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"KEEP TRUST"

No. 8 - JULY - 1935

THE MAGPIE

Edited by the Students
PERTH GIRLS' SCHOOL



The MAGPIE

JULY - 1935

With compliments
From.

The Committee.

STUDENT OFFICIALS

HEAD GIRL

Elsie Martin

9TH STANDARD PREFECTS

Elsie Martin

Rita Meyer

Jessie Pengilly

FACTION CAPTAINS

Red—*Elsie Martin*

Blue—*Rene Skæggs*

Gold—*Marjorie Spencer*

Green—*Pat Richards*

EDITRESS

Marjory Spencer

COMMITTEE

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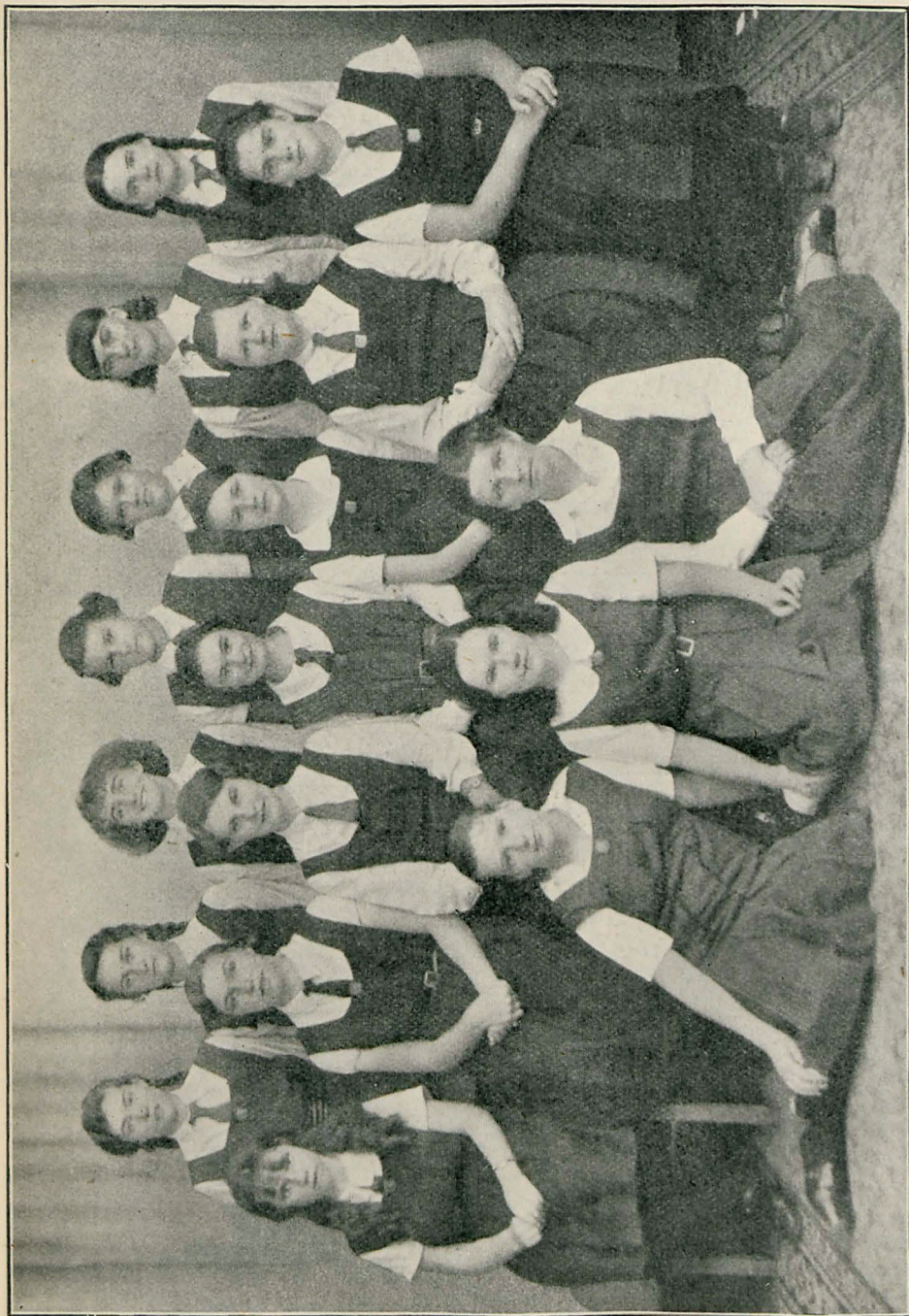
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Peggy Taylor

Rita Meyer

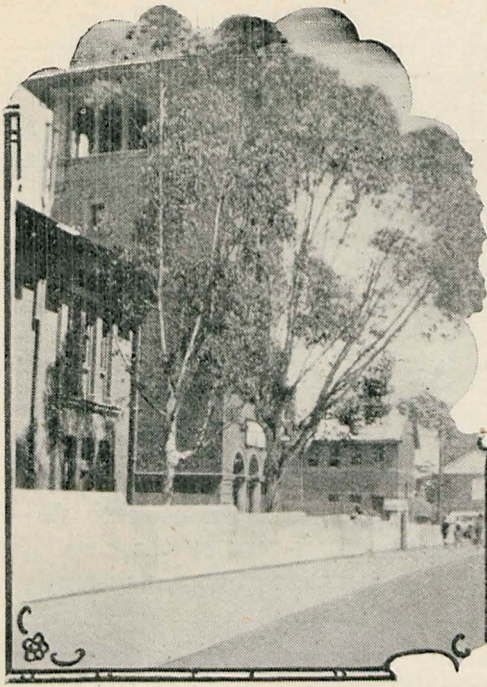
Anne Foon

Beryl Kurts



SENIOR PREFECTS, 1934.

BACK ROW—Beatrice Benny, Muriel Davidson, Joan Binney, Betty Facius, Joan Green, Adrienne Shooter, Beth Evans.
MIDDLE ROW—Thelma Watterson, Jean Davenport, Rita Meyer, Violet Geddes (Head Girl), Agnes Dawson, Elsie Martin, Jessie Pengilly.
FRONT ROW—Maurine Facius, Joy Duff, Olwyn Jones.



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No. 8 - July 1935

EDITED BY
THE STUDENTS

PERTH GIRLS' SCHOOL

EDITORIAL

THIS year, as in the past, the girls of Perth Girls' School are carrying on the activities of the school and endeavouring to uphold its traditions. The editing of this magazine is one of the traditions which has been handed down to us.

During the eighty-eight years Perth Girls' School has been established, thousands of girls have passed through it, leaving the richer for the friendships and associations formed whilst here. Once more, as the year speeds by, many of us are forced to realize that this is the last year we will spend in the school where we have spent several happy years. We hand on our trust to those VIIth's and VIIIth's who are fortunate enough to remain and hope that they will faithfully uphold the ideals of this "the school we handed on."

This year our numbers are just over nine hundred, and we take this opportunity of welcoming all the new girls. We hope that they may grow to love Perth Girls' and be happy in their associations here.

In March the Swimming Season engaged our attention, and each carnival was hotly contested. In our own carnival Green emerged victorious, closely followed by Gold, Blue and Red. We congratulate the Green faction.

Happily we won the first of our contests with Princess May School for the J. C. Taylor Shield—the Swimming contest, and our first Sports Day gave us a victory in tennis, hockey and baseball. We mean to try hard to regain the Shield we lost to Princess May in 1933.

And now, as the exams are drawing near, we would like to wish everyone "the best of luck and good results" in them, with extra good wishes for the Junior and Alliance candidates.

In conclusion, we congratulate our prize-winners and heartily thank all those who have contributed towards making this magazine a success. We trust that all will enjoy this issue of our journal.

Class Notes

IXth PROFESSIONAL

ONCE more the indomitable ninths appear in the limelight through the medium of the *Magpie*. We commend ourselves to you as being really worthy of note.

In our midst are many celebrities who shine in the various spheres of sport, drama, literature and music; but, we fear, our talents are not so extensively developed in the scholastic sphere.

