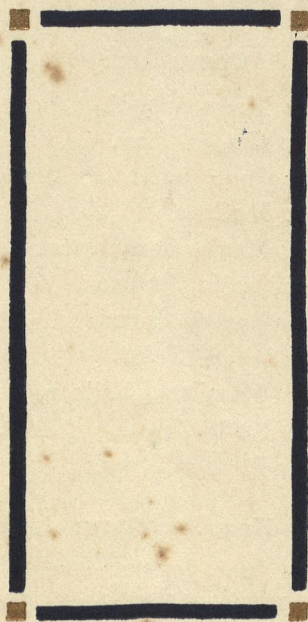


**THEO
RUYTON
DIANO**

RECTE ET FIDELITER.



JUNE, 1924

COMMITTEE AND OFFICE-BEARERS OF OLD
RUYTONIANS' ASSOCIATION FOR 1923-24.

President:

Mrs. O. B. McCutcheon.

Vice-Presidents:

Mrs. David Carnegie.

Mrs. Leslie Vance.

Committee:

Miss Mary Arnold.

Miss Gladys Hay.

Miss June Joshua.

Mrs. McCrae.

Miss Marjorie Shannon.

Miss Jessie Simpson.

Miss Brenda Syme.

Miss Annie Todd.

Mrs. Hamilton Wilson.

Miss N. Walsh.

Miss E. Whybrow.

Hon. Secretary:

Miss June Joshua,

Whernside Avenue, Toorak.

Assistant Hon. Secretary:

Miss Jessie Simpson,

Highbury Grove, Kew.

Hon. Treasurer:

Miss N. Walsh,

Washington Street, Toorak.



THE BOARDERS' HOUSE



JUNE, 1924

OFFICE-BEARERS.

Miss Daniell is President of all the Clubs.

Captains of the School: R. Hiscock, M. Shannon.

Prefects: B. Begg, A. Brown, P. Druce, R. Hiscock, A. Raby, M. Shannon.

Probationers: N. Derham, S. Howell, N. Swinburne.

Tennis Captain: R. Hiscock.

Basket-ball Captain: A. Brown.

Baseball Captain: A. Brown.

Editors of "The Ruytonian": Miss Derham, B. Begg, M. Shannon.

Dramatic Committee: Vice-President, Miss Barnes; Hon. Sec., B. Begg; P. Druce, Z. Dickens, E. Kay, H. McCrae, M. Shannon.

Debating Committee: Vice-President, Miss Derham; Hon. Sec., H. McCrae; B. Begg, M. Shannon.

Librarians: Miss Lancaster, P. Druce.

Charity Committee: Hon. Sec., M. Swinburne, M. Barter, B. Begg, A. Brown, D. Carnegie, D. Dredge, P. Druce, R. Hiscock, S. Howell, E. Kay, H. McCrae, A. Raby, N. Riley, M. Shannon, S. Younger.

Sports Committee: Vice-President, Miss Gawler; Hon. Sec., R. Hiscock, A. Brown, P. Druce, E. Kay, S. Knox-Knight, H. McCrae, A. Raby.

Form Captains: Hon. VI, R. Hiscock and M. Shannon VI, A. Brown; Vc, E. Kay; Vb, N. Riley; Va, V. Vandeleur; IVb, M. Jackson; IVa, M. Hiscock; IV, M. Hedderwick; IIIb, P. Cresswell; IIIa, H. Gunn.

EDITORIAL.

This is Ruyton's forty-sixth year, and she is fast approaching her golden jubilee. It is with pride that we think of her as the second oldest private school in Victoria; and look back over her many victories, in which she has proved herself second to none.

The prospects for this year are good, and we hope to meet with success in all branches of school life. There has been very little alteration in the teams. We have recovered our position in "A" division in Tennis, and look forward to good results both in it and Basket-ball.

The examination classes have grown, the Intermediate Form being particularly large.

So far our activities in charity have not been very wide. On April 29 the Old Girls gave a fete at Ruyton, at which the present girls helped. It proved most successful, in spite of the bad weather, and the sum realised was £236. We also hope to entertain the girls from the Blind Asylum next term.

The Debating Society has again been formed, and we are at present taking a keen interest in the problem of Prohibition.

So far the year has been very successful, and the traditions which our Old Girls have instilled will surely spur us on to make Ruyton's future as glorious as her past.



M. SHANNON,
Captain of the School, 1923.

FORM NOTES.



VI.

"Ye have scribbled," said they; "ye have misspelt and smudged the lot—"

Take your foolish drivell and go
away."

"What would ye more than that
which we have got?"

"News, more news!" they say.

She flung her broken pencil down
the slope,

And tossed her Notes in the grass
behind the trees;

All day long, in a dream untroubled
of hope

She brooded, clasping her knees.

She did not hear the timorous
squeak that came

From the room where singing
pupils sullenly go

To face Miss Ross, and sing with
accents tame—

Voices both high and low.

She saw the April sun on the tennis
court—

Her companions, Reita and Tatty,
their match begin;

She heard their supporters, watch-
ing while they fought,

Calling them on to win.

She saw debate being held in the
VI Form room,

The desks drawn up, and the
faces nervous but keen;

The debating sides and their leaders
conferring with gloom,

The judge on the dais serene.

She watched the girls through
their papers ploughing their
way—

The general knowledge they
knew so little about;

She heard their exclamations of
dismay,

She saw their looks of doubt.

And now it was night. She heard
the dancing feet

Of quaint Shakespearean folk in
the Assembly Hall;

She saw Great Caesar, Hamlet and
Portia sweet,

And sheet-draped Romans tall.

Light to her fuddled brain was
dawning fast;

She rose and picked her Notes
from off the slope—

She wrote. (Inspiration had come
at last)—

Despair gave place to hope.

Vc.

Seeing the Vc editors in dire dis-
tress, I deemed it only canine to
offer my literary abilities and take
the responsibility of writing the
Form Notes into my own paws, as
I think I know as much about them
and their doings as they do.

One day they all arrived at School
in various stages of excitement, and
one damsel, whom I had known to
be a member of the Tennis eight,

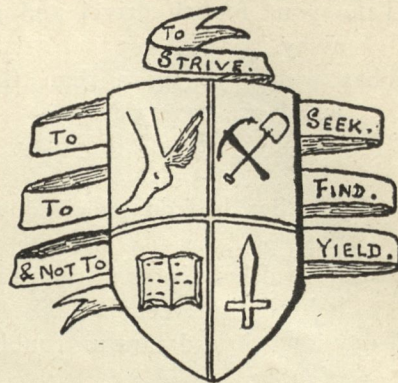
seemed, in an embarrassed fashion, to be trying to escape from the inhuman thumps on the back she was receiving from her class-mates. When the hubbub had ceased I found that the cause of the outrage was that the maiden in question was Mary Derham, who had reached the finals of the Schoolgirls' Championship, and was only beaten in that after a stiff fight. the sets being 6-1, 5-6, 6-4.

