The
"Collegian"

METHODIST LADIES’ COLLEGE
Claremont, W.A.

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EDITORIAL

Australia is celebrating her fiftieth anniversary of nationhood, viewing with pride her achievements which have been partly made possible by her natural resources and partly by the efforts of her founders.

While playing a large part in world affairs, Australia is also concentrating on developing her uncultivated interior and mineral wealth. A policy of decentralisation has been made possible by the thousands of immigrants from Britain and Europe.

As the eyes of the world turn anxiously towards the Far East, Australia realizes that, although far removed from the political storm centre, her place is an increasingly important one.

With hopes for a more peaceful world based on the proposed U.N.O. talks, let us express the wish that all the youth of to-morrow may accept the spirit of the following prayer:

O God, send Thy Spirit into men's hearts, that they may hate war and love peace. Teach the children of every land that it is better to love one another than to fight, so that war may cease and Thy Kingdom of love and brotherhood may be set up through all the world.
SPEECH DAY, 1950

On December 6th last year our Annual Speech Day was held on the lawns of the College. To most of us it was an event that heralded the Christmas holidays, but to many it was the final farewell to their school days.

There were items by the Junior and Senior Choirs, and some of the girls did folk dancing.

Following Miss Stevens' report, Mrs. McLarty distributed the prizes.

The afternoon closed with the School Song and National Anthem sung by the girls.
Miss WALTON

We very much regret to record the death on February 2nd in England of Miss Gertrude Walton, B.A., a former Headmistress of M.L.C. Miss Walton was appointed to the position in 1913, only six years after the beginning of the School, and held that office until her retirement in 1945; she so guided the School through its infancy into maturity.

The repute which M.L.C. holds as one of the foremost girls’ secondary schools of the State is a monument to the tireless and loyal devotion which Miss Walton gave to the School. During her regime she came to be regarded as a leading educationalist, and many people not intimately connected with the School read with interest each year the general remarks in her annual reports. It is a pleasing thought that she lived long enough in her retirement to gather together a record of M.L.C.’s growth and incorporate in this parts of those reports.

There is the part that cannot be measured, her influence on many generations of girls who are scattered through Western Australia and beyond and their feeling of esteem and affection for her.

It was a happy inspiration of the members of the Old Girls’ Association to conceive the idea of erecting a library bearing her name and so perpetuating it in the School. The M.L.C. girls of the future to whom she will be a name will so associate her with a love of reading, a love which she inspired in person in those who were fortunate enough to be taught by her.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet West,
The sundown splendid and serene.
On the Speech Day of 1950 Miss Doris Stevens said good-bye to us and made her last official appearance as Principal of Methodist Ladies' College.

During the year in which Miss Stevens held this position she worked untiringly to make many improvements in the School.

Miss Stevens left Western Australia to take a position at Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, taking with her our best wishes.
It was with sincere regret we heard of Mrs. Nicholas' departure. She has always held our deepest respect with her kindly ways and dignified presence, and it is not only in the classroom that her absence will be felt.

During the many years in which she was Senior Resident she took a very real interest in the Boarders' welfare—covering such diverse fields as biology excursions to a well-stocked tuck-shop.

Her gracious manner, her love of beauty and gentle humour will be felt as a real loss to all of us who have known her as an integral part of our School life.
SALVE

On the opening day of School this year we welcomed Miss Corr as our new principal. Miss Corr has for many years been well known to all of us as our Senior Mistress, and it is with pleasure that we welcome her to this new position.

Until this year Miss Dickson has been known to us as a name on the honour board, but we have now come to know her as much more than an Old Girl.

