



"KEEP TRUST"

No. 7 - JULY - 1934

# THE MAGPIE

Edited by the Students  
PERTH GIRLS' SCHOOL







The MAGPIE  
JULY, 1934

# STUDENT OFFICIALS

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## HEAD GIRL

*Violet Geddes*

## 9TH STANDARD PREFECTS

*Violet Geddes*

*Joan Selden*

## FACTION CAPTAINS

Red—*Pauline Bell*  
Gold—*Mary Pillow*

Blue—*Violet Geddes*  
Green—*Joyce Day*

## EDITRESS

*Pat Curthoys*

## COMMITTEE

*Jean Sproge*  
*Ella Sharpe*  
*Mavis Bahlinger*  
*Marjorie Spencer*

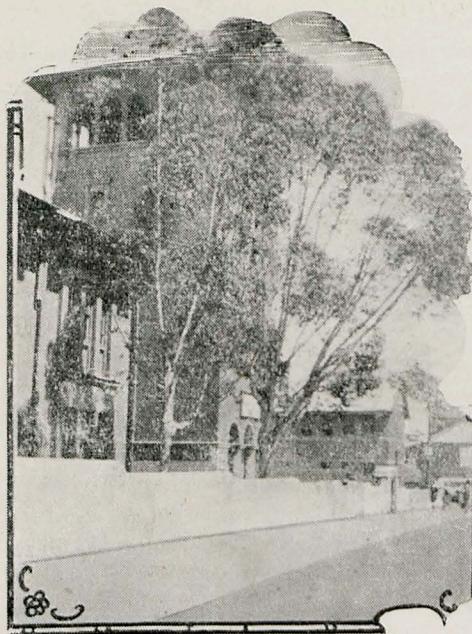
*Joy Duff*

*Jean Davenport*  
*Marion Powell*  
*Marjorie White*  
*Joyce Scott*





BACK ROW—Marjorie Ross, Violet Geddes, Shirley Browne, Margaret Ellis, Pauline Bell, Phyllis Gordon, Jean Scott, Gwen Pierpoint.  
MIDDLE ROW—Bernice Main, Jessie Hunt, Edna McGilvray, Olive Scott (Head Girl), Alice Sharpe, Betty Wells, Marie Brownlie.  
FRONT ROW—Joan Selden, Marjorie Lowe, Doris Boag.



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## EDITORIAL

THERE are some of us who as the year moves on towards its close, must realize, however reluctantly, that our period of association with P.G.S. is almost spent. There is no doubt, however, that each and every one of us is happier in the possession of the many treasured memories which in later years it will be our privilege to recall.

This year, as ever, has seen an increase in the number of students, the total at the commencement of the year being just over the 1,000 mark. The teaching staff has now to cope with twenty-two classes, these being divided into professional, general and domestic groups. To our new girls we extend the hand of welcome, hoping that they in their turn will love and appreciate P.G.S. as much as we have.

In March the Faction Swimming Carnival claimed much of our attention, Red Faction gaining pride of place, followed by Green, Blue and Gold. Unfortunately, we lost the first of the contests for the J. C. Taylor Shield—the swimming contest—Princess May winning by 13 points, and to them we offer our hearty congratulations. On the sports field where we later meet we intend to show our above-mentioned rivals just what they are up against!

And now clouds of varying blackness gather round us in the form of half-yearly examinations. But we are all going to hope hard, and try harder, and that should satisfy most consciences.

In conclusion, we should like to thank all those who have helped towards the production of this issue of *The Magpie* and to offer congratulations to our prize-winners. We hope that all will find this an enjoyable issue of our journal.

# Class Notes

## IXth PROFESSIONAL.

BONJOUR mes amies! We cannot, as heretofore has been the custom, commence by narrating our virtues, for according to popular belief they are chiefly vices. Amongst our groups of thirty-one intelligent students are many talented dramatists and songsters, who though too shy to perform before a critical public, are ever ready to entertain us with their praiseworthy presentations of Shakespearian scenes such as the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." As to the singers, even our teacher can bear witness to the silvery voices that greet her as she comes up the corridor.

Although we may be deficient in other directions, we really do excel in sport, for on the first day of the faction matches, twenty-one fresh-faced enthusiasts marched off to fight for their respective teams.

Despite our sport activities and the very vigorous drill lessons we experience on Monday afternoons, our teachers are still very concerned with our health, taking great care to see that we have plenty of suitable literature with which to occupy our spare moments and that we do not spend too long on homework.

Did we say "Homework"? Yes, unfortunately the terrible (?) word is only too familiar, and with the ever-present knowledge that the exams are hovering near, we hasten off to learn about "the six abominable segments of the caterpillar, and other items of interest.

## VIIIA. PROFESSIONAL.

Hello, everybody! VIIIA. Professional calling on Magpie wavelength! We are a cheery, brainy set of girls, forty in number and very interested in many things.

Our dramatic art is glorious; in fact, we have numerous Mrs. Siddons and Sarah Bernhardts among us, and almost any lunch-time you may hear (not see, for the door is well secured against invaders) spirited renderings of Julius Caesar issuing forth from VIIIA. Professional room. In sport our unique class is well represented, having four faction captains and several team players in hockey and baseball gracing its roll of honour. Singing, too, is one of our specialities (we have many!) for there are several Madame Melbas in our midst, whose silvery notes resemble those of the nightingales, and in dancing we are as light and airy as thistledown! But, alas! we have few Beethovens.

But pax! We are so studious that we have no time for the frivolities of the modern girl. Indeed, our thoughts are so sternly bent towards geometry and biology, that frequently we become so interested in these subjects that we quite forget to glance at our watches or to think of delicious lunches reposing within reach. Even French holds no terrors for us, and though for French we are divided in class we are united in spirit. Biology tests we also meet with undaunted smiles, but it is a great pity our teachers do not share the golden opinions we hold of ourselves. Indeed, it is a notable fact that teachers seldom do.

In prefects we are somewhat overburdened, having three class prefects and several train prees. Alas, every rose has its thorns!

Well, we think now you would know us if you saw us, so farewell and good luck to all in exams., and we wish you everything you wish yourselves. Cheerio! VIIIA. Professional is now closing down.

### VIIIA. GENERAL

We are about to do the 1934 *Magpie* a good turn by introducing ourselves to it and the School as the clever, industrious band that comprises VIIIA. Commercial.

You have only to ask our teacher her opinion of us, and no doubt she will inform you that we are an exceptionally angelic class, as we know all our work up to date (?). We possess only one budding artist, and we hope, one day, to see some of her sketches adorning the London Art Gallery, while as for sewing, ah me! We none of us hope to be dressmakers, as our teacher firmly believes that we use our sewing as pot scourers.

Our sport enthusiasts are keen on making their faction supreme. Amongst them are Mary Bagshaw, captain of the Red faction tennis, and our golden tressed mermaid, Winnie Pierpoint.

Having succeeded in acquainting you with our virtues, we shall now make our exit.

