

PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE  
GEELONG



# THE LUCERNIAN



SPECIAL NUMBER

Vol. 1, No. 7

DECEMBER, 1924

# THE LUCERNIAN.

The MAGAZINE of the PRESBYTERIAN GIRLS' COLLEGE  
GEELONG.

---

Co-Editors :

DOROTHY ADAMS, HELEN VENTERS.

Editorial Committee :

SYLVIA BAIRD, CONNIE LANCASTER, NAN VENTERS, MARION PARISH,  
GWEN MADDEN.



Geelong :

Adams & Nantes, Printers, Ryrie Street.

# Office-Bearers :

---

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

## PREFECTS :

Mavis Pettitt (Head of the School), Helen Venters (Head of the House), Margaret Oddie, Stella Gilbert, Sylvia Baird, Jessie Lang, Jean Rentoul.

## FORM CAPTAINS :

Form VI., Jessie Lowe. Form V., Margaret Oddie. Form Sub-Intermediate, Edith Leigh. Form IV. c, Gwen Purnell. Form IV. B, Rae Buck. Form IV. A, Lorna Gill.

## SPORTS CAPTAIN :

Margaret Oddie.

## VICE-CAPTAIN :

Stella Gilbert.

## SPORTS COMMITTEE :

Helen Venters, Sylvia Baird, Jean Rentoul, Connie Lancaster, Lorna Pardey.

## HARRIS HOUSE :

Captain, Stella Gilbert. Vice-Captain, Jean Rentoul.

## ROSLYN HOUSE —

Captain, Sylvia Baird. Vice-Captain, Connie Lancaster.

## ARDENS HOUSE :

Captain, Helen Venters. Vice-Captain, Margaret Oddie.

## CHRISTIAN UNION :

President, Miss Dunoon. Vice-President, Miss Shaw. Recording Secretary, Mavis Pettitt. Corresponding Secretary, Nan Venters.

## LIBRARY :

Librarian, Mavis Pettitt. Assistant Librarian, Margaret Oddie.

## OLD COLLEGIANS' ASSOCIATION :

President, Miss M. Purnell. Secretary, Miss M. J. McLennan. Treasurer, Miss Reeves.



# Contents.



|                               | Page |
|-------------------------------|------|
| Editorial ... ..              | 4    |
| Form Notes ... ..             | 6    |
| House Notes ... ..            | 8    |
| Boarders' Notes ... ..        | 9    |
| Day Girls' Notes ... ..       | 10   |
| Sport ... ..                  | 12   |
| Guide Section ... ..          | 14   |
| Reports ... ..                | 17   |
| School News ... ..            | 20   |
| New Pupils ... ..             | 22   |
| Original Contributions ... .. | 24   |
| Old Girls' Notes ... ..       | 32   |



# The Lucernian

Vol. 1.

No. 7.



## GO FORWARD!



**I** WONDER has any right-thinking person any shadow of a doubt about the answer to these questions :—

1. Was this School worth founding five years ago ?
2. Is this School worth fostering and perpetuating ?

If there is any shadow of a doubt about your answer, don't waste your time reading this article.

Five years is not a long time as school history is reckoned. Yet even within this short time we have begun to establish traditions. Realising our great heritage, we try to apply the fruit test to our service for individual pupils, for the home, for the community. The extent of our service has been necessarily limited for want of space and accommodation. Our efficiency has been difficult to maintain. Our progress, considering all conditions, has been remarkable ; but it has been difficult to go forward and seize the opportunities that we have seen before us.

We know that we have fallen short of our ideals, but we are, more than ever, certain that they are worth striving for, and

we are determined to leave no stone unturned until our expectations are fulfilled.

Voluntary expressions of opinion regarding our School have come to me from persons not at first particularly enthusiastic about our undertaking. I quote a few of them—

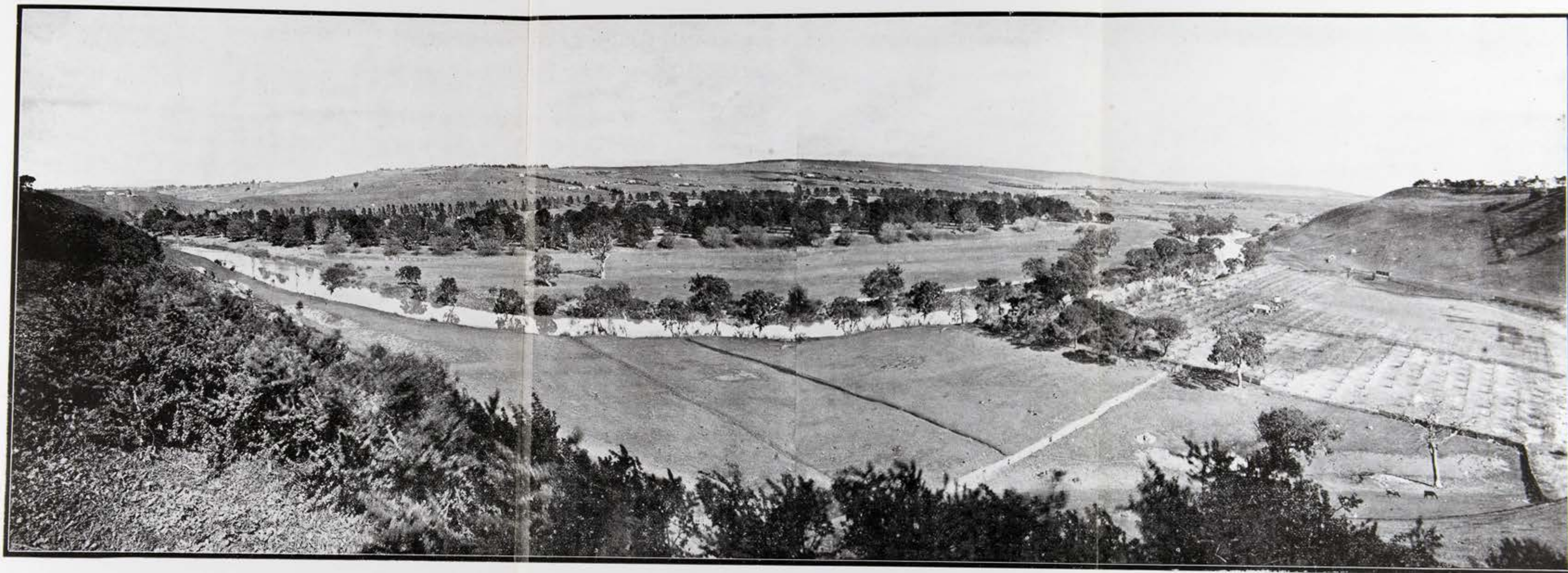
“It has gained an excellent reputation for equipping pupils with knowledge as well as lady-like habits.”

“In addition to book-learning, the principles of morality, discipline, obedience for authority, good comradeship and respect for others are taught by precept and example.”

“The object of its headmistress and excellent teaching staff is to give a liberal education to all their pupils.”

These are some of the verdicts expressed by persons who speak because, as outsiders, they have seen and know. Such testimonies from competent persons serve to increase our confidence and inspire us with fresh enthusiasm in making a great forward movement to build our new School premises during 1925.





PANORAMIC VIEW FROM NEW SITE  
Showing Barwon River and Queen's Park, with Barrabool Hills in distance



Our ideal is to establish a School combining every modern equipment with those intellectual, physical, moral and social influences that help to make strong, upright character—"a cultured mind and a disciplined body, an energized and controlled will, a pure and loving heart."

Nothing will ever supplant good public-school influences in the making of the right kind of Australian womanhood. The honour and good name of the School beget love and loyalty, and inspire for life-long service. School games, traditions, friendships—in fact, its whole corporate life—produce a type of character that is strong, simple, womanly, free from ostentation and follies.

Chiefest of all, in this age of materialism and worldliness, are those vitally-important religious influences which the State cannot infuse into public education. Therefore the Churches must do it. Without religion, culture breeds violence, vice, anarchy, and the tragedy of war. The Churches must surround education with the atmosphere of religion, or they are not acting true to their profession. Ignorance or partial education is a very dangerous thing for future citizens of either sex. A greater or grander work than that which lies ready to human hands—the promotion of sound education—cannot be conceived.

To achieve our ideal and build a school worthy of our great heritage we need £25,000. We possess a site that is second to none in Newtown—a residential portion of Geelong. Geelong is a strategic centre for educational facilities. It is the home of a number of first-class educational institutions. In situation, climate and increasing prosperity the future of the city is great with possibilities as a desirable residential and business city. Its fame as an important centre for the wool-growing and wool-manufacturing interests is world-wide. Its farming and trading activities are every year increasing enormously.

The new School site contains 17½ acres overlooking Corio Bay eastward, the You Yangs northward, the junction of the Moorabool and Barwon rivers westward, the city and suburbs of Geelong southward. The Barwon river flows along the foot of the highest point of the school site; the Barabool hills in the distance form a most picturesque background. About £8,000 has been raised for the purchase of the site. This amount makes the land secure.

What better outlet for the wealth of those whom God has prospered could be found than educational endowment? Money spent in building, equipping and maintaining a School like this confers immediate and permanent benefits, not only upon pupils, but upon the whole community. As a means of perpetuating one's memory, a substantial donation towards a high-class educational institution is better than a marble monument.

The opportunity is now given. The need for expansion is urgent. The advantages of pure air, hygienic class-rooms, ample space for physical exercises, school games and sports, comfortable living conditions for staff and boarders are needed in the stress and strain of modern educational methods.

The time has come to go forward! No longer must we stand and wait. We may not all be among the swift runners who hand on the torch of life; but we can all do our little bit to keep alight the fire kindled at the Promethean altar.

We ask for your whole-hearted support. Give us criticisms if you like: objections if you have any. Suggestions or questions—let us have them all. The only weapon that will kill us is apathy. Help us if you can and in any way you can. It is a great opportunity. You pass this way only once.

---

(This article was contributed to "The Lucernian" by Rev. C. Neville—Ed.)



## FORM NOTES

### FORM VI.

Sixth Form Notes! Sixth Form Notes! How many times have we heard that refrain dinned in our ears this term. The Form Captain was threatened with mutilation, each girl was asked to write something, but still no articles appeared. But now, at the eleventh hour, they arrive. (Unwise virgins, VI., nearly too late.—Ed.)

Let us begin and tell you something of our sad and weary lives. "Once in the days of old" we had a mascot—or rather, we had several. There was Bartholomew, there was Matthew, and there was our hat. Long did it remain on top of the Science cupboard, until one day our poor hat was confiscated. Who was the wicked spirit who entered the heart of our Form Mistress?



Form VI, Fancy Dress Basket-ball Team.



### FORM V.

Twelve heads bent low o'er twelve hard desks,  
Twelve brains all working well,  
Each girl has got enough to do,  
And ne'er can have a spell.