As the half-yearly exams are looming near some of us are doing a little revision which, as every hard-working student knows, is conducive to sleep. Occasionally the studious silence of our class-room is rent by the clattering of a pencil box or rule knocked by a sleepy arm onto the floor, and another little stude falls into a long and dreamless slumber.

Of course we have our moments when we are almost brilliant and even, on occasion, contrive to listen to our French records and carry on our own—French??—conversation. If we hear uncomplimentary remarks about this feat we are nothing discouraged.

Unfortunately, during the year some of our colleagues have left us: Jean Davenport, Jessie Pengilly, Hazel Axer and Dorothy Button having all found positions in the city. Nevertheless there will be enough of us to be led "like lambs to the slaughter" when the Junior is held.

As the limelight has now grown a little dazzling for our modest eyes we will withdraw, but not before we have wished everyone, ourselves included, the best of luck in the approaching exams.

VIII PROFESSIONAL

VIII Professional bursts upon you in all its glory. You surely have heard of that intelligent, hard-working band which bears the dignified title of VIIIth Professional. But perhaps you may have heard rumours—which indeed have even penetrated our four walls—that we are not nearly so dignified or professional as our name indicates. Believe it not. A more sober (?), diligent class you cannot hope to see.

Apart from geometry and French—our two really strong subjects—our favourite occupation is talking. Ah! how we do love the sound of our own voices. So soft and gentle are they that at times we are almost lulled to sleep, only to be rudely awakened by a stern voice demanding "Silence!"

Our big interest lies in our play-acting, and what sights meet the eye when, on Friday afternoon, we appear in costume! Then we do display our genius and our Roman characters may be seen, garbed in the quaintest of costumes, flitting along the corridors, staggering beneath the weight of poor Caesar's dead body.

Of course we are good sports too, and are proud to possess Judith Fitzhardinge, the school tennis captain. Hockey finds a keen supporter in Shirley Johnson, while Jane Thompson and Rose Watkins are our baseball enthusiasts, and Maurine Moody our basketball champion.

But enough of our great deeds! Our names are so famous that we feel sure you will meet them again on many pages of this magazine.

VIIIA GENERAL

VIIIA General is an enthusiastic class specializing in "Joans". Six! 'Tis a good round sum, yet we are not yet satisfied, but must indeed procure even another in a further batch of brainy individuals?? For we are clever you know, or at least imaginative, for in geography our towns may even be found in the rivers.

Yes indeed! But measles is our weakness. Some of us managed to make ourselves measles contacts; one of us entirely succumbed. In our midst are various types of character, one being an artist, a demure young lady bearing the name of Judy; another, our clever mathematician of clerical fame; two staunch upholders of the fine art of singing, and one indignant maiden who refuses to yawn. In sport, congratulations must be bestowed on our excellent swimmers and tennis players, and in work, of course, we excel, our bright lights being much too numerous to mention.

But the sound of that ominous word "work" recalls us to the present; and we hasten to bid you farewell.

VIIIB GENERAL

Greetings to you from VIIIB General! Ours is the most serious class in the school (?). We have little humour, very little (?). During the lunch hour you may hear weird noises issuing from the classroom. Do not be alarmed, for it is only a few of our many artists, such as Nellie and Mary our acrobats, Barbara, our gallant violinist, gallant in effort if not in execution, and many of our silver voices Melbas. Although our classroom is generally lively, when arithmetic or history tests appear what a state of apathy comes over us!

We can say that we are great sport enthusiasts, for in our midst we have three faction captains: Eileen Ryan, captain of "A" baseball team; Lorna May, captain of Blue tennis, and June Morley, captain of Blue basketball. Morna Slade, Ella Kelly and Dorothy Crofts have brought us great glory in the swimming season.

Have you heard of the Jubilee Fund? Well, look to your laurels, for our class intends to head the list.

And now, having acquainted you with our virtues, we make our exit. Farewell, everybody!

VIIIA DOMESTIC

For the first time for many a long day VIIIA Domestic appears in print. And what a bright group of girls are we! At arithmetic and mental we shine so that we positively dazzle our teacher's eyes. We are told, however, that our favourite motto is "no can do."

Nor does sport find us any the less eager. We send two members to represent us in the baseball team and though the tennis team does not seem to appreciate our efforts we are, none the less, very good players.

We can also boast of some story writers and artists who surprise us by both the quality and quantity of their many works of art.

As the more serious things of life begin to crowd about us we hasten to depart. "Work first" was ever our cry.

VIIIB DOMESTIC

We are very proud of this, our first appearance in the *Magpie*—who wouldn't be?

Our class originally contained 45 girls, of whom 12 have already left our happy ranks to swell the number of the world's workers. Our loss is someone else's gain; especially do we grieve, with real tears in our eyes, for the loss of our prefect, Josie Peady, who was universally liked both in the classroom and on the baseball field, for who, who saw Josie play baseball, will ever forget it?

We have our bad points as well as our good ones—our teacher firmly believes our tongues are so long that they must be coiled up inside our heads.

We think we are a most intelligent class—why, we know that elephants have two ivory "husks"—but please don't ask us anything about this subject, as it is a very painful one.

Among our numbers are many sport enthusiasts. To the tennis courts we send Faye Hall to represent Red faction and Ada Wernldy to represent Blue. Laurel Hessick and Beryl Briggs shine at baseball, Laurel being the captain of "B" team. In swimming we had but one heroine, Edith Peace, who won the bronze medallion but who has since left us. Nor would this modest list of celebrities be complete without mention of our class artist, Laureen Smith, whose paintings we hope will someday adorn the London (or maybe Perth) Art Gallery. But enough of this! Ere long our dreaded examinations will be upon us, so let us hasten to our work.

VIIIC DOMESTIC

We are a merry group of girls, our main idea being to keep cheerful. As our class provides us with a couple of comediennesses this is not hard, for they keep us well entertained. One of them has also her serious moments when she proves to be a promising elocutionist and favours us with poetry and monologues. We possess also a Scotch lassie, Bessie Macfarleine, who represents us in the school hockey team, and, wonder of wonders, we actually have in our midst that famous character, the school's champion swimmer, Merle Edgecumbe! So is it any wonder that we are proud of our class? In singing, too, we shine, and the special choir may be seen to be well sprinkled with VIIIC Domestic girls. Their photographs even found their way to the paper when they sang on Empire Day. Nor must we forget our domestic arts—cooking and dressmaking. Here we do excel.

In conclusion, we wish the school a successful year in sport and achievement in scholarship.

VIII D DOMESTIC

We, the members of 1935 VIII D have many achievements to report. We commenced the year with 54 in the class, but our members are now reduced to 33, the balance having left to begin their careers or to give assistance in their homes.

Being deeply engrossed in putting finishing touches to our drawings, we find it hard to turn our attention to the preparation of Class Notes. Class sketches would have been very much more in our line. Then we might have depicted Barbara engrossed in poetic competition; Joan G, lost to the world, busily colouring a wall paper design; Lilah and Joan B in characteristic attitudes on the baseball field; Bena in bathers; Diana and Fay heading a line of tennis enthusiasts; and Joy triumphantly pronouncing her newly coined word, "stupidious."

We enjoyed our visit to the art gallery, and are looking forward to the remainder of the lectures. Many of us have already chosen our favourite picture, but no doubt opinions may alter before the lectures are over.

We must now conclude, wishing luck to all our contemporaries in the approaching horror—exams!

VIIIth STANDARDS

Once again the Juniors of the school greet you with news of their noble deeds. True, we are still quite new to the school, but already we have begun to make our mark. Some of us indeed, for various reasons, are already quite famous characters. If at first we were slightly bewildered by our new surroundings and new subjects, who can wonder?

Take, for instance, our poor little professionals. Mention French or geometry or algebra to them earlier in the year and they would scowl upon you; yet now we hear them discourse *quite* intelligently of x and y and angles and triangles. We suspect they are just trying to impress us, yet we never fail to look awed when we hear them. One thing we do notice, and that is that examinations do not trouble them at all. They face them with a big, broad grin, and their voices—oh so tuneful and melodious!