On another occasion I was rather surprised at the sight of several Vc-ites walking with slow, long, and level steps (as I once saw a friend walking in his sleep) across the quadrangle. After barking furiously to ascertain the reason, I was relieved to hear that the young women were not really insane, but were practising the "Blues," as they had just learnt that entrancing step on the previous evening.

The thing of the moment seems to be the Shakespearean evening, which is to take place shortly, I hear; and one day while basking in the sun on the door-mat I overheard Miss Derham casting the parts for the scenes Vc are going to take part in from "The Merchant of Venice."

As I never attend matches, I will not dwell on them (I'm sure I get enough "dog fights" of my own), nor have I the time, for, when I made my rash promise, I did not intend to give up all my time to Form Notes.

I'll trot along to the Vc Editors now and see if these are any good.



Vb.

As we have been deputed to write up the "Log," we shall state briefly the incidents of the voyage of our battle-cruiser "Endeavour" from Australia to England, the commander of the whole fleet being Admiral Daniell, and commander on our ship Captain Lancaster.

We set out in fine weather and calm seas, with high hopes of a successful voyage.

When three days out from Fremantle, and when going at 40 knots an hour, Wireless-operator Barter picked up an S.O.S. Locating the approximate position of the distressed vessel, we altered our course.

On approaching the boat, we discovered it to be the "Latinium Grammarium," foundering in the Sea of Neglect. It had a decided list, but the captain declared that if we stood by they would attempt to move the cargo back into place, and then we could tow the ship to a safe harbour.

This accomplished, and we being now 66 deg. N.N.E., we turned west, and again set off on our proposed route.

Before reaching Colombo, we had to pass French Island, surrounded by the dangerous Verbe-irregulier reef. Our flashlight operator, Yencken, was busy all night, in communication with the reef lighthouse. All hands being alert, we at length passed the jagged rocks in safety.

On reaching Colombo, the ship's painters, under the head painter, Dickins, started to work, and soon the ship was again spick and span.

Between Colombo and Cairo the passage was uneventful.

At Cairo the carpenter, Zillman, being fond of skeletons, human remains, and all things connected with Physiology, went off inland, in company with several A.B.'s, and returned in triumph with a green scarab. So excited were they that Zillman banged into Vance on the companion-way, causing the latter to fall and break an arm. Vance has been in Sick Bay ever since.

The "Cook," who was allowed on shore at Port Said, arrived as the last gangway was being drawn up. He was received with cheers by some of the A.B.'s, who had been ordered on to the job "pro tem."

First-Officer Riley, assisted by Midshipman Hill, had some trouble in keeping order, as two or three of the hands were rowdy.

After leaving Port Said, we had reason to suspect enemy aircraft, L.A.Z.I. (Ness Aerodrome), to be hovering near. Searchlight-operator Caldwell put on the light, searching

the heavens, and the aircraft quickly became a speck on the horizon.

At Italy several parties, conducted by Midshipman Caldwell, went on shore, and studied the Art Exhibition from half-past 1 to 3 p.m.

We did not stay long in port, leaving the next day.

When the "Endeavour" was just off the coast of Spain, our torpedo-operator, Houston, on seeing a foreign vessel ("Civics") approach, got all in readiness, and the marines, under their dashing leader, Jones, donned helmets and grasped bayonets; but the ship, on closer observation, proved to be friendly, and passed several miles off, sending a message to say she would probably meet us further on next year.

Captain Henry of the "Hydroplane," with his stout lieutenant, Black, went out investigating several times, when false alarms were raised. On one occasion, the "Hydroplane" was damaged, and had to be overhauled by the engineer, Hiskens. When off the east coast of France, the ship's mascot, Brownie, caused much amusement, which afterwards turned to gloom, by carrying off meat from the safe, the door of which had been carelessly left open, so leaving us short that day.

We were safely guided through the English Channel by Pilot Derham, and arrived here without delay.

We are preparing to compete for handsome trophies, to add to our already large stock (?)

Midshipman Carnegie.

Midshipman Logan.



Va.

Ha! ha! ha! What always sends readers of the Ruytonian to sleep? Other classes' Form Notes. By Jove!—not ours. Ten minutes elapsed (still no brain wave). Oh, this brainy couple! Got it—news at last! We have risen from the ranks of juniors, and are now privileged seniors; we are allowed to walk sedately, like young ladies, around the garden paths. Even now we recline on a garden seat, under a tree on which a kookaburra is perched. He roars with laughter; but do you wonder when he sees two duffers trying to write Form Notes?

Do not be disheartened; ours is not the worst. Oh! those croquet players; they are much more interesting than writing Form Notes,—and our “brains” (?) will not be concentrated.

Our class has grown since last year by three new members; but alas! we shall be losing one of our oldest members shortly.

The tidy members of this Form have papered their desks with time-tables.

You will be surprised to hear that our Form has not won any matches; but the solution is quite simple, as we have not played any!

Writing not being our strong point, as you have, of course, seen all through, we will fare ye well.

V. Vandeleur.
N. Wickham.



“Play the Game”

IVb.

Scene I: A Schoolroom.

(Enter Editor, holding the Amateur Editors by the scruffs of their necks.)

Editor: “You’ll **have** to do your Form Notes now, or you’ll never get them in.”

(Groans from Amateur Editors and exit Editor.)

Scene II: The same.

(The Amateur Editors are discovered seated at desks with moist towels round their heads.)

1st Amateur Editor (mumbling and muttering to herself): “We are in the midst of exams! (No, that won’t do, it’s too stale.)”

2nd Amateur Editor: “We are once more being chased round the

School by Form-Note hunters. (No! that won't do either.)"

(Both Editors groan still more audibly. Enter Editor.)

Editor: "Look here, haven't you finished yet?"

Both Amateur Editors (in chorus): "Finished! Why, we haven't begun yet. You don't take us for steam-engines, do you?"

Editor: "Well, all the other Forms have done theirs, and I don't see why you can't."

1st Amateur Editor: "If you'd only leave us alone we might be able to do something—except that there's nothing to put." (Sarcastically.)

(Exit Editor once more.)

2nd Amateur Editor: "Oh yes, though; we can say that Miss Woodyatt is our new Form mistress, and Margaret Crosthwaite is the only new girl in the Form this year."

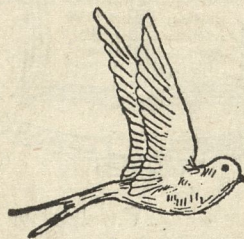
1st Amateur Editor (excitedly): "Yes, and we can say that we have more tennis practices this year, and that we have Miss Gawler for Arithmetic and French now."