EXams are over for the term,  
But now we face the tests,  
And we shall be as skeletons  
When those are off our chests.

It's good we're optimistic coves,  
For if we weren't we'd fade,  
And then the Sixth would go ahead  
And leave us in the shade.

There's not much news to tell this term,  
We've worked too hard to know  
Just what's been going on around,  
For time was never slow.

The Sixth Form have opened a Consulting Room. If you are tired of life and wish to end it, just come along and we will give you access to the ether. Then no more will you worry about exams, or anything else. Already several flies have tried the experiment, and have proved it satisfactory.

If ever you are in need of a book, come to the VI. Form Room, and you will find many arrayed on a chair. You see, we need so many books that it takes two lockers, a desk and a chair to hold all those of one of our members. We need your pity, but don't worry about us too much, as we have only three weeks left, and perhaps we will be able to survive them.



**FORM SUB-INTERMEDIATE.**

We have been so busy working that the time has slipped away quickly, and we received a rude shock when we heard that it was time to turn to Form Notes again.

We still have the same number as last term, for though Lorna has gone to IV.C. Peggy came to us this term. We were glad to welcome her to the Form.

We thank Miss Dunoon, our Form Mistress, for the inspiration in putting black duck around the inkwells. It looks so much neater than paper, and doesn't show the ink.

Our Botany Shelf grows apace! At present it is rather empty, but, just awhile back it was covered with experiments, from which, I hope, we learned a great deal.

Knitting is still our craze, and in Hobby the girls who are not Guides may be seen knitting away at a dress or jumper. We ought to have a parade of all in their finery. The colours would blend beautifully.

**FORM IV. C.**

Ah! what joy fills our hearts now that the torture of exams. is over for another term, and the holidays are looming in sight.

This term has been rather an uneventful one so far (not much chance of any events now), except for the Dramatic Performance of "Monsieur Beaucaire," on the 20th August. Five of our members were included in the cast, and we congratulate them on the masterful way in which they played their parts.

Miss Gilbert, our mathematical mistress, has had an attack of influenza, and has therefore been absent for a time.

Seeing that we are such industrious young people, we have no more time to waste on Form Notes, there being nothing further to narrate.

**FORM IV. B.**

We have come to the end of the second term, and it is time for notes to be written again. Why! it does not seem so long ago since we wrote our last notes.

This term we have been very busy doing Botany experiments, which have proved most interesting and instructive. We also managed to work up a play and act it. The play was "Cinderella," and we invited Miss Pratt, Miss Dunn, and the IV.C. girls to come and see us.

We have already begun to practise for the Sports, and we hope to see some of our members coming forth victorious.

We welcome to our form Dorothy, who has come up to make our numbers up to twenty-three, and we hope that she will be very happy in her new school life.

All of us take either basket-ball or tennis, and we enjoy these games very much.

We must close now, wishing everybody a happy holiday.

**FORMS IV. AND III.**

All our examinations are finished, and we are nearing the end of the second term.

In the third and fourth forms there are twenty-four bright-eyed children, who all try very hard to work well and obey the rules of the form. We play basket-ball after school on Thursdays, and like it very much. On our walls we have three new historical pictures. One is a copy of Charles I., by Van Dyke, the second one of Joan of Arc, and the third is a picture of the Battle of Marston Moor.



Lois Mathews has presented a picture of Nelson to our form.

We love our history lessons, and we like to act little scenes. One day we were sailors on board a warship in the time of Charles II., and another day we were the chief men of Londonderry during the siege of Londonderry.

The thirds have been going for great trips this term. In fact, they are making a tour of the world. They have visited their Eskimo cousins, Red Indians, and the Arabs of the Sahara. Next week they are flying over to China.

This term we have been pleased to welcome Nellie Todd to the fourth Form. We were very sorry that Rita Hancock had to leave for Melbourne.

## KINDERGARTEN I. AND II.

School is getting nicer every day. We have thirty children in our room. Joan Price and Peter MacDonald have just come to school this term.

Last Tuesday we had a dolls' party. The tables were decorated with different patterned paper d'oyleys and stocks, gum and roses. There were biscuits and sweets to eat. Some of the girls brought their prams, too.

Margaret Cameron brought some silkworms, and we are feeding them on mulberry leaves. We had some tadpoles, and some of them turned into frogs.

There are only four more weeks of school this year, so we wish everyone a happy holiday and a Merry Christmas.

---

## HOUSE NOTES

### HARRIS HOUSE.

House Colours—Red.

We have done much, or rather, have tried to do much, since we last sat down to write house notes. Many of the laurels that we coveted have passed us by, but there are still others to come our way, at Baseball, Tennis and the Sports, which we hope to capture.

During the first term we won only one Tennis match, which was against Roslyn first team, being beaten by the first Ardens team, and the second teams of both Roslyn and Ardens. Our second team won its flag race first term, and our first came second. Last term we were not as fortunate, only obtaining one place by our first team's winning.

When we first met Roslyn at basketball, both our first and second teams were victorious. In the return matches, Roslyn's first team was too strong for us, though our second team was again triumphant. Ardens defeated us in both first and second teams, when we first met, but though the Ardens' first team won when we met again, our second team was successful. We congratulate Ardens on winning the shield, but we hope that it will be ours next year.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Sylvia Hartwick, last term, and will miss her very much. We wish to welcome Mavis Edmonds and Margaret McDonald to our house, and to thank the Roslyn girls for entertaining us at their enjoyable "Seasons" evening last term.

S.G.



**ROSLYN HOUSE.**

House Colours—Pale Blue.

The third term is slipping by very quickly, and the time is drawing near when the Houses will know the results of their efforts in both work and sport.

The Roslyn House Evening (which took the form of a "Seasons" Evening) was held towards the end of last term.

This term is likely to be a busy one in sport, as both the inter-house baseball and inter-house tennis matches are to be played off, while the Annual Sports take place in October. The result of the basket-ball matches, held during the second term, was that Ardens House gained the greatest number of points, and has therefore won the Basket-ball Shield for the year. Congratulations, Ardens!

S.B.

**ARDENS HOUSE.**

House Colours—Gold.

Last term Ardens made a certain amount of progress in both work and sport, though the standard of work could

be much higher. Some girls begin by working well, but there are other attractions, or else they forget their good resolutions. However, this cannot be said of the majority of our girls. We have some girls, who from the beginning of the year, worked with untiring zeal. Ardens owes much to these girls, and we look to the other members of the house to put more vim into their work for the rest of the term to give Ardens a higher percentage than last time.

In sport our record was better. Both the first and second basket-ball teams played well. This year's second team should remember that there will be vacancies in next year's first team, and should take any opportunity of getting practice. This applies especially to goal throwing. Many of the Juniors are practising throwing, but Senior goalers will be needed for next year's first team.

At the time these notes are being written, the Annual Sports, Baseball Matches, and Tennis Matches are still ahead of us. If we want to get anywhere we must work, and work hard for it. There are three Houses, and each is doing its best to arrive at the goal. Which will it be? Whether Ardens gets there or not may we feel that we have done our best.

H.V.

---

## BOARDERS' NOTES

It is quite safe to assert that, if all the Day Girls were shut in one room, there would not be the noise there is in the Boarders' Common Room, for Boarders tend to cultivate lusty voices.

Since last issue of the "Lucernian" we have been out to a few performances, in-

cluding the Hermitage and Geelong College Dramatic Entertainments, both of which we enjoyed very much. Towards the end of last term we had the privilege of seeing Allan Wilkie's Company play "The Winter's Tale." The evening needs no description: we were fascinated from beginning to end.



As usual, we put up a hard fight against the Day Girls at the Sports, and results were almost even, for the Juniors won by about the same distance as the Seniors lost—the “skin of their teeth.”

Great news! The new Common Room carpet looms on the horizon, and the girls in that unpretentious dwelling-place commonly known as the “shack” have lately been granted a sitting-room all to themselves.

Alas! The boarders’ cat—the pride of all hearts—suddenly disappeared. He was unkind enough to stay just long enough to twine himself round all hearts—so much, in fact, did he inspire youthful and deep affection that one maiden launched out on the perilous seas of poetry for his sake. Prose evidently could not express her feelings adequately, and an immortal sonnet, the first line of which was:—

“The boarders’ cat is sleek and fat”

was begun before the disappearance. (It may be a sonnet, but the first line sounds decidedly irregular. Probably it was intended for an epic.—Ed.) We have heard no more about the poetry—apparently the shock killed all such feelings. It would be worth while getting another cat to hear the end. Unfortunately, we know some who could have expressed very different sentiments concerning the departed one.

We were very sad to lose one of our prefects, Sylvia Hartwick, at the end of last term. However, she often comes back, so we have not lost touch with her altogether. We give a farewell handshake to all the other Boarders who are leaving our lines to join the ranks of the Old Girls.

Now, as our time is always well taken up, we will conclude. If you wish to know more about us and our jolly life—why, come and be one of us!

---

## DAY GIRLS’ NOTES

---

We have very little to say about ourselves for we are not a talkative crowd.

During last term the prevailing ‘flu claimed many of our members for its victims, and, for a while, our ranks were considerably diminished. However, let us hope for better luck this term.

At the end of last term, we had to say good-bye to some of our members, but their places have been filled by new-comers, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

We should like to congratulate those day-girls who were successful in their swimming examinations. This term will see the day-girls practising hard for the flag-race at the coming sports. Examinations are steadily drawing nearer, and are claiming the attention of the Senior forms, and it is to be hoped that our Junior members are striving to attain a good result, even though Geometry does prove rather troublesome to some of them.





BASKET BALL TEAM. CHAMPIONS. 1924.



## SPORT

## SPORT CHAT.

It is pleasing to report that this year's basket-ball is of a higher standard, and that last term proved a record as far as matches go. P.G.C. holds the Ballarat-Geelong Association Basket-ball Shield for 1924, for the team won all four Association Matches, as well as that against Stratherne. The return match, on Stratherne's own court, at the beginning of the third term, was the last of the run of victories. Much credit reflects both upon the goalers, who were most accurate throughout the season, and the other players whose splendid team work was the result of hard practice.

Baseball has now begun, and it is hoped that there will be a greater roll-up this term, and consequently more interest shown in the game. Fortunately, there is now a bus to take the players to and from the oval. It seems very strange that there are so many in the school who indulge in one sport only—one is compulsory—when there are so many advantages offered them now, which were not enjoyed by those who have come before. This is a spirit which, it is hoped, will soon disappear, and that more enthusiasm will be shown in all branches of the school sport.

Tennis is improving, though slowly. The first team is working with more keenness and interest, so with practice the results should be more encouraging this term.

Sports' Captain.

