

**THEO  
RUYTON  
DIANO**

RECTE ET FIDELITER.



JUNE, 1916.



COMMITTEE AND OFFICE-BEARERS OF OLD GIRLS'  
ASSOCIATION.

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**President:**

Miss M. Daniell.

**Vice-Presidents:**

Mrs. E. W. Outhwaite.

Mrs. A. V. Walker.

**Hon. Secretary:**

Miss E. Carnegie.

**Hon. Treasurer:**

Miss E. Gibson.

**Committee:**

Mrs. Brodribb.

Miss W. Cowen.

Miss L. Dunn.

Miss H. Daniell (ex officio).

Mrs. C. G. McCrae.

Miss M. Martin.

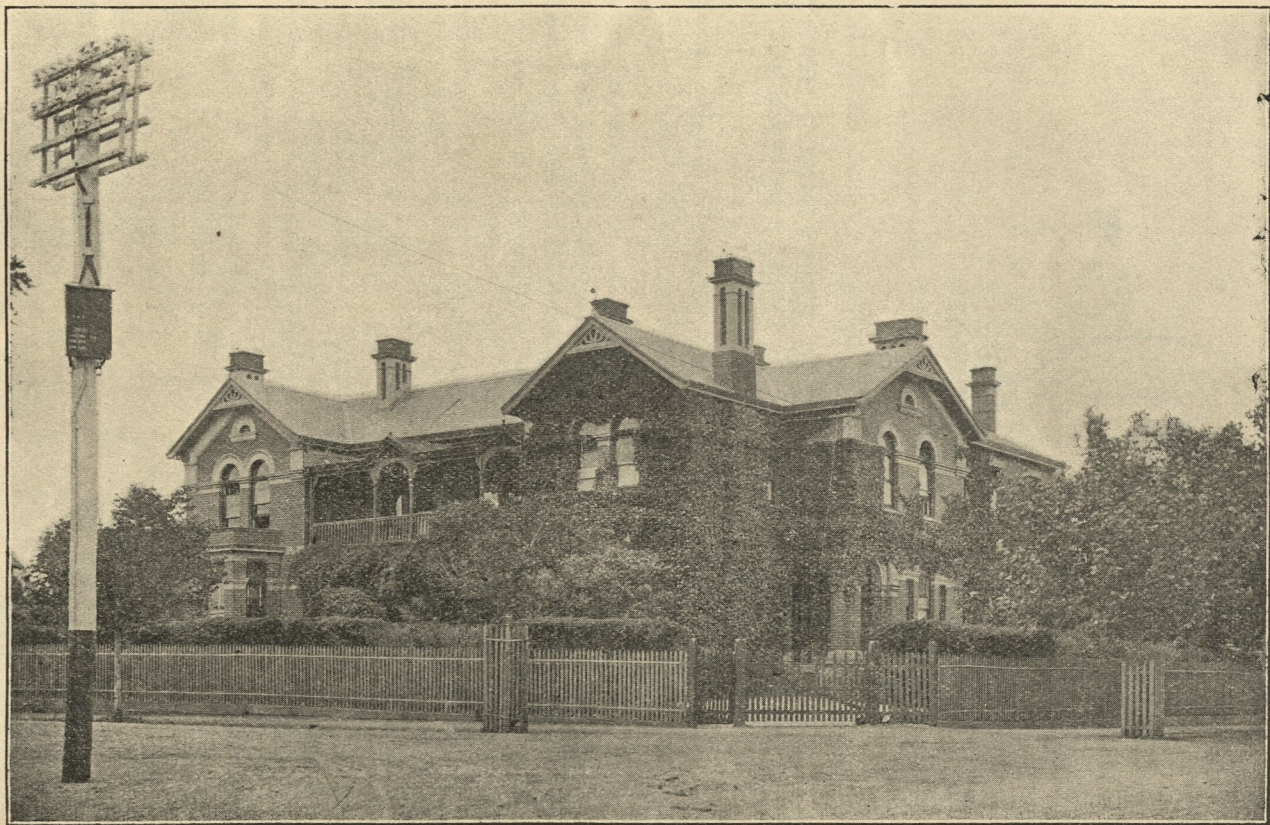
Miss D. Merritt.

Miss A. Todd.

Mrs. L. Vance.

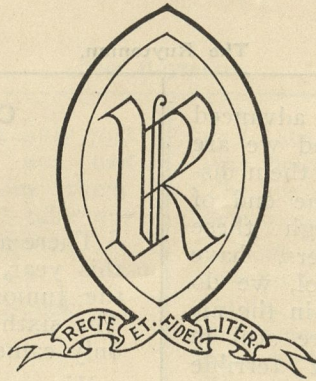
Mrs. Butler Walsh.





"RUYTON."





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JUNE, 1916.

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### SCHOOL COMMITTEES AND OFFICE-BEARERS.

**Prefects.**—Maud Hiscock, Mavis Smith, Anabel Syme, Lalla Whybrow.

**Tennis Captain.**—Lalla Whybrow.

**Basket Ball Captain.**—Helen Elliot.

**Editors of the "Ruytonian."**—Helen Elliot, Dorothy Armstrong.

**Librarians.**—Dorothy Armstrong, Janet Tonge.

**Sports Committee.**—Miss Kendell, Vice-President; Maud Hiscock, Hon. Secretary; Brenda Syme, Hon. Treasurer; Lalla Whybrow, Anabel Syme, Melba Bice, Helen Elliot.

**Dramatic Committee.**—Mavis Smith, hon. secretary; Brenda Syme, Anabel Syme, Lalla Whybrow, Maud Hiscock, Hilary Blake, Helen Elliot.

**Charity and Patriotic Committee.**—Miss Ellis, vice-president; Brenda Syme, hon. secretary; Dorothy Armstrong, hon. trea-

surer; Lalla Whybrow, Anabel Syme, Helen Elliot, Beryl Muller, Kathleen Roberts.

Miss Daniell is President of all these clubs.

### EDITORIAL.

Once again we have begun a new year, which has brought all the changes that a new year usually does. We have only to look round us to note many of them. Old faces are missing, new ones have taken their places; the freshly-painted names of last year's tennis captain and Head of the School are conspicuous on our boards; new teachers have come, old ones have departed; and new prefects hold sway over the rest of the school.

