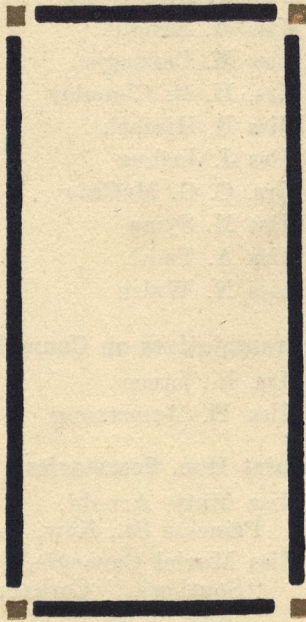


Oberham

**THE
RUYTON
IAN**

REGTE ET FIDELITER.



DECEMBER, 1931

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RUYTONIANS' ASSOCIATION
FOR 1931-32**

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THE BOARDERS' HOUSE



DECEMBER, 1931

OFFICE-BEARERS:

Miss Daniell is President of all Committees.

Captains of School: D. Bayly, G. Wickham.

Prefects: D. Bayly, G. Wickham, B. Green, J. Percy, L. Scott, M. Shew.

Editors of "The Ruytonian": Miss Derham, D. Bayly, G. Wickham.

Editorial Committee: C. Duncan, J. Percy, L. Shew.

Form Captains—Form VI: J. Percy. Form Vc, G. Brown. Form Vb, B. Summons. Form Va: J. Hay. Form IVb: B. Hume. Form IVa: M. Tucker. Form IV: B. Lewis. Form IIIb: A. Spode. Form IIIa: C. Rodwell.

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Bromby House—Head: Miss Bayne. Vice-Head: Miss Embery. Captain: D. Bayly. Vice-Captain: C. Duncan.

Daniell House—Head: Miss Harris. Vice-Head: Miss Barber. Captain: J. Rymer. Vice-Captain: J. Williams.

Lascelles House—Head: Miss Powell. Vice-Head: Miss Rossiter. Captain: G. Wickham. Vice-Captain: J. Percy.

General Committee: Miss Kemp; General Secretary, G. Wickham; D. Bayly, G. Brown, D. Buchan, C. Duncan, B. Green, E. Hay, J. Percy, J. Rymer, L. Scott, M. Shew, S. Summons, J. Williams.

Sports Committee—Sports Mistress: Miss Rossiter. Secretary: D. Bayly. G. Brown, D. Buchan, B. Green, M. Rylah, S. Summons, G. Wickham, J. Williams.

Librarians: Miss Barber, D. Buchan, E. Hay.

Seamen's Mission—Secretary: L. Scott.

Baseball Captain: S. Summons.

Basket-ball Captain: G. Brown.

Hockey Captain: S. Summons.

Tennis Captain: D. Buchan.



In all phases of life is found a striving after perfection, very seldom reached, perhaps, but offering to those living the hum-drum existence of every-day life an idea to mould life on, a goal to strive for.

Probably the presence of this phantom Grail is felt most strongly in school life. In the lower forms we looked up to the "Big Girls" as the ideals of perfection, but as we developed we found that the ideal was not found so much in the material or personal, but in something spiritual, rather a mental conception than an outward form. Most of us possess in our secret souls a very magnified and glorified picture of ourselves, but it is this very picture that in difficult times makes us take the hard part, rise above the personal, and prevents us from out-raging that "sporting spirit" which is the first and most valuable gift of a school to its members.

The disillusionment of life is repeatedly being promised to aspiring youth, when school days are over, by pessimistic and experienced elders, but the school of to-day has generally seen by then that its member's wagon is so firmly hitched to the chosen star that, though disillusionment does come, it is a phase

that passes, leaving a feeling that though the world may not be conquered, it is the ambition to do so rather than the conquering that matters.

Democracy to-day does not ask for enrolments—it demands them. It challenges those leaving the schools to show what they're worth. Equality and freedom may be described as the ruling forces in Australia, and yet modern times of depression and financial difficulties are doing their best to crush them out of existence, to debase self-respect, to lower the nation's manhood and place in its stead a bitter fatalism. To combat this has become the heritage of the rising generation, and from the keen interest, ideas and ambitions which a democratic school life has given them, we may feel confident that the superhuman will be achieved.

But besides this task it lies with the members of the schools to perform something bigger still; to give, not merely assistance to those who cannot help themselves, but to offer personal help and sympathy, so that the nation is built up, not of mendicants and benefactors, but "good companions."

"AUSTRALASIAN" STORY COMPETITION.

In the recent story competition arranged by the "Australasian," entries were received from all the Australian States and from New Zealand. A Ruyton girl, Catherine Duncan, was successful in winning the first prize in the senior section

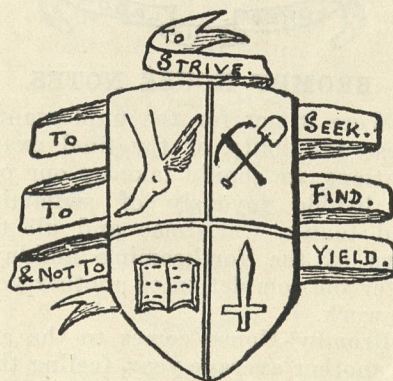


CATHERINE DUNCAN

for a story entitled "Ships." Catherine has thus won great distinction for herself and honour for her school.

The story will shortly be published by the "Australasian."

We heartily congratulate Catherine and hope that this is an augury of even better things to come.



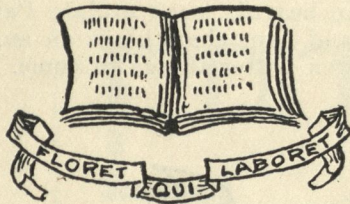
ANDERSON HOUSE NOTES.

This term the girls of Anderson House have had to work very hard to try and win the Hunter Memorial Prize, as we were rather far behind in the points at the end of last term. Certainly the girls have tried really hard to catch up the points we need.

In sports we have done quite well, winning all the matches we have played this term. Last term we came a draw with Bromby in the basketball.

Last term we sent quite a large parcel of woollen clothing, which the girls had made, to the Arms of Jesus Babies' Home.

We wish all the girls doing Public Examinations good luck, and we hope that everyone will have a very good holiday.



BROMBY HOUSE NOTES.

Were it not for the unpleasantly close proximity of the final examinations, we should take up our pen to babble joyously of swimming and tennis, Christmas and all the joys of the forthcoming holidays, after the completion of another year of work.

