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Carterbrian*



*December, 1929*

# CANTERBRIAN

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*December 1929*

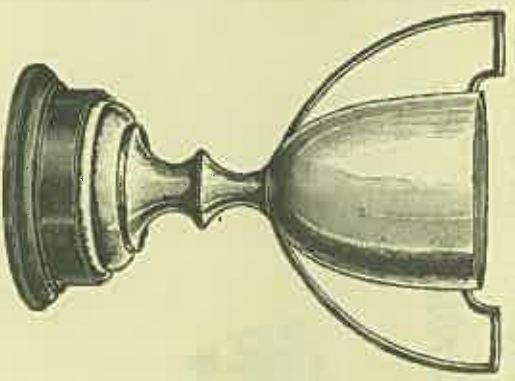
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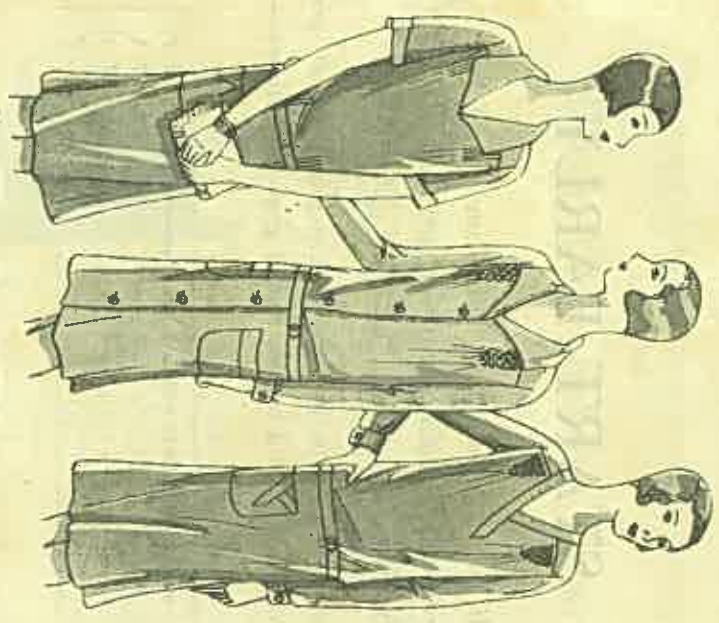
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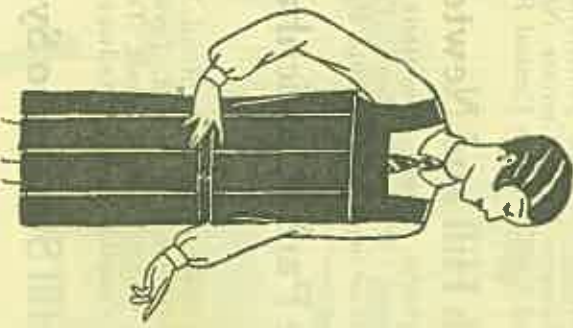
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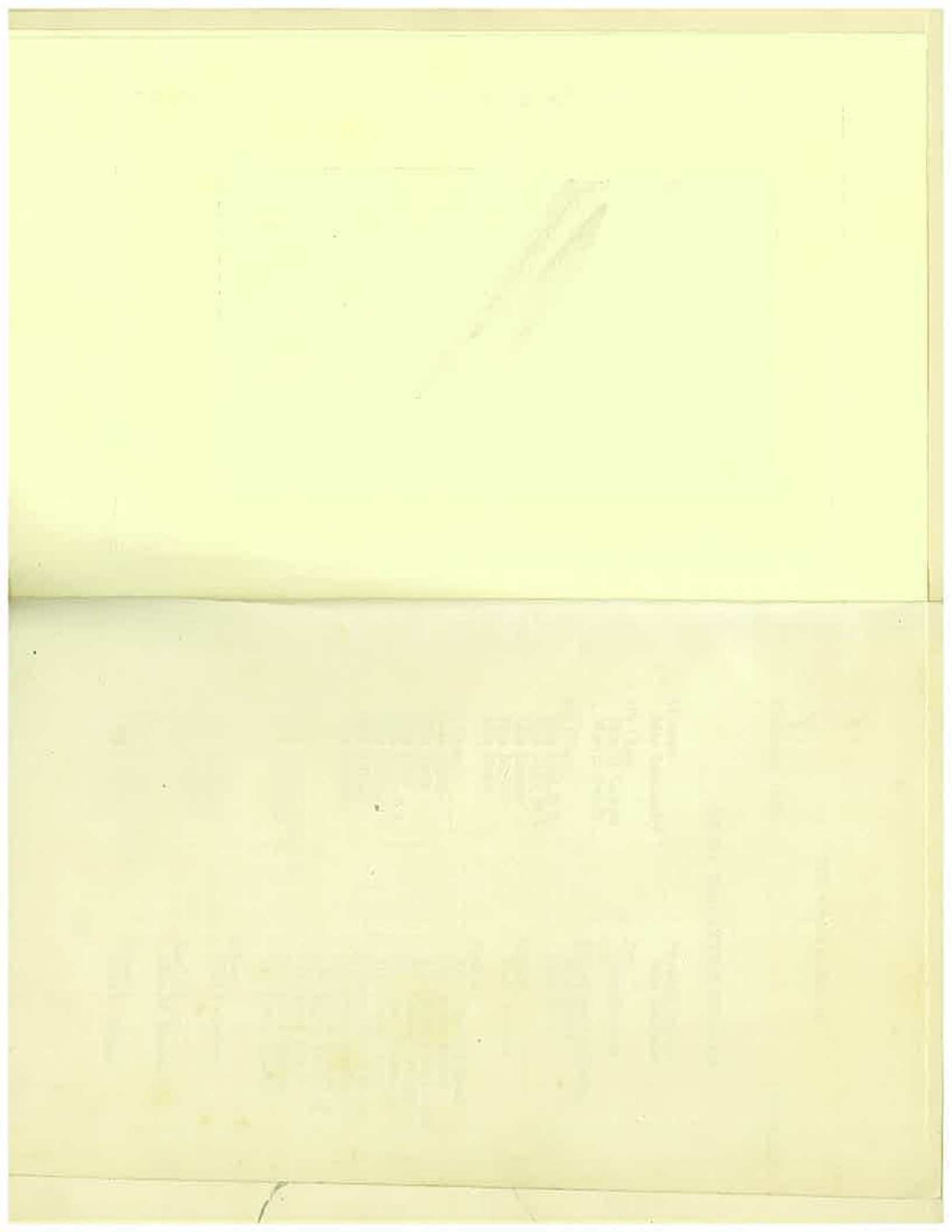
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Miss M. McMenamy, Mistress of Canterbury for 17 years.



Miss E. Summerville, Mistress.



"THE CANTERBURIAN."

November, 1929.

Third Edition.

STAFF AND OFFICE-BEARERS.

Mistress:  
Miss Summerley

Physical Culture:  
Miss Anderson

9th Class:  
Miss F. Grieves  
Miss E. Smith

Art:  
Miss McIlrath

8th Class:  
Miss Reid, B.A.  
Miss Platt, B.A.  
Miss Einsaar  
Miss McVey  
Miss Noble

Botany and Gardening:  
Miss Bibby  
Miss Huey  
Captain:  
Lyall Jackson

7th Class:  
Miss Bibby  
Miss Huey  
Miss Pont  
Miss Bray, B.A.  
Miss Soorley  
Miss Killen  
Miss Murphy

Prefects:  
9A: Eleanor Conran  
9B: Daisy Wilson  
8A: Winnie Lockwood  
8B: Doreen Livingstone  
8C: Jean Cousmacher  
8D: Clarice Alley  
8 Dom.: Nancy Hulme  
7A: Mabel Lockwood  
7B: Portia Proudford  
7C: Mollie Hamilton  
7D: Betty Dakin  
7E: Olive Wickens  
7R: Lorna Wassell

Sewing:  
Mrs. Britton, Dip. T. C.  
Mrs. Johnstone

Cooking:  
Mrs. Harris  
Mrs. Clapham  
Mrs. Aitchison  
Miss Hedges

Editor:  
Miss F. Grieves  
Asst. Editor:  
Miss M. Holmes

Shorthand and Typing:  
Miss Holmes, F.P.S.A.  
Miss Edwards

Finance:  
Miss L. Einsaar



## EDITORIAL.

As teachers are notoriously camera-shy, we must congratulate ourselves upon having sufficiently overcome the modest scruples of our beloved "old" mistress, Miss McMenemy, and of our already well-loved "new" mistress, Miss Summerley, to procure for this edition a photo of each, which every loyal "Canterburghtite" will cherish.

The French proverb says "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," but I must ask you to allow the illustrations presented in this issue to compensate for any deficiencies in the written matter. Only too truly is our magazine a mirror of our school life and outlook, and I find that the bogey, "nervous strain," has rubbed a smeary finger over the brightness of our reflections. You see this edition has been compiled in the very midst of yearly examinations—"the last straw" in a very strenuous school year, so please make allowances for any diminution of originality and gaiety of spirit in our articles.

Perhaps it is a little impolite to air our financial worries before our readers. However, be reassured, these are not embarrassing worries, we are not going to solicit monetary assistance. Indeed, Miss Einsaar has in every direction met with such generous donations of advertisements from business men that this—the third edition of the magazine—finds us more than firmly established. No! I merely wish to solicit all pupils to donate their magazine subscriptions at the beginning of the coming year, as they do their sports' fee. This procedure would relieve the organisers of the magazine of the necessity of collecting subscriptions twice yearly. Thank you!

Finally, I wish to draw your attention to the article in this issue from Canterbury, England. It has been selected from a fine portfolio of photos, sketches, and articles, compiled by the girls of the Simon Langton Girls' School, Canterbury, England. A portfolio so generous in its conception and execution that the third year girls unanimously desire to send them in return a similar portfolio upon Australian topics. So far examinations have prevented its materialisation, but we hope to show, in this way, our appreciation of their thoughtfulness, and we take this opportunity of soliciting the co-operation and assistance of parents and friends of pupils who desire to assist in its compilation.

THE EDITOR.

May I say how proud I am of being in charge of the largest Girls' School in Sydney, and how anxious to maintain its good name?

## TO "CANTERBURIAN" READERS.

In order to do the latter, of course, I must have the full and hearty co-operation of teachers, pupils, and parents. The old saying still holds: "United we stand; divided we fall"—and we do hate falling! This co-operation, judging by the cheerful spirit of help which I have found already in all sections and branches of the School, will be there for the work and pleasure of the coming year. I feel sure.

To be really happy, someone has said, one must throw oneself wholeheartedly into some work or interest. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver" still, and the giver is generally happier in the giving than the receiver in receiving. So, in the future, as I am sure you have done in the past, I ask you all to give yourselves and your practical interest to the keeping and enhancing of the good name of Canterbury Girls' School—the girls to give their minds to their work and their cheerful obedience to those small rules that make for the smooth and pleasant running of the School world; the staff to give their personal as well as their professional interests and co-operation in the presentation of work, and in the maintenance of general order; the parents to supply the requisite backing and supplementary equipment that make school so much more pleasant a place, one to be treasured in their children's memories always.

I appeal to everybody to whom the advancement of education in general, and of this School in particular, means anything, to put every ounce of available energy next year into making Canterbury Girls' School not only the largest Girls' School in N.S.W., but also its very best School—Our School!

E. SUMMERLEY.

THE EDITOR.

MISS McMENEMY.  
AN APPRECIATION.