Junior Public is over for some lucky girls, who have passed into the exalted sphere of the Sixth, and are preparing themselves for Senior Public. However, a fresh



lot of "brainy" ones has advanced to the dignity of Vb, and we are looking forward to seeing them distinguish themselves at the end of the year. But although these changes, and many others, have taken place in the School, we do not see many alterations in the affairs of nations. We are still in the throes of the most terrible struggle the world has ever known. The German daschund still barks defiantly at the stubborn British bulldog, while in the east, the surly old Russian bear is advancing, step by step. We hope that the war will have ended before this year is over.

As editorials, when too long, are apt to pall on their readers, we will conclude, wishing our readers all success in the term which has just commenced.

### PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS, 1915.

We wish to congratulate the following girls who have passed Junior Public or have succeeded in passing in four or more subjects:

Those who have passed—

- M. Jamieson.
- A. Holmes.
- M. Hiscock.

Those who passed in five subjects:—

- D. Armstrong.
- A. Syme.
- I. Jones, in four:

### CLASS NOTES.

#### VI.

There are eight girls in the Sixth this year, seven of whom were in the Junior Public form last year. The sixth girl is Isla Dobson, who only came this year.

We are all doing Senior subjects and some of us are doing the one or two Junior subjects in which we unfortunately failed in December.

Four of us are prefects and have a busy time, training the younger girls in the way they should go. impounding books, etc., and extorting fines from reluctant victims and generally looking after things.

Three of us are still in the Tennis IV. and are benefiting by the coaching of Mr. England, who is trying to help us win the Pennant this year and thus reinstate the cup on the diningroom mantelpiece for admiring eyes to gaze upon.

One of our girls is Sports Secretary, another Dramatic Secretary, a third Editor of the "Ruytonian," and the fourth is Tennis Captain, so one may easily say that every committee or club is represented in the Sixth.

The girls are all very interested in patriotic work, and we are all knitting furiously and each girl tries to see who can invent the most interesting pattern of coloured bands in her socks. Some of us have adopted lonely soldiers, to whom we write and send socks



and cigarettes. We have only just started and so we have not had time to get answers from them. We only hope they will take our attentions as they are meant.

A. Syme.  
M. Hiscock.

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Vb.

Dear Editor,—I hope you are not expecting much from us this time as we are working hard for the Terminal Examinations, which begin on the day after we come back from the Easter holidays. We know what a disappointment it will be to you not to have long notes from us, but you must bear up. We will summarise the most important facts.

Janet Tonge has become one of the two librarians, in place of Kitty Snowball.

Helen Elliot is captain of the basket-ball team, but owing to an unfortunate accident to her nose she has been incapacitated for some time.

Our class tennis four consists of Kathleen Tickell (captain), Melba Bice, Helen Elliot, Janet Tonge. Our class colour for all matches is red.

We welcomed two new girls at the beginning of the year—Edith Weir and Lindsay McHaffie, both of whom come from other States.

Our class-room has been changed from sunny upstairs to the darkness of the lower regions.

Miss Bailey took about thirty of

us to see "Twelfth Night." when it was being played at the King's Theatre, and we all enjoyed it very much.

None of us like the prospect of two more term's hard work for the Public Examinations at the end of the year. But we suppose it will have to be done if we wish to get through. Miss Joske is our form-mistress, and takes us for Mathematics and Physiology. Physical Culture is compulsory this year; Miss Rowe is our teacher, and we hope to do good work with her.

We break-up for the Easter holidays in a day or two. "Let us be merry to-day for to-morrow we die," but it is not as bad as that, only holidays before examinations.

Brenda Syme.  
Melba Bice.

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Va.

It seems almost no time since we were in the midst of Christmas holidays and here we are writing class-notes again. Nothing very exciting has taken place this term, for we are all working hard. For two weeks one of our number has honoured the class by getting 100 per cent. for her weekly marks.

One member of our form has been moved up, but we have three new girls to fill her place. One of these, June Joshua, who is a boarder, has had the bad luck to catch tonsillitis and is at present at her own home.



We have all missed her very much and are looking forward to the time when she will return. We have as our class mistress Mdlle. Ellis and under her tuition we are beginning to consider ourselves thorough French scholars, although it is doubtful whether she thinks the same.

Some weeks ago we went with the Senior and Junior Public classes to "Twelfth Night" and very few got home that night for it was well into the morning before we rolled in.

When school began this year we thought ourselves extremely lucky because we were given the open-air class-room. However, we have now changed our opinions, as each morning is getting colder. At last we can have our revenge on the class below our feet because we now give them showers of plaster at a fixed hour every day, i.e. between the first and second bells in the afternoons. As we do not like writing class-notes we are now going to say "Au revoir" until next term.

P. Robinson.

B. Muller.

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#### IVb.

Miss Cousins is our form-mistress. We are now twelve in number as we have one new girl in our ranks. Class IVa are with us for most lessons, but they go down to 4th class for some subjects.

In our class we have a club called the "Eiffel Tower Club," of

which Miss Daniell is President and Miss Cousins Vice-President. Some girls are knitting socks and others are cutting up rags to fill pillows for the Red Cross. Last term we gave a little concert and collected £5 5s. for the Red Cross.

This year we are having compulsory drill. We like it very much. Miss Rowe is teaching us.

Our tennis four consists of Maisie Syme, Dorothy Hiscock, Lynette Tonge, Kathleen Roberts. We have not decided who is to be our captain.

Kathleen Roberts.

Audrey Humphries.

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#### IVa.

At the beginning of the term there were four girls in our form, and now we welcome two more girls to our noisy band, Barbara Ramsden and Hilaria Syme. We are having many ups and downs going downstairs for a few lessons and going upstairs and working with form IVb. Next term we hope to spend our time upstairs, and this will give us a more peaceful life. We are having a tennis four and basket-ball seven with IVb as our class is not large enough to have one of our own.

L. Tonge.

F. Kelly.

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#### IV.

