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# School Officers, 1927.

## **Prefects :**

H. Forster (Head Prefect), H. Stang, E. Builder, J. Craik, K. Grieve, P. Griffith, R. Keightley, J. McLarty, I. Sandercock.

## **Editorial Committee :**

H. Stang (Editor), E. Builder (Sub-Editor), H. Forster (Secretary), J. Andrews, B. Browne, K. Grieve, N. Hughes, G. Nunn.

## **"A" TENNIS TEAM.**

K. Grieve (Captain), J. Andrews, N. Forbes, D. Forbes.

## **"B" TENNIS TEAM.**

M. Murray (Captain), H. Serjeant, H. Vincent, R. Keightley.

## **"C" TENNIS TEAM.**

J. Hughes (Captain), N. Sadler, S. Lilly, B. Wylie.

## **SWIMMING TEAM :**

G. Nunn (Captain), P. Nunn, D. Forbes, E. Oliver.

## **NET BALL TEAM.**

G. Nunn (Captain), J. Andrews, L. Bain, B. Browne, D. Forbes, N. Forbes, M. Murray, P. Roe, B. Wylie.

## **Form Captains :**

VI.—H. Stang  
Up. V.—K. Grieve.  
L. V.—J. McLarty.  
Up. IV.—J. Hughes.  
D.S.—M. McLean.  
L. IV.—N. Brickhill.

Up. III.—M. Oakley.  
L. III.—R. Marshall.  
II.—I. Cronshaw.  
I.—D. Bennie.  
K.G.—P. Church.

# The Kookaburra.

AUGUST, 1927.



The school year has, so far, been a full and a busy one. As usual the whole school experienced a feeling of desolation on returning to school at the beginning of 1927 and finding so many empty places to be filled. It is an undeniable but scarcely consoling fact to realise that at the beginning of every school year it must be so—but the middle school girl soon rises to fill the place vacated by a departed senior, while her own place is in turn filled by a junior girl.

The results of the University Examinations of 1926 were very satisfactory. The six girls who took the Leaving all obtained the full certificate, one gaining a distinction in French; while nine girls were successful in the Junior Exam. This year there is a large number of girls in both Leaving and Junior Forms, so a good percentage of passes should be obtained.

This year we are having a concert, a thing hitherto unattempted in school history. At the time of going to press the results of the concert are not yet known, but we all hope that it will be a tremendous success. Failure will certainly not be due to a lack of enthusiasm. The proceeds are being handed over to the Cot Fund. The Fund is at present progressing so well that we have been able to send money to several hospitals and charitable institutions, in addition to the £50 sent yearly to our own special cot. This year we have great hopes of making a total of £100.

Needless to say we were all very sorry to lose Miss Bull, Miss Smith, and Miss Warner at the end of last year, and Miss Lowe at the beginning of Third Term. One of the reasons why we are not welcoming the end of the year is the realisation that with it

we must lose Miss Finlayson. Miss Finlayson has been at P.L.C. for six years, and we will be more than sorry when she leaves.

In conclusion I should like to thank Miss Summers, and Nancy Baird for the snaps of the various teams for the magazine, and Nancy Roberts for the views of P.L.C. Thanks are also due to all the mistresses who have helped with the work of the Mag, and also the Committee for all they have done to make it a success. All good wishes and sympathy to next year's committee! They will, doubtless need the sympathy when they realise that the production of a school magazine is not all the fun that it might seem.

## THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S VISIT.

A few days after His Excellency the Governor-General arrived in Western Australia last year, we were very excited to hear that P.L.C. was to be honoured by a visit from him. On Friday, September 17th, Lord and Lady Stonehaven, accompanied by the School Council, arrived. The Guides formed a Guard of Honour in the drive and were then inspected by the Governor-General. Everyone assembled in the gymnasium where we sang the National Anthem and our school song, Kipling's "Children's Song." Lord Stonehaven then spoke to us for a short time. He appeared to be very pleased to be in West Australia and said some very complimentary things about Western Australian schools.

A vote of thanks was returned to the Governor-General, who then departed for Scotch College.

Despite the fact that some indignation was aroused at being called "children" throughout the Governor-General's speech, his visit was greatly enjoyed by all, especially as he asked Miss Finlayson to give us a day's

holiday, in memory of his visit. The holiday was kept up on November 8th, after the Boarder's week-end.

We were greatly honoured to think that the Governor-General should have visited us, as the Scotch College was the only other school that was similarly honoured.

## COT FUND.

The Cot Fund progresses steadily. This year's representatives are:—

- Form VI.—P. Griffith.
- Upper V.—J. Bromell.
- Lower V.—B. Sparke.
- Upper IV.—V. Piessé.
- Domestic Science.—M. Fullerton.
- Lower IV.—M. Pilgrim.
- Upper III.—D. Bold.
- Lower III.—Z. Weir.
- Forms II. and I.—N. Chapple.
- Kindergarten.—V. Hubbard.

This year our collections have amounted to £34/16/4, £25 of which was sent to the Hospital at the end of 1st Term, £3 to the Leper Mission, £3 to the Radium Appeal and £3 to the St. John's Ambulance Association.

At the end of last year we sent £50 to the Cot, £5 for the child in the cot, £10 to the Perth Hospital, £10 to the Lady Lawley Cottage, £5 to the A.I.M., £5 to the School for the Blind, £3 to the Old Women's Home, £3 to the Silver Chain, £3 to the Anglican Orphanage, and £2 to the Ministering Children's League Convalescent Home. Letters of acknowledgment were received for all these amounts. The total amount collected was £103/1/2. Can we break that record this year?

## 1926 UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

### LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

- E. BUILDER.—English, History, Mathematics, Physics, French, Drawing.
- A. CUNNINGHAM.—English, History, Mathematics, Biology, French.
- F. GATES.—English, Mathematics, Biology, Physics.
- J. HARRIS.—English, History, Mathematics, French (Distinction).
- E. SAYER.—English, History, French, Drawing.
- H. FORSTER.—English, History, French, (Supp. Physics).

### JUNIOR CERTIFICATE.

- B. CHEYNE.—English, History, Geography, Mathematics, French, Music.
- H. CRAMMOND.—English, History, Geography, Biology, French, Drawing.
- G. DRUMMOND.—English, History, Mathematics, Biology, French, Physics.
- M. EDWARD.—English, History, Mathematics, Biology, Drawing.
- K. GREIVE.—English, Geography, French, Drawing, Mathematics.
- D. HOWE.—English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing, Mathematics.
- J. STONE.—English, History, Geography, Biology, Drawing.
- H. VINCENT.—English, History, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, French.

### SUPPLEMENTARY.

- N. BAIRD.—English, History, Biology, French, Drawing.

### FOUR SUBJECTS.

- M. ANDERSON.—History, Geography, Mathematics, Biology, Physics.
- F. SHARLAND.—English, History, Biology, Music.

### ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS.

- P. GRIFFITH.—Latin.
- J. HARRIS.—Latin.
- R. KEIGHTLEY.—French.
- I. SANDERCOCK.—French.
- K. ROWE.—English.

### UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

- B.A.—Phyllis Cllershaw.
- B.Sc.—Evelyn Andrews, Dist. Geology.

### PRIZE DAY.

The greatest event of the year took place on Wednesday, December 15th. Contrary to custom, we had a cold, windy night, so we were able to close the side doors of the hall and prevent the motor cars on the road from competing with our vocal productions.

We were very glad to welcome Lady Champion once more at our Prize Day, for we remembered that we were the first school she had met after her arrival in Western Australia. We all appreciated the kindly interest which she showed in the prize winners and performers, and felt especially anxious

to do our best after the encouraging words with which she addressed us.

The Chairman was another old friend, the Rev. J. R. Blanchard, who saddened us during the course of his speech by hinting that it was the last occasion on which he would have the opportunity of giving advice to the girls of P.L.C.

The programme began with the School Song; this was followed by a pianoforte duet played by H. Forster and L. Morrisby, who deserve credit for a very good performance. Pianoforte soli were well played by F. Gates, the winner of Mrs. Plaistowe's music prize, and M. Miller, a rather youthful member of the school.

The Kindergarten Songs were, as usual, one of the most popular items on the programme, "A Little Birdie" being particularly attractive.

The Part Songs of the Upper School and the Unison Songs of the Junior School were good, but "nerves" are rather too prevalent in a certain section of the school and we fear we may be obliged to invite parents to a rehearsal, if they are really to hear us at our best. The Old English Song, "Come Let's be Merry" was sung with much spirit, and its joyous notes echoed in our hearts for many a day.

An innovation was made in the production of the play, for the girls of VI. and Upper I. assisted the members of Miss Durlacher's Elocution Class. A most entertaining production of scenes from "The Critic" was the result of this collaboration. A special feature was the scenery for Tilbury Fort, painted by Y. Dale and K. Rowe, and the excellent costumes designed and made by the performers themselves. We shall not forget Sir Christopher with his toes turned out, nor the Beefeater with his lightning change executed at the critical moment. Don Whiskerandos was a most entrancing Spanish captive and we could fully sympathise with love-sick Tilburina and her faithful confidante (in white linen!). It was appropriate that the part of the harassed author and producer, Puff, was played by H. Stang, as she has had much experience in "producing" (both magazines and plays) in the course of her school career.

One waits to the end to mention the most important people of the evening—the Prizewinners—for what excuse should we have for Prize Day if they were not obliging enough to win prizes? They were more numerous than ever this year, thanks to the generosity of many friends.

The coveted Dux Medal was won by F. Gates, our Head Prefect. The other winners of Dux prizes were: D. Pearson, B. Cheyne, J. Beaton, P. Inverarity, P. Roe, K. Baird, J. Oates, I. Cronshaw, E. Vincent, D. Anderson, C. Swirles.

The Stella Clarke Memorial Prize for Gardening was awarded to N. Roberts; Mrs. Blackall's Essay Prize to J. Dickson; Mrs. Stewart's Sewing Prize to P. Clifton; the Ferguson Prize to K. Rowe.

The Scholarship winners in 1926 were J. Andrews, L. Builder, J. Craik, M. Griffith, D. Pearson, E. Sayer.

The joys of the "feast" that ended the day are known to boarders only and it would be most unseemly to divulge any of its secrets to the uninitiated day-girls or general public!



#### BOARDERS' NOTES.

Dear Editor,—

We boarders are still existing, despite the fact that the wind nearly, very nearly, took Top Dorm and its inmates for a little ride the other night. Even if they weren't able to enjoy a short excursion, they had quite an interesting paddle, until their childish sports were interrupted by the entrance of the gardener, who employed himself, with a brace and bit, boring tiny holes for the disposal of the flood waters.

At the beginning of the year two

new prefects were made, but sad to say, one of them, Jean Beaton, has left us already. In place of Miss Warner, who left last year, we are glad to welcome Miss Mellor who lives over at Junior House, and Miss Smith who has moved to Senior House.

We were very disappointed first term when we were unable to attend to barrack invincible champions at the swimming sports. Those lucky few with the waterproofs, umbrellas, old hats, and goloshes, were the objects of our envy for some time afterwards.

Last term, Arcadia Dormitory gave a very successful entertainment in the form of a short play, namely "The Wrong Box." We believe that the performers satisfied their appetites afterwards with asparagus, Fritz sausage, and vividly coloured rainbow cake. The B.D.S., having tackled something rather bigger than usual was unable to give its annual performance in first term, but has postponed it till the end of this term.

The Korrawilla and Dugoutites were overwhelmed with surprise, when returning to school this term they were welcomed by a fluttering of green curtains, which indicated a marked improvement in their bedrooms (?)

Since the appealing (?) idea of a Sunday Croc Walk, the Powers-that-Be have taken to weighing us all. We are wondering if the latter is a means of ascertaining the reducing or fattening effect of walking. Some of our champion heavyweights are anxiously awaiting the next weighing operation. Why ???

