THE CANTERBRIAN

1931 - 1932

MAGAZINE

OF THE CANTERBURY CENTRAL

DOMESTIC SCIENCE SCHOOL

Beatrice Sparrow,
(nee Reid) (78.5018.
1927-28.

THE STAFF.

Miss Summerley	Headmistress.
Miss Dunlop	Deputy Head.
Miss Huey)	
Miss Laughlin)	Ninth Classes.
Miss Parkinson)	
Miss Henderson)	
Miss Bray, B.A.)	Eighth Classes.
Miss Noble)	
Miss Connor)	
Miss Killeen)	
Miss Shipp)	
Miss Boyd)	
Miss Soorley)	Seventh Classes.
Miss Murphy)	
Miss Pont)	
Miss Brown)	
Miss Bell	Cookery Mistress.
Miss Graham)	Cookery Assistants.
Miss Johnston)	
Mrs. Britton	Sewing Mistress.
Miss Juleff	Sewing Assistant.
Miss White	Home Economics Teacher.
Miss McIlrath, A.T.D.	Art Teacher, Choir Conductress.
Miss Lochrin, A.T.D.	Art Teacher.
Miss Anderson	Physical Culture Teacher.
Miss Edwards	Shorthand Teacher.
Miss Holmes, F.P.S.A.	Shorthand and Typing Teacher.

++

PREFECTS

Joan Bergman (Captain)	9A.
Muriel House	9B.
Doreen McLaughlin	9th Domestic.
Alwyn O'Hara	8A.
Edith Buckley	8B.
Agnes Smith	8C.
Millie Vincent	8th Domestic.
Gladys Cox	7A.
Joan England	7B.
Leah Chapman	7D.
Marie Oliver	7E.
Irene Newman	7F.
Marcelle Walker	7G.

++

"Truth and Honour."

YEARLY EXAMINATION, 1931.

THIRD YEAR RESULTS.

HIGHEST AGGREGATE MARKS: 1. Hazel Green (9A).
2. Gwen Bertram (9A).

HIGHEST POSITIONS IN CLASSES.

9A.	9B.	9th Domestic.
1. H. Green	1. U. Brown	1. A. Rigelsford
2. G. Bertram	2. W. Kaufmann	2. N. Dunn

HIGHEST MARKS IN SUBJECTS.

English	1. H. Sellars (9A); 2. J. Bergman (9A).
Commercial Arithmetic	1. L. Cranney (9A); 2. E. Higgins (9A).
Business Principles and Book-keeping).	1. B. Greenshields (9A); 2. F. English 9A.
Shorthand	1. L. Cain (9A), H. Green (9A) equal.
Typewriting	1. J. Bergman (9A); 2. Bertram, G. (9A).
Domestic Arithmetic .	1. F. Newton (9 Dom.); 2. N. Dunn (9 Dom.)
Art	1. G. Williams, T. Newton (9 Dom.) equal.
Needlework	1. M. Hamilton, L. Dalziel (9 Dom.) equal.
Cookery and Dietetics .).....	1. A. Rigelsford; 2. L. Dalziel (9 Dom.)

SECOND YEAR RESULTS.

HIGHEST AGGREGATE MARKS: 1. B. Henderson (8A)
2. M. Davey (8A).

HIGHEST POSITION IN CLASSES.

8A.	8B.	8C.	8th Domestic.
1. B. Henderson	1. G. Williams	1. M. Foster	1. O. Morris
2. M. Davey	2. E. Barr	2. M. Blackmore	2. L. Blain

HIGHEST MARKS IN SUBJECTS.

English	1. E. Goddard (8A), D. Spooner (8A), G. Williams (8A) equal.
Dictation	1. D. Spooner (8A); 2. E. Buckley (8B) and M. Davey (8A) equal.
Arithmetic	1. F. Gibson (8 Dom.); 2. M. Bailey (8B).
Hygiene	1. O. Morris (8 Dom.); 2. G. Williams (8B).
History	1. O. Niblett (8A); 2. B. Henderson (8A) M. Smith (8A) equal.
Geography	1. E. Orr (8A); 2. M. Smith (8A).
Needlework I	1. R. Collins (8 Dom.); 2. M. Vincent (8D).
Needlework II	1. L. Blain (8 Dom.); 2. N. Ryan (8 Dom.).
Art	1. O. Morris (8 Dom.); 2. P. White (8 Dom.)
Cookery	1. C. Rees (8 Dom.); 2. J. Rogers (8 Dom.)
Business Principles	1. D. Foley (8A), F. Gibson (8 Dom.), and M. Phair (8A) equal.
Shorthand	1. K. Dunn (8A); 2. H. Philpott (8A).
Typewriting	1. M. Davey (8A); 2. B. Henderson (8A) and J. Will (8A) equal.