Miss McMenemy, our Mistress for seventeen years, has just retired from the service. Since then Mr. S. H. Smith, the Director, inspectors, headmasters, members of this and of her previous staffs, parents, ex-pupils and pupils have found many opportunities of publicly expressing their respect and goodwill for Miss McMenemy as a woman and as a teacher. She herself has given you, in the 1928 issue of "*The Canterbury*," a brief outline of the growth under her supervision of Canterbury Domestic Science School, from an enrolment of 18 to one of 750 Super-primary girls. It remains then for us to endeavour to express appreciation of her influence upon the work and outlook of Canterbury Girls' School.

Miss McMenemy's most characteristic trait was her ability "to make friends"—her staff and pupils were bound to her by the strong tie of sympathetic understanding. As with all good leaders, the dignity of her office sat so easily upon her that she did not lose the dignity of womanliness in the deadening coils of "red tape"—she was always approachable, always sympathetic, always found time for the individual "tale of woe" from parent, from pupil or from teacher. No difficult pupil ever had a better advocate; Miss McMenemy always saw redeeming features in erring pupils, always gave them another opportunity to prove themselves.

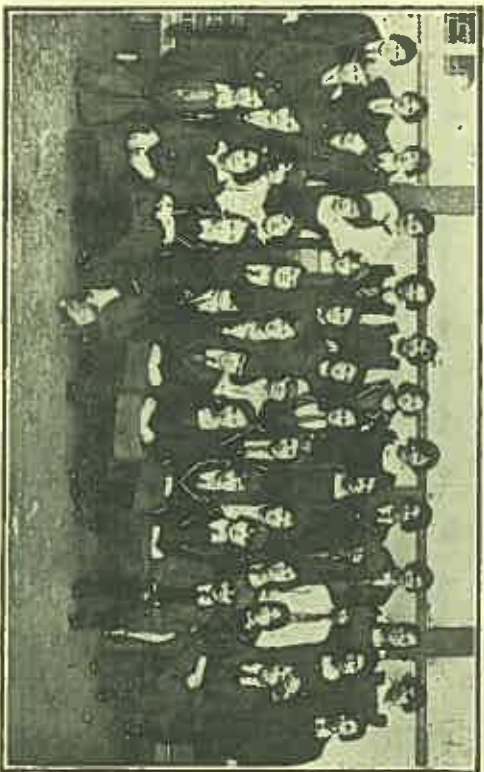
The two worthy associations, "The Ladies' Improvement Society" and "The Younger Set" of Canterbury are societies whose usefulness and loyalty are tributes to Miss McMenemy's fine influence. The spirit of camaraderie and loyalty emanating from these was fostered by her.

Her presence has gone, her influence remains, the influence of a true woman and a splendid, understanding teacher.

THE STAFF

combine in extending to Miss Summerley, to Miss Huey, and to Miss Pont a cordial welcome to Canterbury; to Mrs. Aitchison (nee Perry), their congratulations upon her recent marriage, and to Miss Cormick and Miss Burton sincere sympathy in their long illnesses.

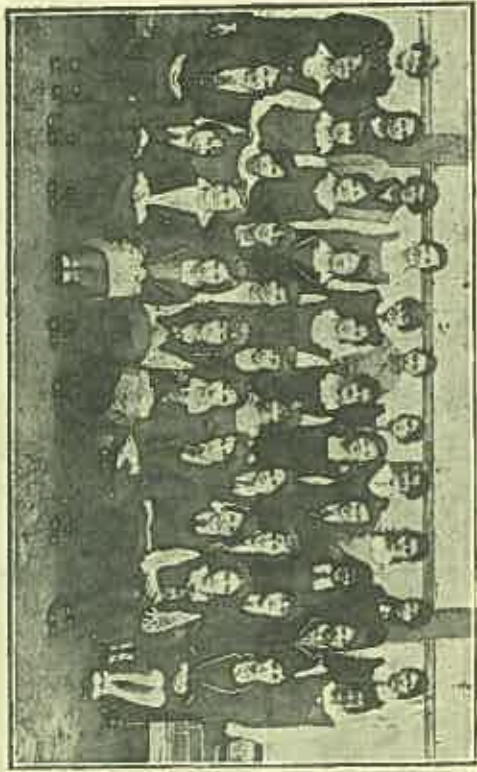
The Staff also desire to convey to each other and to the pupils all good wishes for a happy holiday, and they earnestly hope that all examinees will find the examination papers so happily arranged that they will acquit themselves with credit to themselves and to our School.



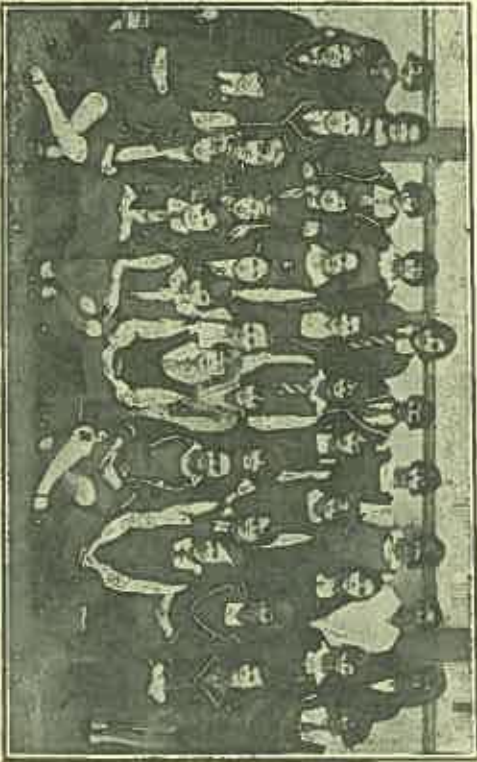
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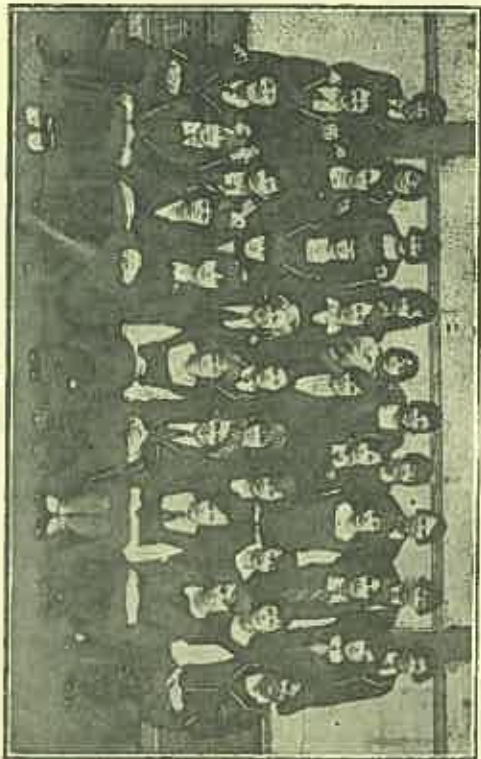
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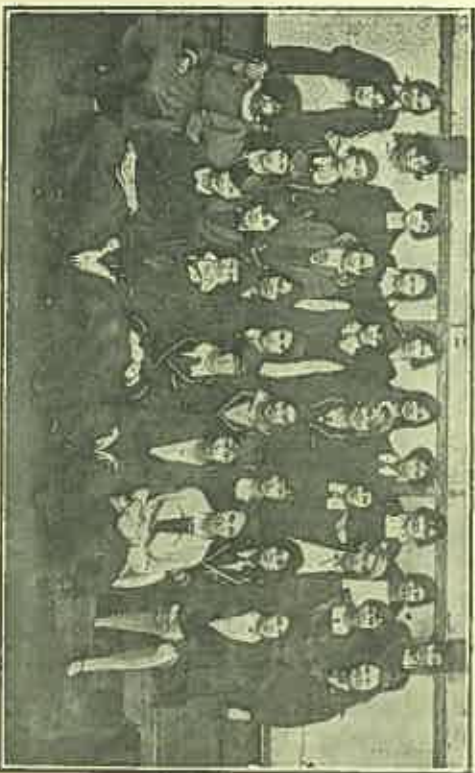
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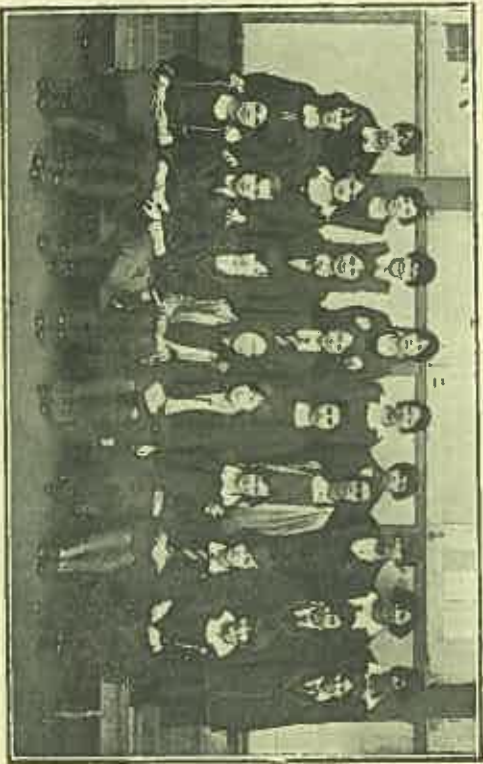
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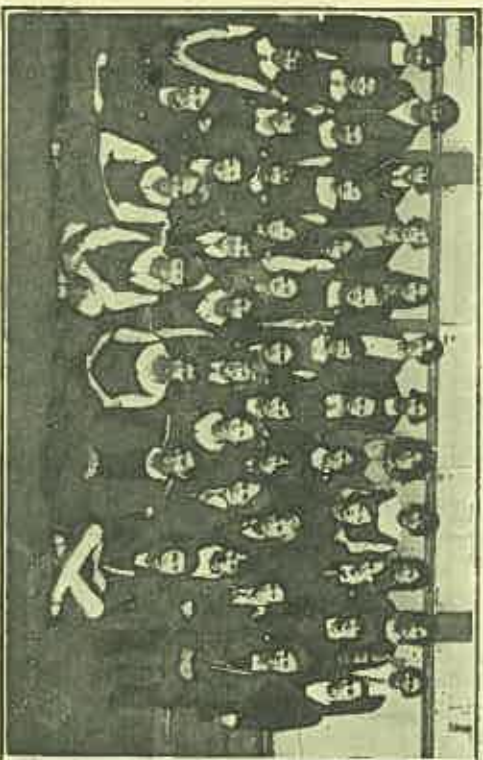
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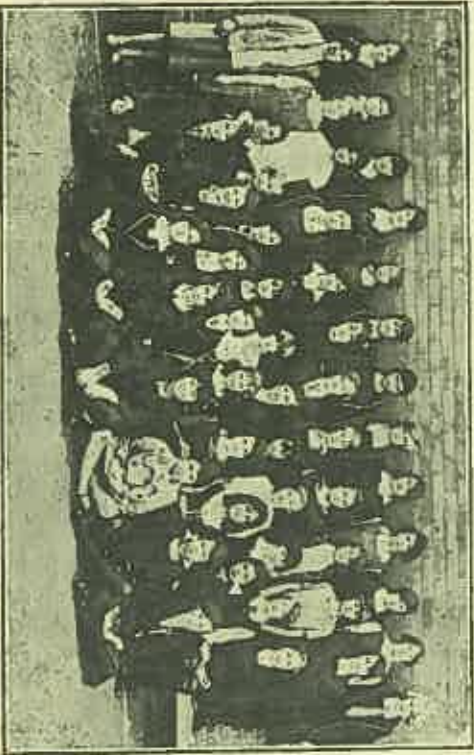
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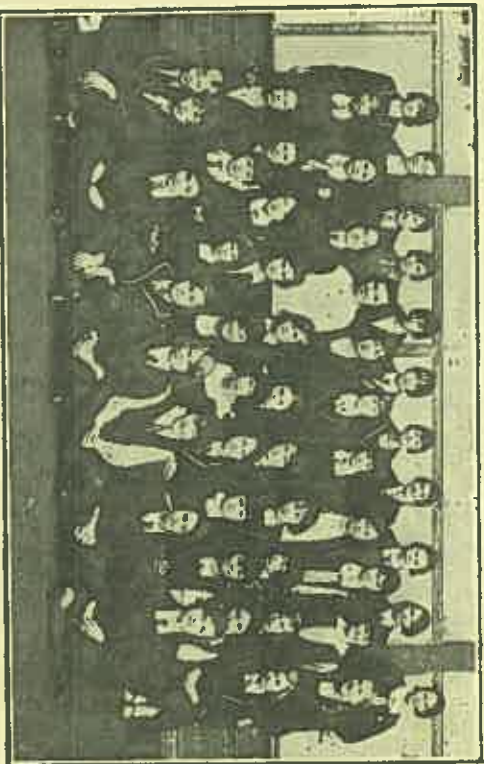
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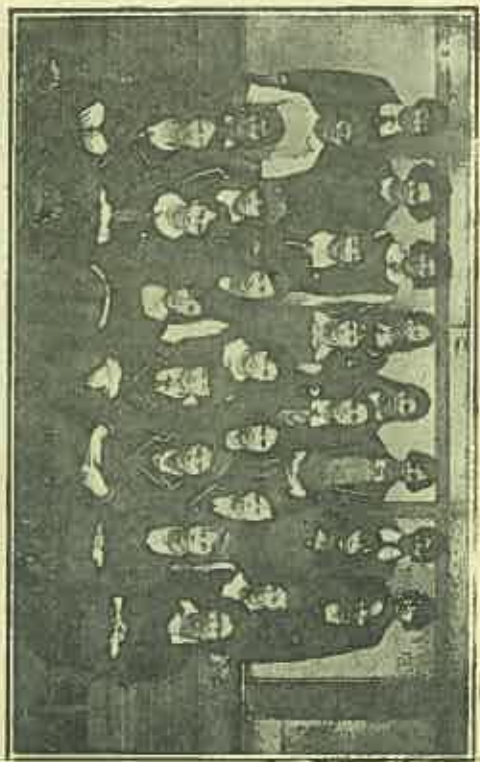
7B 1929