Bromby House comes to the end of another average year, feeling that there are still plenty of possibilities for improvement, and yet with the comfortable assurance that in the press and hustle of school activities she has held her own.

During the middle term we turned our activities into charitable and successful channels, and many and charming were the knitted garments sent to the Montague Kindergarten; while W. Forbes passed with honours in Grade V Theory, B. Bernadou obtained her colours for House service, and C. Duncan succeeded in obtaining a prize in the Shakespeare Society's Annual Examination held in August.

In the field of sport we have not been entirely unsuccessful. To Daniell House we reluctantly ceded first place in both Swimming and Athletic Sports after a stiff fight, and to that House we offer our heartiest congratulations on their well-deserved victories. In baseball

our only success was in the match against Lascelles House; basket-ball resulted in a draw with Anderson and in tennis we held second place.

We have been, as usual, well represented in the Va room after 3.30 in the afternoons, and we send up our customary prayer that next year will be a scene of general reformation.

Our thanks are due to our new Head and Vice-Head for the help and encouragement they have given us throughout the long struggle for the Cock House Cup and the Hunter Memorial, which we still have high hopes of winning.

And now to return to our first theme—the examinations. To the girls of Bromby House and to all the representatives from other Houses we wish the best of luck, and afterwards—the jolliest of holidays.



LASCELLES HOUSE NOTES.

Spring this year has come to many of the senior girls of Lascelles as a time of work and preparation for the final exams.

In the middle term, as usual, knitting became the order of the day,

and we were able to send forty little garments to the Darling Babies' Home. Miss Powell and some of the girls visited the Home and found the babies very fascinating. We also sent a parcel to a family in the Mallee, with the younger members of which some of us have since been corresponding. We intend sending another parcel at Christmas time.

The results of our basket-ball matches were unfortunately not very good this year. Daniell defeated us 23 goals to 9, Bromby defeated us 30 goals to 9, and Anderson defeated us 14 goals to 4. However, our team is improving, so we feel hopeful of greater success next year.

In baseball, too, we did not do very well. Daniell defeated Lascelles 34—18 runs. In our match against Bromby we were defeated, 24—17 runs, and Anderson also defeated us, 29—14 runs.

However, both our junior and our senior tennis teams have proved strong since we have not, so far, lost a match. In the senior matches Lascelles defeated Anderson 16 games to 15. Lascelles defeated Daniell 20 games to 17.

The junior team defeated Anderson 23 games to 18, and also defeated Daniell 22 games to 13.

Several Lascelles girls were successful in the University music exams. in September. D. Rylah and M. Whitehead passed in Grade III Practical; L. Shew in Grade I Practical. In Grade III Theory M. Whitehead passed with honours and L. Shew with credit. L. Scott obtained honours in Grade IV Theory.

We would like to thank Miss Powell and Miss Rossiter, as well as the office-bearers, for the splendid work they have done for the House.

To those girls who are leaving us, and to the others who are sitting for exams., we wish the best of luck and success for the future.



DANIELL HOUSE NOTES.

As the year draws to an end we can see more clearly where our successes and our failures lie. We were sorry to lose our Captain, V. Henderson, at the end of the last term. J. Rymer has taken her place and J. Williams has been elected Vice-Captain. We were also sorry to lose L. Ricketson, who was a very keen member of the House.

We were not very successful at basket-ball this year, only winning one match, but we wish to congratulate Anderson and Bromby on winning the Cup.

In baseball, which has improved this term, we have been more successful, having beaten both Bromby and Lascelles; but still having Anderson to play.



THE PREFECTS.

Back Row (Left to Right)—M. Shew, G. Wickham, D. Bayly, J. Percy.
Front Row—B. Green, L. Scott.

Our tennis needs a great deal of improvement. Our juniors beat Anderson and Bromby, but were defeated by Lascelles, and so far our seniors have not been very successful.

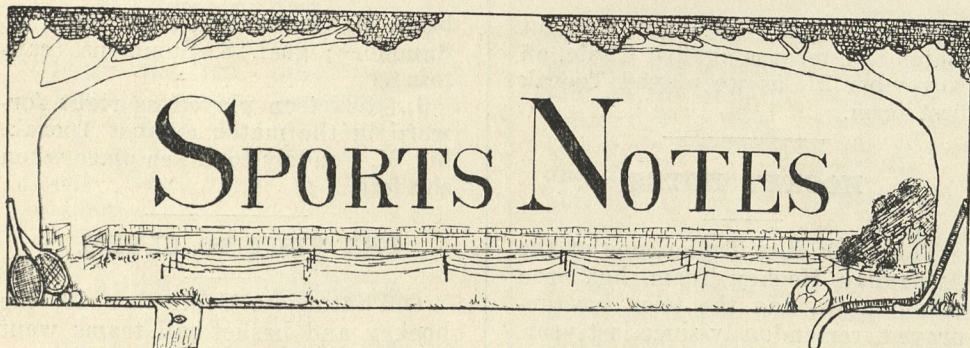
We wish the girls sitting for Public Exams. the best of luck, and hope, too, that our girls in other forms will do well in their term exams.

We wish to congratulate K. Royce and B. Roche on doing so well in their music exams., and also M. Wenmoth, M. Gunnensen and E.

Adams on obtaining their colours at the end of first term.

ARMISTICE DAY.

This year Melbourne enjoyed beautiful sunshine for Armistice Day. Services were held all over the Empire to commemorate the signing of Peace and the end of the suffering and turmoil of war; and to pay homage to the heroes of the battlefields. The School assembled on the side lawn and remained silent for the two minutes, between the shrill whistles.



TENNIS NOTES.

Last term Ruyton sent five representatives to play in the School-girl Championships of Victoria. In the first round D. Buchan was defeated by Shelford, M. Rylah was defeated by M.L.C., S. Summons was defeated by P.L.C. and B. Summons was defeated by St. Andrew's.

In the doubles D. Buchan and M. Rylah won from Huntingtower, but were defeated by Lauriston. S. Summons and B. Green were defeated by P.L.C.

This term Mr. Wilson has taken over the duties of coach, and under his tuition the team has shown a marked improvement. Practice matches have been played against other schools in preparation for our annual match against Clyde, which has been arranged for Saturday, November 21.

BASKET-BALL NOTES.

We were very sorry to lose H. Brown (captain) and B. James from the basket-ball team this year. The

girls who have taken their places are B. Bernadou and J. Williams. The places have been altered slightly and under Miss Kendall's patient coaching the team has improved considerably.

