

*Church of England Girls' School*  
WARWICK



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No. 23.                      DECEMBER                      1929

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Church of England Girls' School, Warwick.

NO. 23.

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1929.

**PREFECTS :**

Senior.—N. Elphinstone.  
Barnes.—N. Elphinstone, J. Walton, A. McLean.  
Crothers.—M. Deacon, A. Davidson.  
Slade.—B. Rowland, B. Medhurst.  
Editress.—M. Deacon.

**SCHOOL COUNCIL :**

President : Miss Phipps.  
Secretary : N. Elphinstone.  
Barnes : C. Wickham, H. Blaxland, E. Taylor.  
Crothers : A. Davidson, J. Rowland.  
Slade : B. Rowland, J. Fraser.  
Prefects : M. Deacon.

**SPORTS :**

TENNIS.—A Team : N. Elphinstone (Captain), B. Medhurst, M. Lamb, M. Murray.  
NET BALL.—A Team : N. Elphinstone (Captain), M. Deacon, B. Medhurst, D. Thompson, J. Mitchell, A. Davidson, B. Harlin.  
ATHLETICS.—A. Davidson (Captain), B. Harlin, F. Matthews, D. Flower, D. Thompson, E. Henkey, J. Smyth, J. Collins.  
BASEBALL.—Captains : M. Deacon, B. Rowland, E. Murray, R. Rowland.

**OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION.**

President : Miss Phipps.  
Secretary and Treasurer : C. Clowes.

**LIBRARY.**

Librarians : M. Deacon, A. Davidson, J. Marshall.

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**EDITORIAL.**

We are now at the end of the first year, in which the group system has played such an important part in our school life. This group system is really a further extension of our self-government, and even as self-government soon proved a success so also has the group system.

At present it is still only in its infancy, but even now it is proving to be of excellent worth both to the school as a whole and to the individual girls. The whole basis of this new system is really loyalty and service—loyalty to her group is one of the first things a girl learns—this is swiftly followed by a strong feeling of loyalty to the school. The stronger this feeling becomes the stronger the whole school is. Then also the group system gives each girl the opportunity to express her own individuality, and at the same time she learns that wonderful lesson of service which when once learnt is never forgotten and pervades the whole life of those who have learnt that lesson.

Thus the group system has become an extremely important factor in the life of the whole school since it fosters those two grand sentiments—loyalty and service.

**SCHOOL NOTES.**

July 17.—School reassembled after the mid-winter holidays.

July 20.—Bishop Le Fanu and Mr. J. Allen, Diocesan Treasurer, The Rector, and Mrs. Neal were entertained by the House girls.

July 31.—A net ball match was played against W.H.S. The score was 24—22 to us. Mrs. J. H. S. Barnes sent a present to the Tennis Court Fund. This enabled us to pay for top-dressing the "A" court. Now we are anxious to have a new gymnasium so that the present one may be used as a class room.

August 1.—B. Medhurst, A. McLean, A. Davidson were admitted to the office of Prefect. The service was held at St. Mark's Church.

August 3.—Mr. Anson, of the Royal College of Music, talked to the House girls.

August 10.—A number of the girls were present at a Dance given by Slade School.

August 14.—A net ball match was played against P.G.C. who won by one point. The Inter-school Net Ball Cup was presented to us for 1929 by Mr. McKeown.

August 24.—The net ball team went to Toowoomba to play Fairholme, who won the Downs Championship.

August 31.—Inter-school Tennis was played against W.H.S. and won by us.

September 7.—Inter-school Tennis was played against P.G.C. who won. This gave them even points with us.

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School Athletics were held on the school field. The Cup was won by Slade Group. The points were : Slade 138½, Barnes 137, Crothers 118. The Senior Championship was won by D. Flower, Junior by D. Thompson, Preparatory by M. Fairbairn, Kindergarten by M. White. Mrs. J. H. S. Barnes and Mrs. Crothers were very interested in their Groups. Mrs. Neal presented the prizes and Mrs. Barnes presented the Cup.

September 14.—The final match for the Women's Tennis Fixtures was played against Riverview. We were successful and thus won the Cup.

September 20.—Inter-school Athletics for Girls was held in Queen's Park. We won the Montrose Cup. Our chief representatives were F. Matthews, B. Harlin, D. Flower, A. Davidson, D. Thompson.

September 26.—Group Debates were held. The subjects were (a) The compulsory age of education should be 16; (b) Too much money is spent on sport; (c) Increased international relationship will produce a common language. Barnes Group gained most points. The best speakers were N. Elphinstone, M. Deacon, B. Rowland, I. Wickham, J. Smyth. Michaelmas holidays began. Some girls remained at school and enjoyed several picnics. They had a happy time at Canning Downs and Killarney and spent an enjoyable evening at the Rectory with Mr. and Mrs. Neal.

October 2.—School reassembled.

October 5.—The School Guide and Brownie Companies assisted the Town Guides at their fete.

October 9.—Mr. Monkley recited the greater part of "The Christmas Carol," in the School Hall.

October 26.—The final Inter-school Tennis match was played. P.G.C. team was successful and won the Cup. Some of the girls were present at the Ministering Children's League Sports.

November 13.—Bishop Ash visited the school. The girls were delighted to see him again.

