

Joyce Stidolph

Church of England Girls' School

WARWICK
QUEENSLAND



No. 26

AUGUST

1931

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GROUPS AND PREFECTS.

BARNES: Miss Selke, Miss Walton; Prefects, B. Medhurst (Senior), J. Mitchell.

CROTHERS: Miss White, B.A.; Prefects, I. Keenan, D. Gillham, B. Law.

SLADE: Miss McCosker, B.A.; Prefects, I. Wickham, J. Fraser, M. Campbell.

NEAL: Miss Smith, Kind. Dip.; Prefects, A. Marshall, M. Addison.
KINDERGARTEN: Miss Thompson, Kind. Dip.

SCHOOL COUNCIL.

President, Miss Phipps; The Staff; Secretary, B. Medhurst; Prefect, I. Keenan.

Barnes: J. Mitchell, R. Armitstead.

Crothers: D. Gillham, F. Anderson.

Slade: I. Wickham, M. Roberts.

Neal: M. Addison, I. Smith.

EDITRESS.

I. Keenan.

SPORTS.

TENNIS.—1st Eight: M. Lamb (captain), M. Seibel, F. Anderson, B. Medhurst, V. Rowland, D. Thompson, I. Wickham, A. Marshall.

NETBALL CAPTAINS.—B. Medhurst (Barnes), A. Marshall (Neal), J. Fraser (Slade), B. Law (Crothers).

SWIMMING CAPTAINS.—B. Medhurst (Barnes), M. Addison (Neal), R. Collins (Slade), M. Benson (Crothers).

ATHLETICS CAPTAINS.—D. Flower (Barnes), M. Addison (Neal), D. Thompson (Slade), N. Jones (Crothers).

BASEBALL CAPTAINS.—J. Mitchell (Barnes), A. Marshall (Neal), I. Wickham (Slade), N. Jones (Crothers).

LIBRARY.

Miss Walton, I. Keenan.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

President: Miss Phipps, B. Se.

Secretary: C. Clowes.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL.

In the present crisis Australia sadly lacks real leaders. She needs, not military leaders, but moral leaders. The war of 1914 robbed the world of its greatest leaders. This is the reason for the present critical state, not only in Australia, but all over the world. Those leaders who would have been guided less by the needs of their party than by the good of the nation; and those electors who would have preferred to judge for themselves rather than have their opinions ready-made, have been claimed among the victims of the war.

In our citizens we need civic courage rather than military valour. We need citizens who will stand by what they consider to be for the good of their country, in spite of the antagonism of the crowd. For this reason, children should be trained now to become leaders in the future. They should be taught the meaning of social service, for in the near future, it will be social service and moral character rather than power and military glory, that will be honoured. Napoleon said that empires built up with wars and struggles have perished. It is only Christ's great empire, built up through love and service that has lasted.

With this ideal of service, we need courteousness. Walter H. Page, speaking of the English people, said: "The world never saw a finer lot of men—gently bred, high minded, physically fit, intellectually cultivated, patriotic." Then he went on to say that the British dislike of the American Government was because of "its lack of manners, and because it stands aloof from their polite ways and courteous manners in many dealings with them." It is just this courtesy in little everyday insignificant things; just these fine little acts of life, that go to form the big whole. And to-day it appears as if the Australians must be like the Americans in their lack of courtesy.

It should be as much a part of a child's education to be taught courtesy and service, as to be taught lessons and sports. It is just the little word service that means so much. At the present time, Australia would not be in such a critical state if she had leaders who were willing to render her true, honourable and courteous service.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On February 4th, the School reopened. Canon Neal attended prayers and addressed the School.

On 5th, February Mr. Collier visited the School and gave a music recital.

On 11th, February the girls went to see "Disraeli," at His Majesty's Theatre.

On 15th, February Miss Butler visited the School and had afternoon tea with the Prefects.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

The admission service for the new prefects, M. Seibel, M. Addison, D. Gillham and J. Mitchell, was held in the School Hall on 5th. March. After the service the prefects were entertained by Mrs. Neal at the Rectory at afternoon tea.

On 6th. March, Mr. Cone delivered a lecture on America.

