No. 1, OCTOBER 1930

THE MAGPIE

Edited by the Students
PERTH GIRLS' SCHOOL
STUDENT OFFICIALS

HEAD GIRL
Esther Buggenthin

9TH. STD. PREFECTS
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Enid Tulloch            Margaret Scott

FACTION CAPTAINS
Red—Enid Tulloch        Blue—Ethel Aspland
Gold—Barbara Stewart    Green—Ruby Bottle

EDITRESS
Esther Buggenthin

COMMITTEE
Joan McLauchlan         Evelyn Whyte
Enid Tulloch            Sheila Thomas
Faith Henderson
EDITORIAL

This is the first time for many years that we have made any serious attempt to bring before the public eye some of the wit, humour, and journalistic efforts of the girls of our School. We hope that the future 9th standard girls will take advantage of the start we have made and in a few years make the School Magazine an established fact. It is also hoped that the future issues of the magazine will contain contributions from the seventh standards, but we have had to confine this edition to contributions from the senior classes.

The School has always endeavoured to help others. For many years we have supported a cot at the Children's Hospital and last year we were able to send an additional £50 as a Christmas gift. This year we hope to do the same. During the year we have donated eggs to the Kindergarten, and clothing to people in need of it, and have also sent books to the Fairbridge Farm School.

On the field of sport we have not been as successful as we were last year. The tennis girls are still able to beat their opponents, but the hockey and baseball teams have not been able to score many points.

In conclusion we would like to thank our various teachers for their help during the past year, and we wish the Junior girls of this year the best of success in their coming exam.

—The Committee.
Class Notes

9A PROFESSIONAL.

As is usual, "we are the worst 9th Professional that have ever been, are, or shall be." We are told this daily by our various teachers, but nevertheless we don't believe them. We are working hard for the Junior; in fact, some of our girls have almost faded entirely away, hence, a certain teacher's efforts to enrol some of our number on the "milk brigade." Amongst us there are many who have shown themselves able wielders of hockey sticks and racquets, and several others who have proved to be great assets to the basket-ball teams. The bliss and happiness of 1930 have been marred by the untimely deaths of the dearly beloved Algae, at his residence in the crystal urn, and of Millie Mosquito, who accidentally slipped off her pupal skin and was drowned. Nevertheless we have weathered all the storms of school life up till now. If we survive the Junior, there are many of us who will be going on to the Modern School, and others who will take their place in the commercial world, so we wish them one and all the best of success.

9B PROFESSIONAL.

This year our class is very small, consisting of sixteen only, six of whom are newcomers to this School. We are called 9B (though the information has come to our ears from reliable sources that we should have been called 9A, or is it 7th?). One of our members has recently injured her fingers, and as the faction matches are about to take place, she will be debarred from playing. This deprives Blue Faction of one of its most staunch supporters.

Many of the girls in the class are members of school teams. There are Faith Henderson and Violet Wood, who are in the "A" Hockey team, Hilda Haberley and Minnie Muir, who are in the Basketball team; Gwyn Evans, Audrey Anderson, and Margaret Scott, in the Baseball teams, and Ethel Aspland, who is a member of the Tennis team.

We have just been informed that the entries for the Junior (which is approaching with alarming rapidity), go in, in a week's time, and as the French Alliance "3" takes place at the end of September, our hands are quite full. We all hope to pass, and of course are studying zealously.

We are a very industrious class, but we don't support the maxim "All work, and no play," as we are frequently to be found indulging in a quiet game of cricket (much to our teachers' sorrow). Well, we must say "Good-bye," for time is short.

VIII. A PROFESSIONAL

As this is our first appearance in the School Magazine (and this is as it should be since this is the first appearance of the said magazine) we may say "Hullo, everyone."

During Test match time this year, we organized two cricket teams which played matches daily. As neither team was exceptionally well equipped a fire shovel had to be used as a bat, a rubber as a ball, and blocks of wood as wickets. The Australian captain was Gwen Roberts, and some of her performances were remarkable; Frances Magann upheld valiantly the traditions of English captaincy. The bowling of some of the "Grimmets" was inspiring, but in the "Bradmans," there was something noticeably lacking; perhaps it was runs. The final score was Australia four games against one for England.