November 17.—Bishop Le Fanu confirmed M. Campbell, D. Flower, B. Harlin, E. Hankey, Joyce Hill, J. Hood, D. Larsen, J. Rutter, J. Smyth, D. Thompson, in St. Mark's Church.

November 18.—There was a special Celebration when those who were Confirmed on Sunday received their first Communion from the Bishop. The Bishop had breakfast with the Senior girls. Later he spoke to the school. We were sorry it was his last visit as Bishop. We wish him much happiness as Archbishop of Perth.

November 19.—N. Elphinstone, M. Deacon, B. Rowland, J. Walton began their Senior University Examination.

November 25.—B. Medhurst, A. McLean, I. Keenan, D. Burey, J. Rowland, E. Taylor began their Junior University Examination. We hope they succeed.

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We congratulate E. Stirling, who has passed her third year Science at the University with P<sup>+</sup> for Chemistry III, and P for Botany I.M. During the past six months there have been no failures in music examinations. The results are: Trinity College Intermediate Piano: D. Burey 76, D. Gillham 60, Junior, E. Murray 68. Theory.—Advanced Intermediate: J. Fraser 80, Advanced Junior: D. Burey 77, Junior: E. Murray 96, E. Burey 92. Elocution.—Intermediate: B. Harlin 72. Violin, Australian Music Board, Grade VI: D. Burey 79, E. Burey 78.

Honours Pockets in Sports have been awarded: Tennis, N. Elphinstone, B. Medhurst, M. Lamb, Net Ball, N. Elphinstone, M. Deacon, B. Medhurst, D. Thompson, J. Mitchell, A. Davidson, B. Harlin. Athletics, A. Davidson, B. Harlin, F. Matthews, D. Flower. Baseball scores are: House Girls 780, Day Girls 703. The Net Ball Cup has been won by Crothers.

November 29.—Eurythmic and Tableau Display.  
December 4.—Inter-group Debates.  
December 6.—Music Recital.  
December 9.—A Mid-Summer Night's Dream at 8 p.m.  
December 10.—Display of Work and Carol Service at 11.15 a.m.  
December 11.—Christmas Tree for Kindergarten at 10 a.m.  
Speech Night at 8 p.m. The Archbishop has promised to be present.  
December 12.—House girls leave for the Christmas Holidays.  
February 4, 1930.—School reassembles.

### FRIENDSHIP.

It is a weakness in human nature to tire easily of both places and people. However, in the case of friends, it is quite true that two real friends never tire of one another. Differences of opinion they may have which may even develop into quarrels, but there is always a reconciliation and a strengthening of their bond of friendship. They never have the desire to be rid of each other's company.

The most difficult of all matters to decide is whether one has found a friend or not. Flattery is apt to deceive us because it first of all tends to make us subservient to our pride. We imagine at once that anyone who could say such charming things must be a true friend indeed; but how hard is the knock when we find that there was no sincerity in the flattery. It served the deceiver for the moment in order that he might gain his own ends. We can generally prove our friends in our times of trouble for then it is only the true friends that remain. Of course, once a true friend has been found it is no longer necessary to be always alert and ready to put his friendship to the test. This would be most unjust of us and we ourselves would not be worthy of the name of friend.

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There are few people who are so extremely selfish that it gives them no pleasure whatsoever to help somebody else. When that somebody else happens to be a best friend, the pleasure becomes greater still. It is a pleasant sensation to feel that in times of sorrow and anxiety our friend comes to us for help and that when he needs some sincere advice he seeks it from us.

It is hard to believe that some people never form a friendship during their life, but if this is true I think they must be partly to blame themselves. There are times, however, when the duty of a friend is not the easiest thing to fulfill. To have to tell people of whom you are fond and whom you do not wish to hurt their outstanding weaknesses needs courage. But still it is the right thing to do and it is to a friend we look for a sincere criticism of ourselves and our actions.

Since we are granted the freedom of choosing our friends, it rests with us to choose wisely. Once the choice is made it is our duty to preserve the friendship. Since such a state exists between men it is wrong that those who have no respect for it should spoil it for everybody else.

—N. ELPHINSTONE, (Barnes).

#### "MAN IS AS THE TIME IS."

Anyone who has in any way observed human nature will quickly realise the influence of environment. Such an influence may be observed in a tiny child. The child's character is as clay awaiting the potter. All its surroundings and everyone who has in any way anything to do with it will undoubtedly influence its character. Perhaps the child's mind remembers only a fragment of a conversation or a scene, but that little portion will probably be strong enough to imprint some definite mark upon its character. As the child is profoundly influenced by its surroundings, so throughout the whole length of his life, is man.

Man is essentially an imitator, his very person is one of imitation. He sees some trait in others which he admires or perhaps he may not admire it but its influence is so great that he will unconsciously imitate it. On the other hand there are many who despise imitation and endeavour to keep themselves as free as possible. These are the leaders of man, the originators of many an idea which is followed by great numbers. From the minds of such men have arisen many of the finest things of life and also the basest and the worst.