We would like to thank her for the wonderful Pavlova cakes (the quickest way to a Boarder's heart being through her tummy), for the many outings, and for the graceful arrangement of flowers in the School—among many other things.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Dickson may not be with us to start the new year, and we shall look forward to her return.
DUCES OF M.L.C., 1950

SALLY OEHLERS

ELAINE WEAVER

ZENDA ANDERSON
(Captain of the School,
SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1951.
AILEEN PARLOR, ELIZABETH SYMES (Senior Prefect), ANN KENDALL,
HEATHER STANNARD, CLARE SHEPHERD.
M.L.C. OFFICIALS, 1951

PREFECTS:
ELIZABETH SYMES (Captain)
AILEEN PARLOR (Vice-Captain)
ANN KENDALL
CLARE SHEPHERD
HEATHER STANNARD

HOUSE OFFICIALS:
ATHENS: ELIZABETH SYMES (Captain), JANICE HARRIS (Vice-Captain).
ROME: CLARE SHEPHERD (Captain), HEATHER STANNARD (Vice-Captain).
SPARTA: ANN KENDALL (Captain), DOROTHY NELSON (Vice-Captain).
TROY: AILEEN PARLOR (Captain), NGAIRE HALBERT (Vice-Captain).

“COLLEGIAN” COMMITTEE:
ANN KENDALL, Editor.
JOYCE BUNGEY
JUDITH LICKFOLD
AILEEN PARLOR
CLARE SHEPHERD
HEATHER STANNARD
ELIZABETH SYMES
PADDY SKELLY
12th February.—Boarders back.

13th February.—First Term began.

19th February.—Induction of the School Prefects.

20th February.—Boarders from VB upwards went to hear the Black Watch Band.

24th February.—New Girls’ Concert.

2nd-5th March.—Boarders Exeat.

22nd-27th March.—Easter weekend.

30th March.—Swimming Sports.

31st March.—Folk Dancing at the Christ Church Fete.

1st April.—Sixth Form went to the Students’ Service at St. George’s Cathedral.

12th April.—Examinations.

25th April.—Anzac Service at Christ Church.

3rd May.—Holidays.

22nd May.—School opened for Second Term.

2nd June.—Mrs. Moore kindly adjudicated in the debate against Christ Church. The subject was, “The pen is mightier than the sword.” The M.L.C. team was Ann Kendall (Leader), Aileen Parlor and Margaret Asplin. The result was a win for us.

9th-11th June.—Exeat weekend.

24th June.—A. S.C.M. Meeting at St. George’s Chapel.

6th-9th July.—Boarders Exeat.

14th July.—Science Exhibition at the University.

26th.—Examinations.
27th July.—Singing Competitions at the Town Hall.

4th August.—Day out.

10th August.—School Concert.

13th August.—Films shown all afternoon. Talk on "Safety First."

14th August.—Talk on Australian literature by Mr. Ewers, illustrated by Miss Bird.

16th August.—Holidays.

11th September.—School began.

28th September.—Boarders' Exeat.

3rd October.—Show Day.

20th October.—Interschool Sports.

20th October.—Debate against Christ Church, the subject being "Christopher Columbus' Voyage was a Calamity." The result was a draw. Elizabeth Symes replaced Margaret Asplin.

26th October.—Athletic Sports.

26th-28th October.—Boarders' Exeat.

3rd November.—Prefects' "At Home." Bonfire for the other Boarders.

7th November.—Choir Examinations.

10th November.—Day Exeat.

11th November.—College Sunday at Wesley Church.

15th November.—School Examinations.

17th November.—Junior Red Cross members visited Lady Lawley Cottage.

18th November.—Christ Church Youth Service.

19th November.—Public Examinations.

30th November.—School Fete and Mannequin Parade.

1st December.—Boarders' Christmas Party.

5th December.—Speech Day.
LEAVING RESULTS, 1950

C. DEAN—English (D)
J. BROOKING—Geography (D)
Z. ANDERSON
N. BUTCHER—Art of Speech (D)
S. BUTCHER

M. WATSON
W. WILSON
S. OEHLERS—Biology, Maths A, Maths B, German (D)
E. WEAVER—Geography, History, French (D).

JUNIOR RESULTS, 1950

N. HALBERT
M. HENDON
D. NELSON
E. FLAVELL
F. SUMPTON
G. BIRCH
J. BUNGEY
P. GIBSON
S. CURWOOD
C. DENNEY
M. FARQUHARSON

J. ILLINGWORTH
J. HOBBS
M. PARK
J. MASTERS
J. JOHNSTONE
A. LOCKE
E. BEVAN
B. PRITCHARD
B. McCREDIE
J. LICKFOLD
H. WILLIAMS
A. COOK

