

PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE
GEELONG



THE LUCERNIAN



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Edith Leigh

THE LUCERNIAN.

The MAGAZINE of the PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE
GEELONG.

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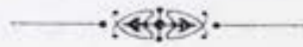
The Lucernian

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EDITORIAL.



THEY will be building the new school soon, and many of us will not be there to see it. Our school days will be ended at the old school in Latrobe Terrace. As the new buildings are going up, we will idly wonder what it would feel like to live in them, and think—"Well, this is the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the school. I have watched the first chapter being written, and now it is finished." Yes, it is very nearly finished now, that first chapter; already we are preparing to turn over the page and write "Chapter II." It is hard to realize it all sometimes: it seems more like a dream than a reality, more like a vision of far-away years than a hope of the near future.

We have not started building our new school yet—No, that is not true, for we have really been building it ever since our school made its appearance in Latrobe Terrace nearly six years ago. New buildings are all very well—and they are very necessary sometimes—but, after all, the real school is not made of bricks and mortar, but of the lives and deeds of those who belong to it. We are building or pulling down every day, and if it is not for us to see the completed

school of the future, we have, instead, the knowledge that we are laying the foundations and drawing out the plan of the building. Our work may be forgotten, but it will always be there, and, if we build well, some of the glory of the completed building will belong to us.

Everyone at school this term is either building up or pulling down. Even the smallest kindergarteners are doing it, although they would be very surprised and not a little alarmed if we told them so. Unfortunately most of us do not realize this until our school-days are nearly over. It is then that we feel most keenly how little—how very little—we have done in building up the school in which our work will live on after our names have been forgotten.



Matthew Arnold on Shakespeare.

"They also serve who only stand and wait"—Yes, that saying is all very well in its place, but the editors are sometimes tempted to wish that fewer girls would apply it to their own work in connection with the "Lucernian." They all want to read the completed issue, and

many of them are very assiduous in their enquiries as to when the magazine will be "out"; but it does not seem to strike them that, before the magazine is published, it must be written. The greater part of them will unconsciously read quite a different meaning into the announcement, "All girls must hand in Original Contributions by Thursday." What they read is something like this: "Thursday is the day when all girls—except me—must hand in Original Contributions." Most of the things that we do get are from new girls, and if they only knew how glad we feel to receive them, they would not be hurt so much when we are sometimes forced to reject them. An editor's idea of Heaven is—to get more Original Contributions than she knows what to do with. You see,

we cannot force the girls to write; we can only wait, hoping that they will take pity on us in our sad situation.

You will be wondering what this has to do with Matthew Arnold on "Shakespeare." Well, once upon a time an editor was reading that famous sonnet, and her mind was so obsessed with the thought of original contributions that she stopped when she came to the second line and cried, "Why, that's the attitude of nearly everyone at school towards the mag. I might almost have written it myself. I know I have felt it often enough!" And she read it over again—that simple line that means so much (to editors)—"We ask, and ask: thou smilest—and art still!"

FORM NOTES

FORM VI.

This year's Sixth is the largest on record, and (shall we also add?) the brainiest. Honour Sixth is small, but select, consisting of only two girls—scarcely large enough to secure them the privilege of having separate Form Notes. But the Lower Sixth has actually nine in it!

The Sixth room, while not particularly ornamental, is certainly spacious, and undeniably comfortable, especially when a fire is burning in the open fireplace. The decorations are extremely simple—almost severe—consisting as they do of rows of books, two long tables, a blackboard, and sundry chairs, together with the pins left over from the last Dress-

making Class. We discourage flowers—bottles of ink are ornament enough for us—and, besides, they would only distract our attention from our work. We are sure that, to unprejudiced observers, it must seem as if we are all trying to compass nervous break-downs, we work so hard. And as for the prejudiced ones, let them come into our room and gaze at our syllabus, and our rows upon rows of school books. If that does not convert them, nothing will!

We find it very hard to bring our minds down from Leaving work to such prosaic details as Form Notes, and harder still to keep them there. Next time we will write excellent Form Notes, lengthy Form Notes, Form Notes full of news—but just for this once we beg to be excused.

FORM V.

Life is queer! When you are in the region of the Lower Fourth you spend most of your spare time casting what are meant to be languishing glances at the 5th and 6th, and wishing you were there. Unfortunately, when you do arrive at the coveted position, you receive a rude shock—at least, we did. We felt exactly the same as we had always felt, and the only difference seemed to be in the quantity of work to be done. However, we are not going to whine, and tell you the horrors of exams, because you have heard that so many times before.

The Form is very proud of Joan for winning the Inter-form race at the Swimming Sports; and we also congratulate her on doing so well in the Swimming exam.

Several of us have quite decided upon our future careers—if ever we are cast upon the hard, cold world. We are going to be doctors. This resolution took form at the chloroforming and dissecting of a frog, in which the whole Form rendered active assistance, in the shape of well-meaning but irrelevant advice, to Miss Shaw. We were forced to admit, however, that she knew more about it than we did, for she showed great wisdom in ignoring urgent requests such as these:—"Cut him down there and see what happens"; "Poke him and see if he is really dead"; "Let me try what the chloroform's like!"

A rather original piece of French translation was heard the other day in school, for when one girl came to the words, "C'est signe qu'il veut du pain," she proudly made known her version to the rest of the class. She said—"It is a sign that he is in pain!"

FORM V. A.

Once again our poor Form has to rack its brains in vain effort to find substance for Form Notes. There has been (if readers are to judge by this effort) a great scarcity of the required substance of late.

At the beginning of the year two new girls entered our Form, and, later, two others. We are pleased to welcome back Nessie Henderson after her long illness, and are very sorry to hear that Alison will not be returning this term.

We feel quite like seniors now, as we have got to the stage of using fountain pens, single desks and having exams at the end of the term.

During the first term we collected money for the "Save the Children" fund, and we intend doing a great deal more for our own adopted Austrian girl, Eleonora Ubl.

FORM IV. C.

F stands for Form IV. C.,
The best in the School;
O stands for order—
Our very first rule;
R, we are ready
And want to begin,
M is the Mark Shield
Which we strive to win.
F is for finger-nails
Which teachers do view;
O is in honours,
Our names are there, too;
U is the unsatisfactory
Which we try to dodge;
R is the record,
Where sometimes they lodge.
C is for country
That won the debate;
And also for chums
Who part at the gate.

FORM IV. B.

I am the tree outside the IV. B form room, and sometimes I can see through the window, and I watch the girls of IV. B at work.

They have a very nice room, which they generally have fairly well stocked with flowers. I heard some of the IV. B girls saying once that they hoped to be able to supply the flowers for their room very soon from their own garden, which is just outside the room, and in a very handy position.

The walls of the room have lately been adorned by a new form flag. This flag is purple and has the Form motto—"Vouloir c'est pouvoir"—written on it in beautiful big silver letters.

Every Friday morning for a little while I miss the IV. B girls from their room, and then I know that they have gone to their drill class. This year the class has been divided into four parts, each part having a different colour. Points are given for different things, and the girls work keenly to gain them.

I have noticed, as I look down on the class, some new faces. These are the new girls in IV. B, and I wish to welcome them to the Form on behalf of the other girls.

About the middle of last term the Form held a sale of sweets, the proceeds of which were to go towards the Starving Children's Fund. Over £1/10 was made, and two or three parcels of clothing were sent away as well.

On Shakespeare's Day the girls acted a scene from "Midsummer Night's Dream," and, although I could not see it, I heard that it was a success.

In the cold weather the monitresses do not always put my window up, as they do not like the cold. So I cannot see them. Just now the window is down, and I cannot tell you any more of their

doings. I hope that they will not be annoyed with me for taking such liberties.

FORM IV. A.

"Play up, play up, and play the game," is our motto, and we try to live up to it. There are 21 of us in a sunny school-room. (I think it is a little too sunny sometimes, because our lessons are always being disturbed by the pulling down of blinds to stop the sun from dancing around our eyes.) But still, sun does no harm to us. Our room is in a very nice position, for we overlook a green lawn surrounded by flowers.

Our Form garden has been looking very nice, and, with the help of Miss Walker, our Form mistress, we have put in a lot of plants, but lately it has been a little bit neglected. We are not going to neglect it for ever, though. Oh, no! We mean to try and beat IV. B.

We are getting on very well with our work, and Miss Cooper says that our French has improved. Kathleen Badger was first in the Form last term. We are now acting parts of "David Copperfield," in which we take a keen interest. We are greatly attracted by Miss Betsy Trotwood, who makes us all laugh. Every Thursday afternoon we have lectures on different subjects—sometimes on wrecks, lighthouses, animals, or our favourite pieces of poetry.

We had great fun on April Fool's Day. I am sure everyone was at school earlier than usual, for some were trying to pluck up courage to fool a teacher. It was a sad time when the bell rang, for no one wanted to go into school.

At the Swimming Sports two girls in our Form secured victories—Clare Strong, 1st breast stroke and 1st obstacle race; Lois Matthews, 1st beginners' race.

FORMS III. B & III. A.

Conversation Between the Two Form Captains.

Jean: "How do you think our forms are getting on?"

Betty: "I think they have made great strides this term, don't you?"

Jean: "Yes, in our form we hardly had any failures in our examinations."

Betty: "We have chosen our form colours. They are red and black."

Jean: "Last term we went to the Art Gallery. There were some beautiful pictures in the rooms."

Betty: "Jean and I are giving a prize to the girl who loses the least number of marks for our room. Audrey Gillett and Sarah Williams won it last term."

Jean: "We have formed an afternoon class for girls to stay in and do any subjects they find hard."

