



ram - Springs - -

the GOAT ISLAND

MAGAZINE ^{September - October}

Rules

No one may keep the mag. more than
~~4~~ 5 days

If you remove the tissue paper cover please
replace it.

When sending on the mag. remember to enclose
cardboard, voting sheet, entries to comps, address
list and any loose notices etc.

Do join the competitions, they are real
ly quite fun you know.

Any short stories, pictures or poems are
most welcome and should be sent to the Ed.

THIS NUMBER'S COMPETITION
is "Name the dogs."

Give them the names
you think suits them
best and fold it and
place it, with name, in
the Competition Holder
at back.



The Trials, joys and sorrows of an Editor.

By Bird's-eye-twinble

The trials of an Editor came like an unending road, sparsely populated with joys and sometimes flooded with sorrows. Here are some experiences of a struggling Editor and his small circulating magazine.

To begin with, when he started the idea he sent postcards asking people to join and requesting them to answer quickly so that he could make the address list. He rushed ~~out~~ to meet the mail every day, expecting a voluminous mail. The first day - nothing, second day - ditto, third day - two letters arrived and one the next. Full of excitement he went as early as possible to get the mail and got nothing again.

About a week later no more letters had arrived so he resolved to send out his first effort without waiting for the remaining four ~~for~~ answers. Of course the very day he sent it two more letters arrived (he never

got answers from two of the "chosen ones")

He carefully worked out how long it would be before his magazine returned and started on the next one. Week after week went by and he finished it; his precious work made no appearance and he sent out despairing messages. Answers came quickly this time, some saying "Not received" and others saying "Sent on" one person casually remarking that they "kept it a little over the four days, but were sure it didn't stay more than three weeks" (!)

Thoroughly disappointed he waited until it arrived and felt a thrill of relief when it finally arrived; but it was so late that he had already sent the next one out. He eagerly looked in the competition envelope at the back of the prodigal one only to find it empty!

Feeling very downhearted he started on the third number and had completed it long before the second one returned. The Editor received it while in hospital.

and the sight of six entries to his competition cheered him up considerably and he spent the rest of the day deciding which entry to vote for. A little while previously he also received two contributions from a member which gave him more joy.

It was great fun voting and sending off the voting sheet with the belated third mag, (late owing to his illness) but already the fourth number was ready and the fifth had a cover and an article on "Trials, Joys and Sorrows of an Editor" written for it!

"Many members will say" he's groaning about nothing" but add to these worries the collecting of reading matter to put in it, the procuring of paper to write it on, and the writing of a serial story, the end of which he does not know himself yet!

Ends.

Answer to "Love Affair"

Lilian was his daughter

Gertrude was his wife

Mrs Stanton was his mother.

The Mayfield Mystery.

By the Editor

"Well said Mr. Eggero" "There seems to be no things I must do today, first I must get in to the secret room and look at papers in there and find where the other door leads to and comes out. Then I must find out what that code message says. Oh, there you are Simons, have you deciphered the message?"

"Yes sir, quite a simple thing," said Simons. "Here it is sir. I just had to

M	E	E	T	-	-
M	E	-	-	-	-
T	O	-	-	-	-
N	I	G	H	T	-
A	T	-	-	-	-
F	O	N	K	'	S
B	R	I	D	G	E
A	B	O	U	T	-
T	E	N	-	-	-
O	C	L	O	C	K

write ~~the~~ each lot of letters down words instead of across the page and that was the result."

"Good. Well that's where I must go to night," said Mr. Eggero.

"You boys must keep a watch on things here while I'm away but first I must get into that room and inspect the other entrance and get hold of those papers."

He then went back and tried the door

and it opened as soon as he tried it, revealing the room quite empty. Mr. Eggers stepped in, the door closed behind him and all was silence except for his light footsteps going round the walls and then to the other door which he opened and shut again. He then walked over to the table and started rustling papers.

Suddenly the anxious listeners heard a bump then muffled shouts and a yell of pain and more thumps and grunts coming from within.

"What ever is happening?" shrieked Mrs. Nut. What was?

~~..... To be continued in our next~~

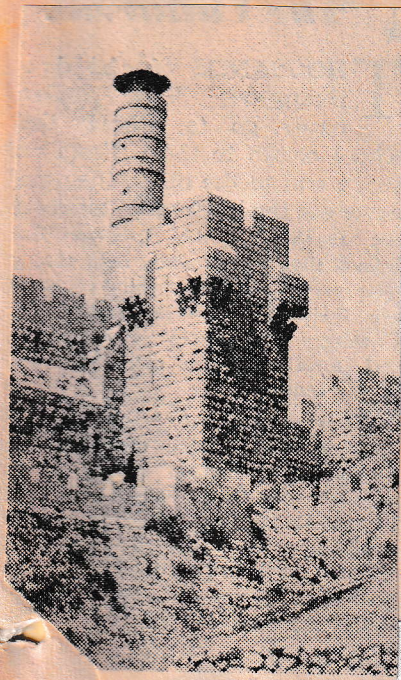
The Winner of the Patriotic Poster Competition is..... having gained vote.