The Break-up was an exceedingly great success, and having exhausted our vocal powers down in the Cottesloe Hall, we were glad to return to turkey, ham, and fruit salad. As usual, Rev. Blanchard very ably led the singing and cheering, and related to us some more of his amusing stories. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves in the dining room until "the morning after the night before," when Professor Ross and Mr. Carmichael informed us that they had to leave for the South-West at 5 a.m. that morning.

We wished them luck, but nevertheless were glad that, at that hour, we would be safely asleep, either in our own or in somebody else's bed. All

of us were very sorry to hear that Mr. Blanchard had been asked to go to New Zealand. He will be greatly missed at the future Break-ups.

Last—but not least—the annual Dorm Feast. We feel that we cannot adequately describe it, so we leave it to Ydonea Dale's poem—

#### THE FRAY OF THE SHEET.

There's a breathless hush 'neath the clothes to-night  
Excitement in the air  
Two shadowy figures creep from bed  
Out of the window and down the stair  
Suddenly out of the darkness came  
More shadowy figures one by one.  
'Mid crackle of paper and giggle of mirth  
There's a smell of something nice  
A freezing squeal from some poor thing  
Who's been sitting on the ice.  
When Allowah looked over the top  
Murrin—Murrin—over with a hop.  
When that old timepiece Ben declares  
The hour of mid-night here  
The P.L.C. spook with deep bass growl  
Falls over the ginger beer  
With hair on end and trembling knee  
Everyone wonders what it can be.  
Into the bathrooms he wends his way  
Those shadowy forms in his wake  
Where all Korrawilla are at play  
His prophesies make them quake  
For thou shalt have nightmare he doth tell  
And don't be surprised if you don't feel well  
Meanwhile those shadowy figures have  
Pillows and bed clothes stripped  
And Korrawilla k-nuts with wrath  
Find their kimonas ripped  
Thus began the fray of the sheet  
Now list to the tale of a great defeat.  
Top-dorm backing their spook with might  
On the k-nuts descended  
Korrawilla with great delight  
Their beds and belongings defended  
But, we fear, 'twas all in vain  
Allowah caused them too much pain.  
Korawilla not to be done  
On Allowah made an attack  
From the top of the dormitory stairs  
They were gallantly driven back  
The great red dragon of Korrawilla  
Could never defeat little Allowah.

#### PREFECTS' NOTES.

Since there is a school, there must be girls; since there are girls, there must be Prefects; since there are Prefects, there must be notes. Having been persuaded that this is so, I endeavour to attempt what seems impossible—to write them.

We are nine well-behaved, hard-working females (at least from outward appearances), and with these

points in our favour we fail to understand the reluctance of the mistresses to accept our challenge for a net-ball match.

Our sanctum, the "Carrot Patch" is still our pride, for tidiness it is unequalled! Our library, though small, is still growing steadily. Its books range from the most select classics to "How to become good at Bridge," and the weekly "Guide." This library—one of our countless blessings—now occupies two shelves! Most encouraging! Perhaps some of us will live to see the room lined with books. Who knows? The Cot Fund is awaking a wonderful spirit of generosity!

We were sorry to lose so many of our band at the close of 1926, but were pleased to welcome the new Prefects of 1927. We were sorry to lose Joan Beaton during this term, especially as her departure meant an increase in our number of duties!!! However, we are bearing up wonderfully though some of us are becoming so frail (?) that Miss Chubb has deemed it wise to instal a weighing machine.

During the first term of this year we received an invitation from the Old Girls' Association to a bridge party. Most of us were able to attend, and those who did spent a most enjoyable evening.

The bridge party has been our only diversion this year; but do not imagine that we are lacking in occupation! All our energies are required to enforce all new rules, such as "No speaking in the dormitories after twenty minutes to nine," and "No rising in the morning before the dressing bell." No wonder then that we have not the time for luxuries, such as bridge.

Afternoon tea is now a thing of the past, so that the jingle of cups no longer disturb the peace of those who would envy us. Some enquire why? but surely they have not forgotten that there is a "Miss Australia" contest every year!

All the termly Prefects are very ardent folk-dancers. No doubt they look upon Friday evening as a compensation after a strenuous week's work, for they invariably tell the weeklies that they don't know what they miss by going home for the week-ends. They don't either!!!

### JUNIOR HOUSE NOTES.

The Junior House is in Cottesloe, It's opposite Senior House. But as soon as you get within its gates, You have to be as quiet as a mouse. It consists of only twenty girls, Who get smaller by degrees, Until the last two little tots Are really no bigger than fleas. At ten o'clock in the night time, When all are wrapped in sleep, Mrs. Munro at every girl Does take the tiniest peep. At six o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Munro comes along, And calls the poor old practice girls, Who sing a dreary song. When its time for cold baths in the morning, Every one dreads this hour, And you hear shrill cries and moans and shrieks, Come from beneath the shower. When all are dressed and ready, For inspection we come with a rush, But generally half our number, Are fighting with nugget and brush. When over at Senior House we arrive, We all take long runs up the drive, When all of a sudden loud voices yell "Hurrah!" there's the good old breakfast bell."

### THE JUNIOR CLUB.

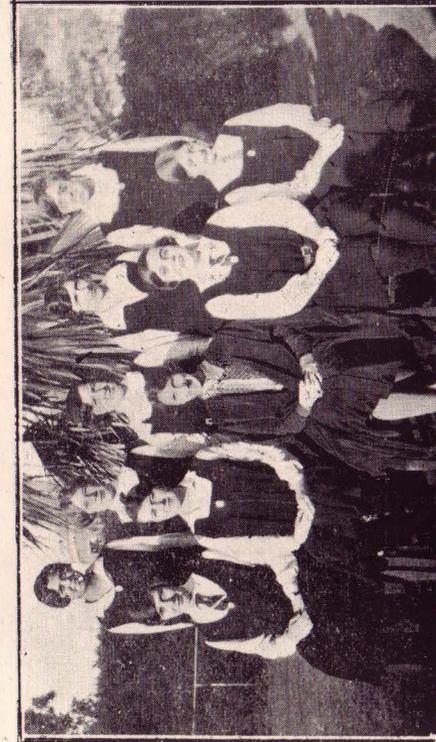
The Junior Club consists of about forty or fifty girls. Every alternate Wednesday we have a competition and the winner receive a little prize.

Last year Miss Finlayson opened a bazaar for us. We had sweet, produce, and fancywork stalls and made £16, which went towards the Cot Fund.

We started in the 2nd Term, as it is too hot to do very much sewing during the 1st Term, and we are trying to make the bazaar this year more profitable than the last. Forms II. and Lower III. are having a play, which is to be given at the end of this term.

This year Upper III. have been included in the Junior Club because they were so sorry not to be in it, so they can work for the Club as well.

G. and M. Fawcett.



PREFECTS.  
K. GRIEVE, E. BUILDER, J. McLARTY, R. KEIGHTLEY, J. CRAIK.  
I. SANDERCOCK, H. FORSTER, MISS FINLAYSON, H. STANG, P. GRIFFITH.

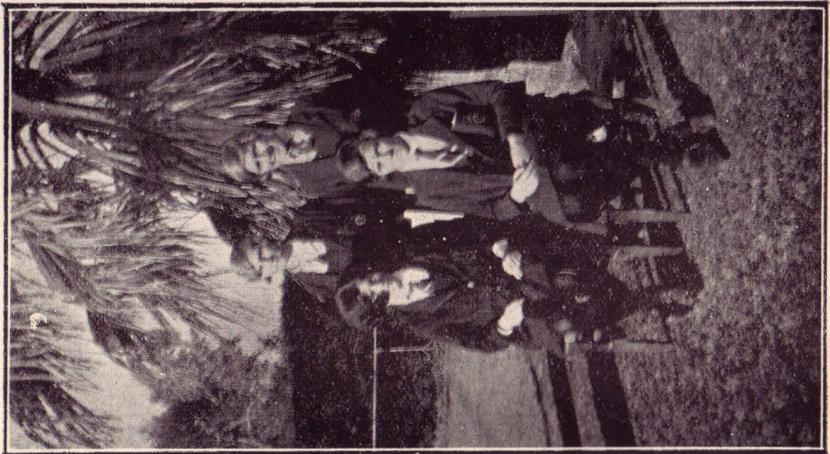
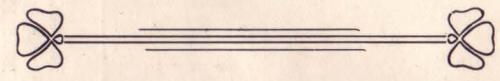


PREFECTS.

K. GRIEVE, E. BUILDER, J. McLARTY, R. KEIGHTLEY, J. CRAIK.  
I. SANDERCOCK, H. FORSTER, MISS FINLAYSON, H. STANG, P. GRIFFITH.



"A" TENNIS TEAM.  
J. ANDREWS  
K. GRIEVE  
N. FORBES  
D. FORBES



SWIMMING TEAM.  
E. OLIVER  
G. NUNN  
P. NUNN  
D. FORBES

**FORM NOTES.**

**Forms I. and II.**

Forms I. and II. you see,  
Twenty-five maidens are we;  
Though small is our size,  
We're determined to rise  
And climb to the top of the tree.

Yes, we mean to get there some day,  
we mean to work hard enough for it,  
even if we do, sometimes, chew pencils  
and rulers when working arithmetic.

There is to be a school concert and  
we feel proud to think we are to help.  
For that we have a "Bad Temper  
Bureau." Has anyone a temper to  
mend? We can do it neatly and with  
despatch. We have also Brown's Tem-  
per Powders, Samuel's Soothing Syrup  
for sulks, or we extract tempers pain-  
lessly. Our charges are light, but we  
hope to enlarge our Cot Fund.

The members of the Junior Club are  
working very hard for our big effort  
this year, because by it, we will be able  
to brighten some little child who is not  
as fortunate as we are.

Two girls from our Form have gone  
to England for a trip, Daidre Masel  
and Yvonne Thomas. We hope they  
have a happy time.

"Britannia Rules the Waves!" Did  
she rule them straightly enough to get  
Bx? We are wondering.

**Lower III.**

This year Lower III. consists of  
twenty-six girls, three of whom are  
Girl Guides.

Some of the girls are doing their  
second year in Lower III., but the  
majority have been put up from Form  
II.

The first term of the year Tennis was  
the leading game, but this term Basket  
Ball has taken its place.

Last term, as usual, the different  
Forms played against one another; we  
played Upper III. and were beaten in  
a close game.

The Junior Club meet every Wednes-  
day afternoon, when the members sew  
for our annual bazaar in aid of the  
Children's Hospital. So far the Junior  
Club bazaars held at the end of the  
year have been very successful, so we  
hope the same for the coming event.

**Upper III.**

Dear Editor,—

Upper III. this year is quite a small  
Form, consisting of twenty-one girls.  
At the beginning of the year there were  
no new girls, but as this term began,  
our number has been increased by two.

When we came back this year, we  
were glad to welcome a new Form  
Mistress, but after a few weeks had  
elapsed, Miss Lander was obliged to  
leave to take up more important work  
at the University. Miss Cheffins then  
took up the position, and has been our  
Form Mistress ever since.

Our Form Captain this year is May  
Oakley; Cot Fund representative, Dor-  
othy Bold; and our Games Captain,  
Vans Anderson.

Last term we played several tennis  
matches against different Forms, but  
were unsuccessful. This term we hope  
to be more fortunate at net ball. Miss  
Freer has included us in the Junior  
Club this term, and we have a competi-  
tion every second Wednesday and sew  
every alternate Wednesday. We are  
hoping at the end of this year to have  
a bazaar.

