

Edith Leigh

PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE
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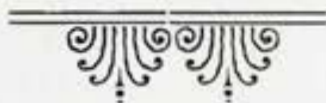
THE LUCERNIAN.

The MAGAZINE of the PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE
GEELONG.

Editor—JOYCE EDDIE.

Sub-Editor—STELLA PAGELS.

Editorial Committee—KATHLEEN PERRY, DORIS ZIMMER, HELEN VENTERS,
EDNA ELLIS.



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The Head Mistress (MISS G. PRATT, M. A., Dip. Ed.) is the Patron of all School Clubs and Societies.

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Form V.—JOYCE EDDIE, GRETA McINTOSH, HELEN VENTERS.

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Form VA.—EILEEN BUCKHURST, JEAN RENTOUL.

Form IV.—HELEN MACMILLAN, GWEN FURNELL, GWEN MORGAN.

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THE LUCERNIAN.

VOL. I.

No. 2

EDITORIAL.

The Power Within Us.—Is not imagination one of the most precious possessions that one can have? It is really the beginning of every great thing that has ever been done. Was it not imagination that discovered our own land and others? Was it not imagination that first made men start to think and then in the end understand to-day those things which yesterday were almost unimaginable? Look round where you will; what do you see? What is going on all round? Think of the men all the world over in material things, making flying machines, engines, or great ocean liners. What is going to be the end of them all? Will they some day discover new lands? Will they ever fly to another world or see if there are men on Mars? Will those who spend their lives trying to decipher the invisible ever solve the mysteries of life?

So the events of every hour thrill the imagination of whoever is not deaf, or dumb, or blind.

We imagine ourselves in the past history now unknown. It is imagination that enables us to pass all the great events of history through our minds in a flash.

We see Moses leading his people. We see the mighty Cæsar dying because his imagination was beyond his fellow

countrymen. We see Liberty building up freedom in America.

Do we understand that if we read a great poem or a great story we are metaphorically riding on the winged steed, Imagination? And if we had not an imagination that we could not enjoy that ride. There are some who cannot read poetry or enjoy Nature—poor souls! They have no imagination. Without imagination we lose half the fun and beauty and glory of human nature.

Someone said that a child knows better than grown-ups, that this beautiful and romantic world is not the real thing; and that a much more beautiful and romantic world is about us if only we would open our eyes and see.

Shakespeare lived in any number of worlds.

Keats said that "pleasure is never at home" and bade us "open wide our mind's cage door," so that our imagination might fly away with us to a truly beautiful world. Heaven is the imagination that stirs within us.

He is rich, who, knowing little, has a great imagination; he is poor who, knowing much, has none.

EDITOR.

FORM NOTES.

FORM VI.

Again comes the time for form notes. We haven't much to tell you this time, but we'll do our best to acquaint you with the movements of our little band.

We are still partly the sixth of last year, which is not quite so bad as it sounds, for, though there are only ten of us in all, four of our number are endeavoring to do honours, while of the remaining six three are hoping to pass leaving, and three visit us occasionally to delve in the mysterious depths of "Gardiner Part 3," and improve their literary abilities by expounding lengthily in an essay once a week, as well as taking an occasional journey to "The Mill on the Floss" or paying a visit to "Macbeth."

Some time ago we carried out a very clever transaction with the staff, but we'll leave you to guess what it was and just tell you that it went to swell our funds for the starving children of Europe.

At present we have the honour of accommodating in our form room the school library in its infancy. We do not want to lose it, but we hope that before long it will have grown too large to remain in our possession only.

On Saturday, 8th of July, we were delightfully entertained at "Strathcona" by Miss Gilbert, our form mistress. Each and all spent a most enjoyable afternoon, and join in thanking Miss Gilbert for thinking of us in this way.

Au Revoir,
MEMBERS OF FORM VI.



FORM V.

Being the best and busiest Form in the school we may not have time to write notes of any great length.

We started the year with fourteen girls

on the roll, but at the end of the first term we parted very sadly with Jean Kelso, so now we are a lucky number.

Our form mistress, Miss Ballans, helps us to keep up to our motto, "Per Aspera ad Astra," which is framed and hanging on the wall. Our form color is bottle green.

Not only are we the best and most hard working form, but are very important in the eyes of the school, having three prefects, two girls from the tennis four, two from the baseball nine, one from the basketball seven, two sports captains, three sports' committee members, the editor, and one of the Lucernian committee.

Every Tuesday after school we have hobby hour. We do not have it in school hours because we have to work too hard for the coming exams.

We are now making presents for the Koreans' Xmas box.

At the end of last term we had a sale of gifts for the starving children of Europe. We made all the things in hobby. This sale brought us £7/17/6.

Miss Pratt has started a system of marking the class rooms on their tidiness. Form V. obtained 95 per cent. last term of the number of marks possible. As we are modest we will leave our achievements to be spoken of by others.



FORM VB.

Our form is the largest in the school, consisting of 30 girls, eleven of these being new at the beginning of this year. Our motto is, "I serve," and our colors pale blue and gold. At the beginning of the term our form mistress, Miss Shaw, presented to the form a beautiful new flag. We all thank Miss Shaw very much for her gift.

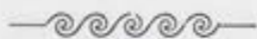
Our form is well represented in the various sports, both in the school and in the house teams. Early in the year eight girls entered for the "Times" competitions, and won a prize of £3 for the school. Of these eight, six are members of VB.

To induce the girls to keep their rooms tidy Miss Pratt decided to mark the various class rooms for general tidiness. The percentage for VB. so far is 100.

By merely collecting among ourselves our form was able to contribute £2 to the fund for the starving children of Europe.

The temperature of our room during these last few weeks has been less than that of any other room, thus we were noted for our rugs, hot water bottles, mittens, gloves and coats, etc., until the school, taking pity on our misery, kindly provided us with a heater, for which we are very grateful.

As the boarders use our room for prep. it has been necessary to put on two more electric lights, hence we consider ourselves to be the shining lights of the school.



FORM VA.

We consist of nine boarders and six day girls. Our captains, Jean and Eileen, endeavour nobly to keep us up to our motto, "Semper Fidelis."

At present we are rather down in spirits, for the weight of examinations hangs heavily upon us. By the time they are over you will search far before you will find another such bedraggled fifteen, or such disgusted teachers.

When Dr. Wilson came to see us he was very pleased. It goes without speaking that it was because he saw that we were always a model class.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mary Hambly at the end of last term, and hope that she is getting on well at her new school.

We are eagerly competing for the prize Miss Pratt is giving for the tidiest room. But time flies and examinations come on, so we must say "au revoir" and live in hopes of greeting you again later.

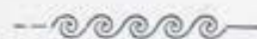


FORM IV.

The fourth form is one which everyone enjoys being in. We have a splendid motto, which means a lot to the form, "Play the game." Our form colors are navy blue and maroon. There are sixteen girls in our form and they are particularly sociable. We managed to gather sixteen girls by the attendance of a new girl, Jessie Roger. We are all glad to welcome Jessie into our form, and hope that she will enjoy herself as long as she is with us.