(Both Editors begin to scribble hastily. Soon they get up and dash wildly out of the room, waving the papers.)

"I say, we've finished the Form Notes!"

There was a sound of a heavy fall. (The Editor had swooned away!)

Betty Serle.
Janet Cresswell.



I SOAR.

IVa.

This year we are in IVa, but still in the same room. At the end of last term we lost three of our classmates, J. Campbell, Nell Simson Sheila Cate, and we have one new girl, Peggy Hill. We have three new teachers this term, and they are all very nice.

We are getting on better with our tennis, but we don't get as much practice as we would like.

Marjorie Hiscock is our Form Captain, and also our Tennis Captain. She has been away ill for some weeks, and we miss her very much, especially at tennis.

We could write a lot of interesting things about the Fleet and the Garden Fete, but we are asked not to do so.

Good-bye till next term.

Marjorie Hiscock.
Gwen Davy.

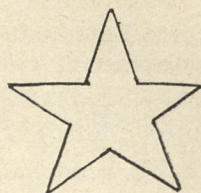


IV.

"Hello!" here we are once more—not at all IIIb, but IV. We have one new girl; her name is Minnie Shain. Miss Jarrett is our Form mistress this year, and I think we all like her very much. We all have desks to ourselves, and we are sharing a room with IVa. There are fifteen girls in our Form. It is growing bigger each year, but we were very sorry to lose Betty Matear. We do not have ink smashes like we had in IIIb. I think we must have grown less clumsy. On our side of the room there are six plant-pots with ferns, and other flowers, too. Whoever gets full marks for their side of the room each week has a picture hanging on their side of the room. Our lockers are in a big light-brown cupboard, which sometimes, we are sorry to say, is very untidy. The Form Captain is Marjorie Hedderwick, and a very good one, too. The exams. are not yet over, but we all wish they were. Our Form Captain gave us a lovely box, and we keep order-forms, chalk and odd pencils and pens in it.

We will have to say good-bye now as the bell has gone.

Marian Worrell.
Marjorie Hedderwick.



"Hitch your Wagon to a Star."

IIIb.

Well, we have plenty of news this term, and hope it will interest you. Joyce is a new girl in our class, and Molly and Verna have come back after being away from Ruyton for some time.

We have started tennis, and hope soon to begin our ladder.

We love hearing about "Dr. Do Little" and his friends, Gip and Chee-Chee and Polynesia.

Nasturtiums are springing up all over our garden. We have planted hyacinth bulbs and sweet peas and carnations.

We are still fond of the "drip."

Peggy is our Form Captain. We have started French this year. Two of the girls in IIIb are boarders.

Lorna Shew.
Peggy Cresswell.



See no evil.
Hear no evil.
Speak no evil.

IIIa.

We have come up from the Kindergarten to the big school, so

now we have a Form Captain. Her name is Helen Gunn, and we were all so sorry when she sprained her ankle. We have missed Cloda and Marjorie very much, too; they have both been ill. We hope Miss Snowball has a lovely time. We all wrote to her before she left, and she sent us a big letter between us. We share a garden with IIIb, and hope to have plenty of flowers in the spring.

A big brown-and-white dog seems to like us very much. He often comes into our schoolroom. Hats seem to be his favourite food!

We are reading "Dr. Do Little," and like it very much.

Mollie Corben.
Helen Gunn.

Kindergarten.

Although David is the smallest in the Kindergarten, he makes the best giant when we play "Jack and the Beanstalk."

The Easter bunny hid the eggs so well this year that even Miss Dreyer could not find them. He did not forget the sick children either.

The dogs come to school not to learn lessons, but to tread on the garden.

Jean Sutherland.

When we went round the garden we saw a lot of bulbs and trees.

Margaret Rylah.

We have two new swings, and we are not to use them yet.

Nancy James.

BOARDERS' NOTES.

We started this term with nine new boarders, so the tail of our "croc." has decidedly lengthened. This term we have been for several picnics. The first Saturday Miss Gawler took us down to Brighton Beach. We have also been to Middle Brighton, Croydon, Mitcham and St. Kilda, and every time we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

In the following you will find most of our names and our chief faults (?):—

- A stands for Ailsa,
a new Tassie-ite.
- B stands for Beth,
who talks day and night.
- C stands for Caldwells,
the dear little twins.
- D stands for Dorothy,
who continually grins.
- E stands for Elephant,
who's so terribly thin.
- F stands for Franck,
who's a terror to swim.
- G stands for Grubb,
who knits jumpers all day.
- H stands for Hope,
which we keep—up till May.
- I stands for Idleness,
which none of us know.
- J stands for Joan,
who is always so slow.
- K stands for Kitty,
who will flick her fingers.
- L stands for Laughter,
which on the balcony lingers.
- M stands for Margaret,
a quiet little mouse.
- N stands for Nell,
always heard in the house.

- O** stands for Order,
we are so keen to keep; and
- P** for the Prefects,
All so good when asleep.
- Q** stands for Quietness,
the rule after ten; and
- R** for the rows
which are usually heard then.
- S** stands for Sylvia—
a runner is she; and
- T** for the Teachers,
so sudden they be;
- U** never can tell
what they'll say exactly.
- V** stands for Verna,
just lately turned ten; and
- W** for Whopper,
who hates our Big Ben.
- X** stands for X-ray,
which Beverley well knows; and
- Y** for the Youngsters
who oft come to blows.
- Z** stands for Zeal,
which the foregoing shows.

B.G.
N.M.

PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

The following are last year's results:—

Completed the Leaving Examination: B. Begg, M. Shannon, C. Teague.

Passed in Two Leaving Subjects: N. Dewey.

Completed the Intermediate Examination: C. Teague, N. Dewey, O. Hardy, A. Brown.

Passed in five Intermediate Subjects: P. Druce, V. Dickins, M. Swinburne.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

This year the Club has increased in numbers, and as we have lost very few of our old members we hope to make our entertainments a success. The Senior Club, under the supervision of Miss O'Keefe, are doing "Daddy Long Legs," which will be given some time in August. Owing to the abundance of orphans the cast is a big one, and we hope our audience will be correspondingly large.

Miss O'Keefe is also training the Junior Dramatic Club, who will give six short plays—"Alexander the Great," "Waiting for the Bus," "The New Paying Guest," "Compromising Martha," "Slippers of Cinderella," and "The Quarrel of the Flowers"—at the beginning of second term.

B. Begg.

DEBATING NOTES.

The Debating Club has 18 members this year. We have held one debate this term, on the question, "Should Australia Have Prohibition?" which was won by the negative side.