## BASKETBALL MATCHES.

|                           |                      |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Stratherne v. P.G.C.      | Victory P.G.C. 19—11 |
| Ballarat G.G.S. v. P.G.C. | Victory P.G.C. 28—11 |
| Clarendon v. P.G.C.       | Victory P.G.C. 29—11 |
| Ballarat G.G.S. v. P.G.C. | Victory P.G.C. 32—10 |
| Clarendon v. P.G.C.       | Victory P.G.C. 25—10 |
| Stratherne v. P.G.C.      | Victory P.C.C. 15—8  |

## INTER-HOUSE

## 1st Teams :

|                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Harris v. Ardens | Victory Ardens, 19—13 |
| Ardens v. Roslyn | Victory Ardens, 23—15 |
| Roslyn v. Harris | Victory Harris, 15—12 |
| Ardens v. Harris | Victory Ardens, 25—13 |
| Harris v. Roslyn | Victory Roslyn, 21—17 |
| Roslyn v. Ardens | Victory Ardens, 26—18 |

## 2nd Teams :

|                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Harris v. Roslyn | Victory Harris, 17—7  |
| Roslyn v. Ardens | Victory Roslyn, 13—11 |
| Ardens v. Harris | Victory Ardens, 10—7  |
| Roslyn v. Harris | Victory Harris, 18—9  |
| Harris v. Ardens | Victory Harris, 13—9  |
| Ardens v. Roslyn | Victory Ardens, 20—10 |

## TENNIS MATCHES

Stratherne v. P.G.C. Victory P.G.C.

## INTER-HOUSE

## 1st Teams :

|                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Harris v. Roslyn | Victory Harris, 35—27 |
| Roslyn v. Ardens | Victory Roslyn, 37—35 |
| Ardens v. Harris | Victory Harris, 38—26 |

## 2nd Teams :

|                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Roslyn v. Harris | Victory Roslyn, 36—16 |
| Harris v. Ardens | Victory Ardens, 18—5  |
| Ardens v. Roslyn | Victory Roslyn, 25—24 |

## BASEBALL MATCHES.

|                  |                       |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| Harris v. Ardens | Victory Harris 17—13  |
| Ardens v. Roslyn | Victory Ardens, 22—15 |
| Roslyn v. Harris | Victory Harris, 20—16 |
| Ardens v. Roslyn | Victory Ardens, 26—11 |
| Roslyn v. Harris | Victory Harris,       |
| Harris v. Ardens | Victory Harris, 11—10 |



## THE SPORTS, 1924.

Our third Annual Sports Meeting was held at Kardinia Oval on Saturday, 25th October. For days before, the weather provided the main topic of conversation, so that when Saturday's sun shone brightly, there were many relieved hearts. Parents and well-wishers arrived in large numbers, and there was a good mustering of Old Girls, whom we were extremely glad to see once more.

The number of entries was, on the whole quite good, although there were deplorably few for the Championship races, with the result that the Prep. Championship had to be omitted, much to the disappointment of the keener spirits. We offer hearty congratulations to the Junior and Senior Champions, Nan Venters and Lorna Pardey, also to Ardens, which, for the third time, gained the greatest number of points, thereby winning the Cup, which Ena Miller has presented. We hope that next year's entries will be much bigger, so that competition will be even keener than it is at present.

We wish to thank the Staff and all our interested friends who gave so freely of their valuable time to make the Sports such a success.

The following are the winners of the various events:—

75 yds. Prep.—J. Madden.  
 120 yds. Sen. Champ.—L. Pardey.  
 100 yds. Jun. Champ.—N. Venters.  
 Inter-form Flag Race—Form VI.  
 Egg and Spoon (Senior)—H. Venters.  
 Egg and Spoon (Junior)—G. Purnell and N. Venters (equal)  
 Inter-form Ball Passing—Form IV.c.  
 50 yds. (under 9)—J. Matheson.  
 Inter-house Flag Race (Junior)—Ardens, 1 ; Harris, 2 ; Roslyn, 3.  
 Sack Race (K.G.)—M. Garrett.  
 Inter-form Crocodile—Form V.  
 Sack Race (Senior)—S. Baird.  
 Sack Race (Junior)—L. Gill  
 25 yds. (under 7)—T. Lord.

Boarders v. Day Girls (Senior)—Day Girls.  
 Siamese Race (Junior)—I. Madden and N. Venters  
 Siamese Race (Senior)—J. Lang and M. Oddie.  
 Skipping (Junior)—E. Hirst and M. Pettitt (equal).  
 Needle and Thread (Senior)—J. Peel and M. West  
 50 yds. (Boys)—N. Smith.  
 Needle and Thread (Junior)—J. McIntyre and J. Calvert.  
 Inter-form Flag (Prep.)—Form 4A.  
 Junior Walk—N. Venters.  
 75 yds. Junior Champ.—N. Venters.  
 75 yds. Senior Champ.—L. Pardey.  
 Old Collegians' Race—V. Walter.  
 Inter-house Kangaroo—Ardens, 1 ; Roslyn, 2 ; Harris, 3.  
 Potato Race (Sen.)—M. Oddie.  
 Potato Race (Jun.)—J. Madden.  
 Potato Race (K.G.)—G. Hicks.  
 Inter-house Flag (Sen.)—Roslyn, 1 ; Ardens, 2 ; Harris, 3.  
 Three-legged Race (Prep.)—J. Matheson and V. Bartlett.  
 Three-legged Race (Sen.)—C. Lancaster and L. Pardey.  
 Three-legged Race (Jun.)—W. Hendy and M. Higgins.  
 75 yds. (under 12)—J. Madden.  
 Senior Walk—J. Rentoul.  
 Prep. House Flag Race—Ardens, 1 ; Roslyn, 2 ; Harris, 3.  
 Boarders v. Day Girls (Junior)—Boarders  
 Skipping (Senior)—C. Lancaster and M. Oddie (equal)  
 Blind Drive (Junior)—J. McIntyre and J. Calvert  
 Blind Drive (Senior)—A. Coutts and M. Cameron  
 Egg and Spoon (K.G.)—J. Matheson.  
 Inter-house Crocodile—Ardens.  
 Obstacle Race (Junior)—I. Lang.  
 100 yds. Senior Handicap—S. Baird.  
 75 yds. Junior Handicap—M. Higgins.  
 Goal Throwing (Senior)—F. Davies.  
 Goal Throwing (Junior)—D. Lang.  
 Base Ball Throwing (Senior)—S. Gilbert.  
 Base Ball Throwing (Junior)—D. Lang.  
 Senior Champion—L. Pardey.  
 Junior Champion—N. Venters.  
 Champion House—Ardens (101 points).  
 Inter-house Ball Passing—Harris, 1 ; Roslyn, 2 ; Ardens, 3.  
 Obstacle Race (Senior)—M. Pettitt.



## GUIDE SECTION

The 5th Geelong Company is now in full swing. All the Guides are working for 2nd Class, and looking forward to the day when they can wear the little green trefoil on the left arm.

Our Company was honoured by a visit from the District Commissioner, Miss Morres, who was so kind as to enrol one of our guides on that occasion.

We were sorry to say good-bye to three of our most enthusiastic guides, but hope they will join up with other Companies. We welcome one new recruit, who is working for her Tenderfoot Test.

Guides of the 5th Geelong Company will always look back with happy recollections to that beautiful June Saturday, when, with Miss Bush as our guest, we went for our first "hike," which ended happily with a Company Evening. We hope to have several "hikes" during the 3rd term, and so get more practice in tracking and other outdoor work.

The inter-Patrol Competition is very keen; the Robin Patrol being successful in winning the highest number of points for last term, thus gaining the coveted position on the Chart.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. A. Venters for his very generous gift to the Company of a Union Jack and pole.

E. Morgan, Captain.

### ROBIN PATROL NOTES.

The Robin Patrol formerly consisted of eight members, but at the end of last term we were sorry to have to say good-bye to Rita Hancock, who hopes to join a company in Melbourne.

We have all passed our Tenderfoot Tests, and are well on our way towards gaining our Second-Class Badge. Some of us have obtained our Ambulance Badges, and are working hard to obtain other Proficiency Badges.

Our Company has a very cosy Guide Room, which the Patrols look after, week about. We always look forward to our turn, because it is so interesting trying to think of new ideas for making the room look pleasant.

We were very pleased to learn that we obtained the highest marks for the Patrol Chart last term, and we hope to retain our place this term.

### SWALLOW PATROL NOTES.

The Swallow Patrol consists of eight guides. This means that we have a full Patrol. We have all passed our Tenderfoot Tests, and are working hard for our Second-Class Badges. Some of us hope to obtain the Ambulance Badge, and one guide is working hard for the Gardening Badge, and the rest for other Badges.

Each Patrol takes a week for keeping our Guide Room tidy. So far our little Guide on the Chart has not been at the top, but we are doing our best to put her there, and hope to find plenty of useful and helpful things to do.

We have only been to one Guide "hike" so far, as the weather was unkind. Last term we entertained the Staff and Brownies at afternoon tea, and also gave an evening to raise money for our Company. So you see that we are busy Guides, as our Company song shows.



**NIGHTINGALE PATROL NOTES.**

At present we have a full Patrol of eight, the gap made by the loss of Mollie Shirra having been filled by a new recruit, Annie McDonald. We take this opportunity of welcoming Annie to our Patrol, and of wishing Mollie all success in the future.

Towards the end of last term the Company received a visit from the District Commissioner, Miss Morres, who invested Gwen Purnell, of the Nightingale Patrol. All the Nightingales except one have passed their Tenderfoot Test, and are working for the Second-Class Test, while two of our members have won their Ambulance Badges.

**WATTLE PATROL NOTES.**

We have a full Patrol of eight Guides, and we are all very keen on guiding. We have all passed our Tenderfoot Tests, and most of us are at present working for our Second-Class Test.

The old Sport's Room is now turned into a Guides' Room, and each Patrol in turn takes care of it for a week, points being given for improvements which are made. We were the last Patrol to have it, but, although other Patrols sometimes got in first, and made improvements which we had thought of, there was still plenty left for us to do. Amongst other things, we supplied a waste-paper basket, which was greatly needed. One of our Guides also copied out the Guide Law for the wall of the room.

On Saturday, September 20th, we intended to go to Queen's Park for a "hike." Our Patrol was to have the honour of

laying the trail, and we were all very pleased; but, unfortunately, the weather was too unsettled, and we were not able to go. However, we comforted ourselves with the thought that summer was coming, when there would be plenty of long, sunny Saturdays which we might spend on "hikes."

**PIMPERNEL PATROL NOTES.**

"A Guide smiles and sings under all difficulties."

We hope no one was watching, but our faces gained considerably in length when we heard from our Captain that each Patrol was expected to offer its quota to the "Lucernian."

We have a full Patrol, and as you see by our name, are the flowers of the Company. We are all working hard for our Second-Class and Proficiency Badges, for we don't want to be "Tenderfeet" all our lives.

One of the best ideas for the year was the renovation of the Old Ink Room, now the Guide and Sports Room. Just see what the Guides have done! The room used to be dirty, inky, and full of rubbish; now, it is shining with clean table, floor and windows. We Ezy-worked (the name is not ours, it was on the tins) the floor. It isn't marvellous, but, as it is black, ink-spots are not so conspicuous as of old.