We are all looking forward to the Easter holidays, which will soon be here, but after that we will



have to settle down to a lot of exams. We have four new teachers—Miss Ellis, Miss Bailey, Miss Gawley and Miss Kendell. Most of our class were moved up from IIIa; we hope the others will follow next term. Now we have Geometrical Drawing and Botany, which are very interesting. Miss Bailey is our form-mistress. We are going to have a home-reading examination soon. The girls in our class are going up for a sewing examination also, and special prize is given to the girl who gets 100 per cent. and those who get 75 per cent. get a certificate, so we are all trying to get the 100.

F. Boyes.  
M. Shannon.

### IIIb.

We are all looking forward to Easter holidays, which are coming in a week.

We are growing beans in Nature Study; we put one in red ink and it died. We like climbing the pepper-trees at school, and play house up them.

Our form-mistress is Miss Gawley, and we have had a very happy term.

We enjoyed our Christmas holidays very much.

We are drawing Virginian creeper leaves for drawing. The Giant Stride was broken, but it is going again now. Some of the girls bring their scooters to school and they are going all day long.

Cara Waters.  
Betty Begg.

### IIIa.

This year we have three new girls in our class—Mary Skertchly, Alison Waters and Dorothy Allen.

Now we are moved up into IIIa we are doing much harder work than before, but we have much easier spelling: sometimes we only have "bad," "had," "bed," and words like that. We have a museum in our room and there are lots of pretty things in it. There is a snake wrapped up in a bottle. We have a caterpillar in a wooden box with wire over it. It has a pretty pattern on its back. It is spinning a cocoon and it will have finished it soon. It is so nice to see it spinning.

We have modelling on Tuesday. One day we made a tea-set and some cakes and had a tea party. Miss Kendell was the Lady of the House and invited Miss Brown, Miss Lu and Miss Ussher and Miss Shaw to afternoon tea, and Norma Derham was the maid. They went outside and knocked at the door, and when they came in Miss Kendell said, "How do you do. Come and sit by me. Will you have cake or scone?" It was a very funny tea party. We are going to have the Easter holidays soon.

A. Brown.  
Suzanne Lu.  
Margaret Ussher.

### II.

We have got one new girl this term called Nea Muller. Betty Jones and Marjorie Robertson



have left. Mary Derham is having a party next Saturday, and most of us are going, and some of the other classes. Miss Kendell shows us how to make Humpty-Dumpties in clay, and we make raffia baskets. We like going on the giant-stride. At Easter we have Easter eggs. All the Fourth class were late for prayers because they did not hear the bell.

We are learning stories about gods and goddesses for the exam. at the end of the year. We had a party last year and a Christmas-tree with little silver bells.

Nea Muller.  
Mary Patterson.

#### Kindergarten Notes.

We have some cups and saucers in our doll's house.—(N. Holmes.)

We have a doll's bed and the doll is asleep in it.—(Elizabeth.)

Some children bring flowers to the Kindergarten.—(Eileen.)

We have little chairs to sit on.—(Margaret.)

We have two blackboards, and there are stories on them.—(Marjorie.)

The sky is blue and white today.—(Nancy Goddard.)

We have a calendar that we mark every day.—(Mona.)

We have some pussy cats in our room.—(Sheila.)

I have a bicycle to ride to Kindergarten.—(Geoff.)

I saw the flag.—(Jim.)

I like to make things out of clay.—(Brenda.)

Sometimes I bring books to Kindergarten. and to-day I brought Jumbo.—(Nicholas.)

#### BOARDERS' NOTES.

At the beginning of the year we discovered, to our great disgust, that one of the boarders was to be editor. What chance to escape notes to the poor boarders have with an edition in their very midst?

Although some of our number left last year, twice as many new ones have come to swell our ranks.

We have not had **very** many domestic excitements so far, but we contrive occasionally to hold orgies at the witching hour of mid-night; we also hold amateur concerts (?), consisting mostly of chop-sticks on the piano.

There will be a Shakespearean evening on the 14th of this month in honour of Shakespeare's birthday, at which we will have a short programme and then some dancing.

Unfortunately one of our number fell ill about three weeks ago and has been absent with tonsillitis; we miss her very much as she is of a very lively disposition and also happens to be in the first basketball team. We are looking forward to the time when she will be able to join our secret joys again.

Our resident governesses this year are Miss Bailey and Miss Kendell, who have won the affections of all of us. However, I think these notes are long enough to satisfy any editor, and,

"As there's no more to write,  
We will say good-night."

B. Muller.  
T. Young.



### LIBRARY NOTES.

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At the end of last year we lost Kitty Snowball, who has been librarian for three years, but a good substitute has been procured in the shape of Janet Tonge. We have a good number of members this year; some girls have not joined because they say they have too much work to do, but we don't believe that. The worst part of the business is trying to make the members pay their subscriptions, and many are the solemn promises extorted that it will be "brought to-morrow without fail"; however, only about one girl in ten remembers it.

Once again our thanks are due to Mrs. Todd, who has most kindly presented us with twenty beautiful volumes of the Library of English Literature. These books are an excellent addition to our store, and make a splendid show on the shelves.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," and although the wit in these notes is not very conspicuous, we are sure that all readers will admire their brevity.

The new books are as follows:—

"Anne of the Island".—Montgomery.

"The Tower of London."—Davey.

"More About Pixie."—De Horne Vaizey.

Milton's Poems.

"About Peggy Saville."—De Horne Vaizey.

"Lovey Mary."—Rice.  
 "The Secret Garden."—Burnett.  
 "Pet Marjorie."—Brown.  
 "Guy Fulkes of the Towers."—Green. [ ]  
 "Eothen."—Kinglake.  
 "I will Repay."—Orczy.  
 "Stories from Wagner."—McSpadden. [ ]

D. Armstrong.

J. H. Tonge.

### DRAMATIC NOTES.

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Our Dramatic Club is still flourishing, although we have lost some of our best members on the plea that they now have too much work to do. But the younger ones are gradually filling their places.

