

E. DORMAN



The Magazine
of
Slade School



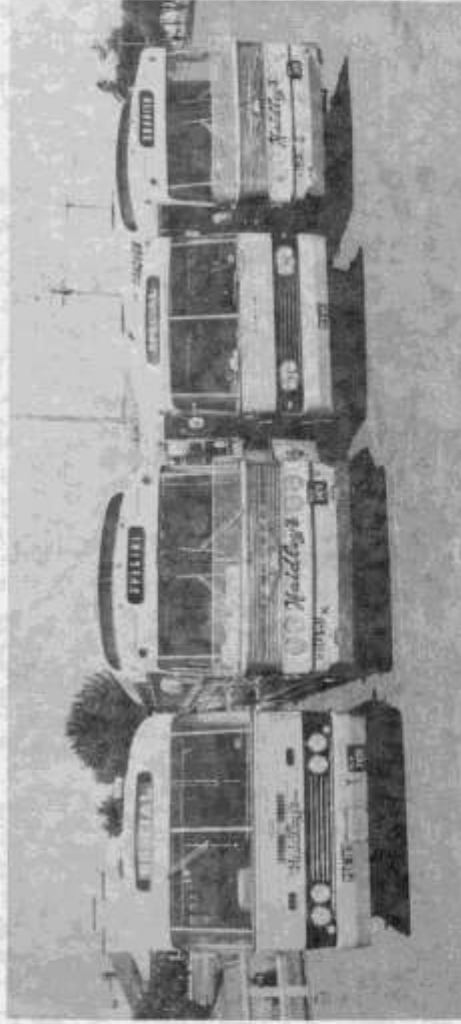
DECEMBER, 1975



Registered at G.P.O., Brisbane for transmission by post as a periodical.

**HAIDLEY'S
PANORAMIC COACHES**

Grafton & Lyon Streets — Phone 612816 — Warwick



DON HAIDLEY, family and staff of PANORAMIC COACHES take this opportunity of thanking Slade School for their patronage over the past 12 months and look forward to a continuance of their favours in 1976

EDITORIAL

Next year, 1976, is the Jubilee Year of Slade School. Already, plans are well advanced for the celebrations for this fiftieth birthday. Many who have shown only tacit support for the school since they have left have indicated they will be returning on Queen's Birthday weekend. Others who, since leaving school, have been stalwarts in their interest, are doing everything they can to ensure the success of the weekend. Indications are that people will be coming from the length of Australia, and overseas, to join with others in reminiscing about former times, and renewing friendships long dimmed.

Many people at this time will be thinking of Slade as their "Alma Mater", she who helped and nurtured them during their formative years. Because of this, these same persons will regard the school with respect, and during the weekend, will attend with pride the "School on the Hill". If, because of circumstances, others of like mind are unable to attend, but have heard of the weekend's festivities, then they will be joining with us in mind and spirit, and probably will be regretting those conditions which keep them away.

There will be many more for whom this event will mean nothing and pass unnoticed. Regrettable but true! While the characteristics of people in the former group are few but fairly common, the reasons for membership of this second group are many and varied. Some will have been at the school for only a short period of time, and not had sufficient time to relate themselves to the school; others may have been "asked" to leave; for others, memories of the school may recall times of undesirable relationships with other students. And so the list goes on.

However, I am certain that there is one reason more than any other, why many would be classified with others in the second group - they just don't care. "Life holds too much importance for number one. Take what I can for me, and don't worry about anyone else." Unexpressed sentiments, but true no doubt.

In thinking of those who will or will not be playing a part in the Jubilee Celebrations of Slade, I am reminded very much of people in every-

day life, and I cannot but help comparing the two situations.

From a very early stage in life, a youngster may have developed in him the appreciation for everything he has. This child will, under normal circumstances, develop with the ability to respect the rights and property which belong to others, and those which are his. He will, also, come to understand what privileges are, and what it means to repay the efforts of others in supplying him with the gifts he receives, whether tangible or intangible. As a result of this development, his life will have a meaning and a purpose, and he will be prepared to do whatever circumstances permit in the ways of helping his fellow man, and repaying kindness afforded him previously.

(This was borne out recently to the Jubilee Committee, when a recent student still studying at a College of a different nature, forwarded a donation from his allowance to the Committee to be used towards the expenses of organizing the celebrations. This practical example of appreciation, while heartening to the Committee, was even more a demonstration of the strength of character which can be developed in mankind.)

On the other hand, there are many reasons (excuses, possibly?) why a person has not developed these favourable character traits. These may be reasons from within, or they may be imposed from without. Probably the major reason however, is the example of others - first, the example of selfishness so often shown and second, the example of seeming not to care for others. While this second example may start as a mere facade, unfortunately too often it becomes a reality.

It is, therefore, the responsibility of those who class themselves as enjoying the benefits of a solid foundation in life to demonstrate this to others less fortunate, so that they too may benefit from the example. While this is particularly important with respect to life generally, we, as members of a group interested in the welfare of Slade, must play our part specifically encouraging as much support as possible for the Jubilee Celebrations, so that all who have associations with the school, may look to the "School on the Hill" and say proudly, "That is my school."

G. D.

Staff Leaving

Mrs Sheila McDougall has supervised Saint Catharine's School since the Sisters of the Sacred Advent retired four years ago. Many girls owe a great debt of gratitude for her help and kindness to them. We wish her and her husband John, a happy life in Redcliffe.

Mr Jon Statham is leaving after eight year's service as teacher, housemaster and cadet officer. He is to make a long overland and sea journey to Europe.

Mr Donald Cameron has been with us only two years but the planning and beginning of the School Form Project has been one of his valuable contributions. He has also encouraged and helped the Rural Youth Club.

Mrs Joan McLellan has left to teach full time at the High School. For many years she has taught Biology, part time.

Miss Gwenda Batterham has been a tremendous help by taking Mrs Collins' place at Saint Catharine's for the remainder of the year. She now returns to her home at Karara.

Mrs Elspeth Jeffery has taught remedial reading for the past year. She is to move to Toowoomba at the end of the year.

Miss Jean Whitaker, the School Sister for the past two years is now returning to her home in South Australia.

The school will be the poorer for the loss of these faithful staff members who have each made a most valuable contribution to the life of the school. Our best wishes go with them all.

New Staff

At the time of going to print, all but one of the vacant positions have been filled by well qualified and experienced staff, and applications for this one are being considered.

PREFECTS — 1975



Rear: R. J. Wiseman

Front: B. T. Riddiford, B. Henning, Mr. E. Prince (Headmaster), V. Lyons, P. Kleinhanss

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

BARNES HOUSE

The boys of Barnes have shown great spirit in both sporting and other activities within the house itself.

First term was the swimming season where all members trained hard for both inter-house and school competition. Even though Roberts defeated Barnes, this did not weaken the enthusiasm of the boys who were a credit to both the house and themselves.

Football followed the swimming and took ages to come for some who were just waiting to show Roberts that they would not take this one out.

Everybody trained hard with plenty of spirit, just living for the day to play Roberts. The day finally came and the game was a good hard one and where both sides were determined to have a go. We got what we wanted even though the scores were close (12-8), which made the game harder.

Beginning of third term, football over the athletics season commenced. Again there was tremendous enthusiasm and team spirit. Roberts unfortunately were too good for the boys of Barnes, but we went down fighting and everybody had a good time.

My congratulations go to Max Goringe who was the Open Champion overall. Unfortunately Barnes' downfall was in the under-age events but all put up a good show and were a credit to themselves as well as to the house.

Next in the line of sport was the cricket which as yet hasn't been played off but Barnes have the odds in favour of them and we hope we can even the score up a little.

Ever since I have been at Slade, (6 years), Mr Statham has been our House Master and he has shown a considerable amount of interest and has helped all members with such spirit.

I would like to take this chance to say farewell and the best of luck in the

near future to Mr Statham as he is leaving Slade at the end of the term to travel overseas. I would like to thank him very much for all the help that he has given to the boys who I am sure are very grateful to him. I must at this stage thank Mr McClosky who is our Senior Resident Master who has given invaluable help and assistance throughout the year on various matters.

Throughout the year the standard of efficiency held within the House has been high with willing participation and an encouraging amount of spirit.

I'd like to thank all those who have helped or have had anything to do with various activities during the year.

James Wiseman

CROTHERS HOUSE

With eighteen members in it, Crothers has had a very happy and successful year. Our numbers have dropped off slightly since the commencement of the year but this has made very little difference to the tremendous spirit which has remained with us all year long.

Our congratulations go to Neal House who narrowly defeated us in the Inter-House swimming. All members contributed to the attainment of some points even if it was in such events as the 25 metres freestyle or the Peg Race.

During second term the main activities were Hockey and Basketball. Everyone participated enthusiastically. Unfortunately there were no inter-house events held for these two sports. However, we would have been very confident of winning as the majority of members of these two teams were in Crothers.

This term, the major event has been athletics in which all efforts were very commendable. Everyone trained very conscientiously and their efforts were gladly awarded with a tremendous victory.

A special mention should be given to Sandra Munn, Open Champion; Ewenith Wickham, Under 14 Champion and Janelle Price, who won the Under 13 Champion. All other members are worthy of praise for the way in which they joined in and contributed to our successful victory. In the cross country we were successful and our congratulations go to Jamie Cruickshank.

Next week the inter-house tennis will commence and once again we are hopeful of retaining the Cup for tennis as the majority of members are in our house.

Thus we come to the end of another school year. Our House spirit has been high and I hope it will continue to be. Those of you who have not done all you could for the House should try harder next year to make Crothers head House. Remember, it is not whether you win or lose but whether you have pulled your weight and worked together as a team. Best of luck, Crothers, for 1976!

Vicki Lyons

Second term was taken up with Hockey and Basketball but unfortunately were not played between houses.

In third term we trained for Athletics and many girls took part willingly. To our disappointment a 'fluo' had gone around the school and many good athletes were put out of the sports.

Although Janine Yeatman had been sick for our inter-house sports, she showed her many talents when competing against other Warwick schools and gained firsts and seconds in her events.

My thanks go to all the Neal House girls for the team spirit they showed and I hope they will give the same help they gave me to the next captain.

My thanks also go to Cheryl Fordham, our former captain.

Congratulations are extended to Crothers for all the wins they earned and for all the competition they gave us.

Judy Eather

NEAL HOUSE

First term started off well when Neal won the inter-house swimming. A lot of training had been put in from both sides and with the help from the following people a lot of satisfaction and willpower had been given to Neal. Our congratulations go to:

Open Champion	- Cheryl Fordham
Under 16	- Cheryl Kleinhaus
Under 15	- Linda Whitton
Under 14	- Debbie Givney

ROBERTS HOUSE

Roberts House this year has shown a fine effort in both sporting activities and general efficiency with a high degree of House spirit present on all occasions.

With the beginning of the first term the swimming season commenced, and our promising swimmers trained hard for both inter-school and house competition.



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BARNES HOUSE



CROTHERS HOUSE



NEAL HOUSE



ROBERTS HOUSE

This proved beneficial as we defeated Barnes in our inter-house carnival.

Sport during the second term was dominated by football, and again a good effort was put into training by all those involved. The highlight of the football season in the eyes of many of the students was the House match in which both teams played a hard determined game. The outcome - Roberts narrowly defeated by Barnes. One member, Ming Kee Lui was a credit to the house when he was selected for the Warwick Combined Schools' Football side.

After the August break was the beginning of the Athletics season. The inter-house competition again showed a tremendous amount of spirit with competitors giving their best effort in all events. As Roberts dominated in the under-age divisions, we defeated Barnes by a wide margin on this occasion. Training for inter-school competition was also undertaken with much enthusiasm and this showed through when a creditable win was obtained by Mark Foster in the 1500 metre event at the Warwick Schools' Athletics Carnival which was the last carnival for the season.

