

LUX

C.B.

VOLUME I
NUMBER 8



Joan Ryan

Mr. David Arnold.

NOVEMBER, 1934

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.

LUX

School Officers.

Prefects:—MIRIAM UNWIN (Head Girl), HELEN WHEELER,
PATRICIA DENT, JULIE TURTON.

Sports Committee:—P. DENT, H. WHEELER, M. MACKENZIE,
J. GAULD, J. WICKHAM, S. JACOBS, E. WALKER, L. McKEOWN.

Sports Captains:—General Sports:—P. DENT.

Cricket:—P. DENT.

Tennis:—J. GAULD.

Hockey:—L. McKEOWN.

Netball:—M. GARNER.

Swimming:—H. WHEELER.

"Lux" Committee:—P. DENT (Editress), M. UNWIN, M. MACKENZIE, G. JAMES, A. TWYNAM, S. JACOBS, E. WALKER.

HOUSES.

House	House Mistress.	House Captains.	House Colours.
MacCallum.	Miss Spicer.	L. McKeown.	Scarlet and Grey.
Tait	Miss Potter.	J. Park.	Green and buff.



S.C.E.G.G.S. (SENIOR HOUSE).



PREFECTS (left to right).—J. Turton, H. Wheeler, M. Unwin (Head Girl), P. Dent.



Magazine of Sydney Church of England
Girls' Grammar School—Country Branch.
(Postal Address: Moss Vale).

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1934.

No. 8.

Editorial

As each new year dawns, it unfolds new horizons for development of character and responsibility in the individual. Each new term brings forth opportunities for her to reveal herself, and in some way or other to endeavour to give back to her school a little of what it has given her.

And what has it given her? Friendships which may last through life, interests which she may not find in her home life. It has moulded her character, giving her strength to carry on in the world. And what must she in return give to her school—the very best that is in her, her loyalty, her leadership and her co-operation.

As a girl climbs higher and higher up the school, learning more and more as each year passes to love the traditions and every little custom of the school, her responsibility increases and it becomes her growing duty to uphold those traditions and to put her entire being into her school life, sharing alike in all its troubles and joys, and standing by it to the end.

As this year draws to a close, the thought of Miss Hammond's return comes naturally to our minds, and we wonder what the future will bring forth—.

"When every day brings forth a noble chance,
And every chance brings out a noble Knight."

Thus when the new term dawns we shall be ready to take our chance and show ourselves worthy of our school, and prove to Miss Hammond that during her absence, we have gained in experience and knowledge and that we have gone a little further towards becoming true citizens of the school.

School Notes

We were welcomed back at the beginning of our second term by rain, which also managed to spoil two of the principal events of the term—our own School Sports and the All Schools' Sports—although the sun beamed for us over Foundation Weekend.

On June 16, Miss Meyer very kindly surrendered her weekend to the Sixth Form, and took them for an all-day picnic. It was greatly enjoyed by all concerned.

On June 19th, the entire School attended a concert given by Miss Elsa Corry, which everyone enjoyed immensely.

Two picnics were arranged for June 30th, a Guiding Expedition to the Gib, and a picnic for the rest of the School.

On Tuesday, July 17, Foundation Day prayers were conducted by Rev. A. Corlette, who gave us an address, a full account of which will appear elsewhere. Foundation Weekend was a great success, the weather being beautifully fine both for the picnic at Cordeaux Creek, and the Old Girls' Tennis Match. At the Old Girls' Dinner there was a larger attendance than we have ever had before.

Our School Sports, which were to have taken place on Saturday, July 29th, had to be postponed to the following Monday week owing to the rain. Mrs. Arundel compensated for our disappointment by a surprise party on the original date and we were delighted to find it was her birthday.

On the last day of term, we embarked on the train for Sydney, eager for the holidays and for the All School Sports which were to have taken place that afternoon; however, the weather was not kind and succeeded in spoiling the sports, but in spite of the absence of some of the competitors on the following Monday, we managed to do better than in previous years.

On Saturday 29th, we wished our candidates the very best of luck for their Theory Examination, and we hope they will see their reward in the results. (*Editor's Note.* Since going to press, the results have been published. We would like to congratulate L. McKeown and R. Allnutt on obtaining honours.)

Lo and behold, on October 1st, when we came downstairs we were greeted by the sight of dazzling snow, which we were allowed to enjoy while it lasted.

Great was the excitement when on Friday, 5th October, Miss Irwin arrived to judge among fourteen candidates the winner of the Music Prize. After a strenuous afternoon, Miss Irwin gallantly fell in with our wishes for a recital, and played for over an hour to an enraptured audience.

Our Fete was a grand success, and we are most grateful to His Grace the Archbishop for opening it. Our thanks are due to Miss Meyer for all the trouble she took to make the Pageant such a success.

We would like to take this opportunity of saying that we do appreciate what Mrs. Arundel has done for the School this year. We wish her success and happiness in the future.