The team is as follows:—B. Green (goal back), M. Rylah (goal forward), B. Bernadou (attack wing), G. Brown (centre), J. Williams (defence wing), S. Summons (defence forward), E. Hay (defence back).

On August 8 Toorak came to Ruyton and after a hard-fought game Toorak defeated Ruyton, 17—15 goals.

On September 26 we went to Clyde. We had a very interesting match, and the result was Ruyton defeated Clyde, 23—22.

BASEBALL NOTES.

This term we have lost only one girl, L. Ricketson, but her place has not been filled yet. Miss Kendall is again coaching the team.

On November 9 we played a practice match against Tintern, but we

were defeated. Our only pennant match this term is against Clyde, on November 21, as we played Toorak first term.

HOCKEY NOTES.

This year Miss Taylor, one of the Australian Hockey Team, has been coaching us, and the team has improved tremendously since last year, although we haven't managed to win any of our matches yet. On Saturday, August 8, the hockey and basket-ball teams went down to Frankston to play our pennant matches against Toorak, but we didn't succeed in defeating them in either of the matches. They defeated us in the hockey, 3 goals to 1.

On Saturday, September 28, we went to Clyde, where we won at basket-ball, but were defeated, 8 goals to 1, in the hockey.

We played several practice matches last term, and although we learnt a great deal, we didn't win any of them. We hope to start next year and win all our matches.

We have been very fortunate in having the Trinity oval for most of our practices. There were a few changes in the team this year, as six girls of last year's team left at the end of last year or during this year. The team as it now stands is: Left wing, E. Adams; left forward, G. Brown; Centre forward, J. Williams; Right forward, M. Condely; right wing, M. Rylah; left half-back, D. Rylah; centre half-back, M. Wenmoth; right half-back, J. Allen; left

back, M. Gunnensen; right back, B. Summons; goal, S. Summons (captain).

L. Ricketson played as right forward in the match against Toorak, but M. Condely took her place when she left.

THE VISIT TO CLYDE.

On Saturday, September 28, the hockey and basket-ball teams went to Clyde. The hockey match was played before lunch, and, although the team played well, Clyde defeated us 8 goals to 1. After lunch the basket-ball match was played. It was a very exciting match, as both teams were even until a few minutes before the bell, when we managed to get another goal and won the match, 22 goals to 21. The second teams then played their match, which resulted in a win for Clyde.

After afternoon tea we started for home, arriving in Melbourne about 6.45 p.m. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Clyde for a most enjoyable day.

UNIVERSITY MUSIC EXAMINATION.

The following girls were successful:—

Practical Examination.

Grade 2—S. Summons (credit).
Grade 3—D. Rylah, M. Whitehead.

Theoretical Examination.

Grade 3—K. Royce (credit), M. Whitehead (honours).
Grade 5—W. Forbes (honours).

CONCERTS.

Since the last issue two very enjoyable concerts have been held. Many of both the senior and junior music pupils played, and competitions were given by the music teachers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We desire to thank the following Schools for sending us their magazines: Frensham, Tintern C.E.G.G.S., Carey G.S., C.E.G.G.S. (Geelong), Warwick, C.E.G.G.S. (Melbourne); Korowa.

GENERAL COMMITTEE NOTES.

As the third term charity money collected by the Houses is not yet complete, it is impossible to show a balance-sheet for the year. But we are expecting approximately £2/10/-, which, when added to the £6 from the School Concert, and £6/7/7 from House Charities of the first two terms, makes approximately £15/10/-. This money was allocated by the Committee in the following manner:—

Children's Hospital	£5	10	0
Burnley Free Kinder- garten	5	0	0
J.R.C. Almoner	1	1	0
Blind Institute	1	1	0
Ramoth Home	1	1	0
Holiday Home, Blackburn	1	1	0
Kew Unemployed	0	10	0

A Christmas party is being given to the children of the Kew unemployed, and a parcel of toys is being sent to the children as well as the money. Egg days were held again this year for the Victoria Hospital and the Women's Hospital. We were also able to send 9/- to the Women's Hospital from the sale of Empire Day flags. The junior boarders had a concert amongst themselves, and thus raised 6/8, which was included in the contribution to the Children's Hospital.

This year the Houses made a special effort to knit garments for the poor, and for babies' homes. Anderson House sent 40 garments to the Arms of Jesus Babies' Home; Bromby and Daniell Houses each sent approximately 20 garments to the Montague Kindergarten and the Blackburn Home respectively; and Lascelles House sent 40 garments to the Darling Babies' Home. Also, Daniell and Lascelles Houses have each adopted a Mallee family, to which letters are written and parcels of clothing and books are sent.

The Branch of the Seamen's Mission held a sweets day on May 12, thus raising £2/16/-, which was sent to the Mission.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The library seems to have been particularly popular this term in spite of the fact that summer is beginning and the exams. are drawing near. So far this year over 360 books have been borrowed.

The new books added to the library this term are:—

Senior.—"The Days Before Yesterday," "The Vanished Poms of Yesterday," and "Here, There and Everywhere," by Lord Frederic Hamilton; "On Forsyte 'Change" and "Plays," by John Galsworthy; "The Romantic Prince," "Bardelys the Magnificent," by Rafael Sabatini; "Ultima Thule," by Henry H. Richardson; "Helen," by Georgette Heyer; "The Heart of London," by H. V. Morton; "The Exile," by Mary Johnston; "Chantemerle," by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor.

Junior.—"Just So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling; "The Story of Princess Elizabeth," by Anne Ring; "Pollyanna," by Eleanor Porter; "Johnny Bear," "Old Silver Grizzle," and "Lobo," by Ernest Thompson Seton.



GUIDE NOTES.

During the September holidays about twelve of us went to camp at Yarra Junction. We all had a lovely time, and want to thank Miss Leslie, Miss Williams and Miss Harding for the excellent time we had.

We have had a very successful year. All our recruits have been enrolled this term. We wish to congratulate M. Whitehead and V. Pitt, who have won their second-class

badges. We also congratulate D. Rylah, I. Tymms, G. Pitt, L. Bayly, who have gained their service stars.

The following badges have been won:—

Cook.—S. Summons, D. Rylah, G. Brown, B. Summons, S. Richardson.

Ambulance.—S. Summons, B. Summons, D. MacGruer, D. Rylah.

Sick Nurse.—M. Rylah.

Musician.—S. Summons.

Sportswoman.—D. MacGruer, D. Rylah, S. Richardson.