The time! What is it? It is what man makes it. One or two men of originality and great brain power have it within their hands to make or to mar a particular period. These men with their vivid and over-powering personality have great influence over the majority who have less ability than they have. It almost seems as if they impel the greater part of mankind to follow

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their ideas. "Man is as the time is." Could it not be altered? Time is as the Man is. What is the difference? Time is formed by the character of man and man is deeply influenced by the time. The only answer to such contradictory statements is that a time must be represented by the stronger personalities among men.

Whenever there has been an age when a number of strong-minded men of the better type have lived the result has been that such a period will produce many works which will make its name live for ever. Such an age was the Elizabethan Age. Another example of rather a different kind of influence is the period during the reign of Charles II. Charles had, like many of the principal men of the time, little morality in his character. The result was that the whole attitude of the British race was immoral.

"Man is as the time is." How true the statement is! Even another conclusion may be drawn from it. Literature is said to reveal the character of the writer; then must it not follow that the Literature of a period reveals the period itself? All its weaknesses, all its strength, and all its power may be gathered from studying the Literature of a certain period. Environment plays a large part in man's life and environment is merely the atmosphere which other men create. The men, who create this, are only a few in number, but their influence is great and has the power of shaping the destinies of mankind.

—M. DEACON (Crothers).

#### CROTHERS, BARNES, AND SLADE.

Since the beginning of this year, the School has been divided into three Groups. Each Group has been named after one who has done a great deal for the School. The names of the Groups are Barnes, Slade, and Crothers. The Group System was brought into the School in order to raise the standard of work and sport.

Every girl belongs to a Group, and each girl must do her best for her Group. The three Groups are competing for the Work and Housecraft Cups. The Work Cup has been presented by Mrs. J. H. S. Barnes, and will be awarded to the Group whose school work has been the best throughout the year. Naturally each Group wishes to be the first to win this cup, and the rivalry between the Groups will keep the girls working harder, and so help to keep up the honour of their Groups.

Each Group has a certain part of the grounds to keep tidy, and a garden has been given to each. The Housecraft Cup will be won by the Group whose grounds, garden, and room have been kept tidiest. This makes every girl more careful about the appearance of her Group room. Every girl who is at all keen about her Group, will do her best to keep her room and grounds neat and tidy. Naturally, if any girl is careless, it will greatly diminish the chance of her Group winning the Cup.

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The Group System also makes the girls keener about Sport. The Groups compete for the Swimming, Athletics, Tennis, and Net Ball Cups. As each girl tries to do her best for her Group, the standard of Sport must be raised throughout the School. The Swimming and Athletic Cups were won by Slade Group, but the Tennis and Net Ball Cups have not yet been presented. As the Tennis is kept up throughout the year, the girls have no chance of becoming slack at any time, if they wish their Group to be successful in winning the Cup.

Each Group has a mistress and Prefects at its head. Colours have been chosen by the girls for their Groups. Every three weeks, a meeting is held to discuss the work, sport and conduct of the girls. Each Group has its representatives on the School Council, which receives Group reports.

As each girl works for her Group, she is, at the time, working for the School. If any girl is careless or dishonest she lowers the standard of her Group, and thus the standard of the School. Every girl by doing her best for the honour of her Group, is helping to raise the standard of the School, and this is the object for which the Group System was introduced into the School.

I. WICKHAM (Slade).

#### THE DESERTED CITY.

All in ruins lies a deserted Indian city, built by a king, a lover of beauty, long ago. Gone are its inhabitants, Gone is its king. On a hill stands the king's palace, still beautiful, though in ruins. The trees are masters there, casting their shadows on the battlements, tumbled down and decayed. The wild vines creeping up the stone walls, entwine in and out the milk-white fretworks.

Waters no longer gurgle in the fountains. The fruit trees, unpruned bow down to the earth laden with golden fruit. In the courtyard, trees have sprung up between the cobble stones, where elephants covered with cloths, richly embroidered, once had moved. Marble arches overgrown with wild greenery, are no longer milky white. Rose trees shower their creamy white petals on the terrace of the king's garden. In the centre stands a ruined summer-house, where queens had once wandered many years ago.

The palace looks down on scores of roofless houses, which had once formed a part of that splendid city. Beautiful girls, darkly hooded, no longer go to the city-well carrying their stone pitchers on their shoulders. The shapeless block of stone, which had once been an idol, stood dark and grey, where four roads met, now quite forgotten.

The moon rises over the hills and casts her shadows on the city, as if inquisitive to see what treasures are hidden there. The wind sweeps over the palace, whistling in the fretworks, roaring, in the decayed battlements. The birds sing mournfully, as if seek-



ing the peace of the bards who had so enchantingly sung the songs of heroes a hundred years before.

The moon wanes, and the city is glorified in the first pink rays of dawn. Like a fairy she flits from the sky leaving the ruined city to the mercy of time.

A. McLEAN (Barnes).

#### ARCHITECTURE.

Architecture means beautiful or artistic building. Everyone builds their own way. The earlier people did not know much about Architecture, as they lived mainly in caves.

The first houses of any kind that were built, were not very beautiful, as they were made on an oblong plan, or else a square plan, with flat roofs. But, nevertheless, as the years went by people gradually began to learn to make magnificent buildings. They only accomplished this art by their love of beautiful things.