Betty: "The girls made the form rules themselves, and we all try to keep them."

KINDERGARTEN I. AND II.

We are twenty-nine happy little children in our room now, for this term we welcomed seven new people to our Kindergarten.

The babies love playing with blocks and plasticine and in the sand trays. We are having the story about Alice in Wonderland this term, and we all like it very much. Isn't the "mad tea party" funny, and the part about the baby that turned into a pig? Last term we heard about Tom, the chimney sweep who turned into a dear little water-baby. We could sing you a lot of nice songs. Some are about animals. Every morning we go to the hall and have drill and games. Soon we hope to ask our parents to a little concert, and show them some of our games. We have learnt some poems, and the one that most of us like best is called "The Little Light." We cannot tell you what we like doing best at school, because we all like different things.

 HOUSE NOTES.

ARDENS HOUSE.

House Colours—Gold.

This year we were very sorry to lose our captain, Helen Venters. For three years she did her best for us, in work, sport and entertaining; and we feel that our thanks are due to her for her long and valuable services to us. We offer a cordial welcome to all the new girls who have supplemented our ranks, and we feel sure that they will strive to fill the places of those who left us last year.

We congratulate Harris on winning the Baseball Shield, and Roslyn on win-

ning the Tennis Cup. Although we were first in work last term, we realize that Harris and Roslyn are doing their best to wrest from us this coveted position. So for the rest of the year, we will have to toil early and late.

In sport we have not been quite so successful, being only second in tennis, although we won the Swimming Sports. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Kathleen Nash, who won the School Championship, and to all the other girls who supported us so well.

Captain M.O.

HARRIS HOUSE.

House Colours—Red.

On our return to school this year we were very sorry to find that our last year's captain, Stella Gilbert, had left us. She was most helpful to us all, and had the interest of the House at heart. We thank her very much for all that she has done for us. We also found, to our sorrow, that a large number of our most loyal supporters had gone, and had left vacancies for those coming in to do their best to fill. We hope that these new members will be very happy among us, and that they will do much for their House in both work and sport.

Let us now take the opportunity to offer our hearty congratulations to Ardens and Roslyn for their successes of last year. At present Ardens hold the much-coveted Cup for work and sport, but we intend to do our best to get it back into our own possession. We have to congratulate Ardens on their success at the Annual Swimming Sports, which were held in March, and Roslyn on winning all their Tennis matches. As the Basket-Ball matches will be coming off soon, we hope that all the girls are practising very hard in preparation for them.

Captain J.R.

ROSLYN HOUSE.

House Colours—Pale Blue.

As this is the first magazine for the year, we take this opportunity of congratulating Ardens on winning the Basket-Ball Shield and the Hirst Cup, and Harris on winning the Baseball Shield. We were pleased to secure the Tennis Shield, and thus share in the honours.

At the Swimming Sports our House did not do well, scoring very few points. Again we must congratulate Ardens on being the champions.

Our tennis has improved considerably since the beginning of the year, and this is mainly due to the practice on Mondays at Mrs. Hirst's court.

We have eleven new members, to whom we extend a hearty welcome, but we were very sorry to have to say good-bye to many girls, including Sylvia Baird, our captain.

We have to thank Eileen Buckhurst—a former Roslyn girl—for the beautiful book that she has presented to us, to be used as a House Record. We hope that the entries in it will presently show distinct improvement in both work and sport—especially the former. Most girls take an interest in sport, but they seem to forget that sport alone cannot secure the Hirst Cup for us. In work, it is not so much isolated brilliancy that makes a good average for the House as steady, united effort. Not everyone can shine at sport, but there are few of us who cannot raise their standard a little, and so help the House on. We all want to secure the Lewis Hirst Cup for Roslyn this year, and the only way to do it is by steady, untiring work.

Captain C.L.

Personal.

It is with great sadness that we record the death of Joyce Walter, which took place so suddenly after a very short illness. Joyce was formerly a pupil of the Newtown Ladies' College, and stayed on as a boarder when the change took place. To those who knew her the news came as a profound shock, and even those who were not personally acquainted mourned with them the death of one so well loved.

We also offer our sincere sympathy to Miss Miller and Mrs. J. Miller (Miss Ballans) in their recent sad loss.

DAY GIRLS' NOTES.

We—the Day-girls—have all been very busy this term, but you may read of our doings in the Form Notes, and the House Notes, and the Patrol Notes. As yet, we have not played any matches against the boarders, so there is not much to talk of concerning Day-girls as a whole—unless we make an exception of the Day-girls' Cloak Room, which generally merits a sermon. We congratulate those Day-girls who upheld our prestige at the Swimming Sports, especially Gwen Madden, the Day-girls' champion, and Kathleen Nash, winner of our School Championship for nineteen twenty-five.

We learn, from reliable sources, that the boarders have slightly referred to us in their notes as "that large and stiff-necked crew, the Day-girls." We are above all such petty invectives. The boarders are vain, empty-headed, creatures, it is true, but we would not dream of telling them so. They think that, because they are small in number, they are necessarily exclusive. We know better, but we are too polite to say so; and, anyhow, scorn is wasted on idiots. A true Day-girl does not despise boarders—but she always spells Day-girls with a capital D, and boarders with a small b.



BOARDERS' NOTES.



An Important Event in the Boarders' Day at Torquay.

And it came to pass on the twelfth day of the sixth month of the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five, that the Deities who control the School Magazine laid their learned heads together to devise how with deep cunning they might best deliver a crushing blow to that flourish-

ing and warlike tribe, the Boarders. Therefore they issued throughout the camp an edict that notes relating to the doings of the said Boarders should, on the sixteenth day of the same month, be handed by the said Boarders to their joint selves for purposes of publication.

The tribe, therefore, having taken counsel together and consulted the Powers that be, decided to ignore the presumptuous command. But lo! on the seventeenth day of the month they were pursued by the Deities themselves, and threatened with public decapitation if the notes above referred to were not received by the ninth hour of the following day. Behold the result of our labours.

If the words here transcribed be not the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, may we never more visit the Tuck-Shop or behold a Meat-Pie!

Though inferior in numbers, we are infinitely superior in brains and muscle

to the large and stiff-necked colony of those who do attend this school by day alone.

On the eighth and ninth days of the fifth month our ranks were very unsettled, owing to the holding of aquatic sports in a neighboring city. We journeyed to view the contests from the banks of the noble stream called in the original tongue, "Yarra," and returned in the darkening hours, some glad at heart, others of woeful countenance.

There are other points of probable interest, such as the "invasion of the cats" and the Saturday evening revels, but more of them anon. We beg modestly — as is our wont — to efface ourselves.

SPORT.

Tennis.

Last term we did not win any Association matches, but were successful in a match against Stratherne. This success, however, was mainly due to the second four, because the scores of both fours were put together, and counted as one match.

When we played Clarendon at Ballarat they defeated us, although only by a narrow margin. The game against Ballarat Grammar School was very one sided; but, although we were beaten, we had an excellent match.

Basketball.

More than the usual amount of interest has been shown in basketball this term. In addition to our usual afternoon practices, we play every morning before school, and this extra time seems to have greatly helped both the first and the second teams. Later in the term we hope

to have some second team's matches, so that the girls will be getting ready to take the places of those who will be leaving at the end of the year.

Tennis Matches.

C.E.G.G.S., Ballarat v. P.G.C.	Victory C.E.G.G.S.	48—25
Clarendon P.L.C. v. P.G.C.	Victory Clarendon	40—34
P.G.C. v Stratherne	Victory P.G.C.	40—28

INTER-HOUSE.

1st Teams		
Roslyn v. Ardens	Victory Roslyn	48—15
Harris v. Roslyn	Victory Roslyn	48—17
Ardens v. Harris	Victory Ardens	41—32
2nd Teams		
Roslyn v. Ardens	Draw	45—45
Harris v. Roslyn	Victory Roslyn	40—18
Ardens v. Harris	Victory Ardens	46—19

Basketball Matches.

C.E.G.G.S, Ballarat, v. P.G.C. Victory P.G.C.
33—16

Clarendon P.L.C. v. P.G.C. Victory P.G.C.
37—17

INTER-HOUSE.

1st Teams
Roslyn v. Ardens Victory Ardens 20—12
Ardens v. Harris Victory Ardens 20—13
Harris v. Roslyn Victory Roslyn 30—4

2nd Teams
Harris v. Ardens Victory Ardens 12—4



The Swimming Sports, 1925.

The swimming sports were held at the Men's Baths on February 26th, and, as usual, they were a success. The School Championship was won by Kathleen Nash, to whom we offer our hearty congratulations.

A great many girls were successful in the swimming examinations, and we are quite envious of the ease with which they explore the green depths of the baths. It certainly does seem necessary to begin swimming quite young, before we have the fear of swallowing many pints of salt water. Personally, I am quite ready to agree with the man who described swimming, especially diving, as "an exercise by which you satisfied a thirst which you did not possess."

The following are winners of the various events:—

Non-swimmers under ten—

1, Theda Lord (A). 2, Joan Price (R). 3, Betty Walters (H).

Beginners' Race—

1, Lois Mathews (A). 2, Mary Small (A). 3, Margaret Shannon (R).

Under twelve—

1, Gwen Madden (A). 2, Lesbia Madden (H).
3, Rosaleen Price (H).

School Championship—

1, Kathleen Nash (A). 2, Jean McGuinness (H).
3, Joan Carstairs (A).

Junior Backstroke—

1, Gwen Madden (A). 2, Erva Hirst (R). 3,
Marjorie Blakiston (A).