**Lower IV.**

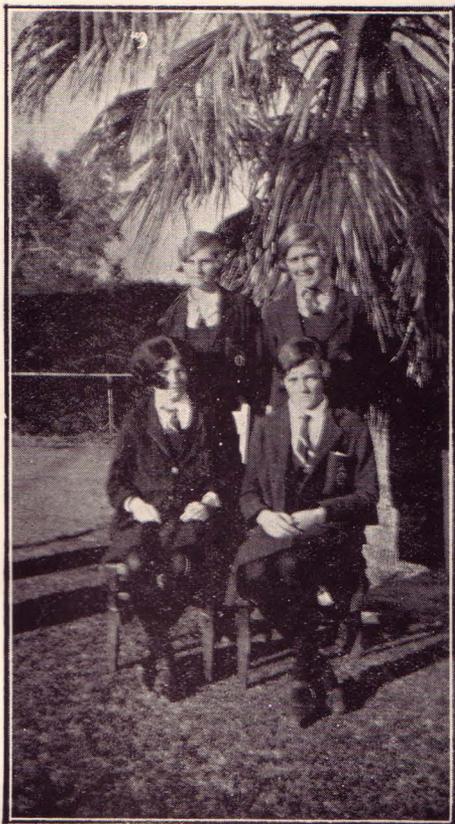
Dear Editor,—

Twelve of our number are new this  
year, but we are all happy together.  
Although we have occasional spasms of  
calling out in class, our conduct on the  
whole is very good! This is not our  
fault as we get so enthusiastic during  
the lesson. We have a reputation for  
having the loudest laughs in the school  
—that shows we are healthy and have  
good lungs.

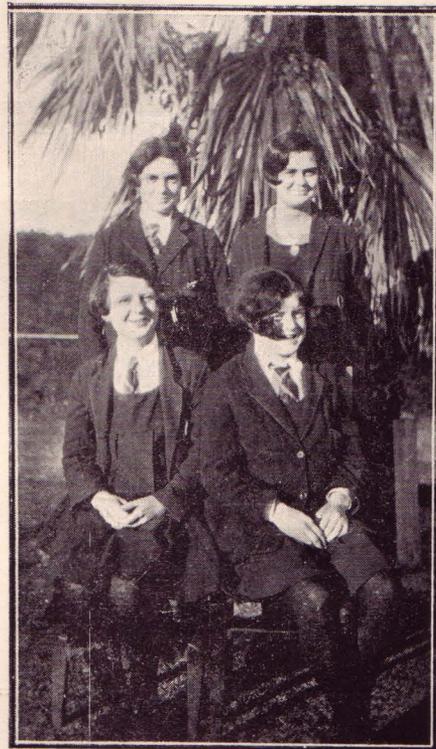
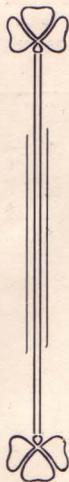
We are sorry to say our number has  
been reduced by one this term. This  
member is very ill, and we fear, will  
not be back this term.

One night for homework we had to  
pretend to apply for a situation in an  
office as a boy. One of our brilliant  
number signed her own name at the  
bottom. In another composition this  
was written: "I have pink and blue  
'boarder' round my wall and on the  
floor too, there is a 'boarder' which is  
highly polished each day.' "

We are very strong, too. One day  
when the window was difficult to open,  
our Master said: "That's right, get  
Samson on it."



SWIMMING TEAM.  
E. OLIVER      G. NUNN  
D, FORBES    P, NUNN



"A" TENNIS TEAM.  
J. ANDREWS    K. GRIEVE  
N. FORBES     D. FORBES

We were very pleased that our Form Mistress came up with us from Upper III., but we are wondering if she was pleased. We think we had better stop telling any more Form secrets to the public, so we will close till next year.

#### Domestic Science.

This is our first introduction to the "Mag." and let us hope it won't be the last. We are not a very large Form as we only number fifteen; we have risen from all parts of the school.

We have many unpleasant duties to perform, such as cleaning stoves, lighting fires and scrubbing tables, but then we eat all we make and that makes up for all the drudgeries.

During pan-cake making there is a vast amount of uncertainty prevailing as to where the pan-cakes will alight.

Upholstering is an art which we are rapidly mastering. But sometimes we are rather noisy and Mrs. Wickham finds it necessary to send us to the gods (gallery) in order to keep quiet.

In the Gym. we excel in grumbling and "sitting out." We are specially good in Geography, English and Arithmetic, and have learnt, among other things, that goats produce feathers and that "men's working trousers" are classed among hardware goods. In Arithmetic we learn that if you subtract 10 from 490 it leaves 510.

Monty finds that drawing is not her strong point, because after several desperate attempts at drawing a flower our mistress inquires in red ink: "What kind of flower is this?"

We are very sorry to lose three of our form mates, including the hardware merchant.

Well, Mr. Editor, we now must say "Au Revoir," but hope to come again next year.

#### Upper IV.

"O, Sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious." Therefore as we have no wish to be tedious, we will be brief.

This year has been a happy one for us all. We hope our mistresses have enjoyed it as much as we have, although they never seem to look very cheerful when entering our door.

We are the largest Form in the school and as we are a very sociable and conversational little community,

we are well represented in the conduct and order mark book; also in the detention room where we have several permanent seats.

Although we do not seem to shine particularly in everyday school work (there is a wild stampede for the door at 3.30), we are expert in other directions, particularly singing!! The Form can boast some rare voices, and the school will be surprised when they find us leading the chosen choir which is to delight the audience at our school concert, to be held very shortly.

The Gym. is another place where we shine. We have held the gym. shield for two years, and this year, with the advent into our midst of a number of fairies (?) we have no doubts about retaining it. Anyhow we are becoming so agile that accidents rarely occur with any serious consequence to ourselves, although we frequently fall upon our poor mistress's head, causing temporary distress, but she always comes up smiling.

Still, for all the little difficulties and anxieties which burden our souls, our spirit cannot be suppressed for long, and occasionally bubbles over at the wrong moment; indeed, most of the members of our Form have acquired an amazing and individual laugh, and when anything amuses us, which is not infrequent, work must cease in neighbouring class rooms until our mirth has been suppressed.

In conclusion, we wish every happiness to our Principal, Miss Finlayson, who, we regret to say, is leaving us at the end of the year. She will carry away with her the esteem and gratitude of the girls for her patience and endurance with the idiosyncrasies of the Upper IVth.

#### Lower V.

Dear Editor,—

We are asked for a contribution, so always being ready to please, we exert our mental capacity in a supreme effort to send in a little of the news of the Form.

As usual we were victorious in the inter-form tennis, though a certain Form did have speculations to the contrary. We are represented in the net

ball team by two girls who do their best to keep up the prestige of the Form.

At the end of the term, the spirits of the Form will be upset owing to the absence of a Sparke plug, we hope our sentiments at this sad loss will not distract us from devoting proper attention to our lessons.

Two additions to our Form this year seem to possess the brains of the room, even questioning the knowledge of the mistresses. Oft through the silence of the still morn, while meditating on French Dictée, "Pardon" rumbles out in a melodious well-trained voice of unusual depth and quality, but the Form being well mannered moves not a muscle.

Another hilarious member of our Form is absent periodically and somehow manages to miss three preps.

We must not forget to remark on the extensive vocabulary Nature has bestowed on a member of our illustrious Form. Her delightful phrases charm the ear, and render great delight.

Quite a number of people have become experienced wool classers, owing to the knowledge of their excellent art, to the fact that they daily run their now well trained fingers over the abundant growth of wool adorning the class kitten.

Dire distress is felt in our hearts as we approach the Junior. Needless to say, we were very hurt when told by our mistress that she was looking for an excuse to get rid of some of the members of the Form. The exquisite irony of it! However, our worries will soon be over, so "Bear up, girls!"

#### Upper V.

Dear Editor,—

Allow us to present herewith our annual contribution to the general public.

We are working exceptionally hard as usual, though our marks are not particularly satisfying, nevertheless we are endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of Chaucer's learned clerk, "Of studie took he most care and most hede."

Remarkable intelligence has been shown by several students. One professed her ignorance of the reality of a certain bird (or title should we say)

of a selected English essay, "The Doodle Doo." Another promising French scholar declared that "Jacques, tu es un ane," meant Jacques killed an ass. We are attempting to become "cultivated" girls.

This year, we have collected £2/15/9 for the Cot Fund from a Form of eleven affluent (?) students.

In retrospective mood we shall tell you about the biology excursion to the Museum which was a fiasco. The only biological specimens which were on view, were humans, as the Museum was closed.

There have been several opinions on our English essays, resulting in hot arguments as to the limit of a writer's license. One of our slight idiosyncrasies is to scatter dashes at random, without rhyme or reason.

The result of the tennis tournament last term left much to be desired, in fact we were horribly crushed.

However, I fear that we are monopolising our limited space, so, being unselfish people, we'll give way.

With best wishes for the prosperity of the "Mag."

Cheerio! Form Upper V.

#### Form VI.

Elsewhere in this ponderous volume our merits have been sung by a poetess of no mean merit. We hate to sing our own praises. That sort of thing is not in our line. In fact, we don't know how to do it; and in accordance with the spirit of the Sixth Form, we certainly did our very best to prevent them from appearing in prose; but all to no purpose! Vain were our efforts! The Editor was adamant!

Our chronicle will be brief, but to the point. As we are industrious (we can't help being that), our conduct is good. As our conduct is good the result of our industry is better. As our results are better, our reports are—best. Having reached the superlative we can go no further—at least, not here; but Mr. Hogben assures us that at a later period (very much later we hope), we will be offered more chances to improve ourselves under celestial conditions, so we have that to console us when we are busy regretting the swift passage of our school-days. Some

people seem to think that school is a place where one enjoys oneself to the exclusion of everything else, including work (that, of course, is the principal thing they exclude). But do we think so? No! A thousand times infinity—No! To us, school is a tremendously serious problem, where we spend our time acquiring knowledge for future use—even burning the carbon filament at both ends and the middle at once. The result of this enthusiasm for our work is taking a concrete shape in the splendid fortnightly marks we get.

But not only at our studies to we excel. The Games' Shield adorns our walls, and 'tis even bruited abroad that our illustrious name will be emblazoned on the Gym. Shield at the end of the year! At any rate, its absence will not be from lack of energy or enthusiasm. We even attend extra gym-classes, when we can find the time! Some people hint at our ulterior motive, but we scorn to heed such base insinuations! Jealousy!!

Our talent is not limited to our intellectual studies and our physical exertions—we are all born actresses. We can not only act, but also make up our parts as we go along. In fact, our extempore speeches are the best part of our entertainments. Most of the school witnessed the charming little series of Nursery Rhymes which we presented at the end of last term. Music, too, is another of our little side lines. We provided our own jazz orchestra for the entertainment. All instruments available were employed, and we were told afterwards that the general effect was unprecedented in the annals of music. Combs, kazoos, or casous (both spellings are allowed by the Sixth Form Academy), kerosene tins, canaries and tin whistles all contributed to the unimpeachable qualities of the concert.

We are a nice compact little Form and we are not bothered much by Upper IV. They are particularly docile and are dispatched to the Division Room in case they should distract us from our work. We have even succeeded in communicating to them some of our enthusiasm for gym. We are hoping that they will be a credit to our careful training when they become

next year's Sixth Form, and that by that time their perverted taste for Ella Wheeler Wilcox will have vanished; and also that their tendency to make poor Queen Anne eat three hearty meals on the day of her husband's death, will have disappeared. (Might we inquire, with all due respect—to Queen Anne—whether she was obliged to indulge herself in the same way at the death of each of her nineteen children? Poor Queen Anne!)

We wish all those taking Junior the very best of luck, at the same time nerving ourselves for leaving.

Sing a song of Sixth Form,  
A class with ideals high,  
Eleven little school girls  
Resolved to do or die.  
When we pass the Leaving,  
Happy will we be,  
When we think of that day  
Happy now are we.  
Hard we work for Leaving,  
In this perfect class,  
Won't it be a perfect scream  
If we do not pass?

#### GIRL GUIDE NOTES.

In view of the fact that His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Stonehaven, was visiting the school, the honour of welcoming him was bestowed upon the Guides. A guard of honour was formed and as the chauffeur's rate of approach was extremely rapid, Lord Stonehaven inspected us after having alighted. Naturally, we were highly complimented, especially as he considered us a fine (?) lot of girls.

On Saturday, September 25th, our first outing of the year took place at Armadale, where the recruits obtained their first initiation into the mysteries of tracking and scouting.

As it was some time since the Guides had contributed to the Cot Fund, the Company decided to hold a Toy Fair to raise funds, part of which were to be sent to aid the Fairbridge Farm Company, and part to the Cot Fund.