### VIIIB. COMPOSITE

Hello School! VIIIB. Composite calling! This year we make our debut in *The Magpie*, and are we proud? Perhaps you don't know it, but we are one great shining light in all sorts of school work and sport, but our ardour has been considerably dampened by the loss of Pat, our swimming champion. Of course, we still have our happy moments with Kathleen, our cheerful foghorn and expert dancer, also Betty and Muriel, our worthy prefects, who endeavour to keep us in order. We are, however, the essence of goodness and need not be persuaded. One of our poetic members sums up our virtues in these lines:

Our class is like a shining light  
At lessons we're a cheerful sight,  
We're excellent cooks  
We revel in books  
And our teacher will tell you that's right.

Cheerio, everybody, and we wish you lots of luck in the forthcoming exams.

### VIIIC. GENERAL

Hullo everybody, VIIIC. General on the air. We are now presenting to you our special news session.

Owing to the good influence of our prefects, Alberta Sims and Joan Green, silence reigns supreme (??).

We have some budding actresses in our midst who try to imitate Garbo with small success.

We boast some amateur sportswomen, including Joyce Scott who plays baseball, Rita Wood and Joyce Bownass who are in the Gold and Blue tennis teams, respectively, and Florence Tozer who is in the hockey team.

We are now looking forward joyfully to the oncoming exams (?), but do we dread them? No! that is not done by VIIIC.

Before closing we would like to wish everyone success in the approaching exams, so farewell everyone!

### VIIIA. DOMESTIC.

We, the industrious class of VIIIA Domestic, make our debut in this year's *Magpie*. Nine new girls from lower classes have lately joined us and we sincerely hope our deportment will not suffer accordingly. At arithmetic, our favourite subject (?) we shine like stars—at least there are a few bright sparks in our community. That our grading should have been Z has been remarked upon so often that, if it were not for our cast-iron optimism, we might even believe it.

But if we lack in brains we excel in brawn, as we possess five sports captains, Joan Sims and Noreen Cook for basketball, Irene Woolridge and Hazel Chester for tennis and Gwen Pascoe for baseball.

We have many stray visitors during our lunch hours, one of the most frequent being a black terrier which received a hearty welcome until one day, when he quietly purloined a very special cake belonging to of our members. Then for a time he was rather unpopular.

Several of us are progressing favourably with our knitted jumpers, teacosies and socks but despite these bright moments in which we are able to indulge our artistic inclinations, other darker clouds loom over us. So farewell sport, welcome study(?).

### VIIIB. DOMESTIC.

Heigh, ho! The great event has happened! Domestic VIIIB. has at last burst into the limelight. This is the first time that any of our great works have appeared in print, and of course we all feel very proud and important; who wouldn't?

As you know, we are all very industrious, conscientious and painstaking students—ask our teacher if this statement is not correct and she will uphold us.

Sport! Ah! In our midst are several noteworthy sport enthusiasts, such as Faith Passmore, May Clinch, Adrienne Shooter, Ruth Scott and the like.

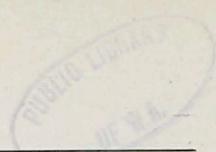
Music is the essence of life—at least several of our budding Beethovens think so. Our music-bound pupils are Sybil Provis, Rose Temple, Doreen Manning, and Olwen Jones.

Now to bring this epistle to a close we will conclude with a little class gossip on prominent members of this happy community.

N.Mc. is our orator, a good swimmer and a general favourite with everyone.

S.P. is undoubtedly our best musician.

A.S., our worthy train pre, has a charming personality and holds out a helping hand to everyone.



O.J. is a sun-tanned maiden and a popular prefect.

F.P. is known to her friends as "Digger" but some rude people occasionally call her "Snigger."

J.B. is an aquatic sports assistant.

Cheerio, everyone! The best of luck in the coming horror, and may you all survive.

#### VIIIC. DOMESTIC

Domestic VIIIC calling from their new station in the south-eastern corner of the buildings.

We like our new quarters, except when we are reminded that the name outside the building—Infants' School—is an appropriate one.

We commenced the year with 53 in the class, and though now there are 43, only 30 of the original faces are to be seen, others having qualified for higher grades or having begun grown-up life in the outside world.

We are feeling sad: Goodbyes have had to be said to eleven of our comrades, Joy Stephens, our prefect, being one of the number. Nessie looks forlorn and already wears a somewhat harassed look.

The twins still remain with us to enjoy their luncheon cups of tea, though the fear of separation hung over their heads for some days.

To the sporting fields we have sent Vanya to captain the Green baseball team, Gwen to help the Blue faction tennis, and Roma and Gwen have swum for us. Sibilla is our artist, and her beautiful designs are the admiration of us all. The near future holds the half-yearly exams. May we all do well.

#### VIIth STANDARDS.

Greetings to you all from the juniors of the School! We are feeling very proud to be given this space in *The Magpie* and though it will give you only a brief introduction to the merry young spirits amongst us, still you will meet us again next year when we have become sober (?) seniors.

There can be no doubt that we are maidens of many and varied accomplishments. Our two VIIth Professionals report that they are all puffed up with learning and very proud of their two new subjects—French and geometry. Though they have been often warned that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" they are nothing daunted and proudly invent new wonders every day.

Our general classes are six in all and boast of many activities—VIIB1 at the moment concentrating on the collecting of lucky charms—rusty nails, black cats and numerous other helpful articles. Queer sounds have been heard recently from VIIIC, and we can only suppose that this must be the Poetry and Dramatic Club, of which we have heard rumours. Sweet singing birds seem to have found their home in VIIB2, while other generals report the possession of all the brainiest girls in the school—not to mention their poetesses and story writers.

We have still another group of whom we must tell you—our six Domestic classes. These are our envy after their day at the centre when they report of the delicious concoctions they have made. We are always hopeful that they might ask us to sample them but not so. Of their artistic ability there can be no doubt. We have heard rumours that VIID. is responsible for the ducks, cats, etc., to be found decorating their walls!

And now we must conclude our brief tale by wishing all a successful and very happy year. Farewell all!

## School Notes

THIS year we are the proud possessors of a wireless set which was purchased at the end of last year as a result of the efforts of Miss Merle Jones and her choir girls. This should give much enjoyment to all and prove a valuable asset to the school.

Anzac Day was commemorated at Perth Girls' by a service held in the School Hall on April 24th. Addresses on Gallipoli and its meaning for us were given by our Headmistress and by the Rev. J. Bell. Recitations were given by Nancy Mercer and Jean Burton, and Mendelssohn's Funeral March was played by Miss Merle Jones. The School Choir sang "I Vow to Thee, My Country," and all joined in the singing of hymns.

Our staff has again undergone many changes. Miss Lyon left this year for a year's study leave in England and Miss Popham is now a member of the Collie staff. We are pleased to welcome back to our staff Miss Gwen Jones and Miss Bownass, who has returned after her year's exchange. We should also like to welcome Miss Harrington to the staff this year.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Greenwood on winning an Orient Scholarship, and of wishing her the best of success in her studies in England.