"Should England Abolish the Monarchy?" is the subject for the next debate, to be held early in the second term.

"Prohibition."

It was decided by the debating Committee that a debate should be held on Thursday, April 10. The

subject which was chosen was "Should Australia Have Prohibition?" The two sides were as follows:—

Affirmative.—Betty Begg (leader), Isola Younger, Audrey Sutton, Nancy Love, Helen McCrae.

Negative. — Molly Shannon (leader), Alice Raby, Molly Kaines, Prue Hodgman, Moira Macalister.

Owing to the absence of two of the members on the negative side, Reita Hiscock and Evelyn Manners-Sutton took their places.

Miss Daniell presided, and Miss Derham and the other members of the Club were also present. Both sides adopted the method of each speaker taking a point and enlarging upon it.

The affirmative side of the question laid great stress on the fact that drink has a very bad influence on the minds, bodies and education of the children; but the opposing side pointed out that they did not want Australia to be a country of drunkards, but thought that drink, if taken, like any other pleasure, in moderation, could do no harm. It was also laid before those present that Prohibition, if brought into Australia, would lessen the crime in the country and strengthen the physique of the people. However, the opposing side pointed out that it would weaken the strength of will of Australian people to be protected at every turn and they would lose their power of resisting evil.

Those in favour of Prohibition stated that there had been fewer

deaths since Prohibition. The negative side showed the great number of people who would be unemployed if the drink traffic was ended. They thought that drink would be obtained by unlawful means. The negative side pointed out the misery and unemployment, and even riots, that would be brought about by Prohibition; but the affirmative said that banks, churches and factories would take the place of saloons and prisons.

The affirmative maintained that the Government would be relieved from supporting numerous criminals and lunatics under Prohibition; but the opposition stated that the Government would have to pay compensation to the numbers of people thrown out of work, and taxes would have to be raised to make up for loss in freights.

Another point which was discussed was that Prohibition promotes health; but the negative side thought that if a man could not obtain liquor he would take to drugs or something which would be more harmful than drink.

Another strong point of the affirmative side was that drink has broken up more homes than anything else in the world's history; but this was not settled, as the negative side stated that Prohibition has not stopped drinking in America, for instance, but people are smuggling and brewing it for themselves.

Summing up followed directly after the last speaker, there being no time for incidental speaking.

The debate was a very successful one, the sides being very even, but the negative side won the discussion.

It was put to the vote, and decided that this side had most supporters in favour of its arguments.

LIBRARY.

The following books have been added:—"John Chilcote" (K. C. Thurston), "A Man's Man" (Ian Hay), "Dr. Do Little," "The Adventures of Dr. Do Little," Marian Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis," "Pater's Renaissance," "Stories From Dante." The last three were presented to the Reference Library by Miss Derham; "Dr. Do Little" and "The Adventures of Dr. Do Little" to the Junior Library by Mrs. Todd. We take this opportunity of thanking them.

BREAKING-UP.

1923.

The last breaking-up was held in the Recreation Hall on the evening of December 14, 1923. The programme began with a short play, "Between the Soup and the Savoury," acted by Helen McCrae, Isola Younger and Zara Dickins. The Eurythmic class gave an item, including several statuettes.

Two of Chopin's preludes were contributed by Myee Barter, and were very much appreciated.

Miss Daniell, in her Report, mentioned the successful examination results of the previous year, and the progress of Old Ruytonians at the University. The year 1923 was a very successful one in sport, especially in Tennis and Basket-ball.

Other School activities were dealt with, and then, after thanking the Old Girls for their interest and support, Miss Daniell asked Mrs. Harrington Lees to present the prizes.

RUYTONIAN COMPETITIONS.

Two competitions for this issue of "The Ruytonian" were arranged by M. Shannon and B. Begg, who offered prizes for (1) the best Form Notes, and (2) the best original poem.

They have awarded these to Form Vb for their Form Notes, and to Zara Dickins for her poem, "The Nut-Brown Maid."

THE RUYTON FETE.

Towards the end of last year the Old Ruytonians and the present girls decided to club together in making a special effort to raise sufficient funds to put the War Exhibition Fund on a sound financial basis, and to improve the playground. After some debate, we arrived at the conclusion that this effort should take the form of a Fete, to be held at Ruyton. It was decided to devote half the money made to the Exhibition Fund and half to the playground.

It was decided to hold the Fete on the afternoon of Saturday, March 29, from 2.30 o'clock.

Mr. J. G. Latham, K.C., M.H.R., kindly consented to open the Fete. Owing to illness, however, Mr. Latham was unable to be present, but Mrs. Latham came, and, in a very gracious speech, declared the Fete open, and I take this opportunity to thank her on behalf of all the girls. Fortune did not smile upon us in the matter of fine weather, and the day broke cold and rainy. This weather continued steadily all day, so that all arrangements had to be re-cast. The stalls, instead of being in the garden, as originally planned, had to be erected in the Assembly Hall. There were six stalls—the work stall, under the management of Mrs. Handbury; produce, Mrs. Begg; sweets, Mrs. McCrae; cakes, Mrs. Robinson; flowers, Mrs. Ballantyne; and surprise stall, Miss Daniell. In addition was a "ding-dong-dell," most charmingly decorated and managed by Mrs. Hellicar, and a bran pie, arranged by Mrs. Coltman—quite the attractions of the afternoon for the children. The attendance at the Punch-and-Judy show was much depleted owing to the rain. Mrs. McCutcheon and Mrs. Vance, supported by a body of Old and present girls, fed the multitude with great success, and Muriel Carnegie and Emmie Whybrow vended ice-cream.

A fortune-teller was another attraction, and the Blind Institute Band played. We are very much indebted to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Vance, who

took the gate-money and acted as bankers for the afternoon, a very valuable service and one involving much hard work.

As well as those engaged in the organisation of the Fete and the actual selling, we want to thank our many friends who, as always, flocked to our support in the most splendid way, in spite of the miserable day. There were so many familiar faces to be seen that it is difficult to know where to begin to name them all.

The result of the whole effort is that we have to show a balance of £240, all clear, for the afternoon. We consider this excellent. It must not be forgotten that the most strenuous and responsible work of all was undertaken by Mrs. H. Wilson, who acted as Hon. Treasurer for the Fete. We owe Mrs. Wilson a debt of gratitude.

RUYTON FETE BALANCE-SHEET.

Receipts.

Stalls, etc.—

Work	£76	8	6
Sweets	60	3	0½
Refreshments	30	11	8
Produce	18	4	6½
Cakes	13	2	10½
Surprise	11	19	3
Flowers	10	7	0
Dips	8	8	2½
Door	6	3	6
Ice Cream	3	3	4
Fortune-teller	1	8	6

Punch and Judy	1	4	0
Donations	4	2	0
Special Donation for Band (Mrs. McCutcheon)	1	17	6
	<hr/>		
	£247	6	11

Expenditure.