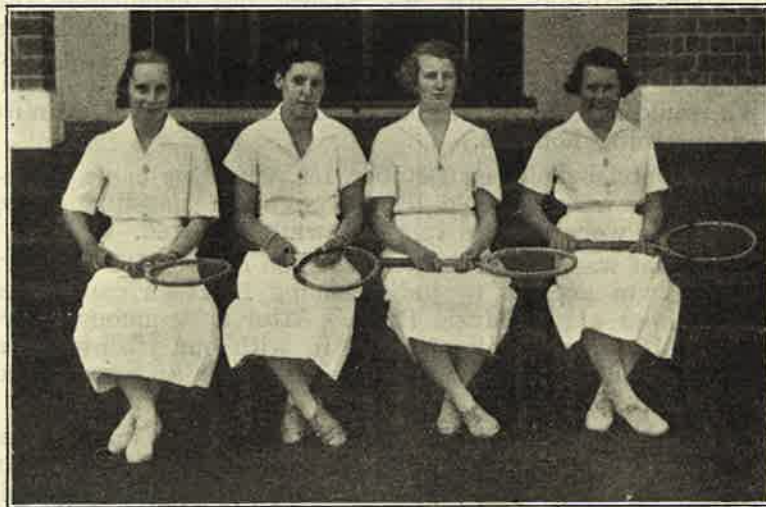
Lastly, on behalf of "Lux" and the School, we would like to wish the very best of luck and presence of mind to our Intermediate girls in their forthcoming examination; and may they live up to our motto, "Luceat Lux Vestra."

Confirmation

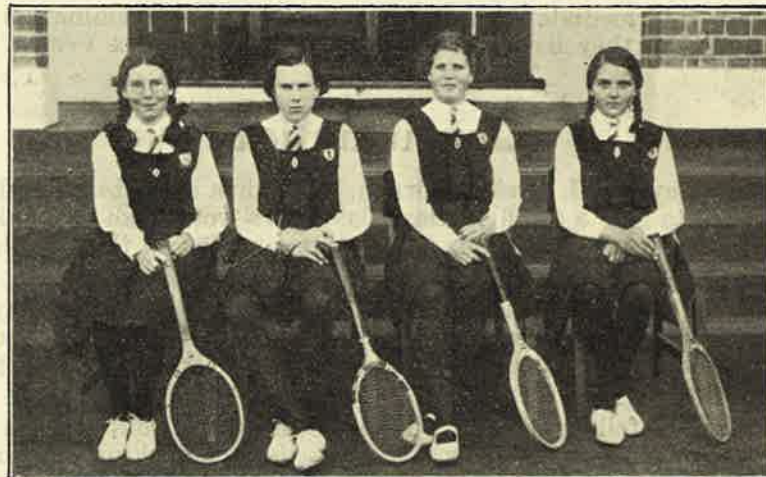
Rev. T. H. Distin Morgan, M.A., has come to us each week to give a Confirmation Class. We would like to thank him for giving so freely of his time and for all the trouble he has taken.

The Confirmation Service will take place on Wednesday evening, November 14th, in the Church of St. Simon and St. Jude at Bowral. The girls will be confirmed by Bishop Kirkby.

The following girls will be presented for Confirmation: Helen Wheeler, Audrey Twynam, Joan Monckton, Sheila Carter, Gwen James, Meg Gwilliam, Ruth Allnutt, Margaret Christmas, Miriam Unwin, Mary Tonkin, Coralie Davies, Phyllis Graham and Edith Walker.



A. TENNIS TEAM (from left to right).—J. Park, H. Wheeler, J. Gauld (Capt.), L. McKeown.



B. TENNIS TEAM (from left to right).—J. Graham, F. Candlish, J. Stephen, A. Twynam.

Music Examination Results

Practical—Grade II: L. McKeown, 70 per cent.

Grade III: M. Unwin, 76 per cent. (credit).

„ „ R. Allnut, 68 per cent.

Theory—Grade IV: R. Allnut, 96 per cent. (honours).

„ „ L. McKeown, 88 per cent. „

Foundation Weekend

FANCY DRESS DANCE.

On returning from our Foundation Day Picnic which we held in our cheerful “chop and toast” fashion at Berrima, we proceeded to deck ourselves in suitable array for the Annual Fancy Dress Dance.

At seven o'clock “Good Queen Bess” with gallant Raleigh in attendance, took the floor, followed by her picturesque and varied train.

Laurel and Hardy condescended to fly over from Hollywood with cane, eyeglass, and accent all complete; Tom Sawyer and his dog took command of the situation and quelled the panic among the ladies, when an audacious and barefaced burglary, led by the notorious gangsters Mr. and Mrs. Turton in person, took place; five of our brighter members demonstrated their exceptional tenderness for sleeping by appearing in mattresses, bedclothes and pillow, not to mention, of course, the latest in pyjamas; a party of gypsies arrived with their caravan (did we recognise the wheelbarrow?) and Black Saturday's agonies were well depicted by one who really doesn't speak from experience!

At the end if the revels supper was served and Mrs. Cordeaux presented the prizes. By the way, may we take the opportunity to congratulate all the prizewinners?

Mrs. Arundel then read the history of the School, the Head Girl spoke for the School and the Tait House Captain, on behalf of the Houses. After which we sang the School Songs, “Auld Lang Syne” and God Save the King.”

Old Girls' Dinner

On Saturday, after an exciting Tennis match, at which we were victorious, the Old Girls assembled for their Annual Dinner at a table daintily decorated with blue ribbon and white tulle. A place was set for Miss Hammond next to Mrs. Arundel, and the place-card and menu-card, signed by all those present, were sent home to her by the next mail.

The Dinner was thoroughly enjoyed by all, the waiting being efficiently carried out by five senior girls, dressed in white with blue frilled white aprons.

Miss Waite spoke on behalf of the Old Girls and was seconded by Dorothy Helm, who appealed for contributions to the stall at the Fete. Mrs. Arundel spoke on behalf of the School, expressing pleasure at being present at the Dinner. Miriam Unwin, as Head Girl, spoke on behalf of the Present Girls, and Julie Turton seconded her.

The Dinner was terminated by the singing of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" for the hostess, Mrs. Arundel, and cheers for Miss Hammond and all present. Coffee was served in Mrs. Arundel's sitting-room, where some played bridge, and the Cricket enthusiasts listened in to the scores.