House Cricket as yet has not been played off but the odds are in favour of the Barnes side.

For the first two-thirds of the year Mr Madsen was our Dorm Master and we would like to thank him for his willingness to help us at all times. Mr Anderson who is at the moment our present Dorm Master must also be thanked for his interest in the house and its members. We are grateful to Mr McClosky the Senior Resident Master, who always has been on hand to help with various

problems and give guidance on other matters.

Throughout the year there has been an encouraging amount of spirit and willing participation in all activities with a good standard of efficiency maintained within the dormitory itself, and I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have helped and participated with the various activities of the year.

Peter Kleinhanss

MASSEY DORM

In our dormitory, there are nine girls. When any of the girls have a birthday, she's given a cold shower, and we get up to tricks and short-sheet her bed. Quite often we have a small party for a birthday and a little sing-song.

Over the weekend one of the girls will turn her transistor on and we'll all join in with the music just to make ourselves happy instead of feeling homesick. From time to time we all have our little arguments among ourselves, but in all we're a happy group, and know one another very well.

J. Yeatman
R. Nona

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after twelve months, we, the Senior Form feel that we are in the position to answer this question honestly. It is a Form which differs from all others in that greater responsibility is required of all its members.

Form VI this year has tried diligently to adhere to this code of behaviour, however, a few minor upsets have been experienced. This has not daunted our enthusiasm in all that we have undertaken. Our major undertaking as Seniors is undoubtedly in this field. It was not long after the commencement of first term that we began to realise, each of us, that our main objective must be in setting a good example to train the younger members of the school towards attaining a like goal. With all modesty we believe we have achieved this.

When one considers that we all have completed twelve years schooling, this must make us a minor authority on this subject. For most of us this twelve years would have encompassed both state and boarding school life. We have experienced both systems. We learnt how to live together in a close knit community which enabled us to understand the problems associated with new-comers to boarding school life.

No boarding school such as ours could operate successfully without guidance and rapport from adults, from the Headmaster downwards.

Logically and traditionally all form notes end with special thanks to many people and this must be no exception. To mention them by name would be arduous, so we, the Senior Form wish to express our gratitude and thanks to our Headmaster, Mr Prince, and his capable staff.

Geoff Bayliss

FORM V NOTES

This year, Form V has undoubtedly lived up to and surpassed expectations, with its seemingly conscientious scholars and keen sportsmen and women.

We commenced the year with seventeen students, three girls and fourteen boys. With academic study of utmost importance, we always found time, however, to experience the pleasures of life, in particular sport. All three girls represented the school in all sports, tennis, hockey, netball, athletics and swimming (in which Cheryl Fordham took out the Open Championship).

Six of our boys held promising positions in the First XV, but unfortunately Greg Jackson was grounded early in the season with a broken leg. His energy was not wasted however, and he could be seen in the front of "Yech". The Open Boys' Swimming Championships went to our form with Bob McGregor and Adrian drawing for this position.

David I'Anson, captain of the First XI, was lucky enough, along with Greg Jackson (both from our form), to represent the school in the Warwick Combined XI to play against Downlands.

One member of our class, Len James, left early in the year, and two others, Brian Reynolds and Cheryl Fordham, left later to join the labour force, and we thank them for their contribution to the class and to the school.

On behalf of the Fifth Form, I would like to thank all those who have taught us, and have helped us in any

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Rick Wiseman

FORM IV NOTES

This year has been a fairly successful year for the grade 10's. At the beginning of the year we had 21 students in our class and then after the leaving of George Orcher, Cameron Haidley and Lindsay, we were left with 18, which consisted of eight girls and ten boys.

Our class has had some outstanding sportsmen this year. They included Cheryl Kleinhaus - Under 16 swimming champion, Martin Taylor - Under 15 swimming champion, Ross McKellar - Under 15 Athletics Cup, Max Gorrings - Under 20 Athletics Cup, and Janis Cruickshank who won the open inter-house cross country and who also was given the position of Athletics Captain after Sandra Munn had left.

Third term this year the Grade 10 students went on a science excursion out at Mrs McLellan's property. The excursion was beneficial to us as we were actually able to see what we were studying about in science at the time. We are sure that it was enjoyed and appreciated by all the pupils. While we were on the excursion we were able to see sheep being shorn and marked which interested some of us who did not live out in the country. All the Grade 10's would like to thank Mr Morton for arranging the excursion for us and also Mrs McLellan for giving us the permission to go on her property.

On behalf of the Juniors we would like to thank Mr Morton for being a successful form master and also we would like to wish the Juniors who are leaving at the end of the year the best of luck and may they have every success in what they intend doing.

Kathy Inman
Steven Johnson

FORM III

This year Form III had a most successful year, even though we had some minor trouble with a few of our fellow class mates, but this was soon overcome by Mr Dorman and other teachers. Form III commenced the year with 36 and con-

tinued to lose a few and now has a total of 29. Mr Dorman has lifted our standard of education and in some cases changed our out-look on life. He has divided our class into two groups and this way we seem to work together and help each other and work more as teams. Our class had a few good sportsmen and men and this helped to upgrade our inter-school and house sports during the year.

On behalf of the Grade 9's we would like to specially thank Mr Dorman for putting up with the Grade 9's and for what he has done to help us. We would like to thank the other teachers also.

S. Hood
B. Gorrings

FORM II

This year Form II had a very successful year. Our form teacher, Mr Marshall, took us for most of our classes except for Cit. Ed., History and Science. These subjects are taught to us by Mr McClosky (science) and Mrs Paterson (history and cit. ed.) There are eighteen children in the class. Nine of these are girls and nine are boys. Form II consists of five grade seven students and thirteen grade eight students. Our students come from as far north as New Guinea and right down to Goodiwindi.

We have a variety of subjects such as our challenging subjects which were French, Cit. Ed., Geography, Algebra and Geometrical Drawing. These were subjects we had never experienced before. Some of these subjects are quite interesting and some are very boring. Mr Marshall helped us to understand some of the techniques of art using pastels, water colours etc. Among the more successful artists were Robert Smith, Jack Landers, Mark Guilford and Errol Death but everybody contributed something towards our exhibition of work of which we were quite proud.

Mr Marshall took a special interest in us as he brought us several games to occupy us in our free time. He also had consideration for us when it came to the cold months of the year as we were allowed to do our work sitting in the sun. Most members of our class contributed something towards the sports with their ability and keenness and determination to win. For Form II a special time of the year was Mr Marshall's birthday and this went

off very successfully.

We'd like to complete this by saying that Mr Marshall made our lessons more interesting by the jokes he told to hold our attention and also his witty saying like "Keep your head-lamps on the board!" On behalf of the class we would like to thank all our teachers and a special thanks goes to Mr Marshall for all that he has done for us at his own expense.

Lesly Noon
Debbie Givney
Robert Smith
Mark Guilford

CHAPEL NOTES

As usual we had a good year with both chapels with R. Givney, K. Inman, and S. Wiseman as servers at St Cath's and R. Rice, R. Woolcock, S. Budge, D. Williams, J. Farquhar as servers at Slade. Two dozen new hymn books were given to chapel in replacement of old ones, which have been damaged over the years.

The servers from Slade have also been serving at St Marks with at least one server each Sunday, thereby integrating Slade and St Mark's servers. The altar at Slade has been moved forward, so that the Rector is able to face the congregation during the service, this being a custom adopted from the times of Jesus. We would like to thank Mr Barker, an old boy of the school, for all he has done for the chapels. He has been training the servers at Slade for the High Masses, and also has trained servers for the normal Sunday services.

During the year, the boys and girls have taken a keen interest in the chapel and have continued to attend the weekly services, these being conducted at St Cath's on Tuesday morning, and Wednesday morning at Slade. The services were conducted by the Rector and Curate of St Mark's.

Our thanks also go to the domestic staff who have helped us keep both chapels in first-grade condition, to the boys and girls who have helped Rhonda and me in the running of the chapel during the year and everybody who has helped in the chapel in any way at all throughout the year.

R. Givney
R. Rice

BLOOD DONATIONS

At the beginning of the year, three of us, Sandra Munn, Barry Riddiford and I, volunteered to donate blood to the Blood Bank. We gave every three months when Mr Dorman took us down on Tuesday nights to the Red Cross Centre.

The main reasons for us becoming interested in giving blood were probably the great advantages it has. For example, one finds out his or her blood group, which can be very helpful. This is all free of charge. Another reason is that if one has any serious blood disorder, the doctors who pick this up send advice back to the donor.

Towards September, Peter Klainhanss and Wing Kee Lui turned of age and joined us in giving blood.

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Now that the year has drawn to a close, we won't be able to donate blood again here but will still be able to attend blood bank centres in other places.

Why is it that there are so comparatively few blood donors in the community? A few have been rejected because they have some blood disorder. Often others, like ourselves maybe at first, a little nervous and unaware of what was to be done or what they were letting themselves into.

However, let me put your minds at ease. There is nothing to worry about, except for one small needle, but it's all worth it because you get tea and biscuits afterwards.

Of course there are a few who are unwilling to become donors because they are just bone lazy. This is NO excuse, as an effort which takes half an hour every three months could possibly save at one time or other, someone whose life is slowly ebbing away.

With this thought in mind, we should all ponder seriously on the subject and the benefits it may have for another person's wellbeing.

Finally, we'd like to thank Mr Dorman for making this experience possible for us.

James Wiseman

CADETS

During the last three terms, Cadets has continued at normal pace despite a number of potential threats. Credit must go to the Q. store and all those with rank for maintaining the Unit to its normal pace.

Training during this period has been oriented towards the Anzac Parade, Annual Camp, Bivouac and Passing Out Parade. Drill was taught to the first years while the second years revised their drill and orienteering abilities. The Anzac Parade was a great success as was the Bivouac which was held in first term. Preparations for the Annual Camp and Adventure Training Camp resulted in a bivouac for the Adventure Trainees. Mind you, it was in the middle of winter and it also rained the same weekend - and orienteering exercises for the other cadets. I would like to congratulate all the Adventure Trainees on their 100% pass on the course. The Annual Camp went off very well with the Juniors do-

ing a number of different orienteering exercises and different "being-in-the-bush" tactics. The Seniors joined in on the orienteering exercises and the tactics, and they also coached the Juniors on the S.L.R. Range.

The Passing Out parade, which was held on the 12th November, saw Major Floyd up as the Receiving Officer and this parade was also a success.

RANK STRUCTURE - 1 O.C.
1 C.O.
2 C.U.O.
1 S/Sgt
1 C.S.M.
5 Cpls and 36 cadets

B. Riddiford
(C.U.O.)

CATTLE PROJECT

Last year a cattle project was started with the initial aims of fencing and stocking the Edwards block with cattle. By December last year an oats paddock of 3 acres and a grazing paddock of 12 acres had been fenced off, and a steer and a heifer, both Follis Herefords, purchased. Sheep were considered an uneconomic proposition because of the large and hungry nature of the neighbourhood dogs.

This year the work has been continued. A group of boys working the recreation period on Wednesday afternoons under the supervision of Mr Cameron has been fencing the remainder of the 20 hectare (50 acres) block. Using ironbark posts (homegrown), steel posts, aluminium droppers and 12½ g. high tensile barbed wire, a modern 4 strand suspension fence has been completed around two of the three sides. This should fully enclose the block by the end of the year.

As well as enabling the school to run a number of cattle, it is hoped that the fence will deter the motor cyclists, paddy-dodgers and sundry other trespassers who in the past have had full access to the area.

Other achievements during the year were -

The semi-completion of a small crush and holding yard.

The planting of grazing oats for the second year.

The completion of a small hand dug



Wing Kee Lui, Barry Riddiford, Peter Kleinhanss and Jim Wiseman take advantage of their free night to donate blood.



