

*E. C. igh*

PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE  
GEELONG



Vol. 1, No. 6

JUNE, 1924

# THE LUCERNIAN.

The MAGAZINE of the PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE  
GEELONG.

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Geelong :  
Adams & Nantes, Printers, Ryrie Street.

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# The Lucernian

Vol 1

No. 6



## EDITORIAL

**I**T feels very strange to be back at school again, with the first term nearly gone. It doesn't seem very long since the day girls staggered home with armfuls of books thinking of the joys that holidays had in store for them, while the boarders joyfully began to pack their trunks again, and rushed frantically from room to room trying to do a dozen things at once. It doesn't seem long since the girls in the examination forms shivered at the sight of a newspaper and dreamed every night of failing in all their subjects. And yet we have already become accustomed to the strange faces in the playgrounds and the classrooms. The new

girls are beginning to feel more at home in our midst, and the old girls have settled down to work again. Already the Fifth and Sixth Form girls shudder at the thought of exams at the end of the year.

The Swimming Sports are a thing of the past. Girl Guides and Brownies are well under way. Yes, we have done a large amount of work since the beginning of this term, although time has gone so quickly. If the term continues to fly so fast, we will find ourselves seeking contributions for the next magazine before we know where we are.

Talking about the magazine—three important alterations have been made. Last year the editorial committee was chosen exclusively from the upper school; this year we wish the juniors to have a voice in all matters concerning the "Lucernian." Each class has therefore been asked to elect one representative for the Committee. It has also been decided that, owing to the work entailed by the Public Examinations in the third term, there will be no issue of the Magazine at the end of the year. Instead of three numbers of the "Lucernian" for 1924, we must content ourselves with two. Lastly, because of the increase of labour needed to edit this magazine, two editors have been appointed.

And now for the Original Contributions. Original Contributions are the curse of the school as a whole, and a perpetual nightmare to the editors, who are meditating inquisitions and intelligence tests—in fact, all sorts of terrible things—if more girls do not send in attempts. We don't care if they are absolutely hopeless—so long as we get plenty of them. A favourite excuse seems to be, "I can't think of anything to write about." The fact is, there is plenty to write about, if you only want to write. Boarders could oblige by little articles on prep. or midnight suppers, or last days, or holidays (surely such a subject as holidays ought to make all the boarders eloquent!).

The Fifth and Sixth Form girls can always unburden their minds with regard to examinations (another opportunity for fervid eloquence) or the delights of study, or the trials of the great. The

middle school—but what is the use of elaborating? It is not the subject matter that is lacking, but the will to make use of it. Please, girls, try to send in more contributions. We don't mind being deluged with attempts. Try us, and see.

This is the first issue of the magazine for nineteen twenty four. It may not be a brilliant number, but we will be content if it is only a little better than the last one—if we can say of the "Lucernian"—

"Year by year,  
Each time it appears  
It's getting better and better."

Better and better—yes, and fatter and fatter, too. For the magazine grows with the school, and a large magazine is a comparatively sure sign of a large and prosperous school.

EDITOR.

## FORM NOTES

### FORM VI.

#### THE SONG OF THE SIXTH.

We live in the Garden of Eden—  
If you come here, you must be prepared  
To be introduced to the serpent  
In the person of Sylvia Baird—  
The wily and terrible serpent  
Who tempted unfortunate Eve,  
Who tempted poor Stella  
(The wicked old fellow!)  
Who tempted unfortunate Eve.

We live in the Garden of Eden—  
Old Adam, who (wasn't it rough?)  
Had to eat Helen Venters, the apple  
(She really is wretchedly tough!)  
The slimy and slippery serpent  
Was the cause of all this to-do.  
—That wretched old fellow  
Who tempted poor Stella  
Ruined Helen and Dorothy, too.

We live in the Garden of Eden—  
The fig-leaf (our Head of the School),  
Jess and Flo are a couple of angels  
(Though they're not like they sound, as a rule)  
They drove Adam and Eve from the garden  
With Sylvia Hartwick, the sword.  
—Yes, they drove them away  
One fine summer's day,  
With the help of Syl. Hartwick, the sword.

We live in the Garden of Eden—  
Come round some day when you're bored;  
We'll show you the apple, the fig-leaf,  
And Adam and Eve, and the sword;  
We'll show you a couple of angels,  
(They're only called angels, you know)  
And the serpent—the wily old serpent,  
The wretched, infernal, old serpent  
Who spoilt the whole blessed show.

### FORM V.

We have perhaps not yet acquired the skill of Madame Defarge in knitting into pattern all the insult and abuse hurled at our intelligence, but some of our members are certainly showing considerable powers in the art of drop-stitch. They threaten, moreover to dazzle the rest of the school by appearing at the next evening in all their knitted splendour.

Speaking of evenings and such frivolities, we humbly beg to utter a prophetic warning. If the evenings are not held soon, our girlish laughter must needs be lacking, for our youth and happiness are gradually being sapped by that Ogre and all his evil attendants, the Intermediate. Ours, you are intended to gather, is not a carefree existence, and we are not moved to complain of feeling the "weight of too much liberty." Really, to do us justice, we need a Keats to comment on the pallor, misery, and the withering roses of our fast-fading faces.

### FORM SUB-INTERMEDIATE.

Form notes again! surely it isn't time; we have just come back—there isn't anything to say! But the voice of the Editor (two editors are evidently expected to manage with only one voice between them.—Ed.) is stern and uncompromising, and we gloomily take up the pen once more.

To begin with, we must introduce ourselves as Form Sub-Intermediate. Oh, don't get alarmed and think you are meeting strangers! Although some faces are new, there are still some old friends to stand by you—old friends, who last year styled themselves "V.B." (but by their superior brain power have risen a rung in the ladder, and who fondly hope to do Intermediate next year.

The form extends a hearty welcome to all those girls who are with us for the first time and we hope that they will enjoy the "sweet but transient dream" of school in Sub.

"All things come round to those who will but wait." Yes, Longfellow, we agree with you, for we have proved it. Since the time last year when the Fifth got their new single desks, our lives have been a series of rapturous dreams, punctuated by periods of despair. For were we not promised desks such as theirs? As each good desk was taken from us, and an antiquated one put in its place, the outcry was always silenced with, "Never mind, wait till we get the new desks!" Imagine, then, our feelings one Monday morning, when, on opening the door, we found rows of beautiful, new, shining, single desks awaiting us. Each girl, as she arrived at school, was dragged to the classroom and informed that "The new desks are in, and I've bagged the back one, so don't you take it."

Our Botany shelf grows apace. We were expecting great crops of beans and maize, but the maize suddenly disappeared, and the bean is generally seen in a state of suffering, from too little water or too much.

Our cupboard has been ornamented for some time past by the skull of a native of Fiji. The strange thing is, that the part in which the class takes the most interest is, not the position of the cranial bones, but the crack in the skull, which killed the unfortunate man.

We had plenty of entries for the Swimming Sports from the Form, but alas! we did not carry off any laurels. Better luck next time! We have not had much chance to distinguish ourselves at sport as yet, but our day will come.

**FORM IV. C.**

We are a very happy group of twenty-nine. We were formerly thirty in number, but unfortunately we had to say "Goodbye" to Lorna. At the beginning of the year we welcomed a good many new girls in place of the ones who left last year. We were also pleased to welcome Miss Rayward, our new Form-mistress.

We managed to gain second place in the Inter-form race in the Swimming Sports, which were held on March 9th.

Again, this year, our wall is ornamented by the very truthful Untidy Chart, which, much to our sorrow, does not show such a clean record as it might.

This year a number of the girls have become Girl Guides, and go to Guiding in Hobby Hour, whilst the ones whose interest does not lead them into such paths, do fancy work, raffia or knitting—knitting being the latest craze.

**FORM IV. B.**

We have started the first term in the year. This year our numbers have increased to twenty-two owing to some new girls, whom we want to welcome, and we hope they will be very happy here. We were pleased to welcome Miss Dunn, who is our new Form-mistress.

We were all very pleased when the Brownies and Guides started, and nearly everyone in our form has become either a Brownie or a Guide.

On March 3rd the School had the Annual Swimming Sports, in which our form was very successful. We thank Jean for winning the inter-form race for us.

This is our alphabet:

A is for ambition, which we strive to have.  
 B is for Brownies, with which we're delighted.  
 C is for Captain, Rae was benighted.  
 D is for Miss Dunn, who is our Form Mistress.  
 E is for exams., with which we are troubled.  
 F is for form race, in which we excelled.  
 G is for Gwennyth, our Junior Champion.  
 H is for history, from earliest times.  
 I is for Ina, who likes making rhymes.  
 J is for Jean, our champion swimmer.  
 K is for knitting—we all have the fever.  
 L is for Lyn, who goes on for ever.  
 M is for Margot, who won the Beginners'.  
 N is for Nancy, who recites very nicely.  
 O is for order marks (oh! how we love them!)  
 P is for Pauline, who sews a good hem.  
 Q is for query (is our conduct good?)  
 R is for Rosaleen, who likes making speeches.  
 S is for scrap-books, which we are busy making.  
 T is for tidiness, on which we lose marks.  
 U is for unison—we'll keep together.  
 V is for velocity, Mary's flying feet.  
 W is for Winsome, who likes to be jumpy.  
 X 'xcuse these notes, our heads are throbbing.  
 Y is for you all, and we hope you are not yawning.  
 Z is for zeal, with which we are burning.