Band	£1	17	6
Fortune-teller	2	2	0
Punch and Judy	2	2	0
Kiosks	£1	0	0
Cartage	1	0	0
	<hr/>		
	2	0	0

Hon. Secretary—			
Printing, Postage, etc.	2	16	9
Paid into Savings Bank	236	8	8
	<hr/>		
	£247	6	11

29/3/24.

Agnes L. McCutcheon.

Donations received from:—Miss Norton Smith, Miss Lascelles, Miss FitzGerald, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Outhwaite, Miss Dunn, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. MacMillan, Miss V. Ronald, Mrs. Bouchier; and other donations, which are included in the different stalls.

WAR EXHIBITION FUND.

With the good help received from the Fete (over £118), the War Exhibition Fund will be on a sound basis, **provided the usual annual subscriptions come in this year and next.** We are so grateful that, in spite of the wet weather, the Fete was such a success.

Balance-Sheet.

Donations were received from:—Miss N. Fitzgerald, Miss Lascelles,

Mrs. Outhwaite, Miss Ronald, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Riley, Miss Snowball, Mrs. Rylah.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following School Magazines:—"Cooee," "The Lauristonian," "The Cluthan," "Girls' Grammar School Notes," "The Mitre."

BASEBALL.

Miss Sutton is coaching the Baseball team this year, in place of Miss Clendinnen, and we would like to thank her very much for all the help she has given us. The team as it stands now is:—E. Kay, 1st base; E. Manners-Sutton, 2nd base; N. Derham, 3rd base; A. Raby, short-stop; M. Derham, long-field; S. Knox-Knight, centre-field; A. Sutton, right-field; R. Hiscock, back-stop; A. Brown, pitcher.

We are still very slow in the field, but the batting is getting a bit stronger.

We have played three pennant matches so far, but have not been successful in any of them. We hope to do much better next term. The results of the matches are:—

Fintona v. Ruyton.—Fintona won, 27—7.

Lauriston v. Ruyton.—Lauriston won, 43—3.

St. Catherine's v. Ruyton.—St. Catherine's won, 38—13.

TENNIS NOTES.

Last year Ruyton was in the "B" division of the Kiara Club, but we managed to win the Cup. We then challenged and defeated Fintona, and thus have won our place again in "A" division. This year four of our Tennis eight entered for the School-girls' Championship at the Lawn Tennis tournament. The second pair succeeded in reaching the fourth round in the doubles.

All the four did well in the singles, especially Mary Derham, who succeeded in reaching the finals v. B. Nankivell, the games being 6-2, 5-6, 6-5. In the second set the games were 5-1 against Mary, but she played a wonderful game, and won the next five games, giving her the set.

We have only played two matches this term. In the first we defeated Lauriston, 43-39, but we lost to Toorak, 38-30. We hope to do better next time.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN EVENING.

A Shakespearean evening was held at School on May 13, to which the staff and senior school were invited. The girls, representing characters from the various plays, were received by Miss Daniell in her study. The guests then made their way to the Assembly Room, where they were entertained by two scenes from Shakespeare, given by the members of Vc and Vb. The first, by Vc, was

the ring scene out of "A Merchant of Venice." The curtain rose, displaying Moira Macalister and Isola Younger as Jessica and Lorenzo, seated on a grassy bank in the moonlight. The other principal parts,



Portia and Bassanio, were taken by B. Grubb and N. Love. Vb then gave the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." The parts of the doctor and gentlewoman were taken by M. Vance and M. Barter, and that of Lady Macbeth by N. Riley. Both plays were a great success.

Keen interest was taken in a quotation competition, which was won by M. Shannon.

The guests then went to supper, after which they danced in the Assembly Room. Among those present were Hamlet, the Prince of Morocco, Malvolio, Nerissa, Bottom, Audrey, Romeo and Juliet, Stephano, Antonio, Orlando.

A TRIP TO MARS.

At last the eventful day came, and we set off on our trip to Mars. We had spent the winter in preparing for our flight, and in studying books on the subject. It was a beautiful spring morning, and in spite of our excitement it was almost with regret that we called "good-bye" as our balloon slowly mounted. As the air became lighter, we ascended more rapidly, and the sea of upturned faces gradually became lost to sight.

When night fell the stars twinkled around us, and several comets and meteors whizzed past, leaving a fiery trail behind them. The days lengthened into weeks, and our eyes soon became accustomed to the wonders of the heavens. Mars gradually became nearer, and finally we alighted near Parliament House. We were immediately surrounded by a curious crowd, who proved just as peculiar to us as we to them. They were a tall, fair-skinned people, most of them very beautiful, and it was evident that they were in a more advanced state of civilisation than ourselves. Men and women alike were very richly dressed. No dull colours were worn, but the general appearance did not prove at all gaudy; our oilskins looked very dull in comparison.

The crowd fell back as a very pompous gentleman, who was evidently the governor, approached. He seemed very courteous, and though we could not understand his language he made known to us, by gestures, that our approach had

been observed and a welcome prepared for us. We were conducted into Parliament House, and though we would have liked to have stayed and examined the wonders there we were whirled to the roof by means of a moving staircase. There a magnificent air-carriage was waiting to carry us to Government House. As we drove through the air, the first thing we noticed was that there were no streets, and that the houses all had flat roofs. This puzzled us for a few days, but we soon observed that the only mode of conduction was by air. The houses had flat roofs, so that the vehicles could land on them, thus when the milkman arrived in the morning he alighted on the roofs of his customers' houses and placed his milk in the lift. The shops had especially large roofs to accommodate all their customers' conveyances.

Perhaps the most curious thing was the water supply. There was an enormous overhead reservoir, which extended all over the country, at a distance of 500 feet from the ground. This accounted for the glorious weather, for though it was made of some composition through which the sun could shine the rain could not penetrate it. Between three and four o'clock every morning officials slid aside, with machinery, the bottom layer of the reservoir, leaving only a layer, with perforated holes, through which the water poured like rain. Thus the gardens were watered and the people's tanks filled without causing any inconvenience. Droughts and

floods were unknown, and agriculture flourished.

The buildings were all beautiful, as everyone was on practically the same social footing, and the people were all very wealthy and happy. Schools especially were magnificent. The scholars attended school only in the morning, and made the journey to and fro on aero-scooters. We were delighted to find that there, at least, there were no domestic troubles, as everything was done by electricity. A machine which fascinated us very much was one which, when set in motion, picked a potato out of a box, peeled it, and threw it into a saucepan on the electric cooker. Near the door of each room was a button, which, when pressed, automatically started machinery which cleaned the room. Cows were milked by machinery, and as all were vegetarians there were no butchers.