We have taken keen interest in botany, and by different experiments we have gained a great deal of knowledge.

Our form mistress, Miss Dunoon, helps us a lot with our botany experiments, and Mary Calvert looks after our botany shelf.



FORM III.

The third form have a very nice room. It overlooks a lovely big green lawn, which has a nice edging of flowers round it. The form colors are green and white, and we have a lovely sand tray.

We are learning about Australia now in geography, and along the wall are lots of fruits made of paper, and bags of wheat and potatoes, and pictures of cows, and little bundles of wood, and some real wool off a sheep. All these things the members of the third form have provided.

We are nine in number and the smallest class in the school, but that does not matter as long as we are good humoured and busy, and that we always are.

We hope we will enjoy reading our notes in the Lucernian as much as we did in the last.



KINDERGARTEN I. & II.

We are only 22 this year, but we still manage to make plenty of noise; we hope we don't disturb everyone else.

We have only one new girl this term, and we are glad to welcome Betty back after her long illness.

We have a lot of carrots and bulbs on our nature study shelf, and we are able to keep this shelf more tidy now, as we have nice little hooks for our mugs.

We have been learning about Hiawatha lately, and have made wig-wams, canoes, and a lot of animals.

We want to thank the third form for lending us their big sand tray to put our things on. Form IIB. are very important now—they go to sports twice a week with the third form.

Did you know that we went to the West Geelong Free Kindergarten one morning in the first term? We enjoyed our visit very much, and hope to go again some day. At present we are travelling in Eskimo land and find it rather cold. We are glad to come back to our sunny room and see the wattle, and know that spring is coming.

GENERAL NEWS.

We all send our best wishes to Dorothy Woodhouse, one of the old girls, as we have received news of her engagement to Mr Stephen Hume. Dorothy was a great friend to all the girls, and we all wish her every happiness for the future.

Mr G. T. B. Davis came to the school on the 27th of June to give the girls pocket testaments. We are glad to say that everyone in the school took testaments.

We all wish to thank Mrs McLeod, who so kindly presented our school with pocket testaments.

We are glad to know that the basket ball court is at last being put in good order.

We wish to thank Miss Shaw for all the help she has shown to the tennis four.

Anzac Day.—Tuesday, 25th April, this year, was the anniversary of Anzac Day—the day on which Australia was born and recognised as a nation by the great powers of the world. This day to us, as Australians, will always be held dear to the memory. This year we did not attend the service at Newtown Church, but Mr Neville, our school chaplain, came at 11 o'clock and gave us an inspiring address on the meaning of Anzac Day and its significance to us as the rising generation of Australia, on whose shoulders rests the duty of carrying on the noble example set us by those who fought at Gallipoli. He also impressed on us that Anzac Day, being one of commemoration and prayer, not one of celebration, for the memory of our heroes, is too dear to be anything but solemnised. After the address we sang Kipling's *Recessional*, and were dismissed feeling inspired never to forget "the Spirit of Anzac."

Great sorrow was felt throughout the school at the death of Mr Shannon, which occurred on the 7th of April. We all felt that we had lost one of the very best friends the school possessed, or ever could possess.

Early in the first term we had the privilege of a visit from Miss Thorp, one of the Society of Friends. Miss Thorp had been in both Russia and Austria, and gave us a very vivid description of the terrible conditions which existed, and, indeed, still do exist in both those countries. After that talk we made up our minds to do our very best to respond to Lady Forster's appeal on behalf of the starving children.

ROSLYN HOUSE NOTES.

HOUSE COLORS—PALE BLUE.

On coming back from the holidays we were glad to see so many Roslynites still in their old places.

Some of our newer hopefuls were banished when it was decided that a third house should be formed. Still, some of our faithful servants clung to the good old colors.

We have so far taken part in only one basket ball match, and we hope to continue doing as well there as we have done in tennis, swimming and baseball. The greatest victory of the year fell to us when we carried away so many of the swimming prizes. Evidently this victory carried us slightly too high, as we lost the next baseball match. But we did not meet trouble half way and earnestly set to work with the idea of trying to win the match against Ardens House. All our labour was not wasted, as we did

after an unusually exciting game secure a good victory.

Our first house tennis match was very interesting; more so than any other match we have had. We played Harris House, and grim and steady was the play on both sides. We lived throughout some dreadful moments, and by living eventually came out on top.

The play was unusually good, and it was only through our second pair that we gained the victory.

At the beginning of the second term we had our house evening, which was very enjoyable, mostly owing to Eileen, vice-captain.

Although we have not yet secured the cup of victory we feel sure that all Roslynites will grasp the oars and pull strongly and steadily through next term.

J.E.

ARDENS HOUSE NOTES.

HOUSE COLORS—GOLD.

At the beginning of the year it was decided that a new house should be formed, also that it should be called Arden's House.

In all matches we are conspicuous by bright gold bands round the bottom of our tunics, instead of ordinary gold belts.

In the first baseball match of the year we played successfully against Harris House, defeating them by 12 runs. In our second match, with another house, we were not so successful, but were defeated by Roslyn House by 21 runs.

On July 17th we challenged Harris House in a game of tennis, the scores being: Harris House, 44 games; Arden's, 21 games.

In the last terminal flag race our team

practised every morning, some girls even being energetic enough to practise in the dinner hour. We won the race by about six inches.

In closing, we must congratulate the teams on the good work they have done, and urge them to a still further effort.

Although only one basketball match has been played, we feel sure that our girls will practise as much as possible, so that when the time comes to meet Harris House or Roslyn again we will make them work hard to beat us.

At the beginning of this term the Roslyn girls entertained us at a very enjoyable evening, for which we thank them very much.

H.V.

HARRIS HOUSE NOTES.

HOUSE COLORS—RED.

On returning we soon found that quite a number of the old Harrisites had returned and were looking forward to the matches in which they would hold up the laurels of last year. But for every Harrisite these dreams were not to come true, for girls had to be drawn from the ranks of Roslyn and Harris, the former rivals, to form the third house.

When the third house was formed we lost several of our strong supporters, who knew only too well the spirit of those left behind, and realised the hard fight ahead.

Thus the competition has been keen, and "the glory of victory" as well as "the grandeur of defeat" ebbs and flows from house to house.

Harrisites in their turn have tasted of each, and show themselves capable of accepting either.

The opening sport of the year was the swimming sports, when Roslyn carried off the laurels.

The next match was with Arden's, who secured their first victory. After that we played our old rivals, Roslyn, and gained a good victory in spite of unfavorable weather conditions.

The next contest of interest was the flag race, and keen practices took place. But other teams had been practising, and we had to acknowledge defeat.

The tennis world next commanded interest, and in our first match we gained an easy victory over Arden's.