**FORMS IV. AND III.**

Why! it seems such a short time since we wrote our last form notes. However, we have plenty to write about, as we are kept very, very busy. In fact, a good name for us would be "The Busy Bees." We all like to work hard and make up for the work at play-time. At present, we are trying hard to win the shield for tidiness for our room. Our room is bright with flowers, and we try to keep the paper off the floor. Did you know that we teach ourselves in these two forms? We are given work to do, and find things for ourselves. The other day we had to go for an aeroplane trip over Australia. Next Tuesday, seven of the girls—Clare Strong, Minnie Harding, Lois Mathews, Gertrude Walter, Gloria Dunstan, and Lorna Gill—are to give little talks about the Australian capitals. One day we had



to act the history story of "Seveyn, the Dane," and we also wrote a story of Edward and Earl Godwin.

Since the beginning of this year, there have been two events in which all the Third and Fourth Form girls have been interested. The first was the visit of the British Fleet and the second the visit of the Moderator to our school. Both these events will always live in our memories.

We have had three examinations so far this term, and every one has passed. We hope to keep up to this standard all through the year.

Lorna Gill is our form-captain, and is a very good one, too. She has quite a lot of work to do, and fixes up all our little troubles. Clare Strong is doing beautiful work in her home-work book, and is getting "Excellents" all through her book. Lesbia Madden is a promising young swimmer, and is trying hard to win fame for her form.

## KINDERGARTEN I. AND II.

This year we are twenty-nine. There are twenty-three girls and six boys. We like school very much. We have just finished reading about Alice and all her adventures in Wonderland, and now we are hearing about Hiawatha. We were so pleased to see Miss Affleck the other day and know that she is well again.

The babies have just learnt a new song. Would you like to read it?

"A. B. C. D. E. F. G.,

Baby and her Teddy Bear  
Going out to tea.

H. I. J. K. L. M. N.,  
Lots of little fluffy chicks;  
One big speckled hen.

O. P. Q. R. S. T.,  
Lots of yellow buttercups;  
One big honey bee.

U. V. W. X. Y. Z.,  
Baby and her Teddy Bear  
Going home to bed."

## HOUSE NOTES

### HARRIS HOUSE.

House Colours—Red.

We returned from the holidays with some little misgiving, not knowing how many of our girls had left, but were very relieved when we found that we had only lost a few. Although we lost so few girls, we came in for a share of the new ones, whom we welcome to our house, and hope will soon develop the Harris spirit.

We are proud to say that we won the two cups last year, and intend to do our utmost to keep them, and to capture the Basket-ball shield as well.

So far the houses have only met on one occasion—at the Swimming Sports,

where we came off second best. We take this opportunity of congratulating Ardens on their victory, and warning them to beware in future.

Captain S.L.G.

### ROSLYN HOUSE.

House Colours—Pale Blue.

Roslyn House has settled down again after the Christmas Holidays, with every intention of making 1924 a good year, both in Work and Sport.

As the winners of the Cups were not known until the end of last year, we take this our first opportunity of congratulating Harris House on gaining the Hitchcock and Hirst Cups. However, Roslyn House was glad to be able to have a share

in the honours, by winning the Basketball Shield for the year.

No Inter-House matches have yet been played this term. The only important event has been the Swimming Sports, in which Ardens House obtained the largest number of points. For this, we offer them our congratulations.

We have been offered a good opportunity of checking the progress of the three Houses in the competition for the Hirst Cup. Each week, lists are posted up, on which appear names of girls who have lowered the percentage of their House by their work. We are thus able to discover the girls who are finding difficulties in their work, and who need help or encouragement; for we feel that no girl would willingly see her name on the list.

We are missing many of our old Roslyn girls this year, but hope to see them all again at the different school functions and reunions. We wish, however, to welcome the new girls who have taken their places and to whom (together with our last year's members) we are looking for that loyal and enthusiastic support, on which we depend so much for the upholding of the honour of Roslyn House.

Captain S.B.

### ARDENS HOUSE.

House Colours—Gold.

We begin our notes by saying how glad we were to find so many of our old girls back with us this year. We also want to welcome all new-comers to the House.

As we stand at present, there is no reason why Ardens should not have a good fight to win at least one of the cups. Of course, we cannot sit down and say we want a certain shield or cup, and have it

handed over to us on Speech Night. No! It means a great deal of hard work and consistent practice before that goal can be reached. Every girl must work in school. Anyone who has seen the House Records which are published each week cannot help but realise how each mark counts.

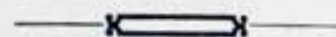
Then, not only is there school work, but there is sport as well. By now, you know who are in the teams. Every girl in a team must practise as much as possible to keep her place there. Remember, Seniors, the old Juniors of last year are growing up and are anxious for a position. Therefore, you must work harder, not to keep them out, but to make them practise more, too.

Juniors! your work is just as important as that of the Seniors, and don't forget that there are Junior and Second teams into which you can try to get. Practise tennis, basket-ball, and baseball as much as you can, and remember the Sports Day in the third term—that needs a lot of practice.

We congratulate all the girls who won races at the Swimming Sports, and those who gained points for Ardens.

We also congratulate Harris House on winning the Hitchcock and Hirst Cups, and Roslyn on gaining the Basketball Shield last year.

Captain H.V.



## BOARDERS' NOTES.

Every day when the sun rises in the east, it shines on something new; thus at the beginning of each year we see things that were, previously, not there

to see. First and foremost are the "new girls" who are here as boarders to fill the places vacated by those who left at the end of last year. As these girls have already been initiated into the ways of the boarders, it is unnecessary to stop and explain to them what they should do.

At present we—that is, old and new alike—are in great need of a new carpet for the Common Room. As a gift of one from the Council is too much to ask, we want to pay for it ourselves, as much as it is possible. In fact, we should like to give it as a present to the Council. That may be slightly beyond our powers; still—we can try. Has anyone any suggestions to offer as to how we shall raise the money? We have some ideas already, but we want more still, so please think about it as much as you can.

You have doubtless heard of the way in which we went to see the Fleet. If you have not, look among the Original Contributions, where you will find an account of the journey that, though slightly exaggerated, is on the whole fairly accurate.

We are sometimes inclined to believe that time has gone back a few centuries to the dark ages. Firstly, we lost our Locker-room light. It disappeared for the space of a few weeks to teach us thrift in the use of electricity. The Black Hole of Calcutta was nothing compared with the Locker-room during that period! However, with the help of a few torches, we managed to survive. At present, we are minus another light—that of the Cloak-room. Fortunately the loss does not affect us as greatly as did the loss of the Locker-room light, for it

is easier to find a coat or a hat, than to distinguish between a red History book and a French book of the same shape and colour, in a room where you cannot see even two feet in front of you.

You may imagine that all our troubles (such as these) tend to make us sad and distressed. They don't! Anyone who wishes to verify this statement should visit us just after Prep. is finished. That is not the only time in which we rejoice, however, for, on the whole, the life of a boarder is a distinctly happy one.



## DAY GIRLS' NOTES.

Once more we have to relate the activities of our large family. Perhaps we should not say "activities," because we certainly must confess that some of our members take a delight in being very inactive. We have only to take a glance at the Cloak-room to prove this statement, for some of our number will persist in strewing it with their cases, gloves, hats, and other articles of apparel. However, we trust that these girls will try to mend their ways, so that we shall be able to go through next term with no such blot on our name.

We must congratulate those day-girls who did so well at the Annual Swimming Sports, and especially those members of our swimming team who did so much towards keeping the Blue and Gold supreme in the Day Girls' and Boarders' Relay Race. We would also like to congratulate Jean McGuinness, who holds the honour of being Swimming Champion of the School for 1924.

## SPORT



## SPORT CHAT.

On March 28th the Tennis Team went to Ballarat to play the first of the Association Matches. Owing to the weather, this match had to be postponed until April 12th.

The Association has been formed with Queen's Church of England Grammar School, Clarendon Presbyterian Ladies' College (both of Ballarat) and Presbyterian Girls' College, Geelong.

Each school will play a round of two matches with each of the other schools. All tennis will be played in the First and Third terms.

In the middle term there will be Basketball. Each school will play a match and a return match with the other schools, one on each of the home courts.

This is the first time that our school has had the opportunity of joining an association, so it will mean a considerable amount of "bucking up" if we hope to accomplish anything.

The teams must realise more than ever that they are playing for the honour of the School.

This will mean more consistent practice for the Tennis Team, and keenness and interest, without which no improvement will be made.



## A FEW TENNIS HINTS.

By Dr. A. L. BAIRD.

The following hints are given in the hope that they may help in the development of your tennis play.

You need to remember that the game of Tennis does not merely consist of playing a ball over the net or even of beautiful stroke play. Tennis is a great game of *finesse*, where brain and body should act together. Therefore, use your head as well as your racquet, if one may put it that way. You want to know just where your opponent is going to return the ball, and you move into that position ready for the return shot. This is called "**Anticipation**"—the secret of tennis—for the most difficult shot becomes simple when you are in the correct position. But this will come to you later. Just now, you want to perfect your strokes.

The first important matter is the grip of the racquet. The forearm from elbow to wrist, and the handle of the racquet should be in one and the same line at the moment the ball is struck. Always grip your racquet firmly at the time of making your stroke—the severer the stroke, the firmer and stronger should be your grip. Between strokes you may relax your grip, and support racquet with your left hand.

