

Church of England Girls' School

WARWICK
QUEENSLAND



No. 27

DECEMBER

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.—M. Lamb (Barnes), A. Marshall (Neal), I. Wickham (Slade), N. Jones (Crothers).

LIBRARY.

Miss Walton, I. Keenan.

OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.

President: Miss Phipps, B. Sc.

Secretary: C. Clowes.

EDITORIAL.

My text for this Editorial is—"It is the life that creates, that is the life that counts." All our great poets, painters, musicians, and writers have creative power. Their lives have been employed in creating. They can be counted among those who have done something for the benefit of humanity. This should be the chief aim of our life, to do something for the benefit of humanity. Every gracious little act counts.

Who does more for humanity then, than the great artist? His creations appeal to everyone, not only in His age, but in all ages that follow; for "beauty endureth for ever." All men and women who create are true artists. The painter and the sculptor create to satisfy the longing for beauty; the writer and the poet choose beautiful words for the mind; and the musician appeals through harmonious song.

Wonderful creative power only comes from close contact with nature and humanity. Shakespeare with his profound knowledge of humanity could "hold the mirror up to nature," as no other dramatist could. Browning's poems are full of living creations. "It is the wealth of humanity in his pages that forms his strongest title to remembrance."

Why is so much thought given to the fine Arts? At first men only valued them because they were a source of pleasure—these beautiful paintings; these inspired compositions; these fine buildings; these passionate poems. But by degrees man came to realise that all these were records of past achievements; that all these creations were of lasting greatness for future ages. All truly great creations reflect the spirit and personality of their age. How little we would have known of ancient Greece if Homer had never composed his Iliad or his Odyssey. The ancient civilisations are real to us through the relics of their painting or sculpture.

When we gaze at one of Raphael's Madonnas we can feel with her the tenderness with which she looks down on her Babe. When we look at Michael Angelo's "Pieta," the beautiful curves of that composition hold our gaze and we feel as though we can never drink in all its beauty. When we read Browning we find that we have read tenderness for the happy little Pippa; and are in sympathy with the humorous Fra Lippo Lippi. Of all these great creations it may be said:

"It lives,
If precious be the soul of man to man."

SCHOOL NOTES.

August 10th, Miss Joyce spoke to the Prefects about the Christian Students' movement.

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August 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Demuth visited the School, and had afternoon tea with the Staff and Prefects.

August 22nd, a tennis match was played against P.G.C. The scores were 45-28 to P.G.C.

August 29th, the Juniors performed Midas, a one-act play. This was followed by the Dover Road, by A. A. Milne, a delightful play which was followed enthusiastically by an appreciative audience.

September 5th, a match was played against W.H.S. The scores were 48-8 to us. In the afternoon the School Sports were held. Barnes Group won the Cup. D. Thompson was the champion of the School, D. Flower second, M. Lamb third, and E. Hankey fourth. Junior: J. Steer first; V. Cutmore, second. Preparatory: P. Brett, Kindergarten; M. Allsopp.

September 12th, a tennis match was played against P.G.C. The scores were 41-32 to us. This gave us the Lalaguli Cup.

September 18th, the Interschool Athletics were held. P.G.C. won the Cup. A number of girls went to a dance in St. Mark's Hall at night.

September 19th, a tennis match was played against Glennie for the Downs Championship. The scores were 44-29 to us. The girls went to the Boys' Athletics in the afternoon, and to the Slade Dance at night.

September 25th, a Fete was held in the School grounds. In the afternoon the Fete was opened by Mr. Crothers, and in the evening by Mr. Stabler. The members of the Committee, with the Rev. P. E. Demuth as Chairman, are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their organisation, which provided £133 for School purposes.

The Michalemas Holidays began on 1st October and ended on 7th October. Those girls who remained at School spent the holidays picnicing in the country whenever weather permitted. They were present at the Rodeo.

October 2nd, His Grace the Archbishop, Bishop Halford, and Mr. Demuth visited the School, and had supper with the Senior girls.

October 10th, a number of girls went to the Speed Boat races on Silverwood Dam.

October 12th, Mr. and Mrs. Monkley visited the School, and Mr. Monkley recited Masfield's "Everlasting Mercy." Some girls went to hear "The Christmas Carol" at the Women's Club in the evening.