At present some of us are in the toils of a French brain storm, and since we have viewed our new Honour Board, and the six distinctions in acute. I hope I don't deviate Grade 4, our agonies have been most the truth when I say that on the whole our half-yearly exam. results were pleasing, and I also hope that the said results were pleasing to those other than students. On behalf of the class I express a faint hope that the results of our Final Exam. will be just as pleasing to all concerned.
VIIIB. PROFESSIONAL.

When 1930 commenced at P.G.S., we were thirty-four in number, but new arrivals have swelled the ranks to thirty-six.

Having survived the half-yearly examination, all are waiting with mixed feelings of anxiety and lively interest for the Final Exam. which will terminate our work for this year.

We collected subscriptions, and our Prefects, Marie Carter and Esme Scarlett, purchased a clock for the benefit of both teachers and pupils.

Our class is proud to have in its midst the swimming champion of the School, Marie Carter, who was presented with a gold brooch. We have also subscribed to the picture which is purchased every year as a birthday present to P.G.S.

There are few bookworms in our class, for our evenings are fully occupied with home-work. Several girls in the class are qualifying for teachers, and all of us wish to obtain our Junior.

VIIIA. GENERAL.

We will soon be commencing exams; but we are not looking forward to them for they will mark the end of our happy stay at P.G.S.

The class has many promising sport players in hockey, baseball, basketball and tennis, while we are lucky to have one of the champion swimmers. All of these girls have distinguished themselves on the field of sport, and rank high in their respective teams.

The “milk brigade” has a fair number of our girls on its list, and its headquarters are on the form, and mantelpiece, where can be seen a neat row of about 25 bottles. We enjoy this luxury very much.

Our efforts in the Culinary and First-Aid Departments at the Domestic Centre are progressing favourably. The class specializes in class prefects, having four.

VIIIB. GENERAL.

In a few weeks’ time we shall be overwhelmed with a guilty conscience, and we shall be trying to cram our heads with the history and geography that we should have learnt during the year.

The reason for this is that the yearly exams. are perilously near, and we are all waiting with quaking hearts for them to come, so that we, can see whether we are to continue at P.G.S. for another year, or be among those who still pass out to Commercial Colleges.

In VIIIB. formerly VIIIC, we have a number of sport enthusiasts. Ruby Ammon being captain of baseball, Alvie Holmes is a prominent tennis player, and Eileen Anderson is in the hockey team.

We have been progressing favourably at the cooking centre, but I suppose bread we made gave everyone indigestion.

Our nightmare in Algebra—minus signs before a bracket change all the signs in the bracket. One of our number is a veritable peanut-fiend.

VIII. DOMESTIC.

The girls of VIII. Domestic think they have settled down to hard and industrious work, in spite of the frequent murmurs heard to the contrary by their long-suffering teachers. In their spare time they studiously work at Research History, being especially fond of any tome which is illustrated! Another of their favourite pastime subjects is to puzzle out problems of arithmetic, but really, their favourite one is to chatter with their neighbours. The majority of our girls simply adore impositions (especially those taken from Shakespeare).

There are two girls in this class who, we must acknowledge, are very brainy children, as they find it quite simple to annoy each other and to allow their tongues to wag, at the same time as their hands move to do their schoolwork.
Sports Notes

This year in Sport we have had many enjoyable matches, both with other schools and also between the Factions. Against Princess May we have not been quite so successful as usual, and at present the Princess May girls have a big lead over us for the Taylor Shield. However, we have two more matches and hope that even if we are not successful we will at any rate put up a good fight against our opponents.

In the factions this year, Gold has been most successful up to date, with Red as runner-up. The faction points at present are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Faction</th>
<th>Points</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gold</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green</td>
<td>20</td>
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HOCKEY

This year there are fewer, but keener, hockey members than there were last year. Girls from all classes in the School joined and, among the new girls, there are many promising players for next year.

Up till this year the P.M.G.S. Hockey teams have not been able to defeat us, but this year we have been beaten in every match we have yet played.

The "A" team consists principally of 9th and 8th standard girls who have been playing for three years, but the "B" team players are mostly from the 7th standards.

"A" Team Criticism.

SHEILA THOMAS—A good centre-forward.

HERINA MARTIN—A very good inner wing but wants to guard against off-side.

DORIS THOMPSON—Plays well as centre half-back. Needs to have more self confidence and should make a good player for next year.

VIOLET WOOD—A fast player but wants to practise receiving.

JEAN BISHOP—Also wants to practise receiving and to keep well out on the wing.