The strokes in tennis are many and varied, but the forehand stroke is the

foundation of nearly every player's game. For this stroke you should stand with your left side to the net, your left foot in front, and your right foot about eighteen inches behind it. Just as you strike the ball, transfer your weight from your right leg to left. Get a good swing of the arm, and, keeping your eye on the ball, follow through with your racquet.

The backhand stroke is made in the reverse way to the forehand stroke. Place your thumb up along the handle when making this stroke—it may help you to steady your racquet. These strokes are best mastered at your practice board, so give all the time you can to this kind of practice.

In delivering the service, stand a few inches behind the back line, midway between the centre and the side line. Throw the ball high, and as you hit it shift your weight from your right foot on to your left, and follow well through your stroke. Better far for the ball to go well over the net than into the net. Make more use of your first serve and have some idea in your mind where you want it to go. A well-placed service of medium pace is better than a fast first-serve that rarely goes in, and is followed by a slow service, badly placed. In receiving the service, stand with your racquet supported with your left hand ready for either a forehand or a backhand return. Keep your eye on the ball from the moment the server delivers it until you play it.

The player who wishes to become proficient must first of all aim at being accurate. Be content to return and to place a ball with a fair degree of certainty before trying electrifying drives.

**Keep your eye on the ball** until you actually make the stroke.

.. When you have returned a ball over the net always expect it to be returned, and be ready to return it again.

**Never attempt to play a ball** when you are moving backwards. That is fatal. If unable to get back into position in time move forwards, and use the **half-volley** shot.

**Don't be afraid** to call to your partner if the ball is going out, or to call "Yours" or "Mine," if in doubt about who is to take the shot. Call the score, and call the "faults" and "onto." It tends to keep up the interest in the game.

**Be more active on the court**, and when standing have knees flexed and weight thrown forward so that you can **start at once**.

**When running in** to get a short length shot, remember the tendency is to hit the ball out. Allow for the impetus of your run.

**Move into position** to make your shots more quickly. If in a wrong position you cannot make your stroke—**therefore, get position!**



## TENNIS NOTES.

We were very sorry to lose three of our last year's Tennis Four, but, with considerable practice and hard work, we hope to continue this year the good work which they so ably carried out last year.

So far we have had no matches, although we went to Ballarat in the hope of playing Clarendon College, but the rain unfortunately made this impossible. We were particularly disappointed, because this was to have been the first of our Association matches. You will most

likely have heard that we have formed an Association with the two Ballarat Colleges, so we hope in future to have some keen rivalry, and some good tennis.

In closing, we have to thank Dr. Baird for the great interest he is taking in us, and we hope to be able to reward him for his work by carrying off the laurels of the Association.

Tennis-Captain J.R.

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### TENNIS.

Clarendon P.L.C. v. P.G.C.—Victory Clarendon. 43—28 games.

P.G.C. v. C.E.G.G.S., Ballarat—Victory C.E.G.G.S. 43—18 games.

Harris v. Roslyn 1st Teams—Victory Harris, 37—28 games.

Roslyn v. Harris 2nd Teams—Victory Roslyn, 23—15 games.

Ardens v. Roslyn 1st Teams—Victory Roslyn, 42—15 games.

Roslyn v. Ardens 2nd Teams—Victory Roslyn, 30—27 games.

Ardens v. Harris 1st Teams—Victory Ardens, 36—26 games.

Harris v. Ardens 2nd Teams—Victory Ardens 21—13 games.

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### BASKETBALL.

Staff v. Prefects. Victory Prefects. 19-15 goals

### BASEBALL.

Boarders v. Day Girls. Victory Day-girls, 16-9.

### TERMINAL FLAG RACES.

First Teams—1, Ardens; 2, Harris; 3, Roslyn.  
Second Teams—1, Harris; 2, Ardens. 3, Roslyn  
Prep. Teams—1, Ardens. 2, Roslyn; 3, Harris.

### SWIMMING SPORTS 1924.

"Splashing in the briny," and ne'er did a happier crowd of girls splash with such vim and vigour as the girls of P.G.C. on the day of the Third Annual Swimming Sports.

Fortune once more favoured us, as regards weather conditions, and proudly and prettily our House flags fluttered in the breeze as we drove through the streets, en-route to the Eastern Baths.

The verdict of the girls was "the best Sports we've had," and if we are to judge by the entries, and the enthusiasm shown by the girls themselves, we should say that this was so.

The excitement was intense during the inter-Form and inter-House events, and we should like here to congratulate Ardens on being the Champion House; and the Day-girls on their victory over the Boarders.

We should also like to congratulate the girls who have passed the Junior and Senior Certificates, the Education Department Bronze Medallion, and the Royal Life Saving Bronze Medallion. We had more candidates for these examinations than ever before, which shows that the girls are very keen about swimming.

We would like also to thank the Staff for their interest and help in making the Swimming Sports the success that they were.

The results are as follow:—

Diving for Distance—J. McGuinness (H) and K. Nash (A), equal, 1; Q. Hill (R), 2.  
Senior Championship—J. McGuinness (H), 1; K. Nash (A), 2; L. French (H), 3.  
Junior Championship—G. Madden (A), 1; G. Purnell (A), 2; M. Blakiston (A), 3.  
Prep. Championship—G. Madden (A), 1; L. Ebbot (A), 2; C. Strong (A), 3.

- Inter-House Relay Race—Ardens, 1; Harris, 2; Roslyn, 3.
- Non Swimmers Race—Z. Chappel (A), 1; A. Goutts (R), 2; M. Bush (A), 3.
- Senior Breaststroke—J. McGuinness (H), 1; L. Pardey (R), 2; K. Nash (A), 3.
- Junior Breaststroke—M. Blakiston (A), 1; E. Hirst (R), 2; C. Strong (A), 3.
- Boarders' Championship—J. Carstairs (A), 1; S. Hartwick (H), 2; M. Calvert (A), 3.
- Beginners' Race—M. Lord (A), 1; A. McDonald (R), 2; Madge Hill (R), 3.
- Day-girls' Championship—J. McGuinness (H) 1. K. Nash, (A), 2; L. French (H), 3.
- Boarders' versus Day-girls—Day-girls.
- Egg and Spoon (Junior)—G. Purnell (A), 1; J. Smith (H), 2; E. Hirst (R) and N. Venters (H), equal, 3.
- Senior Egg and Spoon—F. Davies (H), 1; M. Oddie (A), 2; K. Nash (A), 3.
- Under 14 Years—G. Purnell (A), 1; M. Blakiston (A), 2; C. Strong (A), 3.
- Over 14 Years—J. McGuinness (H), 1; L. French (H), 2; J. Carstairs (A), 3.
- Old Collegians Race—E. Taylor, 1; E. Walter, 2; V. Walter, 3.
- Novelty Form Race—IV. B., 1. IV. C, 2; VI., 3
- Under 12 Years—G. Madden (A), 1; L. Ebbot (A), 2; E. Hirst (R), 3.
7. Junior Egg and Spoon Race—G. Morgan (H), 1; L. French (H), 2; N. Venters (H), 3.
8. Inter-form Ball Passing—Sub-Intermediate, 1.
9. 50 Yards Under Eight.—L. Madden (H), 1; B. Berriman (H), 2; D. Anderson, (A), 3.
10. Inter-form Crocodile—V., 1; Sub-Intermediate, 2; VB., 3.
11. Sack Race, Kindergarten—E. Smith, 1; P. Orbell-Jones (A), 2; G. Parish, 3.
12. Inter-House Flag Race, Junior—Harris, 1; Ardens, 2; Roslyn, 3.
13. Senior Sack Race—Y. Batson (H), 1; J. Rentoul (H), 2; S. Baird (R), 3.
14. Junior Sack Race—C. Strong (A), 1; L. Baird (R), 2; L. Gill (H), 3.
15. 25 Yards, Under Six—L. Madden (H), 1; G. Parish (R), 2; B. Berriman (H), 3.
16. Inter-House Flag Race, Senior—Roslyn, 1; Ardens, 2. Harris, 3.
17. Siamese Race, Junior—G. Dancey and I. Lang (A), 1. G. Purnell and C. Strong (A), 2; L. Pardey and C. Lancaster (R) 3.
18. Senior Siamese—J. Lang and M. Oddie (A), 1; J. Elsom and J. Peel (H), 2; J. Rentoul and Y. Batson (H), 3.
19. Skipping Race, Junior—M. Pettitt (A), 1; A. McCurdy (H), 2; L. Pardey (R), 3.
20. Flower-Pot Race—J. Lang (A), 1; M. West (H), 2; H. Tucker (R), 3.
21. Old Collegians' Race—K. Matheson, 1; G. Matheson, 2; M. Robertson, 3.
22. Inter-form Kangaroo Race—V., 1; Sub-Intermediate, 2; VB., 3.
23. 50 Yards, Boys—E. Smith, 1. V. Smith, 2; P. Orbell-Jones (A) 3.
24. 100 Yards Junior Championship—L. Pardey (R), 1; C. Lancaster (R), 2; I. Madden (H), 3.
25. 75 Yards Senior Championship—G. Syer (A) and M. Oddie (A), equal, 1; S. Baird (R), 2.
26. 50 Yards Prep. Championship—C. Strong (A), 1; I. Madden (H), 2; G. Burns (A) 3.
27. Three-legged Race, Kindergarten—B. Berriman and L. Madden (H) 1; F. Purnell and C. Lawry (A), 2; V. Bartlett and D. Anderson (A), 3.
28. Senior, Boarders v. Day-Girls—Boarders.
29. Potato Race, Junior—G. Seale (R), 1; M. Pettitt (A), 2; T. Pettitt (A), 3.