The prize was



A scene in Italy
from "The Country
of the King and the
Book" by Sir F. Treves

A field of flax
with poppies in it.
The flax forms a
sheet of forget-
me-not blue, like
a pool; while deep
in the pool - as
if submerged in
this amazing
blue - area
thousand scar-
let poppies



The Citadel of Jerusalem

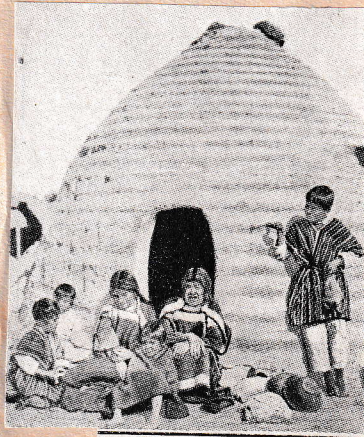


The village house or maloka, Amazon Country.

Strange Buildings of THE WORLD



Kirghiz women outside a yurt.



Rude home of mountain
dwellers.



(Studio Lisa.)

A charming camera study of Princess Elizabeth, who will attain her sixteenth birthday on April 21. The floral frame is pleasingly appropriate, for the Princess is a Nature lover.



The Pioneer's House. Leigh.

Lewisham Poems

A series written by the Editor in hospital.

Boredom in Lewisham

I've drawn and I've read,
I've sewn and I've wrote,
I've made a wee house,
And a dear little boat,
I'm tired of these things
Now what shall I do?
I'm tired of singing
And paper mats too.

It's visiting time
I wish they would come,
I'm anxious to hear
About all things at home.
The cows and the cats,
The donkeys and the dogs,
Have they caught more mice?
Or got stuck in the bogs?

So here I just sit (I'm twiddling my thumbs)
Waiting for someone (And nobody comes).

Places..... of Interest



The Indians are good hunters.

Tierra del Fuego is a small island at the most southern point of S. America. It was discovered and named by Magellan. the Ona Indians are the very primitive natives. They live in small pits and they hunt a small deer like animal (pictured in Mar-April No) called the guanaco. this little animal supplies them with meat, milk and leather and wool.



Favourite Recipes



Date Pies

2 cups flour

2 eggs

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter

2 small teaspoons baking powder

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and flour & baking powder. Knead (as for shortbread) to a stiff yellow dough. Take a teaspoonful and wrap round a stoned date. Bake 10-12 mins. in fairly hot oven. this recipe is equally good for sultanas or preserved cherries.

The Early Bird

Written by the Editor at the age of 9.

"th!" said little Spechy the sparrow.
"There's a nice fat worm."

Wrigly worm squirmed back into his house. He poked his head out and called, "Pooh, you can't catch me."

"The early bird catches the worm," quoted Spechy.

"You're (!) not the early bird anyway," answered the worm. "That's why you didn't catch me."

"You're a cheezy little coward you are," chirped Spechy angrily. "If I had eaten you I would have been doing the farmer a good turn."

"That you wouldn't Fatty," replied Wrigly Worm, "If it wasn't for me the farmer would never have any crops."

"I don't see how you do any good, crawling about in the earth and being rude to your betters," squeaked the sparrow.

Crawling about in the earth as I do is

exactly what helps the farmer. I eat grass, take it under the ground and leave it there to make humus in the soil," said the worm quietly.

"And do you suppose that you are the only one that helps the farmer?" asked the sparrow. "I eat pests like you and the shugs, I scratch up the ground, I chirp and hop to make people happy, I scatter the seeds for the —"

"Yes, I've often heard the farmer blessing you for spreading the black berry seeds," interrupted Wrigly.

"Here you are, you see you said your very self that he blessed me" answered Specky Sparrow.

"You're so stupid that you don't even know which kind of 'bless' I mean." Wrigly yawned and fell asleep.

"I don't care I'm still the prettiest," Specky said as he flew away.

THE END

like
Willis.
when my
due.

Competition
Holder

Name the Dogs

NOTE This competition
is not for telling the breed
of the dog. It is for giving
them a suitable name.