows—  
The sweet, understanding instrument,  
The piano.  
Strong, stately,  
It stands before me.  
Waiting for the outpouring of all troubles—  
Troubles no one understands or can solve,  
The problems of a school girl.  
The sweet, silent intercession,  
Of keys and finger tips,  
Is the moment of freedom when,  
All sorrow, hate, misunderstanding  
All vices are received by this truly pure friend.  
My heart is uplifted  
As life begins a new cycle.  
A clear sky reigns above me,  
On passing through the doors,  
The doors of enlightenment,  
From the keys of understanding  
Into a world of happiness.

—MARIE BAILEY. 6A

## LOST IN THE BUSH

One day my father Tom and I went for a walk in the bush. Tom was flying his kite and I was busy picking flowers. We were enjoying ourselves immensely until Tom looked at his watch and saw that it was 4 o'clock.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed. "It's time to go home already."

We knew that we must go before our mother began worrying. We took a very winding path which we thought would lead us home. Suddenly the path became narrower and narrower, until there was no path at all—just an enormous tree. I had never seen one like it before. We stood there gazing at each other, not knowing what to do. Then we heard a voice say "Pick up a twig and say Abracadabra." So, intent on doing what the voice requested, Tom and I grabbed each other as we started shrinking. Soon we were no bigger than a baby mouse. After a while the owner of the strange voice appeared. It was a tiny elf. He told us that his name was Pim and he invited us to enter through a little wooden door. He then led us along passages and through more doors until at last we came to a room where we saw Elves and many other tiny creatures having a tea party. We sat down and joined in the fun. The friendly folk gave us cakes, sweets and other strange food.

Tim and I were having a wonderful time, then, late in the night, everyone began to disappear.

Pim said they were going to bed. We had to leave too, so out we went through all the doors and passages until we were outside the last little door.

We were just about to pick up a twig when I started to fall. There was a loud crash and a bump as I hit the bedroom floor. I had been dreaming but, do you know, I found a little cake in my bed.

ELIZABETH WHITAKER, Grade 7

### A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

"Whatever is happening to the youth of today?" How many times have you heard this said? I would like to know what is happening to the youth of today. Compared to teenagers of other centuries, we seem quite normal. Naturally, certain ideas of dress etc. have changed but this can be expected. Some people are too narrow minded. They judge youth as a whole (especially teenagers), on the certain percentage of bad ones. Are there not a great percentage of criminals over the age of twenty? Are the older generation branded because of these people?

Some older people think that university students are all a mob of vandals and trouble makers. What utter rot! There is only a small minority of students at the university who quite obviously went there in the first place to cause trouble and persuade the innocent into wrong doings.

Last year a certain group of these so-called "vandals" started a collecting campaign for spastic children. They wrote to fifty firms asking for donations. Not two per cent of these firms consented to give for this worthy cause and all because they did not trust these students with the money. Isn't this just the height of ignorance? These young people put so much work and spare time into this campaign and that was the reward they received.

There is a great amount of truth in Sammy's Davis' song "Don't Blame it on the Children". He says in this that it is not the children who make the liquor, "filthy" books and sell the cards—this is done by older folks greedy for gain. But nonetheless, it is the younger generation who are blamed for driving 'junk which rattles the brain.' From whom did they get these things."

Another topic which seems to be always under consideration is the dress of teenagers. What is wrong with mini-skirts? If a girl has shapely legs why shouldn't she show them off? If she prefers short skirts, surely it is her

privilege to wear them. Take for example, some of the low cut dresses women wore in the Victorian times. I think it is far better to show quite a bit of leg than quite a lot of what they were showing.

These points and many more should be considered before anybody could make a correct statement on the youth of today.

Maybe it is not only the younger generation which needs to mature more in their thoughts and actions.