But Roslyn was not so easily dealt with, and after a long and strenuous match Roslyn won.

The basketball laurels have yet to be won, but we hope for our share of them.

S.P.



DOROTHY LEE IN MONTANA.

CHAPTER I.

Bound for Montana.

"Is the man going to ride that horse?" asked Dorothy Lee, an Eastern trained girl, as the Western-bound train pulled up at the mining station.

"Why, of course he is," laughed her father, who was a ranch owner, and after many years of Eastern luxury had found the vast prairies calling to him.

Thus when Dorothy and Jack had left school he had decided to take them for what he termed an "eye opener."

At every turn of the way Dorothy found something to remark about, while Jack, being a boy and having more sense, took notice for himself without asking father to look for him.

Jack's lip curled scornfully when Dorothy asked if the tanned faced cowboy was going to ride that little bay broncho that was snorting defiance at every movement of his body—but then Jack was four years superior in Latin, French, general know-

ledge, and had reached the towering heights of conceited seventeen and always looked down on Dorothy and her continual chatter. Her father was not so, but inclined to agree and answer as many questions as Dorothy put to him.

Just then the train started and Dorothy, leaning out too far, so that she might get a better view of that strange horse and rider, let her magazine fall out of the window.

The tanned faced rider perceiving this, immediately gave himself the task of getting it for her. On rushed the train regardless of the incident; on and on came rider and horse; nearer and nearer to the book they rushed, and then, just as the horse came to the flapping white thing he hated, the rider stooped in the saddle and at the same time he pulled the bridle so that the horse's head was dragged high in the air, the next instant horse and rider were coming on again racing as it were the train of life.

At last the amazed Dorothy found the stranger riding his horse level with her carriage, standing up in his stirrups he handed the magazine to her, and before she had time to thank him he was carriages behind and was soon lost to view.

"Oh," breathed Dorothy, thrilling with excitement, while Jack looked on with a very calm appearance.

"Do they really out here always do those kind of things?" she asked, regardless of the college grammar that a patient teacher had tried to instil into her brain.

"It looks that way, doesn't it tenderfoot," answered father.

"Oh, how gorgeous! how ripping," retorted the tenderfoot, while Jack left off reading "How to Become a Farmer" for a few minutes to correct his incoherent sister. "Why don't you say, 'Are those things the real habits of the natives of this district,' and there is no need for you to use 'gorgeous and ripping' in the way you do. Really, I don't know how father doesn't lose his patience with you."

"Well, he certainly would never lose his temper with a stew pot."

Jack, with a shrug of his shoulders, went back to his book, and silence if not peace reigned in the carriage till the dinner gong rang and the trio went to the dining saloon. Thus passed the long tiresome days till at last one beautiful morning Dorothy woke to find that they were crossing a river which wound in and out of the hills like a long silver snake. This was the Yellowstone River.

Soon after, the train pulled up at Billings, and father, Jack and Dorothy, plus luggage, were left on the station. As the train disappeared round the bend Dorothy felt the world had gone back a few hundred years, and that the two or three Indians she saw slowly moving here and there were wild and ready to kill her. While she was imagining all this a buck-board was drawn up and a little angular man jumped out. Mr Lee taking a few paces forward and shook hands with the little man whose name was Wilson.

"You don't seem to change," was his drawled greeting.

Mr Lee slapped him on the back and told him he hadn't got any thinner.

"These yours?" asked Wilson, indicating both children and baggage. Mr Lee nodded. "We thought you were going to bring the missus out," continued the little man. "She's touring in Germany for her health; too hot up here for her now."

With no more ado Wilson lifted the heavy cases into the back of the buck-board and soon they were driving away. Mr Lee asked questions and Wilson answered most of them in monosyllables.

Jack studied the ground to see if it was good for cultivating, and decided it was if the people would enrich it a little.

Dorothy looked at the great bluff and wondered why it didn't topple over.

Conversation lulled between Mr Lee and Wilson, so that Dorothy was able to ask the name of the bluff.

"That's the end of the Black Hills," said Wilson.

"What makes the great rock stay up?"

"If anyone could remove that little stone underneath, the rock would fall and the dam would drown the town and railway line."

Dorothy's mouth opened and she forgot to close it till Jack asked if she was trying to get more fresh air than was good for her.

After four hours' grilling in the heat and dust of Montana they arrived at the porch of a rambling old mansion which Dorothy described as gorgeous, while Jack snorted in disgust, whether it was for the house or for Dorothy's adjective I don't know.

CHAPTER II.

A Ride that led to Disaster.

The first two or three days passed quickly, and Dorothy found not a minute of idleness. There was the choosing of rooms and saddle horses, the latter being more exciting than the former.

Then came rides and making of cakes and bread, the former didn't rise at all while the latter rose too much.

Then there came a lull, the cowboys had gone off into the badlands to muster the cattle for the round up. One crisp September morning Dorothy woke as the sun was rising and thought what a lovely morning for a ride. No sooner did the thought come into her head than she was up and dressing; soon she tiptoed into the kitchen, had something to eat, and slipped out unnoticed by anyone. Now she was at the home paddock where the little bay pony was kept.

With much fumbling she managed to tighten the girth, then scrambling up into the saddle she started for the little creek which they had visited a few days

ago. It was a 17-mile ride. This, Dorothy didn't know, but seeing Jack had said it would be a nice place for a ride some morning, Dorothy thought that she would go there first and mark a little place for herself as gold diggers do. The sun had risen fully when she got to the creek, very tired and thirsty. Sliding down from her saddle she went to the creek, which gurgled and bounded over its stony bed, and wandering round Dorothy found a little place up stream where the water was deep enough for bathing and where the sun only filtered through the leafy branches of pines. Here could be made a lovely tree room.

Jack had learnt carpentering at school so he could erect her a little room on one of the stout branches of these sturdy trees. At last, deciding on one tree whose branches overhung the pool, she carved her name rudely, stating that she owned ten yards up and down stream.

Now, although Dorothy's pony had patience, one could hardly expect it to stand and wait for its mistress while there was some very tempting grass going to waste; so, with a little whinny, it trotted over to one patch, then to another, and soon tired of grazing here, went further afield into the cotton woods. Dorothy heard the whinny certainly, but little did she think that she was left seventeen miles from home. After staking her claim as she proudly called it, she turned and came down stream to where she had left Croko, as she called her pony, but there was no Croko anywhere, so Dorothy gave up the search and went down stream to the little cabin that was never used by anyone but a stray Indian.

Dorothy had to cross the stream to come to this abode, and she couldn't help thinking how very beautiful it looked hidden among the trees with the sun shining on the little rude porch.

If her eyes had been trained and accustomed to such sights she would have seen a thin blue wisp of smoke rising and curl-

ing above the tree tops. As it was, she went on across the stream humming a little song and feeling very contented (except now and then when she felt a pang of hunger).

