

Church of England Girls' School

WARWICK
QUEENSLAND



No. 24.

JUNE

1930

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PREFECTS

Senior: B. Medhurst.

BARNES: B. Medhurst, J. Walton.

CROTHERS: I. Keenan, N. Marshall.

SLADE: I. Wickham, J. Fraser, E. Bailey.

NEAL: E. Taylor, A. McLean.

Editress: I. Keenan.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

President: Miss Phipps.

Secretary: B. Medhurst.

THE STAFF

Barnes: M. Seibel, J. Mitchell.

Crothers: I. Keenan, J. Hill.

Slade: I. Wickham, J. Fraser.

Neal: E. Taylor, A. McLean.

Prefects: J. Walton.

SPORTS

TENNIS.—A Team: B. Medhurst (captain), M. Lamb, M. Seibel, F. Anderson.

NET-BALL.—A. Team: B. Medhurst, J. Walton, D. Thompson, J. Mitchell, D. Flower, F. Matthews, M. Seibel.

SWIMMING.—B. Medhurst, Captain.

BASEBALL CAPTAINS.—I. Wickham, N. Marshall, J. Walton, A. McLean.

LIBRARY

Librarians: J. Walton, E. Taylor

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

President: Miss Phipps.

Secretary and Treasurer: C. Clowes.

EDITORIAL

"It is said that the morality of a nation depends on the purity of its womenfolk." The nation's ideals of right or wrong depends on the point of view and actions of its womenfolk. Women set the standard and men follow it; if women lower their standard men lower theirs also. One notices it, wherever one goes, in the drawing-room, on the tennis court, or at a function. If the women act in a womanly way and do not forget their duty as women, then the men will act in a gentlemanly and courtly way.

Nowadays the women are apt to forget this. They often have so little dignity, and men following women's example are less chivalrous.

There is no greater example of womanly dignity than Queen Mary. She performs her obligations in a gracious and dignified manner. There is no desire to fuss or attract attention, but it is the quiet performance of a duty well done.

It is always a pleasure to meet women who are considerate and dignified. There are scoffers who say that such behaviour is out of date, but when it comes to the point, even the scoffers prefer to meet dignified and considerate women rather than women who are selfish and uncontrolled. Everyone, I am sure, is happier if they are in contact with one who sets a high standard in actions, conversation, and behaviour. A low standard, they find, jars on them.

An interesting little example of a woman as a leader, is to be noticed when, Mrs. Longman, our first woman member of parliament, was complimenting Miss Amy Johnson as Miss Johnson and not as "Johnny," because she was a woman. Until then most of the papers had referred to her as "Johnny" and Amy Johnson. Now quite a number of daily papers have followed Mrs. Longman's lead and call her Miss Johnson.

A church school like ours, working through its groups, and through self government, cherishes the ideal of training girls as leaders so that when they go out into the world they may set a truly high standard in moral and ethical questions.

As Charles Kingsley said, "I should have thought that it was the glory of woman, that she was sent into the world to live for others, rather than for herself; but let her never be persuaded to forget that she was sent into the world to teach man that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is the performing of duties; to teach him specially in these so-called intellectual days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is—purity and virtue."

SCHOOL NOTES

1929

29th November a Eurythmic Display and Tableaux were held in His Majesty's Theatre. This was very successful.

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6th December a music recital was held in the School Hall.

17th November Bishop Le Fanu confirmed ten girls in St. Mark's Church.

18th November Bishop Le Fanu held a special celebration for those who were newly confirmed.

9th December a Midsummer Night's Dream was played successfully in the School Hall.

10th December a Carol Service was held, also a display of work was given.

11th December the Annual Kindergarten Christmas Tree was held.

11th December Speech Night was held. His Grace the Archbishop was present.

12th December Christmas holidays began.

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5th February the School reopened after the Christmas holidays. Mr. Neal, chaplain, attended prayers and gave an address.

10th February His Grace the Archbishop visited the school and spoke to the girls.

12th February Bishop and Mrs. Ash came to the school. They were going to England and left their two little daughters here.

17th February Bishop Batty visited the school.

20th February the induction service for the Senior Prefect and new Prefects was held in St. Mark's Church. After the service a Group party was held at the school. The heads of the Groups, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Slade, Mrs. Crothers, and Mrs. Neal were among the visitors.

15th March the Rev. Brown-Beresford visited the school and spoke to the girls about Home Missions.

18th March the Intergroup Swimming Carnival was held. Slade Group won the Group Cup. The Senior Championship was won by Jill Collins, Junior by R. Collins, Elementary by E. Macartney. Jill Collins was awarded an Honour's Pocket. There was also a Life-saving display by each Group.

26th March the Premier (Mr. Moore), Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Neal, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. S. Barnes visited the school. They inspected the girls and had morning tea with Miss Phipps, the Staff and Prefects.

24th March Archdeacon Glover came to the school and spoke to the girls.

27th March the girls attended the Warwick Show.