7A 1929



7C 1929



7D 1 1929



7th, Remove, 1929.

The Canterbury Younger Set desire to draw your attention to their latest charitable venture—the preparation of a Xmas Tree for the less fortunate little ones of the district. The objective is 50 presents.

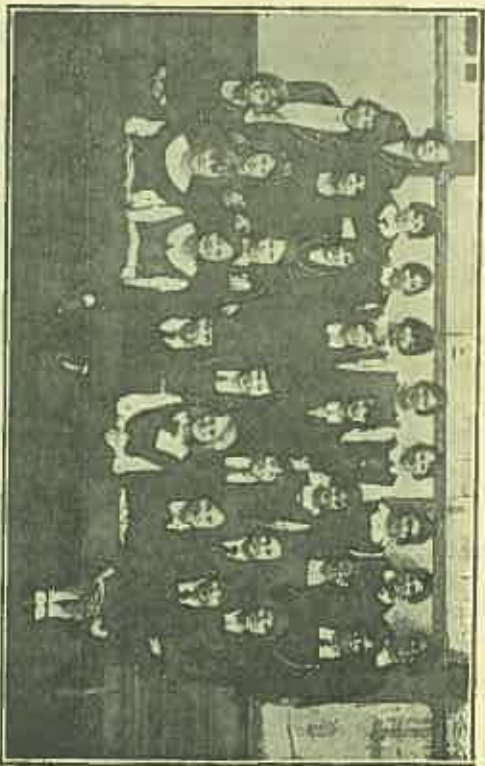
Those interested may address donations to Miss Jean McTaggart, 12 First Street, Campsie.

#### A HOT-BED OF HOWLERS.

“A garbage tin is that part of the stomach where the waste matter is stored.”

“Consumption is spread by kissing a person on the mouth in crowded picture-shows.”

“First-aid for choking: Poke your biggest finger down patient’s neck; thud, thump, punch or slap him on the back; apply artificial respiration, and then, if he still lives, send for the doctor.”



7D 2 1929



## 9A CLASS NOTES.

P. W.

Since the last issue of "The Canterbrian," many events have occurred which have affected the usual 9A routine.

An event which was looked forward to with keen interest and pleasure, was the holding of our Annual Speech Day. Hours we laboured to perfect "Happy Birds," and when at last our flute-like voices filled the theatre, we felt that our labour had been rewarded, for even the "seconds" did not lose their part.

A very stirring event was the retirement of our beloved mistress, Miss McMenemy, but words cannot express our feelings towards her departure.

Nowadays, the atmosphere of 9A classroom is changed: worried frowns have replaced the usual bright smiles, and the echoes of 9A's mirth do not float into the Teachers' Room. More individuals hurry into the typing room, and even our teachers have ceased voicing their wrath upon erring individuals: though perhaps they have exhausted their vocabulary of grumbles, and are silent with disgust. It is needless to tell the world why this revolution in 9A, and Exam! Exam! is now our motto. Together with other viands, girls now digest the contents of a certain blue-covered volume—"Henry V," with their lunches. Of course shorthand is also in the foreground, and our "Instructors" are being used and studied as they never were previously—in preparation for the Advanced Theory Examination. Shakespeare, from his lofty perch, smiles upon our studious heads. I suppose the pervading peace agrees with him.

But one bright spot in our weary existence is that swimming

commences on the 14th October, though its glamour is somewhat dulled by the fact that our Yearly Examination commences on the same day.

All thought of examination vanished when we received a very delightful portfolio of scenes and places near Canterbury, England. We were very pleased with such a gift, and wish to thank the girls of the Simon Langton School, Canterbury, for the deal of energy and art which they put into the portfolio.

We are very sorry that the tennis season is coming to a close, and we have been very fortunate in having fine weather, especially for the tournament in which some of our girls competed, against Randwick and Parramatta Schools, which was played out on the 27th August, at Sydney Girls' High School, but alas! the laurels did not come our way.

"Thus far with rough and all unable pen,  
Our bending author hath pursued the story"—of 9A.

## 9B CLASS NOTES.

Since the last issue of the "Canterbrian," the place of our previous teacher, Miss Burton, has been taken by Miss Smith, whose untiring efforts to instil knowledge into craniums in which brains are rather markedly conspicuous by their absence, have not been entirely in vain, for a few members of the class are actually beginning to at least look intelligent.

A certain member of the class must be under the impression that ink grows on trees, for she never goes to, or leaves, her seat, without spilling a bottle of that commodity. We notice that her own supply remains safely upon her desk, and that it is the girls behind who suffer.

Evidently the age of miracles has not yet passed, for at last the window blinds, which have for generations reposed peacefully in a corner of the room, have been restored to their rightful position, and we are just beginning to observe many things about the room which hitherto we had been unable to see, owing to the kindly rays of the afternoon sun which beamed gently (?) upon our eyes.

Another member of our class has frequently to be reminded that she has passed the Kindergarten stage, and we recently added the reminder that one does not usually make daisy chains on a hockey field when a game is in progress, even when one is unfortunate enough to be in goal, and the said chain is intended for one's favourite teacher.

The hours between now and the Examinations grow daily shorter, and most girls are to be seen with their heads buried in some book, attempting to appear studious, and failing rather dismally. The look of deep absorption upon their faces deceives no one, least of all themselves, for it is now that they become aware of the vast store of knowledge which they are far from possessing.

However, classrooms, sport fields, teachers and examinations, will shortly be relegated to the dim past, for we are now in our last few months at school, and as this is the last time we shall be represented in the Magazine, we take the opportunity of wishing the 7th's and 8th's success in their examinations, and of expressing the hope that the succeeding 9B will be even more conscientious than the present class.

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#### 8A CLASS NOTES.

We have been a very unfortunate 8A for we not only are always in trouble, but we have lost our very efficient teacher for whom we tried to do our best; however, we have settled down to the general routine of work under the supervision of an excellent substitute.

The half year brought to us good luck in reference to Physical Culture, as we succeeded in gaining the honour of winning the 1st prize in the competition with the Super Primary, and, being artistic, we chose a picture.

On the 28th September, many of our girls under the supervision of our Botany teachers, spent, after a hazardous train journey, an enjoyable day at Cheltenham.

The anticipation of visiting the Art Gallery is overshadowed by the fact that it has been arranged for the opening day of our swimming season. Nevertheless, as we intend to improve our art knowledge, we are going.

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#### 8B CLASS NOTES.

At the beginning of the year the usual election for Prefect and Vice-Prefect took place, Doreen Livingstone and Hope Wootten being elected. They have worked well during the year, for when we are "wound up" it is very hard to stop us from talking. M.F., one of the smallest and most talkative girls in the class, is rather like a bottle of ginger pop without the cork. She positively fizzes.

8B, who are not excellent in all subjects, are, however, very keen and fond of sport. At the end of the sports season we won the Basket Ball Shield for 1929, defeating 7A girls, who put up a gallant and splendid battle.

Our class teacher has helped us immensely in our work, and we are all trying to repay her by working hard to pass the yearly examinations.

8B wishes all classes best of luck in the future examination.

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#### 8C CLASS NOTES.

Now that the examinations are drawing near we are all studying very hard, and when the results are out we hope to come out on top. At the same time we wish everyone success.

With the examinations comes the swimming season, to which everyone is eagerly looking forward. No one regrets the close of the tennis, basket-ball, hockey or vigoro season, although they have all been a tremendous success. 8C is the proud possessor of several budding young tennis players.

Like every other class, 8C is trying to raise hospital funds to improve the total sum of the School.

Our prefect, Jean Cousemacker, has proved herself to be worthy of her position, and we take this opportunity of thanking her for her invaluable help to the class and our teacher.

We also desire to extend our heartiest good wishes for future success to all the ninth class girls who will be leaving this year, and to extend our thanks to our Captain, L.Yall Jackson, for the interest she has taken in both the School and the girls.

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#### 8D CLASS NOTES.

Barely three months for Christmas! Another year ended for Canterbury girls, many of whom will be sorry to leave 8D.

"Phibbus" has favoured our room, and his wandering rays will find us poring unceasingly over books, morning, noon, and night, for exams are fast approaching, and we must be ready to begin.

Another forthcoming terror is the I.P.S. shorthand exam., which has forced the examination candidates to cram eleventh hour

knowledge of confused phrases, rules, and grammalogues into the already over-filled brain cavity.

But "hitch your waggon to a star," girls, for if this glorious weather continues, moth-eaten costumes will be brought to light, and swimming will soon be in full swing, exams become a thing of the past, and radiant faces appear at their results (perhaps).

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### 8th DOMESTIC CLASS NOTES.

At present our main object is to raise funds for the hospital, and although we are the smallest class in the Super-Primary School our collection is the greatest, and we are having a very enjoyable time competing with 9A.

Now that the examinations are drawing near every girl is becoming excited, and many are rather fearful because they think of misspent hours.

During the last six months we have held two "tuck days" with varied success, as we had a wet day and were all in different classes for our first. From the funds we framed two pictures, bought a table-cloth and jardiniere, and still have some money in hand and feel proud of our room, as it is much improved since the things have been added.