Over fifteen—

1, Jean McGuinness (H). 2, Kathleen Nash (A).
3, Joan Carstairs (A).

Under fifteen—

1, Gwen Madden (A). 2, Margot Lord (A). 3,
Clare Strong (A).

Senior Breast-stroke—

1, Kathleen Nash (A). 2, Jean McGuinness (H).
3, Jean Rentoul (H).

Junior Egg and Spoon—

1, Margot Lord (A). 2, Gwen Morgan (H). 3,
Clare Strong (A).

Inter-form Race—

1, Form V. 2, Form IV. C. 3, Form IV. A.

Junior Breast-stroke—

1, Marjorie Blakiston (A). 2, Beryl Mann (A).
3, Gwen Morgan (H).

Inter-house Relay—1, Ardens. 2, Harris. 3, Roslyn.

Tandem—

1, Joan Carstairs and Kathleen Nash (A). 2, Jean
McGuinness and Jean Rentoul (H).

Breast-stroke, under thirteen—

1, Clare Strong (A). 2, Lorna Ebbott (A). 3,
Erva Hirst (R).

Boarders' Championship—

1, Joan Carstairs (A). 2, Mary Calvert (A). 3,
Margaret Oddie (A).

Senior Egg and Spoon—

1, Jean McGuinness (H). 2, Joan Carstairs (A).

Day Girls' Championship—

1, Gwen Madden (A). 2, Jean McGuinness (H).
3, Marion Parish (R).

Novelty Obstacle Race—Senior—

1, Joan Carstairs (A). 2, Vera Moebus (H).

Junior Obstacle Race—

1, Clare Strong (A). 2, Erva Hirst (R). 3,
Marion Parish (R).

Old Girls' Race—

1, Elma Taylor. 2, Eathorne Walter. 3, Vida
Walter.

Senior Back-stroke—

1, Joan Carstairs (A). 2, Jean McGuinness (H).
3, Mollie Anthony (A).

Boarders v. Day-girls—1, Day-girls.

Diving for Distance—

1, Jean McGuinness (H). 2, Lesbia Madden (H).
3, Margot Lord (A).

Diving for Objects—

1, Jean McGuinness (H). 2, Gwen Madden (A).
3, Margot Lord (A).

RESULTS—

1, Ardens, 76 points. 2, Harris, 36 points.
3, Roslyn, 11 points.

GUIDE SECTION.

Guide Notes.

The Fifth Geelong Company is making steady progress, although it would look better to see a few stray Second Class Guides here and there. We welcome the new recruits who have joined our ranks. We know from our own experience just how much Guiding has come to mean to us, and we are sure it will be the same with them.

We have had one very enjoyable afternoon hike to Queen's Park. We drilled and worked there, had tea, and returned to school about half-past seven, tired, but contented. The Company's first Church Parade was so much enjoyed that we hope it will be followed by many others.

The Hermitage Guides gave us a perfectly ripping evening on the 12th of June. We thank them very much for the splendid "guidey" time that we had. All forgot that they were P.G.C. or Hermitage, and only remembered that they were all Guides together. We hope to see the first and second Geelong Companies at P.G.C. very soon.

We are looking forward with interest to a visit from Miss Barfus, of the Girl Guide Headquarter's Staff, which we hope will take place on July 24th.

A GUIDE.

Wattle Patrol.

Although in many ways we were sorry that holidays were over, we were very glad to get back to our Guide Parades again. We miss those who left us last year, but our new recruits are working hard, and they do their best to fill these places.

At the Guide "hike" to Queen's Park, which took place last term, the Wattle

Patrol had the honour of lighting the fire. We were pleased to welcome an old member of our Patrol to tea with us.

Swallow Patrol.

At the first Guide Parade held this year, we were sorry to learn that our Patrol Leader, Jessie Lang, and Lucy French were no longer with us. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Jessie for all she did for us last year.

We are very glad to say that the two vacancies have been filled by recruits, who have just passed their Tenderfoot examinations. Like the other Patrols, we are working hard to get the highest number of points, and, while congratulating the Robins on getting the Shield last year, we intend to do our best to gain it for our own Patrol this year.

Skylark Patrol.

In these notes we are supposed to tell something of what we are doing in our Patrol, but it is hard to find anything to say. Of course we can say the usual thing—that we are all working for our second-class badges. This second-class test seems to be taking a great deal of time. It may be because everyone is too busy to put much work into it, but with a little effort surely we could get along quicker.

At the time of writing we have two recruits belonging to us, but we hope that, by the time we see these notes in the Lucernian, they will both be Guides, and in their turn working for their second class test.

Pimpernel Patrol.

We were very lucky in having five of last year's Guides back for 1925. We are glad that Jean Peel has not given up guiding, although she is not working with the Company. She is the one and only Lone Guide from our Patrol, so naturally we feel rather proud of her.

The Patrol extends a very hearty welcome to Recruits D. Ross, M. Mann and B. Batten. There is no need to hope that they will enjoy guiding. They are sure to.

Owing to the really splendid work of Jean Rentoul, the Patrol Second, the mark chart we submitted for inspection was accorded first place, and now hangs on the Assembly wall.

We thank the Robins of the Hermitage Guides very much indeed for entertaining us at their evening. We enjoyed every bit of it.

Robin Patrol.

During last term four recruits joined our Patrol, and recruits they have remained, for they have not yet passed their tenderfoot test. However, they are very helpful and extremely keen.

We have been working hard to gain extra points. Many door knobs and electric light switches are extremely familiar to us, and the linoleum on the Guide-room floor—well, after having washed it to try and remove muddy footsteps, we are inclined to accept it as a troublesome brother, who needs to be kept clean.

Nightingale Patrol.

This year the Nightingale Patrol was fortunate enough to have all its last year's members, so that we have had a full Patrol throughout the half-year.

Last year the Inter-Patrol Shield, presented by Margaret Oddie, was won by the Robin Patrol. We must congratulate the Robins on their success.

As a new Patrol Chart was needed, the Captain suggested that each patrol should make one and that the best should be chosen by the votes of all the Guides. The Pimpernel's chart proved the best by securing sixteen votes, and ours came second with fifteen, so that it was decided to hang the Pimpernel's chart in the Assembly Hall and ours in the Guide Room.



THE LONGEST AND SHORTEST OF US

REPORTS.

Christian Union.

The keenness of the old members of the Christian Union was shown by the vigour with which they sought to enrol new members, and their work resulted in a considerable increase of membership. There are now 29 girls enrolled, and we have three Bible Study circles of five girls in each, taken by Miss Pratt, Miss Dunoon and Miss Miller. The text books being studied are "The Manhood of the Master," "The Disciples of Christ," and "Comrades of Jesus."

During the first term a business meeting was held for the election of members of the Executive. Interesting addresses were given by Miss Druce, who told of the work of the Union at the University, and Miss Young, who spoke of the movement from an international point of view. At our next meeting we hope to have Miss Keene, of the London Missionary Society, who has been working in China for some time. During the term we also had a visit from Mrs. Cowper, of the Anti-Liquor League, who told us a great deal about her work.

Dramatic Notes.

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Robson at the beginning of the term, and hope that she has not been driven quite mad trying to turn out an "all star" company—for such is clearly her aim.

Latest reports from Miss Haase state that she is revelling in London and Paris, and having a simply splendid time. Oh, for half her luck!

We had hopes of doing "Quality Street," but as we could not get the rights, we decided on Arnold Bennett's

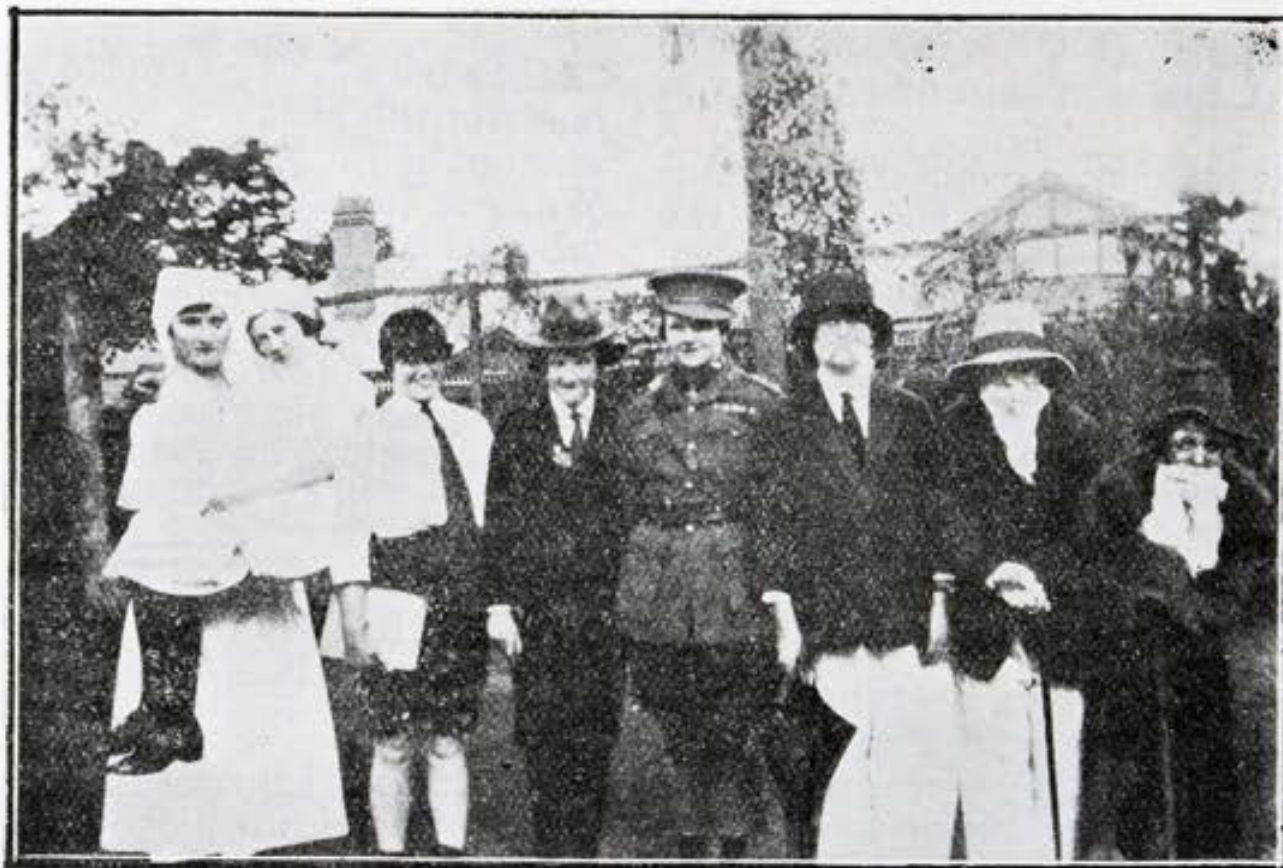
"Milestones." The choice seems a wise one, for the girls are working well, and seem to be fitting easily into their parts. We hope to have a number of Saturday rehearsals this term, between sports fixtures—a rather difficult task, by the way. Our performance takes place about the middle of August, so we have no time to let the grass grow under our feet. We hope to see you all there!