In Greek and Gothic Architecture there is a great variety of styles. The styles in Europe are Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Norman, and Gothic. Renaissance came after Gothic; it is really a revival of the Greek and Norman Architecture. The Parthenon is an example of Greek Architecture. On looking at the Parthenon there may be seen magnificence and grandeur displayed by the Greeks. In the Parthenon there are many examples of Friezes.

The Colosseum at Rome is of Roman Architecture. The Romans made their buildings very large, and the first thing one notices is their stateliness; the buildings seem as if they were meant to last for ever.

St. John's Chapel is of Norman Architecture. This style may be recognised by the windows, huge pillars, and rounded arches.

Gothic Architecture may be known by the pointed arch, the columns, traceried windows, spires, and pinnacles. The Rouen and Salisbury Cathedrals are of Gothic Architecture.

Then, last of all, comes Renaissance Architecture. When Constantinople fell many Greeks went to Italy to learn about Art. This was the beginning of the Renaissance.

D. BUREY (Barnes).

#### A DREAM.

It was a very hot day in the middle of summer. It was one of those days on which one cannot work. My brother and I decided to read during the afternoon. So, eventually, after dinner, we went out into the garden under an apple tree. I was leaning with my back against the tree, while Dick was lying on his elbows with his chin in his hands, listening, while I read from the far-famed Arabian Nights.

The bees were murmuring and buzzing around us, while the honey-sweet scent from the flowers acted like an opiate. I had

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almost read to the end when looking up I beheld forty Arab horsemen dashing past. "Why," exclaimed Dick, "they are the Forty Thieves. Quickly! Let us follow them."

Up we jumped and ran after them; but they had disappeared out of sight. We retraced our steps, and suddenly found ourselves before a rock half hidden in the mountain side. We sat down here, and after some time we heard hoof beats, and beheld the robbers drawing near. We hid behind some bushes, and watched the robbers alight and unload their treasures just as we had read in the book. They went up to the rock and saying, "Open Sesame," entered the cave in the rock. Presently they came out and rode away. Then from a tree above us came Ali Baba. We stepped out from our hiding place, and asked him to take us with him. So we all went up to the rock and cried out, "Open Sesame." The rock swung open, and there inside was a sight which made us tremble with fright. There on the floor covered the fisherman grasping the yellow copper vase, and over him stood the Genii clothed in smoke which was issuing from the vase. I looked round for Ali Baba, but he was nowhere to be seen.

At this moment the Genii perceived us and cried, "Choose what manner of death ye will have, for die ye must!"

Dick and I trembled. Seeing that we did not answer, the Genii seized us both, one in each hand, and flew with us over an unknown sea.

Bye and bye we came to an island on which stood a volcano, with smoke curling from its crater. The Genii was flying through this smoke, when suddenly we felt his grasp relax, and we fell to the earth with a bump. On looking up we beheld the Genii melting away in the smoke of the volcano. Dick and I began to wonder what we would do on this island, when looking out to sea we beheld Sinbad the Sailor clinging to some part of a wreck, which was drifting towards the shore. As soon as he was able, Sinbad waded ashore and came running towards us.

"Quickly!" he cried, "the Old Man of the Sea will catch us, if we do not hurry," and he pointed out to sea, where we beheld a raft on which sat a wizened little man, with a very hairy body. All three of us started running inland. Presently we came to a beautiful palace which we entered. On a couch at one end of the huge hall, reclined a young man, who we recognised as Abou Hassan. But, on seeing us he jumped up and shouted wildly, "Go away! Go away! I never entertain anyone now. No. Never. Go away." Seeing that it was useless to explain we departed. But no sooner had we stepped out of the entrance door when the Old Man of the Sea came up with us; and jumping on Sinbad's back, he twined his legs round his throat. Sinbad was

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forced to begin his long journey back again. We last saw him disappearing into the sea.

It was growing quite dark, and we were wondering what we were going to do next, when we noticed a light coming towards us, and soon we recognised Aladdin and his wonderful lamp.

"What do you wish for most?" asked Aladdin.

"Something to eat," said I.

Aladdin was just going to rub his lamp, when Prince Feroze-Shah came running up in great rage and vexation.

"That Hindu has stolen the Princess of Bengal, whom I was to marry," he said.

"Where has he gone?" asked Aladdin.

"I know not," said Prince Feroze-Shah. "He mounted on his wooden horse and rose into the air."

"Come and eat with me," said Aladdin, and he rubbed his lamp. Immediately we found ourselves seated at a long table where a noble feast was served up. There were big brass candlesticks at each end of the table, and the dishes were of beaten gold. Among the dainties I noticed some marsh-mallows, of which I was very fond. Just as I put out my hand to take one—I woke up. For ten seconds I stared in front of me regretting that I had awakened before tasting the marsh-mallows. Suddenly Dick's voice broke in upon my thoughts.

"I took the book when you fell asleep. I have been reading it myself. Here you are, you may finish this story of the Sleeper Awakened."

—I. KEENAN (Crothers).

THE MEETING OF HEROES.