Our general classes of course display their genius in different ways. Some are small in stature, but with an amazingly large share of brains. VIIA are to be congratulated on their laughing choir which, we believe, can be relied upon at any moment to produce the most surprising sounds. From VIIB come strange murmurs of dramatic groups rehearsing their play. Talkers, singers and "yawners" are all to be found among us, yet despite all we are really very angelic at times. We strongly object to the name outside our building—Infants' School—for we are far too grown up and intelligent to merit that title.

And now since no notes would be complete without mention of our domestic classes we introduce you to these industrious people. They tell us that they possess some budding actresses and artists, and that they excel in all the domestic arts. Certainly they proudly bear back their spoils after a day at the centre, but somehow—we know not why—they keep these well concealed, nor will they allow us even a peep.

And now our time is up, so we wish you, one and all, a happy and successful year.

School Notes

THE school has enjoyed two very interesting broadcast services this year. On Anzac Day we listened-in to addresses by the Acting Director of Education, Mr. J. A. Klein, M.A., and Captain Coleman, readings by Mr. Radbourn and Captain Morgan, and songs rendered by the West Leederville Choir, conducted by Miss Crossley.

Then on 24th May a special Jubilee Service was broadcast. Addresses were given by the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir James Mitchell), and by Mr. Klein, and the choral work was given by our own school choir, conducted by Miss Merle Jones. Souvenir programmes were distributed to all school children, and a half holiday granted to celebrate the occasion.

At present all classes are busy working for the Jubilee Youth and Motherhood Appeal. Besides direct giving, class groups are arranging community efforts in the form of sale of sweets and fruit, tuck shops, and such-like activities. In this way we hope to be able to do our share towards the Appeal and to send a good contribution to the Fund.

Again this year there are several changes on our staff. Miss Horsfall, who was ill for some months at the beginning of the year, has now taken up duties at the East Perth school. Miss Greenwood, who gained an Orient Scholarship last year, is now in England studying at the London School of Economics. We welcome Miss Wall and Miss Kierath to the staff this year, and welcome back Miss Lyon after her year's study leave.

We are pleased to be able to state that the new Honour Board has been erected in the School Hall. As this was delayed last year students of both 1933 and 1934 may find their names entered there if they care to inspect them.

The School Dramatic Club is busy preparing a play for the school concert to be held in August. The play to be performed is "Richard of Bordeaux," a two-act play by Gordon Daviot.

Early in the year Durban High School sent us magazines and a letter asking if we would join them in a Chain of Friendship for goodwill to schools. This was being done in honour of the King's Jubilee, and we very willingly join with them and send in return a message of goodwill. We wish success and good fortune to all schools joining in this movement.

We have been able to send our first donation of £30 to the Children's Hospital. This is the first payment towards the upkeep of the Perth Girls' School Cot, and we hope to have good support again in the second half of the year to enable us to complete our payment and in addition send a good Xmas present for the children of the hospital.

Our School Choir intends entering for the Musical Festival in September of this year, and choir members have begun practising with Miss Merle Jones for this. We wish them success.

Sports Notes

SPORT is again in full swing with us, and after our busy swimming season we commenced an equally active time in the other branches of sport.

Swimming gave us success in the City Council Carnival with Princess May, while in the Bunbury Cup and Central Schools Carnival we gained second place.

Teams have met Princess May in tennis, hockey and baseball, and our basketball matches are now about to commence.

Again the faction matches have roused keen competition, and the results of the May matches were:—

Tennis: Gold beat Green; Blue beat Red.

Hockey: Gold beat Green; Blue beat Red.

Baseball: Gold beat Green; Red beat Blue.

The Faction points at present are:—

GOLD	66	GREEN	36
BLUE	62	RED	19

SWIMMING

The swimming season this year saw a very active time for our swimmers, as they participated in four carnivals as well as our own School Carnival.

Unfortunately, in the City Council Swimming Carnival, our first competition, there was only one other school competing in the Senior Girls' section. Perth Girls' won the contest, and is to receive a framed photograph of the competitors.

Three teams were entered for the Bunbury Cup, and Claremont won the contest, with Perth Girls' coming second and third. Lena Reynolds did exceptionally well, obtaining fastest time (77 secs.). She was closely followed by Beryl Bardon (78-4/5 secs.).

The Central Schools Carnival was an especially interesting one, as Dorothy Green, who has had great success in inter-State racing, was swimming for Claremont School. Claremont was once more victorious, with Perth Girls' coming second. At the conclusion of the carnival Evelyn de Lacy, an ex-scholar of Perth Girls' School, who has been successful in inter-State swimming, and Dorothy Green, gave an exhibition of swimming which delighted all present.

As usual, the Perth Girls' Swimming Carnival was held in Claremont Baths in March, the Emerald being chartered to transport us. Gold, Blue and Red were fairly evenly matched, and after an exciting struggle Green emerged victorious with 36 points. Gold, Blue and Red received 34, 30 and 11 points respectively. The School Champion proved to be Merle Edgecumbe, who gained nineteen points, Nancy Tait being second with 13 points. Other successful competitors were Myra Edwards and Yvonne Macdonald and Norma Jury.

At the conclusion of the season we met Princess May School in our first contest for the J. C Taylor Shield. As usual, this was a very keen contest. In the free style races Merle Edgecumbe and Yvonne Macdonald were our strongest representatives, but they were ably supported by Myra Edwards, Thelma Jones, Poppy Powell, Nancy Tait, Norma Jury and Morna Slade. The final results were:—

Perth Girls' School	55 points
Princess May School	44 points

For the first time for many years Perth Girls' won the Diving contest, Eileen Ryan being our representative.

On the whole we enjoyed a successful swimming season, and great credit and our warmest thanks are due to Miss Clarke and Miss Clare, who gave up so much of their leisure time to coaching the girls.

TENNIS

This year the team consists mainly of eighth and ninth standard girls who have not had any experience in team playing, as last year there were no matches. The girls have worked hard, are keenly interested and are showing great improvement. There are many good players who attended other schools last year. As yet only one match has been played and that was at Fremantle on 5th June. The team was successful, beating the Princess May girls by ten sets to six. Another match will soon be played and we hope for another victory.

In the faction matches Gold defeated Green, while Blue beat Red. The teams are remarkably even, and all captains have had several practices.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

JUDITH—School Captain and Captain of Gold plays an energetic game; places well and is very reliable. She is the best player in the team.

VAL—The best of the newcomers; is better at singles than doubles. She has a good forehand and a reliable serve, but does not anticipate where the returns will land. She waits for the ball to bounce before starting to run. She must cultivate a better backhand.

LESLIE—Captain of Green; has a reliable and good drive, but shows a decided tendency to run round backhand shots.

RITA—Is a consistent player with a fairly strong backhand. She has rather a "tricky" serve which stands her in good stead at present, but which she would do well to change, as it is not one that will develop pace later on. She should throw the ball higher to get more force behind it.

MAISIE—The only player from the 7th is a promising player. She has good strokes, places well and is reliable.

SHIRLEY—A new-comer from Subiaco; is a reliable player too. She is quick on her feet and excels at the net.

Both **SHIRLEY** and **MAISIE** show promise at present of working further up the team.

LORNA, **NANCY**, **ELSIE** and **ROMA** are four steady players. They place fairly well, but need to develop more pace without sacrificing accuracy.

In addition to these team girls there are some promising players who should continue practising with the team girls.

All members of the team wish to thank Miss Rance, who has given up her spare time to help them in their practices.

HOCKEY

This season promises to be an interesting one for hockey enthusiasts. The Juniors are showing good form and in their midst are some very promising players who, with practice, should in the future be very valuable team members. Two of the most outstanding players among the Juniors are Gloria and Joyce Martin, both strong wings. Other promising players are Hilary Johnson a half back, Eileen Burrows centre forward, and Peggy Hart and Grace Benson, two backs.

Outstanding players amongst the Seniors are Marjorie Spencer as centre forward, Pat Richards as an inner wing, Rene Skeggs an outer wing, Muriel Graham as centre half back, Bessie McFarlane as back. Margaret Smith as half back, Joan Berkins as goalie, and Shirley Johnson as inner wing are also promising players.