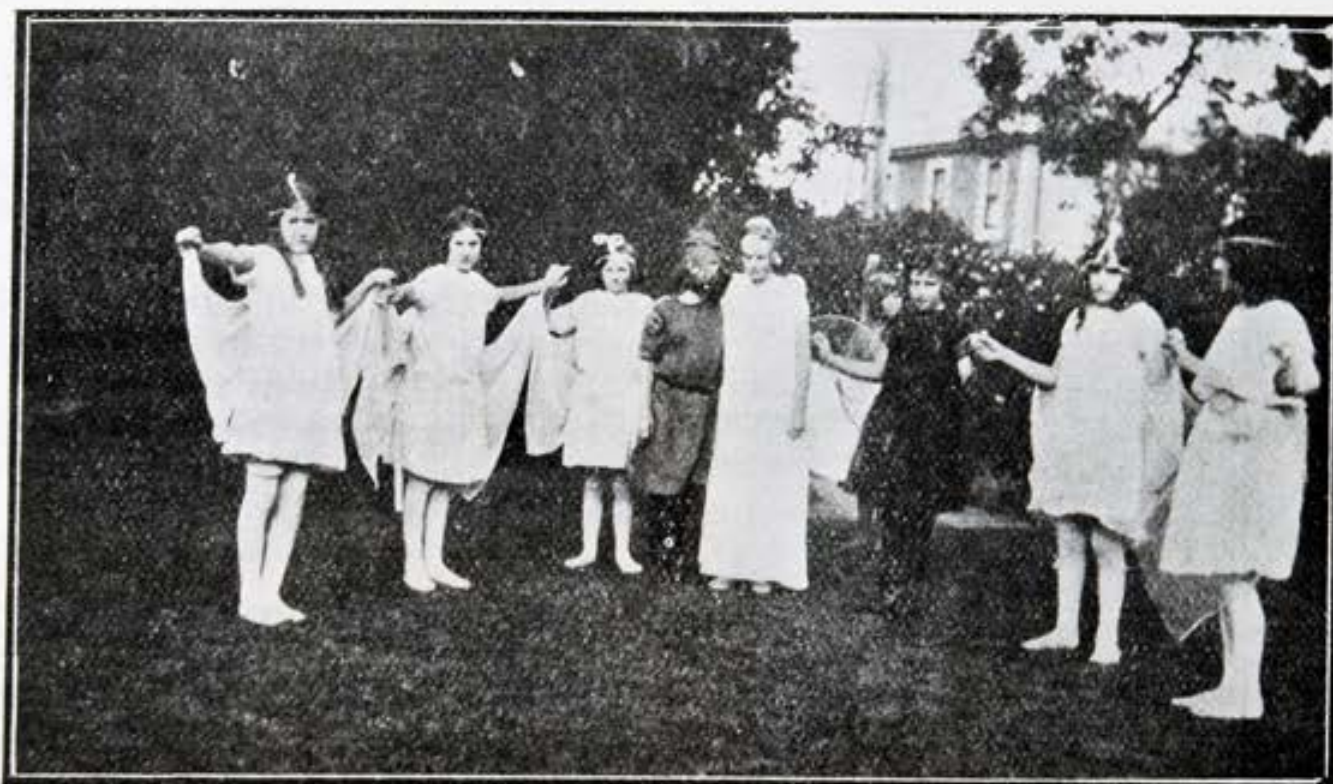
Library Notes.

Our Fiction Library has been growing, term by term, until we now have over 150 books; while the Reference Library, though smaller, is certainly more select and quite as useful. We want to increase considerably the number of books in both of them, so that the Library will not be altogether swallowed up in the contemplated vastness of our new school. We gratefully acknowledge donations of both money and books—among the latter an Entymological Dictionary for the Reference Library, presented by the Old Girls—but, while it is not possible for all girls to assist us in this way, we would like them to remember that "every little helps," the "little" being the extremely moderate subscription of a shilling a term, which makes them members. We have a really good selection of books for you to read in your spare time. Try us, and see if this is not the truth!

We would like to thank those boarders who spent one Saturday evening this term in covering and generally renovating the books of the Fiction Library. Our shelves look much neater in consequence.



THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN



THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Shakespeare Day.

Shakespeare Day, the 25th April, was a brilliant success, in spite of the fact that the Sixth Form did not grace the stage with their presence. The suggestion of its members, that they should present the scene in which Mark Antony makes his famous speech, or take the part of the three witches in "Macbeth" (with appropriate costumes) met with scant consideration. Perhaps it was just as well, after all, for, even as it was, the audience was convulsed with merriment before the end of the afternoon.

The first item on the programme was a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," acted by Form IV. B—the scene in which the tradesmen rehearse their play and Titania falls in love with Bottom. The curtain (or, should we rather say, the marvellous and intricate arrangement of rugs that did duty for the curtain) rose on "the wood near Athens"—a plentiful supply of boughs held up against the wall by a white cord, which was very much in evidence. Then we settled down to enjoy ourselves.

When the play was over, we wished that it had been twice as long, for was not the next item the "Seven Ages of Man," from "As you Like It"? So, as the curtain ascended again, we listened patiently for the words we knew so well. Yes, here they come:—

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

—Then there was a pause, and as we waited for the continuation of the speech, we heard a scuffling at the door, and in staggered the nurse herself, with the "infant" lustily mewling and puking in her arms in apparent enjoyment of the situation. The pair crossed the room, then turned, and went back the same

way as they came. So the little speech was to be illustrated, was it? In turn the "whining schoolboy," the lover, the bearded soldier "full of strange oaths" (we hoped that he would give us some of them, but he disappointed us), the justice, the "lean and slippered pantaloons" and the man who had reached his second childhood, crossed the stage accompanied by shouts of laughter. Some of them spoiled the illusion by walking slowly across the room, and then making a sudden wild dash for the door. The item was deservedly encored, and what had promised to be the least interesting part of the performance was the success of the afternoon.

The wooing scene from Henry V., acted by Form V., followed after, and we proved to our surprise that we still had a few laughs left. Then the performers were hurried out to the lawn to be photographed, and the nurse sighed as she prepared to take the somewhat unwieldy infant in her arms for the twentieth time. Further off, a girl was asking Henry V. what he meant by wearing a Guide belt, much to the embarrassment of that august monarch, while the audience leant against walls and posts in varied stages of exhaustion.

Award of Silver Cross.

While bathing at Portland last Christmas, Miss Thelma McDonald got out of her depth and was unable to get back. Miss Norma Baker went to assist her, but not knowing how to rescue a drowning person, she also was in danger. Jean Kelso, a Guide of the 1st Wannan Company, promptly swam out, brought back Miss McDonald, and then went to assist Miss Baker. The Silver Cross will be presented to Miss Kelso, who is now Lieutenant in her Company, at the State Rally in September. Miss Kelso is an old girl of the P.G.C., Geelong.

Anzac Day.

A long time ago—said Rev. D. W. Smith to us in his speech on Anzac Day—when Rome was the greatest city in the world, a great gap appeared in the market place. Men tried to fill this gap up, but instead of decreasing, it continued to grow larger and deeper until it threatened to engulf all Rome. Then the people grew afraid, and consulted the oracle, which told them that the only way to close up the chasm was by dropping into it the most precious thing in Rome. So the people brought their gold and jewels, and poured them into the hole, but it only grew larger, until at last Pertinax, a noble young Roman, leapt into the chasm, seated on his horse in full armour. Then, and only then, the yawning gap disappeared. The most precious thing in Rome was the life of that young man.

It was so in the Great War, when it seemed as if the terrible, ever-growing conflict might swallow up civilization itself and make all our liberty a thing of the past. That great catastrophe was only averted by pouring out the lives of our bravest men. It cost us the most precious things that Australia possessed—the lives of its noblest young men.



School Charities.