Energy was not lacking, and by the end of the term all kinds of toys had been completed, with the result that no one doubted our ingenuity, but many questioned the recency of our childhood.

The fair was held in the school grounds on Saturday, December 11th, and its success was truly wonderful, the proceeds amounting to £20.

Originality is generally acknowledged to be part of a Guides outfit.—Those who visited the Mystery House will surely attest to the truth of such a supposition.

At the end of 1926, nine of our oldest and most efficient members left school, and at the beginning of 1927, a call was made for recruits to fill the vacancies. Thirteen responded and were enrolled by Miss Officer, on Tuesday, May 10th, thus raising the total membership to thirty-two.

The progress of the Tenderfeet has been rapid. We learn from one that the abdomen of St. George's dragon was so capacious, that after having been eaten (whole we presume) the worthy citizens drew lots as to who should be the next victim.

The prospect of a camp in the May holidays was hailed with delight. Many anxious moments were experienced before it was finally decided that it should be held at Mount Helena.

Twelve Guides were fortunate enough to be able to attend, and the ceremony of installation took place on May 14th. Our presence in the village was soon felt, or heard. The ignorance of the villagers proved prodigious, for finding that we had not returned from a day's outing by 8.30 a search party was organised. We recognised the good will which caused such a move, but really we couldn't help feeling rather insulted.

On Saturday, May 21st, the campers descended from Mount Helena, and reinforced by other members of the Company, took part in the March Past of Guides at the civic welcome to the Duke and Duchess of York.

It was a pity to spend a day in town, so we prolonged our stay in town by one day, returning on the 24th. The camp was entirely successful, the cooking being excellent, and energy abounding until it came to walking to church.

We hope that the recruits will enjoy their first experience of camping in September as much as we have enjoyed ours.



#### INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS.

Soon after the commencement of the third term last year, running, jumping, and pass-ball practices were in full swing, and the stage of "running off" was soon reached.

The Inter-School Sports were held on the Claremont Show Grounds on October 16th, and the weather was all that could be desired. As usual, a large and enthusiastic crowd assembled to witness the sports, and when, after a day of furious barracking and great

excitement, the points were finally added up, Perth College was first, Perth Modern School second and P.L.C. with 15½ points was third.

The results of the races in which P.L.C. gained points are as follows:—

Long Jump (open).—4th, D. Forbes.  
Hop, Step and Jump.—2nd, D. Forbes.  
50 Yards (open).—3rd, D. Forbes.  
100 Yards (under 15).—3rd, P. Roe.  
50 Yards (under 11).—2nd, D. Bold.  
Relay Race.—2nd, P.L.C.  
Pass Ball.—2nd, P.L.C.  
Father's Race.—1st, Mr. Hicks.

## SWIMMING NOTES.

At the beginning of the year we had a fair number of entries for the various Life Saving Examinations and the majority of those who entered were successful.

In the various exams the following girls gained their certificates:—

**Elementary:**—V. Hall, M. Church, S. Cox, K. Baird, P. Baird, K. Kennedy, J. Wallace, I. Ackland, J. Livingston.

**Proficiency.**—D. Bennie, S. Cox, A. Wood, V. Evers, M. Church, L. Bain, E. Oliver, V. Hall, B. Jeffrey, O. Keightley, R. Grieve, K. Tilly, B. Wylie.

**Bronze:**—S. McClelland, P. Griffith, E. Oliver, K. Tilly, B. Wylie, R. Grieve, R. Keightley, O. Keightley, J. Andrews, D. Forbes.

**Silver:**—D. Forbes, N. Forbes.

At the swimming sports which took place on March 12th, we did better than we had done previously, although we did not have so much practice as we might have had. We succeeded in gaining second place in the life saving event for the Barron Trophy, which was won by C.E.G.S. In this event G. Nunn tied for fastest time with C. McLintock from C.E.G.S.

The 50 yards open championship was won by G. Nunn, while P. Nunn won the under 14 50 yards championship. The life saving team consisted of G. Nunn, D. Forbes, E. Oliver and P. Nunn. We are hoping to have these four girls back at school next year. If so, we should have a very good team.

## NET BALL NOTES.

Coaching the Netball team has been pleasant work this year—everyone has practised keenly and has shown interest. The whole spirit of the team is much improved and each member has played unselfishly and with consideration for others.

Quicker footwork is still needed, combined with more variety in the passing—that is, in the timing of the passes. Sometimes it is necessary to get rid of the ball very quickly, but at others, a few seconds delay would give someone a chance to find an excellent position in which to receive the ball. Another point; try not to use the same

tactics too many times or they will lose their force. Surprise is a great ally, and will prevent an opponent from anticipating a manoeuvre—try to avoid an obvious move unless the opposing team is expecting something different. Watch your opponents, learn their characteristic methods of attack and defence as quickly as possible and try to anticipate their moves in the game—and remember that head and hands and feet must all work together.

It is almost impossible to pick out any one person for special praise or blame, and I think this is a good sign as it shows that the individual has been sunk in the team while the results show that the level of the team is high.

I appreciate the work done by people who are not up to team standard—they have helped immensely in making each practise of value by playing with the team every day and by working as hard as anyone of the 1st VII.

	For.	Ag'st.
P.L.C. v. P.M.S. won	20	17
P.L.C. v. G.H.S. won	61	7
P.L.C. v. C.E.G.S. won	29	12
P.L.C. v. M.L.C. won	23	3
P.L.C. v. P.C. drawn	19	19
P.L.C. v. S.H.H.S. lost	13	51

## TENNIS NOTES.

The results of the tennis this year as yet, are not as gratifying as they have been in previous years. In saying this I am referring to the results of the "A" team matches; on the other hand the "B" and "C" played well, both teams losing only one match out of all they played.

At the end of last term the Form team matches were played. Each Form chose eight girls to represent it, four to play on the grass and four on the gravel courts. Each match was witnessed by a mass of enthusiastic supporters who lined the courts and cheered every stroke vociferously.

At the end of last year, our sports mistress left us to embark on a new life. Miss Lowe had influenced practically the whole school with her cheery smile and word of advice to any young hopeful tennis-player and we were very

sorry to lose her. However, we were fortunate enough to have the place filled by Miss Thomas almost immediately.

Thanking Miss Smith and Miss Thomas for their attention to us, I shall finish off with a list of the matches.

"A" Team.

	For.	Ag'st.
C.E.G.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	2	2
C.E.G.S.—17 games.		
P.L.C.—16 games.		
M.L.C. v. P.L.C. . . . .	3	1
P.M.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	4	0
P.C. v. P.L.C. . . . .	1	3
G.H.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	1	3
S.H.H.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	4	0

"B" Team.

P.C. v. P.L.C. . . . .	1	3
C.E.G.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	0	4
P.M.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	2	2
P.M.S.—20 games.		
P.L.C.—16 games.		
C.H.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	0	4

"C" Team.

P.C. v. P.L.C. . . . .	1	1
P.C.—11 games.		
P.L.C.—8 games.		
C.E.G.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	0	2
P.M.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	0	2
G.H.S. v. P.L.C. . . . .	0	2

## TENNIS HINTS.

The tennis teams did some good work last season and had it been possible to practise more this term, I am sure we should have progressed much further.

I have been trying to emphasise the value of placing the ball even if, at the beginning, it means a slight slowing down of the game; the "B" and "C" teams have shown greater improvement in this than the "A" team, which still relies too much on hard driving without sufficient aim. Tactics are as important in this as in other games.

The "A" team played a good, thoughtful game in the last and most difficult match of the season and although easily beaten, the team put up a good fight.

Practise is essential if the level of the tennis is to be raised. No amount of coaching will make up for lack of it, and as it is impossible to arrange a great many team practises, not a moment of them should be wasted.

These two points have been given

many times before, but I hope it will not be necessary to spend so much time on them next term.

Each member of the teams can help herself and others by individual practise against the bumping board and by playing as well as possible in every practise game.

## MUSIC CLUB NOTES.

Although there has not yet been a meeting of the Music Club this term, it is hoped that one will shortly be held.

Towards the end of the third term last year a meeting was held one evening in the gymnasium when various members of the Music Club tried to prove that "Music hath charms." Perhaps the lights did not appreciate our efforts as they persisted in going out and in causing a general upheaval. We think and hope that the evening was enjoyed by all—except the unfortunate performers. During this term Miss Hodd came down and gave a most interesting lecture on Elizabethan Music, and also put on the gramophone some very pretty madrigals and other songs, which gave us a very good idea of the beauty of this period. Miss Martin then sang several songs to illustrate Miss Hodd's lecture. Miss Nicholson also read an interesting and amusing paper on the Elizabethan Theatre. In spite of the fact that there must have been much to laugh at in the Elizabethan theatre it would be rather difficult to appreciate the play, so that we all felt that we enjoy luxurious conditions in our modern theatres.

The evening was very much enjoyed by us all and we wish to thank Miss Hodd, Miss Nicholson and Miss Martin very much and we all hope that perhaps in the near future another such meeting may be held. Early in 1927, a meeting of all those desirous of joining the Music Club was held in the gymnasium at 4 p.m. Miss Hutchinson and Miss Martin addressed the meeting and at their suggestion it was decided to study the life of one of the great composers for each meeting, and the knowledge of members would be tested by a competition. The life of Beethoven was the subject for this meeting and it was decided that the life of

Bach would be studied for the next meeting. As many of the boarders were going to hear the operas "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Il Pagliacci," the stories of these operas were read to us and several outstanding numbers from each were played on the gramophone. We appreciated this very much, as otherwise we would have known little of what was being sung. We thoroughly enjoyed the operas, although we found that there is a much lighter side to them than their composers ever intended.

The results of the music examinations were very gratifying, and much of this was due to the untiring efforts of our unfortunate music mistresses. We wish the very best of good luck to all those who are taking music examinations this year.

#### ASSOCIATED BOARD.

**Higher Grade.**—Pass, B. Hobbs.

**Lower Grade.**—Honourable Mention: M. Wittenoom, K. Parker, J. Hughes, L. Flemming. Pass: H. Dempster, M. Hibble, M. Hopkins, J. McLarty, M. Oakley, M. Smith.

**Elementary Grade.**—Honourable Mention: M. Miller, J. Wittenoom.

**Primary.**—Honourable Mention: V. Evers. Pass: J. Hicks.

#### UNIVERSITY MUSIC EXAMS.

**Grade II.**—Credit: F. Gates.

**Grade III.**—Credit: M. Humphry. Pass: B. Sparke, F. Sharland.

**Grade IV.**—Pass: P. Inverary.

**Grade V.**—Pass: N. Sadler.

**Grade VI.**—Pass: M. Wright, J. Livingston.

#### DANCING NOTES.

Dancing, this term, began half-way through first term—this was owing to the fact that the days in the third term become too hot for us to be doing the Charleston and other high-jinks; while the latter days of first term are decidedly chilly, and dancing is appreciated by all who learn, especially the boarders who form the majority of the class.

Miss Kilminster did not take the class this year as usual, but her place

has been ably filled by Miss Linley Wilson. The class which is large, is divided into two divisions and those least experienced in the arts of fox-trots and waltzes form the first class whose lesson takes place from 3.45 to 4.40 p.m. on Thursday afternoons, while the more experienced pupils enjoy the privilege of dancing to the strains of "Bye Bye Blackbird," "Then I'll be Happy," and "Rose Marie," from 4.40 till 5.30 p.m.

After Miss Wilson had instructed us in the art of deportment, the latest fox-trot, and waltz steps, a great stride was taken and we are at present learning the Charleston; not the so-called music hall Charleston, but the more sedate (?) and ladylike English or flat Charleston. To begin, we were lined up down the room and to the strains of "Hey-diddle-diddle" we commenced first steps.