31st March the Life-Saving Examination was held. The following girls were successful:—

Teacher's Certificates.—M. Lamb, B. Medhurst, J. Rowland, J. Rutter; Bronze Medallion, M. Addison, Jill Collins, R. Collins, M. Lamb, B. Medhurst, F. Matthews, J. Rowland, and J. Rutter. Proficiency.—E. Macartney, L. Smith.

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Elementary.—M. Benson, D. Larsen, P. Morgan, V. Rowland, J. Tanner.

5th April some of the girls were present at the opening of the Silverwood Dam, Warwick's new water supply.

7th April Rev. M. de B. Griffith came to the school and spoke to the girls on Sunday School work.

12th April the girls went to St. Mark's Church for the Dedication of the School Guide Company Colours, which were presented by Mrs. Moneriette Scott. On the following Monday a number of new Guides and Brownies were enrolled and some of the Guides were examined for their Housecraft, Needlewoman's and Cook's Badges.

15th April the girls went to the Church for the singing by the Choir, of the Crucifixion.

16th April the School was dismissed for the Easter vacation, and re-opened on the 22nd of April.

25th April, Anzac Day, the girls were present at the Commemoration ceremony in Slade Park.

27th April Inspector Moorhouse visited the school, and said he was agreeably surprised, he had not thought we had such a fine school.

Archbishop Sharp and Mr. and Mrs. Neal visited the school in the afternoon. The Guides and Brownies formed a guard of honour, and the school was formed up in a quadrangle. Later, the Archbishop was entertained at afternoon tea by Miss Phipps, the Staff, and Prefects.

18th April a number of girls were confirmed by the Archbishop in St. Mark's.

9th May the Kindergarten children gave a concert at which a number of visitors were present.

10th May the Senior Girls held their Dance at which the Senior boys from Slade School were present.

17th May the Guides and Brownies were present at the opening of the 1st Warwick Guide Company's Hut.

23rd May a number of girls saw "The Geisha" at the Town Hall.

26th May Emily Stirling stayed at the School. We congratulate her on gaining her B.Sc. degree.

29th May the Ascension Day picnic was held at Sandy Creek. A number of visitors were present, and the day was most enjoyable. Before the picnic, the girls attended the Service at St. Mark's Church. The Guides and Brownies were in uniform.

The results of the last theory examinations are as follows:—Associate Elocution, M. Deacon 70, Advanced Junior Music, E. Murray 85, E. Burey 80, M. Murray 77, Junior, D. Larsen 93, R. Henry 91, D. Gillham 91.

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Some of the prefects saw N. Elphinstone as she passed through Warwick to play in Inter-Varsity Tennis, in Hobart. We congratulate her on gaining a place in the Queensland University Women's Team.

We congratulate N. Elphinstone, M. Deacon, B. Rowland, for their success in passing the Senior Examination and for their matriculation in Arts and Science; and B. Medhurst who gained a good pass in the Junior. B. Rowland was offered a Training College Scholarship, but she has decided to take Chemistry. We hope she may succeed in and enjoy her work which she has begun.

N. Elphinstone is taking a course in Agriculture at the University of Queensland. We wish her great success in all she undertakes.

M. Deacon hopes to go to the University next year.

During the Christmas Vacation the girls' bedrooms and dressing rooms at Miegunyah were repainted. Another room was painted and fitted as a bed-room, to provide more accommodation. During this term there were 57 boarders. Our limit for the present will be 60 boarders. This must be so until we purchase larger grounds and move a little further into the country.

Our thanks are due to those who have sent donations, and thus made it possible, with the assistance of School entertainments, to pay for all alterations and painting from a special fund. We thank Mrs. J. H. S. Barnes and Mrs. Crothers for all their gifts during the half-year.

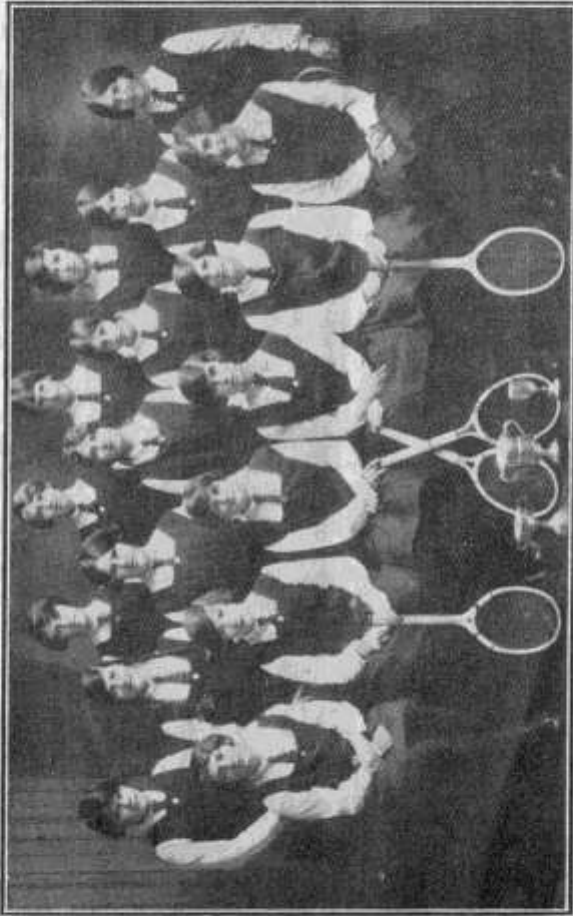
Miss Harward has presented copies of Derick Born, John Reskemeer of Cornwall and Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, by Holbein. The originals are at Windsor Castle. We thank Miss Harward for these welcome gifts.