Barry Riddiford boards a coach at Warwick for the first part of his journey to Duntroon.

OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s



Back Row: Cpl. Allan, Cpl. R. B. Wiseman, Cpl. Jackson, Cpl. Foster, Cpl. W. Gorringe
Front Row: Sgt. Woolcock, C.U.O. Riddiford, Lt. Statham, C.U.O. R. Wiseman, Cpl. Hutchins



RURAL YOUTH

dan.

The bats proved to be very valuable, allowing a higher stocking rate than the native pastures during the winter and spring. It was grazed by four cattle, two of which were prepared for competitions. These two were purchased by the Rural Youth Club from the Reid Brothers of Thane. One was entered in the Rural Youth Fat Steer competition at the Brisbane Exhibition in August. The other was held over for the Warwick Roden Carcase Competition. Both faced very good opposition in large numbers of competitors, and neither was disgraced.

It is hoped that the experience gained this year with these competitors will be a step-up to better performances next year.

A development plan for the block has been formulated by officers of the D.F.I. in Warwick in collaboration with Mr Cameron. If finance can be obtained the plan would develop the area into a highly productive unit over a period of 5 - 7 years, and considerably aid the teaching agricultural subjects through direct student involvement.

DEBATING

During first term the members of Form IV were asked if we would like to participate in a debating competition. There were many volunteers but only three were allowed to compete. The team chosen was Sherryl Munn, Cheryl Kleinhanss and myself.

Eagerly we awaited our first contest. Our hopes died when we heard that we were competing against Allora High School and the topic was "Does modern advertising fool most of the public most of the time?" Our hopes took up an all time low when we found out that we were taking the Negative.

The three of us tried unsuccessfully to find a good argument. We were on the point of giving up completely when Mr Collins, former Primary School teacher and friend of the school, offered help on the afternoon before the event which was to take place that night. We spent nearly all afternoon being given advice.

The night arrived and we nervously awaited for our humiliation to begin. The opposition's number one speaker started and our hopes died as we listened to what must have been a very carefully prepared argument. Sherryl Munn took the floor and started off well but then ran into the giggles but recovered to finish off well. The opposition's number two speaker began and politely pulled our argument to pieces. Cheryl Kleinhanss got up and did extremely well. The opposition's number three took the floor to do his team's summing up and did a very good job. Reluctantly I took the floor and did my job and then happily sat down.

The Adjudicator rose and after what seemed like half an hour told us that Allora High School had won.

Even though we had been beaten, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We are sure we benefited from Mr Collins' advice towards debating skills and would like to thank him for it. I would also like to thank Mr Dorman for organising everything needed for the night. Last

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but not least, I would like to thank David I'Anson for taking the position of Chairman for the night.

Duncan Fielding

DUNTRON

The Royal Military College of Australia was opened by the Governor-General of Australia, Lord Dudley, on 27th June 1911. The Government decided that the college should be established near Canberra provided a suitable site could be found. A sheep station, Duntrou, was bought from the Campbell family and this is where the R.M.C. now stands. Duntrou is about two miles north east of Capital Hill in the city. It is situated on the eastern slopes of Mount Pleasant overlooking the Molonglo Plain; the surrounding country is undulating, well timbered, and eminently suited for military training. The College itself occupies 370 acres including staff quarters, playing fields, gardens and golf course. A field firing range is located nearby east of Mounts Ainslie and Majura.

The charter of the R.M.C. is to train cadets for careers in the service of the Crown as officers in the Australian Army. Its aim is to give each cadet the knowledge necessary to fit him to enter upon such a career, and to foster in him the moral and mental qualities on which leadership depends.

The R.M.C. course is a four-year course of military and academic studies. The course is conceived as a whole; that is, a cadet must pass in both his military and academic studies

to graduate from the College. He must also meet the standards required in the qualities of leadership.

Each cadet follows one of the three academic courses, Arts, Applied Science or Engineering. Cadets are allotted to these courses on the basis of their matriculation studies, and as far as possible in accordance with their preferences.

There are nine departments including Chemistry, Economics, Engineering, Geography, Government, History, Language and Literature, Mathematics and Physics. For each department there are at least two professors, and two lecturers. Some departments have up to ten lecturers. The R.M.C. cadets can use the Bridges Library at any time also.

The general outline for the calendar for each year includes, for the first five weeks after everyone has come back, military training out in the field and also at the College. Then from the sixth to the sixteenth week, strictly academic weeks. Recess is the seventeenth week and then academic weeks again for the next eleven weeks. There are then another three weeks recess and nine academic weeks follow that. Military weeks are for the next three weeks and preparation for, and graduation, are the last two weeks. Graduates usually have left the R.M.C. by the 12th December or thereabouts.

On 1st May, seventy-nineth Australian Cadets and I were invited to see the College for four days. After flying down on a Boeing 727, we arrived in Canberra, were taken to the College, were allotted sleeping compartments, and then were shown over the College.

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Six-thirty saw us having a "Dun-troon special" meal, and at eight o'clock, a lecture on the educational qualifications and application for entry into the College. After the lecture, we were shown a film on military training. Bed was next.

One of the most fascinating experiences of our lives came the next morning when we watched the Cadets have their morning parade. Everything is done so superbly that not one cadet was out of step or out of time on the whole parade. They were tremendous.

The rest of the weekend saw us watching sporting activities, visiting the War Memorial, taking trips over Canberra, and being given lectures and general interest talks on the buildings and grounds of the College.

The College has its ups and downs. The only minor point of criticism I found was that due to the class structure, there seems to be a small amount of hierarchical feeling in the cadets themselves. But may I point out that this is most certainly overcome in the sporting activities and outside the College.

There are many good points. The best is that it trains the cadets to become "gentlemen", and this is done very well. Another is that there is a wide range of sporting activities, and all cadets participate in a choice of these. In doing this, each cadet attains a very high degree of fitness.

There are many advantages with respect to studying at R.M.C. The best is that the College will help a cadet as much as possible if he wants to carry on his study at any other place in Australia. When a cadet has graduated from the R.M.C., he carries the rank of Lieutenant, Second Class, but he can gain higher rank as fast as he is able to.

Graduation from Portsea is only after one year's study, but in fairness to R.M.C. cadets, the Portsea graduate must wait another three years before he can proceed in rank. If anyone asked me which is the better College, I would recommend R.M.C., ipso facto.

Berry Riddiford

FRASER ISLAND TRIP

At the beginning of second term, there was some talk about a trip to

Fraser Island, and a lot of people were enthusiastic. After all the organisation had been done, for which we are thankful, we set off for our destination on a very misty mid-term morning. The trip on Mr Haidley's coach took us approximately eight hours. We set up camp at the camping grounds and after tea had a fascinating lecture about the geography and history of the island, conducted by Mr Williams, our guide.

Next morning, we were all up at six o'clock. Mr Horton, our sportsmaster, not forgetting his duty, took us all for a run and a game of football on the beach. After breakfast, Mr Williams took us all for a drive on an old army truck. We went through a vine forest and stopped every so often for Mr Williams to tell us all the interesting features which happened to be around us at that particular moment. We finally came to a beautiful clear lake, where we had our lunch. Some of us went for a swim, and some went exploring. Later, we set back for the camping ground. As it was nearly five o'clock when we returned, we quickly prepared tea, ate it greedily, and hit the sack very early.

The following morning began as the former with a run and another tiring game of football. After breakfast, Mr Williams took us to a magnificent lake. It was no doubt one of the most imposing spectacles any of us had ever seen. We found this not-quite vertical sand cliff of about fifty feet next to the lake and spent the next hour dropping down it by using all sorts of peculiar methods. Then we went exploring.

After lunch, we decided to head back and stopped at the beach on the way. Someone started digging in the sand and found some pippis. Soon all were in the net and buckets of them were collected.

We found that the truck had left us, so the only wise thing to do was to start walking. We walked five miles, and we were hungry, even though it was only four o'clock. Some of us decided to try cooking some of the pippis and it turned out to be quite an enjoyable snack.

After tea, we tried to play volleyball under a lamp post, but because of the lack of light, it was soon called off after a few unsuccessful rallies. We felt the effects of a tiring day, so we crawled into our sleeping bags, and spent a dreamless night.

The next morning, we did our usual exercises, had breakfast, and set off



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again, this time to the wrecked ship "Maheno", blown ashore about fifty years ago. We climbed aboard, and checked out the ruin. Then we left and went to the coloured sandhill, known locally as the "Cathedral", which we climbed, and where we collected some sand samples. Then we walked along the beach to a freshwater river, the biggest on the island. We had lunch there, and after a lazy time in the sun, we headed back to camp.

After tea, we were all eager to do something on this, our last night. We went up to a sand dune, built a bonfire, and decided to play a war game, "Bedlam". Fun was had by all! It finished about eight, and we went back to the camp and started packing for the return journey the next day.

Next day, we were up early, finished our packing and left the camping grounds. While waiting for the berge, we saw a few dolphins. We had breakfast after we crossed the strait. We boarded the bus and returned to school, by which time everybody was hungry again. Tea was prepared, and we stuffed it in with no complaints about its quality. That night we went to bed early

Wing Kee Lui



PONY CLUB

St Catharine's has engaged in a new activity - Pony Club. Two girls, Suzie Wiseman and Mary Lou Amos, have joined the Warwick Hack and Pony Club.

As we are unable to bring our own horses to school we borrow them from other members of the club. Every second Sunday (weather permitting) we assemble at Morgan Park with other members of the Club, and are put through our paces by the instructors. Both of us passed our "D" and "C" certificates.

We would like to thank Mrs Cowie, and Mr and Mrs Clarke and daughter Julie, for their kind co-operation and help and also, our thanks go to Miss Batterham for supplying our transport.

Suzie Wiseman
Mary Lou Amos

PHOTOGRAPHY

During the year 1975 photography classes have been conducted. They were held because there was a certain amount of interest in photography. The classes were held on Wednesday afternoons which is our activities afternoon. The professional photographer was Mr Lade from Lade Photographics, Warwick. Starting off from scratch, he taught us how to hold a camera, and use it to take better pictures. Chris Roy and I went through the same procedure a number of times in the three terms, but nevertheless we eventually got back to learning new work. I don't know about anyone else but I've learnt a great deal from Mr Lade. We learnt how to take photographs of television sets, swimming pools, very sunny days and beach photographs. He taught us all how to use a 35 m. camera and the like. He told us how to make a picture look better by putting more in, or taking things out, or getting your subject doing things. He always wanted to look at our photographs which we took and make us find our own mistakes and correct them ourselves. He showed us how the 'dark room' works, developing, enlarging, printing and generally the rights from the wrongs in a 'dark room'.

I would like to thank Mr Prince and Mr Lade for making these classes possible.

Peter McClurg

RURAL YOUTH CLUB

From the beginning of the year Rural Youth was off to an active start. Membership within the club increased this year and we again enrolled in State Office with members elected to office being as follows:

PRESIDENT: J. Wiseman
VICE PRESIDENT: R. Wiseman
SECRETARY: P. Kleinhanss
TREASURER: C. Fordham
PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER: B. Riddiford
FIFTH MEMBER: J. Eather.

From the start we arranged car-washes so as to give us sufficient funds to invest in two steers which we could train and fatten and enter into the Rural Youth Fat Steer Competition at the Brisbane Exhibition.

As happened last year the Warwick Rural Youth Club invited some of our members to be participants in the area heats for the ploughing and welding competition and one member was success-

ful enough to move up into the semi-finals.

As a whole Rural Youth was enjoyed by all and we would like to thank the Warwick Club for their help and advice throughout the year, and also Mr Cameron, our advisor, who has given us invaluable help at all times.