BERYL FLEER—A good inner, but needs to keep up the field at times.

BARBARA STEWART, ESTHER BUGGENTHIN—Good hitters.

"B" Team Criticism.

PEGGY KING, DOROTHY MEHARRY—Promising players. Dorothy should tackle more.

ALMA THOMSON—Has improved very much since last year.

MAY ADAMS—Captain and centre forward; a steady player.

RUTH BAXTER—A promising player for next year.

DORIS MAPPIN—Keeps her position but needs to get rid of the ball more quickly.

GWEN BOWEN—Could be a good player but thinks the centre half does no work. Needs to keep up with the wing.

MARY JOHNSON, GRACE RITTER—Need to practise hard hitting.

EILEEN ANDERSON—A good half-back.

OLWYN DAVIES—Goalie; loses her head in an emergency.

The forward line of the "A" team is one of the best combinations we have ever had. The strength of the team was lacking in the half-backs who were inclined to play a defence game, leaving a gap between themselves and the wings. This has been remedied and the team is stronger. At present our weakness is shooting for goals and the slowness of the wings in sending the ball back to the centre.

Up till July and August the "B" team was weak both in attack and defence. They showed a marked improvement in these last two matches, due, on the forward line, to Dorothy Meharry, and in the defence line, to Grace Ritter.

We would like to thank all the mistresses who have umpired our matches and especially Miss Lowry, who has given so much of her time and worked so hard to coach our "A" and "B" teams for the matches with P.M.G.S.
TENNIS

This year, tennis has been particularly pleasing in view of the fact that there are quite a number of 7th standard girls in the team. They have acquitted themselves well in the matches against Princess May, the first of which was played at our own courts at Colin Street, proving a victory for us, as we gained 13 of the possible 16 points.

The next match, played at Fremantle, was promising to be a success for us, but the game was interrupted by the rain, although we gained the eleven sets that were played. We defeated them in the next two matches, but owing to the superiority of their hockey and baseball teams we are still about fifty points behind them in competition for the J.C. Taylor Shield.

In the Faction matches, Blue and Gold have proved most successful, the total scores being:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gold</td>
<td>4</td>
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</table>

The team players are:

ENID (Captain)—Has force and smashes well. Weak back-hand. Needs to place balls and rely less on speed.

ALVIE—Serves and places well. Needs to anticipate opponents’ play, and cultivate quicker foot movement.

RUBY—A good back-hand stroke. Needs to use more judgment in returns.

ETHEL—A keen player who has shown steady improvement. Needs to watch herself at net so that side line is not left unprotected.

DOROTHY—A steady player. Needs to strengthen back line drives.

MARJORY—Has a good drive and very fair back-hand stroke. Serves need to be more reliable.

ALICE—A steady player. Has good back-hand and tries to place balls. Serve needs strengthening.

IRENE—Has a good drive and makes valiant attempts at difficult balls, but frequently misses easy strokes through lack of effort.

The team is indebted to Miss Stevens and Miss Rance for the time they have spent in coaching the players.

BASEBALL

In baseball this year, we feel that we have made great strides, and, although we have had only one victory over P.M.G.S., we hope to be more successful during the remaining matches of the year. Our “A” team has remained much the same all the year, but we have made many changes in the “B” team, and both teams have practised well and improved both in fielding and in hitting.

In the “A” team, our Captain Ruby Ammon has proved to be a particularly good and fast bowler. She is quick on the field and has done her best to encourage the team. On first base we have Ailsa Craig, who is very alert and forms a good combination with Daisy Liddicoat, who is a good first stop. Praise should be given to Gwen Roberts for her quick fielding, and to our long stops, Melva Varley and Margaret Scott for good field work. We have recently admitted Phyll Jones to our “A” team and she promises to be a good fielder and hitter. Bessie Bull has proved a valuable backstop and Roma Chipper a reliable second base.

In the “B” team, praise is due to our bowler Gladys Parkinson, who is also a good hitter; to Gwen Manton, who is a strong hitter and a quick first stop, and to Connie Williamson, who has proved a good first base. Great improvement has been evident in the play of Marie Carter, May Aram, who is our second base, and Audrey Anderson. Myrtle Johnson, Gwyn Evans, Kitty Spencer and Isla Stanwell have also attended the practices constantly and given good support.