One morning after we had been there for about three weeks, the Governor being indisposed, we went for a trip in our own balloon. We were to have met the reservoir officials, who were to show us the reservoir working. Arriving at two o'clock, instead of three, we decided to go for a short sail above it. Over Parliament House was the only gap which provided a connection between the air below the reservoir and that above it. Through this we sailed, but unluckily for us a strong wind prevented us from returning. We were hurled through the atmosphere at a terrific speed, and

finally we came to land in a parachute.

We had not meant to return so soon, and have not ceased regretting that we could bring no souvenirs to prove our tale was true.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

There's an avenue of cherry trees,
All delicately pink;
Their petals on the smiling ground
Are scattered many miles around,
And the birds its nectar drink.

There's waterlilies on the pond,
All gold, and pink, and white;
While thro' the water, clear and cold,
The fishes dart—all red and gold—
And flash in the warm sunlight.

Of twisted trees and tea-rooms quaint,
Of mountains tipped with snow,
Of gaily-painted ladies fair,
With shining coils of coarse, black hair—
These things the travellers know.

Z.K.D.

O Night, spread thy wings and
o'ershadow me;
Comfort my sorrow;
Let me unburden my sad cares on
thee
Until to-morrow.
Enfold my soul with thy great boon
of peace,
And bid this grievous weariness to
cease.

AUTUMN.

Oh, nut-brown fairy-maid, with elfin
locks,
Your brightly-shining eyes and
laughing mouth
Tempt russet-coloured leaves round
you in flocks,
To laugh and swirl to the gay lilt-
ing tune
You play on your reed-pipe—the
pipe that mocks
The music of the goat-musician
Pan.

Fair gifts are showered upon you by
the trees;
They give to you, but from your
sisters take.
The mockery of your laugh captures
the breeze
And sends it, with a pretty swirl
and rush,
Away to Nature's storehouse, there
to seize
For you all Nature's treasured
autumn-blush.

Your frosty nights, your days' warm,
mellow air,
Ripens the purple grapes upon the
vine;
And after Spring's, and Summer's,
tender care,
The fruit hangs rich and luscious
on the boughs,
While thou, Oh Autumn Maid, with
colours rare,
Still paint the glowing landscape
far and near.

Queen of my heart, I hail thee, Elfin
Maid!

I love thee better than thy sisters
all;
And when thy throbbing, glowing
colours fade,
And thy cruel sister, Winter,
takes thy realm,
I'll go with thee, my merry, mock-
ing maid,
And with thee, in thy banishment,
shall dwell!

Z. Dickins.

A GARDEN FIGHT.

A butterfly, with jet-black wings
And spots of gold and brown,
Was swinging on a fuchsia flower
When a storm of leaves blew
down.

They fluttered down and blew about
And hurt her tender wings;
She spread them out and fluttered
off,
But she hit a cross wasp's wings.

He turned around in violent rage,
To think a butterfly
Should touch his very handsome
wings,
And vowed to revenge or die.

He pounced upon the butterfly
With all his strength and might,
And bravely fought she to the last.
Alas! she lost the fight.

The wasp sits on a swinging tree,
And songs of victory sings;
The butterfly lies on the ground
With torn and injured wings.
Nancy Wickham.

NIGHT.

"What are the things that come out
of the night?

Tell me, Baby, with eyes so bright."

"Why, elves that dance at night,
Moonbeams and stars and sunsets
red,

Winds and whispers and twinkles
bright:

All these things come out of the
Night."

Gwen Davy (Form IVa).

MARJORIE'S FAIRY.

As Marjorie swung in the garden
one day

She saw on the lawn at her feet
A dear little fairy with bright golden
hair,

And she cried with delight, "Oh,
how sweet!"

The Fairy looked up with a bright
little smile:

"I'm glad that you think, I'm all
right,

For I am going to a Fairy ball
That the Queen is giving to-
night."

"Oh!" Marjorie cried, "you dear
little thing,

Won't you please tell me your
name?"

"Oh, yes," said the Fairy, "Bluebell,
I am called,

And now you must know why I
came.

I told you that I was going to the
ball,

But I haven't got any nice shoes.
Do you think, my dear, you could
make me some?

Blue is the colour I use."

"Oh!" said Marjorie as she jumped
up,

"Of course, dear Fairy, I will;
The shoes will be blue, to match
your dress—

They'll be left on the window-
sill."

Then, running inside, she started to
make

Some shoes for her Fairy friend.
Quickly she sewed the pretty blue
silk,

And very soon got to the end.

Oh! thank you, dear Marjorie,"
cried Fairy Bluebell;

"Now, what would you like me to
do?"

"Oh, I'm going for a ride in my
fairy coach,

And I think I will take you, too."

Marjorie was saying "Oh yes, please
do,"

When she opened her eyes with
a scream,

For mother was bending over her
chair,

And she found it was only a
dream!

Betty Serle.

SOLITUDE.

Down through the wood runs a sil-
very brook,
Where the rivulet ripples at play;
Here you may find me, alone with a
book,
In the shade of the ferns all day.
The sun shines out on this shady
scene,
Then the moon rises, smiling,
serene.

Meg McWilliam.

TO NATURE.

Down through the tree-ferns run
the creeks,
On to the meadows far and wide;
Far off are seen the mountain peaks,
Each by the sunset's colours dyed.

The creeks runs onward to the sea
To meet the mighty ocean's swell;
Singing their songs so merrily,
Through many a shady woodland
dell.

I wished, as I sat by the creek,
That I might never leave this
glade;
But stay here all my life, and seek
The beauty that great God has
made.

Audrey Sutton.

THE SEA'S MESSAGE.

I was standing on the sea beach
Looking out towards the sea,
Which seemed to call and reach its
arms,
And a message tell to me.

The wind was playing with the
waves
Which lapped about my feet,
And seemed to whisper in the caves
A message very sweet.

The message that the sea sent
Is this (it seemed to me),
That those are always more content
Whose life is pure and free.

BRITAIN.

Mistress of the seas! Ruler of the
world!
What country boasts a navy great
as thine?
Britain! Why, just that name and
flag unfurl'd
Awakes a love of all that's great
and fine!

Thy might is great as 'twas in days
of old,
When the names of Nelson, Fro-
bisher and Blake
Woke fear in many a heart; and
Drake, so bold,
Shattered the Armada and made
the Spaniards quake.

MARJORIE'S DOLL.