P. Kleinhanss

WELDING

At the beginning of the year a group of boys took part in a welding and mechanics class as part of our Wednesday afternoon activities, which was supervised by Mr Hoskes, a retired mechanic and welder, who has many other skills. Mr Hoskes taught us all the welding, and instructed us on the over-haul of general mechanics. He also arranged for us to attend a welding class held by Welding Industries of Australia in Warwick. There we were taught the finer arts of welding by professional instructors. The instructor praised us on our welding ability which reflects on Mr Hoskes' good instructing. The day proved to be a very enjoyable and educational one.

We have had a very successful year and our thanks go to Mr Hoskes for sparing us his time in giving us welding lessons.

Donald Campbell

SAILING

The Club has had a good year of sailing. We have joined the Warwick Sailing Club, which has shown us ways of mending boats and given us helpful hints on sailing.

We had our run of troubles at the beginning of the year, finding members and getting the boats into reasonable sailing condition.

During the course of the year we had a re-election for the office of President to replace the former President, R. Rice. R. Woolcock was elected. Members of the club are -

J. Farquhar - Secretary/Treasurer
B. Allan, R. Rice, S. Johnson,
P. Johnson, S. Budge, D. Williams,
P. McClurg, M. Johnson with A. Harden,
D. Campbell, M. Gorringer, P. Munn,

R. Sutton and M. Borthistle joining at the beginning of third term.

We are grateful to Mr Prince for donating a boat to the club, and the interest he has taken in this sport. We also appreciated his taking members from the Club as his crew. We would also like to thank Mr Doshon for donating new sails for the 'Graduate', the boat donated by Mr Prince.

Also our thanks must go to Mr Barker, for, without his help I doubt if the club would have had such a successful year. He has given up his Sundays to take us out to the dam. He has also helped with repairs to the boats and has assisted in the organization of the Club.

R. Woolcock

KINDERGARTEN

This year was the first year for any St Caths. girl to assist at the Warwick Kindergarten as a hobby every Wednesday afternoon.

It was a beneficial hobby for those who intended to do further study with young children.

There were a number of girls who were interested in this hobby so we think it proved a great success. The girls were R. Givney, K. Inman, S. Wood, L. Smith and S. Wiseman.

At the Kindergarten, we assisted the two teachers, Mrs Angel and Miss Love by doing such things as reading to the children and looking after them in the playing area.

It was an opportunity for many girls to observe the habits and behaviour of young children.

On behalf of the girls who attended the Kindergarten I would like to thank Mr Prince for making it possible for us.

Also, many thanks go to Mrs Angel and Miss Love.

Rhonda Givney

SPORTING ROUND-UP

ATHLETICS - GIRLS

The athletic season has now ended for another year and on the whole it was quite successful. All the girls behaved very well during the season and were very co-operative at all times.

Our Inter-House Athletics were held on Saturday, 20th September and the day proved to be very enjoyable for both competitors and spectators. Even though Neal put up a lot of competition for Crothers they were defeated. The final scores showed that Crothers won rather convincingly but Neal cannot be deprived of a lot of the credit for their efforts. Most of the girls took part in the carnival and it was very good to see the enthusiasm amongst them. Although there were not enough events for everyone to be in, the ball-games offered those who were not competing in other events a chance to earn points for their house. The age-champions were -

Under 14: Gwenth Wickham
Under 15: Francis Thurston
Under 20: Sandra Munn

My congratulations go to all the age-champions. Unfortunately Sandra has left the school but she is well-remembered for the efforts she contributed to training and organizing the athletics teams while she was there. She was the athletics captain before leaving.

The Inter-School Athletics were held at Queen's Park on Saturday 11th October and it was a day that will be remembered by CMS for quite some time. The competitors in all events were always where they were supposed to be, and at the correct time, and as well they put all their efforts into doing their best for the school. I would especially like to congratulate Janine Yeatman and Val Blanket. They both achieved places in many of the events in which they competed and each of them gained a first place. Janine's win was in the 100 metres (under 13), and Val's first, in the 50 metres hurdles (under 15). On the whole St Caths scored second place and this is a very pleasing result considering the fact that we only have a small number of girls in the school. The final scores were -

Warwick High School: 447 points
 St Catharines: 227 points
 P.C.C.: 218 points
 Assumption College: 180 points

I would like to thank very much Mr Morton who has devoted much of his spare time to training the girls and organising events. I am sure we would not have been able to do as well without his support. I would like, also, to thank Mrs Jeffries who also gave us a tremendous amount of help. Most lunch hours she spent with us and it was because of her help that many of the girls were successful in their events.

Janie Cruickshank

ATHLETICS - BOYS

Athletics this year hasn't really gone our way, mainly because of the size of the school.

Our first carnival was a three way meeting between Concordia, Scots and ourselves, at Scots.

The competitors who participated

in the various events put up a great show as well as displaying good team spirit.

Many of the boys had to double up in the events of their age group because of the lack of numbers, and this I think is a great way of showing spirit for their team, none of whom complained even though they were completely exhausted at the end of the day. My congratulations and thanks go to all these boys.

The second carnival was at Toowoomba in the Darling Downs sports. Again we put up a good show. Many of our boys came back with certificates for places they had gained in their events. I am sure that everybody enjoyed themselves immensely and look forward to the next year's season.

Our third and last day was the Warwick Carnival where everybody put up a good challenge against the other schools.

As this is the end of the athletics season, I would like to thank Mr Morton very much for all his time and effort which he has so willingly given us with our training and preparation.

James Wiseman

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CRICKET

Although a strong team was anticipated in this year's cricket seas, luck was not on our side. The other teams were just too strong for us, but we showed a favourable team effort in most circumstances.

The school consisted of only a few cricket enthusiasts but those picked for the team played to the best of their ability. Nobody displayed bad sportsmanship. However, after the first ball one faced was missed, and the wickets disintegrated behind, there was something to complain about. This procedure happened many times but those committed were anxious to go and have another chance to prove themselves.

Fielding was not at its best but proved dangerous to the batsmen. Everyone fielded the ball properly after a couple of games. It proved shameful and undesirable to the fielder to miss the ball through improper stopping or catching so he quickly learnt the proper way. Runs were kept to a minimum which was a morale booster to team mates. A round of applause by the rest of the team to a fielder who stopped, caught or returned in an excellent manner made him do it again, just to get the applause. Jackson, McClurg, Lui, Reynolds, Riddiford, Gorrings, Wiseman, Hall, Orcher and last of all the starry wicket-keeper, Peter Kleinhaus. That's the whole team so we must not have done too badly in the fielding section of the team.

Betting was not good overall but when a member performed well enough to receive an applause from the team members, that is just what he got - an eleven-man-plus audience applause. This was a great booster to the morale so he

stuck his head down and kept going. The highest number of runs was 30 by Greg Jackson at the Warwick High School game. He also received second place with runs by getting 29 runs. The favourable batsmen were Jackson, McClurg, I'Anson, Riddiford and Reynolds. However, the rest of the team performed to their best ability.

The team consisted of only a couple of bowlers who proved fatal to their enemy. I won't mention names in this case because of discrimination against other team members. Each of the bowlers were assisted by the well desirable and fortunate members of the Slade School Cricket Team.

D. I'Anson

UNDER 15

This season was successful for us even though we played only a couple of games.

We managed to get a team of eleven and also a few spares who played all season. Most of us had a lot of experience in cricket because we have played in other teams before. We all enjoyed it because of the trips to other towns. In places it was hot and in other places it was cool and this also gave us a liking for cricket. There was no combined cricket at all this season but this does not matter because we played enough games.

We turned out in whites for cricket so we would look like a cricket team.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr Morton for training us.

Bill Gorrings

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FOOTBALL

This year's football was a great success and for many of us it was our last season, which we all thoroughly enjoyed, except maybe that it didn't last as long as one might have hoped.

Our first game sent us out to Dalby where we won 20-3. This I think was the game which made the rest of the season a success for some (S. Johnson, A. Bernays) who had never played a game before in their life and this gave them a taste of what was going on. For the rest of the team who had played before it gave them a boost in confidence.

Our second game was against Scots' first team where we were defeated 30-0. Even though we did lose, it was a great game and team members still talk of it. It was one of the hardest games we had played for the past two years as well as one of the best.

The following week we ran to victory again where we played the Scots' Seconds team at Slade, the score ending up 52-0. I think the rest of the school, mainly the girls, had a hand in this as well, by the way they cheered from the side line and this gave the team much more enthusiasm.

The fourth game was to be against Warwick High School but unfortunately they forfeited and we came out on top again.

This time it was Dalby's turn to come to Warwick but they didn't leave as happily as we had left them and we took the game out again at 56-0.

The next game to our surprise was our last and was against Scots' seconds where we won 54-0, we were to play Warwick High School and then Gatton to finish the season but they both forfeited and we had a trip to Troncombe for no reason.

As I have already mentioned the season was a great success because results put us at the top and consequently, we won the premiership.

Members of the team were also selected to play in the Warwick Combined against Downlands. Those being in the A grade being Max Gorringe and myself with Barry Riddiford, Wing Kee Lui and Rick Wiseman selected for B grade.

This was the end of the season, for some only until next year, for others, the rest of their lives and for the rest, only as schoolboys. Before ending I would like to, on behalf of the team, thank Mr Norton very much for all his

coaching as well as giving his own time and effort which he has so readily done.

James Wiseman

UNDER 15

This season was successful for us even though we didn't win a game, but this was due to lack of experience in the players and the size of the school compared to any other school. We enjoyed the games we played this season, even though we lost.

Those who had had experience of Rugby Union were picked to play for the Combined Warwick teams. About half the team have played before, and four of us were chosen for the combined team.

The change from Rugby League to Rugby Union is pretty hard because of the different rules, but those who were learning did fairly well for the first time in the game.

On behalf of the Under 15 team, I would like to thank Mr Gorman and Greg Jackson, and other teams in the district for helping us with the game.

Bill Gorringe

HOCKEY

The hockey season was very successful, with much credit going to the tremendous spirit and enthusiasm of the girls. The two teams, 'A' and 'B', consisted of girls from the senior section of the school to the lower primary section. Though many of the winter mornings were cold and bitter the girls consistently managed to do their early morning training.

The 'A' team suffered three defeats throughout the season. Co-operation and spirit were not deterred. The 'B' team, though inexperienced, improved as the season progressed. Much credit must be given to Janie Cruickshank whose many qualities were exposed during the matches.

During the season the two hockey teams travelled to Stanthorpe for social matches. This was a very successful day with the CSCS 'A' team leaving undefeated. Good team combination contributed to this achievement largely. The 'B' team gained worthwhile experience which was important for the following matches.



FIRST XV



GIRLS A HOCKEY TEAM

Congratulations to the Warwick High School team who won the premier-ship. Our thanks go to John Paterson, to whom we owe much of our success for his assistance. We would like to thank Mrs MacDougall, Mrs Paterson and Mr Morton for their interest and assistance.

B. Henning

NETBALL

Although everybody was enthusiastic and high spirited, they proved unsuccessful in their efforts throughout the season.

The ball handling was effected almost expertly with full co-operation from team members. Practices ran smoothly with all four teams and everyone was prepared to do her part within their teams. Even though we only have a small school, each girl participated in the games and if they weren't in a team, they helped, too, by preparing refreshments at half time.

As mentioned before we weren't as successful as in previous years but still achieved a number of victories. Most of the games against Assumption went to our advantage.

Our thanks go to Mrs Jeffries for sparing time to coach us during the season. I would like to congratulate the goal shooters, Valerie Blanket and Janine Yeatman ('A' team) for trying so hard.

The four teams were -

'A' team: Sandy Munn (capt.), Helen Gorringe, Barbie Henning, Vicki Lyons, Val Blanket, Janine Yeatman and Cheryl Fordham.

'B' team: Sherryl Munn (capt.), Janie Cruickshank, Cheryl Kleinhanas, Lucy Bosun, Loretta McGrady, Sharon Hood, and Francis Thurston.