Child Nurse.—S. Summons, M. Rylah, G. Brown, B. Summons, D. Rylah, D. MacGruer.

We were sorry to lose S. Summons, M. Rylah and M. Ashburner this term; they have leave of absence owing to Public Examinations.

D. Rylah is Acting Patrol Leader for the Kookaburras in M. Rylah's absence.

On September 26 there was a Divisional Picnic at Studley Park, but unfortunately our company was only represented by a few girls owing to the Clyde match.

We have eight girls working for the first-class badge and the rest of our company are doing their second class.

The points for the year are as follows:—Robins, 429; Blue Wrens, 413; Kookaburras, 291.

SEAMEN'S MISSION NOTES.

Last term we were very fortunate in having the Chaplain of the Mission, the Rev. F. L. Oliver, to visit us. He gave us a very interest-

ing lantern lecture, during which we saw pictures of the Mission and the work it does. On June 28 and October 25 we went to the Spencer Street Branch to give the men tea. We had a very enjoyable time on each occasion and quite a large number of men were present. Several parcels of papers have been sent down this year, and we hope to be able to send a large parcel of Christmas gifts before the end of the term.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

This year a concert was held in the Recreation Hall on August 24 instead of the usual play given by the Dramatic Club at the end of second term.

The Dramatic Society presented two short plays by A. A. Milne, "The Princess and the Wood-cutter" and "Wurzel-Flummery," which were produced by Miss Smythe. Items consisting of physical exercises, and eurythmic movements were given by the Senior and Junior Drill Classes. Two items by junior girls were given by the Junior Eurythmic Class and two members of the Junior Dancing Class.

THE TRIP TO YALLOURN.

On Tuesday, August 25, we went on a trip to Yallourn. After a long journey in a special train, also containing parties of girls from many other schools, we descended from

our carriage near the open cut, or place where the seam of coal in the ground has been uncovered and is being dug out. As electricity supplies the motive power for all trucks, dredges and other machinery used, we saw everywhere lines of posts painted bright orange-pink, showing that they carry electric wires. There were also many notices warning us of electric wires.

Standing on a rough road we looked over the open cut. A great pit, hundreds of yards long, and nearly as wide, sloped towards the bottom of the cliff on whose top we stood, in two or three giant steps. Along the edge of each step ran a small electric railway, made, so we learned, so that the whole thing could be moved at once; this moving is done by a contrivance consisting of an electric locomotive drawing a heavy framework on flanged wheels which are arranged to move the rails.

Along the edge of each step moves a truck holding a revolving endless chain of buckets, which scrape coal from the face of the cliff, and drop it into trucks which stand beneath the arm holding the buckets. These trucks take the coal, in its raw state, to huge storage bins.

The huge concrete storage bins, raised above the ground, are V-shaped, though with no bottom; instead, one side is a little short at the bottom and the other bends, forming a shelf underneath the first side. The trucks from the open cut discharge their loads from above.

Running along rails underneath this are trollies, each holding a large revolving plough or scoop, which pushes the coal off the shelf on to an endless belt, taking it wherever it is wanted.

At one point on the belt's journey is a large metal thing like a shoe, the toe pointing in the direction from which the belt is travelling, and raised a few inches above the belt. This pushes off the large lumps of coal, which then fall into a pit, where they are crushed, and a small belt, as a tributary to a river, brings this coal back to the main belt further on. After following up all of this we went on.

Entering a large building, we found ourselves in a huge room, occupying the whole ground floor, with pillars every few feet. It was extremely hot, and we were not surprised to learn that the furnaces were just overhead, or to notice that men with hoses were constantly watering the floor and walls.

Moving to a corner of this room we ascended a flight of steps, and were soon all standing on a metal floor covered with metal studs. We looked about us; to our right was the ladder by which we had just reached this floor; in front was a narrow path between two long rows of tall furnaces; from these, showers of sparks constantly dropped. Close beside us, and also above us, were various dials for registering and controlling everything to do with each furnace.

We now passed through great double doors into a forest of large

pipes, with narrow lanes in between; it was extremely hot and noisy. Crossing the room, we saw the huge dynamos which generate the electricity.

Standing on the verandah, we looked into the large glass-walled control room, seeming full of coloured lights and dials, a few machines recording on paper the output of dynamos and other machines. From this room every process is checked.

When we first saw the garden, we noticed beyond it a large metal framework, something like the skeleton of a house, which was filled with pieces of machinery, which, we were told, were transformers. From the transformers the electricity is taken to Yarraville, and thence to Melbourne, by the transmission lines.

We now left the factory and returned to the railway to wait for the train. When it came, all the parties were taken to Yallourn proper, the township, all very new and prosperous, which we passed through on the way to the briquetting factory.

On arriving at the factory we were first shown the tallest chimney in the southern hemisphere. Then we saw the trucks of coal coming from the open cut. They run up a long slope to the top of a high tower, where they discharge their loads and descend. From this tower the coal is conveyed to the factory.

Raw coal is 63 per cent. moisture; for briquettes 90 per cent. of this is removed, and the coal pounded into a fine powder, which is com-

pressed into briquettes. Inside the factory we saw the ponderous rams moving slowly backwards and forwards in oil, pressing the dust into shape. From one side of each machine comes a string of briquettes.

The briquettes pass along grooves through the wall of the factory and across a large yard to a railway siding, where the grooves slope upwards and end abruptly over trucks, into which the briquettes fall.

Here we saw several varieties of briquettes, including the household ones, which we all know, and industrial ones, shaped like the figure eight with the ends flattened.

As we waited for the train to start on the journey home, we saw truckfuls of briquettes standing in the station.

Altogether we had a most enjoyable day, and I am sure we all wish to thank the railway and Yalourn officials for facilitating matters, and Miss Bayne and Miss Powell for so kindly taking us.

—M.B.

MODERN POETRY.

The Nineties—spider waists and belltoppers, and England sleeping in the sunshine of Victorian calm and respectability; and because there was no great national crisis or endeavour to stir men's higher emotions, poetry, too, lay dormant, lazily self-satisfied.

This was a time of cliques—the Rhymer's Club—the naughty little

poets who wrote in defence of the shameful in an endeavour to shock the public. Perhaps they shocked Tennyson; the public did not mind very much.

Yet such men as Hardy, Bridges and Kipling had already gained a deserved fame. Surely while these men were writing, poetry could not lie entirely undisturbed? But Hardy, with his affinity to the classics, and Bridges, with his experiments in metre and rhyme, did not belong to the literary schools of the Victorians any more than to the extreme modernist section of to-day. Kipling wrote in the large hand of Imperialism, capturing England's lighter fancy with his "Barrack Room Ballads."