On 12th. March, the girls went to the Warwick Show.

The Inter Group Swimming Carnival was held on 13th. March. Barnes won the Cup. The scores were: Barnes 65, Slade 64, Crothers 58, Neal 36. The following girls passed their Life Saving Tests:—Elementary, M. Campbell, D. Flower, J. Hill, D. Thompson, I. Wickham; Proficiency, P. Morgan, V. Rowland, J. Tanner, J. Hill, M. Campbell; Teacher's, M. Addison, R. Collins, J. Mitchell; Honorary instructor, B. Medhurst, M. Lamb, J. Rutter.

On March 20th, the Inter School Life Saving Competitions were held. W.H.S. won the cup; we came second.

On March 21st, the Interschool Swimming Carnival was held. The scores were: W.H.S. 62, P.G.C. 47½, C.E.G.S. 39.

The Easter Vacation began on April 1st., and School reopened on April 7th. In the evening Canon Garland spoke to the Prefects about the Holy Land. Next morning he gave a very interesting address to the School.

On April 10th, the House Girls went to "Journey's End," which was acted in His Majesty's Theatre.

On April 12th, Miss Phipps and the Prefects were present at the opening of the Mission Hall at West End by His Grace The Archbishop. Next morning His Grace came to the School and addressed the girls.

On April 17th, Canon and Mrs. Neal came to say farewell before leaving for England. A presentation was made to each.

The girls attended the Anzac Day commemoration in Slade Park. The Guides and Brownies were in uniform.

On April 20th, Bishop Halford and Mr. and Mrs. Demuth were welcomed by the School.

On 2nd. May a tennis match was played against P.G.C.. The scores were 38-32 to us.

On April 27th, a number of girls went to watch Messrs. Moon and Thompson play tennis.

On May 14th the Ascension Day Picnic was held at the School, on account of the rain. Bishop Halford and Mr. and Mrs. Demuth were among the visitors present. Two new prefects, B. Law and M. Campbell, were inducted. Mr. Demuth took the service in the School Hall, and afterwards had afternoon tea with the staff and prefects.

We were sorry to hear that our gardener, Thomas Mann, died early on 24th May. He had given long and faithful service.

On 26th May we were saddened by the unexpected death of Isabel Wickham. To her parents and relatives we again extend our loving sympathy.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

The midwinter vacation began on 27th May. School reopened on 7th July.

On 23rd July a number of house girls attended a lecture by Dr. Welsh on "Immunisation."

On 25th July the School dance was held. The Slade School Boys were our visitors.

On 4th August V. Rowland, E. McCartney, M. Fairbairn, F. Gunn, E. Fowles were confirmed by Bishop Halford.

During the year three tennis teams have competed in the Warwick Women's Fixtures. The A. Team have been successful so far, and B. and C. have played satisfactorily.

The Intergroup cups for the first half year have been won as follows:—Housecraft, Neal; Attendance, Slade; Tennis, Barnes; Swimming, Barnes; Leisure, Slade; Work, Crothers; Four Square, Neal.

Baseball finals are between Barnes and Slade and Netball between Barnes and Slade.

The School Athletics will be held on Saturday, 5th September.

This year the senior play will be the "Dover Road," by A. A. Milne, and there will be a one-act play by the Juniors, on Saturday, 29th August in the School Hall.

We congratulate J. Walton on passing the Senior with B. in English and French, C. in Latin, Mathematics A., History and a Matriculation in Arts. The Junior passes were:—J. Fraser.—B. Algebra, C. English, French, Arithmetic, Music. I. Keenan.—B. French, Elocution, C. English, History, Algebra, Geology, Art. E. Taylor.—B. Drawing, C. English, French, Algebra, Physiology. I. Wickham.—A. French, Latin, B. English, History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology, C. Geography, Geometry.

Australian Music Examination Board passes were:—Elocution, Grade II: I. Keenan 72, A. Marshall 65. Grade III, E. Fowles 71, M. Addison 68, M. Campbell 68. Grade IV., S. Booth 66, M. Smyth 66, R. Collins 65. Piano.—Grade II: N. Jones 77, A. Marshall 69, M. Roberts 69. Grade III., I. Smith 67. Grade VI., N. Smith 72, J. Steer 71.