## ANNUAL SPORTS, 1923.

Since there was no "Lucernian" published for the third term of last year, we take this opportunity to publish the list of prize-winners in the Annual Sports:—

1. 75 Yards Prep. Championship, C. Strong (A), 1; E. Hirst (R), 2; B. Hall (A), 3.
2. 120 Yards Senior Championship—M. Oddie (A), 1; G. Syer (A), 2; S. Baird (R), 3.
3. 75 Yards Junior Championship—L. Pardey (R), 1; C. Lancaster (R), 2; I. Madden (H) and L. Venters (H), 3.
4. Over Eight—C. Strong (A), 1; B. Hall (A) 2; L. Gill (H), 3.
5. Inter-form Flag Race—V., 1; V.B., 2. Remove, 3.
6. Senior Egg and Spoon Race—H. Tucker (R), 1; E. Buckhurst (R), 2; G. Fagg (A), 3.

30. Potato Race, Senior—M. Oddie (A), 1; K. McLennan (R), 2; J. Peel (H), 3.
31. Potato Race, Kindergarten—C. Lawry (A), 1; E. Smith, 2; M. Purnell (H), and D. Anderson (A), equal, 3.
32. Inter-House Crocodile—Ardens, 1; Roslyn, 2; Harris, 3.
33. Senior Three-legged Race—J. Peel and J. Elson (H), 1; J. Lang and M. Oddie (A), 2; J. Rentoul and S. Gilbert (H), 3.
34. Junior, Three-legged Race—L. Pardey and C. Lancaster (R), 1; G. Burns and M. Pettitt (A), 2; W. Hendy and R. Buck (H), 3.
35. Inter-House Ball Passing—Harris, 1; Ardens, 2; Roslyn, 3.
36. Slow Bicycle Race—J. Rentoul (H), 1; E. Buckhurst (R), 2.
37. Junior, Boarders v. Day-Girls—Day-Girls.
38. Senior Skipping Race—M. Oddie (A), 1; H. Venters (A), 2; M. West (H) and S. Baird (R), equal, 3.
39. Junior Blind Drive—L. Pardey and C. Lancaster (R), 1; B. Hall and B. Levey (A), 2; E. Hirst and M. Parish (R), 3.
40. Senior Blind Race—G. Syer and M. Oddie (A), 1; Y. Batson and J. Rentoul (H) 2; S. Baird and J. Walter (R), 3.
41. Egg and Spoon, Kindergarten—G. Orbell-Jones (R), 1; E. Orbell-Jones, 2.
42. Inter-House Kangaroo—Ardens, 1; Roslyn, 2; Harris, 3.
43. Junior Obstacle Race—L. Pardey (R) and E. Hirst (R), equal, 1; M. Parish (R), 2; J. McIntyre (R), 3.
44. Senior Obstacle Race—M. Pettitt (A), 1; E. Pettitt (A), 2; Y. Batson (H), 3.

## GUIDE PAGE

### GIRL GUIDES.

Motto:—"Be Prepared."

#### THE GUIDE LAW.

A Guide her honour to be trusted is  
 A Guide is loyal, useful, kind to all.  
 A Guide is courteous, for fair courtesy,  
 When linked with friendship large enough to hold  
 Within its heart even little birds and beasts,  
 Is like the oil, poured forth on sullen seas  
 Smoothing the troubled waters of our life.  
 A Guide is thrifty; thus she hath the more  
 To share with others should the need arise  
 With cheerful humour she her cares must face  
 And tuneful melodies that ease the heart.  
 So, pure in purpose, clean in word and deed  
 She strong may bear her standard through the world;  
 And ever learning, ever ready be,  
 To lift its burden and to ease its pain.

The 5th Geelong Guide Company held its first parade on March 21st.

We have a full company of six patrols and over forty Guides. The Patrol Leaders are:—Wattle Patrol: Jennie Dunoon; Nightingale Patrol: Sylvia Baird; Scarlet Pimpernell: Nan Venters; Swallow Patrol: Jessie Lang; Robin Patrol: Margaret Oddie.

The six patrol leaders, Connie Lancaster, Lorna Pardey and Jean Peel, have passed their Tenderfoot Tests, and we expect the whole company to the test within the next fortnight.

The investiture of the Patrol Leaders will take place as soon as the uniforms are finished.

The Camp-fire Evening, which was held on Friday, March 21st, was very successful, and gave us a start with about £3/5/-, for company expenses. We hope to have another entertainment later on. We also hope to have some Guide picnics



to enable us to do some tracking, and, who knows, we may some day secure a house for a week-end, and have a real Girl Guide Camp.

We hope to have, in the next issue of the "Lucernian," some original Patrol Notes; so Guides, work hard and do something worth while.

E. MORGAN, (Captain).

## THE OFFICIAL MARCHING SONG OF THE GIRL GUIDES.

### "BE PREPARED."

All the world is full of music,  
Let us sing our way through life,  
There's a song for those who hear it,  
Bringing peace and ending strife.  
There is music in the sunshine  
We can shed. We take our stand,  
And, we vow as Guides, that whate'er  
betides  
We'll be there to "lend a hand."

Refrain :

"Be prepared" shall be our watchword  
Let us sing it every day  
Pressing forward, looking upward,  
"Helping others" on their way;  
"Be prepared" for joy or sorrow,  
Always smiling, come what may,  
And the world shall see what the  
Guides can be  
As we march along on life's highway.

Let the message clear come ringing—  
Onward! Upward! Let us prove  
That the song the Guides are singing  
Gives us courage, brings us love.  
All the world is full of music,  
Let us make our lives a song,  
That will make hearts beat, and will lift  
our feet  
As we bravely march along.

Refrain :

"Be Prepared," etc.

Words by Lady Maud Warrender.

Music by Herman Darewski.



## BROWNIES T.I.B.

Motto:—"Lend a hand."

We're the Brownies, here's our aim  
Lend a hand and play the game.

The Brownies are little people who do good to big people. We are guided by the Wise Brown Owl, and the Tawny Owl as to what we should do to make ourselves useful.

We have a toadstool for our Totem. When we first join we are called recruits, and before we can become real Brownies we must be able to tie our ties, plait our own hair and wash up the tea things.

Brownies always smile. If they are in trouble or pain they don't cry, they just "grin and bear it."



## A BROWNIE SONG.

Let us form our fairy ring,  
Let us dance and sing,  
Happy Brownies, play the game,  
Brownies, lend a hand.  
Elf and Gnome and Kelpie bright,  
Fairy, Imp and Sprite,  
Happy Brownies, play the game,  
Brownies lend a hand.  
We can dance and we can sing  
In our fairy ring;  
Light of heart and hand in hand  
Do you understand?  
For a Brownie quickly learns,  
How to do good turns;  
Happy Brownies, play the game,  
Brownies lend a hand.

We have promised everyone,  
Duty shall be done;  
Happy Brownies, lend a hand,  
Brownies, play the game.  
Merry hearts in everything,  
So we dance and sing,  
Brownies play the game.

Doing something every day  
In the Brownie way.  
Light of heart and hand in hand,  
Do you understand?  
Helping others with a will,  
Be they Jack or Jill,  
Happy Brownies, lend a hand;  
Brownies play the game.



## REPORTS

### CHRISTIAN UNION.

The first meeting of the year was held in the Assembly Hall in March. The business was the election of officers for the year. The following were elected:— President, Miss Dunoon; Vice-President: Miss Shaw; Corresponding Secretary: Nan Venters; Recording Secretary: Mavis Pettitt; Treasurer: Sylvia Hartwick.

There are at present sixteen members, and arrangements have been made to hold three Bible Study Circles, under the leadership of Miss Pratt, Miss Shaw, and Miss Dunoon.

Our first monthly meeting was held on April 4th, when Mr. Rentoul gave a very interesting and inspiring address. There was a good attendance of girls, and everyone present thoroughly appreciated this splendid address.

We have room for more members, and we hope to be able to report next term that our numbers have greatly increased.

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

Since our last notes appeared in the "Lucernian," we have been working very hard to make a name for ourselves.

We presented "Little Women" in the Comunn Na Feinne Hall near the end of third term. We had a large audience, and, judging from reports, we did quite well.

The characters were:—

Jo .. .. .	Sylvia Hartwick
Meg .. .. .	Sylvia Baird
Amy .. .. .	Ena Miller
Beth .. .. .	Lorna Pardey
Mrs. March ..	Florence Davies
Mr. March ..	Gladys Matheson
Laurie .. .. .	Mollie Anthony
John Brooke	Eileen Buckhurst
Professor Baret ..	Jessie Lang
Mr. Lawrence ..	Jean Cochrane
Aunt March ..	Margaret Oddie
Hannah ..	Mary McLennan

This year some new girls have joined the class, but we need them all, for we have lost a few of our old girls, and we

are attempting a play with a big cast, "Monsieur Beaucaire," which we hope to present in second term.

We would like to take the opportunity of thanking Miss Haase for her untiring work with us. She works absolute miracles!

We would also like to thank Miss Anderson, our President last year, who helped us greatly with properties and rehearsals.

And so the year goes on and we must continue with Act III., Scene II. We don't expect to turn into Maimie Watsons or Mary Pickfords; but we do our best.

Curtain.