Marjorie woke up with a feeling
of joy because it was her birthday.
Beside her bed was a large brown
card-board box, tied up with string.
Marjorie sprang out of bed and got
the precious box. She took off the
lid, and there, lying beneath the
folds of tissue paper, was a most
beautiful china doll with black hair
and a pink silk dress, with frills on

it. Marjorie was beside herself with joy, and when her parents came to wish her many happy returns of the day she could do nothing but hug them. After breakfast Marjorie went over to her friend's home to show her the doll. The little girl, whose name was Pat Bolder, simply loved the doll. "What shall I call it?" said Marjorie when the greetings were over. Pat suggested many names, but none seemed to suit it. At last Pat said "Lily," and Marjorie agreed. Marjorie asked her little friend to tea, and, as Marjorie's house and grounds were big, they decided to play ball. It was Pat's turn to hit, so she took up the racket and gave an extra hard hit.

Crash! The ball flew over their heads and into the nursery window. Marjorie and Pat looked horrified, and hurried off to see what damage was done.

Marjorie had left her doll on the table, and when she reached the nursery she saw Lily, smashed and broken, lying on the floor. As for Pat, she was frightened, and when Mrs. Brown tried to comfort her she cried. Marjorie showed no pity for Pat, and said angry words to her, and she went home sorrowfully. Next day a letter arrived for Marjorie, and when she opened it she found a card with these words, "Put love before anger.—From a Friend." Marjorie felt sorry, and she went to Pat's house and asked forgiveness. After that Pat and Marjorie were firm friends. As they were playing together a parcel arrived, addressed to Marjorie, and in it she found a

doll, the same as Lily, and a card bearing these words, "From a Friend."

Jessie Ready (age 12).

THE JOYS OF COMPOSING.

Behold her single in the field,
Yon solitary Ruyton lass;
Sighing and muttering to herself—
Don't stop, just gently pass.
Alone she writes, but writes in
vain,
And grows quite melancholy
with the strain.
Oh hasten! for the school re-
sounds
And echoes the composer's
sounds.

Will no one tell me what she writes?
Perhaps the halting verses tell
Of well-remembered school-room
fights—
Or of the hated bell.
Or is it some more lofty lay?
The oak tree on an autumn day;
Some little chat that caused her
pain—
Let's hope it won't occur again.

Whate'er the theme the maiden sang,
It seemed she could not find an
ending;
I saw her groaning at her work,
And o'er the paper bending.
I left her motionless and still,
And as I mounted up the hill
Her groaning in my ears I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

IF I WERE A JOLLY TAR.

I'd like to be a jolly tar,
 And sail across the seas,
 To many foreign lands afar,
 Born by the gentle breeze.

I'd learn to call out "Heave-ho,
 boys!"
 And get a reeling gait,
 And all the sailor's little ways
 I'd try to cultivate.

I'd climb aloft and watch the folk
 Swarming beneath like bees;
 But upon my word 'twould be no
 joke
 To scrub the decks on my knees.

I'd learn to knot and coil the rope
 If I spent my life on the briny;
 But it is not me they'll send, I hope,
 To make the brasswork shiny.

I'd have a brow, all hard and tanned,
 Beneath my sailor's cap;
 But I'd like to feel my feet on land
 If there were a mishap.

In time of war I'd fire a gun,
 And be just awfully brave—
 Not even one of the hoary Hun
 Would escape a watery grave.

But if the Hun wore bayonets wide,
 And were burly, big men, too,
 I think I'd run away and hide
 In safety—wouldn't you?

THE NEWS BOY.

I'm just a little news boy,
 Selling papers in the street;
 I'm just a little news boy
 With hardened, grubby feet.

My clothes are all in tatters,
 And my face is never clean;
 But I scarcely think that matters
 In the places I have been.

Folks shake their heads because I'm
 thin.

My feet sometimes get scratched,
 But still I keep a cheerful grin,
 Although my clothes are patched.

Oh! I'm just a grubby news boy,
 Selling papers night and day;
 But though a grubby news boy now
 I might be rich, some day.

THE WOODLAND GLADE.

(A Xmas Poem.)

Right in the heart of the woodland
 glade
 Is a dear little path that the fairies
 have made;
 Green is the grass that grows round
 about
 And blue are the bluebells that are
 just out.

This is the place where I love to sit,
 In the shade of the trees where but-
 terflies flit;
 Green trees there are that border the
 path,
 Fresh with the dew from their morn-
 ing bath.

Often I sit and dream in the shade
 Of the green spreading trees that
 Nature has made;
 And all the time she watches o'er me
 From her queenly seat in the chest-
 nut tree.

And this is the message I bear to
 you,
 For a Happy Xmas, and New Year
 too,
 And may you find some joy in your
 heart
 As beautiful as that cool Woodland
 Park.

M. Gregson (Form IVb).

HOWLERS.

Venison is from horse.
 Corn-beef is from sheep.
 The shortest day in the year is
 Eight Hours day.
 The feminine of monk is monkey.
 The feminine of bachelor is
 widow.
 An aviator has 100 legs.
 R.I.P.: Return if possible.
 R.I.P.: Rex Im Perial.
 A man cannot marry his widow's
 niece because he is her uncle and he
 would be much older.
 "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is by
 Mary Pickford.
 "Pilgrim's Progress" is by John
 Pilgrim.
 A man can marry his widow's
 niece because they would be very
 distant relations.
 The horns of a cow are inside the
 ears. A cow's horns are its ears.

"A CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE IS WORTH AN AGE WITHOUT A NAME."

And so it is. To live one hour of
 glorious fighting in tense, keen
 excitement is far, far better than to
 live a long, simple and obscure life.

Perhaps this wonderful thought
 has been the motto of many great
 men. Take Wolfe for an example.
 There he was waiting in America for
 the arrival of another great general
 who was to help him conquer the
 key to Canada, Quebec. Waiting,
 waiting—waiting so long that the
 bleak, cold American winter set in.
 Equipments were poor, food scanty,
 and, worst of all, fever broke out.
 Surely, then, the inspiration came to
 Wolfe and his men: "We will climb
 the heights! We will conquer! We
 will cover our nation with glory, for
 "a crowded hour of glorious life is
 worth an age without a name."

And it is right. Many of the gal-
 lant soldiers, including Wolfe,
 cheerfully gave their lives to their
 country on this occasion; but Bri-
 tain in return had given them their
 chance to have their glorious hour.

The same applies to the Australian
 men and boys, who at Gallipoli made
 the world ring with their praises,
 and made the Mother Country proud
 of "Aussie," her youngest son.

Now let us turn to Nelson. When
 England sent her last piteous appeal
 to him, beseeching him to defend
 her shores against Napoleon, some-
 thing told his always-gallant heart
 that he would never return, never

again to see the chalk-white cliffs of Dover that he loved so well. Yet he did go in spite of these warnings of Fate, for perhaps she told him, too, that he would have his "glorious hour."

"A glorious hour!"