Council meetings are held once in three weeks. Group, House, Sports and Prefect reports are read and discussed.

The most popular books read during this year have been, "The Good Companions," Priestly; "Precious Bane," Mary Webb; "The Coat of Many Colours," Ephesian; "The Conquerer," Heyer; "The Riddle of Russia," Ashmead-Bartlett; "The King's Favourite," Gibbs; "Clemenceau," W. H. Page's Letters; "A House is Built," "Green Memory," Barnard Eldershaw; "The Winding Path," Gibbs; "In The Golden Hind Series," Drake, Magellan, Raleigh, Frobisher and Great Modern Plays.

Senior, 16 and over

MEN AT SOME TIME ARE MASTERS OF THEIR FATE

Man is given the power of controlling his own life, and it depends on him whether he becomes the master of his fate or whether fate masters him. Life can be a pale and colourless thing, or it can be full of joy and happiness. There are people in the world who think that all sorrow and pain, which come to them, are preordained. It seems that an unknown power has complete control over their lives, and to try to fight against this power is useless. On the other hand, we meet people who are filled with the joy of living, to whom life means something great and good.

There are happenings in life which we cannot direct, but we can control the way in which we meet them and also the use to which we put them. There is a true saying, often quoted, that "Adversity doth best discover virtue," which means that goodness and strength of character in a man are clearly revealed by the way in which he regulates his actions, in adversity. We should use the difficulties which we meet in life merely as objects upon which we can try our strength, so that when we have met and overcome one difficulty, we are stronger to meet those that come to us next. As we grow from childhood to maturity, our problems increase in size and number. Yet things which seem to children to be very difficult, are simple to older people, but they are so, only because older people have been gradually trained to meet greater difficulties.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full flood are we now afloat
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures."

There are, however, many opportunities given to us, and even if we have slipped down among the drifters, there are still more opportunities to be taken. It is the power to take the opportunities offered us in life that enables us to become masters of our fate.

B. MEDHURST (Barnes).

THE EDUCATED MAN

Education is one of the most essential things in the world. Without it, no person can obtain completeness.

Many people's conception of education is wrong. It is not merely being able to work difficult problems, or to get up and say a long speech in French or any other language. A properly educated man desires a perfectly controlled and educated body.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

as well as a well balanced mind. He has the advantage of being able to combat any difficulty which may arise. He is able to sit down and consider things from all points of view, because he has educated himself to control his mind, and consequently his actions.

Education should produce in a person, a perfect understanding and sympathy. His knowledge should lead him to see into and understand all manner of little things which the ordinary person would most probably fail to notice.

Again, education is not only the knowledge of certain concrete and abstract things, but the understanding of human nature as well. It is a pleasure to listen to the conversation of an educated man. He is able to adapt himself to his environment, and he knows instinctively just what each one wants to discuss. One of his most outstanding characteristics is his strong, attractive, personality. There is an undefinable something which attracts everyone.

Education must be considered to be worth while, and not as a by-the-way sort of thing. If begun and carried out in the right manner it is of infinite value, but if attacked in the wrong way it can do an unlimited amount of damage, for "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

N. MARSHALL (Neal)

SELF-SACRIFICE

Life, to the majority of people, is very complicated. Its depths seem unfathomable; but, some wise men have solved for us the answer for the riddle of life. It is, they say, self-sacrifice.

Self sacrifice; how little there is to be found to-day. Perhaps at all times there has not been a great amount, but at least some people in history have left for us examples of self-sacrifice. We cannot all do great deeds of self-sacrifice but, like charity, self-sacrifice begins at home. The simplest, but perhaps the most pleasant kind of self-sacrifice, is making others happy, against all odds—

"The man worth while
Is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

We have one great example of self-sacrifice as given by Christ. No one before or since has ever shown us the full extent of this great sacrifice. No other person has so practised it, for always from the beginning to the very end Christ sacrificed his life to save his people. This is the greatest example of self-sacrifice, but although that given by Grace Darling is not its equal it gives us a splendid example of the sacrifice of an every day girl. There is a vast difference between rash boldness and real pluck. Grace Darling showed real pluck which is never found except in union with self-sacrifice.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