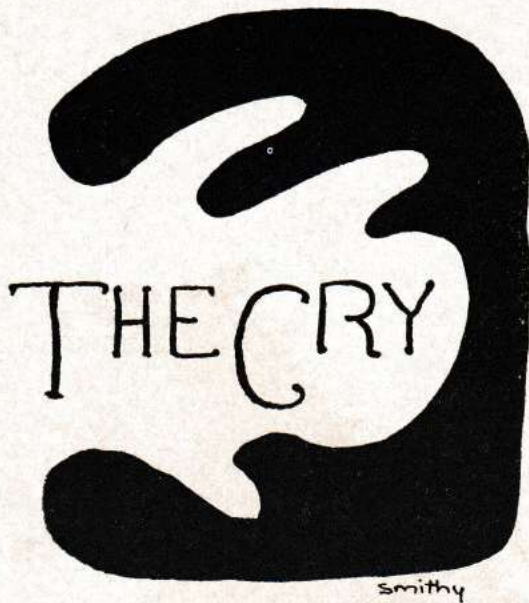
—B WHYBIRD. 6B

### AT THE OPEN DOOR

The Sun drips through the church window;  
Rays bent off course,  
And mellowed by the coloured glass,  
The light is soft and dim.  
There is no glare, no brilliant flash,  
To redden eyes of luminate reality.  
The pews are hard, the sermon long,  
Where is the end?  
Outside the world is beckoning you,  
It's cry is; child of man  
I'm at your feet, but time runs on.  
Don't wait for them! Enjoy your short mortality!  
The end has come, the lessor read,  
Through the arched doors.  
You rush headlong—and hesitate.  
There are no locks or walls,  
To shield you now. But all you learnt  
Has left its mark. With confidence you step  
outside.  
How often will you trip before you crawl to-  
ward finality?

SUSAN FEEZ, 6A





The swirling mists had descended through the gorges during the early hours of the morning, and now the wet, white film showed only the shadowy outline of the range.

A man lumbered down the treacherous mountain path. Stumbling, he lurched sideways, and toppled over on to an old black stump which crumbled under his weight. A tormented, pain ridden moan echoed across the hidden gorges and mountain faces. Then he dragged himself up, but the jerky movement obviously gave him tremendous pain as he immediately doubled himself over, and rested against a tree.

He put his enormous, calloused hands over the deep gouges in his blackened stomach. Slowly the blood seeped through his fingers and trickled down the matted hairs of his arm.

His swarthy face gave the gorges his partial autobiography. One could see that he had lived outdoors for most of his fifty odd years. A rubbery purple scar made its ugly path down his left cheek following around the contour of his chin, abruptly ending at the cleft. One gathered from the iron on his leg, and the conspicuous scar that this was a legacy from the Great War. He was someone's grandfather, someone's life-long companion, brother and father. Perhaps once he had been a respected citizen. There was a slightly cultured appearance about those high cheekbones, but his other features had soured during the years. His eyes swelled and softly a small tear slipped down his face. Quickly, as if ashamed of the trees' seeing him, he wiped his gory hands over his eyes, leaving behind gruesome, bloody fingerprints. His long, thinning, grey hair, receding over tanned temples, plus the 'more than an afternoon shadow' showed this was not his first morning away from civilisation.

But he was glad to be away. He wore with him, besides his tattered jeans an air of relief. A battle of past, present and future had been held in his troubled mind. Past and present were the main contestants, as future stood bewildered on the side lines, acting half as referee, and half as spectator. Now the turmoil faded away into the mist. A twig dropped onto his hand and floated away leaving a large drop of moisture on his hand. It remained segregated a moment in a pool of blood, then slowly it spread until finally all was one.

As he lay on the ground, the pain from his wounded stomach thrashed at every grain of self-control his body possessed. His chest rose with every uneven heart-beat, and his eyes closed tightly into a thousand folds. The minutes dragged on. A far-off wild dog made his presence known. A rabbit scampered past. The huge wings of the night-owl flapped heavily on the moist air, his night's hunting over.