October 14th, Mr. Cone visited the School and spoke of his experiences in North Queensland and Papua.

October 23rd, some girls went to the Ministering Children's League Sports.

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October 24th, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson and Mr. and Mrs. Demuth visited the School.

November 9th, the Eurythmic Display was held in the School Hall. The Kindergarten Percussion Band illustrated simple rhythm in music, and played a rhythmic game. Enochics, by the older girls, was expressed by ordered movement to the melody, pace, and imagination of Blake's Laughing Song, and Alfred Noyes' "The Barrel Organ." A Toy Orchestra by the older girls played Haydn's Toy Symphony. The Eurythmic dancing was very attractive; this included solo dancing by I. Keenan and B. Law.

November 14th, the Junior and Senior Examination girls went for a picnic with Miss McCosker and Miss White.

November 26th a number of girls went to Mr. Needham's lecture on Missions.

November 27th, Mr. Needham came up to the School and gave a very interesting address on Missionary Work.

December 1st, a concert was given by the Museum girls. This was enjoyed by the rest of the School.

The "A" Tennis Team won the Warwick Women's Fixtures.

Sports Honours have been awarded to the following:—Swimming, J. Rutter, R. Collins; Athletics, D. Thompson, D. Flower; Tennis, Reaward to M. Seibel; Net Ball, R. Armitstead, and reaward to M. Seibel and B. Medhurst; Swimming, Senior, J. Rutter first, J. Mitchell second; Junior, E. Macartney first, V. Rowland second; Preparatory, P. Brett.

For the Australian Music Examination Board, N. Jones gained 69 for Grade III. Theory; A. Marshall 82, Grade IV.; L. Smith 87, Grade V.

Trinity College practical examination results were:—Junior, M. Smyth, 69; J. Ogg, 68. Preparatory, J. McNelly 68.

At Michaelmas the following were the results for the Intergroup Cups:—Leisure, Slade; Work, Crothers; Four Square, Barnes; Net Ball, Barnes; Tennis, Barnes; Swimming, Barnes; Athletics, Barnes; Housecraft, Barnes; Gardens, Neal.

December 3rd, Intergroup Debates.

The Leisure Cup Competitions will take place on 9th and 15th December.

The Display of Work and Carol Service will be on 15th December. Bishop Halford will conduct a quiet morning for the Seniors on 11th December.

The Merry Wives of Windsor will be acted in the School Hall on 14th December.

The 16th December is Speech Night, at which His Grace the Archbishop will be present.
School re-opens on 9th February, 1932.

Senior, 16 years and over

MEMORIES.

I sat on the slope of the hill overlooking the sea, and thoughts of that wonderful country that I had left behind came to me and almost overpowered me. I sat thus for a few minutes, and then I saw a man coming towards me; his figure, his face, his very slouch seemed familiar to me and yet I did not know him. While I watched him he sat down near me and began to pipe on a flute. The hillside rang with his joyous note, I felt the warm winds blowing about me, I saw the slender straight gums, and on the breeze was wafted the scent of their flowers. I felt the cool of the shade, and heard the joyous songs of the birds soaring above the trees, and my heart ached with joy of things seen so long ago. But as if he did not wish me to be so happy my piper changed his note. I saw bare never-ending plains quivering in the heat; the joyous note was hushed, almost gone, there seemed only a voiceless question—is it life or death? Again the note changed. The sun had set; the whole land seemed covered with a beautiful, peaceful calm; twilight came and added to this marvellous scene, the beauty of the stars; then through the clouds came the summer moon. I turned to the piper, "Ah, see!" I said, but looming tall against the darkness he sang his last songs, the sweetest, and he became a part of that Bush whose key was in his heart.

—B. MEDHURST (Barnes)

MOONLIGHT ON THE CONDAMINE.

The evening shadows lengthen, and the far-away mountains turn to deepest blue. The soft dusk falls and dims the landscape. The waters of the Condamine flow tranquilly on, with a soft, almost noiseless murmur. Then the silence is broken. Two old jackasses alight on a tall dead tree on the river bank, and laugh their good-night laugh. The sound echoes along the flats and dies away, only to be replaced by the shrill chirrup of innumerable crickets, in the reeds and bulrushes along the water's edge.