After the lesson, boarders going up to tea were seen to be doing a series of, step, bend, step, bend; on the verandah some of the more tuneful were humming "Hey-diddle-diddle"—but in different keys—while others were going through first steps—step, bend, together, bend, side, bend, together, bend, and so on, and later, forward, twist; together, twist; side, twist; together twist, until all calves were tired and all girls were glad to sit down to a cheery tea. There are questions as to the practising of the day-girls. Some have mastered the art of Charleston, but others, Miss Wilson is sorry to see, are still in the process of first, step, bend, together, bend.

#### Eurhythmics Notes.

Since last year we have lost several of our fellow eurhythmic enthusiasts, some from the death of their enthusiasm, some from the fact that their school-life has come to an end.

Eurhythmics is progressing. A proof of this was the small demonstration given at the end of last term.

Last term several enjoyable evenings were spent at Perth at combined classes of Miss Hinrichs', and specially interesting was a musical evening, when a eurhythmic display was given, followed by a song by Miss Marcia Hodges, violin and piano solo, and also several graceful interpretations of the

three great musical B's—Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms—by Miss Hinrichs and one of her pupils.

We are all looking forward to several more of these promised evenings.

#### LIBRARY NOTES.

The lib'ry has a splendid store Of books, and mags, and plays galore, Of Latin, Science, Biology, Of Physics, French, and History, The Renaissance in cover blue, And Bible dictionary too. And some are used and some are not, And some are read and some forgot, The English, French, and History, Are free from dust as they can be. On these the dust is inches thick; Geography and Arithmetic, The Essay set I always know, The Borrower's book, it tells me so.

#### Fiction Library.

The Fiction Library is certainly the chief support of many of the boarders in the week-end, for by its aid they are enabled to fill in two afternoons, afternoons which would otherwise be filled with that annoying "nothing to do" feeling. We hope, too, as time goes on, to have such a complete and assorted library that the varied tastes of one and all may be satisfied.

At present many of the books, owing to continuous handling, have lost their backs, and generally present a very worn appearance; so much so that the question has been raised of spending the third term's subscriptions on materials with which to cover the books. This would give the shelves a much more uniform appearance than they present in their present patchwork state.

The subscriptions raised for the purpose of buying new books have not been quite so numerous lately as in previous terms; reading, it appears, being regarded by some as a perverted taste. Nevertheless, the Library is growing steadily; thanks, not only to the subscriptions raised, but also to the many people who have kindly presented the library with books. At present the shelves contain 280 books, an increase of more than forty on last year's number.

Some of the books added to the library this year are:—

- "Mr. Row!"—D. K. Broster.
- "Money Moon"—Jeffery Farnol.
- "Ann and her Mother"—O. Douglas.
- "By Order of the Company"—Mary Johnston.
- "Final Count"—"Sapper."
- "Bull-dog Drummond"—"Sapper."
- "The Young Fur Traders"—Ballantyne.
- "The Half Hearted"—Buchan.
- "Head of the House of Coombe"—Burnett.
- "Robin"—Burnett.
- "High Adventure"—J. Farnol.
- "Hempfield"—Grayson.
- "Nonsense Novels"—S. Leacock.
- "Literary Lapses"—S. Leacock.
- "The Feast of Lanterns"—Miln.
- "Watchers of the Trails"—C. G. Roberts.
- "Kindred of the Wild"—C. G. Roberts.
- "Hunters of the Silence"—C. G. Roberts.
- "Monsieur Beaucaire"—B. Tarkington.

"**Bimbo the Pirate**" (by one who knows him).

For years you have heard of the entertainments conducted by the Boarders' Dramatic Society, but it is only on very rare occasions that the day-girls bring forth their latent talent. Last year it was decided that the day-girl members of the VI. and Upper V. Forms, should provide an entertainment, in order to augment the amount previously raised for the Cot Fund.

After much discussion it was decided that one of Booth Tarkington's plays should be presented—"Bimbo the Pirate!" The characters of the play were about ten in number. After several attempts at rehearsing—minus parts—we decided that it would be better for everybody if each endeavoured to copy her own. This task was duly accomplished, and although it was impossible to rehearse more than one scene at each rehearsal, we eventually arrived at a time, when we felt that we might go through the performance without fear of collapse on the part of the performers.

The great night arrived! What a scurry and bustle! How awkward when

the blackened wadding would not adhere to our faces without the aid of seccotine!

How distressing was the discovery that our swords? ? ? simply would not stay put!

Ah! but it was all over too soon!

The dash into the lime-light! the crash of a sword that had refused to remain in position, the untimely end of the carefully soldered goblet, the seccotine which allowed our facial muscles no freedom of movement, the last gallant dash into safety, with that elated feeling that gives one the sensation of treading on air, only to be rudely awakened to find a rope coiled about one's feet and the floor in very close proximity to one's head.

How well we had looked, but what a process to be reconverted into our natural selves; no soap would remove seccotine, no brush would remove our eye-brows and beards, but nothing could alter the fact that we had done our dash, and that the Cot Fund had benefited by our martyrdom.

### EIGHT LITTLE ANGELS FROM ARCADIA.

Eight little angels  
Dreaming all of Heaven!  
One ate her water-bag  
And then there were seven.  
Seven little angels  
Practising high kicks!  
One kicked a bit too high  
And then there were six.  
Six little angels  
Glad to be alive  
One wished that she were dead!  
And then there were five.  
Five little angels  
Flying through a door  
One got stuck within the hinge!  
And then there were four.  
Four little angels  
One thought she was free!  
Gave cheek unto a mistress  
And then there were three.  
Three little angels  
Feeling all so blue!  
One got a conduct mark  
And then there were two.  
Two little angels  
Up the drive did run!  
One panted till she burst

Then there was one.  
One little angel  
Didn't have no fun!  
Fell into the pea soup  
And then there was none.  
No little angels  
In Arcadia reign!  
Strange to say the mistresses  
Don't wish them back again.

### BIOLOGY EXCURSIONS.

Biology excursions! These are the joy of our existence. By the time we reach Form Upper V. or VI. we begin to feel the need of such an occasional holiday.

We must tell you of them. Take, for instance, our last. It was arranged that our Form should indulge in one of these luxuries in the form of a visit to the Museum, and how great was our excitement when we were told to meet our mistress at the entrance on Friday at 2.30 (a.m. or p.m.).

The great day arrived. The weather was perfectly vile, to say the least of it. When we were going down the road the wind nearly blew us back to school; the rain nearly drowned us; the mud covered us.

We fell into a bus, collected our wits (what there was left of them!) and then fell out again after having contributed our threepences in return for the "Buggy Ride."

We arrived at the Museum—that tomb of the "gone beyond repair"—and then met the remainder of our party. We advanced to the mighty portal, and what was it that met our gaze?

MUSEUM CLOSED ON FRIDAYS!  
Total collapse. The heavens wept in sympathy!

### JESSAMY'S LETTER.

Dear Editor,—

A whole year since I wrote anything for the Mag! Many changes in a year too—don't live at P.L.C. any more (after all its a **Ladies' College** you know); have lodgings in town instead. Far more select!

By the way I'm at camp now you know—came last Saturday—very rough trip up but arrived fit. My collar being

the only kit I had with me, I didn't bother to drive up from the station. Promising place—Mount Helena! You'd enjoy it if you were up here—plenty of fowls; most of the dogs I saw smaller than myself. Had a few hot words with the carrier as soon as I arrived—don't like men as a whole!

'Fraid I won't be able to tell you all my adventures, as I could only borrow one sheet of paper, so I'll describe the best day of all. Golly! What a day it was. Night before we decided to spend the day at a dam a few miles from our camp. Up bright and early—more than anyone else was—and had a good breakfast off a book of Saints belonging to Her. Just finished when She came out! ! ! Well, I won't write about what happened then—I felt better in an hour or so. After a second and less disastrous breakfast I set off with the rest of the campers in tow. Practically the first thing that I saw was a large white fowl standing right in the middle of the road—absolutely asking for trouble!. She separated us soon tho' and hit me hard. Why hit me—why not the fowl? Of course, as usual, I shrieked long before She hit me, but for once it didn't have any effect—She just went straight on! It was a bit too much—I cut her dead for at least two hours afterwards. When we got to the dam I took a short dip, and then started off to explore. There were at least a million sausages for dinner—and they left me two—small ones at that. After dinner She started fighting the whole company—hit them with gum nuts. I didn't join in, didn't want my name mixed up in any vulgar brawl! After that they chased each other into the water—I stood on the brink and thought how strange they all looked, the way they used their front paws was curious, to say the least of it. When they left the water they started playing a very pointless game called rounders, so I bounded off to see if I could track any fowls—but no luck. Came back just in time for the camp birthday cake—they were less stingy this time—I'll say that for them. As the sun had gone I strolled over to the fire they had built while I was away, lookin' for fowls, and went to sleep on Her knee as a sign that I had forgiven Her. They woke

me up in an hour or two and we all started making tracks for home. Had a ripping walk—tore on ahead but kept doubling back to see if She was alright—She always was. When we got home I foraged around for a little supper and then curled up among the fragments of the Saints and went to sleep. Dreamt about fowls all night too—lovely!

Well, well, paper's given out, and my paw is very tired. More next year.

Yours, JESSAMY.

### "A BLACK'S WASHING DAY."

One hot December day, several friends, my brother and I, had planned to go for a picnic to a river close by. The day was fine and we were so excited that not one of us knew what to do first. Upon reaching the river we tethered the billy-goats which had drawn our carts, gathered our possessions and ploughed through the burning, sinking sand to the shade of a gum tree clump in the centre of the river bed.

Dropping our goods we sank exhausted and thankful upon the cool shaded earth. When we had sufficiently recovered from our hot walk we made "short work" of the food and cool drinks provided by our thoughtful parents, although careful to save a portion of them for the afternoon.

As the sun had now invaded our position we determined to find a cooler spot, and with that thought, explored the clumps surrounding us. We were greatly surprised to find several garments spread on the sand and concealed beneath the hanging branches of a tree, near by, several tubs containing two or three bars of soap. After moving our camp we had hardly made ourselves comfortable when one of us described a long line of aborigines walking leisurely along the river's bank. They began to descend when they reached the break in the bank opposite and our thoughts flew back to those few scattered clothes on the sand, and the hidden tubs, so packing our belongings we hastily moved our site.

Half an hour later, finding we could no longer restrain our curiosity, we decided to visit the camp. Taking with us a "peace offering" of eatables, we

approached our former position now inhabited by the whole, noisy black camp from the hill. With them the men had brought their dogs and the lubras their piccaninnies, so that the air was filled with the cries of the children, the yelps of the dogs and the jabbering of the blacks.

One little piccaninny with a long English name, created a diversion by escaping from her mother's clutches, after her scanty dress had been removed—to be washed—and before another could replace it. She was so nimble and quick on her feet that neither the boys nor the dark men could capture her, but at last she was prevailed upon by her mother to return and was subsequently re clothed.

The other women, meanwhile, did more talking than washing and sharp commands were constantly being issued to the men, for fresh water from the pool near by. The garments—if they can be so-called—were doused in the water, soaped thoroughly, rinsed and laid in the sun to dry, pinned down with heavy stones.

Leaving, reluctantly, our new friends, we gathered together our possessions, packed them in the carts and then wended our way slowly homeward in the gathering darkness, tired but happy.

"Aminta, the new doll."

### A VISIT TO EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

We have left Port Sudan and we are the sole travellers on a little white train, speeding through the desert, like princes with our own special cook and butler. Village after village is passed, each with its patch of cultivation and separated from its neighbour by 10 miles or so of coarse grass and thorn bush, where the camels and goats graze. There are no great signs of wealth, but there is an air of peace and contentment. The sun is rising over the hills of Kerreri as our train crosses the bridge of the Blue Nile and draws up in Khartoum. Well-planned with its wide streets and shady gardens, this is a model of what a town in the tropics should be. The palace of the Governor-General on the site where Gordon was

killed, with its glorious gardens laid out by Kitchener, also the Gordon College for the native boys, must rank among the finest buildings of their kind.