We would like to thank the baseball girls for the keen interest they have shown in this branch of sport, and we wish them success in the matches to follow. We would also like to thank Miss Bernard, who has worked hard to make our baseball teams strong, and for giving so much of her time to attending the practices.
General.

At the commencement of the current year, the teams were considerably weakened by the loss of 8th Commercial girls who had obtained Pass-Out Certificates, and 9th Standard. Constant practice has remedied this, as now "A" and "B" teams are steadily becoming stronger. Evidence of improvement was shown when our "A" and "B" teams succeeded in defeating Midland's "A" and "B" teams in one of the inter-School matches.

Faction Notes.

The Blue, Gold, and Red teams are fortunate in having the majority of the stronger players. Hence in the faction matches Blue and Gold have had successive wins throughout. Red drew with Gold in the match before last; and has defeated Green on another occasion. The weakness in the faction match results is due to the lack of practice as faction teams. Much more faction team work is necessary to raise the teams to the standard of the "A" and "B" School teams. Up to date Blue is the most successful team.

Inter-School Matches.

The P.G.S. "A" and "B" basketball teams have entered an inter-School Competition with Midland Junction State School and Subiaco State School. Subiaco has only entered a seventh standard team, so that competition with P.G.S. and Midland could only be arranged with the seventh teams. Between Midland and P.G.S., however, the competition has been extended to the 8th and 9th standards. The P.G.S. "A" team have met the Midland "A" team five times with only one victory to their score, which occurred on the occasion of the match before last. The "B" team has met both the Subiaco and Midland "B" teams in each case with a victory.

The team players are: Elsie Davidson, goal shooter; Clarice Truscott, goal defence (captain); Hilda Haberley, assistant goal; Minnie Muir, assistant defence; Audrey House, attack wing; Gwen Manton, defence wing; Gwen Roberts, centre; Gwen Armstrong, emergency.

This is our 7th team, and upon it we are relying for our 1931 8th team. Many of these players show promise. Both Gwen Johnson and Barbara Napier have done good work as goal shooters, while Evelyn Windsor is a hard working defence with a good assistant in Jessie Kerr. Muriel Kierath is a promising wing, while Betty Bedford works well on the attack. Lottie Hayes is progressing well. This team has also enjoyed good play and constant practice. Both teams have entertained hopes of winning the trophy, but, though Midlands "A" team has proved too strong for us, we hope to make it difficult for them to defeat us.

The faction trophy, a silver cup, will be awarded at the end of the year, to the faction team with the highest score to its credit.

All members of the Basketball Club, particularly the "A" and "B" teams, extend their sincere thanks to Miss Bownass and Miss Smart, for the valuable assistance they have rendered us with their coaching throughout the year, thus enabling us to bring our play to the present condition.
THE HOCKEY MATCH

It was the girls of P.G.S., who played that worthy game,
Against the girls of P.M.S. for honour and for fame.
The captains stood upon the field, their sticks were in their hands,
The skies were blue, the sun was hot, the day was simply grand.

"A" versus "A" were out to play, both eager to begin,
The toss was won by P.G.S., the ball was on the spin.

"Play up our school! quick, get the ball! Faith, why don't you attack,
You'll get one soon—Our hopes are gone, why don't you run full-back?

It's twenty-five. Shoot, Sheila, shoot! They've got it back again,
It's simply gliding down there fast, Now, hit with might and main,
Ugh! half-time is it? Well, but still
It's not too bad, it's nil to nil.

The game has started once again, our rival has the ball,
Now Violet's got it—good shot, Vi—we'll make their school sing small.
And now the ball is off again across the centre line.
My word! they've got some good backs there, their work is very fine.

They've got a goal! That was good play, we simply must buck up.
But now the ball is off again, We'll win yet if we've luck.

You'll get it yet. Babs, hit it quick, pass on to Esther now.

We've made a goal. Hip! Hip! Hooray! At last we've shown them how.

See, now the ball is off again, two minutes left to play.

They've got a goal, the whistle's gone, three cheers, Hip, hin, hooray.
My throat is dry, the game is done,
Now for a drink, it's two to one.

—B10.
School News

On Friday September 19th our School celebrated its 83rd birthday. At an assembly of the girls in the school hall, Miss Wright, our headmistress, spoke of the development of the School, commencing as it did in 1847, with an enrolment of 37 girls and growing steadily since then till now we have a school of approximately 800 girls. The Head Girl presented, on behalf of the girls, a picture to be hung in the School Hall and the VIII A. Prof. girls presented a birthday cake from their class. The girls then sang “The Best School of All,” and, to conclude the assembly, “The Children’s Hymn.”