One by one the stars come out, and Venus hangs—a trembling drop of liquid gold—in the western sky. A faint brightness lights up the east, and the moon rises red and full through the trees. The Condamine is magically transformed from a dark, peaceful tide to a rippling stream of silver. All the trees and stars are bathed in the shining waters as the river murmurs on.

Now a water-rat splashes in the water, and the plovers sweep the banks with startled, threatening cries. The echoes die away.

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and the Condamine once more flows peacefully on through the misty moonshine, to joint the billowy seas of the South.

—I. WICKHAM (Slade)

MUSIC.

Music, a magic word, conjuring to our minds thoughts of the beautiful, the happy, for music was given to brighten the sad and kindle the loving.

It has always served as a medium for expression. Perhaps the musician has been unable to say in words all that he felt. What inadequate things words are, but Music offers unbounded possibilities. Through his melody the musician speaks his thoughts and feelings.

Ah, listen to that lilting gay dancing melody. We are wandering in a meadow. A little silver stream ripples past. The sun dances on the tiny ripples and a sheet of shimmering silver meets our eyes. Above, birds are singing and chirruping merrily. Below bluebells, cowslips, dandelions sway in the gentle breeze.

We, too, are gay. The Music is irresistible. We feel the call of Spring.

But now, listen to this masterpiece. The chords roll out in magnificent splendour. Away in the distance we hear the echo of thunder. See the great banks of clouds tumbling one on top of the other. Flashes of lightning, raindrops, slow drops. They quicken; they pelt down, gradually they slacken. The music is almost over; it dies away, away into silence.

It has roused in us feeling of wonder, awe. We have realised the unutterable beauty of the composition. Cannot we, too, when we are almost bursting with emotion, sit down and pour out our hearts in profuse strains of unpremediated art?

The slow, grand, solemn music exercises a far greater appeal than the gay, playful music. The latter makes us feel just as happy and irresponsible as sandboys. But the former awakens in us feelings which we simply cannot express. It moves us to moods of melancholy, and then to exultant joy, then we are plunged once again into sadness.

Nothing is more inspiring than beautiful music. It speaks by rich notes saying all that the musician wants to say. Long after it has ceased the theme runs through our veins, exciting us. Still we hear music, only now it is like an echo. Fainter and fainter it becomes, until at last the air holds only solemn stillness. No sound, or the spell will be broken. That is music.

A. MARSHALL (Neal)

JEF KEET'S CAPTURE.

An agile figure came bounding into the hotel dining room, glanced swiftly round, then made for the door leading into the bar.

"Good morning, Mr. Ben. I've come over to see if I can be of any use."

"That's very good of you, Jef, but I'm afraid Constable Collins has already collected as many men as he needs. Besides, you are too young to go throwing your life away on such an errand yet."

"But I wouldn't do anything that wasn't essential. I mean, I wouldn't be rash, Mr. Ben."

"No, I know you too well to think that, Jef, but you must remember your mother."

A cloud passed across the lad's eager face as he nodded his head. He was a tall, bronze-faced healthy boy of seventeen. He had left school a year ago, when his father died, and had come home to keep his widowed mother. Being the only child, he had all the responsibility of comforting his invalid mother, and it was for this reason that Billy Ben had tried to persuade him not to go in search of the four bandits who had robbed the Lionsville Bank.

Half an hour later Jef Keets mounted on his bay colt, Squire, rode slowly out of the small mining town of Lionsville, through the timbered country, to his home. Jef was thinking over the robbery when, upon reaching the summit of a hill, his horse stood still, staring with pricked ears down into a valley. Jef came out of his dream with a start and followed the gaze of his steed. Slowly making his way up the valley was a man on a white horse. Jef knew there were no white horses in the district, and besides, he could always tell who people were by the way they rode, and he was sure he had never seen anyone before ride like that man was riding. Suddenly it dawned upon him. This was one of the bandits. A thrill ran through him. Could he catch him? There was a reward; he'd get it then. He'd made up his mind he'd do it.