We must say how very sorry we are to lose one of our Patrol. Sylvia Hartwick is leaving us, and we all say good-bye to her with regret. We hope that she will often come back to see her old Patrol. Don't forget the Pimpernels, Sylvia!



### SKYLARK PATROL NOTES.

We are not full grown Skylarks yet, for we cannot use our wings, nor can we sing loudly enough to be conspicuous. Last term, when the points were counted, we had 110, but the Robins had soared higher and gained still more, while the Swallows were only two behind us. We intend to soar the highest next term, before the count is made again.

We are not progressing by "leaps and bounds" in our preparation for the Second-Class Test; the Morse Code is a stumbling block, and the corners of our flags refuse to become round. So far, we have not got any Proficiency Badges, but we intend to get some soon.

### BROWNIE NOTES.

The Brownies of the 3rd Brownie Pack are working for their 2nd Class Tests, and on Pack Meeting Days you will see us vigorously tying knots, and doing various other things which we must learn before we can get our Second-Class Badges. Some of us, too, are working for our Proficiency Badges.

Our room looks very pretty on Wednesday afternoons, for the Brownies bring fresh flowers, which are afterwards taken to sick Brownies.

We were all very sorry to lose our Tawny Owl (Miss Zimmer), who has had to leave Geelong, and also two of our Brownies who left school at the end of last term.

We are working hard to get to the top of the Chart, and are very sad if we lose points for inspection or games.

We would like to thank Mr. Gilbert for our beautiful totem (the mushroom) of which we are all so proud.

### BROWNIES.

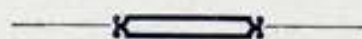
Do you know what we do at our Brownie Pack Meeting? Now don't get it into your heads that we play all the time, because we do not. We do more work than play. At present we are learning how to polish up our badges, to tie the reef knot and the sheet bend, and also how to bandage up a sore leg. When we first go into Brownies we creep into our corners. Then presently our Brown Owl (Miss Morgan) says, "Tu whit! tu whoo!" and we creep out of our corners and form a circle. We have inspection every day, so we have to use the pumice stone well to get the ink off our hands. The Gnomes are the highest on the chart so far.

When we are going home we always say:—

"Where we have been, no one can find,  
For never a trace we leave behind.  
Only the mortals we've helped to-day  
Know where a Brownie passed that way."

We are very careful not to leave anything behind for the Pack leaders to get. Then we scuttle off home.

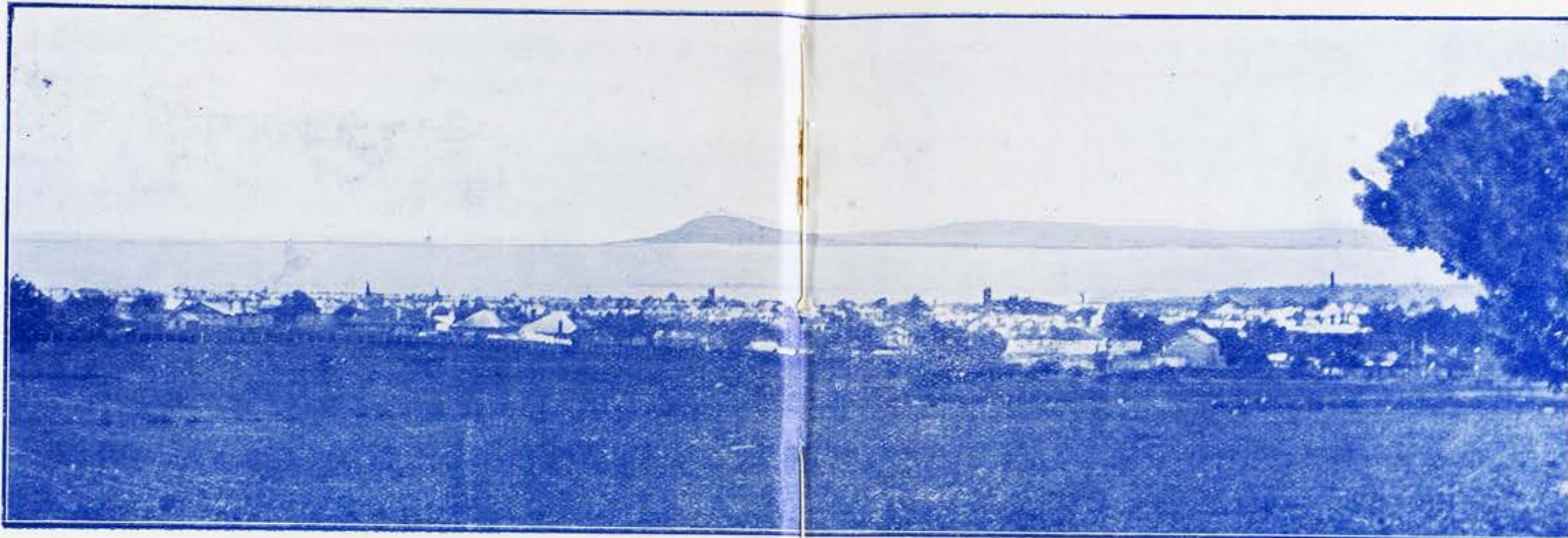
Bessell Batten (Kelpies).



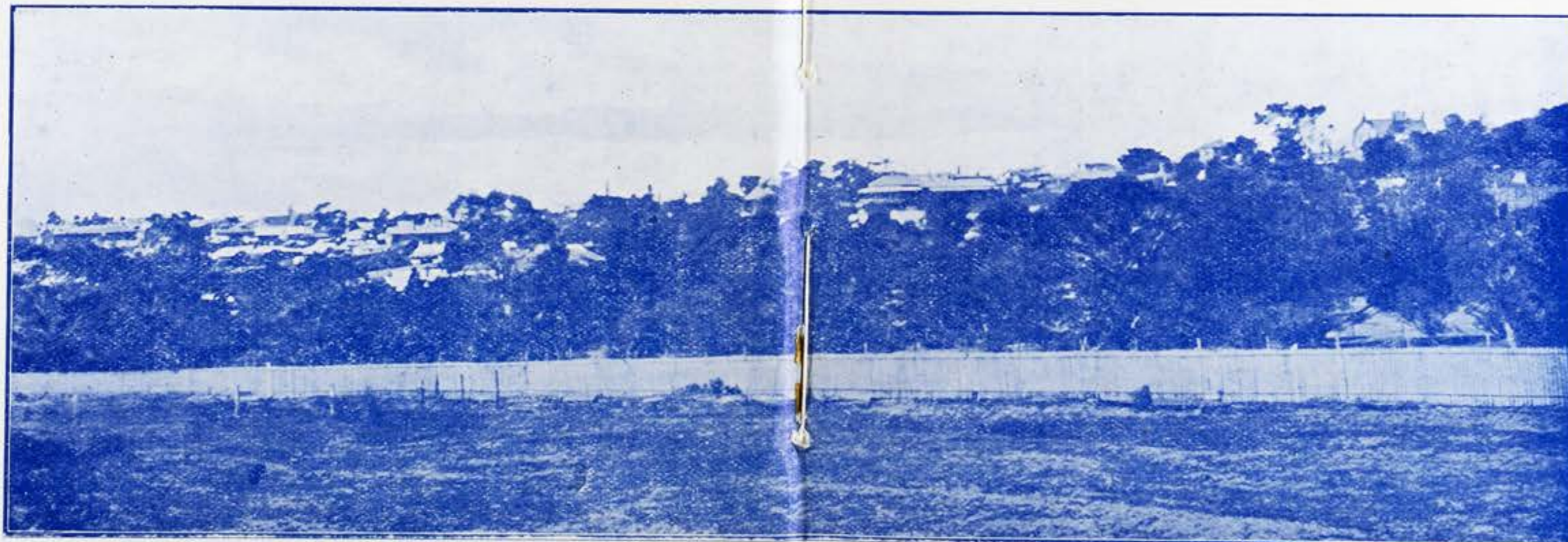
### WHAT WE DO AT BROWNIES.'

Hurrah! It is Brownies' this afternoon. We have a lovely mushroom, which Mr. Gilbert made for us, with all the little emblems on it, and on the top is the most beautiful Brown Owl. Miss Morgan is our Brown Owl, and Miss Zimmer is our Tawny Owl. First of all we sing our little rhymes. We have inspection, too.