In order to see the native side of life we must cross the river and visit Omdurman, with a score of different races in friendly union, drawing water from the common well. And when we see the tomb of the Mahdi and the old house of the Kaliphas, we cannot imagine the scenes of bloodshed that these represent. At Khartoum, we have our first taste of the Nile. We take a trip between the Blue and the White Nile to Gordon's tree, on a bright, sunshiny afternoon; on either side are native boats, shadoofs and water-wheels—the never-ceasing water-wheels of Egypt.

We are impatient to visit the land of Pharaoh glory. We take the "Sunshine Express" back through the desert to Wadi Halfa, a real little Eastern town with its mud houses and narrow streets, where the merchants exhibit their wares. Alas! we may not stay, our boat awaits us and we are, at last, on the Nile. Here is Egypt; here is beauty; here is that thrill which is indescribable, it belongs to the East alone.

Your first temple, Abu Simbel, stands covered with pictures of long-dead kings. As you look up you see spots of blue and red and gold in the cartouches, the hieroglyphics, the figures with their great granite hands on their great granite knees; and you realise with something of a shock, that Egypt in the old days must have been one shattering vision of splendour. You go on down the Nile, gradually falling under the spell. A week is spent in Luxor, whence you cross the river to Thebes and pass through the valley of long-dead Kings and Queens. Among many renowned tombs you see that of Tut-ankh-amon; and, entering, find his great sarcophagus of solid gold, knowing that he himself is inside, 3,200 years old! And, if you are lucky enough to get Abdu, the faithful and best of all dragomen, to take you round, you will go one night, by pale moonlight, through the remains of the great Avenue of Sphinxes to the Temple of Karnak. Passing through the first

great pylon, or gateway, what are we prepared to see: Perhaps an age-worn, dead-looking ruin, nothing more? But the sight of those enormous pillars (the tops of which one almost falls over backwards to see), stretching in never-ending line into the darkness, is overwhelming. You are more than surprised, you are astounded, and even a little afraid, for the great round face of the moon peeping in between the columns, making flickering dancing shadows on all sides, gives the whole place an uncanny appearance which makes it seem alive. There is a sadness and beauty in the night as there is a brilliant happiness in the day. And there will come sunsets which no painter can paint and no writer describe. They violate all the accepted rules of colour. In silence you watch the sunset grow, see it work up to its climax like a symphonic poem in music. That passed, it changes. It fades. It revives slightly. It fades again and dies. Opposite, in the east, is the after-glow, pink and faint. A purple mist steals out and wraps itself round the foot of the hills . . . the stars are already alight in the pale blue sky; the Nile is silver; the rising moon seems to have awakened drums. They throb and thud, a thin trickle of pipe music can be heard through the rhythm

"This is the heart of Egypt,  
The West can never know—  
Luring, enchanting, mysterious—  
Alive with things dead long ago."

We cannot stay, our own century calls us.

We enter Cairo, the heart of Modern Egypt, with a thud—"Modern," did I say? If shingled heads and painted faces may be called "modern"—we have seen such things on the tombs and temples of the Pharaohs!

We go to visit the Cairo Museum where are all the wonderful finely-carved jewels of Tut-ankh-amon. Then we spend a glorious day with the Pyramids and the Great Sphinx, and also see His Majesty King Fuad, at the races.

Later, we go on to Syria and the Mountains of Lebanon—the land of the Bible, unspoilt, unchangeable.

They are the same people with the same ideas, plying the same old trades,

goldsmiths, shoe-makers, potters, carpenters, with the instruments fashioned by their biblical forefathers.

Syria is a land of beauty. There is beauty in the landscape, beauty in the architecture, beauty in the native inhabitants and their ideas. The most truly Oriental town is Aleppo; here we can walk in the native "souks" or bazaars and lose ourselves in that enchanting Eastern-scented atmosphere, completely forgetting for a while that we do not belong here and that we must be causing great curiosity among the frequenters of the bazaars.

It being now near Easter week we pack ourselves and our luggage into a car and set off for a two days' drive through hills and forests and fields of wild flowers, over the River Jordan, past the beautiful Sea of Galilee, through the little township of Nazareth.

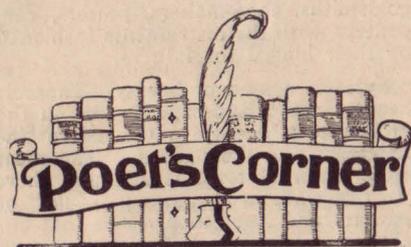
Then on we go through the battle-fields, where centuries of besiegers have attacked the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and where, not so long ago, Allenby's army scattered the "Huns," and at last over the brow of the hill and there is the Holy City before us, the wonderful city of Jerusalem. This is a city of strange contrasts; Jews with their funny little side-curls and fur hats come to keep the Passover; Christians of all colours and from all lands; Americans in "plus fours" presenting a curious contrast to the Arabs in their flowing robes, and then the Mohammedans flocking to their Mosques at sunset in answer to the "Call to Prayer" from the minarets.

Easter is over and the time has come to return home. We take that little white train through the "Wilderness" of the Israelites and board our ship at Port Said.

Here we say good-bye to Egypt, but not to the Orient, for our boat allows us a few hours at Aden, Bombay and Colombo. After this we come back to our "little grey home in the West" and not a grey home do we find, but a bevy of flowers to welcome our return.

Are we glad to be back? Well—  
"East is East, and West is West,  
And never the twain shall meet."

Y. DALE.



### FAIRY STORY.

One day a little girl called Mabel. Once Mabel went for a walk in the wood and had loush. And. Went home? After that. the next Month was june. the end.

H. Foulds is 7.

### THE LITTLE BOW-WOW.

Their was a little Bow-wow sat down upon the ground, Then the little bow-wow turned him round and round, Then the little bow-wow began to weep and wail, Because the little bow-wow couldn't catch his tail.

Olive Bennie (10½ years).

### THE FAIRIES.

I know a little fairy,  
She lives hidden in the glen,  
With lots of other fairy folks,  
And little fairy men.

All through the day they hide away,  
Until the day is done;  
Then through the night, they come  
and play,  
And have the greatest fun.

They dine on fruit and honey too,  
They've stolen from the bees;  
From blue-bell cups, they drink the  
dew,  
They catch from dripping trees.

But now that winter days have come,  
They stay at home and play;  
They mend their wings, and make new  
things,  
And are busy all the day.

Pat Church (8 years).

### PAT.

I have a little dog called Pat,  
Who chews my shoes and eats my hat;  
He plays and barks all through the  
day,

I wonder what he'd like to say.

I think he'd like to tell me why,  
He chases cats, who often try—  
To steal the bones he likes to bury,  
He seems to think I cannot hurry.

I think he'd like to have me stay,  
And play with him all through the day;  
He does not like my other toys,  
I suppose because they make no noise.

P. Hopson (7½ years).

### THE FAIRIES' BALL.

The fairies gave a ball one night,  
And everyone they did invite;  
Fairies, elves, sprites and gnomes,  
All to come from their little homes.

Each prepared for the great event,  
And from their homes they softly went  
Down to the shops in Dingle-Dell,  
Where a quaint little shopman always  
did well.

"Ho, ho," he said, "so you've come to  
buy,

Dresses, suits and clothes, oh my!  
Is this all for the fairies' ball?

"Come," he said, "I am charmed with  
you all."

Away went the fairies, elves and  
gnomes,  
Back again to their little homes,  
To have their tea and dress for the ball,  
Which was going to be given in the  
fairy hall.

Off they went on the wings of the birds,  
And when they were there, what  
sounds could be heard;  
Rustling of dresses, suits and caps,  
But lucky to say there were no mis-  
haps.

The old moon smiled and gave his light,  
To the fairies who danced on that  
beautiful night;

At last came the time to say "goodbye,"  
And off flew the birds as birds do fly.

"Goodnight, goodnight," they called as  
they went,

"Thanks for the invitations you sent,  
We'll come again another night";

"Goodnight," they cried, "goodnight,  
goodnight."

The next morning came, they were all  
awake,  
Just as the dawn was beginning to  
break;

None of them tired, I am glad to say,  
And they worked very hard the whole  
of the day.

Sylvia Cox (11 years).

### THE CHANGEABLE WEATHER.

A fairy sat a-swinging on a wattle  
blossom tree,

A magpie came a-calling, a-calling  
sweet to me,

A sunbeam came a-stealing and a-smil-  
ing in at me,

And I knew the rain was over,  
And the time for play was come,  
So I sent my work a-flying  
And went to play with them.

But a grey cloud soft came creeping,  
And the sky soon fell a-weeping,  
So the fairy and the magpie and the  
sunbeam went away,

And I knew that play was over,  
And the time for rest had come,  
So I called "Good-bye sweet play-  
mates,"

And went to dream of them.

Lorraine Mair (12½ years).

### THE FAIRIES' ORCHESTRA.

In the fairies' Dance Hall,  
Pipers there are three,  
People coming to the ball,  
Talk and laugh with glee,  
For they love the fairy pipers  
And they love the fiddlers, too,  
Twiddling on their skins of vipers,  
Have they e'er been seen by you?

There is a little fellow,  
Who is such a dear, wee chap,  
With his little coat of yellow,  
And his banjo in his lap,  
For it's he who sets them dancing,  
On the smooth and shining lawn,  
And it's he who's always glancing  
At the moon, to watch for dawn.

Pipers three, fiddlers two,  
I'd love to hear them, wouldn't you?  
Banjo man, tamb'rine girl,  
Brilliant dancers in a whirl;  
Golden light, glowing stars,  
Silver lights, moonbeam bars,

Thus the fairies dance at night,  
Aided by the glow-worm light.

Kathleen Kennedy (12½ years).

### "THE WILD WHITE HORSES."

One day as I stood at the sliprails  
dreaming,

I saw in the distance, their manes a-  
streaming,

Their splendid coats sparkling and  
bright,

The wild white horses in glorious flight.

Wild and free they thundered along,  
White and beautiful, perfect and strong,  
Red dust wrapping their hoofs so fleet,  
As they galloped along in the white,  
still heat.

On and on they still kept going,  
Manes and tails wild and flowing,  
Free and untamed as the wind from  
heaven

Galloped the beautiful fifty-seven.

Their leader galloped around and  
around,

Clearing all obstacle with an even  
bound,

So they passed out of sight over the  
hills,

Going just the way their great leader  
wills.

Sheila Cummins (12½ years).

### "A WEEK."

Monday we are lazy,  
Do not feel like work,  
Brains are rather lazy,  
And we're apt to shirk.

Tuesday we feel better,  
Gym. comes on the scene,  
Things begin to glitter,  
And every one to beam.

Wednesday we have singing,  
Every one's a lark,  
All our voices ringing,  
And don't the dogs just bark.

Thursday drags by on its way,  
Would that it would scurry,  
No one longs for it to stay,  
But Thursday, Hurry! Hurry!!

Friday do not stay too long,  
We like you better if you fly,  
For to-morrow is Saturday,  
And to school we say good-bye.

Holidays are very few,  
Saturday and Sunday too,  
So glad they come to you,  
For it's school on Monday.  
Peggy Holland (11½ years).

### "THE WIND."

I wonder where the winter wind goes  
racing to at night,  
He does not stop to tell me, though I  
really think he might;  
I can hear him round the chimney tops  
and past the tall elm-tree,  
I wonder where he really goes, it does  
so puzzle me.

Below the weeping willow-tree, or at  
a tall cliff's base—  
Yet still I think that seems to me a  
most unusual place;  
I wish I knew just where he hid, that  
wind so full of glee,  
Because I don't, I really think he's  
playing jokes on me.

Molly Church (12½ years).

### THAT FUNNY FEELING.

Have you ever been in a prep. room,  
With all your work well done,  
With a prefect there on duty  
Who'd not stand any fun?

I guess you have at some time,  
I wonder how you felt?  
Just a great and awful feeling  
Somewhere beneath your belt?

Did you try to talk to someone?  
Did you tell them you'd surely die,  
If things weren't brightened up a bit,  
And time just made to fly?

Well I've had just those feelings,  
So when next you're feeling blue,  
Just think of how I stuck it,  
And try to stick it too.

Anon.