Miss Hendry is at present an inmate of Nurse Anderson's Hospital, where she has just undergone an operation. We trust that she will soon be feeling strong again, and send her our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Our Free Period has again excited much interest this year, and Friday 11-12 is a favourite hour with all. The handcrafts this year include garment making, leatherwork, raffia and canework, book-binding, knitting, tatting, marquetry and design, and florentine work.

There are again the Literary and Debating and Dramatic Clubs, and groups for dancing and choral work. New clubs have been formed this year for music and art appreciation, first-aid, and Latin for those later doing pharmacy work.



# Sports Notes

Our swimming season again saw the beginning of an active year's sport and now that the other branches of sport have commenced there is much keen competition in the school.

This year we entered three teams for the Life-Saving Carnival and all proved a great credit to the School. In the Combined Schools' Carnival we also had success in gaining first place, but in our carnival against Princess May we were not so successful, thus giving Princess May a lead of 13 points towards the J. C. Taylor Shield.

Teams have been practising hard in tennis, hockey, baseball and basketball and when our matches commence with Princess May we hope to be strong enough to put up a good fight.

Faction matches are now being competed and the results of the May matches are:—

*Tennis:* Red beat Blue, 4-0; Gold beat Green, 21-15 games. Sets even.  
*Hockey:* Blue beat Red, 3-0; Green beat Gold, 3-0.  
*Basketball:* Gold beat Green, 13-9; Red beat Blue, 25-2.  
*Baseball:* Red beat Blue, 32-17; Gold beat Green, 30-5.

The Faction points at present are:—

RED . . . . .	71	GOLD . . . . .	31
GREEN . . . . .	43	BLUE . . . . .	28

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## SWIMMING

Once again the swimming season was an important feature in the year's sport, in fact, it was more strenuous than usual, owing to the inclusion of two extra carnivals, namely, the Combined Schools' Carnival, and the carnival organized by the City Council.

The season opened with the Life-Saving Carnival for which we entered three teams, the girls performing creditably.

The School Carnival aroused great enthusiasm. Red won pride of place with 56 points, Green gained 38 points, Blue 23 points, and Gold 16 points. Much credit must be given to the Faction Captains, Pauline Bell (Red), Nancy Mercer (Green), Peggy Wear (Blue) and Winnie Pierpoint (Gold).

The outstanding performers in Red were Pauline Bell, the School champion, who scored 28 points for her faction, and Pat Adolph in Blue, Merle Edgecumbe and Ann Tothill, in Green, Olive Jensen and Ailsa Kirk, and in Gold, Lena Reynolds and Marjorie White.

At the Combined Schools Carnival the excitement was intense throughout the morning as, until the last race, the result was doubtful. However, Perth Girls' team proved successful in the critical event, the relay race, winning the carnival by a margin of one point from Princess May.

In the third carnival, the contest with Princess May School, our opponents won by a margin of 13 points. The final competition of the year was a carnival promoted by the City Council at which the Victoria Square girls were successful in winning the Pennant. Perth Girls', coming second, put up a very good performance.

Our sincere thanks are due to Miss Clarke and Miss Greenwood for the time they spent so ably coaching our swimmers through the season.

## TENNIS

This year most of the team girls are in seventh and eighth standards and have not had experience in team playing. Only two girls from last year's team remain. The team has worked well and the girls are keenly interested and have improved considerably. There are quite a number of promising players among the new girls.

Of the four factions, Red has the most prominent team, having several girls in the school teams. The other three teams are more or less even and the matches this year should prove interesting. The captains have been working well with their teams and have had quite a number of practices.

### CRITICISM OF PLAYERS.

JOYCE.—School Captain and Green faction captain, is the best player.

She has a good drive and serve, and is fairly good at the net. She has a somewhat weak backhand and should concentrate on it.

MARY.—Captain of the Red faction, is very good at the net. She places well but needs to improve in her backhand and long drives.

HAZEL.—Blue faction captain, has the best strokes in the team. She is a consistent, earnest player, and has improved this year.

VIOLET.—Is the strongest new player this year. She places well and is accurate.

IRENE.—Captain of Gold faction, has improved greatly. She is a very steady player but has a weak backhand. She should develop more pace.

BETTY, AILSA.—Have good, hard strokes but are erratic. They need to concentrate more on their game.

JUDY.—Is a reliable player and has a good forehand. She has a good serve and places very well.

NORA, ROMA, NANCY.—Are promising players.

All members of the team would like to thank Miss Rance for the help she has given them in coaching.

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## BASKETBALL

The winter sport season has opened with a very promising outlook for the basketball section. Among the new girls we have several good goal-shooters, some of whom, Joan Sims (Red), Elsie Reynolds (Red), Joyce Walker (Gold) and Bertha Snader (Gold) are especially good.

In the faction matches played on May 11 the Red faction team proved to be a fairly strong combination, with Adrienne Shooter as defence wing and Gladys Shaw as goal defence, both these girls playing very well. Had the Blue team, which at present is very weak in defence and needs more practice in team-work and passing, been a stronger opposing team, it is doubtful whether the Red team would have won such an overwhelming victory. Jean Kilpatrick (Red, centre) is very quick, and has a reliable attack wing in Eunice Buchanan. Olive William (Gold, wing), Ivy Foster (Green, centre), Olive Jensen (Green, wing), and Edith Preece (Blue, defence goal), all played very well in the faction matches.

The outstanding weakness in all teams save the Red team is the defence. Before the close of the season we hope to see the Gold, Green, and Blue teams showing a good resistance to the Red team which at present is the strongest.

## HOCKEY

Once again the hockey season greets us, and for about a month now, keen players have been practising at every available moment, endeavouring to obtain positions in various faction teams. This year there are fewer hockey players but there are two or three who have come from other schools, and the girls are keenly interested in their game. As we have not yet played any matches against Princess May this year the "A" and "B" teams have not yet been definitely chosen.

Last Friday witnessed the first faction hockey matches of the season, resulting, after much hard play, in victories for the Green and Blue teams. We take this opportunity to congratulate these teams.

The play lacked team work, combination and recognition of individual places.

Points to be remembered are:—

- (1) Players should learn that every girl has a certain work to do on the field.
- (2) Play out, and on the whole field, not on a square inch.
- (3) Hit diagonally out, and not across goals, to help the other side.
- (4) Don't play against your own side, but against the opponents.
- (5) The forward line should be above the centre line and forwards should always play to one another; that is centre to wings and wings to centre.
- (6) Learn to tackle and not stand watching, and do not chase balls which another player has a chance of taking.
- (7) Goals are shot within the goal circle, not from the opponent's circle; that is, play an offensive game not a defensive one.

The outstanding players among the senior classes are:—Nancy Hagley, Jean Sproge and Jessie Pengelly as half-backs; Marjorie Spencer as the centre-forward, and Pat Richards, Florrie Brennan and Rene Skeggs, the wings.