Miss Hammond's Gift

Once again Miss Hammond has presented us with a beautiful picture for the Dining Hall. Last year she gave us "Diana of the Uplands," of the English School, on Foundation Weekend. This year our birthday present is "The Wood Gatherers," after the oil painting by J. B. Corot, of the French School. Miss Hammond has not seen the picture, as she asked Miss Coutts to choose it on her behalf before she left. But we are sure she will like it as much as we do when she sees it.

Rev. A. C. Corlette's Foundation Day Address

"I am glad to be able to be here to-day. I remember last time, it was my birthday, July 14th, and I am thankful to be spared again on this your Annual Commemoration of your Foundress.

I can't tell you much of the early history of the school, but I remember when it started. I have the privilege to remember the foundress, Miss Badham. There are many who thank God for their connection with this school and many who have received its abundant Blessing.

I hope when you leave you will join the Old Girls' Union and strengthen the school. Also, I hope you will pray for it; especially the Moss Vale branch, and pray God to bless those who teach and those who are taught.

This time I want to talk to you about pictures. Last time it was about the builders of a house, the foundations of the house and the pillars of which they were built.

Once there was a very famous artist who painted most wonderful pictures. Some were large and some small, some sang with joy, others cried out with terror. One was of sea sparkling in the sun and cliffs hanging over it. Another was of an earthquake with the houses and buildings fallen down, the women and children buried alive and a threatening sky overhead. It was a terrible one.

There was another picture of a child playing in a field, and a sad one of a little white-faced lad with his hands clasped in his mother's, lying on his death bed.

He also painted simple ones. One simple one was of a bunch of snowdrops and a butterfly with pretty wings. All were well done.

This great artist had three sons, when they were all very little he taught them to paint.

One day he said to his sons: "I am going on a long journey and I cannot tell when I will return. I want you to be industrious and work hard."

He took them into his studio, where there were canvas, easels, pictures and models. He gave to each a piece of canvas on which to paint pictures.

To the eldest he gave a large piece of canvas, to the second a smaller piece and to the youngest the smaller piece.

The artist told them there were many pictures which they could paint. They could look out of the window and paint the trees and green fields, but he advised them to copy the picture of a very beautiful child carrying a lily, with a dark shadow before him.

Then he went away on the long journey.

The eldest looked at the large piece of canvas and wondered what to paint. At first he decided to paint a battle scene of soldiers in gay uniforms, and plunging horses and gay flags, then he thought he would not do that

but instead, a picture of a King on his throne with men courtiers.

He turned to look at the picture of the child, whose eyes turned to look at him, and he decided to paint it.

It was hard. The child's face was so pure and lovely, he felt he could not imitate it exactly. Sometimes he grew angry and impatient and made blots. Then he felt sorry and would kneel down and cry bitterly; and wherever tears fell the blots and stains disappeared.

At last it was finished. He was not satisfied but he had done his best.

Their father had said before he went away they could not all paint equally well but each must do his best. The pieces were not all the same size but each was large enough for the picture.

The second son had a smaller piece. He also spent time in wondering what to paint.

He looked out of the window and saw a fair going on. He decided to paint it. Music was playing, people laughed, danced and sang, and flags were waving. After a while the people went away, the music ceased and lights were put out. The streets were empty and deserted so the lad grew weary of the picture and determined not to paint it.

He looked at the picture of the child. His eyes seemed to follow him reproachfully so he said he would paint it.

He had wasted so much time that he thought he would never finish it in time. But still he did his best in the time that remained.

The youngest one looked at his canvas and said he would never be able to paint a picture on so small a piece of canvas. He put it in a drawer and spent his time in sloth and idleness and never tried to paint his picture.

The father came home and asked to see their work. The eldest one showed his.

"Well done," said the father. "Thou hast been good and faithful."

The second son showed his. The father smiled approval and said, "Thou hast been faithful in small things."

The youngest came with his canvas, paints and brushes all unused and said he could not do anything with so small a piece and so put it out of sight.

The father was very sad and very angry.

He led the two elder sons into a beautiful house where there were more lovely pictures to paint and the youngest was shut out.

This story is simple but remember what it means.

The great Artist is God who made heaven, the earth and the sea.

The sons, who are they? Ourselves and the people of the world.

The studio is the world, the place where all are set to work.

The picture is the example of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The long dark shadow what is that? It is the shadow of the cross of sorrow and sickness.

Remember girls, that every day you live you are painting a picture. Some paint pictures of ambition with battle scenes, kings and courtiers, others of pleasure and amusement like the son who painted the picture of the fair.

If you want to paint a really good picture and live a really good life, you must try to copy one likeness, the picture of Jesus Christ.

Remember the hymn "Once in Royal David's City" from which this verse is taken.

"For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness."

The School Fete

October 13th defied the superstition and Moss Vale's rainy (weather) reputation and gave us a splendid day for the Fete. The Archbishop and Mrs. Mowll arrived at 2 o'clock, and, after a short speech in which he paid a surprising number of compliments, the Archbishop opened the Fete. Bouquets were presented to Mrs. Mowll and Mrs. Arundel. After this the visitors were entertained by a Nursery Rhyme Pageant. Mother Goose was welcomed by the Wood Sprites, and entertained by Mary Mary Quite Contrary and her garden, Jack and Jill and their tumblers, Old King Cole and his court. At last she departed farewelled by a dance of the merry Wood Sprites. After this the stalls in the garden were opened for the visitors. With much application of clay and charcoal the MacCallum and Tait stall presented its wares under the frowning battlements of a mediaeval castle. The Old Girls took charge of the Sweet Stall, which proved almost as popular

as the Ice-cream and Soft Drinks Stall, over which Mrs. Throsby presided very efficiently and for which we wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Throsby very much. We also wish to thank Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Cordeaux, who were responsible for the success of the Dreadnought and Produce Stalls, and Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. Duke Yonge, who provided excellent afternoon tea which was served in the Dining Hall, during the afternoon. The Juniors, under Miss Coutt's direction, had a very fascinating display of novelties, and the Plant Stall was very successful. Needless to say, of course, the Hoop-La, the Fish-pond, and the Cocanut-Shy, did not fail in their traditional duty.