During the first term the school was visited by Mr. Meredith Atkinson, who told us of the misery that had followed the war in Europe, and showed us, by means of lantern slides, the thin, sad faces of the sufferers in the Balkans, especially those of the children, who were so young, and looked so old and pitiful. After the lecture, we promised to send help, and as a result of collecting, sales of sweets, and a concert given by Form

IV. C, £10 was sent to the "Starving Children's Fund" in Melbourne. Some parcels of clothes were also made up.

Form IV. B sold their "sweets, fruit and nuts" through a window of their form room at recess. They had counted on continuing at dinner-time, but the demand was so great that they had sold out in five minutes. With III. A and III. B, it was a case of "first come, first served," for they had arranged everything on the floor, and after the first-comers had gone in, no one else could see. IV. C concert is also worthy of note. We would specially congratulate the actress who took the part of a young Indian maid, on the presence of mind that she displayed by filling in all the speeches that she had forgotten with that very enlightening "Indian" expression—"Burrrrr!" Between the scenes a gramophone was played, and (by special request) the boarders listened to the strains of "Home, Sweet, Home."

Some time after, we received a report from Headquarters concerning Eleonora Ubl, the Austrian refugee adopted by the school. This is what we read:—"Eleonora is 15. She has a sister of 11. The father, a prisoner of war during five years, is at present a clerk and earns 150 sh. a month. The mother is under medical treatment for tuberculosis. She goes out sewing, which brings in a little. Eleonora suffers from chlorosis, and is in need of strengthening food. It would therefore be well if the monthly help could be continued. Besides Eleonora, there is another girl who suffers from rickets and has to do orthopaedical gymnastics." We are all very glad to receive letters from Eleonora, and gladder still to learn that the money sent by us makes her life a little easier. We have already raised some money, and the Guides have given a very successful concert on her behalf, but we should like to do more still.

SCHOOL NEWS.

Miss Avery's Concert.

When Miss Avery came to the School this term she divided her programme into two parts—one mainly for the Juniors, and one for the Seniors. To the Juniors Miss Avery sang the "Just So Stories," which have been put to music. The second half of the programme was devoted to the subject, "How to listen to Music," and we were shown some of the things to look for in music to make us understand it better. We always look forward to these story concerts, and now we are waiting for the next one, when Miss Avery has promised to finish the opera that she started the last time she was here.

The Museum.

Mr. Hammerton very kindly presented the School with a shield for the museum. The girl who brings the most valuable specimens during the year has her name engraved on it and is presented with a small shield—a facsimile to the large one. We thank Mr. Hammerton very much for this generous gift, and for the interest he has shown in the formation of a museum in the School.

Sports Committee Concert.

This took place one afternoon after school. First came a nursery rhyme play by the Brownies. Two tiny tots walked hand in hand across the stage, sat down, and fell asleep. The scenes that followed were the little ones' dreams. Next came a dialogue, "The Backward Child." Much amusement was caused by the retorts of this backward, but decidedly observant youngster. The last play, "Waiting for the Bus," was greatly enjoyed. From the Geelong College boy and the P.G.C. girl to the small child who screamed at

intervals, "Ma, want a norange," the actors amused the audience by the realism of their performance. Door takings went to the Sports Committee's funds.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES.

LEAVING HONOURS :—

Mavis Pettitt—Pass in English and French.

LEAVING PASS :—

Dorothy Adams—English, French, History, Geometry.

Sylvia Baird—English, French, History, Physiology.

Florence Davies—Physiology, French.

Stella Gilbert—English, History, Physiology, Geometry.

Jessie Lowe—French, Physiology, Geometry.

Helen Venters—French, History, Physiology.

INTERMEDIATE :—

Mollie Anthony—English, History.

Florence Davies—Algebra.

Jennie Dunoon—English, French, History, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Drawing

Marjorie Gordon—English, French, History, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Physiology.

Jessie Lang—English, Geography, Physiology, Botany.

Vera Moebus—English, French, History, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Botany.

Connie Lancaster—English, French, History, Algebra, Geography, Botany, Physiology.

Margaret Oddie—English, History, Geography, Botany.

Jean Rentoul—English, History, Geography, Physiology.

Marion West—English, French, History, Geography, Physiology, Algebra, Geometry.

NEW PUPILS.

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

FORM V.—G. Mathison, M. Rankin.

FORM V. A—B. Hindle, B. Robb, N. Henderson, J. Fish.

FORM IV. C—N. Carstairs, N. Geddes, M. Illingworth, E. Hyndman, J. McCurdy, J. Stiles, C. Yench.

FORM IV. B—N. Metherall, C. Robertson, J. Williams, E. Wilson, D. Glover.

FORM IV. A—K. Badger, A. Nash, J. Hamilton, M. Mann, R. Chisholm.

FORM III. B—I. Blake, A. Gillett, E. McCurdy, C. Roebuck, P. Stevens, S. Williams.

FORM III. A—H. Tribolet.

KINDERGARTEN—S. Chisholm, J. Blake, E. David, J. Harrison, J. Fowler, R. Pavia, J. McPhee, J. Gilbert, N. Tonkin, D. Batten, E. Ebbott, N. Craddock, O. Purnell, E. Pavia, E. Smith, J. Clark, J. McKenzie.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A well-known chemist evidently has the welfare of certain manly boarders at heart. Recently he was asked over the 'phone, by a matron (of wide fame in the tennis world) to send up a mixture containing much arsenic, which was needed, she assured him, to "get rid of the borers." To her astonishment, he coldly and firmly refused, advising her strongly against using the mixture. (A short interval, during which, we surmise, the chemist held excited 'phone conversations with every other chemist in the town—only surmise, though.) The air was cleared when, at a subsequent and less strained interview the horrible truth

was elicited—he had mistaken her requirement for "TO GET RID OF THE BOARDERS"!!

From a lower school Scripture paper, we have the story of Jacob's ladder told briefly, but very graphically :—"He dremped he saw a lader going from earth to heaven, and Angles going up and down, and God was standing in the middle of it at the top." (The writer of this is probably a fervent mathematician.)

We have received the following suggestion from a member of the staff—that the "Lucernian" should be called "Lucie" for short. The idea certainly deserves serious consideration.

One of our small boys, evidently of an extremely practical disposition, has been very much inconvenienced by the recent fogs. After a particularly heavy one, his stock of patience gave out, and he decided that such things should not happen any longer. His ambition is—not to Government Meterologist (he aims much higher than that!) On learning that fogs came from Heaven he announced, very firmly and loftily, that when *he* arrived up there, he would certainly change all that. We hope that he succeeds in this laudable enterprise.



PRIZE ESSAYS, 1924

(SENIOR SCHOOL)

The Novel.

A good book is the expression of the character and personality of the man who wrote it. It reveals his deepest thoughts and his highest ideals. A man once said that a good book is the "precious life-blood of a master spirit," filled with all that he has seen, and heard, and thought—all those things that have made him what he is. Yes, it is all that—but it is something more. It is a reflection of the life around him, for a novel that is to last must be true to life. I have just been reading two of Mark Twain's books—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn"—and I think that there is not a character in either of them that does not live. There is Tom Sawyer, mischievous, always planning daring escapades, the leader of the boys in the town of his birthplace; his brother Sid, who was always waiting for a chance to "tell on him"; and there is Huck Finn himself—idle, uneducated and disreputable-looking—the envy of all the other boys, because he did what he liked, and was never forced to go to school. The boys are real, and so is the life that they lead. We are given a perfect picture of those distant days in America, when the negroes used to enchant and terrify small boys with tales of ghosts and devils, and uncanny happenings; when a boy's greatest ambition was to be a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat, or the driver of one of those old coaches that rattled across America before the coming of the railways; when conversation was always turning to the fabulous deposits of gold that had just been found in California—gold that could bring a man a fortune in a day. Those times have passed; but they will never really die until these

books have died also. And it is so with all other great books, to whatever age they may belong.

"In a novel, we find a close imitation of men and manners, we see the very web and texture of society as it really exists. . . . If poetry has something more divine in it, this savours more of humanity." Poetry has always tended to treat more of the ideal than the real. Apart from the men and women found in the works of poets like Robert Browning, few characters in poetry really live. We see them through a mist: they are not human, but divine. We go to books for reality, but it is in poetry that we find "the light that never was on sea or land," "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." Beauty, harmony, colour, great thoughts and lofty aspirations—all these are found in greater abundance in poetry than in prose. In books we find reality, in poetry we find idealism. Mankind has need of them both.

D. ADAMS.

—  —
(MIDDLE SCHOOL)

The Cinema.

Sixty years ago, if we had spoken of moving pictures to people, they would have laughed us to scorn, just as they laughed at the idea of flying or wireless. Nevertheless, moving pictures did come. Now they are as ordinary to us as motor cars in our streets. Crowds flock to them every night. Men and women spend their lives acting in them. Is this a blessing or a curse to the country?

Pictures should be quite harmless and simply provide an evening's amusement. But good pictures are hard to find nowadays—pictures that will satisfy the educated mind. It seems strange that in these days of better education people

will go, night after night, to drench themselves in cheap comedy and so-called drama of the "penny dreadful" type. It gives them a wrong conception of life, for pictures are not a representation of what goes on in the world every day. They certainly are true to life—the life of the men and women who act them; they are the only people who live in the way we see depicted on the screen. A person has only to think sanely for a few minutes to see that no one in his right mind would behave as they do in their "wild west" and "far east" stunts. It gives people an impression of countries of the world which is far from the truth. The days of hold-ups by bandits and fights among the cowboys in the small American towns are as much past as highway robbers in England. What with cheap fiction and third-rate cinema, the thoughts of the great mass of the people are slowly sinking. They rush, night after night, and submerge themselves in waves of sloppy sentimentality concerning every other country in the world but their own, and never give a thought to the long line of great British dramatists, writers and poets whose works tend to lift the minds of the people to a higher plane of thought and give them something real on which to meditate.