The new gymnasium is in use. Old girls will recall the playing shed which looked insecure. In its place, there is a large and convenient gymnasium. After Midwinter the School Council hopes to have a special function in connection with the Gymnasium. Any donations or gifts for sale, will be gladly received.

As the School has grown, it was necessary to have a fourth group. Mrs. Neal has allowed this group to be called after her. Already she knows personally all the girls. The old gymnasium has been converted into an attractive class-room for Neal.

This year we hope to enter girls for the State School Scholarship. Permission has been granted by the Department. Miss Smith is in charge of the class.

Miss Thompson, known as Clarice in her schooldays, is now in the Kindergarten. We were glad that she, Norma Mardon, Joyce Glover were successful at the Kindergarten Training College, where each completed her course last year.



SPORTS TEAMS 1929.
Winners Evans Cup for Tennis, Montrose Cup for Athletics, Mrs. J. H. S. Barnes' Cup
for Net-Ball.

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Group debates were held at the end of First Term. The subjects were (a) War between nations must occur periodically. (b) Sports are played for physical and not for moral development.

THE SEASONS

The four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, each has its peculiar characteristics.

Spring is the loveliest time of the whole year, for then nature is at its best. Almost with the same voice that we bid farewell to the cold winter we welcome spring—Spring which puts its green robe over all the woods and fields and brings with it the flowers. It is only those who live in the country who can really appreciate the loveliness of Spring, for to the town people the changes in the seasons mean only a change in weather.

Spring advances until it reaches a great height of loveliness, and then almost imperceptibly it gives way to summer. This season also has its delights, and we can feel that it is more mature than that of Spring. As the year goes on, Summer gives place to Autumn with its stately and almost cold beauty. In this way Autumn differs greatly from the Spring. Spring resembles a young girl radiantly happy and ready to dance through life. Autumn is more like a queen moving with slow and stately steps; we love the maiden and respect the queen. Winter is the hardest time of the year as regards the seasons, and also a hard time of life when we have to look beyond the present and make some definite preparation for the future.

Just as the year is divided into four seasons, so there are four seasons in our human life. Our springtime is the period of youth when we are young and energetic and happy in everything we do, and look forward to life through rose-tinted glasses.

From Spring we pass to Summer time. This is perhaps the hardest time of our life, for we have to come out of our dreams and face realities. According to the way we act during our summer-time so will the rest of our life be ruled. If we can leave the summer behind with few regrets and feel that our time has been profitably used, then we can hope to enjoy the peace of a calm autumn.

From the Autumn we pass to Winter, which leads to the "path which greyheads abhor." Winter gives the best evidence of the way in which we have lived the first parts of our life. Those who lived for others besides themselves and have done their work as best they can, may look the future fearlessly in the face and scorn rather than fear death.

"Four seasons fill the measure of the year,

There are four seasons in the mind of man,

He has his lusty, when fancy clear,

Takes in all beauty with an easy span.

He has his summer when luxuriously

Spring's honey'd aid of youthful thought he loves
To ruminat and by such dreaming nigh
His nearest into heaven; quiet
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlerh close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook
He has his winter too of pale misfeature
Or else he would forego his mortal nature."

B. MEDUHRST,
Barnes.

INFLUENCE ON LITERATURE OF THE SPREAD OF POPULAR EDUCATION

Nothing has had such a lasting effect on literature as the spread of popular education. Before the invention of printing, manuscripts were written by hand, and cost a great deal to produce. The result of this was that the production of literature and the enjoyment of the written word were confined to the educated nobles and clergy.

When education was extended to the poorer classes, literature flourished. Men were now being taught the benefits of a well-trained mind, and were eager to gain as much information as possible from literature. Books of history and travel as well as many other subjects were welcomed and were in great demand. This meant that more men began to write their ideas and to pass them on to their fellow-countrymen to be a help to them. Indeed many of the finest English scholars have risen from the middle classes.

Thus the influence of education upon literature has remained and steadily increased throughout the ages. However, its effects on literature have never been felt more than at the present day. In the British Isles, Australia, and other countries everyone is now compelled to receive some education. The result of this is that the old theory "that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" has been put to the test and proved to be true. As a rule the tastes of the poorer classes for literature are exceedingly low. They seek something which savours of the impossible, and contains exciting adventures. Such books delight them, and upon this literature, if we may call it such, they base their ideas and ambitions. However, these works do not remain popular for long, and the authors are quickly forgotten. Instances of this are frequently found in English literature. For example, the works of William Thackeray, Jane Austen, and Charles Dickens are still regarded as treasures of literature; but on the other hand the works of Zane Grey, Hutchinson, and others, who are popular at the present day, will not stand the test of time. The cost of publication to-day is high, and consequently publishers welcome such works as sell quickly. There-

fore, they publish large numbers of books, which are in great demand among the poorer classes. Those who enjoy good literature are comparatively few, and so the expenses incurred in its production are greater than the returns. The result of this is that the proportion of good literature produced has not increased to any extent, comparatively, during the last fifty or a hundred years.