### LIBRARY NOTES.

We are pleased to be able to relate that the Library has considerably increased since last year. Indeed, it has increased so much that we had to have a new cupboard built, to accommodate the books.

This new cupboard, which is very spacious, is used for the Fiction Library. We have room on the shelves for more books, so any donations will be very acceptable.

The girls are taking a keen interest in the Library, and the members now number about forty. We have room for more members, and would welcome any girls who are thinking of joining.

We wish to thank the following girls for donations to the Library:—Margaret Oddie, Nan Venters, Jean and Mary Calvert, Agnes Baldwin, Lucy French, Edna McIntyre.

### CHOIR NOTES.

#### WANTED !!!

#### 1. SCHOOL CHOIR.

Duties:—To lead singing in Assembly every morning at 9 a.m. Great variety of hymns guaranteed. No hymn goes above A sharp or below Q flat. Good pianists.

#### 2. CHOIR CONDUCTOR.

1. To enforce choir practice.
2. To conduct members, and see that they conduct themselves properly during practice.



### DRESSMAKING NOTES.

This is the first time that we have ever been called upon to write notes on the Dressmaking Class, so we are rather at a loss to know what to say.

At the end of last year we lost a number of old girls, but their places have been filled by new ones.

Already, under the excellent tuition of Miss Oliver, some very useful and dainty little frocks have been completed, and if we continue at this rate, we shall all be quite wonderful dressmakers by the end of this year.

As so many of the girls go out on Saturdays, it was thought better to have dressmaking on Tuesday evening instead of Saturday morning. It is almost a Hobby Night, as well as being useful; and a point over which no one grieves is missing "prep."

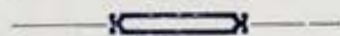
## SCHOOL NEWS.

The Inter-Form Shield for Order was again won by Form V., who will hold it during the present year.

Harris House won both the Hitchcock and Hirst Cups last year, while Roslyn secured the Inter-House Basketball Shield, which was presented by Marion Rankin, an old girl.

We take this opportunity of congratulating all those girls who were successful in the Intermediate and Leaving Examinations last year.

In the First Aid Examination, held last year, every girl who entered passed.



## SPEECH NIGHT, 1923.

Our school Speech Night for 1923 was held in the Mechanics' Institute on December 14th. The evening commenced with the singing of the hymn "To Thee, O God, our hearts we raise." This was followed by a prayer from Rev. C. Neville, and the chairman's address. Miss Pratt, in her report, spoke of the continued progress made by the school during the previous year. The results of the 1922-23 Public Examinations were again satisfactory, while in music, three of the seven girls who presented themselves for University Examinations had passed, and three others had secured credit. In games we also had a fairly successful year. We played nine tennis matches, winning five out of the nine, while the sixth match was a draw, and in basketball we won five matches out of seven. The dramatic society gave a very successful performance of "Little Women" in the Comunn Na Feinne Hall towards the end of the year. In swimming we gained 14 junior certificates, twelve senior certificates, and four silver medals.

After a violin solo given by Mr J. Dawson, the Moderator-General rose to address us. He spoke of the new school, for which the site had already been purchased. He could see in imagination beautiful college buildings with hundreds of happy and beautiful girls enjoying themselves in the grounds and working in the numerous well-equipped classrooms. It was coming. They had a strong Council, and they need have no apprehension as to the future of the new buildings. In conclusion, there were three thoughts he would leave with the girls. He would urge them to cultivate self-respect and self-control, and to make it their aim in life to serve others, for "they are the greatest who serve." Their school emblem bore on it the words, "Sint Lucernae Ardentes"—May the lamps be burning. This might refer to study—burning the midnight oil, but he would not advise them to do too much of that. It would refer also to watchfulness—"A good servant hath his loins girded and his lamp burning." He hoped that the girls would take that motto with them into their lives after their school life was over.

The school prizes were distributed by the Moderator, Mrs Mathew presenting the prizes gained in sport. During the course of the programme both Senior and Junior Singing Classes gave selections of songs under the conductorship of Mr. Dawson.

Among those present on the platform were our head-mistress Miss Pratt, the Moderator-General and Mrs. Mathew, Mr. J. Pettitt, the Chairman of the Council, and the Mayor of Geelong.

The following is the dux list for 1923: Form VI., Gladys Sycr (Dux of the School); Form V., Dorothy Adams; Form Sub-Intermediate, Marion West;

Form VB., Thelma Pettitt; Form Remove, Audrey McCurdy; Form IV., Gwen Madden; Form III., Berta Franklin; Form IIB., Edwin Smith.

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### OPENING DAY, 1924.

What a noise there was in the Assembly Hall on Opening Day! Everybody seemed determined to talk as loudly as possible, regardless of her neighbour's vain attempts to make herself understood. Nobody stood still for a moment.

"Hullo are you back? I thought you said you were leaving!" "Doesn't it seem ages since last year, and isn't it queer to be back at school again?" "Yes, its queer, right enough. I don't know how I'm even going to settle down to work again." "I say, aren't you . . ."

But suddenly the noise was hushed, as Miss Pratt appeared, followed by Rev. C. Neville and Mr. Pettitt, the Chairman of the Council. Rev. Neville conducted Assembly, and welcomed us back to school again, urging us to work our hardest throughout the year. Mr. Pettitt added his words of greeting, and, in a few minutes assembly was over. Then, as we poured out of the familiar Hall, we felt that holidays were really over, and that school had begun in earnest.

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### HARRIS HOUSE EVENING.

Anyone who happened to visit the Assembly Hall on the 2nd of May, and gazed for a while at the crowd of girls inside, would have found it hard to realize that only four short hours ago these same girls were bending over their books in school, working as hard as they possibly could. (This is to be taken with

several grains of salt). Golliwogs, baby dolls, teddy bears and other inhabitants of the nursery were placed around the walls at intervals, and gazed solemnly at the crowd of live toys that laughed and talked before their eyes.

We had a Grand Parade—and it certainly was a Grand Parade! A fox and an owl marched solemnly round the room together, followed by crowds of other toys—golliwogs, rabbits, dolls, a fortune teller, bon bons, a Christmas tree, and other characters from the land of toys.

The College Crew (a three this time, not an eight) gave an exhibition of rowing with a door mat for a boat and rackets for oars. We won't tell you the names of the crew—if we did our staff would certainly get a reputation for frivolity.

The Grand Parade did not last all the evening, however. Miss Wright very kindly sang to us, and our brains were exercised to the full by two competitions, one of which was won by Jennie Dunoon, and the other by Mollie Anthony.

The programme concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

We would like to thank the Harris House girls for our entertainment, and congratulate them on having arranged such an enjoyable evening.

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### THE MODERATOR'S VISIT.

It is not often that we are able to secure the Moderator at our school—even for an hour or so—for Moderators can never complain that they have too little work to do. Still, Mr. Burns did manage to find time for a short visit a few weeks after the opening of the school for the year. We were delighted to welcome him to our school, although his stay was

not as long as we could have wished.

After our usual morning service, which was conducted by Rev. C. Neville, Miss Pratt called on Mr. Pettitt, as Chairman of the School Council, to introduce the Moderator and Mrs. Burns to us. Mr. Burns then gave us a very interesting speech.

He said that he came to visit us as a representative of the Presbyterian Church, which believed in mental and physical education, and, above all, the education of character. Its aim was to send out from its schools boys and girls who were ready and willing to serve the State or the Commonwealth in whatever position they assumed. He told us a story of Inkerman—of a company of British soldiers completely surrounded by Russians—a brilliant little patch of red in an ocean of grey. When the men realized their position, they wavered and began to lose heart. One of the officers, wishing to encourage them and restore their confidence in themselves, shouted out, "Hold your colours high!" These four words made all the difference to the men, for, hearing them, they straightened up and cut their way through the ranks of the enemy to safety. "You have a chance to make your school a great school—something to be proud of," said Mr. Burns. "You, too, can hold your colours high."

### ANZAC DAY, 1924.

There are three things that we should always associate with Anzac Day—said Rev. C. Neville in his address to the school on April 25th. The first is remembrance, the second is thanksgiving, and the third is high resolution. We should

never forget Anzac Day, because it is our national day, just as July 4th is the American National Day. On July 4th America declared herself independent of Great Britain; on April 25th Australia showed the rest of the world that she, too, was worthy to be called a great nation. Closely allied to this feeling of remembrance should be one of thanksgiving—thanksgiving because the men and women of Australia did so much for their country during the Great War. And, above all, the 25th of April should be a day of high resolutions for the future—resolves that we shall continue with the work that was begun in the Great War—the work of making Australia a great nation, and a great power for good.

### EXAMINATION SUCCESSES.

#### Leaving Honours :—

Gladys Syer—Pass in English.

#### Leaving Pass :—

Mavis Pettitt—English, French, History, Physiology.

Helen Venter—English.

#### Intermediate :—

Dorothy Adams—English, Algebra, French, History, Geography, Geometry.

Sylvia Baird—English, Algebra, French, History, Geography, Physiology, Botany.

Jean Cochrane—History, Geography, Physiology, Botany.

Florence Davies—English, French, Geography, Geometry, Physiology.

Stella Gilbert—English, Algebra, History, French, Geography, Geometry, Physiology.

Sylvia Hartwick—English, Geography, Botany, Physiology.

Jessie Lowe—English, Algebra, French, History, Geography, Geometry, Physiology.

Mary McLennan—English, Geography.