What would that really be, I wonder? The great poet who inspired many with these words must have known himself, or he would not have put it exactly as he did.

An hour of real life, of great life, of exhilarating adventure, for a great cause, are experiences which cannot be experienced by a coward. Only the noble, true, gallant-hearted heroes can really know exactly what a glorious hour is.

Surely the motto of many has been "A crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

Surely the ambition of all should be to soar higher and higher until we reach our "glorious hour."

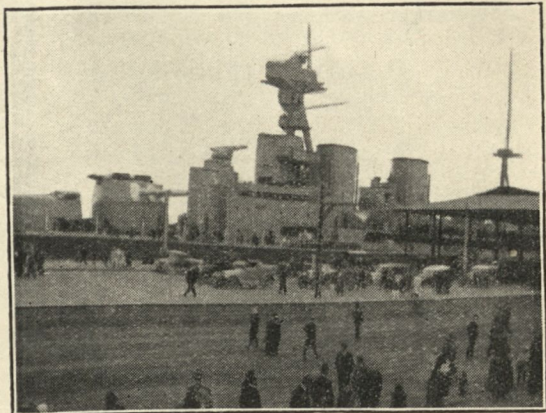
THE VISIT OF THE FLEET.

The April sun dispersing the morning mist, the stern, grey battle-ships bound into the sight of the eager watchers on the shore. All eyes were riveted on the cruisers of the Special Service Squadron which reached Melbourne on March 17, 1924.

One by one they passed the heads, and the "rip"—which tosses the Tasmanian steamers with scorn as if they were mere playthings—was so awed by these great monsters of the

deep that it seemed to bow its crest and honour Britain's safeguards.

Once past the Heads, they were immediately surrounded by yachts and bay steamers crowded with patriotic souls straining for their first glimpse.



For the rest of the week all Melbourne flocked to see these floating leviathans; all going with different objects—some interested with their mechanism, others on their records; many shore lassies (I fear) merely went to find amorous sailors on board. None of these were disappointed, but young and old came away satisfied with all they saw, and fired with patriotism.

For the officers and men alike the week was overflowing with festivities, balls, garden-parties, theatres, etc., and bitterly - disillusionised middies found themselves surveying civilised ways and customs instead of being greeted by a war-whoop and a shower of boomerangs.

In spite of the inquisitive numbers who surrounded them daily, the men on duty never tired of showing items of interest and pointing out the wonders of their ships, and as they told their tale their beaming faces showed their pride in being sailors, and British sailors, too!

STAFF: PAST AND PRESENT.

Miss Bessie Woodyatt has joined the Ruyton staff.

Miss Affleck, who was to take charge of the Kindergarten, was prevented from doing so by illness. Her place was taken by Mrs. Foster.

Miss Kitty Snowball left in February for a trip to England.

Miss Ross has joined the Ruyton staff for class singing.

Mrs. Barlow has formed an art class at Ruyton again.

Miss Jarrett has been away with a bad throat. We are glad to say she is much better.

Miss Gawler has joined the Ruyton Resident Staff this year.

Miss Meredith Sutton has taken Miss Clendinnen's place as Baseball coach.

Miss Clendinnen was married early this year.

Miss Naomi Christian, who coached the Basket-ball seven so successfully for several years, is engaged to be married.

Miss K. Armstrong left in December for a flying visit to England.

Miss Kemp has quite recovered from her recent operation.

Miss Ackroyd is, as usual, abroad.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS.

University News.

F. Price has passed the 3rd year of her Arts course.

M. Davies has passed the 1st year of her Arts course.

E. Druce has passed the 1st year of her Law course.

G. Kaines has passed the 1st year of her Medical course.

M. Shannon has begun the 1st year of her Science course.

Marriages.

In December, Esther Gibson was married at St. John's Church, Toorak, to Mr. Robert Henry Stopford Law.

On April 10 Winsome Cowen was married to Mr. Henry Bayly at Holy Trinity, Kew. They will be in Melbourne till June, when they go to Federated Malay States.

On April 29 Veda Carnegie was married to Mr. Ronald Peck, of Holy Trinity, Kew. Her present address is Glen Street, Hawthorn.

In February Janet Tonge was married at St. Alban's, Toorak, to Mr. James Daniel Webster. They are now at Rosedale, Gippsland.

Helen Elliot is engaged to be married to Mr. Vincent Woods.

Mary Bromley (Watkins) has been down from N.S.W. for a visit to Melbourne.

Kitty Snowball has arrived in England.

Mabel Daniell is still abroad in Italy, but returns to England in June.

Mabel Martin, who left Australia about eighteen months ago for a trip abroad, is still in England.

Anabel Guttridge has a little daughter.

Lily Wilson (Oxenbould) has made a good recovery from her recent operation.

Audrey Humphries has left for a visit to England, where she intends to study singing.

Margie Ussher is much stronger now, and is able to take up some of her work again.

Minna Johnson, who has been trained as a deaconess in Sydney, is returning to Melbourne. She will be head of St. Hilda's Training Home for Missionaries and Deaconesses.

Jessie Vance has retired from the Hon. Secretaryship of the O.R.A. after seven years of service. This is a great loss to the Association, as Mrs. Vance's work was always done with so much care and accuracy, and her experience and tact were so valuable that it will be hard to fill her place. For the last year **Jessie Simpson** had rendered great services to the Association as Assistant Hon. Secretary, and, we are glad to say, will continue to act with our new Hon. Secretary, **June Joshua**. Mrs. Vance is now one of our Vice-Presidents.

Lily Burnett is in St. Luke's Private Hospital, Sydney, where she has undergone a serious operation. She is making a good recovery.

Dora Smith (Ramsden) has gone to South Australia to live.

Winnie Fulford (Austin) has been over in Melbourne on a holiday.

Anna Stevenson is still abroad. **Berta** has gone to London to join her.

May Castles (Hindley) has just recovered from a serious operation.

Annie and **Mary Hunter** have just returned from a trip to New Zealand.

Caroline Goldie (Hunter) is still in a private hospital undergoing treatment.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM GWEN CARNEGIE.

"We are having a perfectly wonderful time. We were two months in America, and I simply love the country, but the people on the whole are not very nice. The Grand Canyon impressed me more, I think, than the Niagara Falls, but they are both wonderful. London, I think, is fascinating, with its curling, narrow streets, and there is always something interesting round the corner, if only a street organ. The people are much nicer here, and the bus conductors, though they rarely stop, encourage you as you race madly up the street, and help you on with a pleased smile. The Tower, I think, is the most interesting place in London. I could almost see the two princes being carried down the secret staircase in the Bloody Tower; and, glancing back at the grim pile when coming home, I could almost hear the dreaded words, 'To the Tower! To the Tower!'"