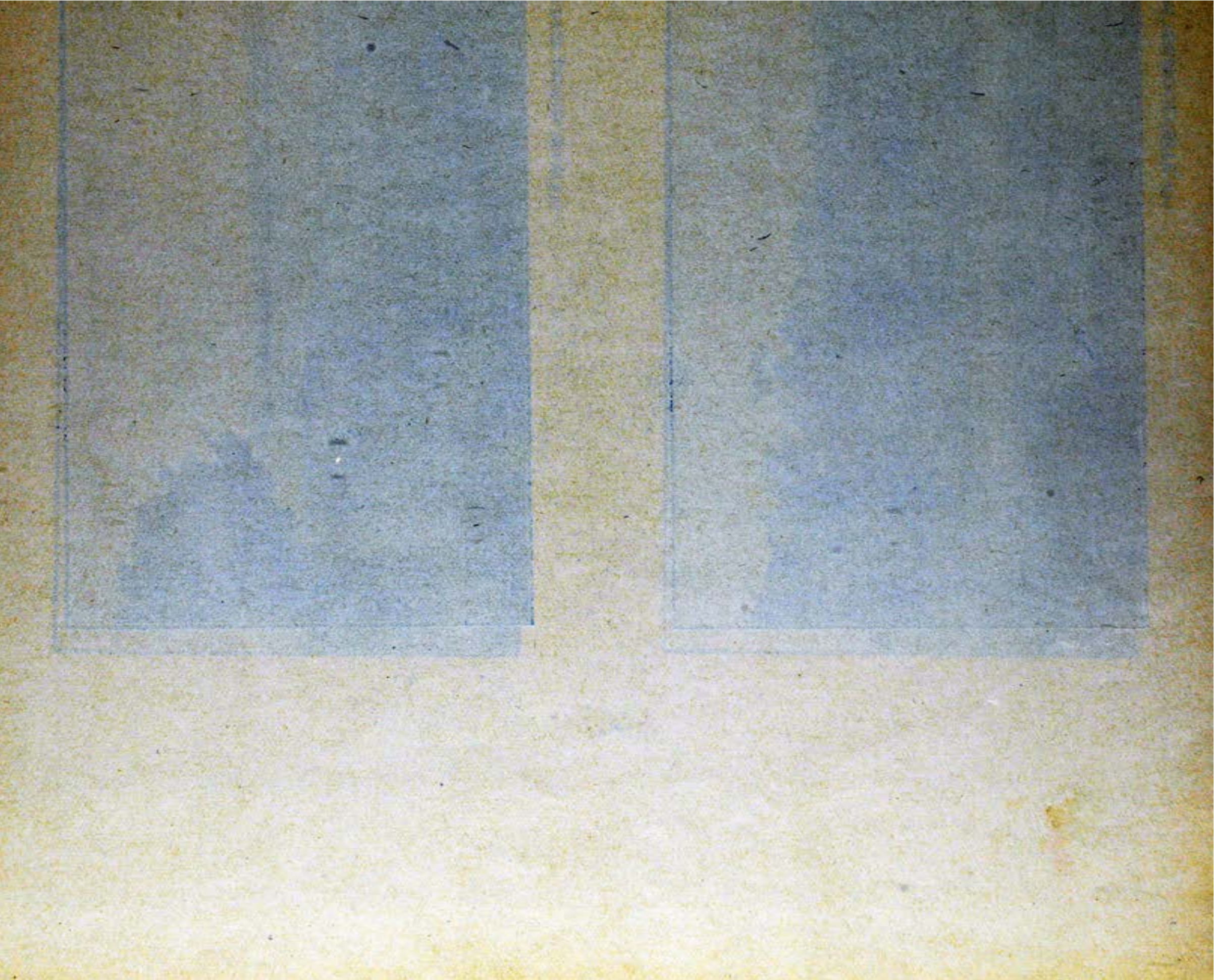


NEW SCHOOL SITE, OVERLOOKING CORIO BAY



NEWTOWN HEIGHTS, FROM NEW SCHOOL SITE







## Dramatic Club

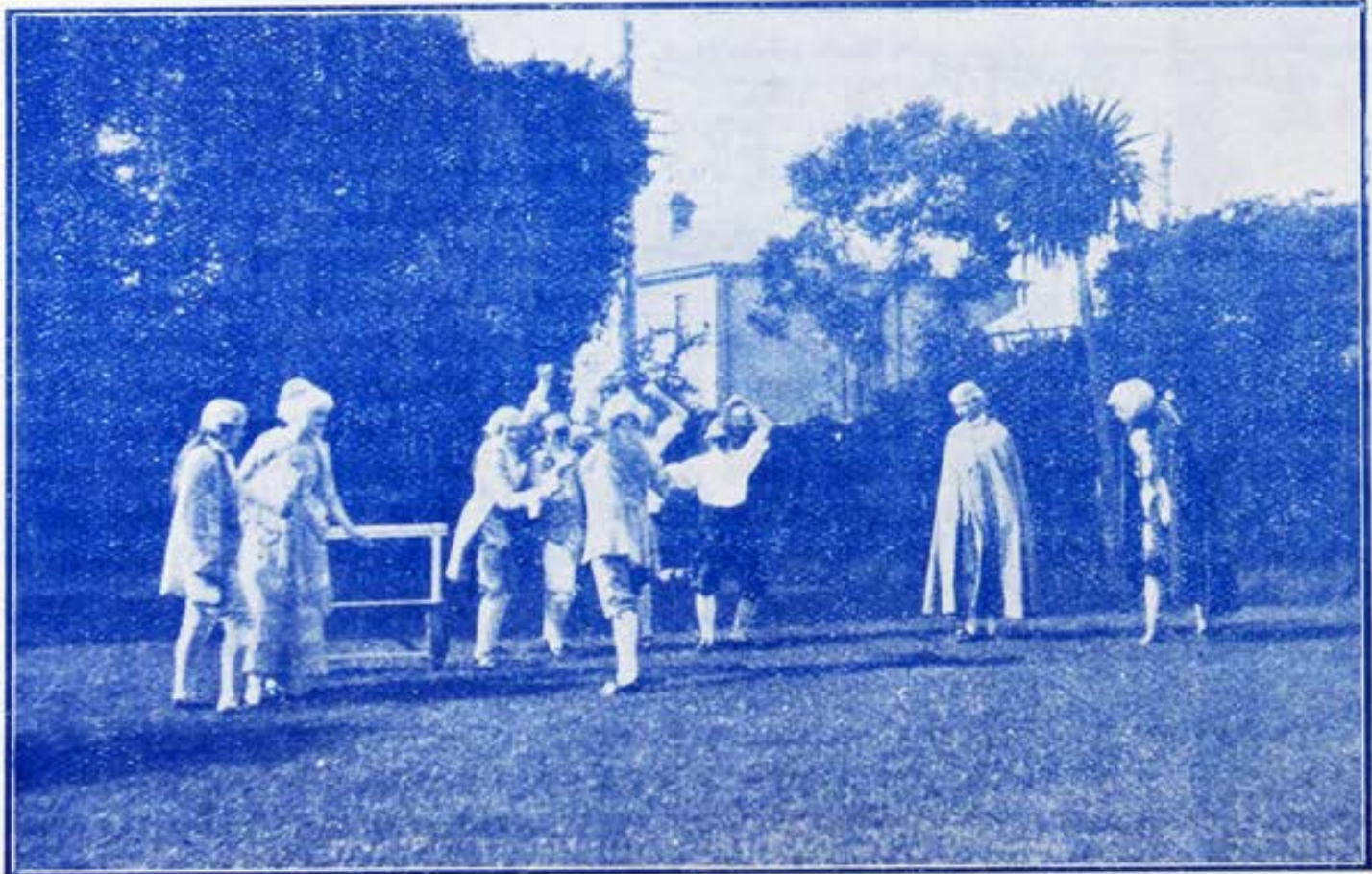
On the 20th August, in the Communna Feinne Hall, the Dramatic Society presented "Monsieur Beaucaire." The house was packed with parents and friends of the school, who were possibly quite ready to applaud, whatever mistakes might occur. No strain, however, was put upon this kindly sympathy, for the performance, from beginning to end, moved without a hitch, and justified the praise heard from the audience. It was a great success, and the Dramatic Society is much to be congratulated.

Sylvia Hartwick was specially noticed for her splendid acting. She played the parts of the French gambler, Beaucaire, the Duke of Chateaurien, and the Prince Louis Philippe de Valois, with equal ease. Sylvia Baird made a most dignified Lady Mary Carlyle. Nan Venters interpreted the character of the vainglorious and cowardly Duke of Winterset with under-

standing. And so we could go on through the whole cast, with nothing but praise for the performers, some of whom made their first appearance.

The following is the cast:--

|                              |                          |                 |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Monsieur Beaucaire           | -                        | Sylvia Hartwick |
| Duke of Winterset            | -                        | Nan Venters     |
| Captain Badger               | -                        | Mollie Shirra   |
| Mr. Molyneux                 | -                        | Joan Carstairs  |
| Prince Henri                 | -                        | Gladys Gill     |
| Sir Hugh Guildford           | -                        | Madge Bradley   |
| Lord Townbrake               | -                        | Isabel Lang     |
| Beau Nash                    | -                        | Margaret Oddie  |
| Mr. Bantison                 | -                        | Kathleen Nash   |
| Harry Rakell                 | -                        | Jessie Lang     |
| Marquis de Mirepoix          | -                        | Jennie Dunoon   |
| Lady Mary Carlyle            | -                        | Sylvia Baird    |
| Lady Malbourne               | -                        | Florence Davies |
| Estelle Malbourne            | -                        | Joyce Smith     |
| Lady Clarise                 | -                        | Lorna Pardey    |
| Lady Baring Gould            | -                        | Lucy French     |
| Lady Kellerton               | -                        | Vera Moebus     |
| Winton (Beau Nash's servant) | -                        | Alison Coutts   |
| François                     | } (Beaucaire's servants) | Jennie Dunoon   |
| Louis                        |                          | Stella Gilbert  |
| Victor                       |                          | Edna McIntrye   |
| Jean                         |                          | Annie McDonald  |
| Winterset's servants         | }                        | Edith Leigh     |
|                              |                          | Jean Rentoul    |



A SCENE FROM "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."



The Dramatic girls desire, through the "Lucernian," to thank Miss Haase for her untiring efforts amongst them, and also the staff, who so kindly helped them, especially Miss Morgan, who gave up a great deal of her time to assist with the rehearsals.

It is unfortunate that the Dramatic Society is to lose Miss Haase. However, we hope that it is not for long, and wish her "Bon Voyage" and a happy time abroad.

### Library Notes.

Our library is still receiving many welcome additions, both to the fiction and reference sections. Four new volumes of "Cassell's Children's Book of Knowledge" are now in the reference library. These books are beautifully illustrated, and prove very interesting and instructive.

We are sorry to say that our membership has decreased this term. Surely there are more girls who would enjoy reading the interesting books we can offer. Remember, too, that the reference library contains most useful information, so when you are in doubt about anything, you might clear up the matter by calling in.

If there are any girls who have books which they think would be suitable for the library, and for which they have no more use, we should be very glad to receive them.

### Choir Notes.

As no nominations have been received for a choir or choir-conductor, we assume either that there is a superfluity of modesty abroad or that the School is utterly devoid of good voices. (The latter is almost proved on some mornings in Assembly, when the singing is "p.p.p." and the piano "forte.")

### Dressmaking Notes.

The class still has the same number of members, and everything is very much the same as it was last term. The only difference is that the frocks being made are now summer ones.

A while back we were greatly inconvenienced by the loss of one of the machine keys, but Miss Grant came along with a tomahawk and forced it open, much to the delight of Miss Oliver and the girls.

One of our other misfortunes was that one very stormy night the lights went out, leaving us in darkness, and forcing us to discontinue our work.

We hope that next year the class will be much larger, as there will be several new girls taking dressmaking, and we are only losing two.

J.P. & M.A.



### An Appeal to Parents.

The rule which insists upon the marking of every article brought to the school is obviously drawn up in the interests of both parent and scholar, since it is intended to safeguard the property of each child. Girls are exceedingly careless in the matter, and consequently cause much trouble, both to themselves and others. Every afternoon prefects collect all property left about in class or cloak rooms, and place it "in pound." The list is read out next morning in Assembly, and, later in the day, the articles are retrieved by their owners, who are set impositions for carelessness.

Many of the articles, however, have either very indistinct markings or none at all, so that it is impossible to place a name opposite the article on the pound list, and in nine cases out of ten, no enquiries are made by the loser. This unclaimed property mounts up, and further trouble is



then experienced in trying to find owners. This explanation, however tedious, serves perhaps to show that all possible care is taken to prevent loss, and, in order that parents may more fully appreciate the difficulties involved, it has been decided to publish our last list, which represents little more than one term's accumulation.

After repeated efforts to find owners, the unclaimed remainder must now be disposed of, because our space is limited:—Five serviettes, handkerchief containing money, three set squares, one pen-knife, one pair of scissors, three rubbers, two pairs of compasses, three coat belts, five combs, wool and knitting, thirteen pairs of gloves, nine pairs of sand shoes, two glasses, about fifty pens and pencils, and small sums of money amounting in all to five shillings.