'C' team: Judy Eather (capt.), Rosie Nona, Suxie Wiseman, Eileen Cedric and Marion Sutton.

'D' team: Rhonda Givney (capt.), Ruth Harris, Barbie Nona, Maxine Smith, Janelle Price, Lesly Nona, Debbie Givney and Leeanne Smith.

Helen Gorringe

SWIMMING - GIRLS

The swimming season this year began with the inter-house carnival in which Neal House overwhelmingly defeated Crothers. Our team took part in two minor carnivals with P.G.C. and Assumption College which were held in the W. J. Fletcher Memorial Pool at Slade. Although the scores were close, we were defeated on both occasions.

The inter-school carnival was once again an exhausting day for the participants of the girls' team. The final scores were low but the spirit of competitors and spectators was amazingly high.

Our appreciation goes to Mrs Paterson, who trained Cheryl Fordham and Linda Whitton for the diving events in the inter-school carnival. Also we thank Cheryl Fordham, while she was here at school, for her leadership as the swimming captain. Fortunately she was present at all carnivals, and we hope we made her proud of us.

Our congratulations go to the age champions of the inter-house carnival who were all members of Neal House.

Open Champion: Cheryl Fordham
U 16 Champion: Cheryl Kleinhanas
U 15 Champion: Linda Whitton
U 14 Champion: Debbie Givney

The season went off well for all, and best of luck to the future participants of the girls' teams.

Cheryl Kleinhanas

SWIMMING - BOYS

The swimming team with twenty members this year performed very enthusiastically. Credit must go to all members of the team.

The inter-house carnival, held in conjunction with St Catharines revealed a numerical strength in all age groups. Each age group had its own "star". Championships were awarded to:

OPEN - B. McGregor and A. Harden
U 16 - R. Woolcock
U 15 - M. Taylor
U 14 - R. McGrady
U 13 - A. Holland

Worthy of mention in this carnival were all house competitors who showed an enormous amount of enthusiasm for their house. Three of the champion-

ships were won by Roberts House competitors and two by Barnes. Best swimmers for Barnes were McGrady, Woodcock, Fielding and Open Relay members. Results of the carnival went to Roberts. All swimmers and organizers must be congratulated on the day's effort.

The inter-school carnival was a very enjoyable afternoon for all swimmers also. Although we came fourth of the Warwick Schools all members of the team must be congratulated on their everlasting determination to keep trying to the end.

I would like to convey my thanks to all members of the team and on behalf of the team to those adults who helped in the coaching of the team.

B. Riddiford

TENNIS - GIRLS

This has been a very commendable year for all members of the four teams. We commenced the season with a large percentage of unknown qualities, however within a very short period the teams were arranged and they set down to a regular routine of morning and afternoon practice.

The four teams were -

'A' team: W. Corringe, S. Munn, B. Henning, V. Lyons (capt.)

'B' team: C. Fordham, S. Munn, S. Hood, J. Cruickshank (capt.)

'C' team: R. Cinvney, L. Bosun, V. Blanket, H. Wall (capt.)

'D' team: L. McGrady, L. Smith, K. Inman, S. Wiseman (capt.)

In the inter-school matches, I felt we played very well and that we deserved a few more victories. However, the opposition proved too good for us. Our congratulations go to the winning teams especially Warwick High School who won the premiership.

As yet the inter-house tennis has not been played. However, it is hoped to commence this event within the next week. Within the school we have played the individual events and congratulations are to be extended to:

H. Wall - Junior Singles Champion

S. Munn - Junior Doubles Champions
R. Cinvney

V. Lyons - Senior Singles Champion
B. Henning - Senior Doubles Champions
V. Lyons

Special thanks are to be extended to Mrs McLellan who assisted us with some basic ideas, and also to Mrs McDougall, as they both showed a very keen interest which gave us a tremendous amount of encouragement. Also, thank you to the umpires, scorers and "orange girls" who helped us.

Vicki Lyons

TENNIS - BOYS

The team for this year consisted of D. I'Anson, R. Wall, G. Hughes and G. Jackson with P. McClurg playing as a reserve.

Our team this season played against The Scots College and Warwick High School's 'A' and 'B' teams. Even though we were not successful in winning any matches, they were all played with a high spirit and were thoroughly enjoyed by both teams.

In the first round of the fixtures Scots and High School's 'A' team proved to be well experienced teams and well trained, where High School's 'B' seemed to be more our standard, but still came out as the victors.

Then in the second round it was a similar pattern to that of the first, Scots and High School's 'A' team still proving too good. Our team as a whole had settled down and played much better games than in the first round. A very interesting hard fought match was played against High School's 'B' team in the second round, but once again we were defeated.

I feel that it was a very successful season which everybody enjoyed and gained some benefit and assistance in one way or another from their participation.

Our thanks go to those who helped in the organisation of the matches, for their time and the interest they have shown.

G. Hughes

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

Alone

Her hair was of gold,
Her body, it was cold,
Her complexion was fair.
She had no-one to care.

She was alone.
You could hear her moan
In the wind, snow and hail.
She was terribly frail.

There was no good-bye kiss;
She wasn't even missed.
Yes! she had died.
But who cried???

Judy Esther

The Double-Barrel

I hear footsteps going out into the
twenty-two yard mark;
I hear the shuffle and shuffle of
cartridges in a pocket.
I hear one or two being brought out,
I hear the click of the barrel being
opened.
I hear the sliding in of the cartridges,
I hear the click of the barrel being
closed.
I hear the shuffle of feet getting
into position.
I hear "Pull!"
I hear the whistle of the wood.
I hear the crack of the clay-
pigeon, and
I hear the friction of pen on paper
in the background.
I hear footsteps going back,
I hear applause in the background,
and then
I hear "nothing".

Helen Wiedman

Dry River Boat Races

Once every year out at Mitchell
they hold a Springfield sports. These
sports are held in September or August.
One of the main events at these sports

is dry river boat races. The reason
why it is picked at this time is be-
cause the Maranoa River is always dry.

About ten of these boats are made.
They have a hole in the bottom of them
so people can stand up and run along
the bottom of the river. The whole
race is quite amusing to watch.

Lesley Noon

"Gzinters"

One gzinter two
Three gzinter ten -
Eggs fit in a nest,
And so does my white hen.

Four gzinter eight.
Six gzinter six -
Eight fits in another,
We all get in a fix.

Nine gzinter four
Ten gzinter two -
Belongs burst too often,
And maybe I do too.

Owen Wickham

Our Appaloosa, Half Spot

About eighteen months ago my par-
ents bought an Appaloosa Stallion. His
name is Half Spot. He was imported
into Australia from America only a few
years ago. He is a dark liver chestnut
with a white blanket on his rump.

We take him around rodeos and he
competes in the Campdrafting and
cutting.

Since coming to our place, Half
Spot has become a very willing, intelli-
gent worker.

Janelle Price

Little Boy Blue

Little boy blue
Had lost his shoe.
If you find it,
Then he will have two.

Paul Johnson

Resources. (Useful and Unwanted)

The cow is quite solidly built
One end is moo, the other milk.
The feeble rabbit is quite indiscreet
For some people he's fur
For others he's meat.
The lion is an awful grouch
At the south bound and is a tail
And the north the ouch.
The spider is an ever present fear
You must look out.
At any moment he could be near.
And if you're feeling that way inclined
You could end up with a sore behind.

Robert McGregor

The Addict

Dave was tall, lean and timid within himself. He was one of twelve children and therefore lived his life in a small world of his own, solemn and quiet. His dark hair fell in waves over his high forehead, almost covering his deep-set brown eyes.

He was in his eleventh year of school. His timidity kept him a distance from the group of "stirrers" in his age group. His ambition was someday to be good enough to be with that group in which his best mate, Steve, belonged.

That Monday, the sun's rays shone brilliantly down upon the gray window sill of his small room. He urged himself out of the hard uncomfortable bed in which he spent long sleepless nights, and dressed for another painful day at school. He knew now, that today, he would once again be rubbed into the dirt with every word he said. The thought of school made him wonder why his parents were cruel enough to bring him into a world like this.

He quickly swallowed the half-cooked egg and leftover cabbage which was a hearty breakfast for the family since his father had passed away six years ago. Seven of the children were

under ten years and were running around throwing things at one another and forcing him to squirm out of the house as quickly as possible to avoid being rummaged.

The walk to school was silent and the day was still. When he arrived, Steve was there waiting for him. He sensed there was something wrong with Dave and walked towards him. Seeing him, Dave stopped dead in his tracks and hung his head and waited. Steve managed to force the problem out of Dave. Dave poured out the problem of his life and the chip he had on his shoulder about being a "drop-out" as the other fellows had recently named him. Steve was understanding about it all and agreed to help Dave as much as he could.

They were having a party the following week-end as they did every week-end and this time Dave was invited. As much as Dave looked forward to going, he sensed that something was bound to go wrong, and maybe push him even deeper into his shell.

Finally the day came and the car-load of youths pulled up outside the broken down shack in which he and his family lived. The party went off well at first. Dave learnt how to smoke cigarettes and then finally "pot". Almost at once he had tried it, he felt himself rising to the category of his mates. That was it! He would do as they did and then they would look on him as being one of them.

Many more parties followed that one. Dave loved the "joints" and received his thrills from the "trips" eventuating from the "pot" he took every half hour. Life was now well worth living for Dave. He would make round the town with the gang and feel like he was a man at last.

One Saturday night, the party was just more than a party. Approximately fifty guys were there trying out the different kinds of drugs such as LSD, heroin, acid tabs and others. A fellow, Trigger Collett was the leading man. He laid the samples on the table in the middle of the room. The guys lined up in single file and had a small sample of each. Dave hesitated at first, but then thought back at how he had begun. Sure he could try them. Why not? So he did. The rest of the night was horrifying. He had nightmares of all different things and felt his brain burning inside. He found himself on the road in the gutter two days later, feeling very depressed and longing for another joint to soothe the pain. The hospitals had drugs, he thought. This was where he could go. He would have to steal it though.

It was a pity his scheme failed.

He was caught in the midst of the plan. He was having a large fit when a nurse heard him and ran for help. It took four doctors to get him to the intensive care unit. His mother was brought to the hospital and informed of his condition. The doctors were positive he was not to live much longer. The police were brought into the case and it was not long before Trigger, Steve, and the rest of the gang were put away on a sentence of ten years.

Dave left the hospital in an improved condition. He seemed well and happy but this proved to be wrong. On his first day of school in his twelfth year, he dropped dead on the path. His brain had already rotted. There was no hope for him anyway.

Dave's life was a very unhappy one. He took the drugs to make himself fit in with the crowd which he thought was good because they took drugs and were different. He was punished for doing wrong as were the others, but in a different way. It just so happened that Dave was the one who suffered in his punishment. Now the others will look back on Dave and their consciences will tell them that they helped to kill him.

Dave was one of those people in the world today, who do not think ahead. Just because he lived in a different atmosphere from most people and did different things, he felt he was living wrongly. No one lives his life wrongly. You live your life according to you, and what other people do is no concern of yours. You may be right in the things you do. People will find there will always be someone like Dave in the world. Let's hope though, we do not make the same mistake he did.

Cheryl Kleinhaus

Windorah

Windorah is a place which looks very much like a desert. It is a very hot little country town with sand hills scattered everywhere. The people of Windorah rarely see rain until December, when it always floods.

When it rains, the whole place gets flooded out sometimes, and food has to be sent to the town by air.

The country is deserted between Windorah and Birdsville. Not many trees grow around this area as the soil is not very good.

The place out there is smothered with flies because of the heat. When it is extremely windy, dust storms are formed.