Much good work was done preparatory to the Fete by Miss Dorothy Helm.

We wish to thank all the committee and helpers for their enthusiastic efforts, and all our friends for their support.

The final proceeds were £84/14/0.

Fraulein Lange's Visit

Few of us have previously had the opportunity of seeing a genuine Marionette show, like Fraulein Lange arranged for us on August 9. A miniature stage was erected at one end of the room, while the audience, including several visitors, took their places at the other end.

Before starting the performance, Fraulein Lange herself came forward and gave us a brief outline of the play, and explained how she and her assistant had fashioned the dolls, and dressed them in Egyptian style. Having travelled a great deal on the Continent, Fraulein Lange was able to tell us of numerous Marionette shows she had seen, and the important part they play in the interests of the people; especially in Sicily where each night the people gather to follow up the lives of the tiny heroes. In some countries too the marionettes are even life size.

The story of Joseph and the coat of many colours, and how the elder Brethren sold Joseph to the Israelites was performed by the little dolls. The background represented the Egyptian country where Joseph lived.

These tiny people which appeared so life-like were worked by strings, each joint had one or two strings, attached to a bit of wood at the top, not visible to the

audience. Every time a marionette moved special strings had to be moved. How Fraulein Lange knew which string to work fascinated us all! The voices of the marionettes were those of Fraulein Lange and her assistant who were not visible behind the stage.

We were very thankful to Fraulein Lange for this unique entertainment which enabled us to see how the well-known marionette shows are worked.

Miss Irwin's Visit

On October 15th, we were very lucky to have with us Miss Sadie Irwin who very kindly came from Sydney to judge the entrants for the Music Prize. In the evening, to our great delight, she gave us a delightful recital.

She began by playing us a Pastorate by Corelli, and arranged by Godowsky, which was written in the 17th Century. At intervals throughout the piece the bells of the Angelus could be distinguished. Then came a rhapsody in B Minor by Brahms. Miss Irwin explained that the music of Brahms was characterised by the wide stretches between the chords. Then she played us two quieter pieces, Romance by Sibelius, and Poème by Fibich. The next was a Barcarolle by Laidow, a modern Russian composer, and then a Minuet by Palmgren. Miss Irwin explained that Palmgren was one of the Finnish composers. These men are noted for their awkwardness caused by the occurrence of the accents falling in the wrong places. In contrast to this piece Miss Irwin played us Indernacht (In the Night,) by Schumann and ended with a fascinating Toccata by Debussy. This piece, brilliant with glissandos was a Grande Finale to an evening's entertainment. We were very disappointed when it ended, but we are hoping very much that Miss Irwin will re-visit us next year and honour us with another recital.

Library Notes

This term all the text books in the reference Library have been covered in red which considerably brightens the general aspect of the room. The appearance of the Fiction Library has also been improved by the use of white ink instead of labels for the titles.

Much more interest has been taken in the reference Library throughout the School this term.

As there is a sad deficiency of fiction, it has been suggested that each girl should present a book to the Library when she leaves the School.

We wish to thank Mary Mackenzie for her gift of a complete set of Thackeray's works, together with a Greek Lexicon.

Guide Notes

Last term Guiding was marked by two important events. First of all, one-bright Saturday we climbed aboard the 'bus and were whisked away through Bowral, and finally feeling that the 'bus had done its best for half a day, with all our goods and chattels, we climbed up Mt. Gibraltar.

On the way up, we met Miss Arnold our District Commissioner, who honoured us with her presence at the picnic and very kindly gave us some chocolate cake, and taught us how to cook an egg in a hollowed-out orange skin. The day was spent in many ways, and the rocky crags of the Gib. echoed loudly with our shouts. It was indeed a tired but happy company which finally climbed aboard the 'bus once more.

Secondly, about mid-term after much ardour and energetic practising, Miss Sears came from Tudor House to examine us for our Athletic Badges, and we are pleased to say the majority were successful.

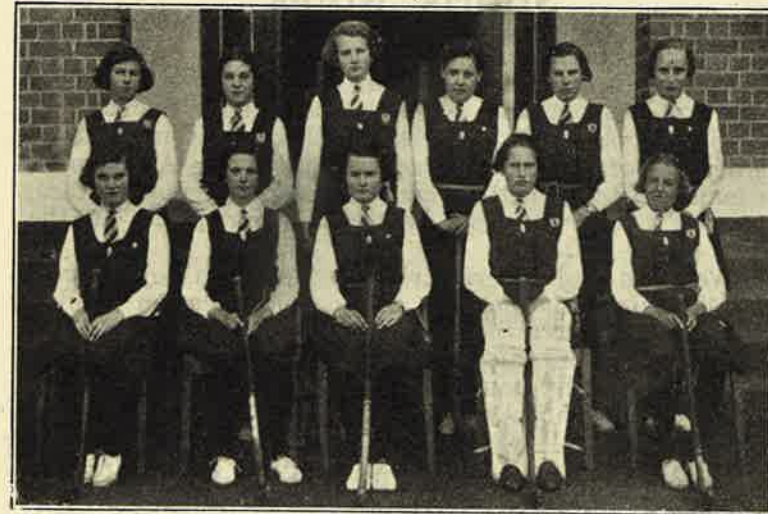
This term we are considering the Horse-woman's, Toy-makers, and First Class Badges, and have already begun the intelligence tests for the latter.