A banquet was being held in the hall of Narrative Poems for the heroes of the year 1929. Everything was prepared, and the guests came gradually. The first to arrive was Pheidippides. He was afraid of being late, and had run all the way from Athens. Atalanta followed closely on his heels. They were quarrelling as to who could run the fastest when Michael came in. They appealed to him, but he shook his head and said, "I know nothing of such things, but I can tell you anything about sheep. Yesterday, for instance—" but he was interrupted by Sohrab and Rustum walking arm in arm. As they entered Sohrab said, "By the way, Dad, I haven't seen Rusk since we had that fight by the 'Oxus.'" Pheidippides, who had travelled so much and knew nearly everyone, introduced them to Atalanta and Michael. While they were talking together Mazeppa came in. "Hallo, everyone!" he said, "I am so pleased there is someone here before me; did I ever tell you about that wonderful ride I had?" "Yes, yes," said Pheidippides aloud, then aside to Atalanta, "I'd like to know whom he hasn't told." Mazeppa was about to launch out.

on his story when Osseo and Owene entered. They were strangers in the hall, perhaps, because they had lived for so long in the Evening Star, but they were gladly welcomed by the rest. "Why," said Mazeppa, "nearly everyone is here now, except the king. I must tell you about my wonderful ride. It was a —" Here, to the great relief of all, the King entered talking to Sir Bedivere and Edward Bruce. He took his seat, and all the others did the same. While they were talking together there was a knock at the door. When it was opened the Ancient Mariner was standing there. "Come in!" cried the King, and they made room for him. Mazeppa was just going to begin again when Atalanta, seeing this, asked the Ancient Mariner to tell them a story. "No," said the Ancient Mariner, "I am sorry to disappoint such a fair lady, but I have been telling a story all my life. Take my advice and never kill an albatross." They talked for a long time, and the feasting and laughing awakened their author. "Listen," said the King, "here is someone coming." So it was. The door opened, and there was Mr. Arnold standing there. He said, "Goodness! me. What are you doing here? Go back to your poems at once."

—B. MEDHURST (Stade).

#### THE BROKEN RAINBOW.

She was born a long time ago. That is certain. We think she must be nearly seventy now. Her name is Miss Ellesmere, and she teaches us painting. I, for one, think she is clever, but many of us at St. Kath's are very doubtful of it.

St. Kath's, or St. Katherine's (as it is spelt on the Prospectus) is a highly commendable college for young ladies, at Edgecliffe. Miss McDougall is our principal and a very nice one, though strict. The girls of the Madcap Dorm, are the most irresponsible in the school. Of course, I am a member. There are also Julia, Gloria, and Jeannie.

We all have what might be called budding artistic talent, and therefore, Miss Ellesmere teaches us all. But Gloria, Miss Ellesmere says, has decided talent. She can do wonders with her oils.

One day coming out of the lesson, Miss Ellesmere called Gloria back, and told her something. It must have been good news, because Gloria came back to us looking very excited.

"She said I might try my hand at a competition which the Art Gallery is offering, with a prize for the best painter under sixteen. I am only fifteen, so I can enter," said she.

We all praised her then, I suppose, for she was really very good at painting.

"I think," she said, "I will choose the Broken Rainbow for my subject." She worked hard on the picture, but Miss Elles-

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mere was not allowed to help her. It was very near the time when the picture had to be given in. Gloria was getting nervous. Every day, she used to go to the studio and add a touch here and a touch there.

One day she declared it finished, and put it away in the cupboard, where it was to stay for about forty more hours, before beginning its journey.

The next day was our Art lesson, and Miss Ellesmere, who was in good mood, let us choose our own subject. We all agreed to make a portrait of Gloria. She was really quite pretty—long black plaits, brown eyes, and a pretty skin. When Miss Ellesmere bent over her to show us how her dress went, she accidentally dabbed some paint on her tunic. Of course, Gloria said it didn't matter, but Miss Ellesmere insisted on getting the big bottle of turps from the cupboard. In doing so, she tipped it up, and the bottle smashed to a lower shelf. There were turps here, there, and everywhere. Miss Ellesmere nearly went mad. But when she saw Gloria's Broken Rainbow, all smeared and streaked with turps, I'm sure she did go mad. Gloria was really very decent about it, but in bed that night, I heard her softly crying. However, Miss Ellesmere insisted on sending it in. It was highly commended. The next year the Art Gallery gave another prize, ten pounds, and Gloria painted another Broken Rainbow. She was not so nervous this time, but I think Miss Ellesmere was twice as nervous. Then one glorious day, the last of term, something happened to make the day doubly glorious. A type written envelope, addressed to "Gloria Duncan" came by the post. Gloria read it through with delight—she had won the first prize.

—JUDITH SMYTH (Barnes).

#### HOW THE DROUGHT BROKE.

Out in the West of Queensland a squatter was trying to carve out a living on a sheep station. He had a wife and two children, aged eleven years, one a boy and the other a girl. They were twins.

There had been no rain for months and months. The sheep had eaten most of the grass, and that which remained was dry and contained very little nourishment. As the days passed the sheep became poorer and poorer. Water was plentiful, as there were bore-drains and a river running through the paddocks. But water, without grass, would not keep the sheep alive.

One day, Mr. Burke, their owner, found some of them dead in the paddocks. As the days went on, the number of dead sheep increased. The cruel crows picked out the eyes of weak ones, who very soon died.

Every day the twins rode out to see if they could render aid to the weak sheep. Those that went to the river for water some-

times became bogged in the mud and were too weak to struggle out.