At Windorah nobody is allowed to go right outside the town unless they are going to a station, because they have to get permission from the police. The rule was brought in because of an accident which happened in 1970. The accident was that a man went to Birdsville by himself and he had no food and only a little water. When he was half way between Windorah and Birdsville his car ran out of petrol or his car perhaps broke down and he was out there by himself for a week or so. Finally someone found out that he was out there and Mr Kidd flew his aeroplane out that way and dropped some food and water, and the police went out by car and brought him back.

Windorah may be a quiet and deserted place but it is a good town to live in because it is home to me.

Sharon Hood

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The Frogmouth

The Frogmouth is a gloomy bird,
 Her voice is very seldom heard,
 And when it is, it's always night
 And makes your warm blood chill
 with fright.
 For suddenly an eerie boom
 Goes ringing through the evening
 gloom -
 Oo-oom, she says, oo-oom, oo-oom.
 An ugly old dry stump she picks
 To build her jumbled nest of sticks.
 With eyes half-closed to slits of
 brown
 And all her tawny feathers down,
 It's often very hard to see
 Just which is bird and which is
 tree.

Peter McClurg

An Eyewitness Account of a Tragedy

It was three o'clock in the morning as I recall it now and I can also remember the sounds of the devastating winds and the torrential rain as they beat their way on to our holiday cottage. I remember also the sight of all the water rushing down the hill to the sea where it disappeared among the sea spray as the huge waves came crashing on to our usually quiet and peaceful little beach. Then we would be in darkness again as we stood at the sliding glass door where the rivulets of water hurried down the glass to be on their way, and then the next bolt of lightning would momentarily bring back our view of

the breakers smashing on to the beach.

It must have been three, for I remember now that it was then we heard the last cyclone report on the radio which said that Cyclone Ruth was situated only five miles out to sea from our tiny settlement.

The sound of this report along with all the other gurglings, swishes and crashes made us all feel sick deep down inside of us. This was our holiday which we had so looked forward to for the last few months.

I was staying with my friend Howard and his parents in their holiday cottage at Exception Bay on the Queensland Coast. Not long after three, did the winds and rain seem to get stronger and fiercer and soon the gale was so powerful that the whole house was shaking and creaking. This intensity however didn't last for long and all of a sudden there was stillness or calm. There was no rain and no wind. There was a dead silence, a silence that was so eerie that it made us all the more sick. It wasn't long however that we realized the eye of the cyclone was directly over us, and realizing that it would pass as quickly as it came we dared not go outside the house.

At each bolt of lightning the countryside would be lit up and we could see the great number of trees blown over and all the sheets of iron that were scattered around and bent around the still standing trees. There were all types of rubbish littering the yard which made it apparent to us that some houses had been destroyed and maybe

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someone killed.

This was a great fear to us but no-one came to us for shelter nor were we sane enough to venture outside to find helpless people for the fear of our own lives.

It was not long before the winds and rain started again. They were just as strong as before and once again the house began to shake and shudder. The rage continued incessantly. At the height of the gale the sliding-glass door smashed and the entire lower level of the house was soaked with water and broken glass was scattered everywhere. At six o'clock in the morning it was all over and the sun was trying to break through.

It was at this time that Howard and I went for an inspection of the damage. On the beach, a short distance from our house, a group of people had gathered around the wreckage of a large pleasure craft. The bodies of two people were being freed from the wreckage. Just as we arrived the body of a man was passed over the side. It was an awesome sight, being covered in blood and with only one arm. This was more than I could take

and I turned and ran for home only to trip on a root of a tree.

I thought of this tragedy as I lay there on the ground, and vomited!

G. M. Bayliss

Bougainville

Bougainville is the largest of the Solomon Islands.

It also has one of the largest copper mines in the world. The copper which has been mined is taken down to the Loloho wharf, to be shipped to different places around the world.

The chief products which are grown are Copra, Cacao and sugar.

The main town is Kieta, where the imports are brought in from Australia.

Bougainville has many tall coconut trees, but best of all I like the coral shores.

Deborah Givney

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Max, Jim, Barry and Pete
on the Football Field

The butterflies are jumping wild,
I patted my belly and smiled
The whistle blew, "Oh gawd - it's
now or never
To discover whether if or not they
are clever".
We ran solemnly on to the field
My clothes proved a chosen shield
The cold wind blew, we were still
running,
We looked into their eyes, they
were cunning.
The line stopped, we shook with a
grip of iron
My opposite number, his name "Moran".
Max, Jim, Barry and Pete flipped,
the call was heads,
All eyes watched, my brain seemed
to turn red.
We kick off, to get killed by them,
The ball sailed high, like an
overgrown wren.
Their hooker took the ball, only to
be swarmed
By our forwards. The match was
early born.
Max, Jim, Barry and Pete fled to take
their opposite numbers,
They sank into their shoes like sick
cucumbers.
He took the ball and kicked a grubber,
it hit Max, Jim, Barry and Pete, they
shook like blubber.
The ball came toward me, I bent to
meet it.
Slowly it came, I took it and ran
like a fit.
Felt as though I was running the 100
in 9.4
Their fullback hit me. The crowd
called for sore!
I hit the ground and hit like a brick,
My head throbbled, I felt sick.
The ref arrived and looked at me.
"Please Help, I'm hurt to a certain
degree."

Max, Jim, Barry and Pete were the
Heroes,
They carried me off, laid me under
the trees,
The world went black, I could not see.
Max, Jim, Barry and Pete dug a six
foot hole
The ceremony followed, the tears
swelled their eyes
Max, Jim, Barry and Pete left and bid
me their goodbyes.
I was alone once again, all by myself
Although I was dead, I was in good
health.
I was forgotten, I also forgot -
But on my grave flourished the
"Forget me not".

D. I'Anson

Work

Work is a fascinating thing,
I could sit and watch it all day.
But when it comes to doing it,
I usually slip away.
Work is for the square Man,
Who slaves at it night and day,
And only for a threepence
That's soon frittered away.
Why not be like me,
Stop work and only play.
And enjoy the things of life
Before they are taken away.
Work's a never ending strain
With very little pay;
So get out of that working rut
And start a new fresh day.
And maybe at the end of it
You'll feel better in every way.

Adrian Harden

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The Effect of Independence on
Papua-New Guineans and Non-Papua-New
Guinean Citizens

As the rain beat down monotonously on the roofs of our houses, the day which many had awaited had finally come. The miserable weather did not correspond with the happy and high-spirited people celebrating the hours of Independence.

Papua-New Guinea was now on its own!

The first day of Independence was quiet and no trouble was dominant. Celebrations had carried on into the early hours of the following morning as the newness of Independence began to wear off gradually.

Independence affected many people in various ways, depending on their status in their community. Privately-owned companies were affected in this way. My father had problems in this as he runs a private company, "The Alotau Contractors", a company operating in Alotau and around the Milne Bay district. One way in which this has affected him is that jobs are getting scarce up there and tenders are not easy to get. For those not similar to this term, a tender is a contract which you have to win before you can do the job set by the Public Works Department. To advertise tenders they are published in the local paper or companies are notified. Since Independence, the Government has tightened regulations concerning tenders, mainly

affecting the non Papua-New Guinean citizens, in that the locally owned companies receive contracts more easily.

Independence has also affected the education to some extent but it is still not compulsory. In Papua-New Guinea schools are divided into curricula, these being the Australian and Territory. The Australian Curriculum follows the New South Wales system of education and consists of mainly white and mixed-race students, whereas the Territory Curriculum has been constructed to suit the capabilities of the indigenous race. The fees have risen from a mere K26 a year to K400. As a result of this many residents are moving out of Papua-New Guinea or are considering moving out. Many parents would not object to paying this high fee if standards, results and facilities were of a higher standard.

The cost of living is considerably higher in many fields than those of Australia. Tropical fruits and vegetables bring about no real problems but imported goods do not help the average family's budget.

The majority of Papua-New Guinean citizens are very much worried by how the country is being run and will end up.

I think the country is strong enough really in defence and it will become a happy nation in the end.

Kathy Inman.



"BUNG WANTAIM"



Poems

"Words which rhyme and beat in time",
My teacher told me once,
"That's what makes a good poem, boy".
Yet they say I am a dunce.
It may be just the changing style,
And that I do not learn fast;
But that teacher fixed well in my mind
The methods of the past.

But maybe fashion will change its mind
And bring back my teacher's thought;
And then the scholars of today
Will be the ones ill-taught.
So I will not be grumpy,
And I will not start to fret;
I'll just wait for time to pass,
And abuse I will not get.

Philip McNamara

Our Teacher

Sometimes humorous,
Sometimes mischievous
But always joyous,
And always generous.

He's always laughing,
And he's always joking;
A well known ear basher
Is our jolly old teacher.

Well the end of the year has come,
And we shall part.
We are all going home
And some coming back to a fresh
start.

Lesley Noon
Deborah Givney**FITZROY MOTORS**

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Surf

Hear the crack of the new-born surf
When it comes crashing on the old brown
earth.

You'd better watch out or you'll be
wiped out,
Or you'll be blown out by the water
spout.

If you're a good surfer like me,
You can sit back and laugh happily.

Peter Budge

The Gecko

The Gecko lying on the stone,
It is always alone.
Nor is the reason hard to trace
By those who've seen its front and face.
It's hard to realize a mite
Can be so venomous a sight.
It waits for creatures like flies
Each time a Gecko ambles by.
No wonder that it's chosen mate
It comes from the connubial state.

Errol Death

Mitchell

Mitchell is situated 585 Kilometers
west of Brisbane. It is a small town
with a population of approximately
2,000.

Mitchell is known as the "Oasis of
the West". It is known for its beauty,
with its tree-lined streets and beauti-
ful parks. Most of the streets are

named after girls and universities, for
example Cambridge Street.

Mitchell was named after Major
Mitchell who was the first man to dis-
cover and explore Mitchell.

Mitchell has only two schools - a
State High School and Primary School
which are combined, and a convent school.
They are good schools and are well organ-
ized.

Each year Mitchell has its Rodeo
which is called "Rutland". A lot of
people come to Mitchell for this occa-
sion. The Rodeo and the "Doerings"
Festival attract many tourists into the
town. This festival goes on for a week
and at the end of the Festival Week a
Festival Ball is held and the judging
of the Festival Queen takes place.

Mitchell is quite a nice place and
I am quite happy to live there.

Elaine Martin

The Dreaded Trip

On the dreaded morning the three of
us were led to a car and told to get in.
The journey then began. During the trip
there was not much said. The windows
in the car were blacked out so that the
little I saw was out of the driver's
window which was partly down. The grass
on either side of the road was dead or
burnt. The side of the road was gravel
and running water had worn many gutters.
One unusual fact was that there were no
pastures along the side of the road.
After a while I gave up looking out and
just sat back and thought of what was
going to come. After about an hour's
driving I heard the driver say that we

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were nearly there - wherever there was. A couple of minutes after this we drove into the outskirts of a city. I did not recognize it and even if I had I could not have said where we were for at that minute the driver shut the only means of seeing out and all I could see was the road ahead.

We turned many corners and drove along many streets until we finally arrived at a large building on top of a fairly high mountain.

We were then taken inside the building and along a brightly lit corridor which seemed to go for ages. Suddenly we turned down a smaller corridor and stopped at a large door. We were ushered in and then by complete surprise found ourselves in a pitch black room. We were led to some chair behind a bench and told to stay there.

The room was then completely silent but every few minutes there was a shuffling of feet and a muttering of voices. Finally all was quiet again. During this time my eyes had become accustomed to the dark and although the room was still very dark I could make out some tall machines which seemed to point straight at us. Soon there was another shuffle of feet but this time it continued and I could see the machines being pointed at us. Suddenly the lights flashed on and I could see that the machines were only cameras and that we were now on television in "Make the Grade".