## NEW PUPILS.

The following new pupils have been enrolled since the beginning of the term:—

**Form V.**—J. Dunoon.

**Form Sub-Intermediate**—M. Bradley, M. Bush, J. Carstairs, A. Coutts, A. Harvey, L. Morton, A. McDonald, K. McLennan.

**Form IV. c**—A. Baldwin, M. Blakiston, M. Cameron, L. Ebbott, L. Hayes, B. Mann, P. Mudge, K. Nash, E. Sergeant, M. Warne, L. Richardson, J. Leason, M. Sides, J. Parker, C. Webb.

**Form IV. b**—R. Dwyer, M. Hill, N. White, M. Lord.

**Form IV.**—M. Shannon, Z. Chappell, G. Dunstan.

**Form III.**—J. Reid, M. Small, B. Soule.

**Kindergarten I. and II.**—M. Simson, M. Garrett, L. Purton, H. Purton, N. Burns, F. Herd, M. Cameron, T. Lord, J. McIntyre, M. Calvert, A. Simson, A. Smith, G. Hicks.

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## ODDS AND ENDS.

(To the Editress of the "Lucernian.")

Dear Madam,—

I have pondered long and seriously on the many imperfections of this school, and have finally evolved a remedy for the greatest evil of all. Now, at the beginning of the school year, a number of new girls come to us. Nobody—or practically nobody—knows their names. (It is a superhuman task to learn forty or fifty new names in a day, and apply them to their rightful owners as well). And on the other hand the new girls certainly cannot be expected to know all our names. Consequently, everything is in a most glorious old muddle for the first few weeks of the term.

Now, why not add another rule to our already formidable list? Something like

this "Every girl, whether new or old, must appear (for the first three weeks of the school year) with a piece of cardboard suspended from her neck, bearing the following information—

1st—Name in full.

2nd—Age on 1st January.

3rd—Class.

4th—Boarder or Day-girl.

5th—Whether new or old.

[Penalty for default—Death!]

Or if the girls shrink from such publicity, how about compiling a "Who's Who?" (Price, 1/-, latest information, absolutely authentic). Such a thing would fill a long-feit want.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

EARNEST WORKER.

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An earnest inquirer wants to know whether Kendall was thinking of English essays when he said—

"I purposed once to take my pen and write,  
But since I've put the faded purpose by."

She would also like reliable information as to whether Tennyson wrote the following portion of the Choric Song just before doing exams.:—

"Why are we weighed upon with heaviness  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?  
All things have rest, why should we toil alone;  
Why should we only toil—the roof and crown of things."

Is it true that "Abandon Hope, all ye who enter here," was written to be inscribed over an examination room?

**PRIZE ESSAYS, 1923.****(Senior School)****"LAUGHTER."**

If we were to set out on a long and difficult journey, over hazardous tracks, and through unknown countries, what better companion would we choose than one with the gift of laughter? How the hours would be shortened, the difficulties smoothed over, the fatigue and troubles forgotten, and our hearts lightened at the sound of his honest, cheery laugh. And so, on the difficult journey of life, would we not fain have the same encouragement? Should we not choose as our friends, those who have true laughter hidden in their hearts, and ringing in their voices.

Surely there is no better way of judging the worth of a man, than by listening to the quality of his laugh, as well as observing the things at which he laughs; for just as there are false, artificial laughs, so are there times when a laugh is misplaced and often cruel. A laugh which mocks at the misfortunes or mistakes of others, reveals a heart entirely lacking in the sympathy and consideration which we should show to those about us; whilst an artificial laugh proves its wearer to possess a nature both shallow and false. A cold, sneering smile chills and repels us, as does the sight or feel of merciless ice; but a kind word and loving smile warms our hearts like a sudden ray of sunshine.

Some fortunate mortals seem to have had the gift of happiness bestowed upon them at birth. Their smiles are more ready than their frowns, they seem to live in an atmosphere of perpetual sunshine, and misfortunes and troubles vanish at

the sound of their carefree laughter. But although all do not possess this blessed gift, happily it is one which we may all cultivate ourselves. Like little Pollyanna, we may always find something to be "glad" about, even when confronted with the deepest disappointments and misfortunes. Like her, we can always try to look on the sunny side of life, to think unselfish thoughts, to do kindly deeds, and so from glad and contented hearts will well forth that sincere and joyous laughter—that key which opens the door into a world of sunshine.

"How much lies in laughter, the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man; some wear an everlasting simper, in others lies the cold glint of ice; the fewest can be said to possess true laughter."

SYLVIA BAIRD.

**(Middle School)****GHOSTS.**

Ghosts! At the word, what pictures cross our minds, what delightful thrills run down our spines!

Truly we are strangely made! For two thousand years the world has been steadily progressing, step by step, throwing off one old superstition after another, gaining more and more knowledge of the great mysteries of life and yet ghosts have not lost a particle of their fascination. We laugh about them in broad daylight, say they are nonsense, but wait—wait till you are in bed with the lights turned out, and see if what you have heard of them does not all come back to you, and with such force that you cannot shake it off! The slightest noise makes you "jumpy"; a sudden sound puts every hair on end.



There must be something about ghost stories that makes them cling to a people even when they know that there is not a word of truth in them. Even Shakespeare, the greatest poet and playwright the world has ever known, used ghosts in his plays, the best examples of which are Hamlet and Macbeth.

One of the reasons why the idea of a ghost is hard to shake off is, I think, the fact that we are told them when we are very young and the brain is then very sensitive. Young children love them, for they are "crecpey," but they are not so fond of them when they are alone in the dark, and can picture again all the gruesome tales they have been hearing. It is hard to do away with beliefs which were once firmly fixed in our minds and have been in the minds of our fore-fathers for generations past. Another example of this is the way we laugh when we hear it said that spilt salt should be thrown over the shoulder to bring good luck. Yes, but when we spill the salt how we dislike brushing it off the table. Do we not blame that salt for anything unpleasant which may happen to us that day?

Ghost stories, to have the proper effect on the mind, must be told in a right atmosphere. The lights must be out, and there should be a dying fire in the grate round which the listeners should be grouped. The relator of the story must have skill and practice. The voice is lowered to a ghostly pitch, and dramatic pauses must be made at the right places. Very soon, thrills go up and down the spines of the listeners and their hearts begin to beat faster.

"The two sat in a large room in the old deserted castle. The fire was dying out and the light of the swing lamp was flickering. Just as the clock struck twelve"—pause—"the lamp gave a great

bound, and they saw the face of the man in the portrait over the door scowling at them, a devilish light in his eyes. The lamp flickered lower and lower and died out." (Pause). "The two sat as if turned to stone, looking first at the dying fire, then at the door. A hollow sound was heard in the hall outside. The handle of the door turned gently,"—pause—"the door itself gradually swung open. At the same instant, the girl beheld a knife floating through the air. The blade of it was covered with"—pause—"drops of blood, and the point was travelling slowly—towards—her—brother's heart."

A very low tone on the last word and the listeners sit spellbound, afraid to speak or move. What if the lights soon flash on and the gruesome tale is forgotten for the moment? The spell remains, and when wandering along dark corridors or through dark woods we hurry to the light with a backward look to see if the "Ghost" is following us.

Would we confess our fear? Not for worlds! But it is there all the same, and until people cease terrifying small children with grisly stories and songs of "The Ghost by the Church-yard Wall," horror and fascination will remain with us and we will still want to hear more, yet fear the end. Only then will ghosts disappear from our lands. The change will come with time, just as everything that is not built on a solid foundation will go with time, and leave us free from silly superstitions about things which are not. We will fill our minds with more wholesome food, and as a consequence will be free from nightmares and fancies which terrify us and do no good to our country. The age of realities is coming, the age of superstition is passing away, and with it the era of Ghosts.

NAN VENTERS.

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS



## DIRGE.

[With apologies to Shakespeare.]

[This was written just after exams, and is therefore decidedly gloomy. Exams have the power of depressing even the most confirmed optimist.]

“Come away, come away, death,  
 And in sad cypress now let me lie.  
 Fly away, fly away, breath;  
 I have failed, and therefore I die!  
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
 Oh prepare it.  
 I have failed in six subjects. All’s up!  
 I’m through!  
 —I cannot bear it!

Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
 On my black coffin let there be strown;  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corpse where my bones shall  
 be thrown.  
 But this one boon I ask of you—  
 Write o’er my head:  
 “She worked, she toiled the long day  
 through;  
 She stuck to lesson books like glue:  
 —She failed in spite of all her stew!  
 Now she is dead!

## THE BOARDERS GO TO SEE THE FLEET.

Whirr! Somewhere in the whereabouts of 3 a.m. the dear old alarm clock shrieked outside the room wherein lay two prefects snoring peacefully. One turned on the light to give the other a hint which was not taken. The snores continued—so did the alarm, and the aforesaid damsel climbed laboriously out of bed and stopped the instrument of torture. “Ah, bother the alarm! I’d just gone to sleep!” she growled—then a grin spread from ear to ear and she gave vent to an ecstatic yelp, “Ah! It’s Fleet Morning!”

Those words were used a great deal that morning. To every indignant inquiry as to “What are you doing here at this time of the night?” the same answer was given. The words proved the magic “Sesame” to everyone’s good nature, and soon the company was in the best of spirits.

At length, after a wait of at least five minutes, during which everyone went into a frenzy, the char-a-banc rattled up to the door. It was eyed with delight by the boarders. Such a lovely car! Such beautiful dark-blue paint. Such comfortable seats! And new tyres for the occasion, too, they were told. How divine! They packed in and rolled magnificently away from the door.