After following the outlaw for an hour Jef had the pleasure of seeing him dismount at an old deserted hut in the heart of the Bulldog Range. Hitching the grey horse to a post at the back of the hut the outlaw went inside, returning in a few minutes and lighting a fire in the open. He soaked some bushes in water and fixed them above the flames in such a way so as to catch the smoke and turn it into an invisible column. During this procedure Jef had dismounted, and telling Squire to stay where he was, he crept quietly to the figure squatting beside the fire.

A bar lay a yard or so behind the bandit, and as Jef gained it he picked it up and swung it with all his force at the man's head. A crack sounded loudly, and the man went down on his face, unconscious. It was the work of a few moments to bind the man

upon his horse, then mounting Squire and leading the grey horse Jef raced back to the township.

As he pulled up in front of the Lion Hotel Billy Ben ran out to meet him. Jef told him his story, and by threatening the outlaw they collected enough information to know that the rest of the gang would return to the hut that night. Gathering a posse of seven men Jef led the way to the hut. The bandits were there, and when they saw the posse they made a break for freedom. Two were caught, but the other escaped.

Later Jef received the reward, and with the money he was able to give his mother more luxuries and furnish the house more comfortably. Ever since the Valley has been called Jef's Valley, and with thrills of joy Jef remembers that eventful day.

—M. BENSON (Crothers)

WHEN DUTY CALLS.

Once a shepherd lived on a large estate in the Yorkshire Wold. His home was a three-roomed cottage, situated about a mile from his lord's demesne. All day long he watched the flocks as they roamed up and down, across the hills and through the fields. He listened to the birds in the trees. He knew their names, and he knew their favourite haunts. He knew the name of every tree that grew on the hillside; of every flowering bush that in spring filled the whole place with a blaze of colour.

At night he put the sheep in the fold. Sometimes it was raining. Sometimes the moon was shining brightly, and the stars peeping from the heavens. When winter's snows came, and covered the grass and flowers he fed the sheep on hay, and he always came home, cold and dismal, to a cosy kitchen with a huge open fire, over which his wife cooked the supper. His twin sons, aged seven, gave him a hearty welcome each night.

Once he came home to learn that Henry V., the King then reigning, was planning to invade France. He was going to conquer the French who had so deeply wronged England in the past. And he was appealing to the English to follow him.

The Shepherd looked at his wife and children. He thought of the happy years he had spent in peaceful Yorkshire. He thought of the gallant king who was ready to sacrifice his life to conquer France. He must follow the King—to death or to victory. He must help the king to fight against the detested French.

The grey dawn of morning saw him on the road to London—on the path of duty.

His wife and two sons lived on in the little cottage in the Yorkshire Wolds. Together they shepherded the sheep so that the soldier might not be among the unemployed when he returned. Duty's call again.

D. GILLHAM (Crothers).

Junior, 12 to 15 years

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Two young men lived together in the centre of a large and prosperous city. Each had inherited great amounts of money from his respective father, and they lived indolent and worthless lives, spending money lavishly. The uncle of the elder youth had tried to persuade them to engage in some work, and to take more care of their money, and not to waste it in such a useless manner. But his words were in vain, for the two young men declared that they were born to live and to enjoy themselves. Both had spent two years in this idle manner, and the money, unknown to them, was diminishing rapidly.

One day at 9 o'clock the younger youth received a message from his lawyer asking him to go and visit him in his office. The young man sent a note back to him saying that he might come sometime during the day, but that it was impossible at present, as he was in bed and had no intention of rising hurriedly.

However, in the afternoon, the two youths sauntered out of their apartment and walked in a leisurely fashion towards the lawyer's office. They knocked loudly at his door and were immediately admitted. The lawyer was an elderly gentleman with a stern, grave face. He did not hesitate but immediately came to the point. "I am sorry to advise you, young man," said he, addressing the younger of the two boys, "that your money has suddenly and unexpectedly failed, and not a penny remains." Then, turning to the elder of the two, he continued, "And yours, young man, is also diminishing, and I advise you to change your ways, or you will be penniless also." With this advice the lawyer sat down in his chair again, and continued with his work.

The two young men sat there dumbfounded for a few minutes, then they arose and departed. When they were once again seated in their lodgings they talked the affair over together and thought out a plan of action.