It was terribly hot, and anything but pleasant to ride out every day and see nothing but the bare ground, the sheep that were merely skin and bone, the crows, and a cloudless sky.

However, they kept on, doing what they could to save the sheep. If it did not rain very soon they feared that the sheep would be lost. It did not rain, no, not for many more weeks. Mr. Burke managed to buy a little molasses on which to feed the sheep. But it could not last long, as it was such a small quantity.

One hot morning they got up and caught their horses, for they intended going out to see how many sheep had died during the night. On looking round the little boy noticed smoke rising in the east. "A bush fire, we are lost now," was the thought that passed through Mr. Burke's mind, as he gazed spell-bound at the smoke. He had to leave the sheep now and ride out and help his neighbours put out the fire.

That afternoon, when their father did not return, the two children and their mother became anxious about him. However, as they looked towards the west they saw clouds gathering. Oh! how they hoped that they were rain clouds.

"If it does not rain now," said the mother, "we shall be ruined, for the fire will spread, and burn all we have, if it is not extinguished within a short time."

Suddenly a great clap of thunder was heard. The sky was almost over-cast, and before long great drops of rain began to fall. The drought had broken at last.

—D. GILLHAM (Crothers).

#### THE ADVENTURES OF ANNABEL MAY.

Prue and Margery were great friends. They lived next door to each other and had a most convenient gap in the hedge so they could easily run to and fro.

Prue's grandma, who sent her beautiful presents for her birthday, had sent for her last birthday a beautiful baby doll, which she named Annabel May.

One morning, after breakfast they decided to clean Rosebud Villa, which was the name of the doll's house. While this was going on Annabel May was put safely on a chair.

Somehow or other accidents will happen, anyhow they always happened to Prue's dolls, and she made up her mind nothing would hurt Annabel May. Then the luncheon bell rang. Margery had to snatch up her teddy bear and run through the garden, while Prue had to fly upstairs to make herself fit to be seen. In the confusion Annabel May was forgotten. After about half an hour, Margery and Prue both arrived on the scene just in time to

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see a huge collie dog scampering away with Annabel May. The children raced after him, poor Prue sobbing with anger and grief. Along the road they tore, round the corner, up the street, until just as they were out of breath, gasping they saw the collie dog disappear into an open doorway. The children dashed after him in time to see a young lady hold up poor Annabel May and say in surprise, "Why, Don, what have you been doing?" Don was sitting with a very big smile on his face. All round them were dolls, big dolls, and little dolls, boxes and boxes of arms and legs. Then the lady said, "I'm afraid this doggie of mine has been naughty." Don went over to his mistress. "He wants me to explain," she said. "You see, although I am grown up I love dollies, and I'm too big to play with them. I have learnt all about them and how they are all made, now I am starting a doll's hospital."

I am glad the dollie is not hurt, there is just a tiny hole, that Don's sharp teeth have made, but I can soon mend that.

I am afraid your mummies will be getting anxious, so you shall take Don home with you and explain to them. See, I will write a note, and if they will allow it, you can bring the doll's clothes, then we shall dress the doll.

The mummies allowed the children to go and they had a wonderful afternoon. When Annabel May was dressed she looked none the worse for her queer journey. Both she and Don were allowed to sit at the table and Don especially enjoyed himself. So Annabel May's adventure had a very happy ending.

—JOYCE COLLINS (Crothers).

#### A FROG'S TRAVELS.

A little frog named Wiggles lived in a pond with his mother, when two little boys came down and caught him. He was taken to the house and put in a glass bottle. That night he managed to escape.

In the morning the thing he had rested on started to move, for it was a motor car, and Wiggles was sitting on the radiator; the father of the boys was going on a journey. As the car started off Wiggles began to enjoy himself for the radiator was cold and smooth and shiny; but after the car had been speeding down the road for an hour, it got hot. Wiggles was getting hungry and thirsty, but still the car did not stop; it went on and on, and the radiator was burning his feet.

Then at last the car stopped at a gate. Wiggles hopped off, and hopped away through the bushes. His one thought was to find a stream. After hopping for a while he came to a little pool surrounded by rushes. Here a frog whose name was Wiggles

asked, "What do you want?" "Please let me have some water and something to eat," said Wriggles.

"I will," said Wriggs, "and then you can tell me all about yourself."

—M. YOUNG (Crothers).

#### THE RAINBOW FAIRIES.

The rainbow fairies went out and played in the hot sun, dancing with the sunbeams and bobbing up and down in the water. But the Queen of the Fairies noticed a little fairy lying under one of the pansies. The Queen was very surprised to see her, so she went up to her and asked the reason.

The little fairy stood up and said her name was Angelina. She was a sweet little creature with dark blue wondering eyes, who looked at the Queen.

Angelina said, "All my other sisters tell me I am too young to play with them, so I am watching them instead."

The Queen was very surprised to hear this, so she said to Angelina, "I will give you a plaything so that when the others come and ask may they play, you tell them they are too old, as they said you were too young."

Angelina was so pleased with this idea; she got too excited and fell ill.

Doctor Mouse came, but could not find out what was the matter with her. The Queen thought she would get the plaything for Angelina while she was in bed, so that she would see it when she was well.

When Angelina became well again, she saw a beautiful streak across the skies.