Every Wednesday at lunch time keen players may be seen at Birdwood Square keeping in trim for school matches. Both "A" and "B" teams are capable of playing a good game, but just at present their play lacks team-work.

The first faction matches of the year resulted in victories for the Gold and Blue teams, who are to be congratulated on their success. The matches against Princess May gave victory to both "A" and "B" teams, and we enjoyed a keen game with our rivals.

To Miss Lowry, who has assisted us so splendidly in coaching the teams, we extend our grateful thanks.

BASKETBALL

Basketball enthusiasts have a much brighter prospect before them this year than during last year. Our inter-school matches with Midland Junction and Subiaco are to be continued this year, there being two sections of matches—the VIIIth standard competition between Midland and Perth Girls' and the VIIth standard competition for Midland, Subiaco and Perth Girls'.

The VIIIth team promises well. June Morley as centre plays a good combination game with Olive Williams, attack wing, and Phyllis Sutherland and Essie Godecke, goal-throwers, while the defence in Lorna Brown, wing, Marjorie Turner and Muriel Paul, defence goals, forms a strong support. All these girls, including Beryl Bardon, emergency, are practising hard and are hoping for some good play.

Our VIIth team is not so strong as the VIIIth team, though it is well defended in Fay Machoures and Lily Philip as goal defenders, and Rena Daff and Alma Chambers, goal-throwers, show promise, but need more practice, as is the case with the centre and assistant goalie. Lorna Brunton, as attack wing, tackles well.

The faction play is keen too, and so far Gold and Blue have proved the stronger teams. We should like to see P.G.S. having a successful season in inter-school matches. Under Miss Bownass both teams are making good headway, and we thank her for the time she so willingly devotes to coaching us.

BASEBALL

Once again this year baseball has caused quite a considerable amount of interest amongst the girls keen about this branch of sport. The girls have been divided into "A" and "B" teams, but it is likely that some of the players will be changed over from match to match to give the better players in the "B" team a chance to play with the "A" team, and so perhaps improve their play. The "A" team at present consists of Eileen Ryan (Captain) and Beryl Briggs, the two long-stops, while Jane Thompson (vice-captain) is an excellent player on third base. Then there is Elva Towley, a good second base, and Lila Randle on third base, Joan Burns the back-stop, Dorothy Richardson and Shirley Holmes the two short-stops, and Margaret Pearse the Bowler. Margaret is a very fast bowler, but occasionally gives bad balls. These girls are all quick fielders, and mostly play a steady game. A few of the team still need practice in hitting, and particularly in hitting low.

The first match against Princess May was held at Fremantle on 6th June, and resulted in a win for both our teams.

It is hoped by all team girls that they will be able to improve their play considerably throughout the year, and that constant practices will assist us and improve our knowledge of team-work. In conclusion, we thank Miss Ackery for her fine coaching of the teams.

They Say—

That spots are fashionable but not popular at P.G.S.

"Do girls use 'cosmetics'?"

That an elephant sends a trunk call.

That Magellan sailed round the world in *five* leaky ships.

That a prominent member of IXth Professional has been tossed on the waves of the Indian Ocean.

"What are they — pumpkins?"

That an angle is a triangle with only two sides and one missing.

That there are a lot of squatters in W.A. because of the high price of chairs.

That Woolworths is a favourite shopping centre for three of our distinguished IXths.

That an aqueous rock is something that is watery.

That the blue-eyed Saxons settled in tons and hundredweights.

"Is that quite clear?"

"Empty vessels make the most sound."— Beware VIIIth Professional!

Applied Quotations

"Where never is heard a discouraging word
And the sun shines the whole of the day."

—P.G.S. (?)

"Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping
We fall upon our faces, trying to go."

—Result of the new Drill Syllabus.

"Their thoughts I cannot measure."

—Teachers' Lament.

"A flock of sheep that liesurely pass by."

—Classes changing Period.

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

—Failures.

"She was pinched and pulled, she said."

—Complaining Student.

"His childish features frozen stern
A nation's task *he* has to learn."

—History Student

"Gaunt arms stretched with a voiceless yearning."

—When Sport is cancelled.

"That scarce her loos'd limbs she able was to wield."

—After Hockey.

"Was it a vision or a waking dream?"

—Rumours of our New School.

"And far and wide the fame thereof did ring."

—P.G.S. School Choir.

"His own thought drove him like a goad."

—Later-comer.

"And listens like a *three* years' child."

—A certain VIIIth Standard.

"Alas! Alas! a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me."

—Teacher breaking down.

Story and Poem Competition

OUR competitions this year included, in addition to our usual offer for short story and for poem, additional Jubilee prizes donated for the best pen-picture of His Majesty the King.

Again much interesting work was received by the Committee, and in the poetry section especially there was a very good response. Apart from those whose work is published in the magazine the best story work was sent in by Jean Turner, Lily Foster, Peggy McGougan and Shirley Deacon, and the best poetry by Judy Riddell, Barbara McWhirter, Pat Tuohy and Rita Hood. We hope to publish some of their contributions in our next issue.

We should like to express our appreciation of the prize donated by Mrs. Sorenson, and to thank her for her generosity and interest in our magazine. We are pleased to announce the prize-winners and congratulate them on their success and the fine standard of their contributions.

Best Short Story: MARJORIE SPENCER.

Best Poem: PEGGY TAYLOR.

Best Pen Picture: MARJORIE SPENCER.

Special Award for Pen Picture: MARGARET THOMSON.

The Stars of Bethlehem

Many years ago when wild tribes inhabited Australia, and often plants and animals and birds would talk to men, there lived a little boy called Wirranee, who belonged to the Warrego tribe.

He was very fond of all things belonging to nature, and one day when the warriors of his tribe had returned from a hunt and were telling tales of their prowess, Wirranee crept away from their camp because he did not like to think of his friends being hurt. Not far away a tall gum tree was growing in a patch of beautiful flowers that Wirranee thought must be the ghosts of the star-people; they were so like the stars that shone at night to show people where their paths lay.

Wirranee sat down in the shade of the gum tree to look at the flowers. They were of all colours but he loved the creamy-white ones because they were most like the stars of the sky.

Softly he spoke his thoughts aloud. "They are very lovely; I wonder where they come from." And a soft, silky voice with a sound in it like far-away bells replied: "It is a long story, Wirranee, but if you will make yourself comfortable in the shade I will tell you."

Long, long ago my sisters and I were stars in the sky above—it is long ago but we have not forgotten. You can see our people only at night, because during the day they go to a country above the sky that you cannot see. The sky is such a deep, soft, purple velvet, but the country they go to is ever so much nicer, and we never liked leaving it.

Now our father was the most beautiful star in the sky. Long ago when a little Baby was born in a country far from here our father was chosen to show the way to three travellers who wished to worship Him, where He lay in Bethlehem. Ever since, our father has been a privileged star, and has been known as the star of Bethlehem. We, of course, shared in his glory.

Well, one day when the sun began to doze, our mother, the Moon, called us to come and shine on the Earth, but we were unwilling to leave our play, and grumbled, saying, "Why should be little stars of Bethlehem have to work when there are hundreds of bigger, less important stars in the sky?" But when the Moon heard our words she frowned and said, "Come, my children, come! The travellers on Earth depend on you to show them their way. Every star, big and small, must take its share in our work. See, there is Venus beckoning you. Come and light your lamps, little ones."

Still we grumbled and held back, but suddenly we felt ourselves falling down, down until we reached the Earth with a bump that hurt so much. The Earth seemed different now we were on it, and we were cold and aching and longed to get back to the beautiful Sky where mother Moon was looking down on us so sorrowfully and where all our playmates were weeping.

But we must pay the penalty of our folly! We could never return to our home again, but when God saw how sorry we were He changed us into flowers and told us to shine on Earth and please men with our beauty here. We wept for many a day, but at last dried our tears and resolved to bear our burdens bravely and, since we had earned our punishment, to carry out God's words. We have done our best but, still, we often long for our old home.