Not once did it enter her mind that when Cronko reached home riderless they would worry; nothing but thrilling adventures which she had read were in her mind now. As she was crossing the river she paused on a rock to get a better view of the cabin. Splash! An agonising pain in her ankle and nothing did Dorothy remember till she woke and found a strange man bending over her.

"Where am I?" was her first dazed question.

"You hurt your ankle and when I went for water I found you lying with your head on the bank and half your body in the water. I set your ankle and bathed your leg, and now I suppose you are hungry."

"What are you doing here? My father owns this land and my name is Lee."

"Not J. G. Lee's daughter?"

"Yes, those are father's initials."

"You're a chip of the old block anyway. How did you come to be out here alone?"

"I rode here, and while I was looking round my horse went away, so knowing this to be father's cabin I came here, but I did not know father let people stay here. 'What is your name?'"

"Jackson. You'd better lie down and have some breakfast."

"What made you come this far for a ride? Do you know you're seventeen miles from home?"

Dorothy said she did not, and straightway fell to eating her breakfast.

Soon a chilly breeze made her shiver, and looking out of the window she perceived that the sun had gone and that the sky looked grey and dismal, and being left in the cabin became rather tragic.

Dorothy was wondering when her

father would come for her, when a loud peal of thunder wakened her from her day dream.

"There's a storm brewing," remarked Jackson, although this was quite evident by the mist on the surrounding hills and the color of the sky.

With crashing of thunder and flashing of lightning the storm burst with all the force that just such a thunderstorm has. Jackson took shelter in the cabin with Dorothy, and straightway began to make a fire out of the dry wood he had stored up on the wall. As the storm continued Dorothy's feelings fell below zero. Was she ever going to get home? Would Jackson prove to be a highway man and rob her of her watch and silver-mounted riding crop?

Late into the forenoon the storm raged, not once did the rain stop.

Shortly after dinner, however, the rain did subside, but it was foolish to think of crossing the raging muddy torrent which swept all before it.

How different it was from the little playful gurgling stream of a few hours ago.

Dorothy spent most of her time looking from the cabin to the stream to see if it was falling to its normal height.

To the frantic Dorothy minutes seemed years. By tea time the river had risen instead of falling, and it was evident that she would have to stay in this place for the night.

Jackson made her very warm, and throwing a lot of wood on the fire told her he would sleep on the old porch and nothing would hurt her.

Dorothy couldn't go to sleep; the pain in her ankle was torture, and goodness only knew when she would be able to go home.

Merciful sleep was relieving the torture when out of the darkness came a thud, thud of horses' hoofs on the muddy ground.

CHAPTER III.

The Plot.

"Are you there Jackson?" asked a deep bass voice, as a middle-aged man leaped lightly from his horse and came stumbling and slipping to the porch. Was Dorothy dreaming? Very still with closed eyes lay the supposed sleeper.

"We've got a good deal of luck, what with the rain to hide the tracks of the cattle, and what do you think? Lee's kid is here. Silly child went for a ride this morning, left the horse loose and roamed about till she wanted to go home and then found the horse gone.

On the way up here she fell and hurt her ankle, and can't go away, so we'll keep her for a ransom or something like that.

"Did you get the stock you wanted?"

"Yes, I got the cattle and they are safe in the Rainbow Hills."

Jackson gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"We'd better lie low, don't you think, chief, till these things have blown over?"

"Lie low be blowed; and branding just coming on. As soon as branding's over I'm going to make another raid, and all we have to do is put two lines on their 'L' and then we have 'E'."

"Hum," returned the visitor, "I don't like the game."

"I don't see any rope tying you here," remarked Jackson coolly.

"Ah now, I didn't mean it in that way," said the visitor in the way of a dog who has been thrashed and returned with his tail between his legs.

Jackson did not smile back at this retort; on his face hovered an ugly grin and his eyes held the look of a miser gloating over his gold. In a few minutes Jackson revealed his plan. "You know the dam over the top of Eagle's Crest at the end of the Black Hills? Well use six sticks of those time explosives you got from the train and set them for five past twelve tomorrow night; get me? Then we'll rig

you up in swell clothes and say you rescued the kid from being drowned. You'll pretend to be a gold prospector, and they'll keep you there for a day or two, especially if you say you're hard put to it.

Once there, get the number of cattle that will be branded before the 4th, and let me know; see?"

Yes, the stranger saw, and having a softer heart he did not like the idea of those people living near the dam being drowned.

That made no difference to Jackson. It was the cattle he wanted and intended to get by foul means or fair. All this time Dorothy lay wide awake in bed. What was she to do? What could she do?

At last sleep relieved her of these swarms of questions.

The morning dawned, and Dorothy wakened, and did not know if what she had heard last night were a dream or real happenings of life. Soon she heard someone stirring outside, and feeling she must do something she got up. Her ankle ached a little, but it was nothing to the ache in her head.

How she wished her mother had come out too; if only she had put a little note on her dressing table saying she was going for a ride to the creek, everything would have been all right by now.

Jackson put his head in the door with a slimy grin and told her that breakfast was ready.

"I guess it isn't anything like what you're used to, but it's good; how is your leg?"

"It feels much better now, thank you; when am I going home?"

"To-night you'll say 'yes' to whatever my friend says, won't you?"

"Why," asked Dorothy. Then a brilliant idea came into her head. "Yes, yes, I'll do that, because you've been so good to me."

Jackson leered at her, but he didn't say anything. Breakfast was eaten in

silence. Dorothy's mind was too full of plans for her mind to work, while Jackson was too satisfied to say much. How well his plans had worked out—why, just fancy, by the 12th of this month he expected to find this ranch of Lee's up for sale because it wouldn't pay. Then he meant to buy for the lowest price after he had told everyone else it wasn't worth buying.

To Dorothy the day seemed twice as long as the previous one, although the sun shone, the river went down, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the beauty of the land. At last night came, and Dorothy was awaiting Jackson's orders. She had made her plans and intended to play her cards carefully.

"You're to say you rode to Billing's to buy things, and whilst coming home this gallant man saved you."

Dorothy promised she would.

Then the stranger of the night before rode up to the cabin door, and Dorothy was put up in front of Jake's horse (as the stranger was called).

She would wait till he set the explosives and as he came back she would ride for help and he too would perish in the flood that in fifteen minutes after the explosion would be sweeping over the land.

Ah! Now they were at the butte of the mountain—now Jake was getting off the horse. It would be quite easy to ride away when his back was turned. Then just as he was going he turned, and with a grin which Dorothy thought was just about the ugliest grin she had ever seen, he tied up the horse and then tying her hands behind her back he strode away.

How well a human can plan and what time spend in thinking out things, but in the end it is fortune who decides. At this critical moment when Dorothy could have done so much had not those cords bound her, she was mute and sat there as if it was a pleasure, though every moment was a year of torture and agony.

CHAPTER IV.

The Storm of Revenge.