O.G.A. SCHOLARSHIP

The Scholarship for 1952 has been awarded to RAY FLANAGAN, daughter of Connie Forrester.
JUNIOR LIBRARY

COMMITTEE:
J. HARRIS  F. SUMPTON

During the year the Junior Library has been well patronised by all the girls in the Primary School. Many new books have been purchased by Mrs. Spitteler, whom we would like to thank for the assistance she has rendered us in the Library activities during the year. Included in the new books bought were "Green Grass of Wyoming," "So Dear to My Heart," and "My Friend Flicka." The "Heidi" series was added to and a number of Enid Blyton's books were purchased, as they appear to be most popular amongst the girls.

We have had a very profitable year, and we wish the next Librarians a successful year during 1952.

—J. HARRIS.

SENIOR LIBRARY

COMMITTEE:
E. BEVAN, G. BIRCH, J. BUNGEY, P. GIBSON, P. HALBERT,
J. LICKFOLD, D. NELSON, S. PEARCE, P. SKELLY.

This year the system of classification of the Senior Library has been simplified by Miss Dickson, who has arranged all the books into the various types of literature and has then further classified them by placing them in alphabetical order.

A number of well-known novels have been bought with the Library funds this year. Some of the better-known ones are "Mary of Delight," "Royal Flush," "That Enchantress," and "The Midshipmaid," all of which were greatly appreciated by the girls, and we would all like to thank Miss Dickson sincerely for her hard work in the Library.
ATHLETICS

We had a most successful season this year in Athletics, with five wins out of six relays, held at the Sports of St. Hilda’s, P.L.C., Modern School, Perth College, St. Mary’s, and M.L.C. Our team consisted of Elizabeth Symes (Captain), Dorothy Nelson, Barbara Allan, Noel Anderson, Helene Jennings and Judy Young. Our Juniors also did well, although they did not come first. The running season was rounded off by our own sports, at which Elizabeth Symes was Open Champion and June Kan Junib Champion. Sparta took off the honours of the day with 167 points (even if they did have to break a window while getting their ball-games up to standard), with Rome second, 83, Athens 78, and Troy 69. Our sports were a great success and greatly enjoyed by all. We hope next year will be equally happy and successful for all concerned.

—D. N.
BASKET BALL NOTES

Unfortunately, this year's Basket Ball team did not reach the standard of our previous teams. The team consisted of Dorothy Nelson (Captain), Jenny Williams (Vice-Captain), Betty Rimmer, Sylvie Butcher, Pat Prowse, Beverley Kendall and Jenny Merritt. We only had one victory, and though some of our matches were very close, in others we were hopelessly beaten. We were also unfortunate in losing one of our goalies, Jenny Merritt, but we thank Anne Prowse and Sydney Lawrence for helping us through this difficulty.

Our "B" team did not do very well either, but managed to put up some keen competition. We are not disheartened, and intend to do our utmost to come out on top next season, and we hope the friendship and team-spirit that was present this year, will continue to hold in next year's team.

—D.N.
HOCKEY, 1951

Although suffering a few early defeats, M. L. C. had a successful hockey season. There was exceptionally high team work among the girls, which helped bring about our final victory. However, owing to the brute strength and breaking of hockey sticks by some boys' schools, they proved to be our superiors.

The season opened on—

June 7th—M.L.C. 4 defeated St. Hilda's 1.
June 22nd—M.L.C. 3 drew with P.C. 3.
June 28th—M.L.C. 1 lost to P.L.C. 5.
June 29th—M.L.C. 3 lost to Leederville Tech., 5.
July 12th—M.L.C. 3 defeated P.M.S. 0.
July 17th—M.L.C. 4 defeated Staff 0.
August 3rd—M.L.C. 1 lost to P.C. 3.
August 8th—M.L.C. 1 drew with P.L.C. 1.

Our "B" team credited themselves by drawing with Nedlands State School Junior Boys' team, the score being 1 all.