A successful Jumble Sale was held at the Household Management Centre. The proceeds were for School funds.

The Old Girls’ Hockey Team had the honour of being the first to defeat the University “C” Grade team. Being third on the list, the Old Girls’ Team played the University in the semi-finals, but were defeated, 2–3.

The girls of the Ex-Students’ Hockey Team are holding a Jumble Sale on Saturday, 27th September, to pay off outstanding debts. The Club will be very glad of any assistance in the way of clothing, fancy articles, and old books, from the girls of the School.

HINTS FOR TENNIS PLAYERS

1.—The ball should not be more or less than 2½ inches in diameter. Foot, cricket, cannon and masonic balls are prohibited.

2.—The size of the racquet is not limited, but for convenience, members are advised not to use anything over six feet.

3.—Beginners should hit the ball occasionally, to relieve the monotony. Three misses should count as out.

4.—Players are not permitted to become ill, or ring up mother while the ball is in play.

5.—Players are requested not to wear spikes on their shoes. The wearing of shin pads is not prohibited.

6.—The ball when served, should be sent somewhere in the direction of the person served to, as an act of courtesy.

7.—The ball when struck must stop within the tennis grounds. Other strokes cause a great deal of trouble—viz., climbing trees and fences.

HISTORICAL HOCKEY

Goal-Keeper.
Oliver Cromwell—a great Protector.

Backs.
Julius Caesar—right back in history.
Henry VIII.—a stout defender.

Half-Backs.
Hereward—always awake.
Dick Turpin—good at holding up.
Nelson—eyes always on Victory.

Forwards.
John Bunyan—for making progress.
Robin Hood—a good shot.
Christopher Columbus—sailed straight for a goal.
William Tell—another crack shot.
George Stevenson—goes like a Rocket.
During the past few years many of the girls who have passed through the School have gone on to Modern School, where, we hear, they are distinguishing themselves both in scholastic achievements as well as on the sports' field. We congratulate Jessie Wauchope, Nellie Bragg and Biddy Perry on being chosen as members of the "A" Hockey Team, and Hazel Bell, Muriel Bottomley and Hazel Crabbe who are members of the "B" Team. Amongst the School Form Prefects are Dora Schmidt, Annette Newnham, Elsie Holderness and, in the first form, Dorothy Ohman and Melva Smith. We wish every success to those ex-students taking part in the November examinations.

Some of our number are also busy at Business Colleges and this year we are particularly well represented at Stotts', Hartill's and Underwood's Colleges. A great many of our ex-girls have obtained good positions in the business world and from what we hear of them they seem to be enjoying their work. We are pleased to hear that Netta Oldfield has recovered from her long period of sickness and is now back at work.

In hockey this year the Ex-Students' Team has had a particularly interesting and successful season. The outstanding players have been Nellie Bragg, Dorothy Genery and Lilian Moran. For the last few matches the defence was greatly improved by the addition of Esther Buggenthin and Barbara Stewart. As it is rumoured that several players will be leaving to join other teams at the commencement of the hockey season next year the Club would be glad to know of any present students who would like to join the team.

AN A.B.C. FOR P.G.S.

A is for Aches received at baseball.
B is for Bradman the pride of us all.
C is for Cricket played at all times.
D is for Dunce who can't say her rhymes.
E is for English, we all like to do.
F is for Factions, Red, Gold, Green and Blue.
G is for Girls seen everywhere.
H is for Homework done with much care.
I is for Ink that is spilt on the ground.
J is for Jokes that fly all around.
K for "Keep Trust," the motto we tackle.
L is for Laughter at chocks when they cackle.
M is for Music heard all the morn.
N is for Nails on which dresses are torn.
O is for Orange-peel found about school.
P is for Prefects who try to keep rule.
Q is for Questions to be answered with speed.
R is for Rules which we try hard to heed.
S is for Silence when laughter is o'er.
T is for Talking which is never a bore.
U is for Umpire who always plays fair.
V is for Victory a thing we should share.
W is for Way-shop where you can buy "Terrors."
X is for X-Rays taken of errors.
Y is for Yells when a goal has been won.
Z is our Zeal from morn till day's done.