The bombs set, Jake came back with no apparent hurry, undid the ropes and mounting let the horse walk away from that dreadful jutting rock which, in a few hours, would only be little pebbles in the rushing water which would tare down the slopes and swamp the valley beneath.

"Why don't you hurry. I want to go home; and what did you put on the rocks?" asked Dorothy, although she knew just as well as Jake what this all meant.

"Well, you see, there's another storm coming on, so I'll rest Dolly in case it doesn't pass over, for then we'll have to hurry. Maybe it'll pass over, maybe it won't."

Two miles were covered in silence, then the wind began to rise and whistle in the trees, making their branches swish and snap. A few flashes of lightning heralded the coming storm. The night was inky black, not a star to be seen, and often Dolly stumbled on the pebbles of the rough mountain track.

Crash! With a mighty peal of thunder the storm broke, the rain was blinding, and it lashed the faces of both riders.

Looking at her luminous watch, Dorothy was surprised to find it was five minutes past midnight. Why hadn't the bombs gone off? No sooner had the thought come into her head than a dull boom resounded through the hills.

Jake reined up in spite of rain and listened for other bombs. Jake had made a grave mistake in his haste of setting the bombs, for one was set for 12.5, another for 12.30, and the others were never set at all.

Slowly the rain trickled through the tiny hole which the one explosive had made.

Jake had placed the bombs so that each would blow up a different part of the rocks, and the 12.5 was to blow up only rock, not the place where the water would flow; thus there was only a small trickle of water.

The watchman at the other side of the dam pulled out the emergency trolley, and with all his might worked it round to the other side.

With wooden props and sandbags the cavity was soon blocked up, and, thankful that the break had not been too large for him to mend, the guard went slowly back to his cabin.

"Well, I never!" was all that Jake could say, but as the storm was getting worse he could not stay and wonder.

Now, if the dam did not overflow, his alibi about finding Dorothy would be very thin. Somewhere behind them a tree fell, bringing branches of other trees with it.

"Oh, dear," sighed Dorothy.

Ahead of them another was falling. Jake was no coward, but it wasn't very enjoyable to be wet through, with the likelihood of the rain continuing for hours. Luckily, there was no river to cross, so that did not worry them how long they took, although all possible haste was made. For all the hurry they seemed to travel at a snail's pace, and minutes seemed hours. Just then the storm seemed to rage worse and worse; great streaks of lightning felled trees as easily as if they had been ninepins. Two or three times trees crashed just behind; Jake found it very hard to guide the frightened horse and to dodge the falling trees.

They were on the ranch land now, though still a mile from the homestead.

They were coming out of the timber when a great flash of lightning seemed to come right down to meet them; there was a blinding crash and Dorothy remembered no more. What really happened was that a tree had fallen just then; the horse reared and Dorothy, falling, was

pinned under one of its branches, while Jake was caught by the ankle. Jake did not swoon, but the agony he suffered was about the best punishment he could have had. Dorothy, having fallen on the back of her head, was unconscious and felt no pain. Dolly had reared and, in throwing her riders, had saved herself. Away she galloped, and it was not long before she reached the homestead.

Mr Lee, hearing the noise of hoofs above the rain, went out on the verandah to find Wilson holding a strange horse.

"To whom does this horse belong, Wilson," asked Mr Lee.

"I can't see," was the answer, "but his rider must **have** come a cropper," for the saddle, though tightly strapped, had moved a little to the left.

"We must find the rider, he can't stay out in rain like this. Call a few of the boys and saddle my horse; when you are ready come up here."

CHAPTER V.

The Discovery of Jake and Dorothy.

Five minutes later the little party split in two and went different directions. It was now four o'clock and although the thunder had subsided and the lightning stopped, it still rained a little.

An hour dragged by and no rider was to be seen, then suddenly and unexpectedly they came to the tree obstructing their way, and hearing a groan they stopped and found Jake and Dorothy. Gently the two were taken home. At six o'clock Mr Lee arrived home with his party after a fruitless search.

Greatly was Mr Lee's surprise and joy to find that his kindness had really been a great gain to himself. Two days were left for the miserable human to double cross the people who had shown him so much kindness.

Dorothy, physically, was as right as rain, but Dorothy, mentally, was blank. The fall which she had received had

caused her to forget the past, and constantly her brain was buzzing when she tried to remember the past. A great desire to ride seized Jake. He longed to be in the saddle again and to feel the strong horse under him.

Mr Lee, thinking it would do Jake good to go for a ride, ordered two horses to be saddled. Jake and he rode down to the branding camp. While Mr Lee talked about the cattle and how the early rains had made them rush the branding, Jake sat silent taking in the scene with apparently no hearing for the information so dear to him.

The fourth dawned, and Dorothy, sitting on the verandah, happened to look at Jack, who had changed since he had come out to Montana, owing to a few mischievous cowboys who had laughed and gulled him at every step, till one day they had dared him to ride a little fresh broncho which hadn't been properly broken in. Jack being game, took the dare first in a half-hearted way, but as the horse threw him and the boys shrieked with laughter a wild desire to ride the horse seized Jack, and catching the hanging rein he vaulted into the saddle, only to be thrown off just as quickly.

More gurgles were heard from the vicinity of the railing. Taking no notice of their jokes he limped to the horse and, climbing into the saddle, managed to stay there for a few minutes, but in the end he was thrown again. This time he hurt his wrist, the pain was nothing to the rage in his heart.

Getting on again he shut his teeth together and digging his heels into the broncho made it so frightened that he cleared the fence and was away like a streak of dust before anyone could say anything. When the cloud of dust cleared a little the cowboys were both suppressed and relieved to see Jack limping towards them. He had fallen when

the horse had landed, but he had taken a fence nobody had ever tried to jump. Limping towards the middle of the corral he bent to pick up his hat. Everything went black, and Jack remembered nothing more till he woke to find Wilson bending over him.

"How do you feel, boy? What happened?"

"I fell off a horse I was riding," was all he could get from Jack. After that the cowboys and he were great friends.

Surveying her brother now, Dorothy saw the difference, although she didn't know what it was, for she couldn't remember her brother.

"What's the date, Jack?" she asked just for something to say.

"Hum," was all the answer she got from that young man who was engrossed in a book far more interesting than his sister's chatter.

"What's the date please?" repeated Dorothy in a rather chilly voice.

"Hum! What? yes; the date? the eh—let me see, the fourth," finished he at last, and was again lost in his book.

Dorothy's face turned pale, her hands pressed her forehead nervously. Why did that pain come when she tried to think? Ah! she had it now: Horse—water—cabin—fall—men talking—ride—storm. With a little nervous laugh she rushed her brother and hugged him.

"Oh, you dear old thing, you've brought it all back."

"Leave go," cried he in a very astonished voice (for Dorothy was not in the habit of hugging him). "What did I bring back?"

"Oh, my mind, of course. Sh! don't tell anyone, but this was all a plot. That man Jake tried to blow up the dam then he was coming here with me and he's got the numbers of the cattle."