We owe these improvements to our classroom, and the desire to do something for the hospital, to our class mistress.

During the last half-year our prefect, Nancy Hulme, resigned, and the vice-prefect, Nancye Ritchie, has taken her place, and Bessie Reid was elected vice-prefect.

We are all methodical, and keen, aiming for a definite goal. We are very zealous, and never mind the work given us.

We sincerely hope that every class will meet with a goodly degree of success in the final examinations, and offer to all hearty Xmas and New Year greetings.

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### 7A CLASS NOTES.

We are now nearing our last term of this year, and are studying studiously for the yearly examinations which will or will not give us our places for next year.

Not long ago we were agreeably surprised to know that we

were to move to the third class rooms, for these do not get the dust storms which prevail lower down in the playground.

Quite recently the 7th classes held a tuckshop in aid of the gardening necessities.

We have an excellent library, which is managed capably by R.H., our librarian.

The winter sports have almost concluded, and we are soon to begin swimming, to which the girls are eagerly looking forward. Some of us are quite competent swimmers on the machines, while others find it extremely difficult.

The most important feature of this term was the resignation of our late headmistress. It was a sad day for us all, although we consider ourselves very fortunate in having her replaced by Miss Summerley.

Another important event was our Annual Speech Day, which was very successful.

During the last few months our class teachers were transferred to higher classes, in which we were very disappointed, but once more we were fortunate in their successors.

7A girls wish all girls sitting for examinations the best of luck.

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### 7B CLASS NOTES.

Reviewing the past half-year of school at Canterbury, we would like to draw attention to various items of interest.

Last week our class gained quite a little publicity owing to our photographs appearing in one of the daily papers. Needless to say, the local newspaper had quite a rush for papers on that day.

After leaving our beloved room, from every window of which could be obtained a beautiful view, for one further up the playground, from which the only view obtainable is brick walls and uncurtained windows, we have settled down to the very pleasing task of learning in twelve days what should have been learned in the last twelve months.

We are losing a very popular friend and vice-prefect in Iris Morgan, who is leaving us to explore the mysterious depths of dress making. 7B hopes everybody has a jolly time at Christmas.

J.B.



7C CLASS NOTES.

On the 25th September we held a dance in the gymnasium to obtain money with which to buy library books. The dance realised 8/. Prizes were given for the "Spot" Dance.

We shall all be very glad to commence swimming, but regret leaving hockey, basket-ball and vigoro.

The exam begins in four weeks' time. We are all going to try hard, and hope to do well. 7C wishes everyone good luck. At the beginning of the year our classroom was near the boys' playground, but is now occupied by one of the primary classes. Early in June we moved to a new room near the reference library, but most of the girls prefer the previous one.

It was with deep regret that we said good-bye to Miss Mc-Memery. She has proved herself devoted and self-sacrificing. If girls take her for a model, they cannot go far wrong in life. We all bear a picture of her in our minds that will remain there always.

On Speech Day a number of girls in our class received prizes for swimming. We presented the Dux of the School and Miss Mc-Memery with bouquets, and sang "The Keys of Heaven."

7C wishes to welcome the new Headmistress to Canterbury School.

7D.1 CLASS NOTES.

The time has come to write once more our notes for the "Canterbrian." We hope you all showed your skill in the last examination, and we wish you every success in the following.

Our winter sport has now ended, and swimming has made its appearance. "Swimming! Hurrah!" We congratulate 8B on their success on winning the shield for basket ball.

The dance we held in the "Gym" was a huge success, and the prizes, we are sure, were appreciated. We all thank you for attending our function, which raised money for our curtains, which were burnt during the holidays by a mysterious stranger.

Our room is situated near the office, so we are very grateful to be near our new Headmistress, as we always welcome her to our room, when we are there.

7D.2 CLASS NOTES.

They say "7D.2 meek and mild," but in spite of their sayings we uphold our name.

We congratulate 8B on their winning of the basket ball shield, and also 7A on their good fight.

Recently our twin class 7D.1 held dances, and the money gained is to buy curtains for our room.

Our class sincerely hope that all the 7th class girls who are going for High School entrances pass.

We hope the garden wins the first prize again this year, because all the 7th classes are trying hard to make it look nice.

7D.2 can assure you that the magazine this time is going to be a great success, and everyone will enjoy it.

"Detention!" How we hate that word, but the only way of escaping it is by doing our homework and behaving ourselves in school.

In the last issue of the Magazine the following statement was advertised by 9B:—"Lost: A vast store of knowledge. Finder please return to owner in time for the half-yearly exams." That vast store of knowledge was never found in time for the exams, but it was found later on when the teachers were explaining the papers to the class.

7D.2 will try to do their best and please Miss Summerley, and make her work at Canterbury School an easy and happy task by doing what we are told. Although we are a small class, we can help because "Every little bit helps."

7R CLASS NOTES.

Since our last issue of this Magazine we have removed from upstairs to the first floor, and during our first week or two we lost our capable prefect, L. W., and G.D. was elected to take her responsible position.

Our attendance was largest at the beginning of the year, but to our regret it has dropped in numbers, but not in spirit.

The end of this year will find us all studying for the great examination, and we shall be wondering where our next move will be.

Warmly we welcome our new Headmistress, hoping she will find all at Canterbury successful, but it was a sad day when Miss McMemery drove off in her car.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

## HOCKEY NOTES.

"Hockey's the game," or so think the professionals (?) of that exciting sport, as they wildly race down the field on Friday afternoons. Some poor girls evidently become quite fatigued during the excitement of running backwards and forwards, for they occasionally flop down in the middle of the field seemingly quite overcome, but perhaps they arrive in this unladylike position because some other careless person has accidentally given them a gentle (?) knock.

Others of the energetic type are very fond of swinging around their hockey sticks, caring not for the sundry moans and groans of the poor unfortunates with whose shins the sticks come into contact. There is also another type of person who evidently does not play hockey for the sake of enjoyment, for she stands in one spot almost all the time, and if the ball happens to come her way, jumps aside to prevent its coming into contact with her ankles, or gives it a gentle push towards a girl on the opposite side. But in spite of all the tragedies (?) which generally come the way of the hockey players, Friday afternoon is always looked forward to with pleasure, and now at the close of the season I think there are comparatively few regrets amongst the girls for having chosen hockey for their winter sport.

S.R. and B.C., 9A.

## AN ARDENT WISH.

"I would that I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or hell."—"I would that I were with her wherever she may be, in bed or out"—a remark heard by ninth class girls during the examination week. (Three of our 9A girls were away for the exam. through illness.)

## BASKET BALL NOTES.

Basket ball, that age-old sport, was indulged in by Canterbury's young ladies of years and years ago: then more popular than tennis!

Our basket ball court presents a gay picture every Friday, when the girls meet for their weekly sports. Clad in their black and white gymnasium costumes, with bright caps covering their heads (each class team has its own colours—7A yellow and red, and yellow with mauve trimmings; 8th Dom. blue and gold; 7th brown and gold; 8A black and white), they represent true Australian girlhood and sportsmanship.

Each week, under the leadership of our popular sports' mistress, we run, and throw goals, and cheer, and firmly believe we are imi-

tating our famous predecessors of 1926, who were the premier ball players of the Metropolitan district. But then, although we are not champions and do not play in competitions, there is a brisk rivalry between class teams, and great is the glee of the winners of one week's competition when they have defeated the champs. of the week before.

Truly it is a good old game, and any person contemplating joining a basket ball team should do so, by all means—but take this tip from one who knows—don't wear light coloured silk stockings, or you will be sorry for your rashness.

L.P., 9A.

## TENNIS NOTES.

Tennis this season has been delightful. We have been very fortunate in regard to the weather. Many a pleasant Friday afternoon has been spent up at the "Harvey Street Courts" by the 9A girls. Tennis is indeed a welcome break after the continual routine of school work.

Now the tennis season is drawing to a close we feel very regretful, but we have the swimming season to look forward to.

The best tennis players of 9A and 9B were chosen to play against the other Domestic Science Schools on the 27th September, and although they won no honours had a very enjoyable time. We only hope that the girls coming on next year will enjoy as happy a time as did the 9th class girls of 1929.

E.A., 9A.

## 8A SPORTS NOTES.

"In sport we all endeavour,

To follow every rule;

And show to our opponents

The spirit of our School."

In the recent tennis tournaments against Crystal Street School, 8A succeeded in defeating their opponents. However, in our sports life we do not always carry off the laurels, for in our match against Hardy Street Tennis Team (9A) we were the losers.

The basket ball girls, too, have borne their trials, tribulations and successes.

Rain! Rain! Rain! With downcast faces and abject spirits mingled with loud lamentations, we greeted the opening day of the summer (?) sports.

"No swimming?" "No swimming!"—was the question and answer we heard.

### 8B BASKET BALL NOTES.

"Goal! 8B's goal! Hurrah! We've won the semi-final!" This was our delighted cry on Friday morning, when 8B's basket ball team played against 9B and 8C for the semi-final match for the School shield. How delighted we were! But who were we to play against? The question remained unanswered until the following Monday morning, when Miss Anderson, our sports' mistress, drew to see whom we were to play. On that afternoon 7A played 7D.1. The game came to 5 goals to 7A and 2 to 7D.1. So after all we had to play 7A.

"Oh! what's the time?" "Only quarter past three?" "Oh bother! I hope we win: fancy Miss Reid letting us off homework if we win! Do you think we will?" These were some of the remarks that were passed during our sewing period last Tuesday. Then at last the bell pealed. Oh! what a scramble, and over to our room we rushed! We hurriedly put on our basket ball paraphernalia and rushed on to the court. The whistle was blown, and we took our positions. Five minutes later the match had begun. Oh! thrills!

"Why, we're 4 goals to nil!" So time flew, and then Miss Anderson announced 7 goals to 8B and 1 to 7A. We cheered 7A, then running to our room we screamed "No homework tomorrow night, hurrah!"

### SPORTS NOTES BY 7D.2.

Monday is the best day in the week at school, because it is our day for sports.

If it is a fine and sunny day our faces are all smiles, and our eyes twinkle with pleasure, but if it is wet or too windy our faces are very different.

Our games are basket ball, vigoro, and gentle hockey. These games are very popular among the girls. The hockey girls, or "shin knockers," go down and play their gentle game at the racecourse, while the bashing vigoro girls go down to the park, leaving the basket ball team to play at school on the courts marked out in the playground. Our basket ball team recently played 7A and lost.

We are good sportswomen and we always let the other side have the choice of things, and above all we are fair. Our motto is "play

the game," for "cheats never prosper," and 7D.2 never cheat because they are true Canterbury girls.

Vigoro is sport taken by some of the 7D.2 girls. Those who belong to this sport always look forward to it with joy. Their work is done in earnest on Monday, so as not to be kept back from their sport.

A rush is made for the Physical Culture room to secure balls, bats and stumps, etc. Our rivals are 7D.1, and we do our utmost to bear away the triumphs of the day, which we nearly always do owing to our most excellent player, O.S. She works with a will, and puts her heart and soul into the game.

We are all sorry our vigoro season is over, but the swimming season takes away our disappointment.

### 7D.2 SWIMMING NOTES.

Hooray! Hooray! The weather is becoming warmer, the days are getting longer and the swimming season drawing nearer.

Who does not like swimming? It is just lovely to be in the cool water on a hot day.

Wouldn't it be just wonderful if the school were near the water or better still if we had a swimming pool in the playground? In the summer no one would feel hot or tired and no one would be staying away from school on hot days.