The world is becoming harder to face every day, especially the business world. The cunning 'brain is winning its way to the top of the ladder. However, it is in reality running the wrong course. Its motto is "Take and do not give." Were its motto "self-sacrifice" what a difference it would make! The world today is too fond of enmity, the close companion of discontent. Discontent is the greatest enemy of self-sacrifice. If discontent holds its own, self-sacrifice is completely absent. On the other hand, if self-sacrifice has its way, discontent flies with the wind.

Self-sacrifice, then, has been prominent at different times. All the disciples learnt its value. The Bible lends many examples; why, then, are they not followed? Because most people do not stop to think. It is all the great men of the past who have thought and thought hard, who tell us that the answer to that great problem—the riddle of life—is self-sacrifice.

B. LAW (Crothers).

WILD HEARTS.

It was a wonderful life up in the wild solitude of the mountains. Each day brought fresh ecstasy to the heart of the young Maori maiden. Every morning at sunrise she bathed in the sparkling pool near her father's hut, and she rejoiced in her dusky beauty mirrored in the water. Beauty was the joy and passion of her soul. She gloried in the wild, free life among the ferns and mosses and trees, and the chorus of birds was heavenly music in her ears. Never had she known other companions, and she longed for none—nature and her father were all she desired.

While her father was away cutting wood, she would roam through the forest gathering berries and plucking flowers. All these she would take home for her beloved parent.

In the evening, the old man and the dark-eyed maid would sit side by side on the rocks near the pool, and watch the glowing sunsets, while awe and reverence crept into their hearts. Later they would see the great yellow moon float up over the cone-shaped mountain, that towered above them, and then they would wander back to the hut, through the shadowy forest.

One day they heard rumblings from the mountain, and in the evening its summit was clouded by a haze of smoke. During the night terrific explosions took place, and the little hut shook violently as the ground rocked and swayed. The maid awoke and the flashes of light revealed to her the tranquil smile of the old man as he lay in his last sleep. Stricken with grief at the sight, the maid stood mute and dazed for a moment, and then sank lifeless by his side.

Another explosion, more violent than any before, shook the earth, and great streams of lava and ash rolled down the mountain

sides, destroying all that once-loved beauty. The hut disappeared beneath the stream, and those two wild hearts were buried in the bosom of nature.

I. WICKHAM (Slade).

THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

Who can resist the wonderful charm of music? For is it not the expression of the soul of the composer or player? Into his composition the composer has put all that is beautiful and good, while the musician pours out his soul in the strains of the composition.

Music has the power to soothe and calm the troubled soul, and to hold spell-bound those who listen to its charms. The beauty of the music is increased by the expression with which the musician plays, and even the simplest piece may be made beautiful under the hands of a skilled and soulful player. Did not Pan's play enthral his pastoral friends when he played to them "his pipes by the river?" When the organ peals out its solemn and wonderful music in a church, all worldly things recede, and reverence and awe take their place. This is charm of a solemn kind. Then there is that gay, catchy music that sets feet a-tapping and which has a delight of its own. It helps the old people to think of the days of their youth, and the young of the gaiety and happiness of life. If everyone were to become musicians, then they would all be living and inspired souls, for "Music hath charms to soothe the troubled breast."

Nature is the underlying thought in nearly every composition of music, the rippling of the waves, the breeze gently stirring, and the trickle of the waterfall high up in a mountain. The rain-drops sing as they fall, and the leaves rustle in answer to the songs of birds.

Thus the saying of one of the old writers proves its worth:

"When groping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with its silver sounds,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

D. THOMPSON (Slade).

Junior, 12 to 15 years

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

My parents were among the first white people to settle in the Brenda district, in the north of New South Wales. We owned a sheep run, and employed six white men and ten blackfellows. At that time I was twelve years old, and my daily routine was to help my father in the run, for there was no school which I could attend within a radius of fifty miles. Every day I worked side-

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

by-side with the men, and in this way I became intimate with the blacks and learned to speak their lingo as fluently as they themselves spoke.