All went splendidly. The char-a-banc left nothing to be desired, and the miles were rapidly diminished, in spite of clouds of dust, and several thousand other cars all trying to go the same way.

About half way on the road another char-a-banc was sighted ahead. On closer inspection it proved to be the College prep. The girls cheered as they passed, feeling loftily superior as they eyed the dusty car and crowded seats, and compared it with their own beauty. So they gave another hearty cheer and whizzed by, leaving the prep. far in the rear.

Bang! A report like a pistol shot! Horror of horrors, the char-a-banc has stopped! Surely there is nothing the matter? The fatal words are pronounced. **The tyre has burst!**

For about five minutes pandemonium reigned. Everybody blamed the driver and his "beastly old tyres," while that worthy protested again and again "Them wus new tyres fer the occasion, they wuz."

After finding that brow-beating the driver did not mend the tyre, the boarders gave themselves up to the edifying occupation of watching the other cars whizzing past.

Presently, the Prep. char-a-banc trundled round to where they were. At the sight of them, still going strong, with perfectly good tyres, a fresh wail went up from the unfortunates, and eyes of despair were turned on those at whom they had lately been jeering. Surely never have such pathetic, love-lorn glances been turned on anyone as were turned on the Prep. that morning; they would have melted hearts of stone.

The College stopped! Inquiry was made, "What's up? "Tyre blown out!" "What rotten luck!" Then a suggestion was made, "What about taking a few in here?"

Surely the faces of the boarders were an eloquent reward for the master who

merely made that remark. He was at once exalted to the position of a hero in their eyes. Blissful smiles spread over their numerous countenances, as they were told to ascend the once despised char-a-banc.

Evidently the College believed in heaping coals of fire with a vengeance, for they politely rose and gave the intruders their seats with the best grace in the world.

Thus it happened that people had the amazing sight of a deserted, dark-blue char-a-banc standing beside the road, while away from it moved another in which stood numbers of long suffering prep. boys, trying not to trip over the feet of P.G.C. girls—all off to see the Fleet.

A. H. V.

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### CONTEMPLATING EXAMS.

(Richlieu is a "stock" personage—he always gets a question in either the December exams. or the Supps.)

"We've a hundred lines of poetry to learn, and I know ten.  
We've a mile of 'Fontaine's' fables to translate  
We've a page or two of verbs to do and a book of grammar then.  
We're sure to have an essay, (which I hate)  
But there's one thing I know about, whatever else I don't  
There's one thing I'll remember, whatever else I won't,  
There's one thing that I won't forget—I couldn't if I tried—  
'The three aims of Richelieu were accomplished ere he died'."

## A VISION.

(Written at the close of a particularly stiff exam.)

[A large room with a huge table down the centre. Round the table are seated a few dozen examiners, who are correcting examination papers. Behind them are rows of brimming waste paper baskets. At first no sound is heard but the rustle of the papers and an occasional demonical cackle from a black browed examiner. Suddenly, one of the company speaks.]

1st Examiner.—I say, how many papers have you corrected yet?

2nd Examiner (gloomily)—Only about three hundred!

1st Examiner.—And how many have you passed?

2nd Examiner.—Three.

1st Examiner.—How do you mark your papers?

2nd Examiner.—Oh, five marks off for each mistake; and about ten taken off for good luck when I finish.

3rd Examiner (angrily)—How can you be so lenient? It's absolutely disgraceful! Why, I fail some if I happen to take a dislike to their handwriting!

1st Examiner (disdainfully)—That's a silly way of doing things! I pick out half a dozen papers with my eyes shut, and fail all the rest!

2nd Examiner.—Humph!

(After this wise remark, there is silence for some time. Suddenly the 1st examiner yawns)

1st Examiner.—I say, I'm sick of all this! I vote we go home.

2nd Examiner (timidly)—But what about all these?

1st Examiner (with a disdainful look)—What do **they** matter? Fail them all, of course! I daresay they deserve it anyhow!

(The examiners sweep the papers into the waste paper baskets, and exit grinning fiercely.)



## THE VISIT OF THE FLEET.

Night had just lifted her filmy veil,  
And the shining dawn came peeping  
through.

The sun had sent her rays to hail  
A day of sunshine, with skies of blue.

On the long, wide stretches of golden  
sand,

Where the foam-flecked waves sang  
their morning song,

Thousands of people took their stand,  
Making a happy, expectant throng.

Their eyes were strained to the distant  
blue,

Awaiting the coming of their welcome  
guest,

When five grey objects came to their  
view,

Steaming slowly up from the west.

Nearer these great, grey warships drew,  
Like British bull-dogs, fearless and  
bold,

Each one bore her dauntless crew  
With spirits of steel, like those sailors  
of old.

When these first five had gone slowly by,  
Their monster comrades, the Repulse  
and Hood,

Came steaming through, beneath the  
morning sky,

Past the bright, gold sand, where the  
people stood.

Around them fluttered the fishing fleet,  
 Like small white doves, round their  
 eagle friends,  
 Each one ready its guest to greet,  
 And a welcome true each Australian  
 tends.

Our Motherland, her love to show,  
 Has sent these boats, these men-o'-war,  
 Which keep us safe from every foe,  
 And guard our fair Australian shore.

To show our love for our Motherland—  
 This great British land of valour and  
 fame—  
 We must, like true citizens, take our  
 stand  
 To serve our country and Play the  
 Game!

“ZAC.”

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### THE VISIT OF THE FLEET.

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When I awoke, the world outside was grey and cheerless. Nothing could be seen distinctly—everything was hushed and still. And I remember our walk to the station in the dull semi-twilight—how houses loomed beside us, sometimes large and shapeless, sometimes sharply defined in the glare of an occasional street lamp. The streets were almost deserted; only now and then would we see someone moving in the distance, grey and silent like ourselves. But when we reached the station all was changed. What a hurry and bustle there was! Innumerable lights shone on a confused and noisy crowd. Everyone was talking, and laughing, and darting to and fro.

I shall not say much about our journey to Queenscliff, although it was a strange and unforgettable experience—this speeding on through the quiet, sleeping country. At first all was grey and mysterious; then, very gradually, the sky grew paler and a faint pink flush appeared over the eastern horizon. It was all very beautiful! And sometimes we would pass a gleaming pool of water, cool and silent. But, for the most part, all was grey.

We arrived just in time to see the five light cruisers disappearing over the still, shining water. Beyond them the faint pink of the sky deepened to a glorious crimson. A line of burning gold ran round a solitary cloud, and, behind it, the sun rose in all its splendour, waking the earth from her long sleep.

It shone on the “Hood” and the “Repulse,” making them look dark and grim, as they moved slowly towards the Heads. Near by, a sailing vessel, surrounded by gleaming white yachts, caught the rays of the sun full on her outspread sails. It was a beautiful picture—the shining sails formed a strange contrast to the stern war-ships as they glided across the quiet water. Overhead two aeroplanes buzzed, flying in ever-narrowing circles. On shore some one began to call “Coo-o-o-ee, Cooo-ec-e!” The cliffs were black with people, their faces turned steadily towards the sea. Slowly the ships moved to the eastward. We watched until we could see them no longer; then we turned, and hurried away. And now, whenever I think of the British Fleet, I shall see it all again as clearly as if it were a picture—the tall cliffs covered with eager faces, and the shining peace of the sea, over which the long black ships glided as smoothly as a dream, while the golden sun flooded the world with his splendour.

## THE INDUSTRIOUS FIFTH.

The Fifth form are a sturdy race,  
They've really gone quite mad on knit-  
ting;

Dear Jenny goes at such a pace,  
It's a wonder she still is kicking.

Mollie and Mary and Kick and Pard  
Are sitting down and knitting hard:  
While Marian's trying to knit and read,  
And Johnnie's learning the Apostle's  
Creed.

When Mollie first brought along her  
"drop,"

The whole form reckoned she would  
flop;

But soon the craze began to take  
And dresses the girls did start to make.

Mollie and Mary and Pard chose blue,  
But young Jenny and Con a gaudier  
hue:

Most young girls choose a colour that's  
light,

But we fifth-formers prefer something  
bright.

Then come along our Margaret and Jess,  
With jumper but not (mind you) a  
dress;

Vera then said that she'd make a jumper,  
But everyone vowed it would make her  
look plumper.

Marjory and Queen thought they'd do a  
kind deed

And help some knitters who are always  
in need:

So thus every member in our little Fifth  
form

Is always knitting and NEVER for-  
lorn.

"ONE OF THE FIFTH."

## THE NEW SCHOOL.

The stranger within our gates would  
hear the words:—"Wait until we get the  
new school!" used very frequently. It  
would seem as though the new school is  
to be a veritable Garden of Eden, where  
all wrongs are righted, everything un-  
pleasant done away with; and that we  
will then live in a state of perpetual bliss.

We should at least be healthy when  
we move to our new abode. The school  
is to be on Herne Hill, which is probably  
the highest part of Geelong. Looking  
from the front, you can see the deep blue  
of the Bay stretching out to Port Philip,  
and the sunsets on it are glorious. Then  
from the back can be seen the misty blue  
Barrabool Hills running along the hori-  
zon, and the river winding through  
Queen's Park down at your feet.