In spite of all the evil results to which attention has been drawn, it is quite evident that man would have continued to live in ignorance and utter contempt for those around him, if popular education had not been introduced. Education has, in many instances, given him a brighter outlook on life, and a taste for literature which increases as he becomes more and more cultured. Therefore, it is to be hoped that as the less-educated classes become more and more highly cultured, their love of good literature will increase. Whatever may happen in the future, it cannot be denied that popular education has had some lasting effect for good, on literature, and that this effect has never been so apparent as at the present time.

J. WALTON (Barnes)

AUSTRALIAN POETRY

Although Australian literature is a branch of English literature, which is so well developed, none of the Australian poets has reached the same high standard which is characteristic of the work of some of England's greatest poets. Life in England is vastly different from that in Australia, and this probably accounts for the difference in literature. England is much older than Australia, and has had a much longer time in which to develop her literature. Australia is only at the pioneer stage, but England is quite an old country, and consequently her literature has reached a more advanced stage. Australian poetry is full of life and vigour, but it is not written in such grand language as is the best English poetry.

Most of the Australian poets have lived and worked in this country all their days, so they thoroughly understand the ambitions and the conditions of the Australian people. Their poetry is true to life, and their poems describing the stations and the outback are very realistic. Among the poets who have written this kind of poetry, perhaps the best known are A. B. Patterson, Henry Lawson, Marcus Clarke, and Adam Lindsay Gordon. Although the latter two were not born in Australia, they lived most of their lives in this country, and their poems are vividly descriptive of Australian life.

Henry Kendall is another Australian poet who has written lyrical poetry, but he has taken for his theme chiefly the beauty of the Australian bush and the works of nature. His poetry is a flow of musical language, and one of his most beautiful poems is the Bell Birds. In this poem Kendall describes the wonder and

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beauty of the bush and the birds. Very beautiful lines are:—

“Through breaks of the cedar and sycamore bowers,
Struggles the light that is love to the flowers;
And, softer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,
The notes of the bell birds are running and ringing.”

“October the maiden of bright yellow tresses
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters, knee-deep in the grasses to listen,
Where dripping rocks gleam and leapy pools glisten.”

Henry Lawson has written poetry about life in the outback. His style is not grand, but his poems are very real and true.

“The poor in the city have friends in woe, no matter how much
they lack,

But only God and the Swagman know how a poor man fares
out back.”

“He begged his way on the parched Paroo and the Warrego tracks
once more,

And lived like a dog, as the swagmen do, till the western stations
shore.”

Dorothea Mackellar's poem, “My Country,” is wonderfully descriptive of Australia, and underlying the whole poem is a very patriotic spirit:

“I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.”

Although Australian poets have not yet attained the grand style, the work is deeply appreciated by many of their countrymen. They have helped men to realise the hardships and difficulties of the early settlers, and they have given very true descriptions of Australian life.”

I. WICKHAM (Slade)

GIRL GUIDING

At one blast of the whistle we all come to attention. Three short blasts followed by a long one bring the patrol leaders to a “falling in” position. Then the Captain says, “Guides on Parade.” At this command the other guides run to their various patrols. The patrol leaders call the roll and give the collection to the Captain. Then we go to our various positions, and teach the girls in the patrol whatever they want to know.

For the “Tenderfoot” examination, the first a Guide must know are the Guide Promise, the Guide laws, the legend of the Union Jack, knots, whistle signals, and stalking and tracking signs.

Once a girl has passed her Tenderfoot she is entitled to a Guide badge, and obtains her patrol's colours and emblem. She is

then a true Girl Guide.

The first badge she wins is the Second Class. For this she must know how to make a fire and a bed, know the health rules and exercises, be able to stalk and track, signal the morse code with a flag which she has made herself and be capable of tying seven knots. The badge is a green shamrock leaf on a brown background, and should be sewn on the left sleeve.

A Guide may not go for any other badges until she has obtained her second class badge.

It is very interesting as well as very useful to try to obtain the various badges. There are a great number which can be won.

To win an Ambulance badge it is necessary to know about the various parts of the body, how to treat different kinds of sickness, and how to act at the moment until help is obtained.

Amongst many other badges which can be won are the child nurse badge, artists' badge, needlewoman's and musician's.

Guiding does not consist only of work. There are many pleasures attached to the movement. Hiking is one of them. A fire, some meat, bread, water, and tea is all that is required for a day in the open. At a hike all kinds of guide games are played and messages are sent in Morse code. A camp fire is an evening entertainment. The Guides gather around the fire and sing songs and tell stories. Camping is the greatest sport of all.