May we then, ask the co-operation of parents in this matter, and so minimise both loss and trouble?

### SCHOOL NEWS.

Twice during the year we have been privileged to receive visits from Miss Avery. The first concert was about Grieg, the lover of the wild, mountain scenery of Norway. After telling the story of his life, Miss Avery played some of his works, and thus showed us how he introduced his love of Nature and of Norway into music. Beethoven's life and work were taken as the subject of the next concert. It is true that no ordinary school-girl can fully understand the great mind of Beethoven, but, after hearing of his life and listening to the Pathétique Sonata—that Sonata which he composed when he realized that he was becoming deaf—we felt that music is certainly the best means of expressing unspoken thoughts.

A First Aid Class was again held this year. We would like to express our

thanks to Dr. Morgan for instructing the girls, and to Dr. Kennedy, who examined them. The following girls were successful in the examination:—Nan Venters, Edith Leigh, Mollie Shirra, Jean Peel, Marjorie Gordon and Peggy White.

During Health Week, Dr. Mary De Garis gave us a very interesting talk on Health. She told us never to neglect ourselves physically, because much pessimism and mental discomfort results from disregard of our physical welfare.

The whole school was present at the Regent Theatre to see the picture, "Climbing Mt. Everest." The film left us with a very vivid appreciation of the dangers and difficulties of the expedition, but it also gave us the hope that perhaps, in the near future, man would at last surmount every obstacle, and reach the summit of that mighty mountain.

### The Third and Fourth Concert.

The Thirds and Fourths showed a most enterprising spirit during the term, when they urged everyone to hand over sixpence for a card, which declared (in script) that it would "admit one" to a performance, the preparation of which had taken many weeks of hard work and secret rehearsals. To tempt any hesitant souls, the further bribe of "choice home-made sweets" was offered. We congratulate these kiddies on the possession of some very fine vases and a clock, which they purchased with the well-deserved takings.

There is no doubt that the audience thoroughly enjoyed the presentation of the two playettes, "Snow White and Rose Red," given by the Fourths, and "The Golden Goose," the effort of the Thirds, both of these stories being dramatised by a member of the Fourth. The most noticeable feature of the performance was the utter absence of self-consciousness on



the part of the actresses, and if the axe (from the woodshed) was flourished in too realistic a fashion, no fear was suffered by the almost beheaded victims.

Audiences really should receive special training in behaviour when witnessing a performance of this kind. Sad to say, those present were singularly lacking in insight, and frequently burst into ribald laughter in the wrong places. This was truly deplorable, and naturally hurt the feelings of the performers, one of whom, wounded to the heart, declared that "the Staff spoilt the whole show by laughing"!

"Variety is the spice of life," think these small people, so the methods employed by the stage manageress were most original. Hearty cheers, at one stage, rang out for Miss Pratt, and Miss Wright (their Form Mistress), after which the audience rose to the occasion and cheered the two forms. The Senior, engaged for the purpose, thinking this to be her cue, thereupon strode firmly to the piano for the National Anthem, only to be hissed off by agonised whispers of "This isn't the end, I'm to play my piece now"; and once again the ball was set rolling, and the audience treated to recitations and pianoforte solos—their "best pieces," if they remembered the openings; if not, the second-best would do—until the thoroughly chastened Senior was graciously allowed to take her place (more humbly this time) at the piano to play "God Save the King."

### They Say That—

Next year's Dramatic Society will have to look to its laurels if it wishes to maintain the high standard arrived at this year.

It is almost as hard to get contributions for the "Lucernian" as blood from a stone, and the Editorial Committee had a specially bad time in preparing this issue.

The Guides are providing very juicy morsels for the slugs, as well as flowers for the Assembly Hall and Staff Room.

Baby Helen Miller paid her first visit to the school, and was much admired.

The Ink Room is no more. Farewell—a long farewell to all its Inkiness.

The Rev. W. Tait, of Portland, made a tour of inspection of the College.

The Guides and Brownies did their best to "look pleasant" one Friday not long ago. To know if they succeeded, we must have proofs.

Una Strong came down for the Dramatic, and spent the night with some of the members of her old dormitory.

Some of our boarders will have new sisters to mind in the Christmas vacation (Anyway, a little work wouldn't do them any harm).

The College Dramatic performance was much enjoyed by the P.G.C. boarders, and there were a few sad hearts among those who had to miss it owing to the Strathorne matches.

Our Basket-ball team has won all along the line, and remains unbeaten this season. Suppose we'd better arrange for larger hats all round.

The adopted cat—for some unknown reason designated Athol—has disappeared suddenly, and failed to return. But why the rumour of the buttered paws?

There is a glut in the hairpin market, and that one investor, who was heavily stocked in this commodity, has been forced to sell at considerable loss. In fact, hairpins can be had for the asking. Apply—Attic Room, Harris House.

Owing to personal jealousy on the part of the "over 18" competitors, there will be no Staff Race at the Sports this year.

Pansies should be sold by the yard, for at present there is flagrant profiteering in this trade, owing to the shortness of stalks.



Our tennis eight has had a win at last, for on four different occasions they have been successful in frustrating the attacks of the camera man.

The following story was sung from the nest of certain "birds" (swallows and robins I believe) after a light lunch, at which these fledglings had toyed with sausages, eggs, bacon, mushrooms, potato chips, honey, toast, cream puffs, olives and what not:—

"Two guides were touring the You Yangs district, and had just finished a hearty lunch.

Guide Silvania Bird (enraptured by the beauty of the scenery), 'How heavenly it is—those mountains—that wonderful gorge—Exquisite!'

Guide Jessica Languid (dreamily), 'Yes, not half bad, I haven't had such a decent feed since those Sunday afternoon 3 to 4 o'clock bun fights at College—hamper time you know.'

(Honi soit qui mal y pense.—Ed.).

### NEW PUPILS.

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

**Form Sub-Intermediate**—P. Elstob.

**Form IV. c.**—G. Hinchliffe, B. Jones, M. Edmonds.

**Form IV. b.**—D. Wilby.

**Form IV.**—N. Todd.

**Form III.**—M. McDonald, N. Guthrie, J. Price.

**Kindergarten**—P. McDonald.

### Opening Day.

In his address to the school on Opening Day, at the beginning of the third term, Rev. C. Neville urged us all to make the best possible use of the time before us. At the beginning of each term, he said, God gives to each boy and girl a bank book. Instead of shillings and pence,

your bank book gives you the power to draw upon the bank of time for all the hours and minutes that are contained in the new term. Strangely enough, although many people do not like to waste their money, they never scruple to waste their time. And yet time is a thousand times more valuable than money, for not all the wealth in the world can buy a passing minute. Take care how you use the gift that God has given to you, so that, at the end of the year, you may know that you have not wasted precious time, but, instead, have bought with it those things which will be of value to you in your after life.

### The School Concert.

On Friday evening, 25th July, the Annual Second Term Concert was held in the School Assembly Hall. The Hall was crowded with parents and friends of the school.

Miss Pratt spoke a few words at the beginning of the evening. She said that it was really not a concert—it was a recital of the work done by different classes during the year. "A concert," said the Principal, "is worked for by the girls for a long time before. They practise certain items, and it is not therefore truly representative of their ordinary tasks. Tonight, you are to see some of the everyday work of the school. This Recital is given so that the parents may have a clearer idea of what the girls do day by day in the classrooms and at extra lessons." Miss Pratt went on to speak of the Dramatic performance to be held later in the term, and hoped that she would see many of the parents and friends. She thanked everyone for attending so loyally.

The concert was opened by a pianofore duet, Schubert's "March Militaire," by Mollie Anthony and Nan Venters. Dur-



ing the course of the evening, pianoforte solos were rendered by Helen Venters, Edna McIntyre, Edith Leigh, and Elma Taylor, an Old Girl. Recitations were given by Joyce Smith, Jean McIntyre, Nancy Price, and Nan Venters. The Junior and Senior Elocution Classes recited, and the Singing Classes rendered songs. The singing of the School Song, "Sint Lucernæ Ardentes," and the National Anthem, brought the evening to a close.

Cr. J. Pettitt spoke on behalf of the College Council. In its name he thanked Miss Pratt, the Staff and the girls for the very enjoyable evening they had given. He said that he looked forward to this evening every year, and he was quite sure that it improved every year. He remarked that that was as it should be in a young and growing school. Mr. Pettitt spoke of the good of such evenings, since they gave the parents a much closer and more real interest in their children's school, and a more intimate knowledge of the work done in it by mistresses and girls.

### Roslyn Evening.

The Roslyn girls entertained Miss Pratt and the Staff, and the rest of the School at a "Seasons' Evening" last term. The decorations were very suitable for the Evening. Each corner of the room represented one of the four seasons of the year—Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring. Which was the prettiest corner we cannot say, for the decorations for each season were characteristic of that time of the year.

Then the guests arrived, each representing a season. Summer came in dainty garments of many coloured hues, Autumn

with the "tints" known to all, Winter with its forbidding aspect, and Spring, as its name implies, full of gaiety and brightness.

The programme was most successful and entertaining. Miss Wright sang for us, and Jean McIntyre recited "When the Minister comes to Tea." Games and competitions passed away a very happy evening, until supper came with its attractions in the good things on the Dining Room tables.

### Armistice Day.

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 the Armistice was signed. This day is a day of thanksgiving and remembrance.

Throughout the British Empire all people are asked to observe silence at eleven o'clock for two minutes—two minutes out of the whole year in which to remember the debt we owe to our soldiers, and in which to resolve to strive after higher ideals, so that the Empire, and through the Empire, the World, may be nearer attaining these ideals.

At ten minutes to eleven the School assembled, and after having sung that wonderful old hymn, "Our God, our Help in Ages Past," and listened to a short talk on "Armistice Day," we observed the two minutes silence. After a prayer, the service closed with "God Save the King."



### Personal.

The school desires to express its very sincere sympathy with Miss Anderson, Una Handley, and Yvonne Batson, who have suffered such sad bereavements.



## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

### Different Points of View.

MRS. X. (looking over the crocodile in an appraising manner)—“Humph! P.G.C. boarders; yes. On time as usual; but of course it’s no trouble in a College to get so many ready. Look nice, too; always tidy and clean. Well groomed; oh, yes; but of course in that kind of institution things go simply by clockwork. Have to, you know; so naturally the girls learn to rely on themselves so much. I’m sure the whole twenty-seven don’t give as much trouble as my little Molly.”

ONE OF THE STAFF (who catches sight of a safety-pin in a hat-band during the sermon.—“I might have expected it, but I’d like to know just when she put it in, because I looked her over from top-to-toe before we set off. I sent her to change her stockings, because of that thin place just above the shoe; had to get to work myself and brush her coat and skirt and hat, and that safety-pin wasn’t there then. Let me see; yes, this morning there were in all, four holes in stockings, two pairs of badly cleaned shoes, and five dusty coats, in spite of the inspections which took so long yesterday morning. I suppose that some day they’ll get to the age when they’ll take some pride in appearance. But it does seem hard that Mr. Ewell should choose, as the subject of his sermon, “Undue worry over the small things of life,” and appeal to us to have souls above our clothes. Dramatic irony, I suppose.”