++++++++++

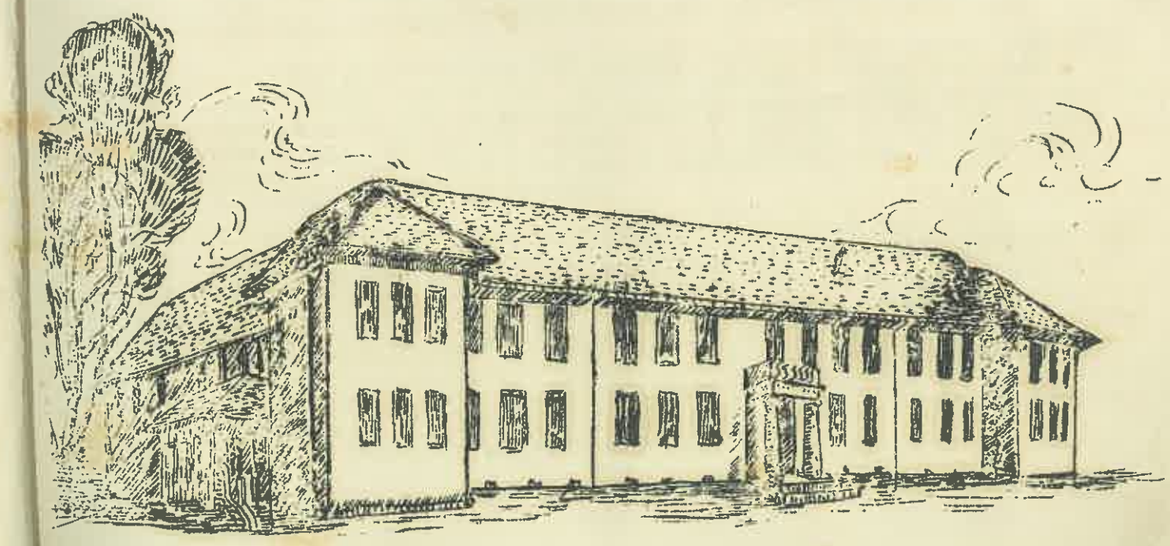
Girls:

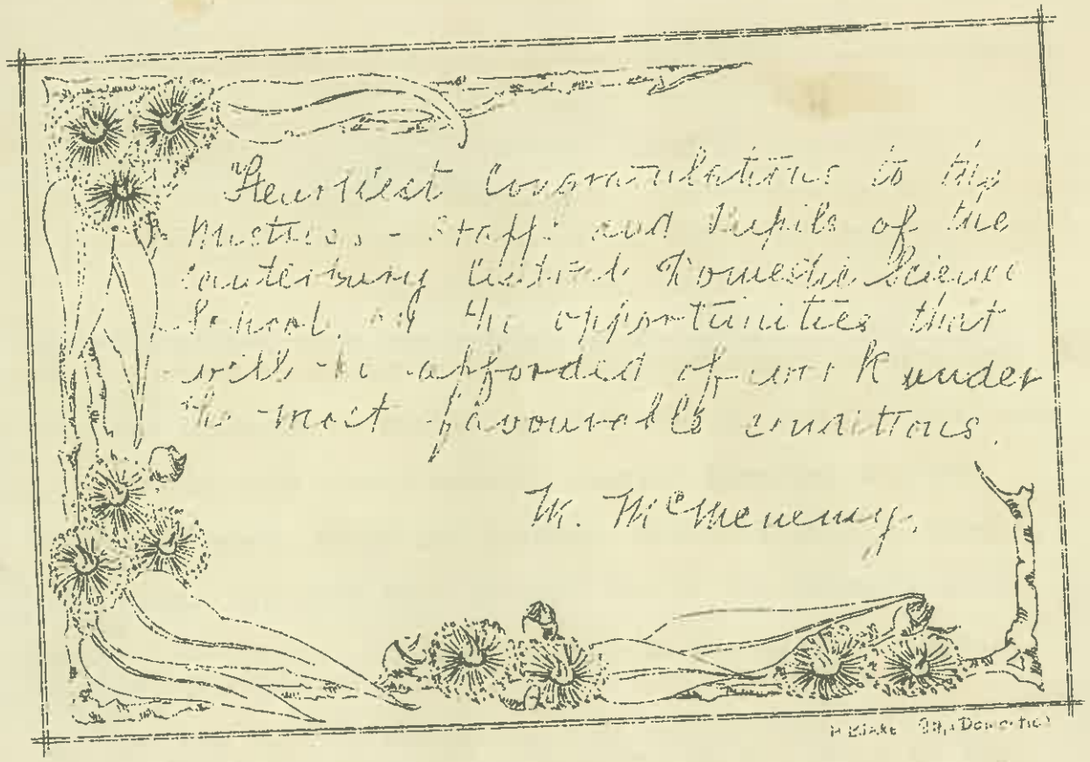
We have a noble building. Let us gaze upon it deeply, and imbibe its spirit, the spirit of home, that "stands four-square to all the winds that blow", the shield and buckler protecting us from the buffets of the world, the haven to which we fly when all else fails us, the safe anchorage for our souls.