Suddenly the bush seemed alive, a wind sprang up, the mists appeared to fade, and creatures noisily began to wake. The man sensed this with an uneasy watchfulness. His wounds became unbearable. Obviously now of the surroundings, his self control smashed, he expressed his pain in a series of fearful groans. It was then they found him. They rushed to his side and shoved him to his unwilling feet, tearing the last threads of his life. His hollow cry echoed for several minutes after his pain had ceased. Now the mists were rising, rinsing off the shadow of night.

HELEN SMITH. 6A

#### WHICH IS YOUR SONG

- Miss Spear—"Do It Again."
- Mrs. Merchin—"We Can Work It Out."
- Miss Cant—"Words."
- Mrs. Garde—"I'm The Urban Spaceman."
- Mrs. McGregor—"The Games People Play."
- Mrs. Stent—"Picture Book."
- Mrs. Byrnes—"Those Were the Days."
- Mrs. Cook—"1 Times 2 Times 3 Times 4."
- Miss Watt—"La La."
- Mrs. Rutyna—"Eidelweiss."
- Miss Grant-Thomson—"Monsieur Dupont."
- Mrs. Dempster—"Someone Left The Cake Out In The Rain." (McArthur Park).
- Miss Gladwell—"I Can Hear Music."

Vth Form

#### THE STREAM OF LIFE

Once we begin to mature and begin thinking for ourselves, we sometimes stop and realise that in many ways life can be compared with the various stages in a river.

We both start off, full of vigour and strength; we plunge head-long into life, trying to push all obstacles and worries aside. Anything that appears too big for us, we try with all our

force to erode down into simpler form and try to deal with it from here. It is in this first stage that our will power and the type of character we will possess is determined. We seem to be always absorbed in external struggles and seem to think only of ourselves and the small world which surrounds us.

Gradually we find our nature and whole outlook on life changing. This is called the mature stage. Now we plan our life ahead of us. We begin to carry burdens and feel emotions, which in the young stage we were too full of energy to think about. We begin to realise that we are not the only object in the world, and so begin to feel for other people. We see and come in contact with a bigger area and realise that there's even a bigger one before us. Now we cope with life as it comes to us, but there is always a reach for tangible objects, but we learn to control our feelings and to ponder over an issue before making a dive or plunge. We flow through this stage and then realise that sooner or later we are going to come to a bend in our own stream.

Then the old stage is reached. It is a stage of internal struggle. Now we realise that our life has nearly ended and that we have lost the strength and energy we had earlier. Now we feel old and out of place in the changing world. Our minds begin to meander, and we feel that all old people must feel that they are sailing the same boat on a level plain.

We continue to sail until we pass out of the old stage into a new life which is vast and never ending. It is a place which has new life for us and once again we are all equal.

—PAM DIGHT, 6A

#### LA SECHERESSE

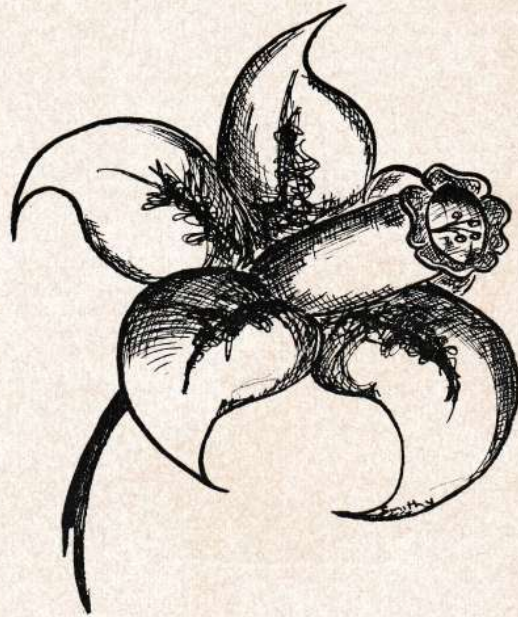
Il ne pleut pas depuis beaucoup de longs mois. Tous les jours le soleil brille d'un ciel toupours clair et brulant au-dessus du pays sec, equisse et sans esperances. Ce pays vide a la grande faim.