One day old Billy, the 'blackfellow' who looked after the stables and groomed the horses, came to me and asked if I should like to see a corroboree. I was thrilled, and I said "I should love to see one." Billy told me to wait at the back of the stables at sundown, and he would come for me. Occasionally I was allowed to spend the night with the jackeroo in his quarters, so I knew that my absence would not worry anyone.

At the appointed time I was at the stables, where I met Billy leading two horses. We then mounted and rode off together. Our way led through rather barren country, and as it was dusk the ride did not appeal to me at all. I was frequently asking Billy what I was likely to see but the only answer he gave me was, "Mas'er Joe, he see ebrythin' when he git dere."

Master Joe did see everything when he got there, too. We dismounted from our horses about half-a-mile from the camp. Then, securing them to a tree, we went on foot towards a large fire, which was lit in the middle of a clearing.

Round the fire were moving the tall, straight, weirdly painted forms of these half-civilised aborigines. Billy and I sat down behind a large boulder and with eager eyes, we watched the movements of these people and listened to their wailing chant.

The men were painted, and wore all kinds of dress, while the women sat around the smaller outside fires and beat sticks and bones. Then the men began to sway and stamp round, making queer gestures and a hissing sound, accompanied by the chanting of the women. Later, they did what was called the "Pelican Dance," the "Brolgas," the "Killing of the Kangaroo," and a new one that Billy said was called "Making Damper."

They made a strange picture, and fascinated me greatly. They were still dancing when Billy and I crawled out of our cramped positions and made for the horses.

We rode into the stable-yard, just as the dawn began to break, and with many thanks I left my faithful companion, and went inside to my bed.

M. BENSON (Crothers)

A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

One day I found that time was hanging heavily on my hands, so I decided to go for a walk in the bush.

It was early spring, and nature was at her best. It was not long since the raindrops had pattered on the window-panes, and this had left the ground very fresh. The sun shone very brightly, and the sky was a clear blue.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

I left the house, and passed through green fields, wild flowers making gentle splashes of colour here and there. The mountains formed a misty blue barrier far in the east. The whole landscape resembled patchwork; square green fields of young wheat, and scattered amongst these were brown patches of freshly-ploughed soil.

I had to climb a hill before I could reach the bush. The town nestled quietly in a valley, and the scene was very beautiful as I looked at it from the top of the hill. I soon reached the outer fringe of trees. I passed beneath many a stately monarch, its green branches waving tranquilly against the cloudless sky. All the spring-birds were singing gaily, and many a brilliant butterfly hovered uncertainly in the air around me. Under one large gum tree lay a carpet composed of bluebells. The bush grew thicker, the birds quieter, and I heard a rippling sound which I concluded was a small rivulet running beneath the trees. The water was as clear as crystal, and the pretty pebbles were seen easily, beneath its surface.

Feeling tired, I lay down on the grass and watched the soft white clouds scudding across the blue sky. I imagined them to resemble many shapes, and it seemed only a short time when the sun drew nearer the western horizon.

I jumped up and turned my footsteps towards home. On the way I gathered specimens of creepers, berries and wild flowers. I left the bush and climbed up the hill overlooking the town.

Towards the west the sun was sinking, and painting the horizon in numerous colours. The eastern aspect, however, was much more striking. The township in the valley, the cultivated land, and in the distance the violet mountains. Above the mountains the sky was pink and gold, and higher it was blue.

I hurried home with my collections, greatly wondering at all the beautiful objects which nature shows us in the glorious spring-time.

V. ROWLAND (Crothers).

Preparatory, under 12

VIOLET'S ADVENTURE

Violet was wandering about one hot afternoon and feeling tired, so she sat down in a sheltered spot, underneath a big gum-tree. Then, all of a sudden, she saw a tiny man with a black suit and a tiny cap made from a hairbell.

He had a long white beard and some white hair that stuck out from underneath his hat. "What are you doing on my property?" he asked. Violet was surprised. "Who are you?" she asked. "Why, I am Pepinky, the fairy farmer," he said. "Who are you?"