We are very pleased to hear that from this district, a member of our company, Jeanette Cater, has been chosen to take part in the Melbourne Centenary Guide Camp.

It is hoped that during the coming holidays some of us will be able to take part in the Scouts and Guides Own Service, attended by Lady Baden-Powell at the Cricket Ground, to be followed by a picnic and camp fire at National Park the next day.

Each member of the company has undertaken to knit a woollen square, and these combined, will make a quilt for a Children's Home on Mt. Gibraltar at Bowral.

Next term we hope to get some more recruits to fill up the ranks and vacant places of those departing hence. To these we wish the best of luck for the future!



HOCKEY TEAM (left to right).—Top row: P. Graham, J. Cater, J. Gould, H. Wheeler, F. Candlish, J. Park.
Sitting: P. Dent, J. Dimmock, L. McKeown (Capt.), N. Boulding, J. Wickham.



NETBALL TEAM (from left to right).—Standing: J. Pym, C. Garner, E. Walker, J. Stephen.
Sitting: M. Gwilliam, M. Garner (Capt.), A. Twynam.

Sports Notes

We have been very lucky having almost every week-end filled with matches this year, the only disappointment being the postponement of both the School Sports and the All Schools, owing to wet weather. But in spite of the absence of some of our competitors at the All Schools, we managed to do better than we have ever done before, obtaining places in eight heats and four places in the finals.

We have had several trips to Goulburn for hockey, net-ball, and tennis matches, and on one occasion we met C. E. G. S. Canberra there for net-ball.

We were very disappointed that owing to the outbreak of whooping cough at Frensham, we were unable to meet them at hockey.

All School Results—

- 100 yds. Senior Championship.—J. Park (third place).
 50 yds. J. Dimmock (third place).
 10 yds. 12 years.—J. Cordeaux (first place).
 80 yds. Hurdles (junior.—P. Graham (third place).

Sports Results—

- 100 yds. School Championship.—J. Park.
 60 yds. 10 yrs. and under.—D. Mateer.
 50 yds. 15 years.—L. McKeown.
 60 yds. 11 and 12 yrs.—J. Cordeaux.
 80 yds. Hurdles (15 and over).—J. Turton.
 80 yds. " (under 15).—P. Graham.
 80 yds. " (12 and under).—J. Cordeaux.
 100 yds. " (15 and over).—J. Turton.
 100 yds. " (under 15).—P. Graham.
 50 yds. " (16 and over).—J. Dimmock.
 50 yds. " (13 and over).—P. Graham.
 Sack Race. (15 and over).—E. Walker.
 " " (under 15).—P. Graham.
 " " (12 and under).—M. Graham.
 Egg and Spoon. (15 and over).—J. Cater.
 " " " (under 15).—K. Oram.
 " " " (12 and under).—J. Cordeaux.
 Siamese Race (15 and over).—L. McKeown & J. Wickham.
 " " " J. Cater & E. Walker.
 " " (under 15).—P. Graham & B. Alsop.
 " " (12 and under).—P. Wilson & H. Boucher.
 Orange Race (15 and over).—J. Pym.
 " " (under 15).—B. Alsop).
 " " (12 and under).—D. Mateer.

- Obstacle Race (open).—F. Candlish.
 Interhouse. Throw and Catch.— —. Tait.
 " Medley Relay.— —. Tait.
 " Tug-o'-War.— —. Tait.
 " Tunnel Ball.— —. Tait.
 " Overhead Ball.— —. Tait.
 " Chariot Race.— —. MacCallum.
 " Relay (senior).— —. MacCallum.
 " Relay (junior).— —. Tait.
 Broad Jump (14 yrs and over).—F. Candlish.
 " " (13 yrs and under).—P. Graham.
 Final Points.—Tait, 201½; MacCallum, 186½.

MATCH RESULTS.

School Tennis (A)—

- S.C.E.G.G.S. v. Old Girls (21/7/34).—8 sets—0.
 " v. Convent (16/8/34).—4 sets, 10 games
 4 sets, 10 games.
 " v. Mistresses (18/8/34).—6 sets—2.
 " v. P.L.C., Goulburn (6/10/34).—5 sets—3.
 " v. Leonards (21/10/34).—4 sets—2.

School Tennis (B)—

- S.C.E.G.G.S. v. Tudor House (23/6/34).—4 sets—4.
 " v. P.L.C., Goulburn (6/10/34).—1 set—7.
 " v. Leonards (27/10/34).—2 sets, 8 games
 2 sets, 5 games.

School Net-ball—

- S.C.E.G.G.S. v. P.L.C., Goulburn (7/7/34).—6—19.
 " v. P.L.C., Goulburn (4/8/34).—9—10 goals.
 " v. Convent (15/8/34).—11—6 goals.
 " v. Koyong (16/8/34).—18—19 goals.
 " v. P.L.C., Goulburn (29/9/34).—9—12 goals.
 " v. Canberra (29/9/34).—5—5 goals.

School Hockey—

- S.C.E.G.G.S. v. P.L.C., Goulburn (7/7/34).—1—2 goals.
 " v. Bowral H. School (4/7/34).—3—2 goals.
 " v. P.L.C., Goulburn (4/8/34).—0—5 goals.
 " P.L.C., Goulburn (29/9/34).—1—5 goals.