The next day they returned to the lawyer, and the elder boy asked him exactly how much money remained. It was a fairly substantial amount and the first thing the young man did was to pay off his friend's debts. This deed performed, the two lads decided to work hard and earn money. They applied for positions in a large business establishment. These they received and by their hard work and perseverance they rapidly rose and finally became part managers in a large firm.

"I never struck a luckier day," the younger man would declare, "than the one when my money failed."

"And this day was lucky for me also," replied the elder boy, "for it was an example of what might easily and would have happened to me, and I am glad that I heeded the wise saying, 'Better late than ever.'"

VAL ROWLAND (Crothers).

A PLEASANT RIDE.

One morning in the early summer I rode out to look at the sheep in one of the paddocks several miles from the homestead.

I had finished my work by twelve o'clock, so I went down to a creek for lunch. Recent rain had filled the waterhole and long grass and reeds were now growing along the banks. A flock of hooded mergansers swooped down to the water, frightening the wild ducks, which were swimming among the reeds. These beautiful little birds soon left the creek and the ducks returned.

I had lunch beneath a pretty dog-wood tree, then I mounted my horse and rode farther down the creek. All the trees were beautifully fresh, and the green grass was very pleasing to look upon, after glaring hot dust which had been there a few weeks before. Kangaroos hopped along with renewed vigour and little lambs raced about among the tufts of grass. My horse startled a flock of pigeons which had been feeding on the ground. They all rose together and flew away.

As I rode along I watched some broilgas circling overhead. Those large birds rose higher and higher until they were but specks in the bright sky. A little farther on I saw some more broilgas dancing. They were so graceful as they ran about flapping their great grey wings and nodding their red and grey heads.

Some clouds rose up in the west and at sunset these were turned to most gorgeous reds and purples and golds. The whole sky was softly tinted with yellow and green and mauve, and here and there the brightly coloured clouds made a beautiful picture.

In the cool of the evening after the sun had set I rode slowly home, filled with joys and beauties of that day.

ELINOR MACARTNEY (Crothers).

A VIEW.

Away across to the east there rises a great blue wall of mountain stretching as far as the eye can see. On a clear summer's day these are a deep blue and tower above the town of Warwick, which seems to be nestling under the protecting hand of these mountains. At the foot of the mountains and separating one from the other are deep valleys. An avenue of trees runs along at the foot of the hills, suggesting an ideal home for pixies and fairies. I wonder if these roguish little fellows really do play there?

The sun rising beyond these mountains throws a reddish golden light across the whole sky and against this the mountains stand out plainly.

On the flat at the foot of these mountains the various plots of ground, of green, brown, and black give a touch of colour which contrasts strongly with the blue of the mountains.

Nearer again to Warwick are trees covered with thick green foliage surrounding the attractive homes of citizens of the town. Even in the town itself the trees of various kinds rise between the houses, breaking a dull monotony of roofs.

Over such a country we look from the schoolroom verandah till our eyes rest upon the mountains beyond.

NANCY JONES (Crothers).

Preparatory, under 12 years

THE RAINBOW.

It was very hot that afternoon, as Joan sat on the window-seat after lunch. Then she heard a patter of tiny raindrops and saw a drop fall on the window. She stood up and closed the window, and went out to the kitchen where her sister was.

"I think it is going to hail, Stella," she said.

Stella looked up, and said: "Oh, the rain will be over soon."

But the rain did not stop, and soon Joan grew frightened. Joan hated storms. She was afraid of the thunder and lightning. Now she sat on the table talking to Stella, and tried to pretend that she loved the rain, but just then she heard a clap of thunder and she jumped up and said, "Oh, Stella, I'm so frightened!"

"Now, Joan, don't be silly! It is silly to be frightened of thunder! Do you think it is some animal or something? Just think how the poor flowers wanted the rain!"

But just at that minute the rain stopped, so Stella said, "You can go out and see if you can find some daisies on the lawn, but put on your goloshes."

So Joan went out. But just as she got out of the front door she saw a wonderful sight. There, in the sky, was the brightest and most perfect rainbow she had ever seen. In it was every colour imaginable, red, orange, purple, yellow, pink, and indigo. Joan called Stella out, and, after they had both seen it Stella said, "Don't you think, Joan, that it was worth while bearing the storm to see this?"