The ground contains about seventeen  
acres, so that there will be no lack of  
space either for buildings or playing  
fields. The buildings will be on the  
highest part, and away in front of them  
will stretch the green ovals and play-  
grounds, with tennis and basket-ball  
courts near at hand.

Some maidens already have weird and  
wonderful plans, embracing boats on the  
Barwon, and horses, but we are afraid  
that they will never see their hopes ful-  
filled. However, we will, we are sure,  
have very happy times, and prove our-  
selves worthy of all the trouble that is  
being taken to give us our beautiful new  
school.

## FISH YARNS.

(Founded on Fact.)

This world is very small indeed,  
 Though to some 'tis a vast expanse;  
 For an Aussie was told of an eel he'd  
 caught,  
 Some years later, in far-off France.

While on the Somme an Australian soldier was told that a friend of his was in a battalion which had camped not far away. Having nothing else to do, he sauntered off to see this friend, only to learn that he was on patrol, but would soon be off duty. At the invitation of a group of men who were resting nearby, he joined them to wait until his friend came.

The men were telling fish "yarns,"—tales of fish they had caught, had not caught, and had dreamed they'd caught, and at length called on the visitor for a story. "Well," he said slowly, "I don't know about ordinary fish, but I'll tell you of an eel." So he told the tale. There was dead silence for a moment; then came a roar:—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten! OUT!" (the polite way of saying that you are a descendant of Ananias).

The stranger was not at all perturbed, and merely said:—"Oh, all right; I'd a better one than that to tell you, but I won't now." The others begged him to tell it, but he refused. Then a new voice broke in:—"Talking about eels reminds me of one that I saw when I was a nipper. Mind you, I didn't catch it myself, but I saw it in a shop at Geelong." He then

told a story, much taller than the other, and was believed. No one noticed a quiet grin on the stranger's face until he asked: "Could you tell me whose shop it was in, and who caught the eel?" "It was in a butcher's shop, owned by a Mr. McKissock, in Aberdeen Street. The person who caught the eel was a butcher named X—" The stranger leaned back in his seat. "Well," he remarked, "that's the eel I was going to tell you about." The men gasped, and—he was counted in again.

The two principals of this story are still in West Geelong. The butcher's shop was burnt down, and has been rebuilt in a different part of the town. It was rather a funny thing that a man could be thousands of miles away from home, and then be told of an eel he himself had caught as a boy.

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## WANTED COLUMN.

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WANTED.—Five keen, alert, active, good-tempered, sporting, eager, punctual, athletic, level-headed, light, fleet-footed girls, not weighing more than 12 stone, to fill the vacancies in the Basketball Team.

A cure for tired Boarders.

A self-starter for P.G.C. Tennis players.

A fertilizer for Sports' Garden in place of ink.

A few more girls to write Original Contributions for the "Mag."

## THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

### PETER'S ADVENTURE.

Peter had been for his first ride in an aeroplane that day, and he was very excited about it. When he first went to bed he simply couldn't get to sleep, but at last he got drowsy, and Willie Winkie was able to put the sand in his eyes, and so to send him to sleep.

Then a wonderful thing happened, for, all of a sudden, he found himself in an aeroplane—a far bigger one than he had ever seen before—driven by a pilot who seemed to be heading it towards the moon.

"Where are we going?" asked Peter of the pilot. "We are going to Wishing Island, where you can have three wishes, and then come back with me. Every child has a turn in going there, and it is your turn to-night. If you take my advice you will not use up your wishes too quickly," said the pilot. "But where is Wishing Island? I can't see it," said Peter. "Yes, you can, although you don't know it. It is what you call the moon, and what you call the Man in the Moon is really the Wishing Spirit. It is he who grants the wishes of the children who come here." "Do you go and tell him what you want?" Peter asked again. "No," said the pilot, "because, when you get there, you can't see him."

When Peter got to Wishing Island he jumped out of the aeroplane, and wished that there was a house with everything that he wanted in it. Then he saw a lovely house, and, without knocking, he went in. He found a room full of toys of all sorts. After playing there for some time, he went in to another room where he found a table, laid for one and just

ready for some one to sit down and eat. So he had dinner, and then went out.

It was then that he wished he had an aeroplane, and it came at once. But, try as he would, he couldn't get it to go, and, forgetting the pilot's advice, he said angrily, "I wish I could get this beastly thing to go!" and it started. It headed towards a very bright star, and it seemed as if it were going to stop there; but Peter heard an awful noise like thunder, and the aeroplane started whizzing down, and, landing with an awful crash, he found himself on his bedroom floor.

Everyone said that it was only a dream, but Peter thought it was real.

"A.G.B."



### THE FISH.

I am a fish. I live in the sea and I eat flies. One day I said to my mother, "I want to go up and catch a fly." "Hush, hush," said my mother; "stay down here by me." "No," said the fish, and he went up and he saw a big fat fly. In it was hidden a sharp hook.

B.B.



### ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

One day, as Alice was sitting looking at her sister's book, she saw a white rabbit running along, and it pulled out a watch out of its vest coat pocket. It looked at it, and then it ran on and on and on as hard as it could go. Alice got up and ran after it. Very soon the rabbit was out of sight.

J.C.



## THE CAPTURE.

(Written about the time when Starlight, and his men were at large.)

Tom is my brother; my name is Madge, and our surname is Lee. We live in a quiet little spot in New South Wales. A rumour got round that Starlight was at large, and we soon found that it was true. Father and mother were away, visiting an auntie in Sydney, and we were at home by ourselves; so consequently we were not a bit surprised when some of the cattle disappeared. We, of course, knew how they disappeared, but what could two of us do against a band of fearless men?

One day, Tom and I were out for a ride, and looking round for clues at the same time. As we were going up the other side of a gully, not far from the homestead, we saw some horsemen coming from the other direction. We dismounted and held our ponies' heads. It was well we did for they passed us, only a few feet distant, but we were screened by the bushes. It was Starlight and his men.

We mounted and turned for home the way which they had come. While getting on at a fair pace down a road through one of the mountains, my pony shied and went galloping down the incline. Tom immediately followed, and, thanks to the ponies, we got down alright. When we managed to stop them we found we were in such a lovely, fertile spot where hundreds of cattle were grazing, among which we saw a heifer with our own brand upon its shoulder. We then turned home, but as we had no idea of the direction, our ponies had to lead us.

That night as we were having tea there was a knock at the door. I went to

answer it, and there stood Starlight, calmly asking for food. I let him in, and, as I did so, I heard the back door open, and Tom go racing to the stable to get his pony, to go for the police.

I gave Starlight some tea and cakes, and left him for a while. When I came back, he had a black look on his face, and I knew trouble was coming. Then I had a "brain-wave." I sat down at the piano and commenced to play. The shadow left his face and he listened intently. My only idea was to keep his thoughts in peaceful channels until Tom and the police arrived.

Then, after awhile, I heard the police coming in at the back door. Starlight also heard, and he knew there was no escape. He covered his face with his hands and groaned. As the police entered he held out his hands to receive the hand-cuffs. As they led him out, he bowed to me and said, "Thank you for your hospitality. I have had a short life and a gay one."

Then he was led away.

M.C.C.

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## THE LITTLE GIRL.

Once upon a time there was a little girl. One day she was out picking daisies. She was standing in a ring of mushrooms, she saw a fairy flying overhead, she dropped the flowers and ran after her, but she was not quick enuf. She soon came to a tree, so she sat down on a branch; then she thought how much she would like to be a fairy to have wings and to fly like a fairy. When she looked round she saw that she had wings like a fairy and little blue party dress.

## OLD GIRLS' NOTES

Christmas has come and gone; and the old year, with all its joys and sorrows, its hopes and disappointments, has passed. Now we have entered upon a new year, with all its wonderful possibilities.

We are pleased that so many of last year's girls have joined the Association. It is to these "new" old girls that we look for fresh inspiration, and we trust that they will throw themselves whole-heartedly into the work of the Association. Now that a site has been purchased, and a new school decided upon, before long we shall be called upon to do all that lies in our power to make the new school one of the outstanding features of Geelong, and all old girls should regard it not only a privilege, but a matter of pride to be able to join hands in such a memorable undertaking.

The "A. C. Harris Prize" was awarded for the first time at the annual Speech Day. This prize will be awarded annually by the old girls in memory of Miss Harris's connection with the old school.

We extend our sympathy to Kathleen Roebuck and her sisters in their recent sad bereavement. Congratulations to Dorothy Gurr, Una Handley, Maud MacGillivray, and Beatrice Pownall—whose engagements have recently been announced.

So far this year, only one meeting has been held. On March 14th an evening

was arranged to give old girls an opportunity of saying "au revoir" to the President, Miss Marjorie Purnell. The meeting was held in the Assembly Hall, which was decorated with bowls of beautiful dahlias from the school garden. Musical items were given by Ivy Potter, Eathorne Walter and Elma Taylor during the evening, and just before supper, Vera Reeves, on behalf of the old girls, presented the President with a beautiful travelling rug, and an autograph book containing the names of those present. Miss Pratt, Rev. C. Neville, and Mr John Pettitt also spoke, wishing her a happy trip abroad and a safe return. A dainty supper and ices were served, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a very happy evening to its close. Miss Purnell sailed by the "Ormuz" on March 18th, and intends to leave the vessel at Marseilles, proceeding to England later on.

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### NOTICES.

The secretary will be very glad to receive news of old girls for this column.

The "Lucernian" is published twice in the year. The price of each copy of this issue is 2/9.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Editors of any change of address.