THE GIRL (voice issuing above the running water in the bath-room).—“Jolly good sermon this morning; eh, what, old thing? Always told you they spent too much time in this Coll. on trivial things. Why! there was a great old breeze this morning, just because of a beastly safety-

pin. Blest if I know why they’re so mighty particular. Why, Sundays are positive nightmares—after Saturday mornings, too! I’d like to know who’d see if my hair wasn’t parted in the middle, or my stockings thin in spots. Just catch me ever being so fussy about clothes. I don’t think!—(Pause)—What’re we going to wear for dinner? How about silk jumpers or coloured voiles? Right oh—so long, old bean!”

### Dawn.

The Dawn approaches in her rosy gown,  
Bedecked with sparkling dewdrops, clear and  
bright;

And o’er the earth her silver wand she waves,  
Quickly pursuing the dark and shadow-loving  
night.

And as she gladly trips along her path,  
Flecks of her rosy gown float airily  
Up, until as little pinken clouds  
Across the pale-blue sky they race so merrily.

At her approach the sleeping earth awakes;  
The farm-yard cock crows in his harsh, rough  
voice;

The little birds begin their morning song,  
And Nature trumpets forth her clarion call—  
“Rejoice!”

### The Invincible Four.

The Tennis Four are a hardy mob  
Who work by fits and starts;  
And poor Miss Morgan has the job  
Of teaching them tennis arts.

For Tod, and John, and Stel, and Mac,  
Make up the happy four.  
Miss Morgan tells them what they lack,  
And gives them hints galore.

Yet, if they really tried to play,  
And put some spirit in it,  
Then they could show some teams the way  
To face a match—and win it.

ONE OF THE FOUR.



### A Basket-ball Match.

A quarter to four! The bell clangs loudly. Before its sound has died away the air is rent with yells, "Come on Harris!" "Come on Ardens!" from the lines of girls around the field. A cheer goes up as the teams run into their places. Then there is a breathless silence while the time-keeper consults the clock. The centres are poised, one on each side of the circle, watching the point the ball is to touch. Murmurs of "Oh, I wish they'd start," "Hurry up, you there, with the clock," go round the court.

At last the suspense is ended. The bell rings. Almost simultaneously the ball touches the ground; there is a short blast from the whistle, and the game has begun.

A shout goes up. Then, the onlookers settle down to watch with puckered brows, only cheering a piece of very quick play, and applauding wildly the goals. At the end of the quarter the players from each House are besieged by supporters. "Good-oh, kids, you're doing splendidly! Keep it up." These are poured into their ears until the bell goes once more. The game goes on. Now Ardens is leading, now Harris. "Close game," goes round. "It will be a fight for it."

Half-time! The players sit down and are fed, rather than eat for themselves, with pieces of oranges, and overwhelmed with praise and advice (the latter generally being given by girls whose knowledge of the game is extremely limited).

Ah! The bell for the last quarter has rung. "Now is the time," "Go it Harris!" "Ardens," "Ardens," "Good old Ardens." The players go back with grim faces. The play is fierce and quick, and the barracking grows more and more excited.

"Even!" "Oh, how much longer have we to play?" "Go it." "Come on, you there, get the ball." "Good pass." "Now quickly, up to to goal." "Hurray, we're

leading by one. Oh, why can't you ring the bell before they make it up."

The others are making a desperate effort to even the score. "Ring that bell." "Come on Harris!" "Ardens." "Harris." "Ardens." "That's it, that's the way, now. Ah-h-h!"

The bell clangs. The supporters relax as the teams lustily cheer the umpire and each other, and walk away with the satisfaction of a well-played game. They are surrounded before they can go two yards. A few escape, but they mostly have to go through it all.

After a time the excitement dies down, and one by one the girls begin to struggle home in different directions, leaving the scene of so much recent excitement bare and deserted, save for some solitary boarders creeping round to see if by any chance there are any oranges left over.

A.H.V.

---

### To Athol.

Sad and bitter it is to hear

The notes of the stray cat's call,  
For it sends through me the gnawing fear  
That all's not well with Athol.

For once he was our pride and joy,  
A thing of beauty ever—  
A cruel fate this hapless toy  
From our maidenly grasp did sever.

It had, I'm sure, the constant fear  
Of short and sharp translation;  
It's filmy eye e'er dropped a tear  
When wrapped in contemplation.

Not in ashes, but in dirt,  
Mourned our unhappy feline,  
Who knew that his way for a positive cert  
Lay out of the gate in a B-line.

To get another we resorted to butter,  
But more in sorrow than in rage,  
"Get rid of your sacks" (we caught the mutter)  
"I crave a safer hermitage!"

CATTY.



## Lettuce Growing.

Shakespeare has said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," but those people who have not tried to grow lettuces do not fully appreciate the true meaning of the quotation. Lettuces!!! What pictures do they present to your intellectual mind? Perhaps rows of crisp, green plants, or, maybe, a delicious salad; but never do you think of the harassed growers, and the lettuce, which certainly has a hard struggle for existence. Indeed, it is a race between the lettuce and the slugs and snails, and the lettuces generally lose.

There are many methods of protecting lettuces from the attacks of slugs. You are advised by different people, most of whom believe in making a barricade of tobacco chips or of lime. Lime is more trouble, because it must be freshly put down after every rainy day.

Still the plants disappear, until you are inclined to think that the slugs, and shell-backs must climb the fence or the trees, and gently drop down upon your most cherished plants. Then they have a banquet. In the morning you visit your garden, and, to your annoyance, you see a number of shell-backs cheerfully crawling over the lettuce-bed. You get a tin, and carefully collect the monsters, and then there is murder in the air, and the creatures "go west," much to your relief.

Gardening is a joy; but unless you wish to end your days in solitary confinement, don't start it. You must have a sense of humour, an endless stock of patience, and a good temper, because, even if your nerves are frayed, the people who surround you do not wish to hear your thoughts about the tribe of shell-backs, although it may relieve your soul to express them.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

## An Elegy.

I do not ask for marble halls,  
My wishes are much humbler;  
I only long for the tumbled walls  
Where they dispensed the ink from.

But now it's put to another use,  
Some think perhaps a better.  
Maybe, but 'twill for ever lose  
The charm it had for me.

For oft I pondered o'er the spots  
Spilt from the can of Spriggins,  
Distinguish'd those from the inky blots  
Of one I may not mention.

The draughty walls with gaping holes  
Gave added ventilation,  
And only the most pernickety souls  
Would grumble at the lighting.

This snug little crib was a delight for me,  
With its air of dignity;  
But sorrow has cast its blight o'er me  
At the sight of its new-born splendour.

They've bought a mat and also a curtain,  
And even a cloth for the table;  
Paint on the floor o'er dirt and stain  
And the inkstand—Oh, Golly!

'Tis said, I know, an elegy tends up—  
On a hopeful note to finish;  
But only a wail my soul sends up—  
"Restore to me the old Ink Room."

"INKY."

## A Wish.

Vain would it be to ask  
A life from suff'ring quite set free:  
For is there not of grief engender'd  
Courage, strength and sympathy?  
But if grim sorrow on her flight  
Upon thy path perchance should stray  
I pray for thee her lightest touch—  
A gentle brushing of the passing wing—  
To float o'er thee, with soft, slow motion  
A filmy veil of purple bloom,  
Which turns on earth to passing care.

FELICITAS.



## The Guide Hike to Moorabool.

“Pack up your dinner in your old kit bag,  
And hike, hike, hike!  
Take all you want upon your own strong back,  
And wander where you like.  
Leave the road to the motor-car,  
The side-walk to the bike;  
Pack up up your dinner in your old kit bag,  
And hike, hike, hike!”

These instructions were carried out on Saturday, 4th October, when the Fifth Geelong Company turned out in full force to a hike at Moorabool.

The sky was watched anxiously the day before, and hopes sank to zero, for everything pointed to a wet day on Saturday. The joy in forty-eight hearts can be imagined when Saturday proved to be just perfect. Sunny, with a cool breeze, a blue sky, and air abounding with life and energy—clearly a day made for hikes.

Half-past ten saw the Company propping up the fence outside the boarders' locker-room, clutching haversacks, frying pans (yes, we recognised them in spite of much brown paper), and numerous other articles, while the ground was littered with so much baggage that one Guide was heard to remark, “Look's as if we're going to England.” The two motor-buses trundled up, the Guides and Guiders stowed themselves in, and away went the Company.

After a drive of about twenty minutes to the Moorabool railway station, the Guides left the buses and walked to the Viaduct, climbed down the hill (those steps!), and reached the river flats. Almost immediately, the Captain rallied the Company, and told them to begin cooking their dinners.

Everything else became at once of secondary importance. Each Patrol cooked

its own dinners, and all around the river could be seen little groups of eight girls bending anxiously over smoky fires, waiting for the coals to appear “so that we could start the sausages.” Then deep silence reigned in Moorabool valley, except for occasional screams of “The fat's on fire!” “Look out! There's a chop gone into the coals!” “Oh! I forgot the chips; they'll be black!” Eventually, however, “dinner was served,” and the Company sat down and ate and ate.

After the last miserable remains were buried and carefully patted down, the Wattles went to lay a trail, and, soon after, the whole Company was hot on the scent. Up the steepest part of the hill (they might have gone round the track) the heated, panting, puffing Guides tore, spying sign after sign. The trail was lost in the next paddock, but it was soon picked up again, and the Wattles were at last run to earth by the river.

Back trooped the Guides, and—I blush to mention it—afternoon tea was the order of the day. Everyone was thirsty, and, although at first it seemed impossible to eat anything, it was surprising how many sandwiches and cakes disappeared.

Just as the healthiest appetites were satisfied, the Captain discovered that it was more than time to pack up. The Guides got to work, and, in a quarter of an hour, except for patches where the earth had been disturbed by the fires, no one could possibly tell that there had been anyone there at all. Then another climb up the hill—slower this time—and the buses hove in sight.

Although the Guides all professed still to have boundless energy left, they were all rather glad to sink into the seats and buzz off home, tired but happy, with the memory of a “perfectly top-hole” day to carry with them.





THE COOKING OF THE SAUSAGES AT THE MOORABOOL HIKE

## Murmured Musings of a Bottle Bearer

(Inspired while gazing across the B.B. Court upon the Vth and S.I., who clutch hot-water bottles.)

Comforter, Friend, Delight !  
 What cheer, what balm, and right  
 Warm air thou dost impart  
 From early morn till late at night !  
 I gaze upon thy form with heart-  
 Felt joy and ecstasy ;  
 For whether it be thou warmed  
 The bed of high princess or me,  
 Nobly was thy task performed,  
 Thou of the royal rubber crew,  
 By Perdrian manu-  
 Factured.