She jumped up quickly and found she could walk over it, and play with the colours.

So from this day it is called the Rainbow in memory of the Rainbow Fairies.

—SHIRLEY BOOTH (Slade).

#### THE NAUGHTY PIXIE.

Peterkin, the Pixie, was very naughty and no one would play with him. He had asked all the fairies. They all said the same thing, "No, Peterkin, you are too naughty." He knew he was very naughty, and he meant to be naughtier still.

Just as he was going to sit under a toadstool, who should be there but a tiny little Dewdrop Fairy. She was fast asleep, with her hand on her cheek. Then a great idea came into Peterkin's head. He could easily carry her to his home, and make her play with him. So he lifted the sleeping fairy and flew off with her. Dewdrop woke in great fright and cried, "Put me



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down, put me down!" Peterkin only frowned and said, "Don't be silly, I am taking you to my home, and we will play hide-and-seek in the battereups." Peterkin put Dewdrop on one of the flowers, and when he called out Dewdrop was to go and find him. You can guess what Dewdrop did directly Peterkin had gone and hidden. Well, she spread out her tiny wings and flew off. But she happened to fly past the flower in which Peterkin was hidden, and he saw her go. "Dewdrop, Dewdrop!" he cried, "Come back!" Although Dewdrop flew faster and faster Peterkin easily caught her up in a few minutes.

"You shan't fly away!" he cried. "I will keep you a prisoner. Will you play with me?"

"No," answered Dewdrop. So poor Dewdrop was taken prisoner. The Spider had to weave a web over the door way. He felt very sorry for the fairy, and he said, "Do you want to go home?"

"Oh, yes," said Dewdrop, drying her eyes.

"Well, if you like," said the Spider, "I could go and tell the Dewdrop fairies that Peterkin is keeping you a prisoner."

So off he went on his eight long legs. He soon reached the wood where he found the Fairy Folk.

"Do you know where Dewdrop is?" he asked.

"Yes, she is staying with the other fairies."

"No, Peterkin is keeping her a prisoner because she would not play with him," said the Spider.

"Oh, the bad Pixie!" they cried.

So they called together all the pixies, elves, brownies, and fairies. They came running out of the wood. The chief pixie told the other fairy folk to leave the matter to him.

"I am ashamed that he is a pixie," he said, "I know where he lives, I will go and punish him severely."

Peterkin was put in prison for a week, and he did not play any more tricks on the Fairy Folk.

—ALMA MITCHELL (Barnes).

**THE BROWNIE PACK.**

We have just got two new Brownies, Heather Mitchell and Alma Mitchell. They were very quick in getting their uniforms. They are two very nice Brownies, and the Pack is very glad to have them. So that now we have been able to have a new pack. We decided to call it Kelpies. Now we have six packs instead of five. The six names of the Brownie Packs are Pixies, Gnomes, Elves, Sprites, Kelpies, and Fairies. Altogether we have thirty five Brownies.

Mrs. Neal is our Commissioner, and she is coming up to see the Guides and Brownies.

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Miss Smith is our Brown Owl. She often lets us play games at our Brownie meetings. We have Knot Relays and many other games.

—LORNA GUNN (Slade).

**THE HAY STACK.**

I am on the hay stack,  
Very big and fine,  
I can see the fairies  
Spinning balls of twine,  
I can see the little elves  
Walking to and fro;  
I can see the little gnomes  
Tripping as they go.  
When I'm on the hay stack  
And I'm all alone,  
I can see just everything  
That I've ever known.

—MARILY SMYTH (Primary).

**MY GARDEN.**

I have a little garden filled with many kinds of flowers,  
One would think to see their beauty,  
That the fairies built their bowers  
In among the beds of pansies, and every other kind of  
flowers.

Just a stream of running water,  
And some mossy green, green rocks  
Would complete a fairy bower  
For a little Goldy Locks.

—PEGGY BRETT (Barnes).

**THE BEES AND THE POPPIES.**

Come and see our poppies,  
Such a lovely sight,  
In their glorious splendour,  
Gold, and red, and white.

Here the bees come buzzing,  
Hungry everyone,  
Here they work unceasing,  
Till the day is done.

Busy little creatures,  
Working all day long,  
Not one thought of slumber,  
Till the day is done.

—M. MARDON (Barnes).

**THREE LITTLE LION CUBS.**

Once upon a time there lived  
In a pretty little wood,  
Three little lion cubs,  
As good, as good, as good.

Their little coats were tawny,  
And their little claws were sharp,  
And these three little lion cubs  
Were ready for a lark.

They went out with their daddy,  
And he taught them how to roar,  
And how to catch the little fish,  
But to catch them with their paw.

These pretty little lion cubs,  
Who still lived in the wood,  
Who never did a naughty thing,  
We good, as good, as good.

—MARJORIE SMYTH (Barnes).

**NIGHT**

The sun sinks down in the West,  
And the sky turns a crimson hue,  
Then softly it changes to pink,  
And then to a dark, dark blue,  
The stars come out one by one,  
The moon rises over the hill,  
Then save for the soft night sounds,  
The air is ever so still.  
The moon sails over the sky  
And outlines the trees in black,  
Then slowly it sinks and goes  
Behind our little old shack.  
The moon sinks down in the West,  
The sky turns to a rosy light;  
The sun rises over the Eastern hills  
And the sky is ever so bright.