And Joan nodded.

MARILY SMYTH (Neal).

THE FAIRY PRINCESS.

Once a fairy was sitting on a toadstool combing her yellow hair, when some other fairies came out and flew around singing.

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"Fairy Queen with golden hair,
"Queen of Fairyland so fair."
And the Queen answered:
 "Fairy folk so bright and true,
 "What is the news you have with you?"

The fairies said, "We saw two children looking out of the window, and we think they saw us, but we are not quite sure."

Then the Queen said:
"Go bring the little girls to me."
So they asked the little girls to come, and they said:
"Sit down and have something to eat."
So they sat down and had some honey-and-dew cakes.

They danced with the fairies and then they all went away and said, "What a lovely day we have had!"

OLIVE COUNSELL, and MARILY SMYTH (Neal).

CUDDLE, THE NATIVE BEAR.

Once upon a time there was a little bear, and his mother called him Cuddle, for she loved him very much.

One day his mother went looking for food, when she was caught in a trap, and could not get out. Later on a man came and took her away.

Little Cuddle never saw his mummy again. He was very sad, for he had to sleep on a bough of a tree instead of his mother's soft and warm back. He had to look for his own food, too.

One day a kind man was walking in the woods where the little bear lived. He found Cuddle lying at the bottom of a tree. Poor little Cuddle had fallen off the bough during the night, and there he was trapped. When the kind man saw Cuddle he picked him up and wrapped him in a warm coat. He carried him to his big house where he gave him plenty of milk to drink, and he soon made him well. Cuddle stayed with this kind man and lived happily in a big gum tree beside the kind man's house.

DIANA SCRMYGEOUR (Crothers).

KING MAYOR.

Once upon a time there was a king named Mayor, who was very wise and had three daughters. He sent his servants to find the best and strongest men to come to him. He wanted to give them a task to do, and the one who did it best was to marry one of his daughters.

So the king's servants went on until they came to a village named Dureki. It was very hot there, and it took them two days to find the men. The men pretended they were very strong.

Soon they returned to the king's palace. The servants went up to the king and said, "We have brought you the three strongest men in the village."

The king set them a task to do. They were to go out into the country and bring back a beautiful bird. The men set off, but never came back.

The king was very angry, and was never happy again.

SHIRLEY BATTERHAM (Kindergarten).

Senior, 16 years and over

SUMMER SHOWER.

A bright sunny day,
A little green spray,
A birdie piping clear
A sunshine shower,
A tear dewed flower,
A green frog croaking near.

I. KEENAN (Crothers).

THE TEMPEST.

Grey clouds swirling overhead,
The wild wind sadly sighing—
Daylight fades and darkness falls,
Till black o'er earth t'is lying.
Wind moaning down the chimney
Sobbing through the shutters—
Ah! T'is bleak and dreary—
Branches grating on the gutters,
Day dawns wild and misty
Sleet and rain beats down,
Driven by storm winds roaring
That other voices drown,
Blowing, sleeted, dripping
It singeth a wild refrain
Melancholy, sad, and haunting
That soothes the soul in pain.

I. WICKHAM (Slade).

EARLY IN THE MORNING.

I was strolling down the road
Early in the morning,
The air was filled with scent and bees,
The sky was flushed at dawning.

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I like the buzzing of the bees,
I like the magpie's song,
I like the smell of peppercorns
When summer comes along.

The perfume always brings to mind
A host of memories,
'Twas life and song and sweet perfume
In pepperina trees.

There's freshness in the morning air,
No hurry here as yet,
The summer shower over night,
Has left the blossoms wet.

On an early summer morn,
See the sunbeams play,
In and out the leafy shade,
Before they flit away.

I. KEENAN (Crothers).

AT SUNRISE.

The sun rose over the mountains
Clouded with golden mist,
And gladdened the grassy ridges
And the opening flowerets kissed.

The myriad pearly dewdrops
That hung on grass and flower,
Like costly diamonds sparkled,
Or sun on a crystal shower.

The dewy rosebuds tender,
And the daisies white and pure,
Awoke to the touch of morning,
And ope'd to the warm sun's lure.