Our last entertainment, "Quality Street," which was held in the Parish Hall on Speech Night, was a great success and quite 'up to expectations. Brenda Syme made a sweet Miss Phoebe and did not lose her charm throughout the play. Miss Susan was taken by Helen Elliot, who was just as quaint and sweet as her sister Miss Phoebe. Kitty Snowball as Valentine Brown made a delightful young gentleman full of valour and chivalry. One of the prettiest scenes in the play was Miss Phoebe's school children doing the quaint old-fashioned minuet. They were the pupils of Miss Robson, and did her much credit. Emmie Whybrow as Arthur Wellesley Thomp-



son was decidedly amusing, especially when he tried to instruct Miss Phoebe in the art of applying the "implement."

Much praise and credit is due to Miss Robson, who worked her very hardest to make the play a success.

The girls are now working hard at several plays which are to be acted at School on May 9th, and we all hope that they will be as great a success as our previous entertainment.

Mavis Maud Smith,  
Hon. Sec.

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### CHARITY NOTES.

At the first committee meeting this year it was decided to enlarge the committee and call it the Patriotic and Charity Committee.

Representatives from the Staff Va and IVb were to be elected, bringing the number of the Committee to nine. At a later meeting, when all the members were present, the office-bearers were elected. A. Syme was elected treasurer, and L. Whybrow, secretary.

The Committee undertook the charge of the flower-stall at the Rockingham Bag Fete and made over £2.

B. Syme,  
Hon. Sec.

### SPORTS NOTES.

This year everyone has taken up games with a new enthusiasm, especially basket-ball, although tennis has not been entirely forgotten. Mr. England has kindly offered to coach the First Four, who are very eager to regain the Kaiora Cup in October. So far, only one Pennant match has been played against Stratherne, which we won.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 9th, a Ten Minutes' Tennis Tournament was held on the Studley Park courts. A great many of the younger girls entered and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. A marked improvement was noticed among the Junior girls. The tournament was won by Janet Tonge and Phyllis Muller, after a hard struggle.

Under Miss Kendall, the basket-ball team has shown a steady improvement, and although we were beaten in our first match against Toorak College, we hope to be more successful in the coming matches.

Maud F. Hiscock,  
Hon. Sec.

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### FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED.

A class for First Aid to the Wounded will be begun at Ruyton on the evening of the first Thursday in June. Anyone wishing to join this class should communicate at once with Miss Daniell.



## PRIZE LIST, XMAS, 1915.

**Form I.**—Dux of Form: M. Shaw. Honour Prize: S. Law, A. Brown, S. Buchan, A. Raby, M. Ussher.

**Lower Division.**—Honour Prize: B. Jones, E. Kay, M. Robertson.

**Class Singing** (special).—B. Jones.

**Form II.**—Dux of Form: C. Waters. Honour Prize: E. Begg, N. Dewey, S. Grant, W. Kelly, M. Shannon, A. Patterson, C. Teague. Sewing: N. Dewey. Drawing: C. Waters. Nature Study: E. Begg. Physical Culture (junior): E. Begg. Handwork: K. Smith. Improvement in Handwork: O. Hardy. Dancing (gift of Miss Robson): C. Teague.

**Form IIIa.**—Dux of Form: C. Blake. Honour Prize: F. Boyes, G. Carnegie, B. Hodge, B. Ballantyne. Scripture: G. Carnegie. Drawing: F. Boyes. Sewing: F. Boyes. Nature Study: M. Shannon.

**Form IIIb.**—Dux of Form: S. Macalister. Honour Prize: M. Arnold, V. Alsop, G. Kaines. Scripture: S. Macalister. English Literature (gift of Mr. Geo. Arnold): M. Arnold. Essay (junior): G. Kaines. Class Singing (gift of Miss Rogers): G. Kaines. Sewing: K. Roberts. Drawing: K. Roberts. Home Reading (gift of Mrs. Elliot): M. Arnold. Reading: F. Kelly and K. Roberts equal. Violin: P. Muller.

**Form IV.**—Dux of Form: M. Camm. Honour Prize: A. Humphries, E. Patterson, M. Syme. Scripture: E. Patterson. Home Reading: E. Patterson. Sewing (the gift of Mrs. D. Carnegie): A. Humphries. Drawing: A. Humphries.

**Form IVa.**—Dux of Form: K. Tickell. Honour Prize: M. Alsop, M. Carnegie, E. Whybrow, F. Ussher. Scripture: P. Robinson. Geography: P. Robinson. Home Reading (gift of Mrs. Muller): K. Tickell. Sewing (gift of Mrs. D. Carnegie): F. Ussher. Music (the gift of Miss Sutherland): K. Tickell. Elocution (gift of Miss Mackay): E. Whybrow. Drawing: B. Muller. History: K. Tickell. Tennis (gift of Dr. Begg): M. Carnegie.

**Form IVb.**—Dux of Form: N. Burnip. Honour Prize: E. Elliot, M. Hiscock, L. Blake, J. Tonge, G. Olive. Scripture (gift of Canon Sutton): H. Elliot. Design (gift of Mrs. H. Syme): H. Elliot. Home Reading (gift of Mr. Muller): H. Elliot. Music (gift of Miss Young): J. Tonge.

**Form Vb.**—Dux of Form: M. Jamieson. Honour Prize: D. Armstrong, A. Holmes, M. Smith, A. Syme, D. Webb, L. Whybrow. Design (gift of Mrs. H. Syme): L. Whybrow. Essay (gift of Mrs. H. Syme): B. Syme. Music (gift of Miss Kennedy): D. Armstrong. Class Singing (gift of Miss Rogers): D. Armstrong. French (gift of Madame Liet): M. Jamieson.



Drawing (gift of Miss Hester): H. Blake. Elocution (gift of Miss Robson): M. Smith. Dancing (gift of Mon. Bibron): D. Webb. Physical Culture: V. Carnegie.

**Form VI.**—Dux of School (gift of Miss Lascelles): G. Sutton. Scripture: G. Sutton. Best All Round Girl (gift of Old Ruytonians): K. Snowball. Honour Prize: K. Snowball, M. Hiscock. Essay: M. Hiscock.