These, then, were the predecessors of modern poetry. It is difficult to determine exactly the date when what we term "modern poetry" came into existence. Not on the death of Victoria. Between that and its birth there lay a gap of years bridged by the writings of John Davidson, Stephen Phillips, and the verses of those two charming women, "Michael Field." But it was not until John Masefield wrote his mighty poem, "The Everlasting Mercy," that the doors of public indifference were broken down and a host of young poets, bearing modern poetry on their shoulders, flooded into recognition.

Came Rupert Brooke, the acknowledged leader of the Cambridge intellectuals, and the writer of such exquisite poems as "Day That I Have Loved" and "The Voice"; Walter de la Mare, touch-

ing words with his fairy wand of imagery, singing of the poignant sadness of transient things and yet rejoicing in the loveliness of the present; Flecker, swarthy and morose, exiled by health in the East, and yet finding beauty and mystery in its oblique smile; D. H. Lawrence, the crushing force of his pen commanding awe, excluding all disciples; and John Masefield, the leader of the band, yet with all the isolation of his beloved sea.

There were also the groups: Lascelles Abercrombie and George Bottomley, aloofly on the outskirts, rather critical of their lesser contemporaries, immensely interested in the theories and technicalities of the trade. Such women as Charlotte Mew and Anna Wickham; Anna Wickham, rather self-centred and absorbed in her own spiritual emotions; Charlotte Mew, spending most of her life in sordid Bloomsbury, placing all her longings for the outdoors in her songs and giving us woodland mystery and charm. And Ralph Hodgson and Gerald Gould, who sought to find and express the divine.

In 1914 came the war. In the first flush of patriotism and courage Rupert Brooke wrote "The Soldier" and "The Dead." A few months later there were a few feet of earth in the island of Seyros "that is forever England."

With the turbulent seas of tumult ebbing round her shores, England came to desire quieter poetry—memories of her calm fields and countryside, and Drinkwater wrote of the Midlands and Greatham.

"I sing of peace who have known
the large unrest
Of men bewildered in their
travelling,
And I have known the bridal
earth unblest
By the brigades of spring."

While J. C. Squire and Wilfred Gibson gave voice to the lament that was the cry of so many sad hearts in those dark days.

But war did not end in six months or a year, or two years, and as the weary months dragged on, bitterness and disillusionment sprang into life under the pen of many a soldier. Siegfried Sassoon, feeling the injustice of it all, taunts those left behind with the unknown misery:

"You smug-faced crowds with
kindling eye
Who cheer when soldier lads
march by,
Sneak home and pray you'll
never know
The hell where youth and
laughter go."

And Robert Nichols, Robert Graves and Herbert Reade in his poem, "The Scene of War," stripped war of its deceptions with the inspired pen of despair. Others felt the tragedy of that insane welter, and Julian Grenfell and Wilfred Owen sought to find an answer to the riddle of the Front.

Then came peace, not smoothing out all the troubles and miseries of the war, but offering fresh problems of its own. Men who have

viewed life in its nakedness do not easily take it up again with the trappings of civilisation. A restlessness hovered over England and made itself evident in the country's life. Music adopted new sounds and mediums; machinery tightened its iron grasp; science revealed itself in new and startling phases, and poetry assumed a rhythm and appearance that forced critics to adopt an entirely fresh viewpoint.

Post-war civilisation faced life with a new creed, a wider knowledge and a passion for realities. From the desire to commit their thoughts and emotions, naked and unadorned, to paper, has arisen a new school of poets known as the Imagists or Impressionists. Especially is this evident in America. Here an age of machinery lends itself to materialistic treatment, offering fresh problems of expression. Men have found beauty in the skyscraper, romance in the side-walks and poetry in the gutters. They endeavour to paint their picture not only by the images of words, but by their arrangement. The description of a sunset does not depend on how many "reds," "blues" and "golds" that can be crammed into a verse, but by the very placing of these words the poet indicates the form of a bank of rose cloud, the faint, drifting gossamer of a strip of purple vapour.

One of the most outstanding translators of the Modern Outlook is T. S. Elliot. This American has read extensively and believes that a poet's work should be "an

epitome of the past which is also a précis of the present." A splendid illustration of this belief is to be found in T. S. Elliot's version of Goldsmith's song:

"When lovely woman stoops to
folly,
And finds too late that men
betray,
What charm can soothe her
melancholy?
What art can wash her tears
away?

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every
eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is—to
die."

And this is how Elliott writes it:

"When lovely lady stoops to folly
and
Paces round the room alone,
She smoothes her hair with auto-
matic hand,
And puts a record on the
gramophone."

Here is the verbal expression of the restless spirit of today, created by a fusion of the past and present.

There have been many exponents of the "vers libre," another American, Ezra Pound, being one of the most prominent. One of the numbers of young writers who have discovered that life is not "roses, roses all the way," Mr. Pound, is a prolific writer, and has poured much that is valuable and beautiful

into modern treasuries of verse; yet when we are offered something like this example, included in his collection of "Poems," we begin to doubt the claims that modern poetry lays to our interest:

"Papyrus:
 Spring
 Too long
 Gongula

This is the sort of effusion that is making it difficult for the better free verse to live. And for all its shortcomings, its long, unknown words, its obscure meaning and complex philosophy, there is some very fine free verse being written—poems such as those of Kile Crook, James Daly and H. Bonar, which can be included in a collection of the best verse of the year.

Two Irish poets who have slipped on to the book-shelves of well-loved books are W. B. Yeats and Padriac Colum. They write with the golden ink of the undiscovered witchery of Ireland, steeped in its quaint folk lore. Absorbed in their own small world, they have not influenced the development of poetry very much, but many of their poems have found their way into the coveted, secret hearts of its readers.

The three Sitwells fought bravely against the tendency to drift back to the old, peaceful groove after the war, and have produced some very fine verse; while, unknown and unrewarded, Mary Webb, in Shropshire, wrote for very love of it of the ecstatic pain in beauty.

It was Emerson who wrote, "The Experience of each age requires a new confession, and the world is always waiting for its poet." It is these poets of our country who are brutalising verse in an effort to make it human. They have formed new weapons of caustic witticisms to stir that mysterious monster, the Public, to a realisation of its weaknesses. They slap, cajole or simply ignore it, and entirely disregard the fact that it probably prefers to be spiritually uplifted in its rare moments of leisure, than mentally probed. It has been said that a genius never originates his own material. Here, then, is an abounding wealth of fresh ideas and forms awaiting the refining touch of a man who will give it reality, life and meaning. The poetry of to-day is in an adolescent stage. It is an interrogative and its answer lies in to-morrow.

C.V.D.

CHARLOTTE MEW—A FAIRY POET.

On November 15, 1870, Charlotte Mew was born in the heart of Bloomsbury, and attendant at her christening was a fairy from the far-away moorlands, who gave her the gift of poesy and a great love for Mother Earth.

Sensitive and moodily temperamental, the buffetings of Fate turned her into a woman who lived almost entirely introspectively, bitterly resenting any infringement on her reserve, difficult to make

friends with and yet giving to those she loved loyalty and witty comradeship.

While still young, her father, an architect, died, leaving her mother, her sister and herself in straitened circumstances. It was not until 1916, after her first volume of poems had been published, that she received, through the efforts of Thomas Hardy, Walter de la Mare and John Masefield, who recognised her as one of the great poets of modern times, a Civil List Pension of £75 a year, which at least banished the shadow of the wolf from the door. Charlotte Mew might then have commenced a fairly happy and productive life had not the death of first her mother, and then her sister, dealt her a crushing blow from which she really never recovered. She died by her own hand on March 24, 1928, in a nursing home.

Charlotte Mew is a poet of the soil, feeling and expressing the bond between herself and it in many of her poems, and perhaps most clearly in the tender little poem of fulfilled desire, "Moorland Night."

"My heart is against the grass and
the sweet earth; it has gone
still at last.

It does not want to beat any
more,

And why should it beat?

This is the end of the journey;
The Thing is found."

Most of her earlier poems, and a good many of her later ones, show an almost passionate interest in

death and disaster, both spiritual and physical; yet some, too, escape the bounds of reality, coming to us as though touched with something like pixie fear and goblin witchery.

"The Changeling" is like a breath of cold, black magic, holding in its lines all the fairy-taleish delights of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," with an undercurrent of resigned despair.

"Black and chill are their nights
on the wold;

And they live so long and they
feel no pain:

I shall grow up, but never grow
old,

I shall always, always be very
cold,

I shall never come back
again!"

One of her best-known poems, perhaps, is "The Farmer's Bride," a poignant little fragment, unutterably fairy-like and fragile, yet quivering with a terrible and restrained passion. "Fame" is a perfect little thing of its kind, and Charlotte Mew herself:

"Sometimes in the over-heated
house, but not for long,
Smirking and speaking rather
loud,

I see myself among the crowd,

Where no one fits the singer to
the song";

but she is also able to accomplish that most difficult of all feats for a poet—suppress her own personality and speak convincingly and sympathetically through the minds of

other and very different types. In "The Fête" it is a school boy, nearly seventeen, placed in the rather uncongenial atmosphere of a French school, with the age, ecstasy and despair of youth; while in the magnificent poem, "Madeline in Church," it is a woman who kneels before a plaster saint, preferring to pray

"To something more like mine own clay,

Not too divine"

rather than the Christ.

Most of the poems of Charlotte Mew hold a note of vague sadness. Her life was set in a minor key, bleak and often unlovely, but out of it came something infinitely haunting and sweet. Yet with Death "a vision or a face" always before her, it was she who set out in the end to meet him, not in the midst of her beloved moors, but surrounded by mean streets, tall chimneys and drifting smoke, and a single thought for their long journey together,

"We will not speak of life or believe in it or remember it as we go."

C.V.D.

THE GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA.

The Grand Canyon is said to be one of the greatest wonders of the world. It is two hundred miles long, eight miles wide at the town and one mile to one and a half miles deep.

On the rim is the hotel, El Tovar, made from rough, unpolished logs

and furnished throughout with Indian rugs and curtains. The windows look across the canyon and the muddy Colorado River thousands of feet below. The great masses of earth rising towards the top are yellow, rust colour, pink and brown. The shadows of the clouds cause it to change constantly; one moment there is a blue haze, the next a mauve one. The narrow, twisting ribbons winding down to the river are the trails made by the Indians and used by tourists. There is practically no vegetation, except near the river, and therefore there are very few animals; but around the rim numbers of tiny squirrels called chipmunks dart among the rocks. The 'bus drivers and guides are picturesquely dressed. They are mostly Texans, six feet or more, with wide jaws and high cheek bones. They are all dressed alike in chocolate-coloured riding breeches, long brown pull-on boots, blue, red or orange corduroy velvet shirts, gaily-coloured scarves caught at the back with a round bone, and large fawn sombrero hats. The guides take parties down the canyon on mules, which are surer-footed than horses. Some of the bends are so sharp and the paths so narrow that the mules have to make two or three moves before they can get round the bend.

At the head of the Bright Angel Trail is a lookout. There are telescopes and binoculars provided for tourists and coloured lantern slides of the canyon are shown. The 'bus trips go to the Hermit's Rest, where the Hermit Trail comes up. This is

a rough stone building with an enormous fireplace with seats at the sides. At the gate is a large iron bell hanging in the archway.

Another attraction is the Indians dancing in their native dress and holding mock battles. The music they dance to consists of noises made with their voices and the shaking of round instruments containing pebbles. These Indians live in a small Indian house opposite the hotel called the Hopi House. The rough stones are held together by a sand composition, and ladders leaned against the outside walls are the only entrances to the upper rooms.

S.P.W.

THE MYSTIC EAST.

It was one of those beautiful, clear tropical nights; the stars were shining and a cool breeze was blowing, as we (my mother, father and I) rumbled along on a "trolley," a wooden platform on four wheels, pushed by two perspiring natives. I was feeling very excited, as we were going to a native drama. I had only been in Malaya a few weeks and everything was very strange.

After half an hour's ride we reached our destination. There was a great noise of bustle and shouting as we got off our trolley, and some natives came up and placed wreaths of native flowers and limes round our necks; crackers were set off and tom-toms were beaten. There was a gaily lit platform

representing the stage, with a curtain of brilliant red, while a few cane chairs were placed in readiness for us and a few friends who were already there.

After a few minutes I started looking round. My attention was held by a little native girl dressed in European clothes, a bright yellow dress, with a bow to match in her hair, which was of a glossy black and very long.