The most promising among the Seventh players are:—Shirley Johnson and Joyce Britain as wings, Bessie MacFarlane and Nancy Ferguson as defence.

In conclusion, we take this opportunity of thanking all the teachers who have spent so much time in coaching us this season.



## BASEBALL

This season promises to be an enjoyable one for all those interested in baseball, and as there are many interested in this branch of sport, the faction teams are practising hard. The "A" and "B" teams have not been selected so far, as the matches with Princess May have been postponed, but the teams required for the faction matches have been picked, and last Friday's matches resulted in victory for the Gold and Red teams. From the scoring, however, it is evident that all teams require plenty of practice.

Many good baseballers passed out of the school last year, but again many new girls filled the vacancies.

Among the Senior girls we now possess several reliable players.

CRITICISM.

JOYCE SCOTT hits well, and is a swift bowler, but must be less erratic, while RUTH PILLOW, a swift backstop, hits forcibly, but must hit lower. MAY CLINCH, an active fielder and strong hitter, is an asset to her faction, while JESSIE MANN and GWEN PASCOE are good all-round players. Jessie's fault lies in keeping to her place, and Gwen needs more practice. VANYA ARMININI, a quick short-stop, needs more practice in hitting, which is weak, and CARINA SPARKMAN needs to be swifter on her feet.

In the Sevenths we find many promising players, who are keen about their game, but badly need practice in throwing and hitting. DORIS HALL and MOLLY TREGONNING are quick on the field, but both must hit with more force. Two other reliable players are EDNA GROVES and LOLA HITCHINS who hit well, throw low and are active on the field. Lola can improve her hitting still more.

DORIS STUART, HOPE and ANNE FOOX will improve with practice as they are promising players.

Lastly we would like to extend our sincere thanks to Misses Hendry and Clare who have willingly given many of their lunch hours for the purpose of coaching us.

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## They Say—

That it is required to prove r-r-rubbish-sh-sh!!

That Louis XIV. was gelatined.

That the most scantily populated area in Italy is on the summit of the active volcanoes.

“Ye gods! it doth amaze me.”

That soya beans are used for the bottoms of saucers.

That the plural of penny is twopence.

That an eight stone weight is not sedate.

“Did I promise you a test?”

That two girls in IXA are arguing as to which has the larger mouth.

That the smallest girl in VIIC. General has the biggest brain.

That *some* people go through life with their eyes shut.

That much learning maketh one mad.

# Applied Quotations

“It hath a fiendish look.”

—Biology Students’ Caterpillar.

“And they hear not and they heed not,  
And they know not.”

—The Teachers’ Lament.

“I was in love with my bed.”

—One truthful latecomer.

“A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.”

—Our exam papers.

“What does little birdie say?”

—Fond teacher’s enquiry of one talking in school (??).

“Where *perhaps* some beauty lies.”

—IXth Standard designs.

“They whisper and conspire against my youth.”

—Examiners.

“Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong.”

—A certain girl’s French translation.

“Droppeth as the gentle rain rom heaven.”

—Impositions.

“Mayst hear the merry din.”

VIIIth. Standard enjoying their lunch-hour frolics.

“Her voice a warbling lyre of wildest range.”

—One of our musical IXth Domestics.

“O Idleness, too fond of me  
Begone, I know and hate thee.”

—Over any before exams.

“And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.”

—A tale of work undone.

“They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes.”

—After first German lesson.

“My ears are constantly smitten by that dreamy monotone.”

—Poor little studes.

## Story and Poem Competition

The interest aroused by our competitions has this year been as keen as ever and it is pleasing to know that so many girls are interested in this form of self-expression.

Of the two sections the verse certainly brought the greater response and the more outstanding contributions. Some few poems erred through lack of rhythm or a failure to adopt any definite scheme of metre throughout the whole, but more suffered from being over rhythmical and producing a sing-song effect so easy to get where every line has four beats and alternate lines are rhymed. Apart from those whose poems have been published, the best work was sent in by Heather Cross, Judy Reddell, Irene Congdon, Phyllis Riley, Olive Eggleston and Dorothy Parker.

The stories, although quite nicely told, are again lacking in plot and in originality. The best stories have been published, but others which showed promise were sent in by Mary Pillow, Alison Ockerby, Maurine Facius, Jean Sproge and Mary Sorenson.

We congratulate our prize-winners:—

Best Short Story: MAVIS BAHLINGER.

Best Poem: THELMA WATTERSON.

In the Limerick Competition a great number of entries were received and the prizes have been awarded as follows:—

Senior Limerick: SYBIL ROBBINS

Junior Limerick: OLIVE COUSINS

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### THE SALMON GUMS.

They rear their branches high into the sky  
Like lofty citadels. Each one doth seem  
A monarch o'er the world from infancy  
To rule with high and mighty hand his realm.

The salmon gums each coral trunk agleam  
Set off by dainty leaves of purest green.  
Sentinel they stand, throughout the silent bush;  
Each one a lord, a ruler and a king.

*Thelma Watterson*

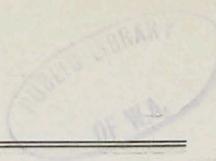
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### "THE SILVER LINING."

A storm-cloud slumbered o'er the sky,  
A billow wild,  
The grey sea's child—  
That darkened all from revelry,  
And nothing smiled.

And then a streak of silver showed  
A shining stream,  
A silver seam—  
That brightened then the world anew,  
In sunshine's beam.

*Mavis Bahlinger*



### THE MEMORIAL

They have built a stately column  
To our sons who fell in war,  
As our emblem of remembrance  
To those we see no more.  
To most folk 'tis just a symbol,  
Yet it seems to me o' nights  
A great pencil that writes clearly  
On the sky's unfathomed heights.  
Each and ev'ry night 'twill write there,  
'Till the scroll of names be done,  
And the glory of the great stars  
Brightly haloes every one.  
So that never thro' the ages  
Can their brave deeds be forgot;  
Always shine their names in Heaven  
Blameless, without stain or spot.

*Pat Curthoys*

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### THE KOOKABURRA.

The twilight gathered dimly  
Among the tall gum trees,  
And notes of trilling laughter  
Came, wafted on the breeze.  
But standing gaunt and silent  
Was a tree above the rest,  
Where a bird sat happily singing  
His song of laughter in jest.  
As he sang the twilight lingered  
And another day was done,  
Then the stars lit the sky with splendour  
To take the place of the sun.

*Joan Blair*

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### EVENING.

Coldly, sadly, descends the evening,  
Slowly the sun sinks in the west,  
The birds have ceased their merry singing,  
To seek a spot on earth to rest.  
Shadows arise in a mist from the valleys,  
Spreading a soft purple cloak o'er the world,  
Mysterious and dark they lurk in the alleys  
Of village and town where night's wing's unfurled.

*Pat Richards*

TRAVEL.