The soft voice ceased, and for a few moments Wirranee lay still, thinking over the flower's words. It was a pretty story. Poor flowers! they were so pretty. He had not known they were so sad. He arose and, looking down at the flowers, said softly, "They would like to be called by their own name, I know, so in future they shall be called the Stars of Bethlehem."

Marjorie Spencer

I am Appointed Cook to the King of Cannibal Island

Away in the eastern sky the early rays of the sun were reflected on the blue, billowy breast of the ocean, and my little boat lifted with bird-like buoyancy to the swell. Vaguely, I wondered what had happened, when suddenly I remembered the shipwreck—those hours of confusion, and finally the escape. However, to my great delight, I perceived a dim blur on the western horizon, which must surely be an island, and luckily the boat was drifting in that direction.

After about three hours of anxiety my little craft ran ashore on what seemed to me to be an Enchanted Isle.

Gaily-coloured flowers twined themselves around the butts of the gracefully waving palm trees, and the golden sands of the shore were fringed with clusters of seaweed and rainbow-tinted shells. Strange, but beautiful birds wheeled above my head, and before me stretched a lovely miniature jungle.

Here my pleasant thoughts were rudely interrupted by the sight of a number of naked footprints upon the edge of the shore, and I realized that I was not alone on the lovely island. All the joy had now gone out of my adventure, and, slowly pulling my boat onto the shore, I set off on a tour of exploration.

On the edge of a clearing I stopped in dismay, for a strange sight met my eyes. Evidently I had stumbled on a large native settlement. A number of small mud huts were built in a semi-circle around the clearing, while their dusky owners were all intent on hurrying to and fro, each getting in the other's way. It seemed to me that an air of great excitement hung over the camp, in the middle of which was a raised platform with a sort of throne upon it. On this throne sat a grotesquely-painted native who appeared to be their king, surrounded by his frizzy-haired bodyguard. In front of him the cook, a sleepy-looking individual, was stirring the contents of a large cauldron which hung over the fire.

At this moment, however, Fate intervened, and I felt a faint tickling in my nose, which I had buried in my sleeve. Desperately I struggled, but at last I could repress it no longer, and I gave a mighty sneeze, tripped over a trailing creeper, and fell headlong into the midst of the astonished natives. So astonished was the cook that he fell back against the cauldron and sent its boiling contents all over the king. In a great rage the monarch shouted orders to his attendants, and two of them marched the unlucky cook away. His majesty then beckoned to me, and inquired, "Boogle Walla?"

"Yes," I replied, "it's a nice day."

"Boogle wonga boogle?" he inquired again.

"For this time of the year," I added, but he shook his head doubtfully.

At length, after a great deal of gesticulating and pointing, I was made to understand that I was to be cook, while the other unfortunate chef would be the chief dish for the morrow's great feast. Thus I was appointed cook to the King of Cannibal Island.

The next morning I took over my duties, and resolutely decided that it would not be for long. Having no knowledge whatever of cooking, I picked up everything and anything I could find about the camp, and popped the whole collection in the cauldron. To this I added a few plants I had pulled up out of the jungle, and then I hid behind a tree and waited.

Licking his lips in greedy anticipation, the king picked up a huge spoon and took a mouthful of the mixture. What followed was more than I had bargained for. With a spluttering cough he threw the spoon on the ground, and his face, which was going blue, green and yellow by turns, was twisted in a hideous grimace. He shouted something unintelligible to his people, and as one they raced in pursuit of me.

Terror-stricken, I fled for my boat; but much precious time was lost in launching it, and they waded out after me. The king's raised spear was about to descend on me when bump-bump-bump—I tumbled out of bed and landed with a thud on the bedroom floor.

Glancing up at the clock, I perceived that it was five minutes past midnight, and the night was bitterly cold. Angrily I picked up off the dressing table a brightly bound book entitled "Some Cannibals I Have Met," by an unknown author, and hurled it out of the window.

Anne Foxx.

St. Bartholomew's Day

A PLAY by BERYL KURTS

CHARACTERS:

King Charles IX of France.
Katherine De Medici. Mother of Charles and a devout Catholic.
Henry of Navarre. A Huguenot.
Prince of Conde. A Huguenot.
Margaret. Conde's wife.
Duke of Guise. A Catholic.

CURTAIN

Scene. In Queen's Stateroom. Medici is seen with Guise. They are alone.

Medici: Well my faithful Guise, have you news?

Guise: Alas, none my lady.

Medici: But I have, Guise. I have thought of a plan which will completely destroy the Huguenots.

Guise: Madam!

Medici: Hush Guise, draw nearer and I will tell you.

(Guise draws nearer and she whispers in his ear. A delighted smile spreads over his evil face.)

Guise: Splendid my lady, splendid.

Medici: Yes, yes; but I need your help.

Guise: Am I not your right hand, fair queen?

Medici: Exactly, and if you aid me in everything I will reward you richly. But hush! I hear Charles coming. And now begins our first part.
 (Enter Charles, richly dressed).

Medici and Guise: Welcome my lord.

Charles: Greetings to you. You sent for me, did you not?

Medici: Aye Charles, and 'tis very important. Come sit down and I will tell you my news.

Charles: (Sits down carelessly and asks): And what may that be?

Medici: Dear son, it has reached my ears that a dastardly plot to kill you is afoot, and the Huguenots are the cause of it.

Charles: (In amazement). Gramercy, what is that?

Medici: You are surprised? I am terrified lest any harm should befall you.

Guise: Yes, my lord, I also would be grief-stricken if you should be harmed.

Charles: And you say the Huguenots are the cause of it? But I thought they were loyal to me. They seemed so.

Guise: Yes, my lord; but that was their deceitful manner.

Charles: And yet I cannot believe it of them.

Medici: Ah! my poor son. Your mind is tired. I can see as clear as crystal their vile intentions. Allow me to conduct this affair and all will be well. I know for certain they intend assassinating you.

Guise: It is so, my lord. I, too, have heard this.

Charles: Well then, how can we prevent them from killing me?

Medici: Why, kill them. Ha, Ha, Ha!

Charles: No, no; I could not, mother.

Guise: My lord, why not? They do not hesitate to end your happy life.

Charles: No, I could not do that.

Medici: Well, my lord, if you value your life so little that you throw it away, I cannot help you, for if you refuse to destroy them, that is what *will* happen.

Guise: Exactly, my lord.

Charles: Well, if I consented, how could I destroy them *all*?

Medici: You forget you have 5,000 men at your command. If the Huguenots were taken unawares we could snuff them like a candle. Here I have a document which, if you sign, will give orders for your soldiers to rush at the Huguenots, who are all in the city. Will you sign?

Charles: (Hesitating). Perhaps 'twere best. Mother, tell me, should I do this?

Medici: Most certainly, Charles, 'tis the only way.

Charles: Very well, I will sign it; give me the quill.

Guise: Here 'tis my lord.

Medici: Just here my son.

(She points to the bottom of the document. Silence while Charles signs with dubious looks. Over his head Medici and Guise exchange triumphant looks).

Charles: There, 'tis done.

Guise: And quite right, too.

(Medici pulls cord, bell tolls. Enter servant).

Servant: You called, my lady.

Medici: (Who has been writing, looks up). Yes Cedric, summon the royal family.

Servant: (Bows, exit).

(Charles, with worried frown, sits at the table).

Medici: I hear them approaching.

(Enter Margaret, Henry and Conde, talking).

Henry: My lady, you called us.

Medici: Yes. (To servant who has just entered). Cedric, give this note to the commander and tell him to obey.

(Exit servant).

Henry to Conde: (Others are talking). I like not the attitude of Medici. There is some treachery here.

Conde: So it seems to me.

(GREAT BELLS BEGIN to ring for several minutes. Several shouts are heard. Conde and Henry hurry to the window and look out.

Conde: Look! Look! They enter the Huguenot houses.

Henry: Hush, hush, my brother. Would'st betray us?

(Medici and the others stand on the other side of the room and do not hear them).

Conde: (Clenching his hands). The villians! Hear them scream. (Several screams, and he covers his ears). If ever I escape alive, dark will be my revenge.