"Camp, camp, camp's the place for learning,
Camp, camp, camp's the place for fun,
Be the weather wet or fine,
We will have a jolly time,
And be sorry our camping days are done."

E. TAYLOR (Neal)

MY LIFE AS A SLAVE

There was much bustling and noise in the large slave market square. Men were doing their utmost to raise the prices of their slaves. I was standing with my brother and friends, the property of Miguel Doon, our master. Each of us was awaiting our pitiful fate. I was feeling dejected and was just on the verge of tears, when our master came to me and pushed me up on the stage. He then began to show all my good points and breeding to the people, and to make up stories about my strength and ability. Soon the bidding began, and each time my master increased his stories it rose, until I was sold for thirty dollars.

My new owner grabbed me roughly and chained me to a wagon, where his other slaves were. They all asked me my name, and how old I was, and what was my old master's name. I told them, and inquired the name of my present owner. "Robert Darrell," they told me. They said he would make me work hard; later I found this out.

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After three days, in which time it did not take me long to learn to fear my new master, we began the journey to his tea plantation. I was made to work hard, and if I were not quick, I was flogged. My job was to carry the baskets from a four acre block to the waggons and supply the pickers with baskets. I was found resting once, and was flogged with a cat-o-nine tails three times a day, for ten days, and ordered to do twice the amount of work. It made me tired and sad, and, at night, after I had had my usual slice of stale bread and water, I used to lie in my small allowance of blankets and think about my good old home and resolve to go back to it if possible.

When the chief slave, Ned Gorn, as he called himself, came to the hut to see if we were asleep, he used always to kick or strike me across the face with his green-hide whip, sometimes making me bleed terribly. Then he would flog me for waking up. He disliked me because our master had once shown me kindness for a task I performed for him, and Ned was jealous because he had not been the honoured one.

While working I always looked for a way of escape and one day the opportunity offered itself. I worked in the field farthest from the house and at the end of the field was a river edged on the far side by the forest. It offered an escape so I planned out my way of action.

A week later after I had been nearly flogged to death for a crime I did not commit, I slipped away, soon after the wretched Ned had been on his round. If it had not been for the death of the two bloodhounds, while out hunting the day before, I'm sure I would never have managed to escape.

But as it was very dark and rain was expected I made straight for the river and managed to cross. I entered the forest and travelled four miles inland, then turned south and kept south for a day or two. I had been careful not to leave any tracks behind. I knew that I would be searched for.

I then struck out towards the east and after about three days' travelling I came upon a hut near a creek. At first I was frightened to venture, but soon starvation forced me to try to enter. On opening the door I saw an old man lying on his bed groaning with pain. I had treated fever before for my dear old master, so I set to work and in a week cured the old man.

He was very grateful to me and we became good friends. I am now living with this old hermit in the Indian forest and that was the story I told to him some months ago, when we first met.

MAURINE BENSON (Crothers)

"MUNGANY"

This is the story told by one of the old black gins in North Queensland.

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"Me old fellow gin, Me born in deep Gorge longa Herbert River."

"When me ten year old, me been go out hunting and been get possums, bandicoots, kangaroo rats and wallabies. Kangaroo soup, it very good.

"Me been catchem fish, sometime he no bite. My word me been get plenty sugar bag. My mummer and me never stay very long in one place, we travel all about, with dillybags longa our heads.

Me remember me been kill white man cattle, and they been chase us with guns and shoot over our heads. We spear 'em calf, he easy one to spear.

"Then I been go down longa coast; where I been lent to one, blackboy, named Holligan.

"He been make me ride over big range and I been get full up buster. I fall off. I don't want to get on again, Holligan, he make me.

"When I come here, I got no clothes, Missus, my word she good one, she give me clothes everything. I been work longa garden. Holligan been marry Annie, and he say he chuck me away. Me single feller now!

"Sometime I no want to go longa garden. Missus make me, I get scotty one, and Missus hunt me longa camp. I get hungry and I come baek again.

"Sometime I like lie down smoke, Missus call me all a time, I have to work all a time, that no good.

"Before, Boss been tell me put 'em on beef, and he say, 'Mungany, put em on beef,' I been say, 'Put em dere.' He say, 'Put 'em on now.' I say, 'Plenty time.' My word he get wild one, and he call me mad, I say, 'You mad yourself.' I must stop now, Missus call 'Mungany,' 'Mungany.'"

JILL COLLINS (Slade).

THE MEETING OF THE GODS

The Gods and Goddesses had met at Olympus to decide how they would punish the village Cipas. The villagers were wicked and deserved to be punished. Zeus and Juno were seated on their ebony throne, surrounded by the other gods and goddesses. Zeus, the King, spoke to the assembly saying, "Brothers and sisters, how shall we punish the offending villagers? All suggest a way and I shall consider which is the best."

Neptune: "O Father Zeus, why not let the sea rise and swallow the village and villagers."