M. Taylor

Those Evening Bells

Those evening bells! Those evening bells
How many a tale their music tells.
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away
And many a heart that once was gay.
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

Francis Thurston

Night Walk

"Why not walk through the park
tonight? It's a lovely night. The moon
high, the stars bright. Not a sound".

"But we don't know our way through

the park by night, and it's so big."

"Oh come on, scaredy ca..., I mean
mouse, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

So into the park they went. The blades of grass were ghostly, as they swayed in the chilly evening breeze. But the brave little mice scurries right through it. Then they came to a path metres wide. Boulders everywhere and jagged stones too. It was risky, but the little mice made a dash for it, scampering across the path almost not touching the ground. The other side was in sight and the little mice gathered hope but then, as they slowed to avoid a stone, a black figure above them blotted out the moonlight for a second. It was an owl.

The owl swooped over the mice's heads, like a black aircraft flying near the roofs of houses, scattering the mice and boulders as it went. The flow of adrenalin in the mice's bodies encouraged them and forced them to throw themselves under a giant rock. The silence in the moments after the owl would swoop was shattering. The footfall of a flea on a silk bed would have been deafening under that rock, or so it seemed. The mice huddled, scared that their hearts might start a landslide as they pounded. Is it gone? Where is it? Make a dash for the tree!

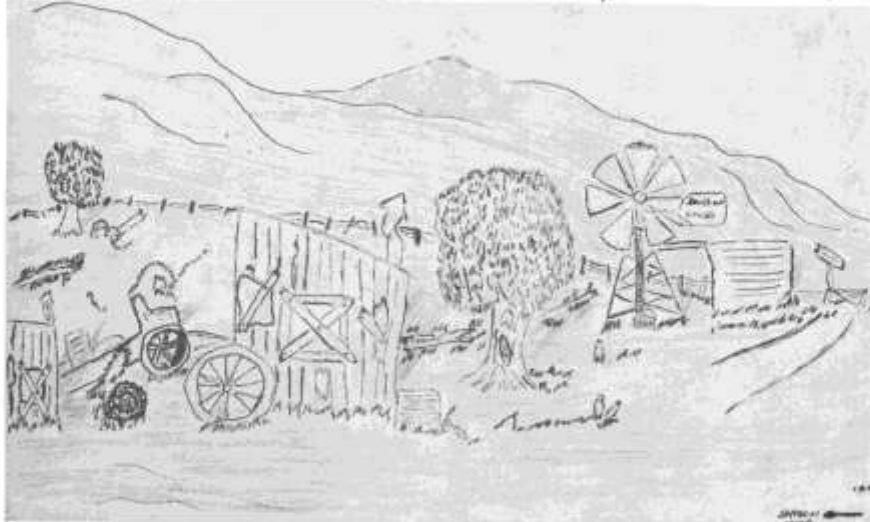
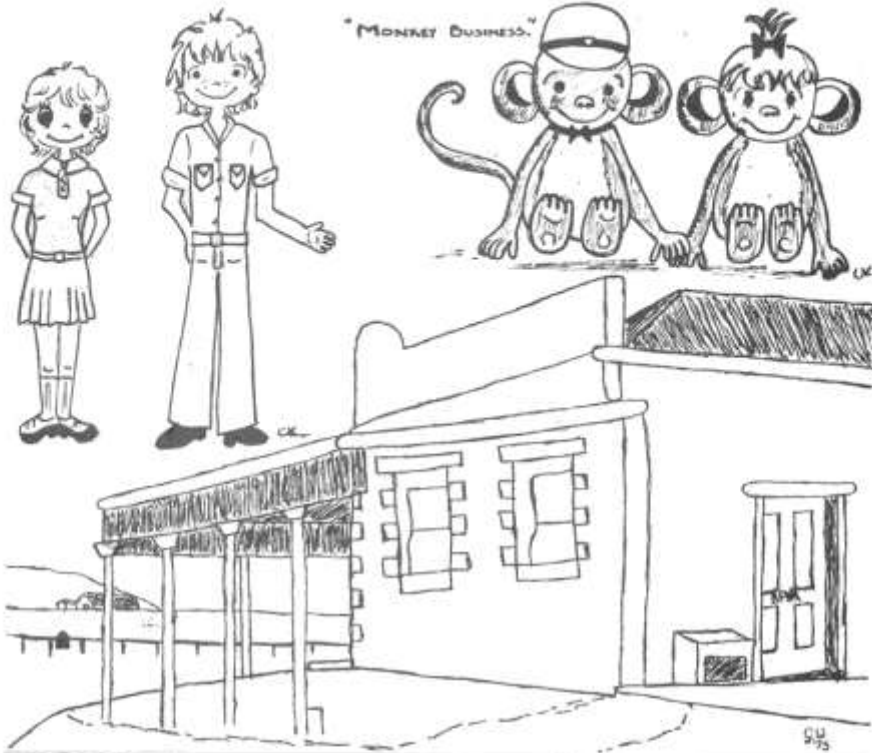
The mice rocketed for the road side but a dreaded, heart-stopping shadow passed over the ground and his friend was gone. Now the lone mouse sat, scared. His face was close to death warmed up.

He had managed to get off the path into a wood of paspass grass. He was trapped and lost. The razor edges of the grass had saved him from the owl, but had also locked him in. He would be left there to perish.

He made a try to get out of the forest. He was already out from his entry, but he managed, painfully, to trudge out. He was losing a large amount of blood from his wounds but he staggered on. Just as he thought he would lie down and die, he felt a firm sharp grip on his reddened foot. A neat ant. This was the end for sure. More ants grabbed and pulled him down. He gave a few worthless kicks and lay down to die.

It had been a bad night in the park for two little mice, but nobody but the little ants would think anything of it the next day. Such is the fate of mice.

P. McNenara



I wish I had never seen the Sun Go Down

Mum, Dad, Lindsay and I went to the Warwick Gliding Club one Sunday afternoon. Dad was going to tow a glider up and then go for a flight. It was fairly late in the afternoon and by the time Dad had flown out of sight it was half past five.

Mum, Lindsay and I were in the radio room. Through the frosted windows I could just see the colours of the sun and so to get a better view I went outside. The sunset was really glorious and I just wanted to sit on the grass and watch alone. It only took half an hour to go down.

I went back inside and heard that Dad was talking on the radio. He said that the plane lights had failed and that he was about thirty miles from the landing strip. Mum, Lindsay and I looked at each other with worried eyes. Mum started to panic and I tried to calm her down. Of course, like a boy, Lindsay was saying, "God, what are ya worried about? He'll be alright."

As it began to get darker, I was becoming more worried but I tried to contain myself. The aerodrome called the ambulance and fire-brigade in case they needed them. I went up to Mr Best, who was in charge, and asked him if there was a danger that Dad just might crash. He said yes, but told me it would be better not to tell Mum. It was hard to keep it from Mum, and so I told Lindsay. He got a worried look on his face and said that he didn't realize it was as bad as that.

The main thing that stuck in my mind was the fact that Dad might crash.

At about seven o'clock Dad was on the radio again. His voice was rather shaky and Dad told us that he was running out of petrol as he had used so much up when he was looking for the aerodrome. We told him that he was twenty-five miles away. He didn't have enough petrol!!! Mum was with us and she started to cry.

He came back on the air about fifteen minutes later. All I heard was Dad saying that he was losing height fast.

There was silence and then I heard an explosion and I turned to the window and saw the plane on fire. I ran out the door and ran and ran and ran until I came to the blazing plane. The ambulance and fire-brigade were there. Two men came out from the cabin of the plane, that is, what was left of it, with a half burnt body. I took one look and I screamed with fright and I started to cry. Mum was told to stay back at the room but Lindsay was there. He came over to me and tried to comfort me.

Lindsay and I went back and told Mum of the news that Dad had been killed.

The next day, I was sitting on the veranda and I saw the sunset, and I wish I had never seen the sun go down because of the memories of it.

Helen Wiedman



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The Pros and Cons of Modern Day Religion

Christianity originated approximately 2000 years ago, and, with the birth and teachings of Jesus Christ, a whole new era of thinking was set in motion. Indeed, the lifestyles of many millions of followers were affected by, and modelled on, religion.

What is religion to people? Basically I feel that it gives one faith and hope, is something to fall back on during hard times, and help with problems by giving courage to face a situation. It also gives a model in which others may base their lifestyles, and shows how to live with and treat fellow citizens.

In this debate, I wish to express my views and opinions on the commercialization of certain religious festivals, and the formation of remote religious sects which appear to me to be money-grabbing organisations and which force their religion on others.

Firstly let us consider the festive seasons within the church. Many children have had little religious teaching either by their parents or through various other sources, and on occasions such as Christmas or Easter, they do not hold any real concepts of the event other than to receive multitudes of presents. This brings immediately to mind another question, what of store owners and sales representatives? Outwardly it would seem that this is the time for the use of ruthless sales techniques and skyrocketing of prices, but this is not for me to judge. A time for joy and merriment and thought on what a person believes in? Now: all merriment!

Religion I feel is at the moment passing through a bad era in time, a time when all beliefs stated in the Bible are broken continuously, or don't appear to hold, and this in turn takes many people off the subject. To make matters worse we have our groups of people present in every community who walk down the street throwing pamphlets everywhere and the man on the corner on his delis throwing words everywhere. I won't say who the people are, we have all had contact with them at one time or another and are familiar with their antics. But surely there is enough sense present for them to realize that a mature person is capable of making his own decisions, and to have volumes of religious matter pushed at one from all directions will cause even the most gentle person to become a stubborn bull. They may then again on the other hand feel that this is their contribution towards helping the church through its bad times.

There are however, those who will jump at a chance to make some easy money, not caring who they hinder or what methods they use. These types of people can give you a do-it-yourself kit on Inner Peace for twenty dollars or you can give to the Mission Appeal in West Mongolia; you name it, they do it. Gullible people or those unaware fall for these scandalous tricks and on finding out the truth then hold the Church and their organizations in contempt. Many adults in turn think that these situations apply for all religion and therefore refuse their children the right to learn and either accept it or turn it away.

There are those however, who, like myself, are sceptics, but this doesn't allow us to deprive others with different thoughts. My intention in saying this is not to try to moralize but to show the necessity of people being able to choose for themselves what they feel is correct, and not have it forced on them. After all, no two people are alike in thought and deed.

P. Kleinhaus

The Legend of the Wilga Waterhole

This legend is based on a terrifying experience of visitors to the Wilga Waterhole, part of the wandering Baroco waterway near Ruthven Station, on the way to Isiaford in Central Western Australia.

It is believed that the noises have been heard from this waterhole as far back as the 1870's. People think it humorous until they actually have been sent hysterical from the devilish unearthly shrieking which no human voice could utter. No one would believe it until they have been to hear a series of terrifying, fiendish yells and screams arising, then all of a sudden dying to a once again silence.

One night in the late 1890's a couple of shearers, Bill and Joe, on their way to Longreach, decided to rest the night beside the waterhole.

After hobbling their horses and leaving them to graze, the two men made tea over their campfire, ate their damper and salt beef, and smoked and yarned for some hours. Eventually the fire died out and the two men bedded down on their swags.

Suddenly out of the blue, the soft wailing came, each time getting nearer and louder. To the astonished men, the cries seemed to be in different keys, and to be coming from the waterhole. The shearers thought their ear drums would burst, but they were too terrified to move. Then to their relief the shrieking disappeared to be replaced with a wierd wailing. Five minutes later it had completely died away and once again the area was a silent spot. Not a ripple or a movement marked the lagoon from where the noises had come. Before dawn Bill and Joe mounted their horses and rode off.

When arriving back at the shearing shed, Bill and Joe told of their terrifying experience at the waterhole. Some believed but others just laughed and thought them wierd. Most of the aborigines always avoided the area; even drovers with horses and cattle could not persuade them to rest and drink. One such time was when some cattle from distant parts had arrived almost exhausted but had stampeded at sundown.