### "THE SONG OF THE SWOT."

With elbows smarting and hard,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
We girleens sit in a uniform garb,  
On our books our eyes are fed.

Swot—Swot—Swot—!  
In a classroom musty and hot;  
For this is the song of our very sad lot  
"The song of the mighty swot."

Swot—Swot—Swot—!  
When the rest go out to play!  
And swot—swot—swot—!  
Till it's over for the day!  
It's oh! to be of age  
When of work we need have no more,  
When women need never look at a page  
Of what she'd seen before.

Swot—Swot—Swot—!  
Till the brain begins to swim,  
Swot—Ewot—Swot—!  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim,

Je suis, tu es, il est,  
Il est, tu es, je suis.  
Till over the verbs we muddle our  
words,

To try to make them agree.

Swot—Swot—Swot—!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Swot—swot—swot—!  
As prisoners work for crime,

Swot—swot—swot—!  
Our labours never cease  
And what are its wages? A good report  
Some knowledge learnt and peace.

Oh for but one short hour,  
Away from this awful Geog!  
No blessed leisure for basket ball,  
Now to dissect a frog!

A little more and our Junior we'll get,  
Ho, for the prizes then!  
No more Latin, Franch or Maths.,  
And home we'll be again.

With elbows smarting and hard,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
We girleens sat in a uniform garb  
On our books our eyes we fed.

Swot—Swot—Swot—!  
In a classroom musty and hot,  
For this is the song of our very sad lot,  
The song of the mighty swot!

D.H.—L.V.

### THE GUIDES' A.B.C.

- A stands for Animals which guides  
should love,  
B stands for Brightness down here  
as above,  
C stands for Care that guides show  
in their work,  
D for Duty they never do shirk.  
E's for the Eagerness shown to assist,  
F for the Friendship one cannot  
resist,

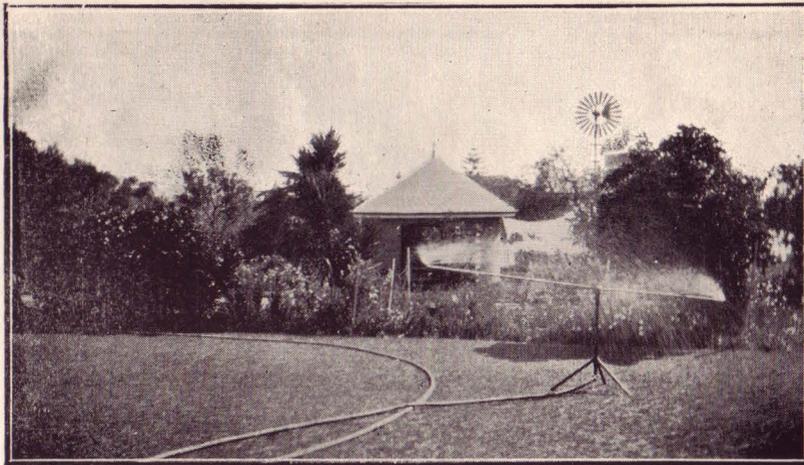
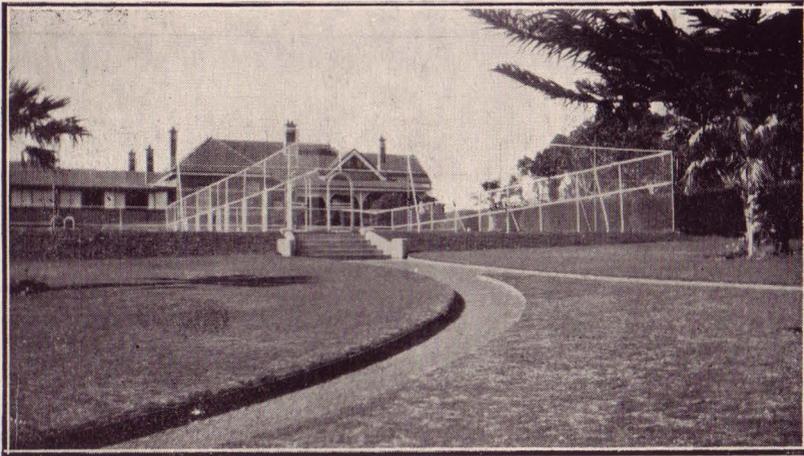


NET BALL TEAM.

M. MURRAY, N. FORBES, MISS SMITH, J. ANDREWS, B. BROWNE,  
D. FORBES, G. NUNN, B. WYLIE,  
P. ROE.



COLLEGE GROUNDS.



G's for the Good they give back for wrong,  
 H for the Happiness sung in each song,  
 I's for the Ideals they try to live by,  
 J's for the Joy that never will die.  
 K is the Kindness they practice all day,  
 L stands for Law every guide does obey,  
 M is the Most she can do for a friend,  
 N is the Name of the King she'll defend.  
 O is the Ordinary duties to do,  
 P is the Pride in her uniform blue,  
 Q is the Quickness she shows all the time,  
 R for the Rungs on the ladder she'll climb.  
 S stands for Sorrow—she helps it to flee,  
 T stands for Thrifty they all try to be,  
 U stands for Uniform kept all so neat,  
 V is for Virtue which makes her so sweet,  
 W for Willingness all show to help,  
 X for the Exercise done by herself,  
 Y for the Year that has only begun,  
 Z for the Zeal that is lacking in none.

**WODSWORTH'S "LUCY"**

(By any modern poet).

For 365 days multiplied by 3  
 She grew!  
 Both in the strong rays of  
 The sun  
 And also  
 In the moisture caused by the condens-  
 ing of clouds  
 Nature said: Hello! what's this kid  
 doing out by herself?  
 It's  
 Rather  
 Low!  
 I—myself—will take this floral object  
 And will adopt her legally.

(H & J)

**THE TALE OF WOGGY.**

Somewhere in this story, sad beyond compare,  
 There is hid a moral—though we don't know where.  
 'Tis the tale of Woggy—who once stole a bone—  
 He was but a puppy, so could not have known.  
 That to steal was wicked; but his master stout,  
 (He was called McGinty), he was quite put out.  
 So he hit poor Woggy, till he yelped with pain,  
 "Just get out, young Woggy; don't come home again."  
 Poor Wog hung his head down, 'Twas only a bone  
 An' so how could I know to leave it alone?"  
 He hung his head lower; he started to cry,  
 Was ever a dog half so wretched as I?"  
 He looked at a gun, "I will shoot myself dead,"  
 He looked at a stone; "I'll aim this at my head."  
 He looked at the stream; "I will fling myself in,"  
 A sudden great thought, and he backed with a grin.  
 He tore to the house and went straight to his room,  
 "How nearly that beastly deep stream was my tomb!"  
 He picked up his cap, "I will leave here to-day,"  
 He packed his clean collars and bounded away.  
 At first all went well—then his troubles began,  
 He was hustled and jostled and kicked by a man.  
 He stopped by the wayside to gnaw a bone—  
 He felt rather lonely and wished himself home.  
 As he dozed by the wayside, a motor car passed,  
 He heard a loud cry: "Oh! we've found Wog at last;  
 He rushed out to meet it—he thought in his head  
 'Twas McGinty, Crash! Bang! There poor Woggy lay dead.

McGinty he mourned him and solemnly  
swore,  
That in honour of Wog he would ne'er  
keep dog more.  
He found out too late what Wog knew  
all along—  
That home was not home without Wog  
to do wrong.

(H. and J.)

### THE SIXTH.

The Pride of the School! Eleven all  
told!  
A Form that's worth its weight in gold.  
Diligent we are, a studious class  
With a great ambition the Leaving to  
pass!  
"High marks" is our motto, we make it  
a rule,  
To uphold the honor and prestige of  
School.  
Our Mistress' delight! Our Principal's  
pride!  
To be in our midst, full many have  
sighed!  
At sport we excel, for we hold the  
Form Shield;  
And seldom we're beaten when we're  
in the field!  
In the gym. we are fairies as graceful  
can be  
Our leapfrog and somersaults splendid  
to see!  
We don't worship our Seniors, or  
heroines divine;  
But are worshipped by juniors, which  
is quite in our line!  
The School standard we've striven with  
might to maintain,  
So buck up you juniors! See you do  
the same!  
Surpass if you're able the brilliant  
Eleven,  
Who graced the Sixth Form in the  
year '27!  
For soon we'll be leaving, midst honor  
and fame,  
To make room for you others, our  
places to gain.

R.K.

### THE BASKET BALLE MATCHE.

(With apologies to Chaucer).

Down unto the basket balle fiede  
Wente fourteen girles for the balle to  
wielde,  
Around hem gadrede many girles stable  
And teachers eek for that—al who  
were able.  
At four by houre the game did beginne  
And from the start for certes did we  
winne  
The oother girles semed unable quite  
To cope with oure extraordinary  
myte,  
And now and now we did the ball-y-  
rent  
From out hir hands, and to oure goalie  
sent  
Younge Pattie Roe she ran like wilde-  
fire  
From oon end to the oother and ne'er  
tire,  
And Dorothy and Betty played with  
care  
Hir opponents were so good ne were  
they there  
And oure defenses why they semed so  
goode  
The oother girles rooted stood as wood.  
Aud as for Joyce I cannot here you  
tellen  
For without her wel myghte we han-y-  
fallen  
Whanne at last the umpire boom'd  
"Tis time,"  
Ful fourteen girles up the bank did  
climb  
To see the score—which number'd  
sixty-oon  
Agin hir seven—wel hadde we wonne.  
This tale for hem I konnen it is sad,  
But as for us, wel we were myghte  
glad  
And as on wyning were our souls-y-  
bente  
In peace they cam, who thanne in  
pieces wente.

G.N.

### THE MAGIC SPELL.

In the end cottage of a quaint village  
there lived a little girl named Mary,  
who was very lonely and often walked  
in the wood.

One day the landlord turned Mary  
out of her home, and as she had no-  
where to go, she went into the wood.  
She did not know who her parents  
were or if they were dead. As Mary  
walked along she saw a poor duck  
caught in some creepers. She quickly  
freed it, and it said: "One day I shall  
help you," and it walked away. Seeing  
a light in the distance, Mary hurried  
towards it, and knocked at the door of  
the cottage. An old shrivelled up  
woman answered, and bade her wel-  
come. She then asked for some supper,  
and the old woman, who was a witch,  
said: "I will not give you any supper  
until you earn it." Saying this, she  
gave Mary a broom to sweep the floor.  
After working industriously for some  
time, she heard a knock on the door.  
Opening it Mary saw the duck, which  
she had rescued. The witch, who was  
entering the room, said to her: "Catch  
that duck because I want it for supper."  
"No! no!" replied Mary. Then she said  
to the duck: "Oh please run away  
quickly." The duck did not, but said:  
"Crawl on my back and I will take  
you away because that old woman is  
a witch and nobody loves her." When  
he had said this, Mary ran, and kissed  
the witch because she was sorry for  
her.

Instantly there was a loud crash and  
a clap of thunder. Looking round in  
bewilderment, she saw a lovely queen  
in the place of the witch; a palace in-  
stead of a cottage, and a prince, which  
had been the duck. The queen then  
explained to Mary that she was her  
mother. She then summoned the ser-  
vants, who took her to her rooms. The  
maids dressed her in satin and placed  
a crown upon her head. The Prince  
was visiting Princess Mary, when a  
magician put them under a spell, which  
was broken as soon as Mary kissed the  
Queen. The Prince and Princess were  
married and they lived happily ever  
after.

JEAN OATS,  
Form Lower III.

### OVERSEAS NEWS.

We have many friends overseas, who  
send us news from time to time. Miss  
Lodge is still touring England and  
apparently has little thought of re-  
turning to us as yet. Miss Mann is  
once more in her beloved Scotland, and  
seems quite content to be there. Miss  
Bull has been studying in Paris and  
has been very good in sending letters  
and postcards to many of the girls.  
Miss Jaques has taken a post under the  
Government in Hong Kong and is  
teaching gymnastics both to English  
and Chinese children.

We print below extracts from letters  
received from Miss Jaques and Miss  
Bull:—

Hongkong,

April 6th.