A FAIRY STORY

There was, once upon a time, a poor little student at P.G.S. who went unto her mistress saying, "Oh, kind teacher, I went to a dance last night and had no time to do my home-work."

Then the kind mistress spake unto the little girl saying, "Despair not sweet one, I will forgive you freely. You need not do any home-work." And she kissed her on the brow and sent her thence.
They Say—

"Non Compos mentis!"
"Pads out; give an account of—"

That a certain master from P.B.S. had a love affair at the beginning of the year.
That 9A had intended to make some cutting remarks concerning 9B's chewing gum and biological experiments.
They have since decided not to.

"Out!"

That whales are scarce in the upper reaches of the Swan this winter.
That 'un due' is a duck and 'une duchesse' is a duckhouse.
That a certain teacher thinks that we think she is sarcastic.
That several prefects think that a prefect's life is not a bed of roses.
That Wolsey said, "If I had served my God as I have served my king, he would have been a better man."

"This board is greasy. Hands up the monitors."

That a certain teacher is determined to turn some of our walking hairpins into bonny, bouncing babies.
That the optimism of the Friday's sport girls is truly astonishing.
That they hope to have one more sport's day before the hockey season ends.
That their hopes are based on the fact that approximately one, out of four Fridays, is fine.
That the top seat in room 10 is being worn away by Gladys and Gwen. Poor seat!
That VIII A. Domestic have a champion cricketer in their midst, but her great drawback is that she does not know which end of the bat to use.
That you never learn anything by hearing yourself talk—Would a certain 8th Prof. please take note.
That it is the ambition of one of the smaller members of a professional class to become a comedian. She may be seen practising at lunch time.

An Ideal Examination

One by one the students strolled into the room, selected a comfortable armchair and a table, and, sitting down, contemplated their fellow students and the tastefully decorated walls.

There was no undue noise and everybody seemed cheerful. They were waiting for the examination. Not the exams. to which we are accustomed, but an ideal one. It was a great event of the year for which faction points were awarded (Red leading).

When everyone had settled down, the supervisor, a bright, cheery lady, entered the room and began the examination with a short address:

"Girls," she said, "the subject for to-day is English. There are three questions. You may do three, two, one or none at all. The questions are:

1.—Analyse:
She sells sea shells by the sea shore.
Pick out the alliterations.

2—Repeat the first two lines of 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickling pepper.' Describe its beauties and figures of speech.

3—Write a Criticism (about ten lines) on Byron's 'To a Skylark.'

On each desk are supplied a number of reference books, and light refreshments are to be found on this front table, to prevent you from collapsing. You may now start."

Some eager students set to work. Many found themselves frequently on the verge of collapse. Others leisurely set to work, alternately eating and transcribing from books, while others left the room to play tennis.

In due course, the students (except those asleep) left the room and prepared for a month's holiday.
That is an ideal exam.
There should be no monotony,
In studying your botany;
It helps to train
And spur the brain,
Unless you haven't got any.

It teaches you, does botany,
To know the plants and spot any;
And learn just why
They live or die,
In case you plant or pot any.

You learn, from reading botany,
Of woolly plants and cottony
They grow on earth
And what they're worth,
And why some spots haven't any.

You sketch the plants, in botany
You learn to chart and plot any;
Like corn, or oats.
You jot down notes,
If you know how to jot any.

Your time, if you'll allot any,
Will teach you how and what any;
Old plant or tree
Can do or be,
And that's the use of botany.

* * *

"LONGINGS."

Oh, how I long for the country,
The friendship of the trees,
The sound of running waters,
The droning of the bees.

Often I'm in the country,
I wander over the plains;
I climb the limestone ridges,
When the earth is fresh after rains.

I lie upon a hill-top,
And gaze across the sea;
I roam among the banksias,
And dream beneath a tree.

Oh, it's the life in the country,
'Tis life and joy supreme;
And often I'm in the country,
But, alas! 'tis only a dream!

* * *

IT'S SPRINGTIME IN THE HILLS.

The soft green grass is springing,
And the dainty bluebells ringing,
And the darting fish are happy in the rills;
The mating birds are fluting,
The wildflower buds are shooting,
And all because it's Springtime in the Hills.

The kangaroo goes leaping,
The sharp-eyed magpies peeping,
From far and near the wild bush music trills;
The kooka's laugh is pealing,
I seems the whole world's reeling,
And all because it's Springtime in the Hills.