Consider its expression--for mark you, buildings, like countenances, do have expressions. Is it not one of friendly dignity, of solid reliability, giving promise of beautiful things beneath its surface? For this building, stately in conception, faithful in execution, carries not its heart upon its sleeve--it merely indicates the type of heart to be expected in a school standing for all that is best in girls' training, that training which is to fit them to rule the world through the orderliness, the peace, the wisdom, the attractiveness of home.

Let us, then, the guides and the guided, make a great resolve to be the worthy heart of this noble building, so to order our thoughts, our words, and our deeds that they may never sully its walls or its reputation; let us vow, with all the strength of will and of body that is within us, to help this, the Canterbury Central Domestic Science School, to shine with the warm, quiet light of hearth and home. May Truth and Honour, Faithfulness and Duty direct our footsteps along the right path, keeping the blue and gold, the colours of youth and worth, well up on the peak of Endeavour.

E. Summerley.
Headmistress.





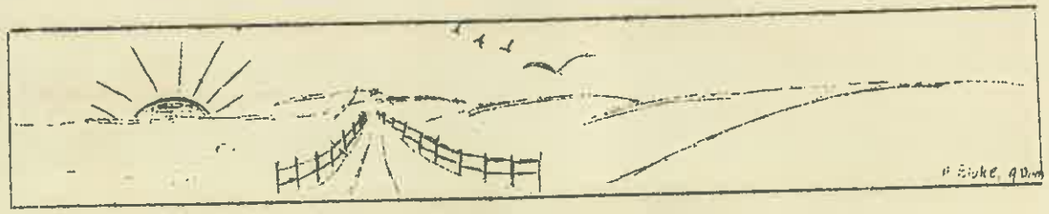
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," - The "Canterbrian" congratulates the members of the Girls' Improvement Association on the realization of their hopes to see a Central School for Domestic Science established in Canterbury and for which a deputation waited on the Minister as far back as April, 1925

Space will not permit to record in detail all the wonderful results achieved by this Association during the eight years of their existence, but a passing reference to some of the "big things" accomplished may be in order here.

The Association has raised in solid cash since 1923 the magnificent sum of one thousand pounds. This includes a donation to the Department towards the purchase of the site on which the New School stands, the purchase of two new pianos, several sewing machines and a substantial sum to help in the building of the gymnasium.

No record could do justice to the indomitable energy displayed by the Executive--no words of ours could fittingly express the debt we owe these ladies, who have never spared themselves in their efforts to improve the comfort of the children and their teachers. We can only say that the tasks handed to them have been carried out often with great self-sacrifice, but with eminent success. Now has come the crowning glory of all their efforts--the opening of the Canterbury Central Domestic Science School.

-----oOo-----



AN AUSTRALIAN DAWN.

When the silver moon was setting on the altar of the night,
And the stars in dimmer radiance lingered round in clusters bright,
When the streamlet's distant murmur woke the echoes faint and still,
And the curlew's dismal answer, ringing from the shadowed hill,
In the distance, faint and fainter, vanished then in silence dim,
Where dream argosies were sailing 'neath the heaven's purple rim:
Came a hush as dawn approached clad in chilly morning mist;
And the tree-tops gold and rosy, by the rising sun soft-kiss'd,
Heralded the world's awakening, and the new-born day begun,
And the world was flushed and wondrous in the glory of the sun.

Joyce Nicholson, 8A.

---oOo---

THINGS BELOVED.

The pale scented blooms of a lilac tree,
The soft pleasant shades of even-fall,
And the glistening dew on a spider's web,
Are things to be praised and admired by all;
But I love the warmth of my cosy bed,
When the crisp, white frost lies on the grass,
And although I can hear my studies call,
I would dream in the hours that quickly pass.

---oOo---

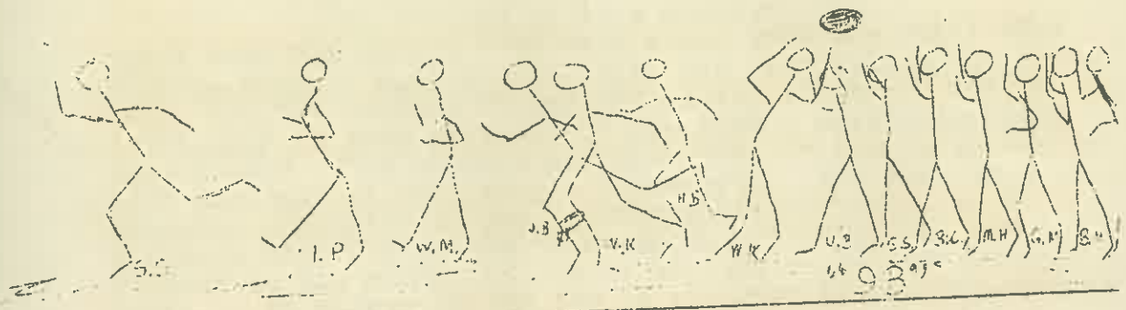
And while others sing of their own dear joys,
The fall of the rain on the roof at night,
The carolling sweet of the birds at dawn,
And the whirr of an aeroplane just out of sight,
My fancies are taking me far away
From lessons I loathe and would gladly shirk,
To a fairy grotto where trouble's unknown,
And ne'er do we hear of worries or work.