On Saturday, 11th August, was the Interschool Hockey Carnival with "A's" playing at P.L.C. The day proved an exciting event, especially as M.L.C. managed to win the "A" division.

The team was undefeated all day, and finished with a grand final to beat P.L.C. 1—0.

The "B" hockey was placed fourth. All members of the "A" hockey team received their Colours for the 1951 season.

—J. BUNGEY.
THE STAFF HOCKEY MATCH

"Here come the champs!" "Make way for the knobbly knee brigade!" "My, don't they look ferocious!" "Say, they don't look as bad as I thought they would!" These were typical of the remarks sent flying round the oval on that memorable day, when the Staff gallantly accepted the "A" hockey team's challenge to a match.

In borrowed tunics (we never wore them this short in MY day) and with sticks gingerly held at arm's length (you know, I never CAN remember which end you hit with), they presented a determined if rather ragged looking team.

After the fundamentals of the game had been explained to those who hadn't played for years and had quite forgotten all the rules, the umpire blew the whistle for the match to begin. After a few (approx. six) preliminary bullies—"Just warming up," says Mrs. Smith, the centre-forward—the game really got under way.

Miss Lewers as centre-half and Sister Lucas as right-inner, provided formidable opposition, while Miss Lucraft, as left-inner, really threw herself into the game, playing every position possible, then adding a few of her own invention. Miss Hatch and Miss Brodie, on the wings, made tireless attempts to assist, if not by actually hitting the ball, at least by being as great a nuisance as possible to their opponents. Mrs. Smith did a splendid job as chief barracker, unofficial

"A" HOCKEY TEAM, 1951
Back Row: Aileen Parlor, Maxine Nalder, Clare Shepherd, Ann Kendall, Fairlie Button, Janice Harris, Judith Muir.
Front Row: Joyce Bungey, Maxine Howe, Elizabeth Symes (Captain), Glenys Heitman.
captain, and centre-forward, with such encouraging cries to her team as, "Trip her up," "Go on, hit her," "Push her over." A little prejudiced perhaps, but still, all in the spirit of the game. Mrs. Saunders provided solid obstruction as right half-back, helped on the left by Robin Valentine of the "B" team. Mrs. Moore, Miss Dickson and Mrs. Gore, as full-backs and goalie (they took it in turns to use the pads) provided some of the biggest thrills of the game by performing conjuring tricks with the ball. However, these were seen through, and the girls became adept at hooking the ball from beneath them firmly seated and violently protesting.

Although the mistresses did not manage to carry off the honours of the game, the loyal support of the barrackers amply made up for this, if not for the weeks of suffering which were the result of their gallant efforts.
Swimming season 1951 proved to be quite successful. In other words, although we never came first, we never came last. Members of the team were: Breaststroke, Ann Kendall (Captain), Dorothy Nelson. Backstroke, Gwenda Birch, Aileen Parlor. Freestyle, Sylvia Butcher, Wendy O’Brien.

Sparta began a successful year by winning the Swimming Sports with 104 points; 2nd, Troy, 62 points; 3rd, Athens, 52 points; 4th, Rome, 48 points.

Eagerness to make the Water Ballet a success encouraged all members in it to hurry down to the baths for practices in the early hours of the morning, and so we hope that our efforts were rewarded.

Open Champion was Ann Kendall, with Peggy Price Junior Champion.

Open Diving Champion was Gwenda Birch and Fay Price Junior Champion.

All competitors trained conscientiously for their races, encouraged by, “Well, it doesn’t matter if you have only just learnt to float, you’re the best we’ve got,” from harassed House Captains, and we hope that this fine spirit will be found throughout the swimming enthusiasts next year.

G. B.
Throughout 1951 the interest in tennis has been maintained, especially among many of the juniors. This year proved a more successful one for the "A" team, consisting of J. Harris, J. Muir, M. Philson and J. Bungey. In first term we contested for the Slazenger Cup. In the first round we decisively defeated St. Hilda's 67 games to 32, but lost to the final victors, P.L.C. in the second round. Teams also contested for the H. Mursell Cup and the Herbert Edward Cup, but unfortunately were defeated in their first rounds.