How good 'twould be to travel  
To countries near and far,  
To see the Oriental,  
Or rivers Rhine and Saar.  
There are the Seven Wonders,  
And Greece's ancient art.  
The music of Vienna,  
Or India's jungle heart.  
How great to travel freely,  
Just where your fancies please,  
To feel the world your playground,  
—You wander at your ease.

*Joyce Scott*

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SPRING.

I wandered far o'er hill and vale  
In this fair land of ours,  
My heart rejoiced to see the dale  
All decked with pretty flowers.  
I found some orchids hidden deep  
Among the dewy grass,  
Their blue eyes seem to love to peep  
At strangers as they pass.  
The wattle bowed her head of gold  
In reverence to the sun.  
God gave the colours, we are told  
To each and every one.

*Erna Stratton*

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A'NESTING.

Twitter here and twitter there  
The sparrow and the dove,  
"Fetch that straw and fetch that moss!  
Hurry up my love."  
Singing, singing all the time  
Happy birds are they,  
Bringing leaves to build their nests  
All the busy day.  
When the evening twilight falls  
And their work is done,  
They cuddle up inside their nests  
As pleased as anyone.

*Moira Jowett*

## The MAGPIE

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### THE COUNTRYSIDE.

There's romance about the wide country,  
A romance that lures and calls  
To rolling green hills, and chattering rills,  
And tree-pillared, moss-throned halls.  
There's freedom within the wild woodland,  
Untrammelled by man's selfish sway,  
For the birds and the flow'rs, and the sweet woodland bow'rs  
'Neath Nature dwell happy and gay.

*Ella Sharpe*

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### WEEPING WILLOWS.

Rustling and sighing trees,  
Why do you weep?  
Blowing all night in the breeze,  
Never asleep!  
Have you some lone sorrow,  
No one to know?  
Or is it just your nature  
To sigh and blow?  
Over the joyful brook,  
Drooping, you bend,  
Have you some sad message you're  
Wishing to send?  
What is it, dear Willow ?  
Why don't you say?  
Won't you be happy with us,  
Just for today?

*Marjorie White*

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### THE DANCING LADY.

In the evening by the starlight,  
When the breeze was soft and low,  
A dainty little lady  
Came dancing to and fro.  
Her hair was sparkling silver,  
Her gown was long and sweet,  
The neatest silver slippers  
Were placed upon her feet.  
She danced until she wearied,  
Then having curtsied low,  
She slipped into the darkness,  
Where the honey-suckles grow.  
She must have been a fairy,  
This lady of delight.  
And if she comes tomorrow,  
I'll find out if I'm right.

*Margaret Williamson*

## THE HOLLANDER'S PATCHES

In far-away Holland, very long ago, two Dutch children stood on a cobble-stoned jetty, watching the brown-winged fishing boats sailing slowly in from the sunset. The little boy's ship lay forgotten on the cobbles beside his sister's basket. Both little Hollanders were dressed in brown and white, for, as it was very long ago, the little girl's dress was not flowered and the little boy had no coloured patches.

On this particular evening the little boy looked more wistfully towards the sunset, and said softly: "Why is the sky always so beautiful while we have no rich colours in our dress?" and the little girl, hearing him, echoed "Why?"

That night when the children were asleep in their mother's white cottage a vision came to the little girl. It was a bright fairy, robed like the sun, and she came from out the sunset in a shining boat. The little girl was standing alone on the cobbled jetty, and the fairy took her hand, telling her to follow if she wished to learn the secret of the colours.

The fairy led the way over many cobble-stone paths and fields of grass, and the little Hollander girl saw that wherever she stepped the cobbles shone white and the grass grew more brightly, until they came to a garden of tulips softly gilded with the moon. "Now," said the fairy, stopping, "we are in the most beautiful garden of Holland, and here I will show you my secret."

While the little Hollander watched wonderingly the fairy took a petal of gay blue, and pressed it gently in her fingers until a trickle of blue water ran from her hand. "It is a dye that only Holland can give," said the fairy.

Then together the rainbow nymph and the little girl went back to the old jetty. Here the fairy waved good-bye and stepped into her shining boat to sail away into the soft shadows of the moonlit canal.

Early in the next morning the little Dutch girl picked some of the bright tulip cups and, half afraid, squeezed the petals, and great was her joy when a trickle of coloured juice was seen. She gathered an armful of the colourful blooms and bore them carefully home, there to tell her family of the magical dye.

Soon in the brown and white houses and windmills, and along the dykes, were to be seen Hollanders in gaily coloured dress, in all the hues that the rainbow nymph had made; but to our little Hollander boy the glamour of the colour-magic had faded, for he wanted his clothes to be still different.

The fairy heard his wish and that night when the moon was riding high she came again and took the little boy to the garden. This time she took the petals of every hue and, placing them in the form of a patchwork, she bade him kneel on them. When he rose again a coloured patch was to be seen on each knee. Thus did the Hollander get his patches.

And now along the old seawalls of Holland Dutchmen may be seen wearing their much-patched baggy trousers, and sometimes as they look proudly at their patches they remember how, on a certain silver night, a little boy was given the first patch by a fairy of the rainbow.

## SEA SHELLS

In an old oak beamed kitchen, where the warm November sunshine speckled the stone floor with varying light and shade, sat two little girls about twelve years old. One of them, a dark curly-headed child, was peeling potatoes—rather thickly it is true—while she talked, apparently without stopping, to her flaxen-haired companion.

“Did I ever tell you the ‘Sea Shell’ story Sheila,” queried Paddy, mechanically reaching for another potato. The other, seating herself on the back of a heavy chair, shook her plaited locks. “You haven’t yet,” said she, composedly, “but there’s no time like the present.” Paddy laughed. “All right,” she said.

“A long time ago there lived, not far from the Court of Neptune, deep in the waves of the sea, an old witch, who was feared by all except the King and some of his nymphs. Now one day the witch, having already journeyed a long way, and being still several miles from her home, lay down to rest on a bed of green seaweed. Unfortunately, a party of nymphs came dancing by just then, and, seeing the sleeping witch, determined to play a trick on her.

“Playing softly on their fairy pipes, the nymphs, each holding a long strand of the living weed, danced back and forth in the mazes of a pretty dance, till the old woman was covered with a thick net of tangled seaweed. The mischievous plotters then hid behind the shells which lay scattered about the ocean-bed, waiting till the witch should waken. They had not long to wait, for a few moments after they were safely hidden, she awoke.

“Uttering terrible imprecations on the unknown perpetrators of the trick, she struggled to free herself, and had almost succeeded, when the nymphs, unable to control their mirth any longer, burst into peals of laughter. Then the witch, realising who the offenders were, waved her wand. Instantly the shells rose up, stretching out long arms to draw the nymphs into them.

“Hearing their cries, Neptune hurried to the spot, to find the witch, who had at last freed herself, hastening away. She dared not, however, disobey the king who, though he was sorry for the fairies, realised that the old woman had been much provoked. Not being able to undo the magic, Neptune summoned an artist, bidding him to decorate the little houses from which one could plainly hear the fairies singing the ‘Song of the Sea.’ This the painter did, and the witch, repenting of her hasty act, cast a spell over the fairies so that they should never die, but always remain to take care of the little houses which beautify the sea.”