N. D. 9th Domestic.

---oOo---

With colours all flying and high-rising hopes,
We marched to the racecourse with sand shoes and ropes;
The rest ran, and we ran, but we won the shield
The rest ran, and we ran, but we won the shield
And proudly did 9B come back from the field.

B. Herrin, 9B.



SEEN AT LUNCH-TIME.

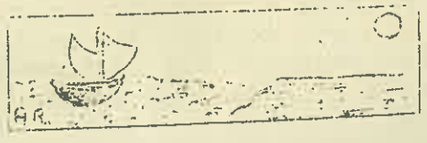
With a deep yellow "scallop" reposing gracefully (?) in one hand, and a perfectly bilious-looking ice of the greenest hue imaginable perched precariously in the other, D. V. stood (sedately for her) and partook of her deliciously appetising and well-chosen lunch.

First she nibbled daintily at the huge yellow mass of potato, and subsequently heaved a long blissful sigh of complete content. Oblivious to the rapidly increasing volume of girlish giggles, she sucked at the lump of frozen ice, and the delighted watchers heard another sigh issue from her--how well these embodiments of bliss went together--they brought to D. V. a wondrous sensation of an unbelievable taste at once potato-savourish and icy-sweet.

At an admirable pace, our young friend continued in this manner, tasting first the ice and then the steaming hot scallop, until, with a profound drawing of her breath, expressing both content and regret, she disposed reluctantly of the last atom of "pure bliss" and gold "scallop".

All that remains to remind D. V. of that wonderful dinner-hour is a rather unromantic ice-stick, which, I believe, she still has guarded safely.

G. B. 9A.



My Favourite Season.

To me "Grey Winter" does not come "like a wearisome guest". "I love the season well" when days are short, and Night wraps her mysterious garments mournfully over the earth in the early evening. The sun seems to set more regretfully, more wistfully, appears reluctant to leave the world, as though jealous of his sister, the moon, because she reigns longer in the heavens than he.

Will Ogilvie says:-

"Hurrah for the storm-clouds sweeping!
Hurrah for the driving rain!
The dull earth out of her sleeping
Is wakened to life again,"

and I echo his words. To walk along with the chill wind blowing sharply against you, with the rain falling on your face, and the puddles filled with soft, black mud strewn invitingly in your way; could you have a more delightful occupation? The streets are deserted; there is no one to mock and jeer at your simple pleasures. The rain is a friendly companion to you, continually chattering in a language only its lovers understand. It tells of the wonders it has seen; of the great vast ocean, of foreign lands. It speaks of the joy in the many homes into which it has peeped; of the sorrow, pain, strife and hate it has looked upon. The thunder crashes majestically into the stillness at irregular intervals; the lightning breaks in a flash of brilliant, golden light.

Then a sweet, shy morning of spring oft-times breaks from its prison and steals into Winter. The sun beams paternally on the world; the birds sing, although with a melancholy note in their triumph. The wind forgets his bad manners and whispers strange, poignant little tales to the trees and grasses. The trees, bare and tall, listen intently to his stories, swaying slowly and gracefully whenever he moves.

There are other days when the wind seems to repent of his lapse into courtesy. He catches hats, dresses, anything that happens to cross his path. He laughs hilariously at the sight of a fat, puffing old gentleman vainly chasing a truant hat; and then he sighs sadly over the slums. Kindly, gently, he blows on the hot, flushed faces of those working in the hot places, and, immediately after, sweeps away to annoy the trees, laughing boisterously at their feeble protests.

Then, to sit beside a roaring fire, book in hand, and a raging torment of wind outside, is as near to perfect happiness as anything earthly can be. The red flames leap and dance, throwing fantastic shadows on the wall. If you watch intently enough perhaps you can see a little dainty fire-fairy dressed in the sheerest red and orange clothes, hand in hand with an ugly, little, yellow-clad goblin. They

(Continued on next page.)

MY FAVOURITE SEASON. (Continued.)

might even dance for you before joining their companions in the heart of the fire. Drowsy content steeps your mind in lethargy.

Winter is sometimes a pale, sad, melancholy maiden, and sometimes a wild, boisterous child, and, in all its moods, is a well-loved offspring of Nature.

H. Sellars, 9A.

INTERSTATE TEAM'S VISIT TO MELBOURNE.

The train left Sydney to the tune of fervent hope that we might bring the "Ashes" from Melbourne. Knowing the length of the trip, we had provided ourselves with ample sustenance which we proceeded to eat as we passed Redfern, for it was fully half-an-hour since we had dined. Having satisfied ourselves rather too well, we played a quiet game of hidings, Beryl Henderson being the only girl who could successfully hide herself behind the water bottle. We decided to go to sleep at 1 a.m. when we had thoroughly exhausted all the other passengers with our chatter and laughter; but sad to say I was too long to drape myself on the luggage rack.