### THE BREAKING-UP.

The 32nd annual breaking-up took place in the Parish Hall on Monday evening, the 13th of December. Canon Sutton was in the chair, and the prizes were distributed by Miss Lascelles. Before the prize distribution a short programme was given. Some of the girls of the Dramatic Club gave some scenes from "Quality Street," which had to be somewhat abridged owing to lack of time. The part of the dashing Captain Brown was very well portrayed by Kitty Snowball, and Brenda Syme was well suited to the part of the charming Phoebe Throssel. The two songs, "Till the Boys Come Home" and "Sons of the Fair," were sung. Miss Daniell then read her report for the year, after which Miss Lascelles spoke a few words to the girls. She expressed her pleasure at being invited by Miss Daniell to give away the prizes.

and said how glad she was to be amongst them all once again. She then proceeded with the distribution.

The Dux of the School was Gwynneth Sutton, and the winner of the Old Girls' prize was Kitty Snowball. The Bromby prize was not awarded this year, as there was no girl doing the required subjects.

The Speech Night terminated with the singing of "God Save the King."

### RUYTON STAFF: PAST AND PRESENT.

We wish to welcome Miss Bailey, Miss A. Ellis, Miss E. Gawley, Miss J. Kendell, to the Ruyton Staff. We hope that they will soon become as fond of our school as we are.

We all miss Miss Ackroyd very much, but her place has been taken by Mrs. Thomas, whom we are learning to know and like.

Miss L. Hunt is this year at the University, and Miss Pearson also is giving all her time to her University work.

Miss B. Wingrove, an Old Ruytonian, and also a former teacher of Ruyton, has returned this year to undertake some of the mathematical work.

Mrs. Guest in a letter received recently says she very much hopes that she and Ruby will soon be



able to return to Australia. She is looking forward to seeing all her old friends again.

Miss Fuge has given up teaching and has taken up typewriting. She is living with her mother in East St. Kilda.

Miss M. L. Dunn, an Old Ruytonian and former teacher, has come on the Staff again.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

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#### In loving memory of Mrs. Gubbins.

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The sad news of the death of Mrs. Gubbins, widow of the late Evans Hartopp Gubbins, has been received by the Old Ruytonians with deep and sincere regret. All those girls attending Ruyton when Miss Bromby, Mrs. Gubbins, and Miss Lilian Irving were the Principals will ever preserve in grateful remembrance the goodness of Mrs. Gubbins to them as children. Always a charming, gracious personality, she was particularly so to the new and lonely boarder, whom she adopted and mothered until the timid new-comer recovered her nostalgia and merged with the happy, irresponsible, family school life so quickly engenders.

After making her influence felt for several years in scholastic circles in Melbourne, Mrs. Gubbins, who, by the way, was, with Mrs. Stevens, one of the first two girls to pass the Matriculation Exam-

ination at the local University, went to England to live. She settled in Betchingley, Surrey, where she purchased one of the lovely farm-houses for which this part—veritably called “The Garden of England”—is famed. Shortly afterwards she and Emmie were driving along a narrow, flower-strewn lane, when, at a sharp and awkward angle, they met a motor-van. An ugly rock—almost like a monument—which jutted at this particular point, caught the wheel, overturned the dog-cart and threw out both occupants.

By this accident, which happened some years ago, Mrs. Gubbins' thigh was badly smashed, and for weary months, through which she suffered uncomplainingly, was unable to move. Eventually she recovered sufficiently to get about upon crutches. Those of us who remember so vividly her stately grace and her general activity will understand the tragedy of this misfortune, which more or less affected her until she died.

Her relatives and friends here have reason to believe her end was sudden, and that heart failure was the probable cause of her death. If this was so, those who loved her best—great as was their shock and natural sorrow at the earthly separation—are not unduly grieving. She always wished such an end. She could never quite understand the clause in The Litany, “from sudden death—good Lord deliver us.” Her dread was a long, linger-



ing illness, passing from weakness to weakness. From this, at least, she was mercifully spared.

In her last two letters—one written within a fortnight of her death—she first described a beautiful mild break in the winter weather. So extraordinarily mild

and expectant primroses woke round about, until every nook and corner was carpeted in loveliness. Mrs. Gubbins wrote:—"Emmie has just brought in great armfuls of them." And she was able to sit out and enjoy to the full the spring which beckoned her with the Pro-



Mrs. Gubbins.

was it, indeed, that February waved the wand of April, and seduced with fairy warmth, and touch,

"... the lowest boughs, and  
the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole into  
tiny leaf,"

mise of All Things. But winter returned and jostled so roughly that spring again withdrew in hushed restraint, awaiting her own appointed time.

During these last days Mrs. Gubbins was made happy by the



presence of her children—and grandchildren. Stamer, who is now a colonel in the English Army, fighting somewhere in France, paid a flying visit home from the trenches and spent the night there before returning to duty. May, now Mrs. Elliott, and her family were also living at Bletchingley, her husband having bought the farmhouse from her mother at the time of her accident; while Emmie had ever been her mother's companion and comfort. Frank, however, was far away, as he still lives here in Melbourne.

All Old Ruytonians, while taking this opportunity of recording their most affectionate memory of Mrs. Gubbins, desire also to express to their old companions their heartfelt sympathy in the sad loss they have sustained by the death of such a mother.

We are not ignorant, however, of our dear ones who are asleep, and as the years, laden with the joys and sorrows, inseparable from our earthly life, slip behind us, we realise more and more our existence here is but the prologue, and the dear one, lost to our sight for the time being, is thereby waiting for us in the ineffable Glory prepared for those who love God.

Gwen Serjeant White.

## THE SHAKESPEAREAN EVENING.

One day at the beginning of April the senior classes received the following invitation:—

“Miss Daniell requests the pleasure of the company of Miss Joske and of the members of the Forms VI and Vb to a literary evening in honour of the birthday of Shakespeare, on Friday, April 14th, at 8 p.m.”