"‘BEWARE’"

(ETHEL ASPLAND)

'Twas long ago from yesterday night
That I dreamt myself in a terrible plight,
And I'm sure that anyone in my place
Would agree that it was an unfortunate case.

Now, as I was strolling along the way,
I met an old man, and he said, "Good-day."
I answered politely, and walked with him;
He was rather a tall man, and none too slim.

When we arrived at the end of the street,
I was all for a hasty retreat.
But he shook his head and he waved his arms,
So I went along with fears and qualms.

He took me into a great big house,
I jumped, for I trod on a wee grey mouse.
The walls were festooned with spiders and ants,
And I noticed the man had a patch on his pants.
We went into a room; oh, guess what I saw! A table stood, in the middle of the floor. But ’twas not that took by breath away—’Twas what I could see on the table lay. There were cakes and fruit and nuts and sweets, There were jellies and puffs, oh, wonderful treats! But as I was standing enjoying the sight, Six more men came in, on my right. Then I jumped; but no, ’twas too late to retrench; For, what do you think? They all spoke French.

My friend, only two words of English could say, And they were the simple words, “Good-day.” We all sat down, and I seemed to be Just treated as one of the family. But alas! all the French I knew was “eat,” And I could hardly address my host like that.

I furrowed by brow, but nothing came, I scratched my head, but still ’twas the same. At last I fell down in a swoon, as though dead, They carried me out—and I woke up in bed.

Applied Quotations

“These’s a breathless hush in the close to-night.”
(First hockey match with P.M.G.S.)

“In the last battle borne down by the flyingWhere mingle war’s rattles the groans of the dying.”—Scott.
(First hockey match with P.M.G.S.)

“Music do I hear?”—Shakespeare.
(School orchestra practising.)

“Whose odours haunt my dreams.”—Tennyson.
(Odours from the centre. Those who sat by the windows last year will remember.)

“There was a sound of revelry by night.”—Byron.
(School Ball.)

“There passed a weary time; each throat was parched and glazed each eye.”—Coleridge.
(Geography period.)

“Then a burst of wild thanksgiving;” (When the French test was postponed indefinitely.)

“Call me early, mother dear.”
(A Midlandonian.)

“Yet she was kind and if severe in aught, the love she bore to learning was at fault.”
(One of our teachers.)

“Faery Mab did the fattening junkets eat.”
(Goo.)

“I hunger for the sea’s edge.”
(VIII A. Commercial.)

“And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, That two small heads could carry all they knew.”
(G. and G.)

“Farewell! with tears we leave thee to thy lonely vigilance.”
(P.G.S.)

“All things were joyful on that day.”
(Break-up day.)

“There is no effort on my brow.”
(F. M., 8th Professional.)

“And forth with steps they passed That strove to be and were not fast.”
(Students about to visit the Office.)

“While words of learned length and thundering sound, Amazed the gaping rustics ranged around.”
(SA Professional listening to a lecture.)

“Err not, regret not.”
(Compound interest.)

“Oh sleep it is a gentle thing, Beloved from pole to pole.”
(But not in school.)

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”
(SA’s art books.)
ON SKATING

I suppose everyone has tried to skate. I tried, but that was as far as I got.

My specialty was going up and down the pavement on one skate—a very dangerous proceeding as I have since learnt. I was getting on famously, so I became venturesome and tried going down the hill.

As there were a good many people walking along the pavement, I thought it was a good chance to show my skill in skating—the good old way of pushing with one foot.

I was getting on like a house on fire when the wretched skate turned traitor, and I was hurled into space.

The next thing I knew was that I was being drawn, by that stern law called gravity, to the earth, where I arrived with a resounding smack.

At school I never got on well with geotropism and from that moment it was my enemy.

Amid the titters of some stupid onlookers, I made a bee-line for our gate, where I prepared myself for the inevitable storm. I was not mistaken. The storm burst when I, with torn stockings, black eye, etc., showed myself in the kitchen where, being at close quarters, I received the full benefit of it.

The meal that night was a very silent one. Nobody had a kind or sympathetic word for me, who, under the circumstances, was forced to eat my food from the mantelpiece.

Since then I have come to the conclusion that skating is not as nice as it sounds, and woe betide the person who mentions skates or skating in my presence.