Everyone likes swimming in a bath tub; well, why not go swimming with the school? Even those who cannot swim enjoy a day or an afternoon splashing in shallow water or swimming and diving, or even sitting on the cool sand.

Take 7D.2's advice, and go swimming this year with the school. You will certainly enjoy it, and moreover you have no lessons but you have a tram ride and a swim or splash in the cool blue water.

### BASKET BALL.

This hearty game takes place on Friday, in our school grounds, if luck permits and detention does not take place.

Our goal thrower, elastic-framed, does not mind the hard bounce of the ball upon her face, dotting it with brown spots, but she is now sadly missed by her team, as she left at the end of the quarter. Girls not so well framed are practising her throwing to

take her place, but we think we "ne'er shall look upon her like again."

Basket ball will soon be taken over by swimming, as the hot weather approaches.

"D.T.," 7th Remove.

"Hockey one! hockey two! hockey three!" Off goes the ball into the middle of the field.

Girls are knocking the ball onwards, onwards, trying to claim a goal for their side, but the goalkeeper is even smarter, for with all her might and strength she knocks back the ball from the goal.

Occasionally a girl's ankle is knocked and she limps around trying in a friendly way to make the score even. Then a whistle goes, and we all lazily walk off the field and walk home.

"D.M.," 7th Remove.

### VIGORO.

We play vigoro in the Canterbury Park on Friday afternoons. Miss Bray is our teacher, and a very capable teacher too.

Pearl Foley is the Captain, and we have some good players (when they are not kept in!).

One has plenty of exercise when playing, the places on the field range like this:—

1. Backstop and Longstop.
2. Two bowlers and Longstop.
3. Left and right wing.
4. Left and right midways.
5. One girl on either side of the pitch, are placed 7 or 8 steps away from the left and right midways.

The best place on the field for exercise is either bowling or backstop.

Florrie Wallace, 7R Class.

### HOLIDAYS.

Holidays! What are they? One really forgets what they are for, so long it is since we have had the pleasure of forgetting all we ever learnt (especially slipping from 80 to 40 words per minute) that I am sure that 9A will be quite upset at the thought of Christmas vacation. But Shakespeare offers a consolation, for he says:—

"If all the world were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come, they, wish'd for, come."

Thus we see, "There is some soul of goodness in things evil would girls observingly distil it out."

What a pleasure is awaiting us! All examinations over and six weeks of perfect peace and unparalleled pleasure before us. It makes one's heart leap up; one begins already to count the days, to plan and scheme how to spend this precious leisure.

But until that time we must assume our cares and look forward to giving three hearty cheers and best wishes to all for "A happy Christmas and a bright New Year," when 9A will depart.

"E.S.," 9A.

### MADAME DEFARGE.

#### A SKETCH.

Madame Defarge—tall and strong, and dark and grim! Cruel, cold eyes set in a harsh, unemotional face, and the large capable hands were never so powerful as when wielding some weapon. Only in form was she woman, for she had the mind, the strength, and the indomitable courage of a man. No spirit of loving-kindness, no thought of mercy towards man, woman, or child dwelt within her, but her decision remained immovable, sending unfortunate aristocrats to the guillotine with perfect calmness and strength of purpose.

Unloving and unloved, she lived, for the people regarded her as an object of fearful respect and admiration rather than as a person on whom they could lavish any more tender emotions, and Defarge himself merely stood in awe of her powerful personality.

Seated at her eternal knitting, her harsh features as impassive as ever, her eyes gloating maliciously over the long list of her ill-fated victims, the strong hand working steadily, she was merely awful; with a pike in her hand and a howling, blood-thirsty pack at her heels, she was terrible.

Then, she became half man, half beast, battling with almost superhuman strength to wipe out the aristocrats and avenge her family's death.

At such times as this the very spirit of the revolution was engendered within her, the lust for blood, the insane desire to kill anything, anyone—inocent and guilty alike.

Wherever she walked the shadow of the guillotine fell before her—a black, menacing shadow that struck terror in the hearts of those who saw it.

She was the personification of all that was cruel, evil, inhuman and repulsive. Children shuddered and ran when she approached, and men dwelt in fear of so clever a brain, so watchful an eye, so stony a heart, and so ruthless a hand.

The womanly qualities she may have once possessed had been consumed by the never-flickering fire of revenge which was slowly consuming her heart and reason.

Yet her brain was always active, always devising new plans, always working to feed the insatiable gullet. And one day, she firmly believed, that brain would have its reward when oppressors became the oppressed, and debts long owing would be paid.

Sylvia Reynolds, 9B.

#### GOOD-BYE.

Yet once again, for another 9th Class, it will soon be good-bye. Many third years have we seen bid farewell to the old School and their school days, while we went carelessly on our way, thinking of the unnecessary fuss they made about it, but now our time has come, and its real meaning is brought home to us.

Very shortly the curtain will be rung down upon us, and the stage cleared for another 9th to take our places, while we go out into the world where things are never again going to be quite the same, where we shall have to bear our share of the burden and no longer have someone else to rely upon for guidance.

How quickly those three years have passed! It seems no time since we first came to Canterbury, trying to become accustomed to its ways, and that now we are comfortably settled to them, they are nearly over. What a happy three years they have been! They have had their ups and downs, but on the whole they were very happy.

How really unimportant we are is suddenly impressed upon us. We are going out, going to leave it all, but everything will go on just as it went on before we came. How short a time it will take for us to be forgotten. Why did we not make more of our schooldays while they were ours? We only realise how precious they are when we are about to lose them. However much we try to ward it off, it is coming—that good-bye. We would put it off, postpone it somehow, but it will come, for

“There’s a word we hate to say, but we must say it,

For the world demands the word, and all must pay it.”

“Weary,” 9B.

#### TWO IMPRESSIONS—A STORM.

Hear the rain as it swirls in a gust of wind right along the corridors of the stations? See the crowd as they dash for shelter; listen to the breaking of thunder, as if Thor is trying to vent his anger upon the helpless human beings, who have been caught in a dreaded storm. Girls in clinging silk dresses dash for shelter, small

boys dart out and run across under some shop, how people envy them and wish they were so agile. Alas! Everybody cannot fit under one small shop, and those who are out in the rain stand with coat collars turned up, hands in pockets and hats pulled well down over their faces to prevent getting any wetter than they can help.

Bonnie Dix, 9B.

Suddenly the doors that marked the entrance of the theatre were flung open, and into the misty rain and muddy streets poured countless figures—some hastened into the gloom, and were gone, but some (ladies, who thought of the pretty clothes they were wearing) hesitated while their obliging menfolk sought taxis and other conveyances for them. As more people emerged from the exit, the congestion grew greater, and the place full of colour, accentuated by the blaze of electric lights, contrasted with the gloom and misty drizzle of the surroundings. Gradually the colours faded away, and in the distance a multitude of umbrellas bobbed up, and were gone, as their owners moved further into the gloom.

Marjory Bell, 9A.

#### THE HARBOUR BRIDGE.

The bridge—our bridge—a great massive structure of grey stonework, grey gleaming steel, is a matter of £.s.d. and Profit and Loss to Dorman, Long and Co., the contractors; bread and butter to the bridge builders; anticipated convenience to the busy business man; and a source of wonder to the public, especially children and “Sunday afternoon idlers.”

When completed the bridge will be one of the biggest of its kind in the world. The world-famous bridge spanning the Firth of Forth is certainly larger, but it is of a different type. This bridge is over a mile long, but the Harbour Bridge will be only 1,650 feet. However, it has attracted attention from many parts of the globe, because it will be the longest one-span bridge in existence.

It is to contain a double railway line, two tramlines, a “two-way” road for vehicles and two footpaths are made on the cantilever for pedestrians. The roadway is 57 feet wide and is in the centre of the structure, with two railway lines on each side of it and with the footpath on the outside of the railway lines.

The contract has been undertaken by an English firm of contractors, Dorman, Long and Co., and much of the material has been imported from England. Hundreds and thousands of rivets—they would be too numerous to count—are driven daily into the frame-

work. Many men are employed in this construction and every piece of work done has to be carefully examined by inspectors, to see that it is properly executed, for any flaw in the workmanship might mean a serious accident and result in a huge loss of life later on.

Judging by the outward appearance, there does not seem to be much to show for several years' work, but one must remember the large amount of preparatory labour before the structure itself assumes any proportions. A number of strikes have also taken place, which have hindered the work considerably.

The bridge should be the best that engineering skill can devise, and of unquestionable strength and stability. It should be completed in 1931.

By L.P., E.G., J.C. and S.R., 9A.

### 9th CLASSES' ANNUAL HOLIDAYS.

We girls decided to go to JERVIS Bay for our holiday. We travelled in a CARR all the way and arrived at our destination a little after DAWN. For breakfast we had a regular EAT-ON, fish and BRAB-HAM, and later had WRIGLEY'S gum to aid our digestion. After lunch we played tennis, but lost all the BALLS, and as we didn't hear the BELL go we were late for dinner.

For WEEKES we had a good time until CON-RAN into a DAW and for a few days she couldn't BUDGE from bed.

One PHAIR day we decided to go for a walk in the bush, and on entering were confronted by a man, who was NEWSON'S (nuisance) assistant, and who told us we were trespassing and argued. "NAY-LOR is to be studied!"

Edna Mudge, 9A.

### EXAMS.

The day has dawned: timidly the girls wait for the fatal papers. The intelligent ones (?) at the eleventh hour cram Shakespeare into their aching heads. The papers are handed out; a sigh breaks the silence of the room; a whispered laugh lingers on the air: silence reigns. An unhappy girl—probably the one who sighed—waiting for inspiration, looks languidly upon the teacher. Furrowed brows are everywhere, pens are grasped tighter and tighter, the girls concentrate more and more and the written pages slowly increase in number.

"Now what a silly question. 'Machines?' I wish they would say what kind of machines they expect me to write on. Dare I ask? Better not. I am sure to ask the wrong thing. I'll leave it.—Now who said that?—Was it King Henry?—Or was it?—Oh, bother! I'll leave that too!"

"Grammar. I never could do grammar. Is 'without' a verb—'without difficulty.' Yes, it is. Now what is the main clause? Oh, yes, 'who explored the pit,' that's right!"

"I wonder how you do 'push'—'p' and downward 'ish' or upward 'ish.' 'Some time ago'—That's a phrase, but how do you do it? I remember you have to leave 't' out in something. I wonder what it is. At last I'm finished. Exams. are over for one day at least. Now for home."

K. Dowd, 9B.

### A PEEP INTO BIRD LIFE.

By "M.M.," 9A.

We need not live in the bush to watch the habits of birds, nor do we need to climb trees constantly to watch a particular nest we are interested in, for we can observe them in our own yards and houses.

Let us take an example which is true to life, and which I have noticed from day to day.

This particular bird was, by name, the Sparrow, who made his home in a little secret nook, out of reach of any human hand, beneath the roof of the verandah of a certain brick cottage. When the day was bright and sunny this little bird would emerge from his dwelling and stand on the ledge outside it, chirping his merriest, and causing a general, but forgivable, disturbance. It was on one of these occasions, on a certain day in spring, when the young tender grass was just shooting up from warm Mother Earth, that he had the good fortune to meet his little wife, Mrs. Sparrow. He immediately invited her to his dwelling, and for a few weeks they lived together happily, until nesting time came, at which time they had to prepare for the arrival of their little ones. Day after day they were seen working diligently, never tiring in the tiresome process of building their nest. Time after time they flew down, picked up a twig or a piece of grass between their tiny beaks, and flew back again, until at least they had a snug little nest built in a little nook between two protruding beams beneath the roof, a nest that would gladden the heart of any young baby bird, so snug was it, and so sheltered from the weather.