"Well, if that's the way I've brought your mind back, I'm sorry."

With no more ado Dorothy went in search of her father. It was no use tell-

ing anyone else; they'd only think her brain was gone as Jack did.

Finding her father, Dorothy asked if she might go for a little ride.

Father was very hard, and after saying "No" three times he at last gave his consent, on conditions that she let Jake or Jack go with her.

Dorothy shuddered at the thought of Jake, but better him than Jack, who'd say no and tell her father the happenings of the morning. Jake was very gushing and said he'd be only too pleased to go.

He, too, wanted to go to town; this was a great excuse. The two set off after dinner, and on reaching town separated.

Dorothy was to do some pretended shopping and Jake to send some wires, although he pretended to go to the barber.

Instead of shopping Dorothy went to the sheriff and told him the whole story. A plan was decided upon, and Dorothy, with a glad heart, met Jake and went home.

How hard it was to sit still, and when father suggested going to bed at nine o'clock Dorothy protested with so much zest that she was allowed to stay up till eleven. At last, when she did go to her room, instead of going to bed she changed from her dinner frock to riding breeches and waited till the house was quiet.

Soon she heard Jake's door open and then the front door closed. After what seemed hours Dorothy heard muffled steps, then silence. Now it was her turn; very nervously she lit a lamp and placed it on the window sill—this was the signal. Then, going down stairs, she made as little noise as possible in lighting the lamp. Slowly the clock pendulum swung and two weary hours passed before horses' hoofs were again heard.

A low knock proclaimed that the sheriff was outside. Slowly Dorothy walked to the door; her legs still felt weak and her head buzzed. She opened the door and was confronted by the angry

face of Jackson, who strode in at the sight of Dorothy.

His temper got the better of him.

"I'm going to kidnap you and take you to my den where you won't get away in a hurry," and suiting his actions to his words he grabbed at her. Dorothy, well on the alert, dodged, and upsetting a chair lengthened the distance between Jackson and herself.

Jackson was not like the low thieving man he used to be, but like a half mad animal. He rushed blindly here and there, but Dorothy only upset a table and dodged. Then a great idea struck her, and, rushing to the light, she blew it out; the odds were unequal now, for Dorothy not only knew the room in darkness but also she had not run about as Jackson had.

Creeping behind the window curtains Dorothy heard what Jackson, in the dark and trying to find his way to the light, did not hear. There was a sound of horses' hoofs out in the court.

There was a quick step on the verandah and the sheriff strode into the room. Dorothy's father, just wakened up by the previous noise, descended the stairs, lamp in one hand and gun in the other.

"What's all this," he demanded rather loudly; then seeing Dorothy he ordered her to go to bed.

Dorothy ascended two or three steps. Then there was a thud, and Jackson had felled the sheriff and rushed outside, only to be caught by a deputy.

Mr Lee lit the lamps, and when all were assembled the truth was told, and Jackson was identified as the man wanted for two or three other crimes.

Three weeks later, when the law had given its verdict that Jackson was to be severely punished, Dorothy looked at Jack in a triumphant air.

"Well, how do you feel now, little girl?" asked her father as they started to walk to their horses.

"Quite well thanks, Daddy. I never thought that Montana could prove such an exciting place as it has."

But her father did not agree with her that it was exciting.

Perhaps if Dorothy had been in her father's shoes she would not have thought it exciting either.

E.E.E.



"THE ONLY WAY."

A lovely night was drawing on in the North of Victoria. The wind was rising and howling dismally through the timber.

The wail of a nightbird or the boom of a bittern were the only sounds that broke the stillness. Inside the station house the lights were lit and a group of people were sitting round a roaring fire, for the night was predicted to be a "freezer."

Marjorie Blakiston sat in a cosy chair, the merriest of the merry. Her brother Ralph and two of his school friends completed the group. When, two days ago, her brother had come with the other two, she had been, to use her expression, "scared stiff." She had never been away from home, and her brother brought such wonderful tales of the boys at school that she thought they would be truly terrible people. She was afraid they would laugh at her and say she was "only a girl." But to her amazement she found that Frank and Jack did nothing of the sort. They praised her riding and shooting, and laughed at her lack of patience for fishing. They told her she climbed as well as a squirrel—which was true—and she found she could hold her own with them at swimming. By this time she was quite used to that. Her father and mother had been called away unexpectedly that day, and had left Ralph in charge of the place.

"Mind you look after the boys well," said Mrs Blakiston as she stepped into the car. Marjorie had promised, and had said that everything would be "as right

as pie." But afterwards she was not so sure. But at present the quartette had no troubles with the world. They talked till late into the night, and then went to bed.

CHAPTER II.

It was about eight o'clock when a tall, strong, black-bearded man made his way into a hut in Blakiston's paddocks. He soon had a fire lit and then sitting down he lit his pipe and began to think deeply. This man was Edward Black, who had been tried for murder in England, and had fled to Australia.

But he had not left his bad ways behind him, and it would have been better for Australia and for him if he had never come.

He was a low coward, who would rather rob a church or a helpless woman than fight it out with a man. He had heard of the Blakiston's wealth and he had also heard of Mr and Mrs Blakiston's going away, so he had decided this was the time to rob the house.

"It will be quite safe for me with only a pack of kids there," he growled; and set about making preparations.

But he suddenly started and stopped, for he thought he heard footsteps. And he was not far wrong.

One of the men from the station who had been out that night was returning, intending to stop the night in the hut. He saw the light and stopped in amazement.

Just at that the door opened and out came Black. The other man—Dare—was completely dumfounded.

“What the ——” he began, but before he could do anything Black was upon him. But he was not to be taken unawares; his fist shot out and Black was surprised to find himself on the ground. He raised his revolver and immediately Blakistons were minus one station hand.

“Neat work,” muttered Black as he threw the body to one side, reloaded his revolver, and mounted Dare’s horse. He soon was near the homestead.

He had to cross a rather swollen stream, and just as the good horse got across it slipped and broke its leg. Black, cursing at it, dismounted and emptied the contents of his revolver into its head. It gave one yell and then lay still. Black loaded his revolver for the third time that night, and trudged on.

Soon he came in sight of the house, and opening the drive gate passed silently up in the shadow of the trees. On he went and when he was about a hundred yards from the house he emerged into the moonlight.

All the house was in darkness, for now it was after twelve.

All at once a gleaming white figure glided out in front of him. Now Black, like all Cornish people, was superstitious, and when he saw the sudden appearance of this white figure he jumped to the conclusion that it was a ghost, so utter-

ing a wild yell of “Spooks!” he fell back terrified.

But when the figure actually commanded him to put up his hands in a very unspooklike manner, it brought him to earth, and he began to scorn himself. Here he was, coming to rob a house, and just because he saw somebody dressed in white he thought it was a ghost.