Several girls entered for the Easter Tournament at King's Park, and the Schoolgirls' Tournament at Kitchener Park. Although they were defeated, the practice was invaluable. The year 1952 draws near with greater hopes for M.L.C. tennis.

—J. BUNGEY.

"A" TENNIS TEAM
Left to Right: Margaret Philson, Judith Muir, Janice Harris, Joyce Bungey (Captain).
SOFTBALL, 1951

At the conclusion of the Swimming Season, Softball occupied our sporting time. Although the desired enthusiasm did not show itself, we were successful in bringing together two teams. The "A" team consisted of S. Kau, S. Butcher, P. Prowse, M. Nalder, G. Birch, B. Kendall, J. Harris, J. Muir, E. Bevan, J. Bungey (Capt.), E. Symes was unanimously elected Captain of the "E" team. These teams competed at regular intervals with teams from St. Hilda's. We were defeated in all matches, but were not depressed as the practice thus gained will contribute much to our future softball.

—J. BUNGEY.

COLOURS, 1951

SWIMMING
ANN KENDALL
DOROTHY NELSON
GWENDA BIRCH
AILEEN PARLOR

SYLVIA BUTCHER
WENDY O'BRIEN
PADDY SKELLY
PEGGY PRICE

TENNIS
JOYCE BUNGEY
JANICE HARRIS

MARGARET PHILSON
JUDITH MUIR

BASKET BALL
DOROTHY NELSON
JENNY WILLIAMS
BETTY RIMMER
PAT PROWSE

BEVERLEY KENDALL
ANNE PROWSE
JENNY MERRITT
SYLVIA BUTCHER

HOCKEY
ELIZABETH SYMES
JANICE HARRIS
JUDITH MUIR
JOYCE BUNGEY
MAXINE HOWE
MAXINE NALDER

ANN KENDALL
AILEEN PARLOR
CLARE SHEPHERD
FAIRLIE BUTTON
GLENYS HEITMAN

ATHLETICS
ELIZABETH SYMES
DOROTHY NELSON
BARBARA ALLAN

NOEL ANDERSON
HELENE JENNINGS
JUDITH YOUNG
HOUSE PREFECTS

Left to Right: Paddy Skelly, Elizabeth Symes (Captain), Clare Shepherd, Shirley Pearce, Ann Kendall, Joyce Bungey, Janice Harris, Ngaire Haibert.
BOARDERS' NOTES

Hello, readers! Here we are once again to give you an account of our activities during the year. Our numbers have increased to over a hundred again this year, and our new Boarding Mistresses were Mrs. Jack, Miss Brodie, Miss Lewers, who left us at the end of Second Term, and Sister Lucas, who has made our sicknesses "without sorrow."

Our first outing for the year was our visit to see the Black Watch Band, who, among other things, showed us some real marching. We were next greatly entertained by the new girls displaying their talents in the New Girls' Concert. Strangely enough, many of our activities this year have been connected with Christ Church, some being in the shape of School activities and some in other ways.

At the beginning of the year we gave a display of folk dancing at the Christ Church Fete. In Second and Third Terms we held debates with Christ Church, the first resulting in a win for M.L.C. and the second resulting in a draw.

In First Term also some of the Boarders, as a reward for being good girls, were taken to the pictures one Saturday afternoon.

The most outstanding outings during Second Term were to see the ballets "Corroboree" and "Swan Lake." These were indeed a treat. Next on the list was the Birthday Party, in which the Boarders displayed their talents in acting for their Day Girl guests. A most tasty supper was enjoyed by all, thanks to Miss Corr, Miss Dickson and Miss Winter.

While we are on the subject of food, a favourite subject of the Boarders, we would like to thank Miss Winter for the effort she has made to supply us with tasty meals.

Our first outing in Third Term was Show Day, to which we all happily went (without uniforms!). Later in the term some of us left School with flowing ribbons one Saturday morning to be spectators at the Boys' Interschool Sports.

The next exciting event was the Saturday on which the Prefects' "At Home" and the Bonfire were held. The former is reported elsewhere. Christ Church helped to enliven the Bonfire by their presence, even though they were supposed to be sixty yards from the M.L.C. girls.