So everything was ready, and one day, the mother was seen to go into the nest, while the father kept his vigil just outside it, still chirping happily on the ledge, or if possible, a little louder, proclaiming to all his great joy of the arrival of his young ones. The time came when, just as the sun was emerging from behind a great grey cloud in the east, three tiny heads were seen to peep over the edge of the nest, and three pairs of barely opened eyes looked

at the world wonderingly, beginning to be frightened at the size of it

Life in the cosy nest went sweetly, and those two parents were proud of these little ones, until the time came when Mother decided it was time the young learnt to fly. Accordingly, she took them out of the nest, and for the next few days continued lessons in flying took place, at the end of which time they could fly almost perfectly. Of course, they were fast approaching the age when they would be too big to live with their father and mother, for already there was no room in the little nest for the parents and the three big children, and as the winter days began to set in, and the air was bleak and bitter, three heads, no longer tiny heads, peeped over the edge of their nest for the last time—not timidly, but quite fearlessly. With one last long look at their happy babyhood home they set off into the world by themselves, to meet their own experiences and to find their own little mates one sunny day in the spring.

#### THE CHARMS OF MUSIC DURING SCHOOL HOURS.

Silence reigned—rather an unusual condition in 9A room. The reason for the silence was that the yearly examination was taking place.

The scratching of pens running along the paper at a high speed was the only sound audible, except for a few sighs of exasperation coming from various corners of the room.

Then—softly and sweetly through the still air floated up the strains of the familiar songs "It's a Precious Little Thing Called Love," and "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder." Some good soul, in the music room below, was either anxious to cheer, or was blissfully neglectful of the ninth classes.

Gradually the industrious scratching of pens slackened, and the whole class sat enthralled listening avidly to the soothing strains. They sat straining their ears to catch the melodies even to the last chord. Then they once more settled down to their examination paper, quite refreshed by the pleasant little interlude.

"Silvereye," 9A.

#### HOPE.

It seems but yesterday that 1929 knocked at the door of the world—a youth, glowingly lovely, and with the light of a great promise in his shining eyes.

Ah, he was very young and, (as is the custom of youth) very sure of himself; but I wondered if, when this radiant youth became old and weary, he would not be a little disappointed, a little conscious that some of his youthful ambitions had not been realised.

But they are all the same, these years. 1928 too, held promise of great things, and when the twilight shadows of age closed around him, he crept wearily from the world, looking back to see that only a very few of those great things had come to pass.

Now those same shadows are closing around 1929—the light has gone from his step, the head which in his early days he had been wont to hold so proudly, is bowed, and the rays of so many moons have blessed it that the gold has changed to silver beneath the touch.

Well, he has been a kind year on the whole. We have formed new friendships, and those already formed have been strengthened; we have read new books, heard new birds sing; have seen new beauty and found some new loveliness in everything.

He is dying—he is fading fast, and soon, when twelve chimes sound clearly through the hushed, expectant night, he will recognise them as his death-knell, and tiredly, not altogether unwillingly, he will pass like a grey ghost from our lives, leaving in his place a faint perfume of rosemary . . . for remembrance!—Remembrance of all the laughter and happiness which he brought us, while the tears and sorrow will die with him.

Yes, he will pass, but 1930 will come in at midnight through the open door—a youth, glowingly lovely, and with the light of a great promise in his shining eyes. . . .

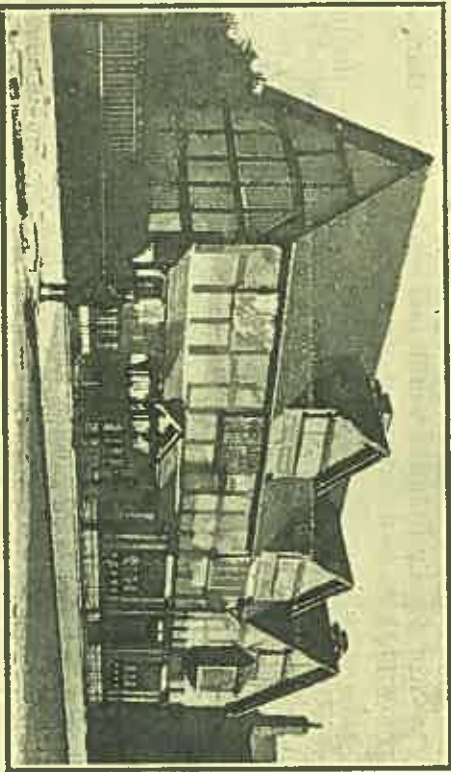
Sylvia Reynolds, 9B.

#### "SHAKESPEARE'S ARDEN."

Stratford-on-Avon is a perfect model of an old English town, and it has an ancient and noteworthy history which dates back to the Saxon era. It was the site of a great monastery, also noted fairs and markets were held there. But it is not for these things that Stratford has become famous in the eye of the world, it is because the great William Shakespeare was born, and also died within its boundaries.

There are many places of interest to be seen there. The old timbered house of Shakespeare's birthplace has been carefully preserved, and its appearance is well-known to all lovers of Shakespeare. The house contains a museum made up of Shakespeare's relics, "and the old-world garden" behind the house has specimens of all the plants mentioned in his plays.

We find other features of interest in Rother Street, such as the Shakespeare Hotel, the "Five Gables," the Guild Chapel, and the



*Shakespeare's House, Stratford-on-Avon.*

Grammar School, where Shakespeare "was taught the rudiments of education"; there is also the garden of New Place, which was his later home, the Clopton Bridge and Clopton House, and old Harvard House, where Catherine Rogers who married John Harvard of Southwark, lived. "Anne Hathaway's lovely cottage at Shottery," two miles out from the town, which must "have formed an ideal spot for wooing; scarcely less beautiful is the cottage of Judith Shakespeare, his mother, at Wilmcote."

The tower of the Holy Trinity Church has a more modern spire, which peeps at visitors through the trees as they approach the town. The church itself is a magnificent example of the perpendicular style of buildings. A beautiful lime avenue leads up to the porch, through which on entering, one "enjoys a feast of architectural beauty."

There are many Stratfords in England, but none so well known as Stratford-on-Avon. Time has not changed this glorious country town, most of it is almost as it was in Shakespeare's day. In that countryside one can feel the atmosphere of old times, one can drink in the very spirit of the place. I would recommend anyone who is lucky enough to visit England to "see Stratford itself thoroughly, then to go out into the highways and hedges round about, and dream of Shakespeare and his days under the greenwood tree."

From "The Beauties of England."  
J.T., 9A.

Its murmuring ripples travel far,  
Like music faint and low,  
That lingers on the listening breeze,  
Wherever it may blow.

It trickles down the mountain rocks,  
O'er moss and pebbles white,  
Reflected in its waters shines,  
A gleaming rose-red light.

It murmurs past a shaded nook,  
O'erhung by ferns and flowers  
That wave and dance in summer's breeze,  
To while away the hours.

It breathes of mountain-soft, cool air,  
Of shaded vales alone,

### 3rd YEAR DEPARTING LAMENT.

Of thy care, dear Alma Mater,  
We must sadly take our leave,  
We pass on, but others follow—  
There is scarcely time to grieve.

Gone all the happy, carefree days  
We spent beneath thy rule;  
Still every deed of ours shall be  
For Honour—and the School.

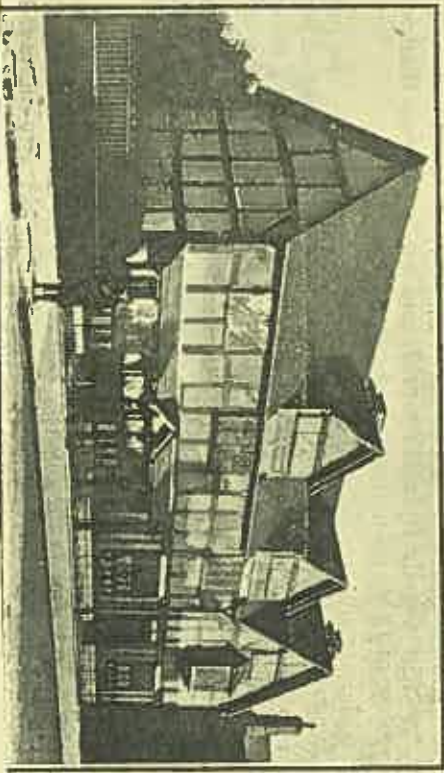
Through the years that lie before us,  
Though apart our ways may be,  
Still kind Memory's chain shall link us  
To each other, and to thee.

Schooldays are o'er, we now join ranks  
With those already gone,  
And as we go the torch we pass  
To those who follow on.

This the lesson thou hast taught us—  
"Fear wrong, and love the right."  
This through life shall shine before us  
As our guiding light.

Sylvia Reynolds, 9B.





### SPRING.

"Spring has come," we joyfully cry,  
 There's a butterfly flitting by,  
 There darts a bird, so light of wing,  
 And all are joyful in the Spring.

O'er wide fields a murmur is heard,  
 Of busy bee, and chirping bird;  
 The tiny buds are blossoming out,  
 And in sparkling water darts the trout.

Chubby babies laugh and play,  
 But what they want they cannot say,  
 It must be guessed by mother wise,  
 Who tells by baby's bright blue eyes.

Apple trees are all in flower,  
 Birds are singing in the bower,  
 Dainty flowers are in their prime,  
 Do you know why? 'cause it's Spring Time.  
 Naomi West, 9B.

### THE STREAMS.

The silver stream winds on its way,  
 O'er mountains cool and sweet,  
 Like some great trail that has no end,  
 For weary wanderers' feet.

Its murmuring ripples travel far,  
 Like music faint and low,  
 That lingers on the listening breeze,  
 Wherever it may blow.

It trickles down the mountain rocks,  
 O'er moss and pebbles white,  
 Reflected in its waters shines,  
 A gleaming rose-red light.

It murmurs past a shaded nook,  
 O'erhung by ferns and flowers  
 That wave and dance in summer's breeze,  
 To while away the hours.

It breathes of mountain-soft, cool air,  
 Of shaded vales alone,  
 Of leafy bowers and gentle winds,  
 And sings a song unknown.

The stream of life is rippling fast,  
 With cares that never end,  
 Until the Master takes our hand,  
 And leads us round the bend.

Hazel Muir, 8A.

### THE STUDIOUS SCHOOLGIRL.

"O what can ail thee, my dear girl,  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The springtime is here once again,  
 And the winter's gone.

"I see a frown upon thy brow,  
 A frown in place of a smile,  
 And in your eyes a sorrowful look,  
 O what can ail thee, child?"

"I'm studying for an exam., alas!  
 I've not done so all the year,  
 And now I have to concentrate,  
 To pass the test I fear.

"And this is why I look so sad,  
So haggard and so woe-begone,  
Though the springtime is here again,  
And the winter's gone."

Marjorie Denning, 9A (after Keats).

### SCHOOL LIFE.

It was a cold and wintry day,  
And sat we in our school,  
And little breezes played around,  
That were so very cool.

With coats done up, and feet tucked in,  
And mufflers closely wound,  
We tried to still our shaking chins,  
And force our thoughts around.

But now on hot and broiling days,  
When working hard and learning,  
We try to dodge the sun's hot rays,  
And long for cold while burning.