But here were three more white figures running from the house: this was alarming. He fired the first figure and ran like the wind down the drive and away.

CHAPTER III.

In her little white bed in the hospital, Marjorie was talking to father, mother and Ralph. Ralph was telling her how they got the man.

“We ran him to earth,” he said: “he was hiding on one of the islands in the river.”

“Oh, Marjorie, how did you see him?” said Mrs Blakiston.

“Well, mummy, I heard a shot then a yell, and that set me listening. I heard the drive gate close softly, so I slipped outside.”

“Why did you go outside?” said Mrs Blakiston, who was indignant at her daughter’s danger.

“Well, mummy,” said Marjorie, “if I had gone and wakened the boys there wouldn’t have been time: so you see, mummy dear, it was really the only way.”

A.H.V.

SENIOR BOARDERS’ NOTES.

The boarders’ spirits can never be subdued—they are always ready for fun: but, of course, all work hard and only indulge in frolics at the proper time.

So here we are endeavouring to give you a peep into our busy lives just for a few minutes, and at the same time are writing notes for the magazine.

Some time ago we had the tennis four from Clarendon, in Ballarat, down, and after a hard fight we were beaten, but as our custom is, we never say “die” but take things as they come.

That evening we all gathered in the Assembly Hall in fancy dress array and spent the most enjoyable evening in the annals of our short existence.

Vonnie Batson, who was dressed as a herald boy, won the first prize, both for the novelty of her dress and the best sustained character, crying "Erald" at frequent intervals. Eileen, as a monstrous kewpie in fugi silk with a huge bow of pale blue ribbon, carried off second prize.

We have had one picnic lately to Ocean Grove, where we spent a most enjoyable day, and arrived home about 7.30, quite tired and hungry, but minus one of our large teapots, except for small fragments, which were kept as mementos. So you see our spirits were rather too high that day for the safety of the picnicking accoutrements.

We are sorry to say we have lost two of our boarders since last term:—Jean, who has gone home to Coleraine, and Marion, who has deserted our band and joined the larger contingent of day girls. Marion we still have with us, but Jean we have not, so we hope to hear from her often, as she must have plenty of spare time now she has left our busy hive for a free and easy country life.

The "jumper" craze has bitten the boarders, but it looks like the "hot water bottle" craze these last few days.

One odd young damsel even went so far as to take one into the dining-room and surprised everyone by accidentally dropping it on the floor.

Such incidents are always happening, and thus from day to day we live in a world of perpetual motion.

S.P.



JUNIOR BOARDERS' NOTES.

We are nine in number and a merry lot. To be sure, we do get more fun out of life than the seniors, who are so weighted down with the worry of examinations.

We intend to have a Junior House tennis four, and then sometime hope to beat the Senior House.

We are collecting to buy the library a book, and if no one takes the idea from this we shall be the first to do so.

We are very proud of ourselves having for one of our band a member of the Ardens House baseball team.

In our tennis four we intend to have Mary Calvert, Bonnie Hall, Jean Calvert and Helen Macmillan.

We cannot find much to say, as nothing for publication has occurred lately; but we have one very, very sore point: lack of hot water.



OLD COLLEGIANS' ASSOCIATION.

Presbyterian Girls' College.

We again are glad to contribute items to the School Paper for the benefit of old and present scholars.

The association still continues to be flourishing, as we now have over 100 members, and we hope that any old scholars of either the Newtown Ladies' College or the Presbyterian Girls' College will notify us if they wish to join.

Last February we held a picnic at Torquay, and those attending enjoyed the outing very much. We had afternoon tea and tea at the Kiosk, the members present providing the good things partaken of.

On the 9th of May members again met at a social gathering in the Assembly Hall at the School, a series of competitions being arranged by the committee. Mr. Griffiths was to have given a lecture on his "Travels in America," but was unavoidably absent owing to a sudden call out of town.

On the 29th of July we held our annual Re-Union and High Tea, which was a great success, there being about 67 persons present. The tables, which were tastefully decorated with Iceland poppies,

snowdrops and fern, groaned under the weight of the good things provided, which were done full justice to by those seated round them. After tea the Annual General Meeting was held in one of the class rooms, when an election of officers took place, resulting in the following members being elected:—President, Mrs. D. Price; vice-presidents, Misses J. McLennan and M. Purnell; honorary treasurer, Miss V. Reeves; honorary secretary, Miss K. Roebuck; assistant secretary, Miss E. Curtis; committee, Mesdames L. C. Mathews, G. Robertson, V. Purnell, T. Ingpen, O. Batten, and the Misses I. Higgins, E. Carr, M. Hindell, D. Jacobs and U. Handley.

Games and musical items brought to a conclusion one of the most successful functions we have yet held.

We would here like to state that we have started a fund to carry out some definite scheme whereby we might honor Miss Harris's name in the school. The scheme has not yet been decided upon, but several suggestions have come to hand, viz.: A scholarship, library, and a tennis court. These suggestions will be considered later at a general meeting. In the meantime we have opened "The Harris Fund" at the Bank, and would be glad to receive donations from any old scholars interested in their old school. Our honorary treasurer, Miss Vera Reeves, is ready to receive donations, Ryrie Street West, Geelong.

We feel that by doing this we are helping the school, and giving the Old Collegians a still greater interest in it.

K. M. ROEBUCK, Hon. Sec.,
31 Elizabeth Street,
GEELONG.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

There are at present 26 members in the union, and we are expecting an increase in numbers. Four circles have been formed, and each circle meets once a week to study "Paul." We all find this text book very interesting, and many discussions take place which are both pleasant and useful. We certainly do know a little more about Paul and his great missionary work.

We have been very fortunate so far this year in securing speakers for our monthly meetings. During the first term, Rev. F. H. L. Paton, our present Moderator, who is such a keen supporter of missionary work, visited us, and gave us a very interesting address on missionary work amongst the aborigines in Northern Australia.

This term, Rev. J. H. Allen came to us, and told us about the work done by the missionaries in India, especially in the northern provinces around the Ganges River, which is of such religious importance to the Indians.

We enjoyed this address very much, and are looking forward to having others during the year.

D.Z.

CAMERA CLUB.

Our Camera Club has not been making much progress this year.

The main thing has been done, the subscriptions have been paid, and for that alone we should be thankful.

On May 17th Mr Potter kindly consented to the request of Miss Stiles (the President of the club) to visit our school and gave the senior girls a very interesting talk. He showed us very clearly how to use both a box and a folding camera, and then by request gave us an explanation of how to develop films in a dark room.

We thank Mr Potter for all his interesting and useful information.

All of us are grateful to Miss Stiles for all the help she has given, and the interest she has shown.

K.P.



DRAMATIC CLUB.

This year our numbers have sadly diminished, so we are reduced to doing one-act plays instead of the more interesting three-act plays which we did last year.

However, we are undertaking several one-act plays for public presentation early next term, some modern and some powder and patch period, and we hope to be able to do something worth while in this way, for even by doing this each girl will have to take several parts.