Partout les oiseaux sont silencieux; les animaux s'ecrient a cause de leurs souffrances; il n'y a plus de chuchotements agreables dans les herbes qui s'y trouvent d'habitude; les vents de douleur et de malheur et ces vents en balayent lentement, en verite, les esperances des hommes, les couverts des hommes, les hommes eux-memes, mais ile n'en balayent pas toute la grande seule fierte qui est la leur toujours.

Ces memes hommes qui sont tous temperants d'habitude, se boivent dans l'oubli pitoyable souvent maintenant. Ils ontrenance a realite mais ils ne renonceront jamais au pays ou a las chose qui les apporte le plus pres vers le plus grand rien.

Ces hommes continuent a le tenir ferme. Ils ne peuvent pas le renoncer car c'est la fierte du fermier—son amour du pays et du terrain qui est une partie de lui, meme au dela de la mort.

—JOAN CLOTHIER, 6A



#### THE DAY OF THE DAFFODILS

With every turning page, poignant memories flooded the old woman's mind. Here, in her own handwriting, was a record of her whole life. Tears sprang to her eyes and her hands were trembling with emotion. Years turned back with the pages and her nearly forgotten roles of the proud thoughtful grandmother; the busy, contented, young mother; the pretty, blushing bride; the rowdy, but at times, demure school-girl, were overtaking her again. She felt as if she was living life over again—backwards; like a cine-film being rewound before it is stored away in the annals of time.

As she read the afternoon wore on and the sun's weakening rays lengthened across the room until they landed in a pool of gold on the thinning rug.

Finally she picked up the first diary she had ever owned; a little blue book she had been given as a seven-year old girl.

Lines of large loopy script crowded its yellowing pages with childish joy and woe, love, despair, exuberance, intolerance. It had been her own individual outlet to release the pressures of her childhood, which, as with everyone's was crammed to bursting point with experience.

Then a daffodil, pressed rice-paper thin, fell out from between her shaky fingers, tumbled over the folds of her dress and into the pool of light.

Sunshine was pouring life into the power. It seemed to blossom out and lift its head in a plea to its dying God. In response the sun rose in the sky and were the same colours, warm gold and dazzling yellow. The old woman was shaking her head trying to lose the frightening sensation; but was trapped. She could not free

herself. She was sinking in the quicksands of time. Then she was swallowed up completely.

It was noon. She was a little girl playing on the grassy creekflat. Around her the daffodils danced in sheer joy of living.

Rains had come and everywhere was bright and new and fresh. The posies she was making were for her mother. These little daffodils, little sun-flowers, seemed to have caught some of the sun's power. Each daffodil resembled a little sun in itself, a burning golden centre in a wreath of light yellow. If these daffodils ever died, she thought, the sun would pine away in grief. These little balls of sunshine were just what the old dim house needed, and so she made up each little bundle with meticulous, child-like care, tying them together with grass ribbons.

Suddenly her brother ran past, and with a laugh grabbed one of the bunches. For a moment she sat still and watched him. It was the biggest posy, the one in which she had taken the most pride. She had imagined it arranged in state on the mantel-piece in the sitting-room, but now her brother was kicking it along the grass, leaving splinters of gold petals in a trail behind him. Furious she jumped up and ran after him. By now he had dropped the broken flowers and fled to the bank of the swollen creek, still taunting her and laughing at her anger. She hesitated for a moment to look at her ruined work and then in blind fury hurtled after him. There he was on the rocks above the swirling water daring her to follow. She was almost upon him when his boot came in contact with a large, slimy moss-patch and he fell, crashing onto the rock.

Rage gave way to fear as she saw her brother lying motionless on the rocks. Frantically she tried to pull him up but his body slipped off the moss into the water and was carried away in the swirling stream. Screaming she turned to run, but the moss was under her too, and she was falling, falling into the raging torrent below.

At this point she could remember her father's coming to pull her out and carry her home, but now he still had not come.

Again she tried to cry out but the water was rushing over her. Her father was supposed to come! It was written here in her diary! Where was he? Where was he?