There is no harm in going to the pictures sometimes. Pictures provide very good entertainment for some people. Let them have it! It is quite a harmless way of spending an evening. But to go continually, so that they cannot see further than the newspaper headlines, cheap novelettes, and thrills when the shrinking heroine is carried off by the dashing hero, who eventually succumbs to her charms, is fatal to the advancement of the higher thoughts of a people.

Pictures could be made a help to people; but as they are at present they do very little good. Children are taken to them—children whose minds are impres-

sionable and whose thoughts get poisoned before they grow up. What sort of men or women are those children going to become?

If people would only take pictures rationally, there would be nothing against them. It is the mad craving for them that does the harm.

NAN VENTERS.

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(JUNIOR SCHOOL)

Conversation between the Iron Hoop and the Goal Post.

PART I.

It was midnight, cold and dark, and the trees in the P.G.C. grounds were whispering to each other, and grumbling at the loud conversation held by the iron hoop and the goal post.

"Is it not lovely to think that the girls are coming back to-morrow?" said the iron hoop.

"It's all very well for you to talk," said the goal post. "They don't knock *you* about much; you only get a gentle shiver when they touch you, but I get kicked and trodden on in lots of their other games. Why! only last term that thin skeleton of a girl nearly pulled me down. Oh, my! I *did* get a fright."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! serves you right; you should stand firmer," replied his companion.

"Oh, *do* be quiet and go to sleep. I cannot even think of sleeping while you are talking so loudly," the goal post replied irritably, and then he lapsed into silence. The iron hoop tried several times to continue the conversation, but got no reply; so he at length fell asleep, and sweet peace reigned over the playing field.

PART II.

The winter sunshine streamed brightly down on the grounds, and the iron hoop

and the goal post, who had been waiting for the girls, nudged each other as they heard girls' voices.

"Nancy's first; isn't she looking well, and Winsome, too?" cried the iron hoop.

"There goes the bell," answered his companion. "Look at Ina coming along. Hurry up, Ina, or you will be late. Oh, *why* aren't girls taught to use their ears? If they would only listen, we could help them quite a lot."

"Your ears aren't much good, Mr. Goalpost," replied the iron hoop. "You missed the last piece of news. I heard the girls saying there is to be a match on Saturday between Clarendon and P.G.C."

"Who is Clarendon, anyway?"

"A Ballarat school, of course, silly!"

PART III.

Saturday morning dawned clear and bright, and the goalposts and rings were quivering with excitement. At last the girls trooped on the field and the play commenced.

"Play up, P.G.C.," screamed the iron hoop. "Go it, Helen! Splendid, Stella! Don't hold me so tightly," he called to his companion. "I want to lean over a bit, so the ball will go through easily when our girls throw. I am hoarse."

"Oh, you cheat! I am disgusted with you. I will hold you as tightly as ever I can," replied the goal post.

"Oh, you don't care whether Clarendon or P.G.C. wins."

"Yes, I do care; but we will win by fair means, of course. It is quarter time now."

"Oranges and lemons," said the iron hoop. "None for us, I suppose."

"Well, I never; and we have been doing all the work, too. I'm feeling *so* thirsty."

"Never mind; Mr. Rain will probably be calling to-night, and you will get a lovely, long drink then."

"I hope he doesn't come before the match is over."

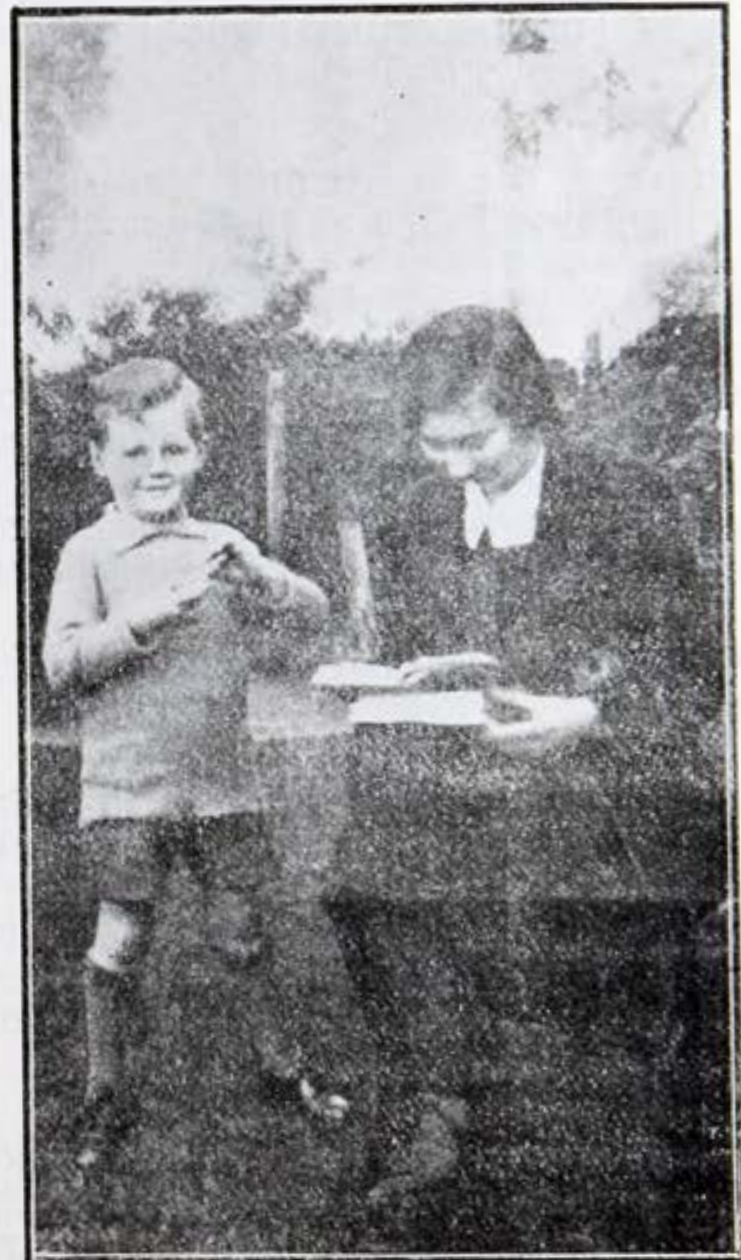
"Go it, P.G.C. Another goal. Well played, everybody!"

"Here's the ball again! It's through, through! That makes seven to four, and there's the bell. We've won, we've won!"

"Hip, Hip—" Here the poor iron hoop broke down, for he was hoarse with yelling.

"Wasn't it great? I've got a terrible bruise on my side, and you've lost your voice, but it was worth while. Three cheers for P.G.C.!" and everything in the garden responded.

BONNIE DWYER.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

REFORMING "THE LUCERNIAN"



Some weeks ago the Editors of the Lucernian put a notice in the Desk Book inviting the girls from V. A upwards to send them letters criticising the magazine. Then they leaned back in their chairs, emptied the Original Contributions box in preparation for an inrush of letters, and waited. While they waited, they considered how they should answer such remarks as these:—"Why don't you make the mag. more interesting?" "Why aren't the present editors forced to resign? The Lucernian would get on much better without them."

So they sat there and waited—but nothing came! Just as they were beginning to wonder if they had really put that notice in the Desk Book, a few letters began to dribble in, one at a time. And behold! there were no dark hints concerning a change of Editors—not one! (Perhaps the girls were afraid to suggest it, for fear that Miss Pratt would choose some of them as the next Editors.)

Well, we have received the following suggestions:—

1. That we should publish, in instalments, "What Boarders get Order Marks for," since this subject would provide a great range, and fill up a lot of otherwise useless space. We have only one objection to make to this suggestion—we have no useless space.

2. That we should have more photographs. To this we reply—Give the Lucernian a hundred pounds or so, and you shall have as many photographs as you like.

3. That it is a pity that some girl of the Drawing Class would not put some drawings in; and that the reports of each dux of form should be published. We agree with the first remark: it certainly is a pity, but no one in the Drawing Class seems to be particularly anxious for the task. As for the reports—well, we conclude that the originator of that idea is not a dux, or she would have thought twice before making her suggestion.

4. That it is a pity that more girls do not send in Original Contributions—which is our own idea, and consequently the most sensible of them all.

We had intended to publish a dignified, scathing article in reply to all our critics; but what is any one to do when she receives a "critical appreciation" consisting of four whole pages? Look through it for objections, you say? Yes, we did that; but there seemed to be an astonishing lack of anything even remotely resembling a tangible objection. You shall judge for yourself. The first page is mainly introduction, the second explains why the writer is only an occasional "ink-slinger" and the third—just listen to it:—

"Somehow I do not seem to have got very far with my criticism, but I had to side-track a little just to impress on you the reasons for my pregnant silence. I rather like that 'pregnant silence.' Don't you crib it—although I'm not sure if it's really mine, or, well, the gov'nor's. Well, to get back to this magazine affair (alas! she was never on it)—it seems all

right in its own way, but—of course there's a 'but.' There always is a 'but'—the little fiend. Strange, isn't it? Why can't we say, 'Yes, the magazine is very good,' and let it go at that? . . . Well, dear Editor, I have gone to some pains to express myself, and I do hope I have done my bit to help you put your finger on the weak spot. Of course you have heard the little ditty about the chain and the weak link. Somehow, there seems something so unjust about that to me. Why should the other links—but I must not digress. I fear, though, that portions of

this are somewhat irrelevant, or is it irreverent? (Alas, it is both!) I am——"

The writer has not helped us to find the weak spot in the Lucernian, but she has aided us in the discovery of many other weak spots—in our own brains. Her letter sounds sensible enough, and yet—. It seems almost impossible that anyone should be able to write four pages with raising a single feasible objection; but the "occasional ink-slinger" has accomplished the impossible.