THE BARGE'S STORY


It was evening and the lovely colours of the sky had filled the air with a soft radiance. High up in the sky the birds cried their farewells to a black swan which rested on the water.

The little dredge loved evening and twilight, for it filled him with a certain mysterious loneliness. He remembered how once he had been a tall straight pine—the admiration of all the forest. Such memories would return to him in the evening—memories of white winters and howling wolves; and sweeter memories of the beautiful spring.

"Oh, do tell us a story," whispered a voice near him. It was the evening wind, very quiet and plaintive and wheedling. "Yes, do," gurgled the river, equally plaintive and wheedling. The swan chimed in and the stars suddenly woke and twinkled into the stream.

"Well, yes," murmured the dredge, "I believe I will." His voice was very soft and low and seemed to have twined in it the mellow glory of the sunset.

"Long ago, when red men roamed the forests in the land of my birth, a young man and a little girl came to live in a little hut in the forest. He was a white man, and seemed to be friendly with the Indians.

"Every morning the man would take his gun into the forest and come back laden with the spoils of his hunt. The little girl always stayed in the little cabin with her Indian nurse. She was a fairy-like child with deep blue eyes and cheeks like the wild roses. Dainty and deft of hand and foot, she was the joy of the man's life, and often, between his work, he would take her on his knee and tell her stories of the forest.

"Thus they lived for two years when, despite the anger of the white man, the Indians went away singing their war songs. When they came back I knew they had been victorious over their enemies.

"Two weeks went by, and three. One night, near at hand a different war cry rent the silence of the forest. The man was ready in an instant to defend his home. Like a hurricane the Indians swept down upon him—and the man's life was gone; but the little home was safe with the little girl and her nurse inside.
Ten years passed and the child grew up a stately, beautiful maiden with no friends except her faithful Indian guardian. To the simple Indians she had become known as the Goddess of the Sun and none dared to harm her.

It was on a very hot day when the flowers drooped and the birds seemed too weary to sing, that another white man and woman rode into the forest.

"I left him because I thought him faithless," the woman was saying. "He and his little sister came away to these forests and were killed by the Indians."

"How have you learnt all this?" the other asked, surprised.

"For many years," she continued, "when I learned how I had wronged him, I endeavoured to trace him. Each piece of news I learned confirmed the fact that they died by Indian hands."

At this moment, on the opposite side of the stream at which the travellers had stopped to rest, there came a slight rustle and a quiver of the grasses, and into the bright sunshine stepped the Goddess of the Sun. She stood for a few seconds, then turned and sped away into the forest.

The woman was very pale and the hand she put on the man's arm trembled. "It was so like him," she gasped. "Be quick, and find her and bring her here."

The man sprang into his saddle and rode away in the direction taken by the girl. He searched everywhere, but nowhere could he find any sign of life or habitation.

The next day he came again with the woman and after a long and tedious search he found the little cabin deep in the silent forest.

By much gentle cajoling they persuaded the girl to leave the woods that had been her home for so many years and to go and live with them in the city. Now, that is all I know. I am tired and I have much hard work to do to-morrow. Good-night."

The eager listeners reluctantly left him, murmuring their thanks as they went. The moon was shining softly over the water and the stars blinked sleepily into the water. The black swan nestled closer to the dredge and the wind went singing of a beautiful maiden with hair like the sunshine and deep blue eyes.

The School Orchestra

For many years Perth Girls' School has been without an orchestra, but now one has been established under the conductorship of Miss Merle Jones, and considerable progress is being made.

At present it is composed of stringed instruments, but the addition of cornet, clarinet or flute would lend colour to the effect.

Up till now, the players have concentrated on some of Fletcher's works. This composer is responsible for a number of dainty airs, one of which, "Graceful Measures and Minuet" appeals to the members of the orchestra. As they progress, the girls hope to try more difficult works by the world-famous composers, but this cannot be done until they become familiar with combination playing.

The players now number twelve, of whom the first violins are Joan Reeves, Chrissie Blake, Doris Seymour, Mabel Ellis and Molly Gamble. The second violins are Audrey Murdoch, Marjory Millard, Edna Dewar, Nancy Bennett, Pauline Horowitz and Sheila Ramm. At the piano is Dortea Hansen, who is also the able secretary.

Under the supervision of Miss Jones, the orchestra is sure to go ahead, for with such competent backing and keen enthusiasm success is assured.