A figure loomed up ahead of her. Her brother was coming to help her! In his hand was a

peace-offering — the bunch of daffodils, completely restored to the former beauty and life by the fresh, icy water.

With a dull thud, the books fell to the floor. At the window the old woman's drooping form was silhouetted against the fiery red of the evening sky. When they found her, she was smiling. It must have been an easy death, they thought.

What they failed to notice was that her lifeless fingers were clenched tightly around the stem of a little brown and withered flower—a dead daffodil.

—SUSAN FEEZ, 6A

#### THE LONELY BEACH

I love to stray on the lonely beach,  
And watch the waves and hear the seagull cry,  
And when the wind blows through the trees,  
I like to go to sleep.  
The place is lonely and silent,  
And the birds sing in the trees.  
And when the sun goes down,  
The place is quiet.

—GRACE DAVID, Grade VII

#### DESERTED GARDEN

The house is locked up. Nobody wants to live there any more. The garden is neglected. Yes, the flowers still bloom and send their beautiful scent out, but nobody cares. The weeds keep on growing and slowly they are claiming the garden for themselves. Next spring there will be no more pansies because the weeds will have strangled them. The roses need pruning and the hedge needs clipping, but nobody cares about the garden—nobody.

—MARJORIE WINTLE, Form V

#### MY PET

My pet is a dog. His name is Rusty. He is a Fox Terrier. He has some other friends and he likes them too. Rusty plays football with me. If he wanted to he might be able to kick a football. He can run much faster than I can. When I am on my bike, I can just beat him. He chases wild cats and often catches them.

—DUNCAN McMASTER, Grade 3.

## OLD GIRLS' NOTES

There were about twenty members at the annual meeting held in June this year and Sister Kathleen welcomed all those present. Office-bearers elected for the ensuing year were: President, Sister Kathleen; Vice-Presidents, Val Gardner, Marian Irwin, Eve Brown, Bronwyn Grayson and Helen Robb; Secretary, Beverley Telford; Treasurer, Miss Cant.

It was decided at the meeting that \$100 be donated to the school for the purchase of an overhead projector.

In July the Warwick members of the Association held a very pleasant tennis party at the School and raised about \$35 from this effort.

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Beverley Telford has been working at the Beaudesert Exchange for the past six months, but expects to be back at the Warwick Exchange in November. Patricia Bourne is teaching at the Warwick Central State School. Ann Henning (Gardner) is living on a property near Surat and is enjoying country life. Her sister, Jill Leahy, is still in Malaya and is busy with Kindergarten work there. Fay and Denise Welsh both work in Warwick Department Stores. Denise celebrated her twenty first birthday during the year and they are both still very keen tennis players.

Margaret Stabler was married to the Reverend Keith Stevenson at St. Mark's Church in July. The Reverend T. Brown-Beresford officiated at the ceremony and St. Catharine's school choir sang during the service.

Viva Phippen (Luke), who lives in Sydney, was able to attend the Reunion this year as she was holidaying with her parents in Warwick.

Anne Tandy worked for a time as a clerk in the Statistics Section of the Department of Air in Canberra before beginning a full time Biological Research Technician's course at the Australian National University, Canberra. Beth Tandy is a clerk in the National Library at Canberra and is doing a Librarian's Training course. Not long ago she attended a Librarian's Conference in Adelaide. Kathy Beech and Sandra Humbley are in their first year at the Townsville Teachers' Training College. Kathy has been continuing her speech studies and recently passed Grade 7 practical. Sue Baker also won a Training College Scholarship and attends Kedron College in Brisbane. Three of our Old Girls, Dorothy Gosper, Djenan McDougall and Helen Dickensen are in their final year at Training College. Djenan has also been doing Phys. Ed. at the University, and Dorothy History.

Kathy Hungerford and Ann Rollinson help at home on their parents' properties. Ann is an enthusiastic member of the newly formed

Historical Society in her district. Bronwyn Grayson is working in her father's office in Killarney.

