

The
Goat Island
Magazine
July - August
1943



No one May Keep this Magazine more
than 3 DAYS



Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra
when they were small

Prince Edward is now fifth in succession
to the throne.

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The Yellow Hammer

The Yellow Hammer is a close relation to the sparrow, being the same size and colour except that it has a ground-colour of yellow instead of fawn as the sparrow has.

It nest in small bushes, brambles and thistles, there are usually 3 or 4 eggs

Can you draw this without taking the pencil off the paper or going over lines twice?  and this? 

This Month's Competition

is
An ALPHABET MAN

Draw a man (or woman) out of the letters
of the alphabet. Every letter must be used
once; printing or CAPITALS may be used
but not writing

Seal with name & put in holder

Notice

Contributions to this Magazine are
most welcome, especially for
Nature Lovers' Corner

Royalty Page

and any pictures and/or stories
also ideas for competitions
and new games



It Comes From the Misty Ages

It comes from the misty ages
The banner of England's might
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George
That burns on a field of white

What beautiful words those are and
how the old story of St. George and
the dragon is being repeated! But
now it is the army, clothed in
morale and armed with the sword
of faith which rides on the gallant
horse of the airforce and navy to
kill Hitler and all his hoard of
crawling dragons. And where
has it come from, this wonderful
spirit and strength? "It comes from
the misty ages"-----

A Matrimonial Tangle

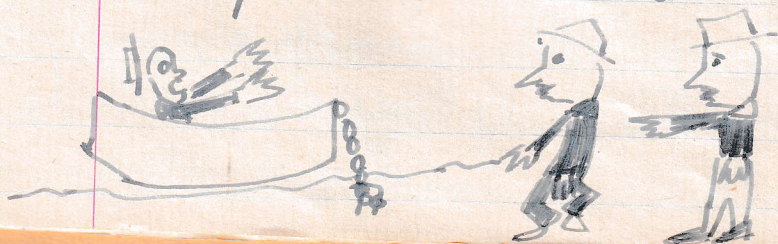
Probably all of you have heard the old catch, "Brothers and sisters have? none, but that man's father is my father's son." Well, the answer to that is easy (do you know what it is? - he is looking at a picture of a man) but what do you think of a matrimonial tangle that resulted in a man becoming his own grandfather's grandchild to his wife? That sounds sufficient to give anyone a headache!

This is how it happened, says the man. "A year ago I married a widow with a grown-up daughter. My father fell in love with my stepdaughter and married her. My father became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter my stepmother! My wife had a son: he is my father's brother-in-law

and my uncle, for he is the half
brother of my stepmother. My father
wife also had a son. He is my $\frac{1}{2}$
brother and my grandchild, for he
is the son of my stepdaughter. My
wife is therefore my grandmother.
I am my wife's grandchild and
husband, and as the husband of a
person's grandmother is his grand
father — I must be my own
grandfather!!!!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ @!?!*!\$@ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

There was an old man in a boat
Who said "I'm a float! I'm a float!"
When they said "No you ain't"
He was ready to faint
that silly old man in a boat



From
"the nonsense
books"

A Chinese Missionaries Letter Home

Krumchi,

Oct. 10. 1916.

Dear Mother,

It is just a week since I last wrote but I have nothing to do at the moment so will write again.

A Living Buddha came to see us a few days ago. He is a wealthy man and drives about the city in a fourwheeled carriage, dressed in rich furs. He seems to be very intelligent and is quite friendly. He is staying in a house not far off and last Sunday Mr. Harker and I returned his visit. He received us most graciously and while we were there, a Chinese gentleman brought in a little boy. He apologised for intruding, but

explained that this child was always ailing. Would the living Buddha kindly stroke him on the head? The Buddha glanced at us a though somewhat ashamed, and Mr Hunter wanted to leave but I said "No, let's stop and see the performance"

He then asked: "What Buddha do you worship?" and the Chinese replied, "Oh any Buddha at all."

"Have you a Buddha in your house?" was the next question. "No" was the answer. "Then you must get one and commit your child to its keeping" and he waved them out.

Yesterday I saw an old Moslem dying on the street from heart failure. He had friends trying to look after him and I offered one of them money to buy the old man a stimulant but he said "It does not matter if he dies"

so long as there is not the smell of wine on his lips, but if he were to drink wine and die, the consequence would be too terrible to think about" so much for the Mohammedan faith.

There have been a lot of rumours of plots and rebellions going round. The governor of this town had two men under suspicion and the other day he asked them to a feast. While the guests were enjoying themselves the governor left the table and gave a pre-arranged signal at which some soldiers entered the dining hall and cut one of the men down in cold blood.

The governor returned saying "Do not disturb yourselves, gentlemen, let us continue the feast." They did so, with the bleeding corpse lying there.

Later he gave another signal and the soldiers fell on the other man, who

was somewhat prepared and made a desperate resistance, upsetting the table, but twenty men slashed at him and he too was cut down.

When all was over the Governor begged the guests' pardon for the disturbance in the most cool and matter-of-fact way and had another feast laid out in another room.

The mail will leave soon so I will close now.

Ever your loving son
Percy Mather.

From "The Making of a Pioneer"



"Pips"

by N. Story.

Pips first opened his eyes in a cosy nest in a low bushy tree. He grew very quickly - more quickly than his brothers & sisters. Then his feathers began to grow "Tomorrow you shall go for your first little fly" said his mother but Pips was too impatient. The moment she had gone he had a little try - and flopped down onto the soft grass. At that moment a hungry rat scrambled

into the tree & found a nest full of juicy
steak - three of them! When father
thrush came back he dropped the
juicy worm he was carrying and cried
out in dismay. Then he heard a tiny
"peep" and there, on the ground was Pips
quite safe but badly frightened.

So Pips was the spoilt only son. When
he had learned to fly his mother and
father said "It is getting hard to find
food nowadays. We must go ^{to} the magic
house."

Pips was most excited - a magic
house! Off he flew after his father &
mother. Suddenly they started to drop
right over the yard of a human's house!
He stopped in mid-air but his parents
called to him so he followed down. Then
he noticed a tiny miniature house on
a tall pole in the middle of the yard
and here his mother and father landed.

It certainly was a magic house! Every sort of bird seemed to be there and there was something that each bird liked best to eat. Pipo soon found a



tin full of juicy snails and was very busy hanging the shell of a big one when a friendly sparrow came up to talk to him.

"You're new here aren't you? I hope you're enjoying the magic house. You certainly look as though you are" said

Happy. "Oh yes," said Pipo between mouthfuls "it's lovely." "Some kind human children put it up and they put food here every morning."

"Why is it up on a pole?" asked Pips
"So that the cat can't get us. She can
climb the pole but can't get round
the bottom of our verandah." said Nop
py cheerfully.

A Cat! Noppy looked all round
fearfully. No she was not in the yard
or on the fence-top but —
Pips' heart stood still — she was
on the roof of the human's house, just
getting ready to spring!

Pips flew at her in a panic and
they collided in mid-air; but Pips
flapped his wings in her face
so hard that she was forced to
wriggle round in the middle of her
jump and land down in the
yard.

Pips was awarded the Silver
Feather for his bravery and a
party was held in the magic house

THE END

Alphabet man
Holder

Don't forget your
sub. is due