We arrived at Albury about 8 a.m. and there was a violent scurrying about to remove luggage to the Victorian train. We hurried to breakfast, hurried down the sausages, hurried out again to see Miss Noble doing the one hundred yards' sprint down the platform after the New South Wales train. Thinking that she was homesick we hurried up to comfort her, but found she had only left some of her luggage. We arrived without further mishap at Spencer Street Station, and were welcomed by the Victorian team.

The following day we had to play a match at Brunswick. The team were so delighted at their reception in Victoria that they spent the whole time embracing the ground--it had rained for three months. After the match at Brunswick its Mayor, Councillors, etc., welcomed us. As we were entering the refreshment room Miss Noble told me that I would have to respond on behalf of the New South Wales team, and completely ruined my afternoon tea.

The team played very well throughout the trip, beating Queensland but being beaten in turn by the Victorians, who played a fast, clean game throughout. Special mention should be made of Beryl Henderson and Joyce Will of our school, who were written up in the Victorian newspapers as being the best players in the New South Wales team. At Canterbury where the "HOWIE" Cup was presented, our managers complimented Victoria on their win and the Victorian officials gladdened our hearts by saying that the 1931 team was the best ever sent by New South Wales.

Jean Cole, (Captain.)

----oOo----

THE WINNING HIGH JUMP.

On Wednesday, 18th November, the greater part of Canterbury School attended the Combined Sports' Meeting which was held at the Sydney Sports' Ground.

Among the many exciting events, the "running high jump" aroused a great deal of interest, for it was the first event and most of the schools were competing.

True to her school Beryl Henderson again and again cleared the bar until the Championship rested between her and a Liverpool entrant.

Breathlessly we watched her commence to run and each time we heaved sighs of relief when she alighted on the other side. Upon her first and second attempts her opponent brought the bar down but just cleared it at her third try. This continued for a number of jumps and after each jump we cheered Beryl wildly.

We were overjoyed when it was announced that Beryl Henderson of Canterbury had come first, clearing a height of four feet five-and-a-half inches, creating a new record for all Girls' Schools.

We are very proud of Beryl, our record breaker, and school "butterfly".

P. M., 9B.

++++++++++

JULIUS CAESAR.

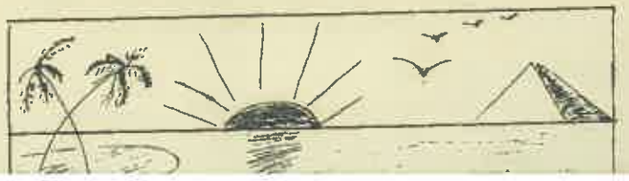
"Turn to Act III, Scene 1, lines 148 to 150. Explain the lines, Mary."

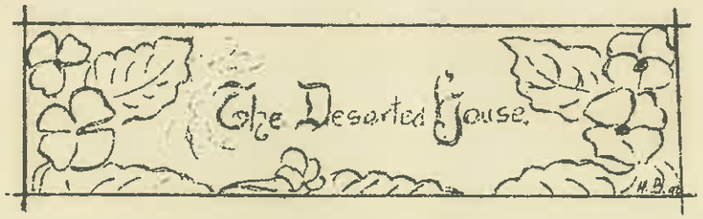
Mary rose to her feet doubtfully, glanced at the ceiling, at the walls, at one or two girls and commenced. "Er--mighty Caesar--er--why--er--do--er--you lie--er--there--er--on---er--the ground? "Are -- all--er--your--er--er--victories--er--er--and glories--er--have they--er--made you--er--so--er--small?"

Mary was asked to sit down with the words, "In future read your text carefully."

Oh, the trouble and excitement this little play written by so great a man has caused us! Lines to be explained! Passages to be memorised! I can tell you that I, for one, was glad bo be finished with this well-known tragedy--"Julius Caesar".

J. Mordaunt, 8C.





I found a house deserted,
   In a valley green and small,
With creepers thick around it,
   And cobwebs on the wall.

The fragrant apple-blossom
   Still graced the gnarled old tree,
The bluebells were a-ringing
   As if to welcome me.

No shouts of childish laughter
   Were wafted on the breeze;
But still the coloured songsters
   Rejoiced among the trees.

N. Dunn, 9th Domestic.

---oOo---oOo---oOo---

MY CASTLES.

Lying on the grass I build
   Magic castles in the air--
Haunted by wee laughing sprites,
   All with soft gold curling hair.
Sweet birds, bright of hue and song,
   Hover o'er its stately trees,
Whilst the silver fountain plays
   Soft low music to the bees.

Roses climbing o'er the walls
   Nod their dainty crimson faces,
Peep into the gleaming windows
   Curtained with soft clinging laces;
Spacious rooms in these proud mansions,
   Boast of walls with silver sheen;
Chairs with carvings--wondrous pictures--
   Swaying palms of shining green.