We received a very interesting letter from Ruth Womersley who was granted a Scholarship by the Church of New Jerusalem and is now at A.N.C. College, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania. She described her impressions of the places she saw on her way across the Pacific and America — "The flight across the Pacific was wonderful. We spent a 24 hour break in Hawaii and I was amazed by the extent to which Honolulu has been commercialized. It really is a tourist resort and no more. I was disappointed to find that there was scarcely anything natural about the island at all; everything has been geared to deal with the tourist. In contrast with this was Los Angeles where I don't think anything is geared for anything except for traffic jams. The freeways are truly fabulous and I don't think I have ever seen so many cars in one glance but they still can't move at any speed. The smog really is unbelievable—as we flew in from Hawaii we flew into it, just as if going into a dense grey cloud. The night I was there I watched the sun go down. It was just a fiery crimson ball seen through the grey—no surrounding colour or rays of light. It was quite a weird experience.

I was in Los Angeles for one night and then went to stay with friends who have a ranch almost on the California/Arizona border. They grow cotton, lettuce, seed onions and maize, all by irrigation from the Colorado, and it was so wonderful to see at first hand all the things we've learnt from books.

The Colorado is one of the most beautiful rivers I've ever seen—wide and blue with desert on either side. The desert is very beautiful and all the features are so clear and easy to identify. I do wish that every Senior Geography student could have a trip like mine and see it all.

It is beautiful here in Pennsylvania. The leaves are just beginning to change colour and "fall" is almost here. The college is wonderful and I enjoy every minute of the day—it's all so new and exciting!"

Two years ago Ruth Boadle was sponsored by the Toowoomba Rotary Club as a Volunteer Abroad and recently she visited Warwick and gave a talk, illustrated by slides, about her work with the Maternal and Child Welfare Patrols in the Milne Bay District. Pamela Frizell also paid a brief visit to Warwick during the year. She is training at the Australian College of Physical Education in Sydney. Lesley Johnston is nursing at the Dirranbandi Hospital. She plans to go overseas next year. Janice Bamberry is in her final year at the Stanthorpe General Hospital and Margaret Brown-Beresford and Anne Blinco have just finished their

second year at St. Andrew's in Brisbane. Margaret Ree is teaching in the Ballandean State School. We offer our deepest sympathy to Margaret in the loss of her father and to Val Gardner whose mother passed away last month. It was good to see Hazel Wickham at the Reunion and to hear of her experiences during her long stay overseas. She spent most of her time in Canada and the United States. Elizabeth Wickham, now Mrs. Paul Lupton, teaches at St. Mary's Primary School in Warwick.

Robyn Hornibrook is working at Channel 0 in Brisbane and Tempe Hornibrook is doing an Arts Nursing course at the Armidale University. Lois Goodwin is in her final year at the Brisbane Kindergarten Training College and Julianne Gray is working in the Bank of New South Wales in Warwick.

Marian Irwin resigned from her position as Secretary after over 10 years and has been succeeded by Beverley Telford. Marian's help during those years is deeply appreciated by all Old Girls.

Jennifer Schonfisch (Croft), Secretary of the Brisbane Branch of the O.G.A., wrote to say

that they were having their annual dinner on 31st October and that she hoped all Old Girls in Brisbane would get in touch with her, c/o Sister Rachel, St. Aidan's School, Corinda.

#### BIRTHS:

HAZEL WOOD (Wickham): a son (Campbell James).

BRONYWN MAHER (Sutcliffe): a daughter (Jenny Anne).

#### ENGAGEMENTS:

BEVERLEY TELFORD to John Nelson.

GWENDA POOLE to Gordon Burcher.

JULIANNE GRAY to Clifford Cole.

#### MARRIAGES:

MARIE FREY to Richard Pietsch.

MARGARET STABLER to Keith Stevenson.

COLLEEN HASTED to Jim Evans.

ANN GARDNER to John Henning.

BEVERLEY WILLETT to Joseph Browne.

ROSEMARY FOX to Con O'Brien.

JUDITH PACE to Denis Nave.

# *Autographs*

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