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

"I am Violet," she said, "and I live here."

"This is mine," he cried, "I live here and I shall prove it." He ran down a track and was at the door of a tiny house that Violet had not seen, before she could speak.

"Come in," he said, as she came up, "and see how clean I keep the place." He turned the handle of the door and walked in. Violet bent low, and somehow she got her head in the door.

She saw a little table, a chair, a dresser and a bed in one room and shelves, a fireplace, and a bed in another.

Then something happened.

She saw a hat fall from the shelf, and she recognised it to be her own thimble. She grabbed it, pulled her head out of the doorway and ran to her house, with the gnome following her.

Afterwards her mother said she was dreaming, but she still thinks she was awake.

MARILY SMYTH (Neal)

OUR MUSEUM.

When we first started our museum it was very small, but gradually it has grown. In it we have many things. There are nine members. Miss McCosker takes us for walks, and we collect specimens. We have our Museum on a verandah which no one else uses. We have some shelves on which we put our collections. We have stuffed rabbits, and all different birds' eggs and two very nice emu eggs. Also we have a piece of coral, and some opal, and many shells from Palm Island. Different girls bring us back things. We have a piece of silver lead, and some rocks, two magpies' nests and one mud nest. We have three big fossils, and some mother-of-pearl. Some-day we all hope it will turn out to be the School Museum.

L. HILL (Slade)

TWO LITTLE KITTENS.

Once there were two little kittens, and they were very happy until one day a dog paid a visit. The two kittens were in the garden. They were so happy that they were singing this song, "Purr-purr-purr," that the dog wondered what they were talking about. Then suddenly he saw the two kittens, and gave a loud bark; then the two kittens humped up their backs and made this noise, "hiss-hiss." The kittens' little mistress, Barbara, got such a fright that she ran and told her mummy. Her mummy chased the dog out and Barbara picked up the two kittens and sat in the garden seat and sang this song:

I had two little kittens
As happy as could be,
Until one day a dog came

And frightened them and me,
Purr-purr-purr."

J. STIDOLPH (Crothers)

Senior, over 16

THE OLD YEAR.

Old King Sol had gone to bed,
Lady moon shone in his stead,
The twinkling star folk helped her cheer
The last sad night of the dying year.

The night seemed great and void and sad,
The silent town in moonlight clad,
The eerie breeze in tree tops sighing,
The flowers murmur, the year's a-dying.

To muse awhile then let us pause,
The time for crossing out old scores
Is here, and there is some time yet,
So old wrongs let us all forget.

Old hurts let us not think about,
For with the year they'll all pass out:
But like the scent of wattle trees
There will return some memories.

A shadow moved across the night,
A dark cloud hid the moon from sight
Was it the breeze that brushed my ear,
Or the spirit of the dying year?

Then from the clouds there bursts the light
Of the silver moon with radiance bright,
To break the silence now I hear
The bells ring in a Bright New Year.

I. KEENAN (Crothers).

THE PARTING.

In a cottage old and thatched,
Clothed with creepers, climbing roses,
Dwelt a woman sweet and comely,
But her eyes were full of sadness,
And her face bore marks of sorrow.
Slow she crossed the whitened threshold,
Crosses the garden, 'mid the flowers,

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Plucked white roses, fragrant blossoms
Brushed her lips across the petals,
While her eyes brimmed o'er with tears,
Then she turned with sighs of anguish,
Slowly walked into the corner,
Where beneath the trees and mosses
Was her little blind child laid—
There she strewed those fragrant flowers,
"Ah," she cried, "now I must leave thee,
Leave thy grave to care of others
Go unto new lands afar off—
But my heart I leave behind me
Leave it here with thee, my loved one."

L. WICKHAM (Slade)

THE MOUNTAINS OF KILLARNEY AT SUNSET

Going home from school to-day,
My gaze did wander far away,
To those beautiful distant mountains,
With colours like a thousand fountains,
First they wore a cloak of blue,
And then they were another hue,
Magnificently tinted pearly pink,
The sun's last farewell, before it did sink.

Shades of night began to creep,
They left the mountains wrapt in sleep,
Their blueness outlined in pale pink sky,
And one fleecy cloudlet sailed slowly by.
D. THOMPSON (Slade).