Pluto: "No; they deserve to be sent to my Kingdom of Darkness; Oh, Zeus!"

Pomona: "Pray, have mercy brothers. Why not let all the fruits of the land die?"

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Flora : "Or Father Zeus, take away all the beautiful flowers which grow in their gardens."

Ceres : "Brothers, a good punishment would be take away all the corn, and the villagers would then have no bread."

Vulcan : "O sisters, your punishments are not severe enough for the crime that has been committed. Let the land be devastated by fire."

Apollo : "Why not take away from the offenders all joyful music, my friends?"

Cupid : "Shouldn't it be wiser to take away love from the people, and let there be hate."

Venus : "Brothers, listen, make the villagers bereft of beauty."

Mars : "It would be a good plan, to let their enemies always triumph over them, and let them work as slaves."

Minerva : "Oh my King and brothers, why not let all wisdom depart from among them?"

Zeus : "I do not think any of your suggestions are suitable. What shall we do?"

Mercury : "Zeus, Juno, gods and goddesses, why not demand a thimbleful of smoke from each person, no more nor less, and those who cannot pay it must depart from the village."

Zeus : "A splendid idea."

And all agreed.

V. ROWLAND (Crothers).

THE LILY POND

Betty was playing upon the bank of a lily pond one day while she was staying at her Aunt's home. She was just reaching out for a lily, when suddenly the water parted before her eyes, and out came a water maiden, riding in a carriage made of lilies, and drawn by four green frogs, harnessed in shining cobweb.

As soon as she saw Betty, she said, "Ah! little mortal maiden, do not interfere with my garden." "Your garden!" gasped Betty in surprise, "I did not know that this was your garden."

"Well, you know now, don't you? When I work hard to make my garden pretty, I don't expect to have it spoilt by mortal children," answered the water maiden.

"I'm sorry," said Betty humbly, "I wouldn't have touched it, if I had known that it belonged to you." "Well," said the water maiden, "if you are truly sorry, come with me and I will show you more beautiful gardens than this."

Immediately Betty found herself going through what seemed to be a path under the water. Soon they were among the water-maiden's gardens. There was such a delightful array of flowers more beautiful than any growing on the land. Each path led to

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a more entrancing garden than before. The water maiden told Betty that she could stay here and live with her in her home, but Betty must be very careful that she would not go along the last path as that was the water maiden's own garden into which nobody was allowed to go. If they did enter it they would never again see the other gardens.

Betty promised faithfully not to go there, but after a few days she had seen and admired all the different places, and suddenly she felt a great longing to go down the last path, to find what lay at the end.

When the water maiden was away, she followed the path and came into a wonderful place. Just as she stepped into the garden, she tripped and fell.

Suddenly she found herself back at the edge of the lily pond again.

Many a time when she came again to stay with her Aunty, she came to the edge of the lily pond to sit there and watch for the water maiden, who would never come to her again. Sometimes she felt sorry to think that she had disobeyed the water maiden's command.

VERA OUTMORE (Neal)

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

Dorothy sat on the side of the river and sighed. She was tired of reading "Marygold's Visit To Fairyland" so she rested her head on the soft bracken growing around her and looked up into the dark foliage above her.

Suddenly she felt a little tickling on her nose. "Bother the mosquitoes," she murmured. "The mosquitoes," said a little voice, "Please don't insult me."

Dorothy looked up and peered all around her, but there was no sign of a human form to be seen. Then suddenly she saw perched on her leg, a little fairy.

"Oh," exclaimed Dorothy in amazement. "Don't be alarmed," said the little fairy, "I have been sent by Queen 'Two-Tum' to ask you to Fairyland. Would you like to come?"

"Oh, yes," said Dorothy, "Thank you so much."

The Fairy waved her wand over Dorothy and soon they were flying over hill and dale leaving the river behind.

"The Queen would not like to see me in this old dress," she said. But on looking down she saw that she was dressed in a silver spangled frock. She had also a tiny pair of gauze wings.

Soon they came to a beautiful dell and there could be seen small fairies flitting over the green. In the middle of the green was a palace with marble pillars, and pearly windows. The Fairy took Dorothy in here, and there seated on the throne was the

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Fairy Queen. She was so sweet and she was dressed in beautiful robes.

"Welcome to Fairyland," she said.

"Well Dorothy, will you have a dew-drop cake?" said a fairy.

"I should love one," said Dorothy. She put one to her mouth and a dew-drop fell down her chin.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "It's cold."

"Is it, dear?" said a voice.

Dorothy looked up and there was nurse. She had a handkerchief in her hand and water was dripping from it.

"It was nearly tea-time so I came out to find you," she exclaimed. "Come on dearie, mummie is waiting and you will be late for tea."