The butcher-bird warbled unceasing,
The magpie carolled his song,
Full of joy and gladness,
Spontaneous, clear, and strong.

I. WICKHAM (Slade).

THE WEST WIND.

He comes with a rush and a big jolly shout,
What fun he will have to-day,
He laughs as he blows the last star out,
For this is a great day for play.

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He laughs with glee as the clouds fly past,
Not one of their cries hears he,
Then over the earth he rushes fast,
And chuckles and chuckles with glee.

He rushes with all his force through the streets,
As joyous as he can be,
Blows dust in the faces of all he meets,
"How I tease these mortals," laughs he.

Then after a day full of mischief and joy,
He goes quietly back to sleep,
And dreams with the heart of a gladsome boy,
Of the joys that we all may reap.

B. MEDHURST (Barnes).

AT MOONRISE.

The other night out on the hill,
I watched the bright moon rise,
And glancing idly at a tree,
I saw two shining eyes.

They stared at me from out the leaves,
Shone clear with fear and awe,
A little woolly native bear,
Afraid of what he saw.

His chubby nose twitched nervously,
His eyes were balls of flame,
His little arms clung 'round the tree,
He did not seem quite game.

I sat so still I did not move,
I thought he'd go away;
Another bear came down the tree,
And called him out to play.

Their game was full of gleeful sport,
I longed to join with them;
They rolled about quite close to me,
One even touched my hem.

And then it came, as often does
A loud and racking sneeze;
My playmates scattered at the sound,
And climbed into the trees.

M. BENSON (Crothers).

MY GRANDMOTHER.

When scarcely yet more than a child,
She passed o'er Cunningham's Gap so wild,
To the life she had chosen with her husband so dear,
For with him there were no dangers to fear.

Hers was a life to thrill us still,
For under her indomitable will
All difficulties were met and o'ercome,
Before they had yet already begun.

She sits with looks ever serene,
As stately as any old world queen,
For her children have grown neath her loving care,
And white, has turned her once dark hair.

D. THOMPSON (Slade).

Junior, 12 to 15 years

A PASSING SHOWER.

The raindrops are falling,
The wild ducks are calling,
A gentle wind blows through the trees,
Away in the mountains
Are rainbow-like fountains,
And sunshine, before the rain flees.

Then up thron' the valley,
Where wild waters sally,
A thick mist comes creeping along.
The last of the rain,
The sun comes again,
And the birds all break into song.

V. CUTMORE (Neal).

THE WAVES.

I see the waves break on the shore,
And watch them curl, and hear them roar,
What are they saying? Why do they curl?
What makes the waves their waters unfurl?

They're saying, my friends, what nobody knows;
Tossing and turning like hundreds of foes,
Out at the sea the fiery white horses,
Leaping and bounding—opposing their forces.

On the seashore are hundreds of shells,
Washed to the beach by great, surging swells,
Rising and falling, in continuous motion,
Foaming and blue are the waves of the ocean.

L. SMITH (Neal).

SUMMER.

I see the cedar bursting out,
And run to it with joyous shout,
The winter's gone, the summer's here,
With emerald green and blue sky clear.

The birds are singing in the trees,
I hear the buzz of working bees,
The stream now sparkles in the sun,
The flowers open one by one.

The distant hills are hazy blue,
The distant woods are hazy, too,
A soft white cloud floats far above,
The earth is filled with joy and love.

The summer's here to fill with glee,
The trees and buds and you and me,
So let us join the birds' sweet song,
And sing to summer all day long.

E. MACARTNEY (Crothers).

DAWN.

At last the night has passed away,
The East shows out a golden hue;
The feeble streak of breaking day,
Is faint beyond the mountains blue.

The golden light has changed to red,
And tints the soft clouds floating by;
The ling'ring sun has left his bed,
To sail across the changing sky.

At first he peeps o'er the land,
With one faint streak of glimmering light,
And then as by some unseen hand,
He turns the world to day from night.

N. JONES (Crothers).

Preparatory, under 12 years

A WISH.

Where the grass is green and the gum trees sway,
And the birds will sing all the livelong day,
Where the bluebells nod and the daisies blow,
And the lillies stand as white as snow.

Where the Kookaburra laughs all the livelong day,
There is the place where I wish I could play,
Where the clouds sail by like silvery foam,
There is the place I should like to roam.