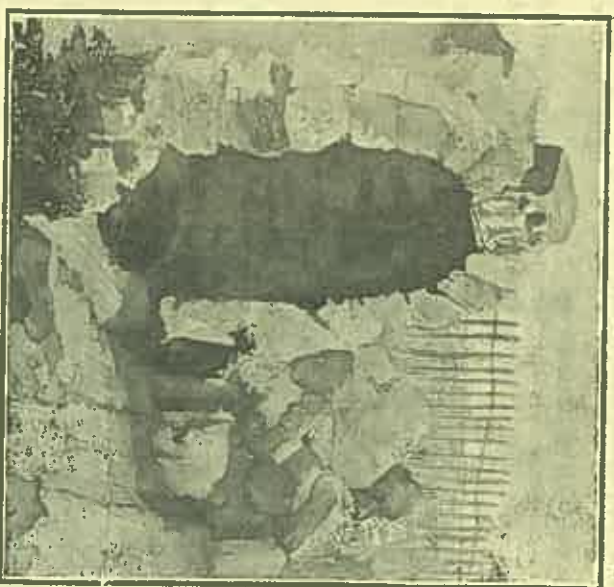
But soon, some day we hope to hear,  
That all our trials are ended,  
And we shall see a stove appear,  
And see our blinds well-mended.

Nell Ewen, 9B.

### FLOWERS.

(By "The Sunburnt Youth," 7A.)

O! flowers, why do you droop your heads,  
And let your leaves go brown?  
I love to much to see your faces after the sun goes down:  
But now you've drooped your golden heads,  
And I no more can see your wondrous fading hues,  
Vanish like the evening dew.



*The Black Prince's Well, Canterbury.*

### THE STORY OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

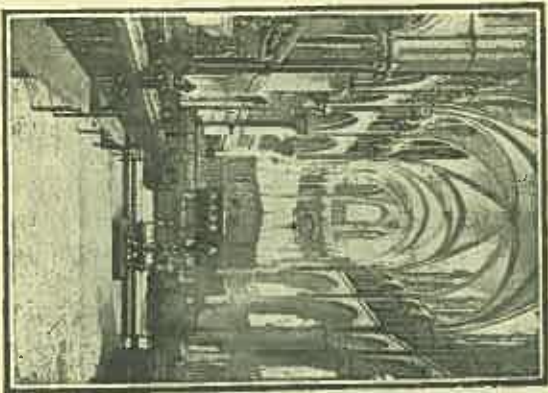
Many years ago, one sunny June day in the year 1330, there were great rejoicings all over England. For that morning a prince had been born at the Palace of Woodstock, near Oxford. The baby prince was christened Edward, after his Father, King Edward III. The King was so proud of his son that he gave great presents to the nurse and everyone else who had care of the Prince of Wales. One of the many writers who have written the story of the life of the Black Prince (as he afterwards came to be called) tells us that though King Edward loved his son so much, he did not pet him at all. "The King, his father," so the writer says, "brought him up not nicely or tenderly, but as soon as he had passed his swaddling clothes, inured him to hardships."

During the first few years of his life Prince Edward lived in Nottinghamshire. For at this time and for many years afterwards England was at war with France, and it was thought safer for the young Prince to be as far away from the seashore as possible, where the French would land their army should they invade England. Here with his tutor, Dr. Burley, and a few other boys, Prince



Edward lived. These boys had far harder lessons than we have now; and besides lessons they were taught how to fight, to ride, to wrestle and many other athletic exercises.

Prince Edward was sent to Oxford when he was only fourteen years old, and he had only been there a year when his father took



*Resting Place of  
The Black Prince's  
tomb.*

him away to take him to the wars in France, "making him," as an old writer says, "a soldier before he was a man." King Edward had been for long years at war with the King of France. Now in 1346, King Edward, his son and a starving army were at the mercy of King Philip of France with all his fifteen thousand Italian cross bowmen. Defeat would have been inevitable for the English if a sudden thunderstorm had not begun on that afternoon, and frightened the Italians and soddened their bowstrings.

Then as suddenly as it had begun, the storm ceased, the sun came out and shone full in the faces of the French army. Thus it happened, the invincible army was routed by the English and the Battle of Crecy was won. When the battle was over King Edward came down from the hill, where he had been watching the battle, kissed the Prince before all the army and said:

"Sweet son, God give you good perseverance. You are my true son: right loyally have you acquitted yourself to-day, and worthy are you of a crown." And indeed the Prince had acquitted himself well, always in the hottest of the fight, that it was marvellous he was not killed. From the Battle of Crecy to the present

day has he been called the "Black Prince," because of the suit of black armour he wore.

King Edward, walking over the battlefield next day with the Black Prince, now a fifteen-year-old knight, said:

"And now, what think ye of a battle; is it a pleasant game?"

When the next war with France broke out the Black Prince led the armies alone and returned again to England with his prisoners, King John and the young Prince Philip of France. King John he treated with the greatest of courtesy and waited on him with his own hands.

On their way to London, they stopped at Canterbury, to visit the cathedral and pray at the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. Then they rode on again to meet King Edward III. at London: there they rode through the streets, the French King on a magnificent cream coloured horse, and his conquerer was by his side on a little black pony.

Some years later the Black Prince married his cousin Joan; she was so fair to look upon that she was known as the "Fair Maid of Kent." As a memorial to his wedding-day, he founded in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, the chapel which is still called the Black Prince's Chantry.

During the war in Spain the Black Prince contracted the illness from which he at last died. When he came back to England he found that the country had been going to "wreck and ruin" during his absence. So when Parliament met, although he was so ill, he was carried across to the Houses of Parliament from his Palace, and made them a great speech, rebuking the old king's ministers for the wrong they had done. Then he was carried away, but the exertion was too great, and on June the 8th, Trinity Sunday, one of England's greatest warriors crossed over the sea of Death to the shores of Eternal Life.

Just before he died he called his nobles around him, and pointing to his little son Richard, said: "I recommend to you my son, who is yet but young and small, and pray that as you have served me, so from your heart you would serve him."

The body of the Black Prince was taken through the country lanes, gay with the flowers of summer, to Canterbury, where he was buried in the Cathedral in Trinity Chapel where the shrine of Becket stood. On the outside of the Black Prince's tomb is an effigy of him clothed in his armour, with his helmet on his head, and his spurs on his feet. On a bar overhead hangs his velvet coat, now much faded and worn, his gauntlets and his shield.

On the tomb there are some French verses inscribed, which he himself had chosen, and which he asked might be carved there "clearly and plainly that all might read them."

Doris M. Hayward (Canterbury, England).

## A BUSH WALK.

It was a sunny afternoon in late autumn, and Nature seemed to have donned her most colourful raiment to greet the season.

Bright red berries hid shyly 'neath autumn tinted leaves. Trail-ing sarsaparilla covered the ground, its rich purple blossom making the winding country road 'a thing of beauty.

As I walked on and on, the only sounds that disturbed the still-ness were the soft gurgling of a distant stream and the occasional bark of my usually frisky fox-terrier, which was now spellbound by the surrounding beauty (or was he visualising the choice bones probably buried deep down in my favourite garden bed?) Gnarled, gigantic old trees grew on either side of the lane, and formed an archway of green tracery, in which timid little bush-birds flitted and chirped blithely.

Just as I was wondering how far the lane continued we came to an abrupt end—a tiny, old, dilapidated house and decayed orchard. The door was ajar, and, being of an inquisitive nature, I peeped inside, and beheld a room apparently bare except for a few scattered tins.

Now, empty houses have always held an inexplicable fascination for me, so whistling my terrier (in case of a possible tramp), I opened the rusty iron gate, which creaked on its equally rusty hinges, fought my way through the entanglement of weeds, and entered.

The dust of years lay everywhere. Having passed through the only two rooms of which the house boasted, and having discovered nothing of particular interest, I was about to depart when an object, partly concealed in a hole in the wall, claimed my attention. It was a diary. Evidently it was very old, for the dainty feminine writing was almost illegible with age.

A few words suddenly leaped to me from the crumbling paper of the last page: "May God forgive my cowardice!" Suddenly, I felt tragedy about me. Did the spirit of some pioneer woman lurk in these musty corners—a spirit sad with the eternal regret?

I glanced nervously around and then hurried homewards, for dusk had fallen and grotesque shadows danced mockingly in my path, and an atmosphere of unreasoning terror possessed me.

"Allegro," 8A.

## 8A CLASS ROOM.

C stands for CLEVERNESS in which we abound:

A stands for ARITHMETIC at which we are sound.

N stands for NAUGHTINESS which the teachers abhor:

T stands for TENNIS which all girls adore.

E stands for ENGLISH—we must be well-read:

R stands for RIDICULE which we all dread.

B stands for BOTANY about things we grow:

U stands for US—8A you know.

R stands for RULES, with which we are hampered:

Y stands for YOUTH when we are pampered.

"The Pest."

## SUSPENSE.

Breathlessly she waited: would it never come? One! Two! Three! (and her's was not among them). Four! Five! Six! No, she was sure it was not there! Oh! why hadn't she learnt up her English, Geography, and History—all those wars? Ugh! she shuddered at the thoughts of them. "How could she bear the shame and humiliation of being a failure?" she wondered, and she was sure she would be one. Yes, and another year of studying how much rainfall is expected in certain portions of Australia, and the vegetation and agriculture of Australia! Oh! why ever was Geography invented? She uttered a dismal sigh: yes, she must be one of the unlucky ones. Then, the 8A girl breathed a sigh of absolute relief and delight, as she heard her name called out. She had passed the examination and was one of the first lucky ten!

"She" 8A.

## THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

Are there any other mountains to outdo our Blue Mountains in beauty and ruggedness? The strange fascination of the calm, still air, and the soft, blue haze, which may be seen in and around the gullies, lures us to the mountains. The very stillness of the air seems to call and beckon us away from the dusty, grimy cities, to come and drink in the glorious air and scenery of the Blue Mountains.

Down in the gullies in the summer-time, the beautiful, subtle scent of the Boronia is always near at hand, while, under some almost unseen nook or cranny, small patches of Waratahs, looking like miniature bush-fires just bursting into flame, are to be seen. Also, at this time, the soft, grey Flannel Flowers are at their best, and grow in the secluded valleys in amazing profusion.

Sylvia Roberts. 8C.

## THE FAIRIES IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

Have you ever seen fairies? Do you believe in them?

Children are the only ones who believe in fairies now. They are just a fancy in the child's mind: they appear as daintily, graceful and pretty forms. They are shy, timid little immortal creatures that only older people meet in dreams, but of which children imagine so many wonderful things.

Shakespeare knew a lot about fairies. In his "A Midsummer Night's Dream" they seem very important. They are shy and timid, but some, and most important of these, Puck, are playful ones, and full of tricks and jokes. In appearance they are not unlike the flimsy creations of our childhood's fancies. Some had cloaks made from snake skins, others were draped in petals of flowers.

In Shakespeare's time fairies were believed in; people really thought they existed, not in dreams or thoughts, but in reality.

They were given their names according to their occupations, or to their appearance. Some had very queer names such as Puck, Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustard Seed. These fairies could make themselves invisible, as Oberon did when Demetrius and Helena were quarrelling, and he decided to overhear their conversation. They could change their form from their own shape to that of almost anything else such as a roasted crab (species of apple), horse, and a three-footed stool. They could also imitate voices of others, as Puck did when he led Lysander and Demetrius astray, saying: "Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down," and using Demetrius' voice he leads Lysander farther apart from Demetrius.

These immortals think of mortals as fools, for when Puck and Oberon overheard Lysander and Helena quarrelling and realised that two men loved the one woman, Puck exclaimed, "Lord! what fools these mortals be!"