“HOT AIR.”

NOTE.—While accepting this “poem,” since it may possibly serve to explain many rapt expressions in School (which might otherwise mislead), we feel called upon to deprecate the much-indulged-in practice of “gazing across the B.B. Court” in and out of season.—ED.

## The Tests.

“O Tests !” the sad Fifth-former cries,  
 “Your cruelty is too bad.  
 You take the brightnks from the sun,  
 And make my outlook sad.  
 “At night, you come in awful shapes  
 And drive sweet dreams away,  
 And, until morning’s early hours,  
 Close to my side you stay.  
 “And while beside my bed you stand,  
 You show me papers long,  
 With questions that are terrible,  
 That I would get all wrong.  
 “When daylight comes you steal away,  
 But very soon return,  
 And torture me when I try to work,  
 And make my poor head burn.  
 “Alas ! It’s all so horrible  
 That I could weep all day ;  
 But I must rise up gallantly  
 And drive this fear away.”



### Dr. Stefansson.

On Monday, June 23rd, our school attended a lecture given by the famous Arctic explorer, Dr. Stefansson. The lecturer was introduced by the Principal of the Geelong College. Dr. Stefansson said he would talk long enough for the people to understand the pictures. In the Arctic, permanent snow could not be found, except where there were mountains. In the summer it was very hot, and some of the explorers who went to this region could not stand the heat. Many bright coloured flowers grew there.

Dr. Stefansson said that he had seen many Eskimos six feet in height, but the average height was less, and he said that the Eskimos did not always drink oil, but only drank it in front of tourists, to receive money.

The snow-houses were made with blocks of ice. A row of blocks was put down first for a foundation. Then from this, they gradually went up higher, until the roof touched, and one of the explorers could just stand in the house, without touching the roof. As soon as the house was built a small boy could walk on it and it would fall down, but after a lamp had been lit inside the house for a few minutes, they would blow it out and let the house cool. Then a bear or a man could walk on it, without it falling down.

In part of Dr. Stefansson's lecture he showed pictures of animals, seals, seagulls, and other birds. He also showed how the mosquitoes used to worry the polar bears and the dogs. Dr. Stefansson and Captain Wilkins have received great praise for the work that they did on another exploring trip further north-west. Some of their party thought that they were lost, but after some months' exploring they found their companions again. In all Dr. Stefansson spent seven years in the Polar region on his first visit.

### A Day in Winter.

These are my thoughts on a cold winter's morning. It is almost what I think you call a soliloquy.

O-o-o-o-o! It's cold this morning; I don't like it a bit, but still I have to put up with it. Oh, I must hurry up and get dressed, and see if my ice has set. Those people in the next room are so lazy that they won't get out of bed. I can't see out of the window, and, when I breathe, steam comes out of my mouth. Oh, these stairs are so steep. Listen! Mother is telling me to put the kettle on. I suppose I will have to go. Jack Frost has been! How lovely! He has set my ice for me. Isn't he kind?

Listen! Mother is coming! Hurrah! I shall get my breakfast now. I suppose I will go to school, but it is so cold that I can't write. The bell is going, but it's no use crying.

I'm here at last! This silly old tree looks as if it has been covered with feathers, but I don't suppose it's true. I am knocking at the door, and here comes the teacher.—“Why are you late?”—“Because it is so cold.”—“The very idea!” After school I will have to stay in the school-room and write lines. Look! it is snowing! It looks as though a fowl is being plucked. The children are building a snow-man. How much I should like to be outside!

B.F.



### A Doll's Party.

On Saturday I had a dolls' party. I have six dolls. We had some cakes and some nuts and some cream-puffs and some jam tarts and some buns. I brought a chair out of the bed-room, and Joan, that is my big doll, she sat on it.

J.M.



### The Sea Fairy.

"Hallo, sea-fairy Pearl Shell," came the voice of Mr. Cod-fish, "you do keep your house so beautifully spick and span. I wish you would come and do mine for me. It is so dirty."

"I am very sorry," said fairy Pearl Shell, "but I have a tiny pearl in my house, and I have to keep feeding it so as to make it grow to a beautiful big pearl. Some day, perhaps, it will be admired in a place that I think humans call a jeweller's shop."

"What is that thing hanging there at your doorway?" asked Mr. Cod-fish.

"Oh! it is a secret kept between my sister Myrtle and myself. Look! here she comes now. You had better swim away, Mr. Cod, for she is very funny in her ways. She does not like anyone to listen when she is speaking to me."

So Mr. Cod-fish swam away obediently.

"Why, Pearl-Shell, cried Myrtle, "How the pearl has grown since I saw it last. You must have been feeding it well."

"Yes, I have," said Pearl-Shell, "I want it to hurry up, and be taken to the shop. Not that I want to get rid of it, but so that I can be proud of myself for having grown it all alone."

"Here comes Mr. Cod-fish," said Myrtle, "Shall we tell him the secret? He is very honest." "Come here, Mr. Cod," cried Myrtle, "I will tell you the secret of the gold chain which is hanging at Pearl-Shell's door. Well, a long time ago there was a ship wrecked on the top of the rock in which the Fairy Queen, Silver-tail lives, and it happened that there was a Prince on board. When the ship sank, the Prince came down here, so we covered him over with sea-weed, and kept the gold chain as a token of memory."

B.B.

### An Aphis.

Oh, dear! I do have a bother with these gardeners! They are chopping down the rose which I am on. I wonder if you can guess who my friends are? Perhaps it's a bit hard. Well, they are the ants. They are so kind to me. One day they lifted me from the dying rose-bush I was on to a nice, fresh, living one. You see, they like the nice, waxy secretion that comes from me.

The humans said that it was only a yard that I was carried, but I thought that it was twenty miles. Oh! here is a big man with an axe! He is going to chop down my home. I had better stop now, or my tongue will be worn out.

### A Sheep Dog.

I am a sheep dog. My name is Dash. I help the farmer with the sheep, and when I come home he gives me a bone and chains me up, and I say good-night. Bow-wow.

J.B.

### The Birthday Cake.

I am a lovely birthday cake made of eggs, flour, sugar. When I am cooked I am iced all over. Then I have little baby cupids and flags put all round me. When I am finished, I am placed in the middle of a big table. On the table there are lots of cakes, fruit, sweets and flowers. Round the table, there are lots of little girls with smiling faces looking at me with longing eyes, waiting for someone to cut me and give them a piece. If there is any of me left over I am wrapped in pretty coloured papers, and given to the happy little children to take home and put under their pillows when they go to bed to dream about.

V.B.



## The Match.

I am a match. I live in a match-box. I only have a head and a body. I live with other matches. I have a lovely time with my other friends. People wave the match-box about and we dance. I have a brown head and a white body. One day a man came and struck me. Then I was dead.



## Wails of a P.G.C. Boarder.

Oh! for a night as long as two,  
That I might sleep, and sleep, and rest  
My weary head; for ah! too few  
Are the hours thus spent, for up  
Are we and working by ten-past-six.

And then for a day, we do so long,  
That passes without its wretched list  
Of sinners—I mean the untidy throng  
(I wonder if any are ever missed)  
Whose drawers are disgraceful! likewise beds!

First it's shoes, and then it's ink,  
Then those lockers; no, oh! no,  
They're never tidy, though I think  
Those books stand now in perfect row.  
But then; why, yes; opinions differ.

And when you think you've scraped right through  
Without an order mark to show,  
Your spirits rise; but soon you rue  
The fact that you forgot to go  
To turn the light off in the Locker-room.

PATIENTIA.

(Truth compels me to admit  
That, in the first of the verses, "ten"  
Should be "twenty," which wouldn't fit  
In with the metre that flowed from my pen.)

P.

## Literary Gems—Or Not.

J.M.S.C.—"A Lucky Accident."—Have another attempt. Plot very threadbare and thin. We tried to feel surprised, but failed.

HAMEIL.—"Wafted on the Breeze."—Too obvious that each verse had a different author. Remember that you can lead a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink. Pegasus was just as obstinate in some cases in this poem.

REFORMER.—"Suggested Reforms."—No room; work up idea for next issue.  
GARDEN OF EDEN.—Same idea as one in last issue.

GAL.—"Meum Sudarium."—The idea could be worked up.

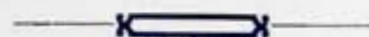
HENRY.—Keep to prose for a while, till you have mastered some of the points necessary for an attempt at poetry.

COLLYWOBBLER.—"Rain."—Metre like your pen name—wobbly.

J.M.—"Basket-ball Match."—Have a try for next issue.

J.M.—"The Cottage Sleep-out."—Good in parts, but, like the sleep-out of your poem, your verse needs patching.

C.L.M.—"Cab Horse."—Too much like the average school essay to be of general interest. Try a brighter subject.



## General Notes.

Contributors of notes from societies are asked to help the committee by making their reports more concise and to the point. At present, much valuable time has to be devoted to the cutting down and patching of long discursive articles. This applies especially to Patrol Notes.

The price of each copy of this issue of the "Lucernian" is 3/3.

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



## OLD GIRLS' NOTES

The work of the Association has gone on steadily since the last issue of the "Lucernian."

The Annual Reunion was held at the school on July 19th, and took the form of the usual High Tea and business meeting. There were about fifty present, including Miss Pratt and the prefects. The tables were filled with many good things, and altogether a very happy evening was spent.

Mr. Firth gave a lecture on the "Geological History of the World." The attendance was very disappointing.

On August 23rd the Old Collegians' Annual Dance was held at Corio Club, and was a huge success, one hundred and eighty being present. Miss Pratt was present for part of the evening, and watched the dancing from a cosy corner. The decorations in the ballroom and lounge were very attractive. The music and supper were all that could be desired. It was declared to be the best dance arranged by the Old Girls.

Mr. A. E. Anderson very kindly consented to give a lecture on "Art," on Oct. 14th, but as a storm passed over Geelong during the evening, the lecture had to be postponed.

Old Girls assisted Miss Grant with afternoon tea at the School Sports, held on Kardinia Oval. A very busy afternoon was spent, as the day was warm, and cups of tea were very much in demand.

A second dance was arranged by a committee of Old Girls on October 29th at Corio Club—proceeds for Gala Day. A very jolly evening was spent, and Gala Funds should benefit by the effort. Already there is much talk of several dances next year. Evidently our dances are becoming very popular.

Letters come through from time to time from our President, who is still abroad. Latest mail brings news of travel through Norway, Sweden, Holland and Denmark. We are looking forward to Marjorie's return, when we will hear everything about everything from herself.

In conclusion, the Old Girls wish to thank Miss Pratt and the Staff for their consideration and help during the year. We feel that we have a real place in the life of the school, and desire to do everything we possibly can, although at times it doesn't appear to be very much.

Jean McLennan,  
Hon. Secretary.