IN SPRINGTIME.

Strolling down the lane,
Singing some refrain,
A sunny day,
I'm feeling gay,
It's springtime.

Blossom laden trees,
Roses in the breeze,
As white as snow,
The Mayflow'rs grow,
It's Springtime.

Leaves are hung with dew,
Birds are singing too,
A sunny sky,

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Clouds sailing by,
It's springtime.

Everything is young,
The gifts of spring are flung,
Here and there,
And everywhere,
In springtime.

With the sky so blue,
Are you happy too?
If you have health,
You don't want wealth,
In springtime.

I. KEENAN (Crothers)

THE BRISBANE RIVER.

Away in the Cooyar Range
Is a little crystal stream,
That goes through a mighty change,
As its waters glide and gleam.

Its course on the plain is slow,
As it runs towards the sea,
Instead of its rippling flow,
On the mountain, full of glee,

In its youth up in the hills,
On its banks are farms so green
But nearer the city stand mills,
From the town they can be seen.

When it reaches Brisbane City
It is wide and deep and free,
Its course is very pretty
On its way down to the sea.

J. RUTTER (Slade)

Junior, 12 to 15 years

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN.

The gleaming light of breaking morn,
That tips the maple bare,
Arouses up the stately king,
And brings him from his lair.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

His regal head he holds up high,
He merges from his nook,
Then softly bugling to his roe,
He turns towards the brook.

He gaily drinks from silvery stream,
It tingles in his veins,
He leaves the stream and climbs the bank,
To race across the plains.

Away down through the misty glade,
Leading his royal band;
He swiftly wends his winding way,
Across the rugged land.

He grazes in the shady slopes,
All through the livelong day,
And as night spreads her darkening cloak,
He leads his band away.

MAURINE BENSON (Crothers)

OUT IN A STORM.

When I was out from home one day,
Some thick black clouds came in the sky,
I heard a wind not far away,
The lightning struck a tree near by.

And then the wind blew clouds of dust,
The lightning flashed and thunder pealed,
I turned the horse which I could trust,
We galloped for the open field.

We started off towards my home,
Then suddenly the rain came down,
The creek rose high and thick with foam,
We swam across, but feared to drown.

The rain poured on, the flashes ceased,
The leaves of trees were washed quite clean,
We plodded on towards the East,
And straight ahead a light was seen.

Though at was day t'was dark as night,
And I was very cold and wet,
I looked towards that welcome light,
Although we were not near it yet.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

Guided by that glimm'ring light,
We walked along through mud and rain,
Until it shone like beacon bright,
And soon we were safe home again.

E. MACARTNEY (Crothers)

SPRING.

Springtime has come here, to glad us with flowers,
To paint the horizon in crimson and gold,
The birds are all nesting and building their bowers,
And we hear the soft bleating of lambs from the fold,
The bees loudly' humming, the river's gay flowing,
Over the boulders with soft rippling sound;
The trees are awaving their green leafy branches,
And casting their shade on a fresh fragrant ground.

The spring birds are singing, the sun smiles down blandly,
And shines on their plumage of glorious sheen,
The roses are swaying, the soft breeze is laughing,
As it rustles the branches and grasses so green,
And deep in the woodland, the creepers are climbing,
Adorning the tall and the beautiful tree;
The cows are all browsing in peaceful green meadows;
When springtime has come here; all this you will see.

V. ROWLAND (Crothers Group).

STARS.

As I lie in my bed at night,
And look out at the sky,
I see the thousand tiny stars
Shine in their region high.

Beside me thro' the bedroom door
Gleams forth a light so bright,
But rather would I have the dark
Softened by starry light.

I cannot help but think that they
Light up some poor man's way,
Who stumbling o'er the path of life
Can't wait till break of day.

V. CUTMORE (Neal).

Preparatory, under 12 years

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

One day I ran away to play
Away into the wood;
It was a lovely summer's day,
And life seemed gay and good.

Then as I played I came across
A funny little house;
It looked as if it would not hold
A teeny weeny mouse.