Camera Club Notes.

After some years of rest, the Camera Club has once more awakened into activity. Mainly because of the fervour of one of our members we have now a large number of girls who are all keenly interested.

So far we have only had one excursion—to Torquay. This was a great success, although we missed several members who were taking part in a tennis match on the same day. We left the school about 2 o'clock in the afternoon by bus, and arrived at Torquay within an hour. As it was a warm afternoon we were all anxious to get into the water. We enjoyed our bathe very much, and several interesting and humorous photographs were taken. After having taken our tea on the beach we left for home.

Last term the competition was won by Margaret Oddie, who has worked strenuously for the Club, and we congratulate her on her fine results. We hope to have several more excursions in the future, and also some competitions.



THE POLICEMAN

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Toll for the Brave.

There is a saying that it never rains but it pours. The boarders are quite convinced of that now. Listen to their melancholy tale!

Ever since the tragic and mysterious death of their beloved Athol, in the dim ages of 1924, the boarders languished for want of some furry puss on which to lavish the wealth of their pent-up affections. Imagine then the joy of the tribe when, one Saturday, Moses was found in the bulrushes (the weeds at the tennis court) and carried back to the House in triumph.

For a while, to the unprejudiced on-looker, it may have seemed that his life was in danger through over-attention. The way that cat was mauled! And fed! At first his bristly grey hair was constantly on end, but he gradually learned to submit quietly to his fate; although it must have been trying to the nerves of any cat when about six Kindergarten children each clutched a part and hung on, trying to settle in that manner who should carry him.

Ordinary mortals could not possibly appreciate the worth of the animal. One versed in such matters would have recognised a genius in Moses, a colossal brain in that little grey head. For, as the magnet to the steel bar, so he attracted others of his kind to P.G.C. Thus it happened that, about a fortnight later, the boarders, on coming downstairs, beheld Moses regarding another grey cat—Aaron—with menacing eyes.

Aaron was a true aristocrat! His nose was long and pointed, clearly showing his direct descent from the tigers at the Melbourne Zoo. His markings would have done credit to any zebra.

After a little preliminary sparring and some light skirmishes (greatly enjoyed by the boarders), the two cats settled down to a happy existence together. But the inherent power of Moses was not by any means dormant. Therefore the school was again electrified one day by the sight of Miriam, seated with Moses and Aaron, and bearing every sign of one who had come to stay.

In appearance, we must admit, she was not nearly as striking as either of the others; but she possessed one redeeming feature—a really fine, long, bushy tail—so, on the strength of that, she was allowed to remain.

All now fully recognised in Moses the force of a power stronger than themselves, and it was with patient resignation that they beheld the approach of a fourth cat—Pharoah, surnamed “the Great.” Sad to say, the late-comer was not nearly up to the standard of his distinguished companions, and he disappeared mysteriously very soon after his arrival.

Just as our fortunes had arisen with a rush, so our misfortunes came upon us. Within a week, Miriam was missing; and in three days more, Aaron passed out of our lives forever. Thus there remained only Moses, and he was again the centre of attraction. Alas! one morning, as the girls were going in to prep., they beheld, near the tap on the other side of the lawn, a still, grey form. There was a general exclamation of dismay, and calls of “Puss! Puss!” hurtled through the air. But no answering “Me-ow!” re-assured their anxious hearts. Moses, not yet dead, was gazing at them with pleading green eyes, trying to purr a welcome. He was conveyed at once to the wood-shed, and restoratives were applied. But no! he had taken

poison, which some creature had laid. Our wrath was both deep and lasting, but all the vengeance in the world could not save Moses, and, at six minutes to eight that same morning, he passed peacefully away.

[This explains, to the uninitiated, the black bands which adorned the arms of the boarders on that fatal day.]



Making Use of Algebra.

[Girls below Form V.A are warned not to read this article for fear of contracting brain fever.]

English is a valuable subject, and a good all-round knowledge of it is very useful sometimes—when solving cross-word puzzles, for instance. History is a valuable subject, too, when you happen to remember it. So is Arithmetic, so is Physiology, so is Geography! But Algebra! There is a subject that, to my knowledge, is useful only for examination purposes. Of course, we learn to solve such problems as this—“In how many ways can seven sovereigns and five shillings be given to twelve men, one coin to each?”—or this—“A committee of seven has to be chosen out of thirteen persons, of whom six are Liberals and seven Conservatives. In how many ways can it be done so as to give a Liberal majority to the committee?” My knowledge may come in handy some day—if ever I become a philanthropist or a politician—but it seems a long time to wait.

And yet Algebra, if not particularly useful just at present, is certainly ornamental. It seems a pity to waste words such as “cyclic symmetry,” “associative law,” “homogenous and symmetrical expressions.” As I linger over the pages of my Algebra book, I realise more than ever the truth of Gray’s famous words—“Full many a flower is born to blush

unseen.” “Full many a gem”—What gem could be more beautiful than the simple statement that “variation is a functional way of expressing proportionality”?

Yes, it seems a shame to let the beauties of Algebra “blush unseen” any longer. Thinking over it one night, I decided that, in future, I would do my part in the great work. Since then, I have constantly endeavored to introduce Algebra into my ordinary conversation. And virtue has brought its reward with it. I have noticed a considerable increase of respect and consideration in the attitude of members of my family ever since I casually—ever so casually—let fall the fact that a ratio of greater inequality is diminished by adding the same positive quantity to both its members.

So you see, Algebra is useful, after all.



Can Anyone Oblige?

How many people carry their chairs
Into the common-room?
How many take them after prayers
Back to the dining-room?

Very few, I can truthfully say,
Bother to take them out,
So every night of every day
We do it without a pout.

After dinner, every day,
And after prayers at night,
We take a few and go away
As if 'twere just and right.

Oh! for a man with a wonderful plan,
To fix up a bright idea,
So we could simply pull a string
For chairs to disappear.

The New Girl.

It was the day before the re-opening of the P.G.C., and the new girl was dreadfully excited. Her brother would keep talking about the treatment she might expect from the other girls—she must expect to have a rotten time there, he said. During the bustle of preparations she forgot his warnings; but in the evening she remembered them again, and became horribly nervous. Her mother tried to console her, but the knowledge that her brother was an old Collegian was very disturbing. All through the night, dreams, wild and varied, troubled her. Sometimes she was in the throes of exams: at others, stern prefects and teachers frowned on her; and, by morning, her mind was in a chaotic condition. This caused fresh tremors, for now, she would not pass the entry exam.

The remaining hours flew by, and soon she found herself nervously entering the school gate. But what a surprise was waiting for her! Nobody seemed particularly anxious to show her how insignificant she was. Instead, everyone seemed quite kind and friendly. The exam. was not as difficult as she had expected. And, at last, she was placed in Form V. A, and so she settled down to be part of the school which she learned to love—the P.G.C., Geelong.

B.H.



[The Editors often receive contributions that only fall a very little below the standard required. Sometimes an article may be brilliant in parts, but uninteresting in others; sometimes, again, it may need judicious pruning. In order to make these contributions more interesting to the majority of readers, we have decided to publish a few of them in brief.]

Original Contributions in Brief.

CROSS WORDS—We have received a very interesting cross-word puzzle. It is not strictly accurate in its execution, but some of the clues certainly deserve mention. After vainly racking your brains in search of a word of eleven letters, meaning “the fear of evil-doers at school,” you turn eagerly to the solution, only to find that the answer is “head-prefect.” “What a boarder lives for” is easier to solve—that is “holidays.” of course; but how many of you would recognise Mr. Clapp as “the name of a fruit-mad man”? Another extremely difficult clue is “What the Assembly Room is.” It is a question that provokes a great deal of thought—especially when the answer proves to be “hall.”

The Head Prefect forbade the publication of this most original puzzle. She said that its author was a wretch—or words to that effect; and it was only after much persuasion that she agreed to refrain from personally seeking out the writer, and proving forcibly the truth of her own definition that the head-prefect is “the fear of evil-doers.”

TENNIS—Here is some information about tennis which may interest tennis enthusiasts. The writer tells us that tennis was formerly regarded as very gentle exercise. When it was first introduced into Gaul by the Romans, the ball was hit with the palm of the hand; later, with a wooden bat, shaped to suit the player; and, later still, a wooden framework with strings, and a handle attached, was used. Our modern racquet has developed from this.

Tennis attracted little attention in England until the 19th Century. About 1870, hard courts were invented, and interest was soon stimulated by championship matches at Wimbledon. At first only county matches were played, but since

then the game has gained in favour, and many countries now strive to win the coveted Davis Cup.

THE LOST TICKET—(This is a story that really happened.) Two boarders were going to Ballarat for the holidays. The teacher in charge had given tickets into the keeping of the elder one, who had put them away very carefully. Suddenly, about three minutes before the train was due to start, there was a cry, "I've lost our tickets!" Then a fine hunt began. Pockets were turned out, coats tossed about, and everybody fell over everybody else, until a porter arrived and proffered help. Finding out the reason for all this uproar, he, too, began to search for the lost tickets, ending at last under the train, where he thought they might have fallen. At last the words, "I've found them," fell soothingly on every ear. "Where?" was the universal shout. Then, very softly and meekly, came the reply, "In my pocket." There was silence for a moment. Then they began to settle down again, having fixed it all up with the officials; and an anxious and over-wrought teacher gave a sigh of relief as she saw them safely out of her hands to continue their journey alone.