Medici: Come, my children, let us away. No wink of sleep have I had this night.

(Exit Charles and Medici with Guise and Margaret following. She beckons to her husband, who nods his head. She passes out)

Henry: Conde, let us away from those screams, or else I will go mad.

(Exit).

THE END

Beryl Kurts

The Lure of King Albertson's Greed

There was no doubt that King Albertson was a glutton. He had five three course meals a day, in addition to morning and afternoon tea, comprising no less than two plates of soup, one dozen cakes, and three goblets of wine. As you may well imagine, he grew fat and lazy, and did not look after his state as he should have done. In fact, he did not think of anything else but his stomach, and what he would have for the next meal.

One day, when he was just about to begin on his third plate of *Coussomme*, or "soup" in plain words, there was heard a sharp rat-tat-tat on his door. This angered him, because he had sent instructions to everybody in the palace that he should not be interrupted while having his meals. After a grunt of "come in" from the King, there stepped into the room and bowed to the King a queerly-dressed personage, with a large bushy beard and dark, shaggy eyebrows.

"Well, what do you want?" asked King Albertson, in anything but a polite tone.

"Your majesty," replied the queer man, "not many miles from here I have an army of twenty men who are almost starving, for they cannot get work, and the people will not give them any food. I came to you when I knew of their sad plight, because I knew that you would not begrudge me one sack of food."

Now the King, who was really kind-hearted, could not bear to see anyone go hungry, so he told the dwarf, for such he was, to go to the kitchen and tell the servants that he King's orders were that they were to give him as much food as he required. The dwarf went down to the kitchen and soon returned with a large sack of eatables which he placed on the ground, and said: "In return for the kindness which you have bestowed upon me, I will grant you any wish you like to mention."

As King Albertson was always thinking of his stomach, he replied unwisely: "My wish is that I shall always have tables of food before me."

"Your wish is granted!" ejaculated the dwarf, and disappeared.

"Ah," said the King as he settled himself down to finish his meal. This done, he went to bed, and all night he dreamed of nothing else but food. When he arose in the morning he found tables of food around him, and it was the same all day. He grew so sick of the sight of it that he would not touch food at all, and therefore began to reduce until he at length reached his normal weight. When anyone mentioned food to him he felt sick, and his face became thin and white.

At length the dwarf, having compassion on him, returned to the King's Chamber and found him lying white and still.

"Do you still want to continue with your wish?" asked the dwarf.

"No, take it away; take it away!" he screamed.

The dwarf disappeared, and King Albertson rubbed his eyes and sat up in bed. It had all been a dream. Nevertheless, from that day to this he has never had more to eat than is necessary, and has ruled his kingdom wisely and well.

Mr. Ebenezer Jones in Italy

The sun blazed down with all its noonday force and brilliance on the white stone courtyard of a little villa near Naples. It dazzled the eyes of Mr. Ebenezer Jones, late of Tellson's, England, as he strolled out to take a short walk to the city before luncheon.

Mr. Ebenezer Jones, bachelor, had spent forty-five years of his strenuous life attending to other people's money matters in a stuffy little room at the top of a great grey building in a noisy commercial city; but for all that he was still hale and hearty, and now that his retirement had come, he was determined to spend his savings to the best advantage in this charming city of ancient arts on the borders of the Mediterranean.

He had ventured abroad at this ripe time of his life to find colour, romance and adventure, and from the books he had read and the overseas reports he had come across, Italy had seemed to him the most likely country in the world where all these pleasures would be found at once.

He felt at peace with all around him as he ascended the slope by the winding little path all over-grown with sweet-scented broom, and saw at his feet the shining city laid out so perfectly, and beyond that the olive groves and vineyards, while on the further slopes, goats and mules were peacefully grazing.

He had reached the main street now and was slowly walking under the cool shadows of the white marble buildings, all decorated with little bright red flags. There was colour everywhere in this heavenly place such, he thought, as he had never seen in England. The houses, the gardens and the clothes of the people—even the people themselves—were beautiful with their full red lips and straight, Greek noses. He supposed they were Greek, for if he remembered rightly, at the fall of Constantinople the Greeks over-ran Italy and probably had left this trait behind them. Then there were all those pretty little flags which showed up so brightly on the white marble. One never saw anything like that in England, and it was certainly a great pity, he thought.

As he walked, he passed many little stalls of fruit and vegetables, and one or two little milk carts with tinkling bells and golden harness. It was astonishing! Even the things they ate were colourful. Just look at those huge purple grapes! How luscious they looked! And that gorgeous harness of the goats, too, shining on their milk-white coats. They had taste, these southern people. He supposed it was because they had the learning of the ages behind them; but he did not see how that should affect them any more than the English, who had the mighty wisdom of Shakespeare and Milton to support them. But probably the climate had something to do with it.

The city seemed almost asleep at this time of the day, and he was apparently the only person in the street, save the grape sellers and the owners of the milk-carts. No doubt they were all lying out there under the vines, eating grapes and olives and drinking goat's milk and sweet wine to the tune of a light guitar and the rich, full voice of a young man's voice.

He would go up to his villa now, he thought, where Anesto would have his dinner laid out for him on a little table, covered with a snow-white cloth, under the trees in his garden. There would be delicate fish and potato chips boiled in oil, as only Anesto could boil them; there would be some rich orange cheese and new white bread and a little bowl of grapes peeping from behind their green leaves, and probably some oranges as well. He never drank

wine, though he admired it, preferring clear crystal water from a fountain. He hoped they did get it from a fountain, because it would taste infinitely better, he was sure. Food, he thought, occupied a great deal of man's mind. At home he remembered contemplating, while walking to his restaurant, whether he would have grilled steak or chops and potatoes—horribly hot things, but horribly necessary in a cold, dead country where life was the same monotonous old existence day after day, year in and year out.

Bang! A shot of a .22 rifle whizzed past his ear. "Dogs!" he cried, and sprang backwards under cover of a bush, his heart quaking within him despite his brave exclamation. But the "dogs" who had apparently been hiding behind a great boulder just above him, came swooping down with shouts and yells and pinioned him with strong ropes to his little tree.

"Oh Fido!" said poor Ebenezer. Fido was the little dog he was obliged to leave in England—the only true friend he had in the world—and his heart went out to him as he stood shaking with fear, while his captors spoke their ugly gibberish and looked at him with malicious chuckles.

"Oh Fido," he said, "I have been captured by bandits and I shall never see you again; I am very sorry I ever said I loved Italy better than England." He uttered this as a kind of prayer, with his eyes closed, trying to keep his mind off what would be his probable fate. But he was soon to know this.

"Two hundred poun' ransom," said the chief bandit with a leer. Mr. Ebenezer groaned a heart-rending groan.

"Oh England," he thought, "that I ever should have scorned your good mutton and your tender steak or wished for such a disturbing experience as adventure! Ah, forgive me!"

And thinking of Fido and the dear stuffy old room at Tellson's, Mr. Ebenezer gently swooned away.

Peggy Taylor.

A Pen Picture of King George V.

Twenty-five years ago, in 1910, Prince George became King George V on the death of his father, King Edward VIII. Immediately he faced a crisis. He was an inexperienced king, and his councillors were at loggerheads, yet he faced the situation with high courage and it was his good sense that averted disaster. It is now twenty-five years since his coronation, during which England has known war and disaster, but he has faced good and bad times courageously, and has won more than loyalty from his people—he has won their love.

Being, as he was, the second son of King Edward, he had fewer public duties to fulfil, and so was able to travel widely and to see more of his future subjects than he otherwise would have done. The knowledge he gained then has stood him in good stead. He understands his people, sharing alike in their sorrows and their joys.

During his reign he has made no attempt to change the British Constitution, but by his keen, intelligent interest in the affairs of his country, and his personal attention to every detail in his duties, he has changed the position he holds as king from a mere symbol to something alive and vital in the British Empire. His tolerant attitude to all classes, the way in which he can share in the lives of the East End and the West End alike, has endeared him to all his people.