Paddy ceased speaking, and for a few moments the old legend of the green sea wove its spell round the two little maids. Then came the sudden slamming of a door; hasty footsteps were heard, and Paddy’s mother appeared in the doorway, while she glanced almost at once at Paddy’s bowl of potatoes. “Paddy,” she cried, “Whatever are you doing to that unfortunate potato?” for the girl, with no thought for anything but her story, had gone on peeling round and round the potato, till nothing but a small white ball remained.

PAT CURTHOYS.

## THE OAK

"I wonder what a tree could tell us if it could talk?" Marie pondered thoughtfully for a moment on the question, as she sat leaning against an old oak tree, then glanced down at "Ivanhoe," the book she was reading. She looked at the sentence which had caused her to utter the question. "Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide branched oaks, which have witnessed, perhaps the stately march of Roman soldiery . . ."

It was a warm morning and Marie felt delightfully lazy, and she was just dozing off when she heard a rustle above her and a voice seemed to say:

"You would like to know what a tree could tell you, little Marie?" Marie sat up and cried indignantly, "Who is little? Why, I am fourteen years old."

"And I," said the tree, "am hundreds of years old." Marie gasped, realizing it was the tree who was speaking, and said to herself, "Fancy a tree talking; it is like 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.'" Aloud she said: "Oh, yes! I would love to hear what you can tell me." Then a wonderful thing happened, the tree stretched out its gnarled arms and lifted her on to one of its branches. Marie made herself comfortable and said, "I'm waiting."

"Well," commenced the tree, "I have seen many things in my time, but I can't tell you only a very little. I remember, many years ago, the early Briton who was happy in his wild woodland home, who delighted in hunting, fishing, and all healthy sport. Yes, he was a carefree man. Ah! well do I remember the day Julius Caesar invaded Britain. You've heard of him, of course."

"I should say I have," said Marie a trifle haughtily. "Every British subject knows the history of England, even though I did fail in history last week," she added a little humbly.

"Well, it is no use my telling something you know"—so it told her stories no one but the forest itself knew—of how it had witnessed battles, heard secret plots and plans of men, and seen daring robberies by Robin Hood and his merry band of outlaws.

Marie sat amazed at the tree's wonderful stories. It was just telling her how, one moonlight night a peasant girl, and a rich squire's son, confessed their love, and had made plans to elope to Gretna Green, when it suddenly said: "You have heard enough Marie, Marie—" Strangely it kept on saying her name each time louder than before.

"Marie! Marie!" The tree began to shake and tremble and Marie felt herself falling, falling—

"I say, Marie, do wake up, I've been calling and shaking you for the last five minutes. Come on, it's time for lunch."

Her sister ran down the path, and when she was gone Marie looked up at the tree and smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Tree," she said and, picking up her "Ivanhoe," she hastened after her sister.

## THE GARLAND OF YOUTH

It was a wild winter's night and within the castle on the hill the young lord sat by a roaring fire, reading. That day in an old chest he had found a book, tattered and soiled, and it was this book that he was reading. Presently he grew so engrossed in the book that he forgot time and place and began to read passages aloud.

The large room was still and quiet, the only sound was the crackling of the fire as it roared up the chimney. The lord's voice broke the silence, "And he who seeks shall find the Garland of Youth."

"What is it?" he mused. "Has anyone found it?" Again he read aloud into the stillness, "Those who fear Death and Old Age shall seek, and those who are found worthy shall find."

"I fear Death, and who does not? Death and Old Age. I am young but Old Age will find me, and Death—Death! I will seek the Garland of Youth and I will find it," declared the lord.

For twenty long years he sought it. He had climbed high mountains, descended into the valleys, sought in woods and searched o'er plains, had lived in castles and huts in vain, and now he was growing old. He was growing old. Old Age mocked him from a chasm gradually growing near, Death grinned and beckoned a short distance behind Old Age, his brother, and it was in vain that the lord cried out, "No, no! You shall never catch me! I will find the Garland of Youth!" But the two spectres grinned and shook their heads, seeming to cry, "No mortal will ever find it who seeks."

The little leather book was worn with handling, and the words "Who seeks shall find" had burnt into his mind.

On this night, twenty years from the commencement of my story, the lord—young no longer—was toiling on, battling against the wind and rain, towards a small light that shone on the hill at the other side of the valley. It was a wild night, the claps of thunder making the ground underneath his feet tremble and the lightning lighted up the valley, giving him a glimpse of a small town nestling on the side of the hill.

At last he reached the light and saw it was a small hut. The door was opened at his knock and a hearty voice bade him step inside. As he entered he was momentarily blinded by the light but he had a dim idea that his host was talking in a loud, cheery voice. When he could see clearly he noticed that the shepherd (for such he took him to be) was an old man, bowed with age, and his hair and beard silver; but to the lord the strangest fact was that a great light of contentment shone in his eyes though Old Age had overtaken him and Death was not far away.

Something urged the lord to tell this man his story and of his quest. When his recital was ended the old man smiled sadly and stretched out his arm and placed his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "Your quest is in vain," he said sadly, in a soft, musical voice. "Love is the Garland of Youth, and Love does not come through seeking. But there is a better Crown to win and only through Love can you win it. It is the Crown of Joy and Life Everlasting, and do not fear Death for it is only through Death and Love that you may win the Crown of Joy and Life Eternal."

MARJORIE SPENCER.

## THE MELODY OF MUSICIANS

Twilight was slowly creeping into the alleys and byways of Florence, the city of music and art.

Wafted on the air came the notes of an old, but magnificent, composition. The music told you of the fame of the ancient musicians—a picture of one, with his leather doublet and jerkin, playing his psaltery by the roadside, arises in your mind.

Near the end of the melody, the player suddenly ceased.

The scene has changed, and, instead of the grey twilight creeping into Florence, you see a stately manor in rural England; but the same piece is being played on a grand piano by a talented musician.

"Where did you find that piece, Maxine?" inquired a voice, "It is very beautiful.

"Why, Tony, it was in great, great grandmother's trunk in Florence," replied his sister.

"Did you ever hear the story and legend which followed the composing of 'The Melody of Musicians'?"

"No, oh Tony. Tell me. I do love this piece, and if there is a story attached to it, it will be doubly interesting to study."

"The legend is that in the fifteenth century a Florentine monk was composing this in honour of all the musicians, and the composition was completed except for the last page, when he was murdered by a soldier whom he had beaten in a duel before he had entered the monastery. Finally, the soldier was killed in a border affray, and his last words were: 'Antoine has had his revenge,' for always had the music haunted him, no matter where he went.

After being lost for many years, it fell into the hands of Pedro da Bianchi, who would have been our great, great grandfather. He was a young, wealthy Florentine, whose family had a feud with the Cardoza family.