The other classes down to IV. also received invitations. The Dramatic Committee drew up a short programme for the first part of the evening. Everything was to be Shakespearean. The evening came, and towards eight o'clock a large party of us (which had increased on the way) presented ourselves at the front door. Before we had time to press the button, a beaming face appeared round the door, and a familiar voice said cheerfully, “Come in!” It was Dorothy, and we all walked in. We left our cloaks in the drawingroom and walked into the diningroom, where we deposited ourselves on large comfortable chairs amongst a merry party of girls and teachers who had already arrived. The back diningroom was curtained off by the new dramatic curtain, and we all had a very great suspicion that a table laden with good things lay behind was afterwards proved to be true. Then Miss Daniell came in and we all stood up to greet her. In a little while, when every-



body had arrived, in the midst of a babble of feminine chatter and laughter, a sweet voice was heard saying that "Emmie Whybrow would now recite." Emmie took her stand near the curtain and recited one of Shakespeare's speeches, and was loudly applauded. The chatter and laughter began again. A short while after the same voice was heard to say that "Merlyn Alsop was to play a pianoforte solo. She played with much expression, which was greatly appreciated. Dorothy Armstrong recited "St. Crispin's Day," and everyone clapped vigorously. The clapping was accompanied by the excited barking of a collie dog from the verandah. Then Margaret Jamieson played a seranata, a very pretty one, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. Muriel Carnegie was the next to recite; she recited a piece from "Julius Caesar." All the girls then sang the duet "In Spring-time," accompanied by Miss Rogers. Dorothy Armstrong played "The Watchman's Song" from MacBeth. The songs "Where the Bee Sucks" and "Sigh no More" were then sung by the girls and Mavis Smith recited. After this short programme, the curtain was rolled up, showing the large supper-table. Intermixed with the clatter of dishes, a faint murmur could be heard at the sight. Some of the girls handed plates of sandwiches and trays of coffee. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the supper, after which the room was cleared for dancing. Miss Rogers

struck up an irresistible two-step, and everybody started dancing vigorously, nearly bringing down some of the beautiful decorations. One very pretty rush-basket of pomegranates had such a bad time that it was moved out of the way of the gay circle of dancers. Before long, the lancers were announced. Two sets were formed, and many of the girls were very disappointed when they saw their parents arriving for them. About half-past ten the National Anthem was played and cheers rent the air for Shakespeare, Miss Daniell and others. Among the company present, we were very glad to welcome Miss Pearson, whom we have not seen since last year. After thanking Miss Daniell for a very enjoyable evening, we put on our cloaks and wended our way home, tired but happy.

Margaret Jamieson.  
Melba Bice.

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#### OLD RUYTONIANS.

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**Kathleen Walsh** has arrived in England, where she has gone to do Red Cross work, after an interesting voyage.

**Retta Hornemann** has passed the 3rd year of her Arts course and is now on the staff at Fintona.

**Gwynneth Sutton** has begun her Arts course at the Melbourne University.

**Beatrice Pym** has another little daughter.



**Frances Hawker** has been married to Mr. R. B. Officer and is living at Errowanbang, Carcoar, New South Wales.

**Kathleen Edwards** has returned to Melbourne from England.

**Marion Niall** has another little son.

**Lily Whybrow**, who has just taken her B.A. degree, has left for England to do Red Cross work.

**Bessie Argyle**, **Esther Gibson** and **Winsome Cowen** are doing Red Cross work at the Rest Home in St. Kilda Road.

**Inez Argyle** has begun her training as a nurse.

**Norma Tatchell** is engaged to be married to Lieutenant Howard St. Clair.

**Minnie Thompson** will be married when her fiance, Mr. Jack Kelleher, returns from the front.

**Isabel Sword** is at present living in Melbourne.

**Elvie Carnegie** has taken up work to prepare herself for a University course.

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#### NEW RUYTONIANS, 1916.

We wish to welcome the following new Ruytonians:—

- D. Allen.
- A. Cook.
- D. Carnegie.
- P. Campbell.
- I. Dobson.
- J. Derham.

- B. De Mole.
- W. Geddes.
- B. Hardy.
- N. Holmes.
- C. Hiskens.
- I. Joshua.
- I. Lovett.
- M. Lovett.
- E. Logan.
- L. McHaffie.
- N. Muller.
- G. McEvoy.
- B. Ramsden.
- N. Ramsbotham.
- H. Syme.
- M. Skertschley.
- J. Shannon.
- A. Waters.
- E. Weir.
- M. Webb.
- T. Young.

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#### EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM KATHLEEN WALSH.

I have just spent the most wonderful three days I have ever spent in my life. First, the Gulf of Suez, with its wonderful coastline, and then the Canal. There are said to be a quarter of a million troops stationed along the Canal, and the lines seemed endless. Leaving Suez at four on Tuesday, we steamed right into the middle of it all. There were miles of trenches, starting from a few feet from the ship and then circling away into the desert. We could see quite plainly how they were made with the sand kept up with a



sort of trellis work of wood and crowned with sandbags. First we saw the Indian regiments, then the English, Australian and New Zealand regiments. The two latter could be distinguished by their coo-ees and kiars, and I think we coo-eed from about 6 o'clock till well into the middle of the night.

Somewhere about the middle of the coast we came to a depot where stores are landed and saw hundreds of Arabs, Nubians and Copts with their camels and mules landing stores from barges. It was such a curious medley and so picturesque with all the different colours against the soft and yellow background of the desert. I noticed several copies of the "coat of many colours." We had two very special treats, one being a biplane, which escorted us for about half an hour after leaving Suez, and the other a seaplane, which was flying about at Port Said.

Port Said harbour is quite full of shipping, one side being entirely lined with French battleships. It was marvellous to see the way the aeronaut brought the seaplane down. He simply took one dive and alighted on the water in the midst of it all. Of course, we all cheered hard.

We have mounted our gun at the stern and had gun practice yesterday morning after lifeboat drill. The first shock was awful and shook the whole ship. It was the same gun the "Malwa" carried when she blew up a submarine the other day. We have captured five

submarines during the last fortnight. We have our lifeboats swung out now and all the lower decks are in pitch darkness, except for the electric light, which is kept on even in the cabins all day. All the ports have thick brown paper over them and are kept shut all the time. It is so interesting passing all the battleships, which we do two or three times a day.

We are due at Marseilles on Monday morning and in London on Monday next. I shall be quite sorry to leave the ship as I am enjoying everything so much.

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### GEOLOGICAL EXCURSION TO HEIDELBERG.

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On Saturday, May 6th, Miss Cousins, Miss Pearson and Miss Bailey took us (Class Va) to Heidelberg "to study nature." We met at the junction at 11.45, and caught the 12.27 train from North Richmond. We were all very glad to see Miss Pearson again, as she is a great favourite. Many of us were wearing the colours of Scotch and Melbourne Grammar, and we were all very "squably" as to which should win the boat race.