House Tennis—

- MacCallum v. Tait (30/6/34).—2 sets—6.
 " " (18/7/34).—4 sets, 14 games; 4 sets,
 3 games.
 " " (29/10/34).—3 sets—5.

House Hockey—

MacCallum v. Tait (8/8/34).—2—0 goals.

" " (21/7/34).—3—2 goals.

House Net-ball—

MacCallum v. Tait (24/7/34).—18 goals—23 goals.

Junior House Notes

We would like to welcome Miss Kirkaldy and Judith Bray to Junior House.

Last term we gave an entertainment, some of us acting Hop O' My Thumb while the others did dances of their own composition. With the proceeds we stocked a Stall of our own at the Fete and we made £7/14/6 by ourselves. We are feeling very proud of ourselves.

Two of our members, Pam Wilson and Patty Hunt celebrated their birthdays at the last birthday party.

We all went out last free weekend and had a wonderful time, the only misfortune being that Judith returned with a black eye.



JUNIORS.

Tait House Notes

As the terms go by Tait House is becoming more and more like the fighting dragon, its emblem. A good result of their pugnacity is our victory of two tennis and a net-ball match. But in spite of our utmost endeavours MacCallum succeeded in winning two hockey matches and a tennis match—we congratulate them. Certain of our members succeeded in being awarded the much prized Sports Pockets. Patricia Dent, School Hockey and Cricket; J. Park, School Athletics and House Athletics; and Phyllis Graham, House Athletics.

Both Houses were overjoyed at the final result of the combined House Stall making £22/10/0. The Stall was artistically decorated in the form of a Gothic castle, with turrets bearing the House emblems painted on shields. We wish to thank the Mistresses for their never failing help, also Yvonne McDonnell, Beryl Boothroyd and June Wilson who were in charge of the decoration arrangements. We would like also to thank those who assisted in serving on the stall.

Now for that subject which we approach with bated breath—the Intermediate. We wish all the candidates the best of luck.

Taitites the best luck for the coveted Trophy the Tait Cup, keep up that fighting spirit which never says die! Also best of luck for the remaining cups.

Very best of wishes to all for a very Merry Christmas, a Prosperous New Year and an exceptionally happy holiday.

Tait House Contributions

The Road.

Silence reigned supreme and the stillness of night seemed to spread over the universe. A long streak of silver fell diagonally on the road stretching far away to another world. Shadows of tall trees cast weird, fantastic shapes round, and weaved intricate patterns on the mossy grasses.

The unseen watcher gazed in admiration at the beauty of Nature's night. As he watched the sound of even, steady footsteps broke the stillness, and an old tramp merged into sight, walking with the strides of one long accustomed to the moods and ways of the road. Over his

shoulder was slung a weatherbeaten blanket, holding his worldly goods. As he neared the watcher, a moonbeam fell upon him and revealed the face of the true outdoor lover, with the look of supreme content found only in those who are able to satisfy the wanderlust craving. By his side trotted a mongrel, companion and sharer of many such perfect nights. These two, master and dog, seemed in perfect harmony, and the watcher gave a sigh of sadness tinged with envy as he thought of his own restricted life, and compared it with that of the carefree wanderer, who was free to tramp the world over and spend lazy, sleepy days sharing the mysterious wonders of Nature, idling away the happy hours with the certainty that many more such days would inevitably unfold themselves. The footsteps became fainter, until they died away altogether and the silence seemed more intense. The Watcher's eyes drank in the scene before him, wondering if the tramp had indeed passed, or if Nature were playing him yet another of her delightful tricks, and he had only imagined it. His eyes softened as they gazed upon the shadowy trees, the never ending road running silently level with them, then, with an inexplicable smile he slowly turned away.

gone

SONG OF THE NIGHT.

The night is sleeping, wrapped in dusky robes,
 The still moon watches, and the silver stars
 Shine steadily from out the depths of blue.
 The poplars in the field are etched in black
 And sudden gleams of brilliance from the pool
 Reveal the restless stirring of the earth.
 So, as I watch in wonder, through the night
 There steals a spirit, dimly visible:
 For at his coming pulses through the air
 The glamorous song that bears my soul away.

And now the purple skies are deep and vast
 Studded with gold and silver, glowing bright,
 And from the earth the music soars aloft
 To break in ecstasy among the stars
 Falling in showers of beauty on the hills.
 The murmuring breeze
 Catches the melody, and faster yet
 And wilder, is it tossed from heaven to earth,
 Whirling, through plains and forests to the skies
 Swirling, till, numb, I see the solid earth
 As nothing but a flood of melody
 And colour, mixed in one harmonious whole
 Of mad and joyous beauty.

Wedding ten



CANOES ON THE LAKE.



THE DIVING BOARD.

A SPORTS DAY IN THE WET.

As soon as the usual Moss Vale day (just slightly wet) dawned there were groans and moans all up and down the verandah such as: "There will be no Sports," "Mum will not come up," "I will not be able to go out to-morrow," and a thousand others.

But at 1.30 p.m. cars began to come up the drive in and out of the ruts according to the car's will. Once at the cow-paddock however, there was no hope of driving, it was skid down the hill. A few cars got bogged but the force of the next one's skid pushed them out again.

When the onlookers were all assembled the starter waded across the field in his gum boots and let the gun off. But alas one poor girl endeavouring to do the crouch start, started at the noise and fell in head first. Who would win? The leading girl had slipped sideways and toppled over and the second was already knee deep in mud. After 60 sec. hard toil one girl reached the tape with such force that the judges slid with her.

Then came the sack race, but as the sacks clung round the racer's legs it was a matter of strength for the winner.

And the egg and spoon was fatal if the eggs dropped, so it would have been more successful to have borrowed floating golf balls.

The winner of the hurdles had to be a very fast swimmer as the hurdles had to be overtaken before they could be hurdled.

The overhead ball was about the only event made easier by this wet day. The whole team ducked while the ball skidded along the top of the water.

The 440, usually the crowning event, was rather dull and slightly boring as the participants made such slow progress.

Once the Sports were over it was impossible for the cars to drive up hill again, as they skidded back again, so a great many people were marooned at S. C. E. G. G. S. until the floods went down. *Rhys Graham*

SUMMER.

Through the earth, the awakening plants began to push themselves towards that beckoning warmth, which penetrated through the surface of the earth. The whole underworld was very busy getting ready for the great day, when the little plants would show themselves in all their glory to the upper world.

The sun shone, throwing her rays of warmth on all the land, and gradually from the surface of the earth, the vegetative life began to reveal itself in green, blue and red; all the flowers decked in their brightly coloured petals, swayed to the morning breeze. Life was happy; birds whistling, butterflies flitting in and out the flower-beds, earthworms working their way through the soil. Life was busy.

Summer was the season of action, nothing lay dormant; life had awakened to receive the sun's warmth, and life in return for this decked herself in her showy garlands.

The summer sun beat upon the lands, turning that vivid green grass into brown straw; the flowers drooped their heads, and the air was motionless. A hot night descended upon the world. It was a relief for the living creatures to be rid of that penetrating heat. Water—if only they could have water, to refresh their thirsty souls. But this was summer, and rain came very seldom.

It thundered, and lightning flashed in the now starless sky; rain poured down in torrents, quenching the thirst of the dusty earth.

The morrow awoke; the sun shone, just as brightly, only the plant world gave signs of the rain, by raising their refreshed heads. *Joan Mackintosh*

MacCallum House Notes

The great event of the last term was the Sports which resulted in many coveted Hockey practices being put off for the daily timing of the races and hurdles and such like.

Tait, however, were the victors this year, which means that there is some work for MacCallum to do next year.

But the last and outstanding race of the day—the 440—was won by June Dimmock, a MacCallumite, by a ripping sprint the whole race.

The Hockey was satisfactory for MacCallum, but there is still a close fight for the Tennis, with the thought of the Darlinghurst match in the background.

But as regards work—it is to be hoped that in each form the MacCallumites have worked steadily and well—if not—it will be revealed at Prize Giving, but if we follow our motto, then—The Tait Cup for MacCallums!

THOUGHTS AT EVENING.

At dusk I hear the Chapel bells
Chiming as the daylight dies—
The day is done!
Forever gone
Onward into Paradise.

And then the organ softly plays
Phantasmagorian fashion.
The day is done—
Forever gone
With all its triumphs, griefs and pains.

The tide of fortune floweth on,
And we must needs go on with it too!
The glass must run
Ere life is done
Ere we go on to life anew.

Oh haste! waste not these precious hours!
Live deep! and love while there is time—
The glass must run!
Then life is done!
And we are one with things sublime.

 EVANGELINE'S FORECAST FOR _____

There is no denying the fact that astrological indications for _____ are none too good. This month is especially favourable to Writers of Christmas Card jingles, grandfather-clock menders, starting-price book-makers, and string-savers.

Lovers should be wary. If you cannot be wary be as wary as you can. Bunkus, the planet which rules the mind, will be unfriendly with Zeppus, which influences the body, so those born between the first and the fourteenth should be careful of man-holes.

That the stars have a marked influence on the human body has always been a general belief. (You get hit on the head and see stars).

Certain conditions in the heavens this month make it necessary for us to maintain our poise (and our families) in order to avoid conditions which might arouse other conditions and thus bring about most embarrassing conditions.

ZOOLOGICAL EFFUSION.

In the midst of the deep primordial ooze
That gurgled and sucked in that far-off time,
When the whole of the scene was a bilious green
Land animals seldom displayed in the Zoos
Ploughed and galumphed in primaevial slime.
In a strange, pre-Cambrian passion,
Young ichthyosaures made primitive love—
(To go on with the story) in typically Saurian
Phantasmagorian fashion.

And green and enormous, the Cambrian trees
Gave shade to the vast protoplasmic creation.
Protozoa in herds became food for the birds,
And the birds became food for the Dinosaur-es.
All over the place the order Crustacean
Emerged in amazing variety.
BUT NEVER A HYDRA MISTAKING THE GENUS
MADE LOVE TO A PTERO-DACTYLL, ENIM VERO.
He could never do that with propriety.

 SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

The lightning flashed as Thor rolled over the sky in his great chariot of Thunder.

In the hollow trunk of an old Blue Gum tree a frightened 'possum sought shelter from the approaching storm.

As he lay all hunched up, with dark brown bead-like eyes staring hard out at the ghostly trees Thor gave one last long crack of his whip and set the rain free to nourish Mother Earth. All the wild flowers lifted up their wild heads and drank to the great God of Thunder.

After the rain had ceased and the wind had died down, the little 'possum crept out of his hiding-place and played on the branches of the old Blue Gum tree, and ate the fresh Gum tips.

 ON TURNING SIXTEEN.

I stood upon a windy hill
I thrilled at what I saw
The realm of childhood lay behind
And girlhood stretched before.

In rosy sunlight haze it lay
So mystic strange it seemed
Half fearful with exultant joy
I wondered if I dreamed,

A voice said: "Rise! Go take this staff
Of courage in thy hand,
Though trials sore beset thy way
Thou in its strength must stand.

Think not upon things temporal,
For they shall come and go,
But seek to-day eternity
While thou art here below.

Oh, search for truth and be content!
And laugh! for there is time—
And climb towards that distant peak
Of womanhood sublime.

"A Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing"

If our worthy and verbose friend, Sir Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Alban's, Earl of Verulam, were writing on this subject, he would quite possibly start off by saying that a minimum of knowledge introduced into the cranium undoubtedly and undeniably causes incalculable and irreparable detriment to the maximum of persons. However, to continue in this strain for any length of time would doubtless cause one, unless of Bacon's mental calibre, to end up in a retreat for incurable, though harmless lunatics—moreover, I have no dictionary.

From my own point of view of course, I do not agree whole-heartedly with this ancient and hackneyed maxim. Knowledge, if imparted in small doses at large intervals, is all very well—may even, in fact, if one has a retentive memory, remain in the sub-conscious mind for a time; in extreme cases, may even be of use at a later date.

It has been stated that the world is divided into four classes:—viz., those who know something about everything, those who know everything about something, those who know everything about everything, and finally, those who know nothing about anything. The height of ambition should be to rank in the former category—that is, to know something about everything. One could then enter any society whatever, secure in the satisfying knowledge that one could not be caught out on any subject whatsoever.

But a world where every one was very learned would be inexpressibly dull. If I had the inventing of maxims, I should say that knowledge, if kept within reasonable limits, need not necessarily be dangerous—that on an average three people a year should be allowed to learn to their hearts' content, and to spread this learning among

the rest of the world. Where learning took too great a hold, all teachers should be suppressed for the following year, until a desirable state of ignorance be reached again. In this way, complete happiness would reign.

It is entirely through overmuch learning that so much grief and unhappiness is prevalent in this world. The early descendants of Adam and Eve were quite happy until someone found out how to use a bow and arrow. Through the ages this homicidal tendency has developed, until, in our days, hearing of the incredible inventions of mere mortals, we clutch our heads and shriek in plaintive shrieks for sal volatile, disarmament and other things.

Blessed are the ignorant, for they shall avoid:—eye-strain, ear strain, mental and nervous strain, headaches, heartaches, and severe bodily strain.



FOUNDATION DAY PICNIC.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges: — "The Weaver" (Abbotsleigh); "Burrawi" (C.E.G.S.), Canberra; "The Mitre" (C.E.G.S., Newcastle); "The Torch" (Hornsby High School); C.E.G.G.S., Melbourne, Magazine; Sydney Boys' High School Magazine; "The Pilgrim" (Marsden); Presbyterian Ladies' College, (Goulburn); "Lux" (S.C.E.G.G.S., Darlinghurst and Bay Road).



"THE SENIOR STORE."

ANTHONY HORDERNS'

for Service, Quality, Value!

NO matter how small the purchase you make at Anthony Horderns', you may be sure you are getting the best quality at the lowest price. Every article, large and small alike, carries our guarantee, which is your protection.

ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LIMITED.

'Phone: M 2401
Day and Night.

SYDNEY

Postal Address:
Box 2712C, G.P.O.

Dymock's Book Arcade Ltd.

(SYDNEY'S FINEST BOOK SHOP).

General and Educational Booksellers and Stationers.

Text Books for Primary and Secondary Schools. The Latest in Fiction, Travel, Biography, etc., arriving by every mail. School and Commercial Stationery a Specialty. All the Latest Magazines and Fashion Books.

ARE YOU ON OUR MAILING LIST?

Send us your name and we will post a Catalogue every month.

DYMOCK'S BOOK ARCADE LTD.

"The Block," 426 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

'Phone: M 4911.

G.P.O. Box 1521 D.D.

WE HAVE THE BEST CIRCULATING LIBRARY IN AUSTRALIA.

Catalogues and Terms Free on Application.

"BRINSMEAD" MINIATURE GRANDS

BRITAIN'S BEST BABY GRANDS

The charm added to a home by the presence of a Horizontal Piano is intensified when it is a Brinsmead.

Easy terms make it conveniently possible for you to acquire one of these graceful modern instruments.

GENEROUS ALLOWANCE ON YOUR OLD INSTRUMENT.

NICHOLSON'S

MUSIC WAREHOUSE,
416 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
Between King and Market Streets.



Two Models Available.

DYMOC'S BOOK ARCADE LTD
 111, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
 WE HAVE THE BEST BOOKS, MAPS, STATIONERY
 AND TOYS IN AUSTRALIA
 THE BLOCK, 111, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
 DYMOC'S BOOK ARCADE LTD
 111, GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY
 WE HAVE THE BEST BOOKS, MAPS, STATIONERY
 AND TOYS IN AUSTRALIA

BRITAIN'S BEST BABY GRANDS
 BRINSMEAD
 MICHOLSON'S
 BRITAIN'S BEST BABY GRANDS
 BRINSMEAD
 MICHOLSON'S

Sister Gunn James
 Anne McPherson
 Linda Wright
 Margaret Christmas
 many Armstrong
 Helen Wheeler
 Julie Linton
 Helva Aswell
 Brauna
 H. Caldwell
 Ruth Allwright
 S. Gasson
 Joan Smith
 Rosalie Bradshaw
 A. Halliwell
 Miriam Curran
 Mary Tonaghan
 June of Immoach
 Monica Garner
 Rene Clark-Smith
 Yvonne McDermott
 Josephine Park
 Joan Monckton
 Van Wickham
 Kelly Wilson
 Lesley McKeown
 Pat Gelling
 P. Bauer
 Dorothy Douglas
 Barbara Alsop
 Joan Lauld
 June Stephen
 D.C. Barker
 M. Sullivan
 Pearl Postward
 Luckway
 Sheila Hyman