Burnished tables hold tall vases
   Filled with blossoms huge and rare,
Shedding their faint welcome fragrance
   On the freshly-scented air.
I, for one short joyous hour,
   Built these castles near the sky,
Now the airy castles crumble
   Now the fairies droop and die.

Gwenda Bertram, 9A.

---oOo---oOo---oOo---

The Original Building, 1879.

FIRST YEAR RESULTS

1931.

HIGHEST AGGREGATE MARKS: 1. Gladys Cox, 7A.
2. Esther Ellis, 7A.

HIGHEST POSITIONS IN CLASSES:

7A: 1. G. Cox; 2. E. Ellis.
7B: 1. H. Stansfield; 2. M. Pryor.
7C: 1. L. Taylor; 2. J. Mahoney.
7D: 1. M. Naylor; 2. A. Brett.
7E: 1. D. Robinson; 2. G. Clark.
7F: 1. I. Newman; 2. P. Foley.

HIGHEST MARKS IN SUBJECTS:

Arithmetic	1. E. Smith, 7A; 2. N. Pettinger, 7A.
Art	1. I. Newman, 7F; 2. N. Pettinger, 7A.
Botany	1. N. Hanneman, 7E, G. Cox, 7A, equal
Cookery and Laundry	1. G. Cox, 7A; 2. J. Mitchell, 7C.
Dictation	1. J. Curry, 7B; 2. E. Holden, 7A.
English Literature	1. H. Kellett, 7A; 2. T. Gonsalves 7A
Grammar and Composition	1. G. Cox, 7A; 2. M. Bisiker, 7A.
History	1. D. Menges, 7B, T. Kay, 7C, equal.
Hygiene	1. L. Taylor, 7C, T. Gonsalves, 7A,"
Geography	1. D. Edmonds, 7B; 2. N. Pettinger, 7.
Needlework	1. N. Pettinger, 7A; 2. J. Robson, 7

+++++++++:

EIGHTH CLASS RESULTS, (Continued from Page 2.)

Cookery	1. R. Paulin; 2. F. Gibson.
Cookery and Hygiene	1. C. Rees; 2. J. Rogers.

++++++++++

THE CONFERENCE OF THE SEASONS.

Reverently the gaunt old gum tree looked down upon Mother Earth as she sat waiting for the Seasons. Framing her care-worn face was a mass of brown hair, adorned by a wreath of corn and wheat. The gown she wore was of brown and green, caught in at the waist by a girdle of flowers. Her dress looked as though she had taken her little brushes and painted it over with the colours she used in painting the flowers and leaves.

A bright light suddenly illumined the glen. Into the clearing danced Spring, a bright young girl, followed by a merry company. The dress she had donned seemed to be made of butterfly wings, so light and filmy did it appear. About her head and waist were garlands of wild flowers. The breezes seemed to sing sweet melodies, whilst birds flew happily around her.

Following this company came one equally bright and happy led by Summer, a lovely lady, clad in a scarlet gown which hung gracefully from her sun-kissed shoulders.

Next came Autumn, a kind-eyed, wistful woman with hair like the chestnut. A russet gown with a yoke of brightly coloured leaves was draped about her shoulders.

The air grew chill, as from the opening stepped Winter, with strained face and a grim look in her eyes. In her train were North Wind and the Snow Spirit. Close behind her came Jack Frost, a sharp fellow with an aquiline nose.

Each year this Conference of the Seasons took place to plan a bright future and to talk over past errors. Thus each did her best to make the earth a pleasant place ruled in turn by Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

R. Poulter, 7B.

++++++++++

GOOD-BYE TO AN OLD FRIEND.

We shall soon be leaving the Old School to begin work in the New. With the younger girls "moving day" will be just another excitement, a break in the monotony of lessons. Many of the older girls, however, will have a feeling of sadness when leaving their old friend. There are so many happy memories woven around the Old School. There we have had our joys and our troubles--those childish troubles which at the time seem too great to be borne but when looked back upon are mere shadows.

The Old School has turned out many fine women who have ably taken their places in the world of business and the home.

Then, though we look forward eagerly to the New School, let us not forget the Old; let us be grateful for all that it has done for us, and let us see that the record of the New School will even surpass that of the Old.

Muriel Cheeseman, 8B.

++++++++++

SOME VALUABLE HINTS TO PROSPECTIVE MEMBERS OF 9A.

1. When first entering 9A room look sedately ahead of you (omitting to trip, of course, as that would spoil your dignity) and sit down carefully and slowly, spreading your skirts evenly about you. This, I think, will produce a pleasing effect on the teachers, for it will imply that you are painstaking.

2. Expand your knowledge (if any) and when answering questions, speak slowly to make them sound longer and fuller.

3. When homework is not completed, please don't say demurely: "I forgot." That particular sentence is "taboo." Compose a more feasible excuse.