SPORT.

SWIMMING SPORTS.

The swimming sports were held at the Eastern Baths under the most favorable conditions of weather and tide. Every house showed its enthusiasm by the number of entries for each race. Results:—

Ten and Under.—G. Madden (A.), 1; G. Morgan (H.), 2; J. Smith (H.), 3.

School Championship.—A. Robert (R.), 1; M. Merriga (R.), 2; J. Eddie (R.), 3.

Senior Breast Stroke.—J. Eddie (R.), 1; Y. Batson (H.), 2; M. Rankin (A.), 3.

Junior Breast Stroke.—M. Merriga (R.), 1; J. Rentoul (H.), 2; G. Purnell (R.), 3.

Senior Back Stroke.—J. Eddie (R.), 1; M. Rankin (A.), 2.

Junior Back Stroke.—M. Merriga (R.), 1; A. Robert (R.), 2; L. French (H.), 3.

We are greatly indebted to Miss Haase for the patient interest she takes in our work, and to her we extend our grateful thanks.

S.P.



CHOIR NOTES.

The choir is sadly diminished, and there is room for a great many more singers.

However, the singing is improved by the presence of some new girls who volunteered to fill some of the spaces left by those girls who did not return this year.

The practices which were held last year are not being held now, probably due to lack of time.

J.E.

Senior Boarders v. Day Girls.—Boarders (M. Rankin 1, Y. Batson 2), 1; Day Girls (M. Robertson 3, G. Mathison 4).

Junior Boarders v. Day Girls.—Day Girls (M. Merriga 1, A. Robert 2, L. French 3), 1.

Senior Egg and Spoon.—J. Eddie (R.), 1; Y. Batson (H.), 2; M. Rankin (A.), 3.

Junior Egg and Spoon.—M. Merriga (R.), 1; E. Leigh (A.), 2; J. Calvert (R.), 3.

Senior Balloon Race.—J. Eddie (R.), 1; Y. Batson (H.), 2; M. Robertson (H.), 3.

Junior Balloon Race.—A. Robert (R.), 1.

Tandem.—A. Robert and M. Merriga, 1; J. Eddie and B. Hall, 2.

Inter-House Relay.—Roslyn House (J. Eddie), 1; Harris House (Y. Batson), 2; Arden's House (M. Rankin), 3.

Senior Non-Swimmers.—A. Midgley (A.), 1; J. Walter (R.), 2; B. Lewis (A.), 3.

Junior Non-Swimmers.—H. Macmillan (A.), 1; M. Guthrie (A.), 2.

Diving for Distance.—A. Robert (R.), 1; J. Eddie (R.), 2; B. Hall (H.), 3.

TENNIS MATCH.

A tennis match was held with Clarendon Girls' College on our own courts. It is a red letter day in the annals of our school history, as it was the first school match of any kind to be played. The Clarendon girls came to the school in the morning and we played a very exciting game in the afternoon.

The girls showed their enthusiasm by the way they cheered every piece of good play and excitement reached its highest, then everyone was held in suspense during afternoon tea.

At that time the games were almost even; in fact, there were only two games between us. Then the final sets were played. Excitement was in everyone till the very end and the game was lost by us by only five games.

J.E.

This year, as in previous years, sports have been taken up with keen enthusiasm. There has been splendid weather, so we have been able to have tennis, baseball and basketball matches.

TENNIS.

At the commencement of 1922 some new and very good players came into our midst. Only two members of last year's four returned, and the playing off for the first four was very exciting. The four has not had a great deal of steady practice, but has done fairly well with the matches played.

We hope to have more practice during the last part of the term.

This year both Stella Pagels and Vonnie Batson show great promise for the tennis, for both play a fairly steady game; all the four have still to master the art of placing their balls.

J.E.

BASEBALL.

This year baseball has been played with apparently more vim than anything else. Owing to the limited time we had for practice during the week we were unable to meet another as we hoped to have done.

Although we could not have a match with another school we had unusually exciting house matches.

The girls all showed their keenness by the way they cheered on their house members during the matches.

The way the house matches resulted was most extraordinary, evidently owing to lack of practice.

Although the majority of the girls are quick and reliable, there is still room for improvement all round.

We feel that with the practice of next term we will probably be more capable of meeting a visiting team.

J.E.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball has now begun in earnest, and very soon we hope to have a visiting team down to play us.

Most of last year's girls have improved greatly, and some of the new girls will in time become good players.

We quite expect not only to have a splendid first team but also a good second team.

The main fault is the passing, which is long and slow, but with practice that difficulty will be overcome.

The match which we are so eagerly looking forward to will be the first school match, and for it the team is working hard.

We are hoping to find some basketball stars, for two of our best players have left.

There is no need to ask the girls to come to practices, for we know they will, as the majority have caught the basketball craze already.

J.E.



BASEBALL.

Ardens v. Harris.—Victory for Ardens, 34—22.

Harris v. Roslyn.—Victory for Harris, 37—5.

Roslyn v. Ardens.—Victory for Roslyn, 33—12.



TENNIS.

P.G.C. v. Clarendon.—Victory for Clarendon.

P.G.C. v. Old Girls.—Victory for P.G.C.

P.G.C. v. Ballarat C.E.G.G.S. — Victory for C.E.G.G.S., 51—32 games.

Ardens v. Harris.—Victory for Harris, 44—21.

Roslyn v. Harris.—Victory for Roslyn, 53—42.

P.G.C. v. St. George's.—Victory for St. George's, 44—23.

P.G.C. v. Old Girls.—Victory for Old Girls, 44—38.



TERMINAL FLAG RACE.

Ardens House, 1; Roslyn House, 2; Harris House, 3.



BASKETBALL.

Roslyn v. Ardens.—Victory for Roslyn, 25—24.

Roslyn v. Harris.—Victory for Roslyn, 24—4.

Ardens v. Harris.—Victory for Ardens, 22—9.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARGARITA.—No. There is no special fashion in hot water bottles. Unspillable ones are the least trying to the temper.

Yes; longer skirts will be fashionable, but at present they are being worn only in school, and then a check material with a fringe is worn.

E.E.E.—If you are planning a jumper for the Editor, knit a pale blue one—that might suit her. No, she will not wear red.

COLLECTOR.—Yes, the P.G.C., Geelong, contains two perfect specimens of the Stone Age type of heater—bearable only when extinct.

Yes, it needs kerosene, but is not wasteful of that commodity, as a little goes a long way (especially if doors and windows are shut).

ANXIOUS.—Why shouldn't the choir choose "Sun of My Soul" to sing at morning assembly? You couldn't expect Miss Pratt to hold a special evening assembly for that, could you? Anyway, if you're so critical, why not lend them a hand (to say nothing of a voice)?

N.B.—Please provide your own brown paper. All the choir stands on brown paper to reach any note above Q^b.