*J Deakins
(Slade)*

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

What a wonderful place is the Australian bush. On a hot summer's day, one's thoughts are constantly with the cool, crystal streams and fresh green trees of the bush. The gum trees stand stiffly and lightly wave their leaves in the gentle breeze. The pretty wild wattle trees add a splash of colour to the green moss. The great mountains which appear to be quite blue in the distance, are really green with the trees when they are seen closely. In the valley runs a mountain stream of purest crystal, paving its way along the rocky bottom. When there are big rocks in the bed of the creek, many small cataracts are formed which are pleasing to the eyes. How wonderful it must be for the birds who live in this paradise! Their happiness can be well imagined by the silvery voice of the bell bird as it flies overhead. The carpet of blue bells, seems to be a blue sky on the ground. Many everlasting daisies of yellow and white hues are to be found in little clumps. The tall fox gloves stand majestically near the roots of the gum trees. Near the rocks do many little modest violets grow, and happily wave their heads on slender stems. On the cold bare rocks, the green moss sleeps and takes away the hard appearance of the rocks. The brightly coloured birds fly from tree to tree and make a vivid picture. Again one says, "What a glorious place is the Australian bush."

—JOAN MITCHELL.

(Barnes)

A STORY

There was a little girl called Betty Brown. One day her mother said she could go and sit in the park and take her dolly with her. Her mother asked her to take Baby Brown. Betty brought a train. When Baby saw it she clapped her hands and wanted to go home and tell Mummy. Baby wanted to see how the train worked, so Betty sat under the gum trees and played

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with her dolly while Baby played with the train, till Mummy called them to come home for tea.

JOYCE STIDOLPH (Kindergarten).

THE SWAN SONG

A blue lake hid in the heart of a shady wood,
There, waving their leafy boughs, the old oaks stood.
And nodded to reflections in the pool,
Where God and Goddess bathed in water, cool.

A white swan o'er the rippling surface flew,
And lighted on the water's brink, nor knew,
That near-by slept Diana, tired of the chase,
And wrathful after such a fruitless race.

The swan sang its song of life in the shady wood,
Of all that was most beautiful and good,
For a swan had as clear and sweet a voice just then,
As that of any gods or mortal men.

But Diana, waking, turned upon the bird,
"How dare you sing, while I sleep, that song I heard?
It shakes the very trees, 'tis such a noise."

"Not so," the swan replied, "I'm proud of my voice."

"Then," said the goddess, "As you are conceited,
That song you sang, never more will be repeated,
Henceforth you utter a harsh and bitter cry,
Ne'er sing again your song till the day you die."

The swan began to pine and long for its voice,
And throughout the spring, it quite forgot to rejoice,
One day when all the birds were homeward flying,
The proud white swan, beside the lake lay dying,

In the dusk, the swan shook sadly, its snow white plume,
Slid down to the lake, and vanished in the gloom,
But, as the mist enveloped the swan so white,
A sad song rang clear, through the lonely night.

I. KEENAN (Crothers).

A VACATION ON A STATION

The day is warm, and the weather is fine,

At a station on the Condamine,

Our mounts are fresh, for the Easter vacation,

It's good to be on a Darling Downs station.

Off for a ride, amongst the green hills,

Who'd live in the city, 'midst receipts and bills?

Not I, when we're home for an Easter vacation,

Not I, when there's fun on a South Queensland station.

Let's ride to the top and look on the crowns,

Of other blue hills of the Darling Downs.

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There's a sunny blue sky for the Easter vacation,
Even the sun smiles down on our South Queensland
station.
Now down in the green gorge, a little creek's falling,
And up in the blue sky, the bush birds are calling,
The birds even know its the Easter vacation,
And how glad we are, to be back on our station,
There are hundreds of pleasures, the townsfolk ignore,
Who hear only the cars and the motor bikes, roar,
They can never enjoy an Easter vacation,
Who couldn't bear life on a South Queensland station.
I hear the birds sing, and I see the blue sky,
I think of the townsfolk, and I do want to cry,
For the grown-ups who've not known an Easter vacation,
Since they never have lived on a Darling Downs station.
I feel as though I really must take
A piece of the bush, and in them awake,
A desire to spend an Easter vacation,
Out on the hills of a Darling Downs station,
Although she mayn't think it, a school girl's a fool,
If she spends all her days in trying to leave school,
For school just enhances an Easter vacation,
With the freedom and joy of a South Queensland
station.

IDA KEENAN (Crothers).

A WANDER THROUGH WOODLAND

One bright clear morning,
At break of day
The sun was shining,
All was gay;
Up in the heavens,
The birds were singing,
A flight of sparrows
Their way were winging.
On this very morning,
I tired of home
And left our garden
The woodland to roam
There under the fir trees,
A carpet so green,
Embedded with daisies
And poppies, was seen,
Under a boulder
A babbling brook,
Up in the heavens

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The call of the rook :
Down in the valley
A little green dell
The flowers outpoaring
Their fragrant smell.
I gathered a garland,
I wove a bright crown,
I built a wee bird's nest
And filled it with down.
I drank from the streamlet,
'Mongst the fir trees did roam,
I then turned my footsteps
And started for home.