—MARJORIE YOUNG (Crothers).

**MORNING.**

In the morning I can hear  
From my window as I peer,  
The buzzing sounds of busy bees,  
In amongst the flow'ry trees,  
When the happy birds do sing,

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Joyful songs are heard to ring,  
As they soar through the sky  
Flying t'wards the blue so high,  
—BETTY HARLIN (Crothers).

**DAY AND NIGHT.**

The sun which rises away in the East,  
So beautiful, radiant, bright,  
Over the hills in the morning peeps,  
Shedding his golden light.  
He brings with him the glorious morn,  
He guides the traveller weary,  
Who plods along in the darkness of night,  
In wastes which are dark and dreary.  
All through the day the sun shines out,  
And he comforts all he pleases,  
Until at last it is time for his rest,  
And night comes along on the breeze.  
The moon glides up with her silvery steps,  
And the stars shine out so bright,  
Shadows fall from the flowers and trees,  
For 'tis late on a winter's night.  
And sleep surrounds with her soothing wing,  
All those with weary eyes,  
And sprinkles some golden dust upon each,  
And sleep to them quickly flies.  
Soon the black night has flown to her home,  
And the sun once more is in power,  
Comforting all with his glorious rays,  
Every man, every tree, every flower.  
—VAL ROWLAND (Crothers).

**SPRING.**

Sunny spring has come to-day,  
Bringing all its flowers so gay,  
Making all the world so bright,  
It really is a pretty sight.  
Spring has painted all the flowers,  
And refreshed them by warm showers,  
After the day damps them with dew,  
To brighten up their own sweet hue.  
—J. MACDONALD (Barnes).

**THE MID-NIGHT HUNTER.**

Silently through the wood he steals,  
Hunting for his midnight meals;  
Soon a helpless sheep he'll spy,

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Then, poor creature, it must die.  
Slowly and silently he draweth nigh;  
Not a stir in the grass as he passeth by,  
The sheep begins to fly with fright,  
But it isn't heard in the dead of night.  
Slowly and silently home he goes  
And it's not till morning that anyone knows  
Of his huntings and his mid-night feast,  
And the cruel death of the beast.

—E. MURRAY (Slade).

**A BUSH NIGHT.**

The moon shines down from the starlit sky,  
Over the plain comes the curlew's cry;  
In the old oak trees the brown owls hoot,  
And the porcupine utters his solemn, "Too-doot."  
In the leafy hollow croons the old mo-poke  
And over the swamp floats the frog's croak, croak.  
The cricket chirps by the murmuring streams;  
Among the bushes the flying fox screams;  
In the early morn comes the cackle of fowls,  
As away in the gullies a dingo howls.

—I. WICKHAM (Slade).

**HARVEST TIME.**

In harvest time all wise men rise quite early,  
From little men, to middle sized and burly,  
And having had their breakfast, good and hot  
Shoulder their forks and each man bears his lot.  
Into the field of lucerne, oats, and wheat,  
Each farmer walks or rides before the heat;  
In smaller farms each man drops to his knees,  
And having cut the crop binds it in sheaves.  
The sheaves are placed in bundles on the field,  
And there they stay some days until they yield  
Up all the heat and steam that each doth hold,  
They are then cut, placed into bags, and sold.  
On larger farms men form a working band,  
On larger farms men form a working band,  
These farmers use there much more modern ways,  
By doing this the work went fast for days.  
They put the horses in what's called a mower,  
Touching a brake the cutting blade they lower.  
Then take their seats and drive amid the crop,  
When all the wheat is down, the horses stop.

—M. MURRAY (Barnes).

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**C.E.G.S.**

Under the spreading laurel tree,  
The laurel tree of fame,  
Nearest the loveliest branch of all,  
Our School has sown a name,  
A name—the humblest seed of all,  
Is sown well and deep,  
And we will try and doubly try  
This lovely place to keep.  
Climbing much higher every year,  
With a youthful marching-song,  
With our watchwords, Honour, Self-government,  
And Patriotism strong,  
Soon we will find ourselves near the top,  
If everyone does her share,  
And the name of Warwick C.E.G.S.  
Will be popular everywhere.

—JUDITH SMYTH (Barnes).

**OLD GIRLS' NOTES.**

Mrs. E. Dinmock, Kelantan, Malay States, is spending some weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lomas.

Edna Thompson left on November 11th, for Bundaberg, and will be absent for about six months.

Olivia Creed is on the nursing staff of Kanimbla Hospital, and Hazel Davidson joined that of St. Martin's, Brisbane, some months ago.

The marriage of Edna May to Mr. Somer Thorn took place at St. Mark's Church on October 4th. We join in wishing them both every happiness.

The Old Girls offer their heartiest congratulations to the present girls who have won the cups for Athletics and Net Ball, this year.

Mrs. Norman Taylor—M. Hunt—has a daughter.

Emily Stirling has passed third year Science at the University of Queensland.

Mr. and Mrs. Finlay—A. Stephens—visited the School in July. Mary Hill is at present in Sydney.

We wish all members a very Happy Christmas and A Bright New Year.