MARILY SMYTH (Neal).

A FAIRY.

Out in the garden
One bright summer's day,
Inside a daisy
A wee fairy lay.

As she was sleeping
Up came an elf,
"Naughty young fairy"
He said to himself.

"Asleep in my flower,"
He muttered and then,
In shrill little voice
He called his wee men.

J. OGG (Neal).

MY GARDEN.

I love the flowers that grow at school,
They brighten up the day;
As we walk in the evening cool,
We pass flowers on our way.

For in our garden we do have
Red roses, violets blue,
The poppies though they're fading now,
Have left behind their hue.

P. ANDERSON (Slade).

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

WILD FLOWERS.

We are little flowers,
Growing by the way,
All our petals opened,
To the shining day.

Waving in the breezes,
Whispering as we lie,
Oh, what happy faces,
Turned up to the sky.

Giving children pleasure,
As they go along,
Shouting out, "How lovely!
"Pick us we're so strong."

P. BARNES (Slade).

A BROWNIE'S VISIT TO KINDERGARTEN.

A little brownie came one day,
To help us in our work and play,
He wore a suit of brown and blue,
He had a funny pointed shoe.

He peeped in through the open door,
And what he saw upon the floor,
When looking with his funny eyes,
It gave this brownie a surprise.

He saw us working on the floor,
He did not venture past the door,
But turned himself and ran away,
And has not come back to this day.

H. MARSH (Neal).

THE FAIRIES DANCING.

I saw the fairies dancing,
And saw the goblins prancing,
Near the stream that's flowing,
And the grass that's glowing.

I saw the fairies dancing,
And saw the goblins prancing,
All in the moonlight bright,
All on a summer's night.

S. BATTERHAM (Kindergarten).

CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OLD GIRLS' NOTES.

The following girls are welcomed to the Association:—Effie Bailey, Jill Collins, Frances Matthews, Ursula Ross.

At the fete held at School on September 25th the Old Girls had charge of the dips. The secretary would like to thank all those members who sent in articles or cash.

The annual meeting of the Association will be held some time after December 16th.

Congratulations to Mrs. Somer Thorn on the birth of a daughter.

Dorothy Armitstead has joined the nursing staff of the Parramatta Hospital and is enjoying her work in which she is interested.

We congratulate Elsie Platell on her engagement.

Maisie Platell is living happily at home.

Mary Hill visited Warwick recently and spent a few days at the School.

We congratulate Marjorie Deacon on her passes in English and Biology, and Jessie Walton in English in her First Year Arts.

Erica Taylor writes happily of her Commercial Art.

Nancie Elphinstone is going to Gatton for the vacation in connection with her University Agricultural course.

Dorothy and Eileen Burey are living at The Summit.

Ada McLean writes cheerfully of her life at home in the far west.

We wish all members the Compliments of the Season.

THE BRISBANE COURIER.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND GIRLS' SCHOOL, WARWICK, MAGAZINE.

This type-written magazine has as its principal feature the original composition in prose and verse of girls in different groups, according to the age of the contributors. Joyce (under 10) writes "The Magic Mirror."

In the beautiful land of Make-believe
There lived a fairy called Rosemarie;
Her house is like a little nest,
And in the wood it is the coziest.
Fine lace for fairy frocks she knits,
And in her rocking-chair she sits,
With magic mirror in golden frame,
Because from Fairyland it came.
Whenever elves and fairies pass,
Rosemarie sees them in her glass.
Rabbits and squirrels at their play,
And pixies gathering nuts in May.

A worthy tribute is paid to the late John Harvard, M.A., who acted as honorary secretary to the school council since its inception. This great classical scholar, whose "Epistles of Plato" was recently published by the Cambridge Press, brought to Warwick the very spirit and temper of an ancient English University. Happy the school that felt the influence of so gracious a personality, who found, far away from the academic shades of the Cam., a congenial atmosphere on the sunny banks of the Condamine. Judging from the many pleasant verses in their magazine the girls of the C.E.G.S. Warwick, may say, as Dr. Johnson said of his contemporaries at Pembroke College, "We were a nest of singing-birds."

THE CONDOMINIAN.