There are five Girl Guide Companies  
here and four Brownie Packs, and a  
Ranger Company is just beginning.  
The Girl Guide Companies are, one, in  
connection with a British school, all  
English girls, and another English  
company, an open one, which I help to  
run. One company is a Portuguese  
company, and the other two are pure  
Chinese, and even wear Chinese cos-  
tume for uniform. These have been  
enrolled only very recently. I was at  
the enrolment of the last one. At  
present I am trying to fix up some cor-  
respondence between some Chinese  
Guides with my 2nd Cottesloe. It will  
be a case of finding one or two who  
know enough English.

On Wednesday, in Easter week, we  
are hoping to take the 1st Hong Kong  
and the 1st Kowloon (English) to have  
a day at Stonecutters, one of the many  
islands that lie around Hong Kong.  
It will be a great novelty for all, and I  
am wondering how they will enjoy  
sausages cooked a la hiki, fashion. I  
think they will thoroughly enjoy the  
cooking, if not the eating.

I often feel a longing for Australia,  
with its climate and its wide open  
spaces, the aroma of the bush, and the  
glories of the flowers. But Hong Kong  
though without many things, has a vast  
amount of interesting points and many  
attractions. The place itself, its queer  
people, its full and busy life, its pleas-

ures, its politics, or rather its viewing of the Chinese troubles, its English people, its army and navy. Full as full is every short day for me. Very full of interest is a short walk along any street. The babies travel all day strapped on mother's or sister's back; very probably mother working vigorously and baby's head going wiggle-waggle all the time. The baby slings would interest any one, I am sure, and would enliven any child-nurse lecture.

D. M. JACQUES.

Montreux,

June 23rd.

I went for a whole day excursion to the Great St. Bernard Pass . . . near Martigny we saw the debris left by an avalanche of last October, and further on a beautiful cascade falling from a great height and breaking into rainbow-coloured spray almost at our feet. . . . Then we left all habitations until we came to the Hospice of St. Bernard right on the Italian frontier. We visited the Hospice and saw the dogs—magnificent creatures and most friendly and anxious to give their paws to everyone. The baby dogs were darlings, but we were only allowed to look at them through bars.

M. F. BULL.

#### LAST WORDS OF P.L.C. CELEBRITES.

J. G.—My dear, I never thought I'd come out of that music-room **alive**.

V. A. S.—I'm going where the non-biologists go. How niggly!

G. N. and P. N.—Aw! Don't be **feeble**!!

J. A.—Heck! I'll never giggle again!

N. F. and D. F.—Please pass that photo of Ramon.

M. E. S.—Oh! Have you read——? I'll lend it to you. (If-I-don't-forget).

Upper IV.—Chuckle—beam!!!

H. S.—Golly! This is rather neat!

C. E. N.—Well, so much for that.

D. F.—I say, will you take my next duty, please?

Jessamy.—Fowl ahoy!

#### OLD COLLEGIAN'S ASSOCIATION.

Office-bearers :

President : Norma Holland.

Vice-president : Miss E. R. Finlayson.

Hon. Secretary : Audrey Thiel.

Assistant Secretary : Bae Bick.

Hon. Treasurer : Nancy Martin.

Metropolitan Members : M. Officer, N. Horgan, M. Sholl, K. Rowe, F. Gates.

Country Members : M. Mountain, D. Dival.

The 5th Annual General Meeting was held in the School Gymnasium on 2nd April, 1927, and the following matters were brought up for discussion:—

(1) The Constitution. Several amendments were made and subsequently a copy was forwarded to all members.

(2) It was suggested that the Old Collegians' Association should have its own tie, but on enquiry it was found that it was impossible to secure a poplin tie unless a large order (of about 500) were to be submitted to the makers in London. It was then suggested at a committee meeting that we should see if we could get a tie knitted with the Association colours, but we have not been successful up to date, and as the dance is looming near, it has been decided to drop the matter until the next general meeting.

The annual dance was held in the school gym. in October of last year, and was generally voted a great success. The hall was particularly well decorated, due mainly to the efforts of the then secretary, Nancy Martin. The colour scheme was carried out in the Association colours, the three lights being covered by paper shades in the form of large purple and green Scotch thistles, which were dropped over the lights during the last dance, throwing a mauve light over the gymnasium.

Garg, Norma and Nessie, with assistance from others, were responsible for the supper, which was voted the best yet from a Scotch School. By the way, members, Garg made the meringues!

There was an excellent attendance, which we hope will be equalled this year. We were only £3 out of pocket—record! Good old Nance! Roll up, members, and make it pay for itself this year—optimist Audrey?

Members will be sorry to hear that Miss Finlayson will be leaving the school at the end of this year, her resignation being necessitated by her approaching marriage to Mr. W. Ogen

Winsome Noble paid a flying visit to Perth a short while ago, but is now back home again.

Two of our Old Girls are excelling themselves as sports mistresses, namely Molly Oldham, at Girls' High School, Claremont, and Janet Paterson, at P.L.C. Melbourne; whilst Molly Mc-Millan has won for herself the title of Open State Champion during the recent golf championships. Another golf enthusiast is Beryl Rosman who has returned to Katanning after participating in the tournaments and gaining second place in the Open Country Championship.

Many of our new Old Girls have gone in for commercial vocations. D. Cullen, we hear, is doing very well in the West Australian Newspapers Ltd., and Barbara Humphry is now with the Westralian Farmers' Ltd., whilst Alice Blurton is also doing well at Goode Durrants. Amongst those studying commercial subjects are Bae Bick, Phyllis Thiel, and Joy Durham.

Quite a number of our girls made their debut at the Karrakatta Club Dance given in honour of the Duke and Duchess of York, namely H. Cramond, D. Howe, M. Anderson, J. Campbell, and Joy Mitchell. Another of our clan, Ydonia Dale, also made her debut at a dance given in her honour in the Karrakatta Club. Ydonia, we might mention, has just returned from a most interesting trip to Egypt.

Hettie Forbes is holidaying with

Marjorie Taylor at her brother's station, whilst Maud Sholl is staying with her sister, Mrs. Bob Schlesinger, in the Eastern States.

Kath. Morresby, after finishing her training is now a fully fledged teacher at the State School, Kulikup. Lily Hocking is training at the Training College, Claremont.

Amongst those of our Old Girls taking up the nursing profession are Joan Solomon, Yootha Potter, Evelyn Corteen (who are at the Children's Hospital), and Molly Davis, Molly John, and Margot McKenzie at the Perth Public Hospital.

Dot Davis, by the way, has been down lately staying with Garg, and is looking very cheery.

On the 1st of August, the Old and Present Girls combined and gave a most enjoyable concert in the Cottesloe Hall, the proceeds going to the School and the Old Girls' Charity funds. Owing to the fact that all accounts are not yet in, the proceeds are not definitely known, but we believe are in the vicinity of £35, which, members, is not so bad seeing that the Old Girls only had three weeks in which to get their portion up.

We were all very sorry to hear of Belle Cusack's accident, and members will be glad to know that she is very much better.

Precious Rose was down a short while ago staying with Margaret Draper. Edna, incidentally is now married to Mr. Frank Slee of Bunbury.

A surprising number of our Old Girls have been lucky enough to visit England and the Continent. Jean Grant, Grace Grant, Lel. Barker, E. Monger, J. Hearman, and Helen Blythe have just lately returned from England and the Continent, whilst Jean Loton, Helen Walker, Joyce Stephens and Margaret Stewart are still abroad, and from all accounts enjoying themselves immensely.

ly.. Joan Blackall is now in Ireland, and writes that only having been there a few weeks, she "cannot yet speak the language."

Ydonia "Jimmy" Dale, has recently returned from Egypt, where she had a wonderful time.

Joan Eyres has just returned from a holiday to the Eastern States, whilst Tessie Nunn left with her mother for the same destination on 11th August..

Dorothy Solomon has been studying singing assiduously since she left school, and has developed a very pleasing mezzo-soprano voice. What do the neighbours think of it Dot?

Shelia Love is another who is lucky enough to have been to the Eastern States.

Our beloved "Patsy" Smith was married recently to Mr. Middleton, and is at present living in Mount-street.

The Mountains are living in Geraldton still, and we have most of us heard of Mary's engagement to Mr. Reg. Percy of "Tibbradden." Betty is her same dear old self, and has developed a craze for tomato growing and duck rearing in the little time she can spare from her "Brownies" and Guides, of which she is an ardent leader.

Betty is an ardent fisherwoman, as also is Audrey Thiel, who was staying with the Mountains for nearly three months prior to Christmas. The pair of them spent many hours tempting providence and luring little fishes to their fates, and to do them justice, they seldom returned home without a bite of some description.

Our latest visitor to Geraldton is Norma Rolland, who has been staying with Mary during the past few weeks. Unfortunately, Norma has been discreet enough not to be baited, and we have not been able to glean much information from her as to the latest doings up there. However, judging from the wicked twinkle in her eye, we

think we are safe in concluding that she had quite a good time!

Audrey hopes to be going on a trip to Derby on the "Koolinda," sailing on 26th August, and she intends whipping in to see the Mountain family, and perhaps to work in a game of tennis whilst the boat is in port. Betty, by the way, is playing a startlingly good game of tennis. We would like to get her down here during one of the local tournaments, and are quite sure that she would make some people sit up.

Annabelle Plaistowe (Mrs. Ken Allen) is also keeping up her tennis reputation, and plays in country teams.

Gone to join the ranks of P.L.C. Old Girls at the University are Freda Gates, Agnes Cunningham, and E. Sayer. Evelyn Andrews, by the way, has gained her degree of Bachelor of Science.

The secretary recently had an interesting letter from Eileen Shannon, "Shanney." She wrote:—I was so pleased to see Muriel Tilly on her way back to W.A. last May. We had lunch together and I saw her off at the train. It is a pity the **real old** girls don't contribute more to the Old Girl's page. I find it by far the most interesting part of the mag. as I know the girls—those at the school now are mostly unknown to me. Of course I am interested in it **all**, but I like to hear what the old girls of my time are doing. I saw Freda Carter the year before last. I am always pleased to see old school friends. I often have W.A. friends here—in fact I am having two the week after next, but few of them are P.L.C. girls. I hear occasionally from the Lamonts, and they give me a fair share of news regarding P.L.C.ites. I would like to congratulate the school on the improvement made on the magazine. I was the other day looking over a few of the first years', and could see a vast difference.

Clare McLintock provides us with the interesting news that Doris White

is engaged to Mr. A. C. Butler, Manager of the Primary Producers Bank at Merredin.

Jessie Elphick, who at school showed great promise of developing into a singer has not disappointed us. Many who attended the concert have remarked on the fine quality of her contralto voice.

Yvonne Harrison (Wrench) has a wee babe. The stork has also visited Laretta Gill (Watson).

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Margaret Officer's father, and also of Jean Ottoway's mother.

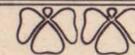
#### ENGAGEMENTS.

Isobel McConnough of New South Wales, to Ivan Piper of Cottesloe; Joan Eyres of Claremont, to Harold Klugg; Mary Mountain of Geraldton,

to Reg. Percy of Tibbradden; May Piper of Cottesloe, to Archie Thomas of Fremantle; Jean Loton of West Perth, to Kim Male of West Perth; Doris White of Merredin, to A. C. Butler of Merredin; Miss Finlayson of Cottesloe, to Mr. W. Ogden of Katanning; Meg McGibbon of West Perth, to B. Summers of South Perth; Ada Cooke of Northam, to J. Gootch of Northam; Peggy Curlewis of Darlington, to Colin Grasby of Guildford.

#### MARRIAGES.

Betty Salmon of Melbourne, to Mr. G. Craig; Mary Trigg of Subiaco, to Mr. Harry Nunn of Beverley; Edna Rose of Bunbury, to Mr. Frank Slee of Bunbury; Miss P. Smith of Perth, to Mr. Howard Middleton of Perth; Miss Mollie Lowe of Cottesloe, to Mr. Ken McNeill of Cottesloe.



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