4. Kindly supply to the Ninth domains a varied assortment of flowers. (Jonquils and lilies need not be included.)

5. Your uniform (which includes black stockings on both legs) will be appreciated, as fashion parades, however up-to-date, are not desirable every day of the week.

G. B. 9A.

++++++++++

A sportsman who strolled by the sea,
Saw a bear and attempted to flee;
He set a good pace,
But the bear won the race,
And had quite a sportsmanlike tea.

There once was a hoary old Finn
Who had a big wart on his chin;
The barber did rave
When he asked for a shave,
For he never knew where to begin.

There once was a man from Calcutta
Who had a most terrible stutter;
He said, "If you please
Will you pass me the cheese,
And the b-b-b-b-b-b-butter?

D. Vickery, 8A.

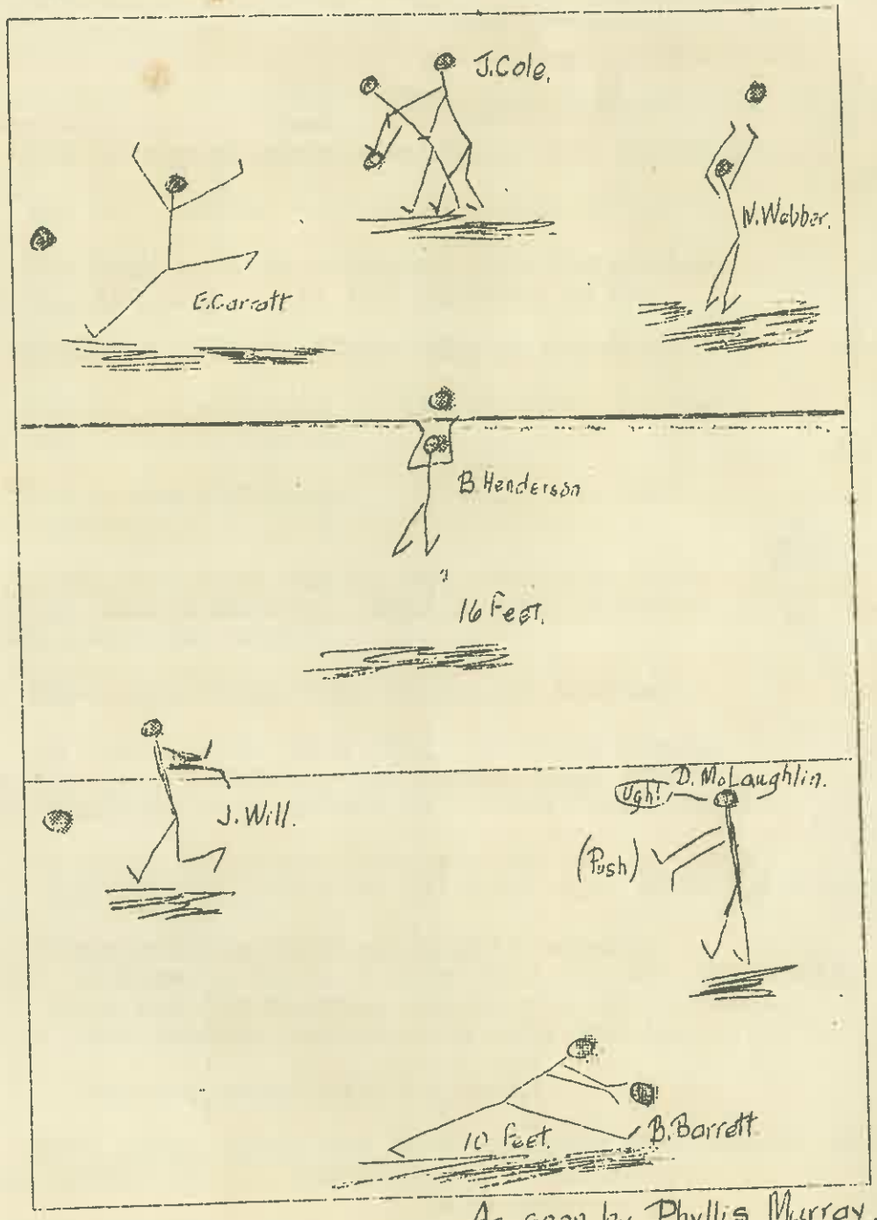
++++++++++

There was a young woman from Lynne
Who was very fond of gin;
She asked for a straw,
And slipped on the floor
And sat on the point of a pin.