Alcestis.

When we learned that we were to hear a recital of the Greek play *Alcestis*, we had no idea of the wonderful treat that was in store for us.

The stage was hung with dark green draperies, harmonising perfectly with Miss Spinney's lighter green Grecian robe. The decorations were very simple

and restful-looking, and there was nothing to distract attention from the play itself.

After giving us a general idea of the events leading up to the play, Miss Spinney began her recital. I am sure that everyone in the audience was transported to the shores of ancient Greece, which for the brief space of fifty years gave such treasures of art and literature to the world. Sitting there, we forgot everything and everybody. I am sure that most of us would have found it impossible even to hazard a guess at the time. When the recital had ended, we put on our hats and coats and walked out in a daze, our minds still in the clouds.

Miss Spinney's rapid change of expression was nothing short of wonderful. One moment she would be the lordly god Apollo; the next, sinister and clutching Death, eager for his prey; and then the noble Alcestis, sorrowing at the thought of leaving her loved ones. Then she would chant the choruses, the most beautiful of which was perhaps the one on Fate.

The marvellous flexibility of her voice also deserves mention. Her manner of speaking was always in perfect accord with the character she portrayed, whether it was the hoarse whine of Death or the shrill pipe of the little child.

It would take too long to tell the story of the play, and, even then, it would be impossible to clothe it with the strange beauty and majesty given to it by Miss Spinney's words and actions. From the opening of the play, when Alcestis lay dying, and Death skulked around waiting for his prey, to the conclusion, where Alcestis is restored to her husband's arms after a terrible struggle—for the whole of that time it seemed as if it were not Miss Spinney who was acting the play, but we who were living it.

The Italians.

The Italians are very fond of children. After the children come home from school they go out into the fields and help their fathers and find no time for play. Quite little children go to bed late in Italy. The girls look after the silkworms, giving them fresh mulberry leaves every day. Silk, rice, glass, lace, beads, grapes, wine, olives, oranges and lemons are got from Italy.

V.B.

The Fairies.

Once upon a time there lived in the wood a number of pretty little fairies. They lived in the lovely wildflowers, and they drank the dew out of the leaves of the grass. They knew that in that wood there lived a little girl who was always happy, so the queen of the fairies sent a message to all the other fairies to come and see her. One night they all met together and flew to her window. Then they danced all around her, and when they had done that they went home and had supper on the mushrooms. Soon they went to bed among the pretty rose petals. Ever afterwards that little girl brought joy and sunshine to those around. Perhaps the fairies had something to do with it!

A.G.

Play-mates.

Two little girls went out one day. They had some chocolates and sat in the hay, And you could hear them shouting, "Hurray, I think we will come here for our next holiday."

A.G.

Three Periods.

I.

A Page from a Cave-Schoolgirl's Diary. Time: 1,000,000 B.C.

Great Hippopotamuses! We had a great time in our school cave. Our teacher has a new club, the jaw-bone of a brontotherium. Yesterday he clubbed a disobedient scholar, and there was a free fight. That scholar's father lay in wait for teacher with the jaw-bone of an orin-thorhynchus. Now teacher has a lump as large as a pterodactyl's egg on his head, and his temper is not very pleasant.

To-day in school a ceratosaurus put his head in the cave. Seeing the brontotherium's jaw-bone on the ground, he made a rush at it and retired in triumph, with it fast disappearing down his throat. The ceratosaurus had a feast outside the cave, and teacher is now looking for another club. I wish something exciting would happen. Oh, dear! I suppose it will be mammoth's chops for dinner again to-day.

II.

From Great-grandmother's Diary. Time: 1837 A.D.

I go to a nice school for young ladies. We had quite an exciting time in school to-day. Our dear teacher had to severely reprove one of our scholars for doing very bad work. She was sent to the punishment room, and, after a long lecture, she returned in tears. Poor Matilda Ann, she is usually a good girl. I hope I will never be bad like that.

Something very unnerving happened in school to-day. A dreadful mouse ran across the floor. Dear teacher fainted, and the girls all lost control. In the end the mouse escaped. We rushed to another room and brought one of the other mistresses, who soon revived teacher. It was quite a time before we could go on

with our lesson. I hope such a thing will never happen again. Dear Mamma was quite shocked when I told her about it.

III.

A Page from a Modern School-girl's Diary.

Gee! we had fun in school to-day. Just as Miss Flopflat and I were having an argument about a silly old geometry problem, a poor little mouse jumped out of a hole in the wainscoting and ran across the floor. Old Flop pretended not to be frightened, and one of our girls picked up a ruler and darted after the mouse. Then there was a squeak of terror. She had hit him on the tail, and, before we could do anything, popped a small cardboard box over him. "Thank you, Patricia," said Miss Flapflop, recovering dignity, "please take the creature out." When Pat came back again she had a huge grin on her face, and she winked before she sat down. When school was over she told us that she had decided to keep the mouse in a tin box in the old shed at the end of the playground. We all promised to help with the food for McGregor—Pat called it that because she said it sounded nice—and Pat is going to let him out in another Geometry lesson. I hope she does it soon.

Dulcibella's Adventure.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Dulcibella. Now, Dulcibella was always looking for fairies; and, one day, as she was going through the forest, she heard a cry of "Help!" She looked up, wondering who it could be, when all of a sudden she heard a tiny rabbit caught in a thorn-bush. "Poor duckie!" she said, for Dulcibella loved little animals. So she

went and got it out of the bush, and took it home. Then she bathed its foot, and, as soon as it was better, it said to Dulcibella, "You are the little girl who wants to go to Fairyland, aren't you?" "Yes!" said Dulcibella. "Well," cried the rabbit, "here is a magic nut which will show you Fairyland." So Dulcibella went to Fairyland, after all.
J.C.

Literary Gems— or not.

Twenty-past six: We feel for you, but the subject, like the shower, chills.

The Dream: Shows imagination, but metrical scheme uncertain. We advise serious study of this branch.

Tower Hill: Unfortunately, crowded out. Send along something next time.

Froggie: Shows promise, but is somewhat verbose. Space is money.

Torquay Picnic: Hackneyed treatment of a hackneyed subject. Just anticipations and realizations of the inevitable meal.

Dick's Plucky Act: No room.

A.Z.: Shows decided imagination and style; but do you think that Elsie could "encounter these two women and a man alone?" Choose a subject with which your are quite familiar, and I am sure that your story would appear.

The Gee Gee: Am afraid that your "dream" was a nightmare, after all.

Phantom Motor Cycle: Too long.

Notices.

The Lucernian is published twice in the year. The price of each copy of this issue is 3/3.

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

OLD GIRLS' NOTES.

It seems no time since we were closing our books and forgetting that such things as notes for the Lucernian had to be written. Now months of the new year have gone, and most of us are wondering—just where?

Most of the girls who finished school at Christmas have joined the Association. We hope they will come to the meetings, and so get to know the other old girls.

A few old girls decided to do something for Gala Day, so a dance at Corio Club was arranged for October 29th. It was very successful, and so we were able to do our little bit for the Soldiers' Memorial.

Just before Xmas an afternoon tea party at the A.B.C. was given to Marjorie Purnell, our President, who had just returned from a trip abroad. The Committee, on behalf of all Old Girls, welcomed her back to Geelong.

After the School Speech-night the Council invited the President and Secretary of the Old Girls to supper at the School. A very happy time was spent. We were so glad to meet the School Council and their many guests.

The President and Secretary attended an Evening Reception at the P.L.C. (Melbourne) during their Jubilee celebrations. There were seven hundred old girls present on that occasion. The attendance and enthusiasm gave an idea of the magnitude and power of the Old Girls' Association in the school life. When our Jubilee comes we hope that our Association will be just as strong and enthusiastic.

To swell our funds, seven Old Girls arranged a Dance for May 30th in the Kindergarten Hall. Everything went well, and the Dance was successful financially as well as socially. Later on we hope to arrange a Dance just for Old Girls and their partners.

On June 18th, Mr. A. E. Anderson is to give a lecture on "Japanese Craft-work."

A Dictionary was given to the School from the Old Girls as a Christmas gift.

Dorothy Coles intends sailing for America on July 5th.

Annie Lloyd, Brighton, has returned from a tour through the Western parts of Victoria.

Mrs. G. Abbot Smith and her husband sailed for England by the "Oronsay."

Marjorie Purnell has returned from her trip abroad, and brought with her a piece of Dutch bronze as a gift for the Association. It is a quaint bell, and will be very useful at meetings—especially committee meetings.

Dorothy Gurr is over in Sydney, staying with Mrs. Michael (Vera Jacobs.)

Lily Pownall is to be married during this month.

Edith Beach has her name down at the Alfred Hospital, and is expecting a call at any time.

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Lawry and Jean Walker, who have recently suffered bereavement.

ENGAGEMENTS.

May Pownall to Mr. Victor Murn, Melbourne.

Constance Baker to Mr. Keith Warner.

Irene McGillivray to Mr. C. Cheetham, Brisbane.

MARRIAGES.

MITCHELL-McGILLIVRAY.—On Nov. 4th, at Gardenvale Presbyterian Church, Maud McGillivray to Mr. Keith Mitchell.

LACY-BROWN.—On Oct. 8th, at St. David's Church, Geelong, Helen Brown to Mr. John Lacy.

Will Old Girls please notify the Secretary of change of address?



WAITING FOR THE BUS