V. ROWLAND (Crothers).

TOOWOOMBA

Up the hill and down the hill
Into the town below,
Those bullock men would drive their stock
From Brisbane long ago.
And in that time we saw them pay
Their money as they went,
Now Warwick way, or Dalby way,
On lawful business bent.
The motor bikes and motor cars
Go roaring up and down,
Now up the hill, then down the hill,
Into this beautiful town.

P. MORGAN (Neal).

MY GARDEN

I had a little garden
Just by the garden wall,
And in it had I planted
Hollyhocks—tall.
And every morning early,
Just as the sun was up
I watered my tiny garden
Of roses and buttercup.
And when the darkness gathered
And the moon was shining bright,
They drooped their weary little heads
To sleep the long dim night.

J. TANNER (Neal).

THE SEASONS IN ENGLAND

SUMMER

Summer days are happy days
When the sun comes out and plays
With the children near and far
Oh! what happy days they are!

AUTUMN

In autumn days the leaves they fall
From the tops of green trees tall.
With the wind they dance around
Till they cover all the ground.

WINTER

Winter days are joyous ones,
Though we seldom see the sun,
But we play in the falling snow
Till its time to homeward go.

SPRING

Spring days bring the pretty flowers,
And the long and pleasant hours,
Playing in the green, green grass,
Oh! how happily they pass.

M. FAIRBAIRN (Crothers).

DAWN

Early in the morning light,
Long before the sun is bright,
When the dawn is slowly breaking,
When the little birds are waking,
First there comes the grey light stealing,
Up the valley, mist is reeling,
And the sun is shining softly,
On the tops of mountains lofty,
When the sun is shining brightly,
And the birds are trilling lightly,
Then we know the night is o'er,
And the day is here once more.

E. MACARTNEY (Crothers).

THE SEA FAIRY

A sea fairy sweet
I happened to meet,
Combing her hair,
In a fit of despair,
"Sweet fairy," said I,

"Why do you cry?"
"Ah," said she,
"The old man of the sea
Is casting a magic spell over me."
"Sweet fairy," said I,
"Please do not cry,
Why just not peep,
For he may be asleep."
The sweet fairy came back
Holding a wee sack,
"Now," said she,
"The old man of the sea
Cannot cast a magic spell over me."

JOYCE DEAKINS (Slade).

THE MERMAID.

One day, as I sat by the sands
I saw a mermaid sweet,
She looked and waved her graceful hands,
And bathed her pretty feet,
There was the mermaid combing her hair,
A dream, I thought this sight,
For all the other rocks were bare,
Alone, sat the mermaid bright,
I saw her smile and ponder there,
She blushed beneath her crown,
I saw her laugh—then vanish—where?
She had plunged down—deep down,
I looked across towards the rock,
And tried to see below,
Why she had left one golden lock,
I took it and did go.

S. BOOTH (Slade).

THE BROWNIES' BARGAIN.

It's really annoying for Dorothy Kimble,
The Brownies have taken her nice silver thimble,
She's rather forgetful (we all have our failings),
And left it one night on the green painted palings,
They left her in payment, you may think it funny,
A handful of marigold seeds (that's their money),
But where is a jeweller, however humble,
Who would part with a thimble for this and not grumble,
So Dorothy simply can't do her sewing,
And how it will end, well, there is really no knowing,
But meanwhile the Brownies, whose wits are most nimble,
Have made a preserving pan out of the thimble.

ALMA MITCHELL (Barnes).

GOING TO TEA

I'm going to tea with a fairy,
To-morrow at 3 o'clock,
I'm wearing my nice new apron,
And won't she get a shock.
I wonder what she will be wearing,
A party dress, I suppose.
I will ask her to dance while I watch her
Dance on her little white toes.
I have been to tea with a fairy,
In my nice new pinafore,
For that little fairy was mother,
And now I am four! Quite four!

MARJORIE SMYTH (Neal).

A FAIRY

A little fairy came to town,
Upon a butterfly,
I saw her pretty purple gown,
And saw her new silk tie.
She waved her dainty little hand,
And fluttered lightly by,
I saw her pretty purple gown
Melt in the misty sky.

JOYCE OGG (Neal).

OLD GIRLS NOTES

The following girls are welcomed to the Association: Dorothy Burey, Mary Hill, Marjorie Deacon, Nancie Elphinstone, Mavis Young, Judy Marshall, Clarice Anderson, Theima Donovan, Ruth Henry, Cynthia Wickham, Jessie McDonald, Alice Davidson.

The Association offer their sincere sympathy to Mary Gordon and Betty Rowland in their recent sad bereavement.

Nancie Elphinstone passed through Warwick during May, en route to Tasmania, with the Queensland University Tennis Team.

We offer our congratulations and all good wishes to Margaret Look, Ethel Farrar, Dorothy Caton, and Imelda Ross, all of whom are engaged to be married.

At the meeting held at Mytton House on May 24th, it was agreed by all present that instead of having an Old Girls' Dance our subscriptions should go towards the gymnasium fund. At that meeting we had with us Alice Priddey, whose first visit it was since she left school, and Hazel Davidson, who is on holidays, from St. Martin's Hospital.

C. CLOWES.