E. Robins, 8A.

++++++++++

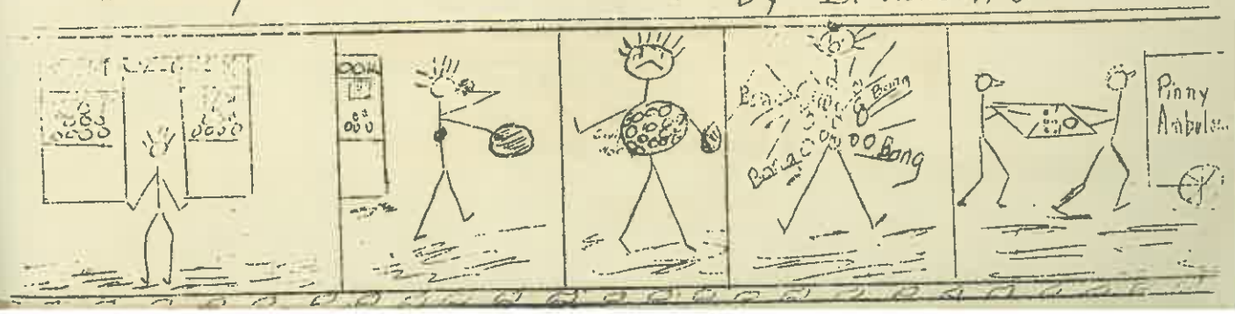
CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES OF THE "A" TEAM.

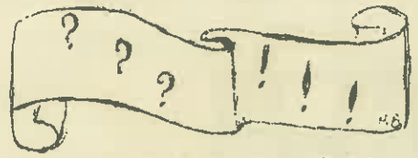


As seen by Phyllis Murray, 8B.

Pinny Folk: A Story Without Words.

by D. Vickery, 8A.





The breeds of sheep are merino and shorthorn.

The 20" isohyet is most suitable for sheep.

The best wool is obtained from the merino sheep, the next comes the squatter class.

Berlin is on the River Rome in Germany.

Vienna is situated on Venice which is one of the European States.

Paris has skylights. Chicago has many skylights.

Beethoven went out in the moonlight with a girl called Snarta; this is why he wrote such beautiful music.

Beethoven wrote "The Moonlight Senator".

An institution is a place to which people go who have something the matter with them; for instance this school is a fine institution.

"O young Lochinvar has come out of the West,
And his cohorts were gleaming with silver and gold."

"When Britons first at Hemp's command
A rose, a rose, a rose from out the Asia main,
This was the Charta, the Charta of the land,
And guiding angles sang this strain--
... ...
Britons never will be slain."

When Lorna Doone was marrying John Ridd Carver shot Lorna in the middle of the ceremony.

----oOo----

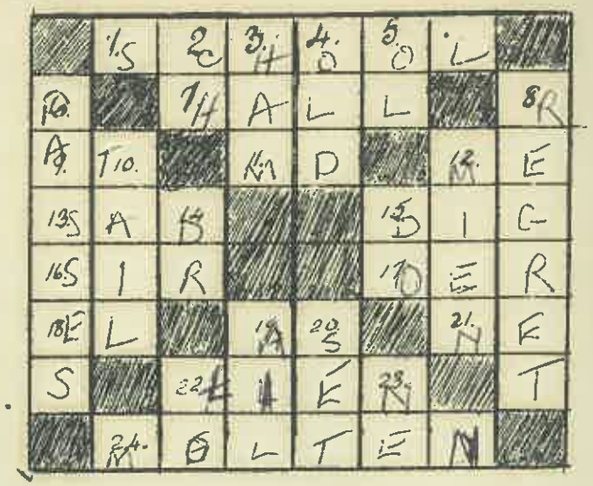
AFTER THE (BASKET) BALL.

After the game had started,
After the whistle blew,
Girls in school apparel,
Round the field they flew;
Passed the ball to each other,
Trying to win the game--
Trying to be the victors--
Trying to make a name.

L. Blain, 8th Dom.

----oOo----

CROSSWORD PUZZLE.



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Place of learning.
7. Part of house.
9. Preposition.
11. Mentally Deficient (Ab.)
12. Personal Pronoun.
13. Melancholy.
15. Excavate.
16. Title of Address.
17. Over (Poet.)
18. Name of twelfth letter.
19. Adverb.
21. Point of Compass.
22. Legal claim to hold property as security for debt.
24. Past participle of melt.

CLUES DOWN.

2. Church (Ab.)
3. From the pig.
4. Aged.
5. On leave.
6. Goes by.
8. Remorse.
10. Part of animal.
12. Appearance.
14. Debtor.
15. To act.
19. To be ill.
20. To place.
22. Behold!
23. Point of Compass.

M. and J. S. 8A.

ACROSTICS.

My first is in history but not in sum,
My second is in yes but not in no,
My third is in go but not in come,
My fourth is in Stiffy but not in Mo,
My fifth is in bee, he, and me,
My sixth is in needle and also in knee,
My seventh is in money and also in wealth,
My whole is a subject dealing with health.

Answer..... Mona Pye, 8A.

My first is in sell but not in buy,
My second is in weep but not in cry,
My third is in shrimp but not in fish,
My fourth is in spoon but not in dish,
My fifth is in one but not in three,
My whole is a fruit which grows on a tree.

Answer..... Beryl Henderson, 8A..

-::::::::::-

There was an old man from Moree,
Who owned a beard long and hoary,
For cut it he couldn't,
The scissors just wouldn't,
So he still wears that beard long and hoary.

J. Will, 8A.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .