

THE
GOAT ISLAND
MAGAZINE • Jan - Feb.



N. Story.

Rules.

- 1/ No one must keep the Magazine more than 4 days.
- 2/ If you remove the tissue paper cover, please replace it.
- 3/ A 2^d stamp must be fixed under your name on the subscription sheet. The subscriptions will go towards the prizes for the Competitions.
- 4/ When posting the Magazine to the next person DO NOT forget the cardboard.

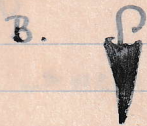
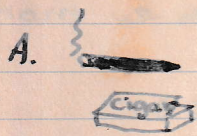
Everyone is asked to join the Competitions, as it is very disappointing when nobody or only a few people go in for it. The Magazine will come out every 2 months. Any short stories, poems or pictures will be most welcome and should be sent in to the Editor.

The Subs may be paid all at once or 2^d a time.

All answers to smaller competitions etc. will appear in the next number.

Anyone wishing to advertise anything should send in their advertisement to the Editor. All entries for the Competition must be put in the envelope at the back.

Can you tell to whom these symbols
are connected?



Please write your answers on a separate piece of paper and send it on with the mag. There is no prize for this competition but your names will be put down in order of merit. Answers in next number. (original)

Not Quite a Fool.

Dr. Vansittart was a polite and gentle scholar, who lived at All Souls' College, one of the many colleges at Oxford University. A blustering, ill-mannered fellow one day said to him during an argument, "Dr. Vansittart, you are a fool."

"Not quite, not quite a fool, I hope," replied the Doctor; "but very near one I admit."

(copied)

Have you read these books?

"The old Wall" by Ivy Creeper

"The Race-hors" by Jock E. Club.

(original)

This number's

Competition

is

Your Funniest Experience.

Not more than 150 words.

When you have written it (you have 4 days to do so) fold it up & send it on with the mag. It will then be sent out with the voting sheet in the next number (Mar-Apr).

If you have no funny experiences of your own, you may write one someone else has told you.

No Easy Way

"How do you mix your colours?" someone asked John Rice, a famous painter.

"I mix them with my brains, sir," was the reply.

The Mayfield Mystery.

Chapter I.

Serial story by the
Editor

May Hut was sitting in her study at Mayfield School. It was getting near the exams and she was swotting up her latin. Just then someone knocked at the door.

"Come in" said May, and who should do so but her Father and brother, Ben.

"Oh Dad," cried May, "and Ben. How sweet of you to come. Where's Mum?"

"That's just what we want to know," answered her father, "She's disappeared!"

"Disappeared?" echoed May.

"Yes; she said she was going to see your head-mistress. We followed about five minutes later only to find that she hadn't been here at all!" exclaimed Ben.

"We came up here to see if you'd seen her," added her father.

"She may have gone down the wrong corridor or something," said May, "Let's have a peep."

Up and down the halls, classrooms and passages they went, asking everyone if they had seen Mrs. But, but the answer was always in the negative.

"What about this passage down here?" asked Ben.

"I'm sure she wouldn't go down there," laughed May, "Still we might as well look."

"Listen!" said Dad, "What's that bumping noise?"

"It's coming from the linen cupboards!" exclaimed May "Let's open them."

What a sight was disclosed to their gaze! There was Mother gagged and bound in towels and sheets and serviettes! They soon had her untied and helped her up.

"Whatever happened?" they all said in a breath.

"The maid who opened the door said that Miss Shank's

study had been moved and told me to go to the end of this passage."

"I have a bathroom at the end! What was she thinking of?" interested May.

"— Suddenly I was pounced on," continued Mother, "my bag snatched and, as there was only my hand in it I was thrown into this cupboard where it was too dark to see who was tying me up!"

"I'm going to ring the police," said Dad.

~~~~~ To Be Continued ~~~~~

When in a crowd DON'T TALK.



An enemy agent may be listening!



## Places of Interest.



*King's Tower, Corfe Castle.*

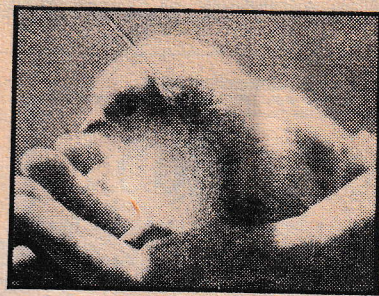
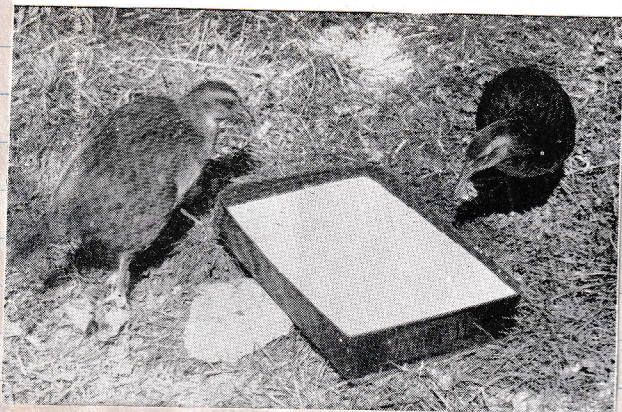
Corfe Castle is on top of a very high, steep hill near Bournemouth. It is very ancient and was ruined by Cromwell.

King Edward the Confessor was stabbed while drinking wine at the gate.



# Feathered Friends

WEKAS FEEDING ON SKIM-MILK



So pretty when young



Tui or Parson bird.



Can you Punctuate this?

John where James had had had  
had had had had had  
had had had a better  
effect on the teacher.

(copied)

### The Snail Catchers

by the Editor.

There are many ways of killing snails, the most primitive way being simply stamping on them; next there is the rail of salt and water with which you hunt the snails by day, or the electric torch by night.

The very best way is to have some hedgehogs about. They will dig the snails out of every nook and cranny, eat them, and they can smell and hear them too. Although many people have a down on them, I think hedgehogs are very useful in this respect.





Hedgehogs eating a Rat

### Favourite Recipes

#### Chocolate Fudge.

2 cups sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
1 desertspoon cocoa

Method: Boil 8 mins. Take off and stir till it thickens, then pour into buttered plates. Allow to cool and then cut into squares.

This makes a fairly soft, delicious sweet which melts away in your mouth.



## The Slave Trade, by the Editor.

As you must know, in days of yore  
The ancient Nations went to war  
And when of slaves they captured  
many  
Although they really didn't want  
any)  
While still alive they'd slay  
them all  
And hang their skins up on the  
wall.

Now when the slave price was  
too high  
To buy them people didn't try  
But one and all they went to war  
To see if they could capture more  
Thus it goes on from age to age  
"I will always be so," say the sage

A man, drinking in a bar, wished to  
go outside. In case anyone should  
drink his beer, he wrote "Into this  
I have spit" on a card and left it  
leaning against the glass.

When he came back he was  
dismayed to find another ~~card~~ card  
saying "So have I".



# The Monarch Butterfly by the Editor

Have you ever seen a Monarch Butterfly? I expect you have, but do you know its life story? If not, here it is.

It starts as a tiny lump on the leaf of the swan-plant; this is, of course, the egg. Soon it hatches out into a tiny little black, white and yellow caterpillar which grows larger and more brilliantly coloured as it feeds on the leaves it was born on.



When it is 2" long it starts on a long journey, travelling at a great speed, until it ~~they~~ finds a suitable place to rest.

Here it hangs by the tail and slowly its feelers grow lifeless and a pale green shows through its skin. Then it starts writhing up and down till its skin falls in a crumpled heap on the ground.

Underneath it has on its pale green cocoon shell which soon goes into a bell shaped thing with a gold stripe and 3 dots on it.

In a fortnight it comes out as a Butterfly.