Another terrifying experience came for a couple who decided to manage a station near there. The husband left his wife for a few hours in the house. He found her almost in a state of collapse. She told him of the wierd sounds but he simply ignored her and said it could have been some nocturnal birds nearby. So she put it out of her mind.

Soon after this episode the station hand was away for two nights. On his arrival home he found his wife hysterical. Crying and sobbing, she told him the story of the terrible screaming and wailing. For once he believed her. The next morning the man packed and took his wife to a reasonable place.

Of the many stories told, the origin of the unearthly sounds is said to be caused by subterranean channels, which perhaps connect the Wilga to other waterholes. Under certain conditions, when the water rushes through, it causes shrieking and yelling sounds. Nevertheless the theory has not been proved, so the wailing at the Wilga Waterhole continues to hold its mystery.

Helen Gorringe

Torres Strait Islands

In the islands, there are many dark-skinned people and a comparative sprinkling of white people. At home the

climate is quite hot but cools down when we have rainfall. Food cultivation is in garden plots rather than in fields, and is done by hand rather than by machines.

The great majority of people are villagers and there are two types of language spoken, the western islands and the eastern islands. Because of the ups and downs between P.N.G. and Australia, I hope that one day we will gain our independence.

The basic European interests in Torres Strait have been crayfishing, pearling, and prawning. In the past, my village was nearly economically self-sufficient, in other words, the village community was able to produce for its members almost all the goods.

Houses were built with materials provided by the vegetation of the neighbourhood. Food was what the local environment was able to produce. All the people are skilled at doing all the necessary jobs and they will all lend a hand for work that requires combined effort. There is no specialization in work. However, there is often a division between the kind of work done by the men and that done by the women.

Here in Australia, I feel uncomfortable in winter, because, as I said before, it's quite hot at home. The way of life has completely changed at home from the old to the modern way. Whenever you pass through home, there'll always be a space to fit you in, and you'll always be welcome.

Lucy Bosun

I didn't know that love could be this way,
I didn't know that love could be my food and drink
and my sun all day,
my dreams at night,
my thoughts,
words,
fears,
hopes
my joy!

Yesterday on the street
I saw someone from the back
and I thought he was you.
I ran to him, called your name
and when he turned,
seeing my surprise and disappointment,
he looked disappointed too,
knowing he wasn't the one
knowing his wasn't the face
that brings me such joy.

I watched you sleeping
so still and serene
beneath the covers
you were defenceless
artless, innocent,
like a child
and very beautiful.

We have a dream of love,
we look for it
in the hidden places
of the future,
in the secret places
of our hearts.
And if the dream's reality
is never wholly ours,
it will not matter
we will have looked with love
we will have journeyed in joy!

Barbie Henning

SLUMS

The room was dull with no source of light, not even the sun could stream through the cracked windows. A musky smell hovered over the room. A table stood, lopsided in the middle of the room. Boxes lay around the table as means of sitting. The cimmerian of the room only shadowed two figures standing beside the table. One an elderly woman, the other a man who smelt of stale alcohol. He was holding a bottle of whiskey and a small old cigarette was hanging from his mouth.

Joyce Camp shouted words with no meaning; the man, Ron, shouted words with the chilly and scary feeling of hate and scorn.

In the corner of the room three small children sat huddled together to get the warmth of love and affection which passed through them. They were scared and didn't like the man their mother was fighting with.

All of a sudden Ron slashed out and hit Joyce on the side of her cheek. She fell back and her head hit one of the small hard boxes. She lay cold and stiff.

One of the children, Carmel, put her head on her elder brother's shoulder sobbing. Michael, who was the youngest, aged five, didn't understand what was happening, but he did understand the emotions his sister was showing. Peter, the eldest of the three children, grabbed their hands and ran through the middle of the room swerving to miss his mother's friend, Ron.

They jumped down the steps two at a time, the girl tripping, because her eyes couldn't focus properly due to the tears she shed.

After a short pace down the alleys of the city, Peter arrived at a nearby clinic. He left the kids inside one of the rooms, and asked them to stay there until he returned.

A slim built, fair haired girl appeared at the door asking why he was screaming and making all that noise. In a rushed manner the boy told her and asked for Sister Joana. The girl was only a trainee at the clinic but was in because she had once lived in the slums under similar conditions. She reached for a nearby bag and followed the boy outside.

The rush to the small alley was not far but it seemed so long for Pete. A short leap brought them over and up the steps to the front door.

Peter opened the rigged door to find his mother still lying in the same place but the bruise on her face was larger and more outstanding. Ron had gone by now and was staggering down the street to the 'pub'.

The nurse, Nicole, placed the stethoscope on Joyce's heart. It was still beating but very slowly. She told Peter to go to the clinic and get someone to call an ambulance and hurry.

His quick strokes and love for his mother brought him to the clinic faster than he had ever run before. His shouting started half way down the street.

A young doctor, who had just arrived, called and placed it as an emergency. The ambulance arrived not long after he called. Joyce was placed on a stretcher and taken away.

She died on arrival. The children were put in homes because they had no relations. Peter is studying to achieve something important and to become someone important who will be able to help the people in the city slums. He knows he won't do it by himself but with help from others maybe these places shall be improved and no one shall be able to suffer the way he and many others had.

Judy Eather

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB



My only Attempt at Moralizing

Leaving the cab, I walked towards the big house. I could hear the band which was said to be the most exclusive playing their best. Through the windows I could see the blazing chandeliers displaying colourfully in this lovely summer night. I could see too, those high society people chatting away with their usual glasses of champagne in their hands. It was Mr Richard's fiftieth birthday party. His son, Peter, happens to be my best friend. So that was how I came to be one of the many guests.

I had my best suit on, - well actually I could not say 'my' because it did not belong to me. Peter owned it and he lent it to me. The suit was choking me, as I wasn't used to wearing a suit. I really did not want to go in for I wasn't the sort that could mix with the jet set, the upper class. But on the other hand, I couldn't very well refuse because Mr Richard was a very powerful man, and Peter was my best friend and so here I was, standing outside the big gate, hesitating to go in.

Finally I pressed the bell, and the gate opened. I was led by a steward, who was better dressed than I was. We walked through a beautiful garden, and into the house.

Peter was waiting for me, he gave me a warm welcome. A steward brought me a glass of champagne, but I turned it down and asked for a glass of orange juice instead. The steward gave me a curious look, but without saying anything went and got what I wanted.

I could see through the corner of my eye while I was talking to Peter, that a lot of them were watching and talking about me. I was getting a bit conscious of my presence. My hands were moving unnaturally.

Then came the trouble - Peter wanted to introduce me to the rest. I knew it was something that had to be done so he dragged me into a congregation and introduced me to them. I said "How do you do?" back stiffly. I was even too nervous to shake their hands, because I was frightened that they would not shake mine.

A middle-aged lady, in a snarly tone, asked me what line of business I was in. I replied that I was an apprentice carpenter, and that I met Peter at a football club. She laughed about my occupation and said, seductively, that she ran a brothel and would like me to come along some time. Another man told me proudly that he owned a Casino in Sydney. He said he could train me to become a professional poker player, and in no time I would be rich. The rest of them had similar occupations: drug-pushing, con-men and the like. I was getting quite angry and I hated their company so I started questioning them skilfully, carrying on a conversation for the purpose of making them realize that it was morally wrong to do such things.

There was something inside me at that moment, wanting me to create a Miracle. I felt the power inside me struggling to get out. This "something" had never touched me before. I thought of things which could not have been reached by any human mind. I felt

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supreme. I had the power to talk sense to them. I felt as if I were Christ - if that was how Jesus Christ felt two thousand years ago. I wanted to moralize them.

So I ran to the nearest table, and shoved all the food and wine aside. Women were screaming, everybody was looking my way. Good! I'd got their attention now. I jumped up on to the table and stood there gracefully above everyone else. The band stopped playing. Peter was standing among the crowd with his mouth wide open, so was everyone else! As I was about to voice my opinion, I stood on a soggy potato chip and came crashing to the floor amidst the stunned crowd. However, I was not discouraged by their sniggering and other comments. So I once again resumed my position and began to deliver the great speech which I previously intended. I talked about the magnificent God, the poor, the rich. I was saying dream words, using phrases which I had never thought of. I felt I was getting the message across when I overheard someone say - "Is this part of the show". My temper immediately rose. I picked up a piece of apple pie and threw it at the spot where I estimated the voice to have come from. It hit an elderly gentleman square on the face, who, as a result, threw his arms wildly, knocking the wig off a rather pompous looking lady. The man then snatched blindly and got the wig and threw it and hit a steward, because he was so wild. The steward had a tray-load of ice-cream cakes. We couldn't see where he was going and so ran into a rather delicious looking lady and splattered cakes all over her face and down her chest. The pompous lady, the elderly gentleman, the steward and the "delicious ice-cream" woman started to throw food about, which started more rabble. Soon the whole house was in a

state of chaos. People were in utter confusion. The singer in the band was screaming his head off through the microphone trying to stop the madness, when a pie hit him in the mouth and he swallowed the microphone with the pie and all.

And I, who was the smart one realized that this was not the time for heroes, so I got to my knees and started crawling through the safety zone. I soon got out of the house. The night air was cool and fresh. I turned around and took a last look at the still chaotic house, the people, the pies. I was surprised to find that there was not a mark on me. I congratulated myself, said "goodnight", toward the house and started the long walk home.

Wingkee Lui

There was a young boy called Zot
Who tied himself in a knot.
His father walked in
And stepped on a pin
And yelled out, "Damn you, you clot".

Mark Guilford

A chap from France had a daughter
And every boy wanted to court her.
He said, "She is shy
And would rather die,
Than marry you boys who have sort her".

Philip McManara

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The Orphan

Who wants to be an orphan
And have nothing of her own,
To live in the slums of the city,
Never to have a home?

I've been one for seven years,
My clothes are tattered and torn;
I live on the scraps of the rich.
I wish I had never been born.

No one ever thinks of me,
They always say I steal.
I've never ever stolen you see,
But I wish I had a meal.

Why must people be so cruel?
My parents were so nice.
Do they know what I go through
To live with rats and mice?

If I died, of course,
Not a tear would be shed,
For any orphan like me
Would wish that she were dead.

Gwen Wickham

I went to the paper room and had a
look to see who was riding him. His
name was White, with a weight of fifty-
three kilograms. He was not a favourite
but they say that favourites don't
always win. At lunch time, we were told
we could watch the race on television,
so at half past one I went to see it.

At the start of the race, I was a
bit nervous. Over half way round, Think
Big was running second last, and then
the announcer didn't mention his name
until the last 200 metres, when he was
second. Then he said that Think Big
was first.

Straight away, I started jumping up
and down, and the boy who won the school
sweep was doing the same - I started
cheering. People were congratulating
me and shaking my hand. I couldn't say
a word!

After that I started wishing people
would have a Melbourne Cup every day,
as it was the happiest day of my life.

Barry Arthur

Melbourne Cup Day, 1974

I received a telegram at morning
break and it read:

YOU DREW THINK BIG FIRST \$3296
SECOND \$618 THIRD \$206 COMBINED
COMMITTEE

After I read it, I couldn't believe
it, but thought someone was having fun
at my expense; but it was fair dinkum.
I was in suspense and during the next
two periods until lunch time everybody
was wishing me good luck and wanting to
know what I would do with the money if
I did win it.

Comfort

Dim lights surrounding realms of Angels
Halos surrounding the locks of Arch-
angels.

Their golden wings are spread before them
Take haste and fly away.
They settle on cloud nine maybe
Or even on the earth
To save the souls of sinners
Who pledge their sins and girth,
To save them from damnation
And the flaming inferno of earth.

Adrian Hadden

CRIBBS

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