We soon arrived at Heidelberg and set out to find sticks for the fire, and, after climbing numerous boulders in the attempt, we succeeded in gathering enough for a fire.

We then turned our attention to



a very ancient punt which had been found under a tree. Several of us got in, and one succeeded in breaking one of the seats. We were nearly "wrecked" twice when the "silly old thing" refused to do anything but dig its nose into the bank, and upset everyone in it.

Soon, however, these "larks" were cut short by Miss Cousins pronouncing the tea was ready, and we all sat down to eat our lunch. Several of us had the good luck to be struck with the idea of having our lunch on a ledge above the others, thus having "pre-eminence" over them, and also being able to cast our "waste scraps" on their heads.

After lunch, we packed our "remains" and belongings and climbed up the cliff once more to leave them at the sweetest old farmhouse, with the sweetest old woman to match. We then set off along the bank to discover meanders and billabongs. We left the river and reached Main Road in order to see a billabong which Miss Bailey knew of. Then we came to the queerest old bridge, with "Biblical inscriptions" on it, and a queerer old toll-keeper on the other side. When we told him who we were and what we had come for, he let us pass in safety. We rambled along the river for a long while, "up hill and down dale," until we came to a flat kind of beach, with a bank of rock. Just beyond some rocks stretched out into the river and "we tired travellers" lay out

full length on it and posed for a photo.

Soon, however, we again began to feel "restless," and we searched further along until we found a nice comfortable log, stretched out into the river, and on this we all sat, dangling our feet in the water. Three of us went further along the bank, but were soon arrested by the coo-ee, which was the call to go back. We made our way back slowly and without adventure, except when one of our number slipped and fell, with no worse result than a ruffled dignity.

When we arrived at the road, we decided to quench our thirst at the quaint little shop by the bridge. Accordingly we each bought a bottle of lemonade, and, sitting on the fence in full view of the road, commenced operations.

Some of us were finished before others, so we took our bottles back to the shop, regained our half-pennys, and with them purchased some sweets. Then we went merrily on our way.

Miss Cousins proposed that we should follow up the track of the dry billabong, so as to see the levee at the end of it. After seeing this, we turned to catch up to the others, when we suddenly came on a most beautiful little pool, surrounded by scrub on all sides. It was only connected to the parent stream by a tiny little creek, which was, however, above the summer level of the river so that the water has been shut in, and is quite green



and stagnant. We stood looking at the lovely little place for some minutes and then we went on through some paddocks, and back to the road. We then went back to our camping place, had a wash in the "cooling stream," and went up to the cottage for our hats and baggage. We then started for the station, and just caught the train.

We said good-bye to Miss Pearson and Miss Cousins at North Richmond, and caught our train home, where we arrived, tired and dirty, but supremely happy.

M. Alsop.

### WAR.

It is really 1916. Only two years ago war was a rumour, then suddenly the world was plunged into all its horrors. For a time enthusiasm warded off shock until those long, deadly casualty lists began to appear, then suddenly the nation was roughly awakened from its trance and the stunned people realised that war was not a thing for singing patriotic songs or to cheer marching soldiers through the crowded streets. No! it was a life and death struggle and every man was needed.

Was England to be treated like little Belgium—trampled underfoot by Demonical German Huns? And was the tradition she has built up for herself for many hundreds of years to be dashed to the ground by a nation whose venomous cruelty has made the whole

world shudder? But England and her far-spreading colonies have fought, bravely and gallantly, for the righteous cause.

To-day Germans are making a desperate effort to reach Calais, and even now our fate hangs in the balance. Our gallant French allies are holding the line at Verdun, and it is said that some of our own Australian soldiers have been sent to their aid.

Very possibly some of these Australian boys have never been out of Australia before. Would it have been possible to believe Fate if she had whispered to one of these, we'll say a Queensland "Jackeroo," that in a year he would be in France, why his wildest dream at that time was a visit to Melbourne or Sydney, and yet it has happened in many cases, and very probably these same boys, who left Australia practically ignorant, will come home with a knowledge of the world, perhaps even speaking French quite fluently, for I'm sure if a chatty Australian (and most Australians like talking) happened to have only French soldiers as neighbours he would much prefer to learn the language than the art of silence.

The day of chivalry is not dead: more deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice have been performed in the last year than the world has even known before, but now it is coupled with a keen sense of humour, which goes further to overcome hardships even than valour.



A letter from the French trenches, where the writer was probably knee-deep in mud and water, reads: "I'm having the time of my life. I wish you could see the glorious things we have here—there are rats in the stews anyway, and I stabbed one with my bayonet last night."

As we sit around our comfortable fireside it is hard to realise what hardships these men are enduring, but how wonderfully they will appreciate the joys and comforts of home on their return.

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### AN IDEA FOR WAR WORKERS.

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When asked by the editresses of the "Ruytonian" to contribute something for the June issue, I racked my brains for a topic in vain, until suddenly I thought of our main war-time occupation in Camperdown—the girls' Red Cross Jumble Depot, commonly known among the inhabitants as the Jumble Shop. This institution has been in existence for the last eight months, and, as it has proved such a success here, I thought the idea worth passing on to other districts, through the medium of the "Ruytonian." Unfortunately, we cannot claim this excellent plan for extracting money from the public as our own. We followed the lead of a neighbouring township, and have in our turn been followed by

one or two others near by. However, we believe we are unique in one respect. Our shop is run by a committee of girls, unassisted by married ladies or business men, and so far we have not made any irreparable blunders, in spite of the gloomy prophesies of several pessimists, who foretold disaster at an early stage of our career.