"Fate took a hand in the opening of the little drama, for Pedro, while at a masquerade of Flowers, saved a nobleman's daughter from being robbed. The girl was Ira Cardoza.

"Their acquaintance deepened until Ira found out who Pedro was.

"Then all love ceased, and not even a semblance of friendship remained.

"Pedro went to North America, and Ira married an old wealthy Florentine merchant."

"But how did Ira obtain the music?" Maxine interposed.

"Before Ira became embittered against Pedro, he had given it to her, and she almost completed it," Tony explained. Years had passed since the story of the composition had been told, and Maxine, now an old woman, who had won world-wide fame with her playing, was recollecting the auspicious occasions on which she had played "The Melody of Musicians."

The first Berlin audience she had faced encored her again and again.

Congratulations from the musical world of Germany poured in from every side—in fact, they said her playing was equal to that of the "masters."

At the zenith of her triumphs, there came from London a telegram, stating that Tony was dying, and she hastened away from Berlin to her beloved brother, who had been father, mother and brother all in one; for they had lost both their parents.

At Tony's bedside he made her promise she would complete the "Melody of Musicians"—It never had been completed, although scores of eminent composers had offered to do so.

They had all met with refusal, because Maxine was sure that if an outsider finished it, a curse would fall upon the family.

Maxine fulfilled the promise to her brother, and composed the concluding lines of the piece, which the master mind of a monk created in the fifteenth century in an old monastery garden.

SYBIL PROVIS.

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## CYCLING AND CEREMONY

There is one means of conveyance that an opera-going person should never use and that is—a bicycle. Surely it is undignified for the young lady who (arrayed in evening cloak and frock) is vainly trying to appear romantic, and a linquist.

A cobbled street in a small German town is not the easiest in which to steer a bicycle, but at length June Templeton succeeded in arriving outside the "Opera House" where the company of L— would that night render Donnizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment." After parking her bicycle she walked away but a squeak of wheels caused her to turn abruptly and— horrors !!! A small urchin, the dirtiest of the water-hating brigade, had hopped on her bike—her bike!—and was even now with true instinct heading for home.

Some distance had to be traversed before June managed to bring him to earth but when she indulged in the luxury of giving him a well-earned shake he emitted a shriek calculated to bring both kith and kin on the run (which it promptly did).

Dark faces pressed close and angry voices gabbled away in that awful German. A wave of panic broke over her and with a final shake of the offender she dashed away. Darkness had come on rapidly and it was with a shock she realised that she was in a part of the town she did not know. Street after street fell back before her hurrying feet until at last she noticed a well-lit house standing right on the street. No one could be seen from whom she might ask her way so (in the hope that the owner might be able to speak English) she hurried up the steps and rang the bell.

A footman came to the door and before she could utter a word, June found that he was obsequiously taking her coat, meanwhile speaking very rapidly in German. Then she was almost pushed into a small room and was announced "Miss Margaret Lee."

A stout little lady rose and greeted her effusively and June found herself being introduced to numerous men, fat and thin, with noticeably bald heads and wiry whiskers, while gravely bowing ladies complimented her about her splendid work in Malaya.

After various efforts to explain, "Miss Lee" sat still to await results and to listen to remarks made in perfect English.

"And now," said a little gentleman, solemnly adjusting his pinc-nez, "we are very anxious to hear of your achievements in Malaya."

"But I ——" stammered the unhappy victim.

"Of course, my dear, we know you have no wish to boast," simpered a little lady, misunderstandingly. "But do you find it very hot in summer and are the children fittingly clothed?"

"Er—er," said June wildly, "Yes, yes very cold in summer, very, very cold. Do the children dress well? Oh, yes, "Paris models."

Her audience looked slightly uneasy, and to change the subject, one old gentleman said: "And how is our dear minister keeping?"

"He has become very thin and his wife is now teaching in the school."

Everyone gazed in consternation. However had their woman-fearing minister come by a wife? Soon June took her leave, and on the steps met a young woman for whom she guessed she had been mistaken. So, as a measure of safety, she deemed it wiser to put some distance between herself and the house.

Soon June found her way. But perhaps it is because of this that a certain minister is still vainly trying to convince his followers that really he has no wife.

JOAN MAKIN

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## THE ZOOLOGICAL TEA PARTY

"The only objection I have with regard to the humans is their inability to view things from our standpoint," said Miss Gee-Raafe.

"To a certain degree I am in accordance with the expressed view of our learned friend," ventured Mrs. Ella-Phunt, "but," she continued, "the humans have evolved a very complicated social system which precludes clarity of vision."

"For the love of Mike!" exclaimed the Camel to his friend the Zebra, "suggest something to avert a discourse of verbal ponderosities."

"How would the Douglas Credit scheme do as a subject of debate?" queried the Zebra.

"No wonder I get the hump," snarled the Camel. "Why don't you make it a perfect day, and throw in a discussion on Einstein's Relativity?"

"Sorry, old fellow, I wasn't thinking," rejoined the Zebra.

"That's just the trouble with the majority of people these days," muttered the Camel.

"Oh well, I suggest a discussion on current events," said the Hippo in order to avoid an impasse.

"Good idea!" chorussed the animals.

"Oh, I don't know," chuckled the Hippo. "The fact is, the landlord has just installed a tiled bath in my flat, complete with recess fittings and everything, so naturally I can hardly take credit for thinking of current events. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Bright lad, our new friend," remarked the Camel in an aside.

"He certainly has a most expansive smile," agreed the Zebra.

Having brushed the crumbs from her lap, and dabbed her nose with powder, Mrs. Lion, as hostess, gave the lead for a general conversation:

"I do think it is a shame so many of our girls are going to be disappointed about the Prince," she sighed.

"Yes, especially after all the bowing and scraping they have been practising, in anticipation, of late," sniggered the Walrus.

"Why, you're as bad as the humans," declared the Kookaburra with a hearty laugh, "don't you suppose the Prince was disappointed at the prospect of not meeting the school children?"

"Oh yes," tittered the Wren. "Why, he simply dotes on 'em."

"Talking of school children, interrupted Mrs. Peah-Cock unceremoniously, "my little Percy has been working so hard lately that his teacher has been quite worried about his health, poor dear. He is so very delicate

you know. Why, his teacher was telling my neighbour, Mrs. Natalie Crane, about him only yesterday.

"I suppose the dear child is full of his own importance, like his fond parents, more full of importance than brains," whispered Miss Katt to her neighbour, Mr. Horse.

The Monkeys immediately began to boast and chatter about their brains and intellect, and, for the benefit of the company, indulged in several witticisms, whereupon Miss Pollie Parrot screeched angrily at them. Mr. Camel, fearing the consequences, said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Has everyone present handed in his subscription to the Secretary of the Unemployment Bureau? We must look after our unemployed now, especially as the price of butter is going up, and the Delegation for Secession is going home."