Suddenly a peculiar noise came from the direction of the stage, and, turning my head, I saw some natives playing on strange instruments, spinnets, tom-toms and others. These men were evidently the orchestra. After a few minutes of this the red curtain was drawn back and a small boy walked on to the platform dressed with great splendour, and, breaking in on the "music," began to sing a weird song. After he had finished, he marched off the "stage." Other people, in the most gaudy and clashing colours I had ever seen, came on, and sang, danced and acted for our amusement (and for theirs!).

A man came on the stage and said something which I couldn't understand. I asked father, and he said that the man had said there was going to be a conjurer. I looked with great interest as a small group of people came on the stage. They did a lot of very clever tricks. One of the men gave another man yards of cotton to swallow, which he did; then his friend, taking a knife, cut into the other man's skin and pulled forth yards of

cotton. Another one was a tent put on the platform and a boy was tied to a pole with strong knots. After a few minutes the tent was opened, but there was no boy. His name was called and he walked up from a group of natives. There were many other extraordinary tricks, and then three women came on the stage and started what seemed to me to be a play. It was very interesting, and when it was finished we got up to go. As we did, a Coolie came up and asked my father if the "Mem and Meesie" would like to see the temples. Of course we were delighted, so, after making a tour of little temples, where we saw gods of stone and wood, we turned to a beautiful temple with little dwarfed trees outside it. It was a Chinese snake temple, beautifully carved and built with little windows and turrets. The snakes are sacred to the Chinese, and when their fangs are removed they wander all over the temple, and it was a lovely sensation to feel the snakes crawling up my arm. After that we went home after a very enjoyable evening.

J.M.H.

SIR JOHN MONASH.

In the sacred fields of Flanders,
 where the bloodred poppies sway,
 On the sandy cove of Anzac ever
 flecked with salt sea spray,
 Through the streets of rebuilt ham-
 lets where unknowing children
 play,

There, the spirits of our heroes ris-
 ing in the twilight grey,
 Mingling softly through the breezes,
 ghostly voices, whispering, say:
 He will join us, he will join us in
 our wanderings o'er the way,
 In his new life he will need us as
 he did that other day.
 We will lead him through the old
 haunts where he led us to the
 fray,
 We will honour him with glory, to
 his spirit we will say:
 Planning, helping, saving, leading
 all the men beneath your sway,
 Victory came to crown your efforts,
 you received the laurel bay.
 Men on earth do not forget you,
 but with grateful hearts they
 say:
 He was one who served his country
 with a love both strong and true;
 Everything he touched took glory,
 everything he aided grew;
 Never ceasing to give service to a
 worthy project new.
 He was loved by his own soldiers
 and by everyone he knew;
 Let us honour his dear memory,
 giving praise where praise is
 due.

POEMS.

When You Come Down to Bathe.
 When you come down to bathe, my
 dear,
 The sun is warm, the air is sweet,
 The daisies open round your feet;
 The cowslips lift their heads to
 greet
 You, as you pass,

Like a gypsy wind across the grass.
 When you come down to bathe, my
 dear,
 You are laughing. Swift you go
 Like a dainty, dappled doe,
 Down where the weeping willows
 grow,
 Dropping their cool,
 Long shadows in the widening pool.

When you come down to bathe, my
 dear,
 The shadows dance about your hips.
 You kiss a flower, the honey drips
 Like golden amber from your lips.
 Oh! how the bees
 Must long for some such flower as
 these.

When you come down to bathe, my
 dear,
 The speckled fish swim through
 my hair.
 I dream my dreams, but do not
 dare
 Leave the high reeds and swim to
 where
 Fragrant you glide,
 Like a branch of blossom on the
 tide.

When you come down to bathe, my
 dear,
 You go, but your reflection stays.
 It swims with me along the ways
 Of dim, exotic river days,
 Until, at night,
 It leaves my arms to look for light.

C.V.D.

The Room.

Christine has watered the flowering
 window-box,
 And spent a moment or so with
 dexterous hands
 Smoothing the linen curtains' royal
 blue bands,
 Or placing her daffodil spoil in
 painted crocks.
 She has manned the galleon rugs on
 the polished sea,
 Sat at her desk and dusted her
 shelves of books,
 Straightened the pictures upon
 their brass hooks,
 And daintily sniffed her jar of pot-
 pourri.
 Christine, in winter, has stirred the
 glowing coal,
 And puffed the charring wood to
 an elegant blaze.
 In the glass, she has brushed her
 hair with the joyous rays
 That stole upon night to unlatch
 her shuttered eyes;
 And there, the garden clamorous
 with wakened cries,
 Has dusted her nose from the
 Chinese powder bowl.
 This was a room, but now where is
 its soul?
 They have taken and given it to
 the lavender,
 The tulips marshalled in the garden
 bed.
 Christine, you have not died! ah,
 sweeter,
 The flowers will bloom—your room,
 your room is dead!

C.V.D.

When Evening Came.

I stood there on the threshold of
the doorway
From earliest dawn: the first red
eye of day
Had scarcely opened ere I took my
stand,
A bunch of stately lilies in my
hand.

At noon I still was there. Patient
I stood
Watching the brass-latched door
from whence He should
Come out; my lilies faded in the
heat,
But perfumed yet to make His first
steps sweet.

When evening came a girl un-
latched the door.

"Who's there?" she cried. "What
are you waiting for?"

"Him, I've waited all day long," I
said.

"Alas!" she whispered. "You wait
in vain—He's dead

These thousand years. How came
you not to know?"

"What?" I cried wildly, "has the
short day past

In waiting for a phantom, dead
these last

Long thousand years? Gambling
on a dream?

Staking my all? At dawn there
did not seem

Even a chance that I should lose.
And now—

A wreath of faded lilies for my
brow.

Ah, fool! When wiser men had lost
before!

Tush! Go in girl. Be silent. Close
the door."

C.V.D.

My Home Country.

Tell me if, far across the foam,
Spring comes in my Australian
home,
Do the wildflowers bloom anew,
Dressed in gowns of every hue?

Tell me if, on the gum trees tall,
You hear once more the magpie's
call;
Do the golden wattles bloom,
Brightening up the semi-gloom?

Did you see our deep blue skies,
And hear the sound of mopokes'
cries?

Did you see the rolling plain,
And see the mountains once again?

In my heart my country stands,
And though I live in other lands,
And through the whole wide world
I roam,
There's only one place I call home.

I.T.

The Moon.

Pale and wan she floats on high,
Empress of the evening sky,
Round about her maidens cluster,
Dressed in gowns of golden lustre.

When the sun with dazzling light,
Ascends the sky she flees in fright;
When the sun sinks in the west,
She rises from her daytime rest.