In the summer of 1914 when war clouds gathered over Europe, the King worked hard to avert the disaster, and it was not his fault that he failed. During the arduous years of war that followed he worked harder than any other man in England. He was always at his post working for his country, although his grief was heavier than that of any of his subjects, for he was the representative of the Whole Nation.

King George is a typical Englishman. Had he not been born a son to King Edward VII and destined to become England's best-loved king, he would probably have been a simple country squire or a sailor. He has all the instincts of an ordinary Englishman in his love of justice and sport, in his fearless courage, and in his love of freedom.

Today King George can truly be called the most popular king England has ever had, and it is his own merits that have won for him his unassailable position in the hearts of the people of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Now, when he is celebrating his Jubilee, English-speaking people throughout the whole Empire unite in thanking God for his long reign and in praying that he may be spared for many years yet.

It is with deep sincerity that we all cry: *God Bless Our King!*

Marjorie Spencer

Richard de Courcy Smythe

That Richard de Courcy Smythe was a great actor was an irrefutable fact, at least, so thought Jessie, the housemaid. Now, her supposition was not entirely groundless, because every morning when she carried his breakfast to his room, he would be pacing up and down, repeating a dramatic speech with much gusto. Or if this was not the case he would be seated at his little table, writing, as he sometimes informed her, a biting sarcastic article for the press; denouncing films.

This morning he was doing neither, but sitting in an attitude of studied siveness, eyebrows ferociously drawn. Jessie timidly placed the tray on the table, preparatory to departing, when Richard de Courcy Smythe became aware of her presence for the first time.

"Yes," he said dramatically, "art is declining, or rather the art appreciation of the public is declining. Thousands upon thousands frequent the cinemas, to see what? Trash!" he cried, thumping the inoffensive table to add emphasis to his words, and making the breakfast dishes leap nervously.

The rattling of the china reminded him of his breakfast, and he continued his harangue between mouthfuls of bacon and eggs, embroidering his speech with flourishes of his fork.

"The films depend on crooners, wise-cracks and bebies of scantily-clad girls for success, but the theatre . . ." here he sighed ecstatically, then added suddenly, "but I suppose you never go to the theatre, do you?"

"Well no, that isn't much in my line, an' besides it costs a good bit for a seat," stammered Jessie.

"Wait," said Richard de Courcy Smythe, "I have a ticket here. Come tonight and see the play in which I'm acting," quoth the great actor, giving Jessie the ticket with a condescending flourish.

"Thank you, sir," answered Jessie with as much apparent pleasure as she could manifest, for secretly, she would rather have been given a ticket to see Stella Star in the film "Scarlet Passion." Nevertheless, she really wanted to see the great Smythe acting, and after borrowing the cook's fox fur, which suspiciously resembled its cousin the cat, she tripped off to the theatre.

Jessie found the play extremely boring, and as it wearily progressed she became increasingly anxious for the appearance of Richard de Courcy Smythe. Just before the final curtain however, a butler, bearing a strong resemblance to Smythe, entered and with a servile bow announced to the leading man, "Your car is ready, sir."

As Jessie remarked to the cook next morning, Richard de Courcy Smythe was a great actor—in his own lodgings.

Ivy Morelini

AUTUMN LEAVES

Under the trees there are heaps of them, piles of them,
 All at my feet they are fallen and scattered.
 Young leaves are hid by them, mosses are choked with them,
 Red, browns and yellows are brightly bespattered.
 As the wind rustles them, stirs them and hustles them,
 Softly she kisses them twined in her hair.
 Sweetly she croons to them, gently caresses them,
 Fanning them tenderly, nestling there.
 Then with a fluttering, murmuring, muttering,
 Swiftly she whirls them far over the trees.
 High up she carries them, whirling them, twirling them,
 Flying past garden and flowers and bees.
 Soon though she tires of them, drops them, and watches them
 Fall through her fingers, float gently to earth.
 Slowly they settle on grass and on petal,
 And sleep while she flies on with twinkling mirth.
Peggy Taylor.

THE COMING OF DAY

A bright lark twitters
 In the early morn,
 A brown bat flitters
 With one wing torn.
 The cornfield rocks
 As the wind rushes by,
 And the Kookaburra mocks
 At the wood bird's cry.
 The little brook patters
 As it trips so gay,
 And everything chatters
 At the coming of day.

Ellen Henderson.

CONTENTMENT

The sun has set beyond the purple hills;
 The noise of life throughout the valley stills;
 The day is o'er.

And rapidly the golden daylight wanes,
 A feeling of tranquility remains,
 Dusk falls once more.

The weary workman wends his homeward way
 To finish off the evening of his day
 In perfect rest.

And there's a sense of quiet everywhere,
 From gullies to the loftiest hill-tops bare—
 From crest to crest.

Joan Langridge.

THE VAGABOND

Swinging along the highway
 With the voice of spring in the air,
 Humming a song of the by-way
 That is so glistening and fair,
 With a carefree skip I follow the wild
 With the call of the bee and the bird and the wind.
 Meekness is wrapped in shadows,
 Hatred and spite pass me by;
 Goodness is found in the meadows
 As under the stars I lie.
 And Nature throws back her head at last
 When Autumn and Winter long have passed.

Beryl Kurts.

SPRING

Spring comes gently, lightly,
 And rustles through the leaves.
 Spring comes gently, quietly,
 And whispers in the breeze.

If we stop to listen
 We may catch her song;
 But many ne'er have heard her,
 For they've not listened long.

Birds sing all the Springtime,
 Flowers once more do bloom.
 Then as warmer days begin
 They vanish—all too soon.

Valma Rowe.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

On a moonlight night a little elf sat
 On the top of a toadstool round and flat.
 He played a silv'ry tune on his flute,
 Which made the big owl in the gum tree hoot.
 The tune he played was of moonbeams sweet,
 And the tap, tap, tap of the dancing feet
 Of gnomes and elves and fairies.

When the moonlight fades at the dawning day,
 Gnomes, elves and fairies all vanish away—
 Each goes to make up a little wee bed
 With feathers the owl and the curlew shed,
 Because all good fairies and elves and gnomes
 Must be fast asleep in their little homes
 Ere the sun gets up each day.

Dresses of shimmering dragon-fly wing
 Are folded and hung on bushes aswing,
 While the little folk snuggle down to sleep
 Through daylight hours, till the moonbeams creep,
 And this is the time, at the dawn of day,
 When mortals who spy out the fairies say—
 Look! What wonderful flowers!

Nancy Taii

BY THE LAKE

The sun is setting by yon western hill
 That towers o'er the lake so blue and clear,
 And on the lake's smooth surface there are still
 The dying lights of sunset darting near.

The skies above are swiftly growing grey,
 Their white clouds fading in the purpling west.
 The sun is sinking: 'Tis the close of day,
 The birds are swiftly flying home to rest.

The sun has gone. A pale moon climbs the sky,
 A cold night wind ripples the silent lake.
 The shadows of evening are slowly gliding by,
 The bright new moon is flying in their wake.

Olive Eggleston.

"WEST AUSTRALIA"

Butcher-birds sing in our tall blue-gum,
 Greeting the rays of the rising sun;
 They sing a song of new-born spring,
 And preen each feather on breast and wing;
 A flock of parrots screeching flies
 Eastward together, towards the sunrise.

Hazel Gibbs.

THE SEASONS

The sun is shining, 'tis Summer that's here,
 And the sweet little birds we love so dear,
 The bees and the butterflies passing by,
 And above our heads is the deep blue sky.
 Ants are scurrying to and fro
 To store their food. 'Tis time, you know,
 For Autumn's here with brown and gold;
 Too soon they'll know the winter's cold.
 Rain is falling, Winter is here,
 And all around is dark and drear.
 The clouds are banking in the sky,
 So to our homes we'll quickly hie.
 Green leaves burst forth, Spring is here,
 And birds are singing sweet and clear.
 The flowers soon will wake from sleep,
 And at the sun will take a peep.

A. Savage.

THE PALE MOON

Pale silver shines the moon tonight,
 Clouds gather in the sky;
 Silent stars peep timidly,
 I hear the willows sigh.
 A breath of wind begins to stir;
 The clouds are darkening fast.
 The trees are whispering merrily,
 The moon is over-cast.
 Then on the earth the rain descends,
 The night seems wild with glee.
 Till, through the clouds, the light appears—
 The silver moon shines free.