At this critical moment Mrs. Lion's butler, Mr. Rabbit, a pompous gentleman with a white waistcoat, and a large gold watch, announced that tea was served. Upon this, all conversation lulled, and Horace and Evangeline Hogg made a wild dash to reach the best seats.

MARION POWELL

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## A HISTORICAL MEDLEY

It was the last night before our history exam, and needless to say I was up till midnight, trying to learn up the whole year's work. I was just returning with Napoleon from Russia on that long, weary march through the snow, when the clock struck twelve. Rather sleepily, I thought:

"This is the time when strange things are supposed to happen—of course, they never do in this world!"

There was a loud bang and rattle, and in jolted the Rocket, driven by Captain Cook, of all people.

"Got it," he cried, "a hundred miles an hour! Come on, hop out!"

This remark was addressed to some breathless looking people in the would-be carriages. Out jumped Bismarck and William the Silent.

"I hope there's room for Bill and I to play bowls," said Bismarck, "while we wait for Joan to put the Fire out." As the other passengers got out of the train, they all began to talk at once, and although they were visitors, I could not help saying:

"I think you're rather rude—"

"Rude," exclaimed Abraham Lincoln, mincing daintily into the room, flaunting a lace handkerchief, "no one can gainsay my gentlemanly upbringing!"

"Who cares about upbringing?" This remark came from John Wesley, who was sitting at the table with Oliver Cromwell. "Come on, fill up my glass, John!" said Oliver.

At this moment Wesley rose, and, lifting his glass of whisky, cried: "Here's how!" and drank it off with a gulp.

I was wondering where he had acquired such bad habits, when everyone's attention was attracted by a horrible squeaking noise, and who should enter but Nero in his nightie, fiddling away at "Goodnight Sweetheart." We all shivered at the sight, and Sir Walter Raleigh rushed into the room after him, throwing his cloak over the silly man's shoulders. Nero made him a leg, and Raleigh said gravely, "My mottor, Julius—'Manners maketh man.'"

I thought that was . . . now, whose motto? But what was that? From outside came a sighing, murmuring sound, and why, it was surely Shakespeare who was coming in, but not the old fashioned, colourfully-dressed Shakespeare I had pictured, with beard and long moustache, but a modern Shakespeare, in a fashionable tweed suit. And what do you think he was sighing over? Why, a limerick!

"Dash it all, he cried, "who can help me? These things aren't in my line."

"Suits me," from a squeaky voice, and in bounced Martin Luther, "but first," he addressed me, "may I go and look in the 'Wash'-basin for King John's crown?"

"I'm sorry, my good man"; that was the lofty voice of Canute, "I wish first to wash my feet."

"I would suggest a dance if there were any ladies here," smirked John Wesley. "Ah! What's that?"

"A dance did I hear someone say?" Why, that was the voice of Florence Nightingale, "Then I'll be able to sing."

No one had time to give his opinion on this subject (perhaps luckily for Florence), for there was a loud coughing and spluttering, and Queen Elizabeth stamped into the room.

"Raleigh," she screamed, "You didn't show me how to work this thing properly, the smoke all goes up my nose!"

"Phew! what a squeeze!" Now who was that? I didn't recognise the fashionably dressed young lady, until Abraham Lincoln called out, "Why, Boadicea's had her hair Eton cropped!"

"I was just starting up the Austin," she continued, "when Henry came along with his seven nuisances and asked for a lift."

"I wanted to bring all my little dears along," cried fat old Henry, "but I do hope there are cakes for supper, although I really shouldn't eat them as I'm on a diet of worms."

Then something happened which gave me great relief. I was about to explain that their visit had been an unexpected pleasure, when to my delight I heard: "Speaking of cakes," sure enough it was King Alfred, "I've brought some for supper, although I'm afraid you'll have to scrape off the burnt!"

Alfred was really the last to arrive, and so they began to roll back the carpet for the dance.

"Play up, Florrie and Nero," they cried, and John Wesley rushed across the room to claim Anne Boleyn as his partner. You can't imagine how funny they looked, especially John Wesley, who found that the only step he could do was the polka, which poor Anne did not know.

And there was Boadicea dancing a fox-trot, while Abraham, her partner, was trying to do some ancient morris dance to suit her. Bismarck was struggling at a minuet with stern old Catherine.

Suddenly the dance ended and my visitors began to depart. They seemed to take the whole thing for granted, wishing me goodnight easily, and by the time they had all gone, it seemed as though I had said goodnight a thousand times.

"Well, you've wished me goodnight enough, but I haven't noticed you going to bed." That was Dad who spoke, and so I turned in.

You can imagine that my history paper next day was a trifle mixed.

MARJORIE WHITE.

LIMERICKS.

There once was a maiden so thin  
Who went in a car for a spin,  
A breakdown! . . . no rope,  
Then he eyed her with hope,  
And used her long form with a grin.

Sybil Robbins

There once was a bright little lad,  
Who tried to make everyone glad,  
Including his teacher  
The dear little creature,  
And also his mum and his dad.

Olive Cousins

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## Ex-Students' Notes

ONCE again the magazine affords us this opportunity of relating the doings of some few of our ever-increasing band. Unfortunately, we quickly lose touch with many of our ex-girls and the many different interests and occupations amongst us makes it of necessity rather difficult to keep in touch. Perhaps, however, this magazine may travel further than we think and serve as a link for those otherwise cut off from the school and its associations.

Of the most recent of all ex-students—the 1933 students—many are now attending Modern School whose roll claims Myrtle Cain, Marion Creeper, Byrnec Crawford, Dulcie Clark, Marie Brownlie, Jessie Hunt, Margaret Halliday, Sheila Higgins, Flora Godecke, Minnie Mason, Margaret Gallagher, Chrissie Millar, Judy Maley, Bernice Main, Agnes Newman, Audrey Wilson, Helen Whitton, Kathleen Napier, Ethel Shooter and Betty Vivian. At Underwood's College are Edna McGilvray, Olive Scott, Edie Cooke, Glen Campbell and Jean Jewell, while Bobbie Darling is taking a course at Stott's. Dorothy Murphy, who was attending Underwood's, is now working at the E. and G. Department. Technical School has claimed Gwen Cust, Ivy Jeffries and Betty Wells. Joyce Canby is to be found on Baird's staff and Joan Scott is now employed by Caris Bros.

Of the 1932 girls many are now in their leaving year at Modern School and are doing well both in work and sport. Pat Donegan and Joan Dick are again "A" team hockey players while Ruth Baxter, Joan Jacoby, Betty Vivian and Connie Tanner should gain places this year. Ruth Baxter and Joan Dick again represented Modern School in the swimming carnivals.

Many 1930 and 1931 students are now at the University, while Enid Bates we hear is in the country acting as governess. Our ranks are certainly well represented in the various offices, business firms and shops of the city. Muriel Kierath has just returned from Melbourne and is now a member of the Lawley Ladies' College. Our good wishes for success go to all our ex-girls.

In conclusion, we wish the best of luck to Junior girls and a successful year to P.G.S. in her many activities.





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