Every month she goes away,
While alone her maidens play;
But thinner than she was before,
She comes to light the earth once
more.

I.T.

THE ANNUAL REUNION.

The Annual Reunion of Old Girls was held at Ruyton on Tuesday, November 10. At the short business meeting, Mrs. Vance presided. The minutes were read by Miss Muriel Carnegie and the report of the Council by Miss Mary Arnold. The treasurer's report was read by Miss Nancy Walsh.

As Ruyton is now a company school, an alteration had to be made in the constitution to enable representatives of the Old Girls to be elected to the School Council. The following motion was carried: "At the annual meeting members shall elect two of their members to represent them on the Council of the School. Members so elected shall hold office for one year, but shall be eligible for re-election."

The new President, Mrs. Gunn, then took the chair. Miss Daniell, in her speech, expressed the sympathy all the members felt for Mrs. O. B. McCutcheon in the loss of Mr. McCutcheon, and said that Ruyton had lost a very good friend in him. She also expressed the regret of all at the absence of Miss Todd, who had undergone an operation in Vimy House the day before, and reported that Miss Todd was progressing very well. Miss Todd had sent her report about the fund for the War Scholarship. Twenty pounds is in hand; enough to finish up this year. The members present decided to continue the scholarship for another year.

In order to augment the funds for the scholarship, a stall was held on the front verandah, where Mrs. McCrae and Mrs. H. Wilson managed to add close on £8 to the fund. As only two members were nominated for the Council, Mrs. L. Vance and Miss D. Armstrong were declared elected. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with pink roses. Amongst those present were: Mesdames Butler Walsh, D. Carnegie, Knox-Knight, Outhwaite, McCrae, H. Wilson, L. Vance, C. E. Campbell, E. Gutteridge, R. Breadmore, J. Charley, A. V. Walker, R. Chomley, Grover, Brown, Wightman, Robinson, Derham, Gunn, Grimwade, Lind, Kaines, M. Smith, Millear, Ramsden; and the Misses Henty, Kemp, D. Derham, Patten, McInnes, Murray, Fuge, Begg, Brown, N. Derham, M. Derham, M. Swinburne, B. Holmes, M. Syme, M. Carnegie, M. Hedderwick, M. Irving, L. Irving, L. Inglis, M. Burnett, L. Dunn, B. Dunn, H. Blake, I. Whybrow, T. Young, E. Weir, D. Armstrong, N. Walsh, M. Patterson, E. Moad, J. Hansen, E. Rogers, B. Yencken, M., R. and M. Hiscock, I. Younger, S. Macalister, D. Dredge, M. Jackson, B. Stokes, M. Arnold, D. Coltman, P. Webb, N. Wickham, M. Patterson, D. Bayly, G. Wickham, B. Green, M. Rylah, L. Shew, M. Shew, J. Percy, L. Scott, S. Summons.

Miss Lascelles was unable to be present owing to illness, but wrote wishing the Old Girls a happy reunion.

OLD GIRLS' NEWS.

Engagements.

Barbara Ballantyne to Mr. Waters.
 Frankie Hepworth to Mr. Cyril
 Fyffe.
 Bon Ronald to Mr. Charles
 McKechnie.

Marriages.

Dorothy Carnegie to Mr. M. Welch.
 Jessie Macpherson to Mr. Ryan.
 Alice Patterson to Mr. Petty.
 Vieve Dickins to Mr. J. Edgar.
 May Inglis to Mr. Lawrence.

Births.

Mrs. Webster (G. Burnip) — a
 daughter.
 Mrs. R. Field (N. Dewey) — a
 daughter.

General.

Cynthia Teague has completed the third year of the University Architectural Atelier. She has won the Grice Bronze Medal, which is only awarded in the final year of the course, when the work is of exceptionally high standard. The medal had not been awarded for five years, and Cynthia is the first woman to hold it.

Consie Murray is on leave from Nauru and expects to return there after Christmas.

Minna Johnson has returned from her holiday in England.

Eld Breadmore is in Melbourne for a few months. In December she returns to her home in Simla.

Nancy Wickham has been busy all year writing a thesis on the rise and development of the magazine.

Kitty Snowball sails for Australia on December 25.

Elvie Morris has settled for a time at Tidmouth, England.

BRANCH NOTES.

Grocers' shops are such exciting places—at least, we thought so, so we decided to make one for ourselves in the corner of our room. The counters in real shops are far too high for us, but ours is just right. I wish you could see it. It is just as good as any real shop; in fact, we think it is much better.

The grocer is such an important person as he weighs out the sugar and flour and gives the right change to his customers. He never forgets to wear his apron and always has his pencil behind his ear.

All our new little people love to watch him, especially our little Japanese ones. Some day they

must be the grocer, but so far they cannot speak our language and we cannot speak theirs!

We have written to Father Christmas and have received a reply saying that he hopes to come and visit us on Thursday, December 10.

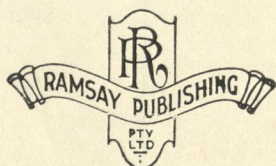
Xmas time is a busy time even for us. We are practising for the Christmas party and busy making our gifts; that is a deep secret so far, but if you could come to our Christmas party, you will see all that we have made.

Will you come?

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the book trade in Australia. It deals with the early days of the settlement, when books were scarce and expensive, and the gradual development of a book trade as the colonies grew. The author discusses the influence of the British and American markets, and the rise of local publishers.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the book trade in Australia from 1850 to 1900. It covers the period of the gold rush, when there was a great demand for books, and the period of the depression, when the trade was in a state of stagnation. The author describes the work of the early publishers, and the growth of the trade as a result of the efforts of the book trade associations.

The third part of the book is a study of the book trade in Australia from 1900 to the present. It deals with the rise of the book trade as a result of the efforts of the book trade associations, and the growth of the trade as a result of the efforts of the book trade associations. The author discusses the influence of the book trade associations, and the growth of the trade as a result of the efforts of the book trade associations.



203-7 KING STREET, MELBOURNE

RUYTON CHINA.

Ruyton has imported a supply of Grafton china with the Ruyton badge in navy blue and gold. The following articles can be obtained at Ruyton:—

Teapots	£0 15 0
Cup and saucer	0 4 6
Sweets dish	0 4 6
Vase	0 5 0
Ash tray	0 4 6
Coffee cup and saucer . .	0 4 6
Plates	0 3 0
Bread and butter plate .	0 4 6
Jug and basin	0 9 0
Tea set (21 pieces)	3 3 0