Hilda Kelman.

AUTUMN

This is the whisper of the breeze,
 As it gently passes through the trees—
 "Lady Autumn is coming this way,
 Painting all with colours gay."
 Lightly she steps with brush and paint,
 Decking all with colours quaint.
 Behind she leaves a path of fire,
 The trees stretch upward, a crimson spire.
 The trailing vine she colours red,
 Softly and silently she doth tread.
 She puts the maiden spring to shame
 With her brilliant golden and scarlet and flame
 N. Radisch.

SUMMER'S REQUIEM

The wild winds are howling, we are long alone
 In the distance growls the thunder.
 The racing waves are piled up, flecked with foam,
 The rocks rend them asunder.
 The beach is their battle-field. Fierce and long
 They stumble and they blunder.
 The air becomes filled with merman's wild war-song,
 And distant growls the thunder.

Joy Turner-Watters.

THESE COMPETITIONS

I suppose everyone has, at some time or other, especially in youth, had literary aspirations. No doubt many of you have quite recently been fired with ambition by the announcement of the competitions for the *Magpie*. One girl—let us call her Mary, for I have no desire to be personal and have, moreover, a strong affection for life—was so badly burnt that when she eventually arrived home her mother was forced to put her head in the ice chest (Mary's head, in case you don't quite understand). Perhaps you would like a glimpse into Mary's diary; yet let me first warn you that 'tis a sad, sad tale.

May 25th—Such excitement! I have decided to be a poetess. Oh Diary, I know I can confide in you. This is my secret: I am going to write a poem for the school mag, and *such* a poem as will stir the hearts and minds of all mankind. Yet on reflection it seems a pity to waste such talent as I undoubtedly possess on a mere child's paper. Still—comforting thought—all great poets began in a small way in their youth, and so we poets must gain our experience and must fraternize with all.

May 31st.—Diary mine, I feel so elated. The nectar of success I have sipped already. Oh joy! The joy of living! Now do I understand at last the thoughts of the great poet Browning, yet must I ever feel that he might have left a little more unsaid. But the nectar! Ah Diary, you cannot fathom the depths of my emotion. My thoughts roam far off in flowering fields to mingle with the dainty buttercup. Ah yes, I was dreaming. A true poet lives ever in a "golden clime," as our friend, Tennyson, so mildly expresses it. You, too, Diary, may sip the nectar, for your poetess has composed a lilting lyric that cannot fail to move the whole world to acclamation.

June 6th.—Alas, Diary, I know not what to think. Somehow my poem has lost its former ring. Woe is me!

Later.—Alas! Alas! I can think of no word to rhyme with "peace"—no word to fit the thought struggling for utterance in my breast. Ah, a poet's life is hard, so hard!

June 7th.—All night I have tossed and turned but Fate is cruel. She will not let me win my spurs. What humiliation is mine! Ah well, some other time maybe. Perhaps I am yet a little young for a poet's life of tribulation. So must I wait and hope and leave my great gift to mature. Like cheese, it improves with age!

Muriel Graham.

The Story of Jackie

Just as the sun was peeping over the horizon, in the far-off distance was seen a weary pedlar trudging along the dusty road with a heavy pack thrown over his shoulder. The tall trees threw their long shadows across his path, and high above a hidden white-throat sang and sang again.

He was looking rather worried, for he was not in sight of any human life; but when he turned the bend in the road he came upon a small village school, and he heard the buzz of the children at their lessons. Ah! surely here was a spot where he could at least obtain refreshment. Plucking up his courage he went towards the school house, but hardly had he opened the gate when a little boy came running towards him, sobbing bitterly and crying, "Jackie's in the well! Jackie's in the well!"

Hastily the pedlar ran towards the well and peered in, but could see nothing. Quickly he lowered the bucket and waited. Suddenly from behind him he heard a laugh and the voice of the school-master's wife, who said, "What is the matter?"

"Why, madam," said the pedlar, "your little boy says Jackie is in the well, and I . . ."

"Oh," she interrupted, laughing, "Jackie is his little rubber elephant."
Netta McGahey.

The History of William Freeman

Outside the post office in a little country town three men stood talking and watching the approach of a lonely figure walking slowly down the long, winding ribbon of road. As he neared them he stopped and said, "Can any of you tell me anything of a man named William Freeman?"

"No. He disappeared quite suddenly about twenty years ago and has not been heard of since," one of the men made answer.

As he walked slowly away the old man murmured to himself, "Yes, yes, I thought so." Later on he entered a solicitor's office.

"I've come to make enquiries about a man named William Freeman," he said. "I've heard rumours that he's not here now."

"He disappeared suddenly about twenty years ago, and nobody has heard of him since," said the solicitor.

"I know more about that man than anyone in this town," said the old man. The lawyer sat up in his chair with a jerk. "Tell me all about it," he said anxiously.

"Well it is like this," said the old man. "Twenty years ago William Freeman was returning home from seeing a friend and, as he was walking along a lonely beaten track through the bush, he was suddenly seized and over-powered. His assailants were a band of thieves who had mistaken him for a wealthy nobleman of that district. When next he regained consciousness he found himself in a cabin on board ship. Opposite him two men were talking in low tones. They were planning to murder a young detective on board. Then one of the men turned round and perceived that his prisoner was wide awake. Muttering angrily, for they knew that that had been overheard, they strode away.

"Some days later the ship reached Batavia, and William Freeman found himself on trial for the murder of the young detective. Try as he would he could not clear his name, nor could he find anyone to give evidence for him, and, to his horror, he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

"When Freeman at last obtained his release he was a changed man. He can never stay long in one place, for he is restless and must be forever travelling."

"But how is it you know so much about him?" inquired the solicitor curiously.

"I am William Freeman," said the old man simply.

Nora Murray.

Ex-Students' Notes

AS P.G.S. Ex-Students, we gladly welcome this opportunity of recording the doings of some few of our large band. Our numbers are ever increasing as the years go by, and last year again saw a big group of girls pass out from Perth Girls', some to commence a new school-life at Modern School, others to begin their business training at the Commercial Colleges, and others again to commence their careers in the different business firms of the city. We wish them, one and all, good luck and success in their new sphere of work.

Modern School has this year claimed Agnes Dawson, Evelyn Hogg, Stella Marshall, Marion Powell, Joan Selden, Joyce Scott and Mary Sorenson. Pauline Bell and Eula Gray are now members of Perth College, where Pauline is again distinguishing herself with her swimming records. Joyce Day and Hazel Pickersgill are also doing well at the Kalumunda Convent, and Nancy Richards now attends Loreto Convent.

At business colleges are Violet Geddes, Nancy Hagley, Allison Ockerby, Sybil Robbins, Jean Sproge, Ella Sharpe and Marjorie White, while at Perth Technical School we are represented by Mary Pillow, Joan Sparkman, Ruth Baxter, Jean Bownass, Margaret Dunlop, Joan Jacoby and Connie Tanner. Our pharmacy enthusiasts include Joan Dick, who is apprenticed to Mr. Hartrey, a Perth chemist, and Betty Frost, who has just started her apprenticeship at Foy's Pharmacy.

Of course there are a number of us who are now working women, and our representatives are well scattered throughout the city. Olwen Davies is employed at Lloyd's Shipping Agency, Jean Lowes in the Methodist Book Depot, Pat Curthoys in the Vacuum Oil Company, Julie Liebenow at Levinsons, Ella Sharpe at the T. & G., and Mavis Bahlinger and Jean Jacques are with Corot & Co.

Amongst those who are at present at home are Bernice Jamieson and Winnie Yewers, and quite a number of ex-girls, including Maidie Hine and Doris Thompson, are living in the country. We are also well represented at the University by Pat Brownlie, Erica Douglas, Hilda Griffiths, Winsome Maley, Margaret Menzies, Eva Spokone and many others.

And now in conclusion we wish every success to P.G.S. this year, both in sport and in work.