I said, "Oh, dear, this little house
I've never seen before,
For I was here just yesterday,
T'was not there then I'm sure.

The little house then crawled away,
It left a silvery trail
Then as I watched, a head came out,
And said "I am a snail."

M. SMYTH (Neal).

I WISH.

I have a real toy engine
That winds up with a key,
A boat that I can sail in,
That daddy made for me
But I wish I had a sister like the boy next door.

She has a wooden horsey,
It's smaller than my own,
She wheels it up and down on
The garden path; o'er grown,
But I wish I had a sister like the boy next door.

L. HILL (Slade).

THE NEST.

Peter and I found a dear little nest,
Up in the old apple tree,
Peter said "Look! There's some eggs inside,
So I climbed up to see.

There in the nest lay three brown-spotted eggs;
Three eggs so very small,
Safely tucked up in their warm feather bed,
But no mother bird at all.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

We visited them about once a day
Till a time we found in their stead,
Three baby birds, screaming wildly for food,
"There's no one to feed them," I said.

Then just at that minute a birdie flew down,
And seated herself in the nest,
"She's guarding her chicks from us," Peter said,
As she cuddled them under her breast.

MARILY SMYTH (Neal).

OLD GIRLS' NOTES.

The Annual Meeting of the Association was held at Mytton House on December 15th, 1930, when the members were the guests of Miss Phipps at tea. The following were elected Members of the Committee: Phyllis Anderson, Edna Thorn, Marjorie Flower, Betty Rowland, Alice Davidson; absentee members, Nell Hill, Dorothy Caton.

Since our last notes the marriages of Gladys Anderson, Ethel Farrar and Dorothy Caton have been solemnized, and we wish each much happiness.

Nancie Elphinstone, who is a member of the University Women's Tennis Team, is studying Agriculture, and Marjorie Deacon has begun an Arts Course at the Queensland University. Erica Taylor is interested in her work for Commercial Art, Betty Rowland is busy with Pharmacy. Jessie Walton is teaching here and working externally for an Arts Degree. Joan Flower and Lorna Collins have been successful in their work at the Brisbane General Hospital, and Hazel Davidson is enjoying her work at St. Martin's. Norma Mardon is Governess to a small girl in Brisbane.

We congratulate Clarice Thompson on her engagement to Mr. Len Hodgson and wish them happiness. They expect to be married in 1932. Emily Stirling is teaching at Yeppoon. Girls who are living at Home and who have written lately or visited the School are Nell, Dorothy, Mary, and Jo Hill, Dorothy and Eileen Burey, Frances Matthews, Effie Bailey, Mary Watts, Mavis Thompson, Alice Davidson, Nancy Selke, Judy Marshall, Imelda and Ursula Ross, Jill Collins. Mary Gordon is living in Brisbane. Edna Thompson is nursing in Bundaberg. She spent her holiday in Warwick and visited the School.

Will all members please note that a Fete will be held at the School on September 25th and we have charge of the dips. Subscription, 2/6, to the Association, is now due.

C. CLOWES.

August 1, 1933

THE CHURCH CHRONICLE

C.E.G.S., Warwick, Magazine. We have received the magazine, issued in June, of the Church of England Grammar School for Girls, Warwick. It is all in type-script, but is yet a presentable production, with several illustrations by the girls. The contributions of these scholars reveal a stimulation of the imagination which is very refreshing in these days of mechanical and commercialised education. We read the pages of this magazine with great pleasure and congratulate the young writers on their high achievement. The verse is really good. The following, which we culled almost at random, is by Joyce Stidolph, in the "under 12 years old" section.

The sun is sinking low to rest,
To its deep, deep bed far in the west.
The clouds gather round him all purple and red,
While feathers of gold make his wonderful bed;
And soon the soft winds through the shadows will creep,
To tuck him up snugly and sing him to sleep.

But what did he see as he silently rolled
His way round the world on a pathway of gold,
What tales can he tell of the marvels he found
In far away countries where wonders abound.
And when, on the ocean, great ships he could find,
The sun followed, and caught them, and left them behind,
But now round his shoulders dark blankets are spread,
And tiny star candles shine over his bed.