Our idea is briefly this: We have the use of a small unoccupied shop in the main street (very kindly lent us rent free until the dread day when a tenant arrives). We call for gifts of anything under the sun from generous people of the town and district. These donations we arrange to the best advantage in our limited space, not forgetting to dress the window artistically, and on three days a week we open the doors to the expectant public and sell at local prices, our stock of vegetables, fruit, flowers, eggs, secondhand clothing and furniture, meat, fancy goods, poultry, butter, jams, etc. The proceeds are allotted at the discretion of the committee to the various war funds. Our principal responsibility is the local branch of the Red Cross Society, to whom we allow £15 monthly for the purchase of materials. Our takings up to date—May 1st—are over £400, and our expenses have been less than £10. We are naturally rather pleased at this result, as it surpasses our wildest dreams. We have been nobly supported by everyone, and, of course, could not have kept going for a month but for the kind-



ness of people in keeping up our supply of goods. Fortunately for us, it has been an exceptionally good year for fruit and vegetables, and we have been selling hundreds of pounds a week of apples, plums, quinces, pears, tomatoes, potatoes, onions, etc. Because of our desire to keep down expenses as much as possible, we only possess small scales, and it is rather a back-breaking and dirty job weighing out sacksful of produce a few pounds at a time. We do not want to feel that we are cheating people, so we always sell at shop prices, and there are many real bargains in secondhand things to be had. In fact we are quite a boon to the poor people, and always have more orders for children's boots and clothes than we can fulfil.

At our committee meetings every month, we make out lists, portioning two girls to be in charge every day the shop is open, and also transact any other necessary business. These meetings are, to say the least of it, unique. There are twelve of us altogether, and we all talk at once. The poor chair woman thumps the floor in vain with a walking stick cut from a cinnamon tree on the Sandwich Islands (for sale, price 5/6). After much loud shouting and argument, we somehow arrange matters satisfactorily, and adjourn the meeting. Of course, we are continually having more or less amusing experiences, but we gradually acquire wisdom as time goes on.

The tradespeople are always willing to price our goods for us, and it is no uncommon sight to see a Jumble Shop assistant rushing past to the butcher's with an enormous and only partially wrapped-up joint of meat under her arm. Such sights have lost their novelty for the Camperdown small boy, and he no longer follows us with jeers and laughter. On one occasion, while a duck was being conveyed from the shop to a customer's buggy, it made its escape and rushed squawking down the street, saleswoman, until a kindly passer-by, armed with an open umbrella, closely pursued by the embarrassed effected a capture. Sometimes our stock is very varied indeed; in our time we have sold such very dissimilar articles as sheep dog pups, revolvers, canaries, oil paintings, buggy lamps, parrots, violins, pedigreed roosters, dress shirts—in fact anything and everything that is saleable. A dear old man arrived one day with a concertina which he said he wanted "sent straight to the boys in the trenches." After obliging us with a tune or two, he took his leave. We forwarded his gift to the Lady Mayoress's Patriotic League, suggesting that, if too large for packing to the trenches, it would probably be appreciated in a rest home or hospital.

On the anniversary of the glorious landing of our troops at Gallipoli, we made a special effort for the Returned Soldiers' Fund, quite apart from the shop funds, and



held an Anzac Fair. As the shop was not large enough, we hired a hall for the afternoon and evening. It was quite a small affair, with only four stalls, refreshments, etc., so we were very satisfied with the result, which was £55 net. We mean to keep our shop open until the last gasp. Our chief attraction at present is a beautiful Clydesdale stallion, worth £100, which we are raffling. As he would make things rather crowded, we do not keep him in the shop, but instead have his pedigree pasted in the window.

Lalla Watson.

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### COMPETITION STORY.

M. Jamieson.

The following is a true story taken from one of those countries which, as time goes on, are learning more and more about the Gospel of Christ:—

A little girl about ten years of age had been going for two years to a school started by missionaries who had been there for about three years teaching the natives in that part of the country. The missionaries taught at a great risk of their lives, as the natives were very warlike, and at first would not be interfered with. But, as time went on, they settled down and became more friendly with the natives by the means of the exchange of goods

and after a few months had passed a school was established, and to this school Melita went, very unwillingly at first. But gradually she came to love the lady-missionary who was so kind and good to her, and became very fond of her lessons. Every time she saw the "mother" (as the natives call the lady-missionaries) she would run up to her and persuade her to join in the games which she and her little friends were playing.

Before the missionaries had been there long, Melita and her mother and father and little brother had been made Christian and her name now was Phoebe. But one day, when she came home from school to the little hut where she lived, she suddenly felt ill, and, before she had been long in bed, the "mother" had been called, and it was soon found that Phoebe had the great fever, which, once it started, does not often stop. The mother was heart-broken, for she realised that once a child catches fever there is not much hope of recovery. For many days Phoebe was carefully tended by her mother and her dear friend, the lady missionary. What she seemed to feel most was that her little brother and her father, of whom she was so fond, could not see her; but all through her agony she was calm and happy. She realised that it would be a very long time before she could go back to school and to her friends.

But one morning things seemed quite different to her. She was



sure that she could not live much longer. She called her mother to her, and she, who had known for some time that the end was not far off, comforted her little daughter, and, at her request, sent for the dear "mother." Before many minutes had passed she entered and went over to the little girl's bedside. As soon as she entered the little dark room, lit only by the gleam of sunshine through the small window, she knew that Phoebe could not live more than a few hours longer. For some time she remained by her, stroking her hot head and speaking words of comfort and help to her, but she could not stay for long, as there was other work to attend to, so, saying good-bye very reluctantly to the dying child, she wended her way through the bush to the hut where she and the other missionaries lived.

After about an hour, as she looked out of the open doorway, she saw a figure hurrying towards the hut. Guessing who it was, she beckoned her in. The poor woman, with tears in her eyes, told

the "mother" how her little girl had passed away.

"I was sitting by her side," she said, "trying to make her feel happy, when she said quietly: 'Mother dear, I know that when I die I shall go to Jesus, but—but I don't know the way to get there,' and she began to weep softly. For a moment I did not know what I could say to comfort her, but suddenly I remembered what you had once told us, and I said, 'Do you remember that some time ago "mother" told us to pray to God if we were in trouble?' and so I knelt down by her bedside and prayed to God that my only little girl might be shown the way, and when I arose, feeling sure that my earnest prayer would be answered, I looked at the little face nestling among the blankets, and she was dead," and she stopped as if paralysed. The "mother" saw that the Christian woman's sorrow was immense, but that behind her tears was the look in her eyes that she knew God would protect her child.





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