Their purpose is to bring happiness to everyone around them, for in the end of the play, at Hippolyta's and Theseus' wedding-day, when Oberon blesses them he says:

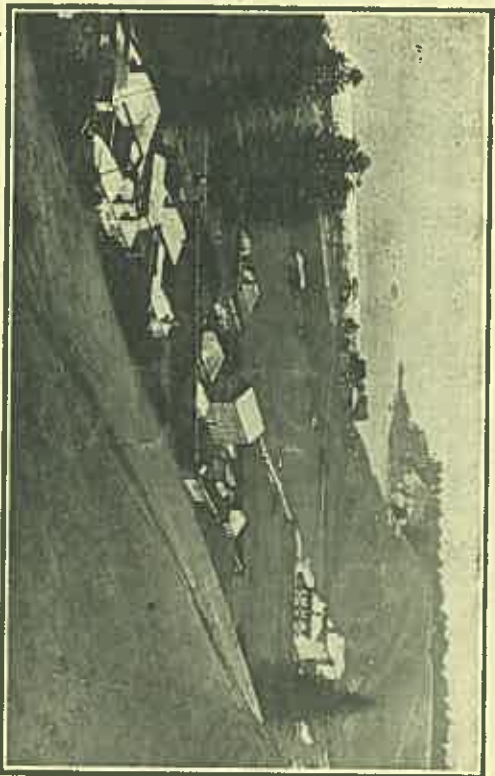
"To the best bride-bed will we,  
Which by all of us shall blessed be;  
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,  
Nor mark prodigious, such as are  
Despised in nativity,  
Shall upon their children be."

These fairies quarrel just as mortals do, but if they do they affect the weather in some way. Oberon's and Titania's quarrel had a disastrous affect upon the weather.

"Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea  
Contagious fogs, which, falling on the land,  
Have every pelted river made so proud  
That they have overborne their continents."

Such were the fairies in Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They wielded a great influence on nature and humans. Really, the fairies of our childhood were just as important in our little world as Shakespeare's were in his plays.

Bertha Newell, 8th Domestic.



A View, Kingston.  
NORFOLK ISLAND.

Norfolk Island is situated in the Pacific Ocean directly east from Brisbane. It is about four and a half miles by seven. Captain Cook discovered it after the Convict Settlement at Botany Bay was founded. Then he took some of the convicts over and formed another settlement there. In about 1855 the convicts left the Island and Queen Victoria gave the Island to the descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty", who had settled on Pitcairn Island.

The people are light brown in colour and have black frizzy hair. They are very kind and very friendly, and they think it nothing to bring you a bunch of bananas or a big bag of fruit when they come to see you.

The women and girls do wonderful needlework, while the men and boys do carpentering and carving. Bananas and oranges are grown very extensively, while coffee, passion-fruit and lemons grow wild.

The soil is very rich and fertile; probably the Island was the result of the volcanic disturbances under the sea: on some parts of the Island lumps of hardened lava or pumice stone can be found.

There are two landing places: Kingston to the south and Cascade to the north. There is no harbour, but just a small bay which is enclosed by a reef. Ships lie at anchor, some distance from the shore, passengers and cargo being landed by means of small boats.

Thelma Newton, 7B.

## THE QUEEN'S DOLL HOUSE, WINDSOR.

The Queen's Doll's House has a special room in Windsor Castle, and the Doll's House itself is encased in a glass case. The sides of the Doll's House are lifted up so that the rooms can be seen plainly.

The bedrooms are furnished with tiny suites of furniture, the beds being made ready for use.

In the dining-room the table is set for dinner with real plates, knives and forks. There are vases on the side-board filled with flowers, and pictures on the walls.

The play-room for the children has tiny toys in it: a rocking-horse, a motor car, and hosts of other lovely things a child could wish for.

The walls of the library are lined with shelves which are filled with books. Each volume is perfect, and can only be read with a magnifying glass.

The sewing-room contains linen-presses which are filled with linen. The machine is a Singer and will sew properly. In the bath-room both hot and cold water is supplied. In the garden is a wheelbarrow full of tools of a very small size. At the back is a garage and a court-yard. In the court-yard are an oil pump, a motor car, fire engine, and bicycle.

The best part about the Doll's House is that everything is in proportion.

Thelma Newton, 7B.

## WISE OWL'S ASSISTANCE.

Fairy Dewdrop was very sad as she sat on the mossy bank of a little stream.

For only a few hours previously she had lost the queen's diamond necklace which had been entrusted to her. She had been walking along the margin of a silvery rippling stream, when suddenly she espied a little pyramid of cream smooth jewels. Bending down to pick them up she had dropped the necklace into the stream of shining waters.

This was the reason for the melancholy and silence that prevailed in Fairyland. The fairies were now discussing her punishment.

Then suddenly a bright thought flashed through Dewdrop's brain. She would ask Wise Owl. He would tell her what to do.

Dewdrop's dainty little feet flew over the ground and arriving at the home of Wise Owl, she panted.

"Oh, Wise Owl, tell me what to do. I who have lost the diamond necklace."

Wise Owl thought for a few seconds then said, "Get some cotton and a needle." Dewdrop obtained these articles, then Wise Owl told her to thread the pearls on to the cotton, and dip them into the stream of "Shining Waters" then to present them to the Queen.

Dewdrop clapped her tiny hands and laughed. Why that was easy.

It did not take Dewdrop long to make the necklace, and after dipping it in the stream of "Shining Waters" it sparkled and glowed. Dewdrop hurried off to the Golden Palace, and going into the hall, knelt before the Queen and cried, "Oh, Queen, I who have lost the diamond necklace, have made you a better and beautiful one."

She held out the now sparkling pearls, and the Queen gave a cry of delight.

Dewdrop was given back her position of Queen's Messenger, and whenever she met Wise Owl, she always had a smile for him.

Hazelle Gilbert, 7D.1.

## A CLASS ROOM ON A WET DAY.

1. A black board of sums.
2. Dreamy looking girls.
3. Sighs coming from the dunces.
4. Scratching pens fishing in the inkwells.
5. An unsmiling teacher.

Betty Shute, 7D.2.

## WANTED BY 7D.2.

1. A nice sunny class room (one like 9B room preferred).
2. A blackboard duster with a lock and chain on it.
3. Vases that will stay where they are put.
4. A cure for class "talkies."
5. Brainy girls.

Betty Shute, 7D.2.

## A WINTER'S MORNING.

"Oh there is a little artist

Who paints in the cold night hours.

Pictures for little children

Of wondrous trees and flowers."

I awoke one morning early and dressed quickly, for it was very cold. On walking out on the verandah all one could see was a dense fog covering the earth like a huge sheet. After the sun rose, the fog became a little lighter. At one's feet could be seen the flaky-white frost.

The few flowers in the garden drooped and were looking very sad. Towards twelve o'clock the fog began to disappear.

So I caught my pony and rode away to the bush, but it was very dull, for almost all the birds except the dismal old crow had migrated to the warmer countries, and wild flowers were nowhere to be found. Winter reigned in the bush.

Valma Wisbey, 7D.2.

## A SPRING DAY.

The sky-blue waves, edged with cream and white foam, ran up on the golden sands, and then ran back and joined their fellow friends or hid in the pools and crevices of the rocks; while with the cool fresh air, cries of wild birds mingled.

The blue sky, dotted here and there with fleecy white clouds, stretched as far as the eye could see, and then, as if the sea had grasped it, sank and vanished.

The golden sun shone on the brown cliffs and tinted with pale colours the flying spray, which leaped up from the waves, as they tried to force their way into the caves, while out at sea tiny ships bobbed up and down the billowy waves.

Betty Shute, 7D.2.

## FAREWELLED.

Hullo, dear readers, here we are again, but someone is missing. Ah! It is our dear friend Miss McMenemy. Well, we must tell you about her leaving.

Miss McMenemy left late in the month of August. All the girls assembled in the playground (on the day of her leaving), and Lyall, Captain, presented her with a wallet containing the gift of the Girls' School. Her office was crowded with flowers that had been handed in practically every minute of the day by the girls. Later in the evening she went through a double line of girls, to her car, which was loaded with flowers.

Our new Head Mistress is Miss Summerley, who came from Redfern Domestic Science School.

M. Rutter, 7R.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### 9th Classes:

"Peace," "Examinitis," "Shakespeare," "Spring," "After School," being anonymous, were not considered.

"Vauncluse House," "The Sphinx, Kuringgai," and "The View from Kurrajong Heights," good articles, could not be included this issue—would like to reserve for Portfolio.

O.H.'s, M.S.: Too similar to matter printed previously.

"Birthdays": Not sufficiently original.

"Tellsom's Bank": Not sufficiently original.

"Exam.s," "Parody," "Exam. Time," "Waiting for Exam. Paper" (W.M.): Measure poor.

"The Teacher," by J.B., 9A: Your apologies are due to others besides Tennyson—no literary merit.

"Baby's Article": Might be misinterpreted by others than those concerned.

"So and So": Subject too commonplace.

"The Midnight Visitor": Subject too commonplace.

"The Lone Warriors": Well constructed story—too long.

"The Unhappy Girl": Well constructed story—a little commonplace.

"Shortland," "Peter Pan": Well constructed story—too long. M.R., 7B: Very fair article on Narrandera—jokes and riddles not required.

"An Ideal Home," J.R., 7B: Good—too long.

"What Amaryllis Learned": Good—rather too long.

8A, "Canberra": Article good—reserved it and photos for Portfolio.

7D, "Parody": Politics outside our sphere.

J.C.'s "A Trip to Kangaroo Valley": Very fair.

J.N.'s "The Schoolgirl": Shows rather an unworthy attitude.

7D.1: Not original.

7D.1, "Sunset": Very fair. Try again.

B.D.'s "An Enjoyable Drive": Not quite up to standard.

Sketches—7R, V.K.: Good—must be original, though.

Sketch by N.W., 9B: Very fair—no room.

"Our National Bird," 7R: Not original.

"Miss 7D.2": Fine work presented—no room for more.

G.M., 7D.2: Very fair—try again.

G.E., 7R: Hope to have your snaps and articles for Portfolio.

"A Trip to England," 7R: not quite up to standard.

"The South Coast," T.S., 7R: Very fair—try again.

"The Bushman," M.S., 7R: Very fair—try again.

"Hornsbys," 7R: Good attempt.

"A Bright Fireside," M.F., 8 Dom.: Good—no space.

"An Incident," I.A., 8th Dom.: A little too melodramatic.

"An Interesting Sight," M.R., 8th Dom.: "A Boat Race,"

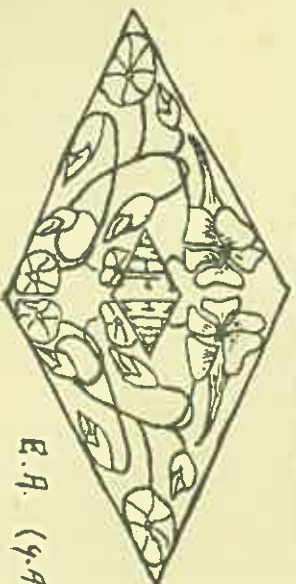
O.W., 8th Dom.: "How I Became a Gym. Teacher," 8th Dom.:

Action well portrayed.

"My Hopes Come True," N.R., 8th Dom.: "A Disappoint-

ment," M.R., 8th Dom.: Good climax.

I wish to specially commend 8th Dom., 7D.2, 7R, and 9ths for the quantity and quality of the work presented. Much of the work rejected was quite worth printing, but unfortunately space is limited. I also take this opportunity of thanking 9ths for their excellent assistance in typing MS. for the printer.





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