After these little pleasures the Boarders were to be heard every morning practising very hard for their singing at the College Sunday Service at Wesley Church.

Last but not least in our activities is the Boarders' Christmas Party. Here the Boarders will let themselves go by wearing Fancy Dress, and an uproarious time will be had by all, if the reputation held by previous Fancy Dress Parties is kept up. Even though we have had a happy year together, we are at present looking forward to the long Christmas vacation.

THE BOARDERS' CONCERT

The Boarders' Concert was one of the highlights of Second Term. All of the items were very well presented and provided an amusing evening's entertainment for all present.

The gruesome secrets of the operating theatre were revealed to the audience in a sketch acted by the House Prefects under the direc-
tion of Sister Lucas, who also played one of the leading parts. Clad in white surgical gowns and masks in the roles of doctors and nurses, they performed an operation on their patient. The poor victim was by no means docile but struggled and kicked with every ounce of her strength, in spite of the ether and weight of the over-fed Prefects, who obligingly sat on her in an attempt to terminate her struggles. The sketch was well played and provoked much mirth.

What goes on in a Beauty Parlour? This question was very fully answered by a sketch put on by the East Wing Attic, in which they demonstrated the beauty treatment that anyone who is brave enough to visit a beauty parlour can expect to receive. The show alarmed the audience to such an extent that they have become contented with their "looks" as they are.

The Sixth Form Boarders put on a play dealing with an incident from the life of a racing family. It interested and amused everyone from beginning to end.

I think the contribution to the programme made by Anne Prowse deserves mention here. At regular intervals during the evening she appeared on the stage carrying a flower-pot with a tree growing in it and cried out, "Is Mrs. Smith here, please?" When she first inquired the tree was tiny, but each time it was noticeably larger, and she made her final appearance struggling under the weight of a sturdy tree. Anne's item met with hearty applause.

The Resident Staff put on a sketch about a visit to the dentist. They were so well made up that it took us some time to make out their identities.

The Obstructive Hat and several other sketches done by the East Wing were particularly good, and similarly many other items.

The supper was excellent and we would like to thank Miss Dickson and Miss Winter very sincerely. We would also like to thank the Day Girls for coming and making our party such a very great success.

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SCHOOL DANCES

This year, for the first time, the Senior girls were permitted to accept invitations to the various school dances.

We have attended St. Mary's, P.L.C., St. Hilda's, Scotch, Wesley, Christ Church, St. Louis and Hale, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves at all of them.

We would like to thank Miss Corr very much for making this possible and for enlarging the scope of our social activities.

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THE TENNIS AFTERNOON

If any casual passer-by had glanced over at M.L.C. on a certain fateful day in November, they would have discovered the Senior girls of this establishment swarming in energetic doubles and singles sets all over the tennis courts. They would have noticed the desperate ferocity with which they wielded their tennis rackets and struck ungainly attitudes in an attempt at reaching the ball that went just a little too far from the swish of that powerful back-hand. These pugna-
cious females were partnered by some fourteen youths, who returned the balls with an unnerving coolness and unconcern. For them the swift balls and twanging rackets held no terrors—why should they?—for all these fortunate, self-composed males belonged to that weird and incomprehensible sect who can play tennis. At intervals the exhausted players were resuscitated by long drafts of cool, comforting "lolly water."

A word must here be said in favour of the girls, and it is this—that they were unfairly handicapped by using rackets some of which appeared to be entirely made of wood, while others sported a large and inconvenient hole where the strings should be—or so it seemed to them.

Most of the time, and more especially when their partners were actively serving, the girls stood at ease, with their rackets demurely held before them and wearing a winning though perhaps not an altogether animated smile. The grand final was won by Joyce Bungey and Jim Davison—obviously representatives of those raised to the dizzy heights of tennis fame, for which we all heartily congratulate them.

Later in the afternoon, tired but happy, the little band of racket wielders retired to Burnside, where they all sat down to a royal feast. Everyone immediately shed their fatigue at the sight of the inviting spread of good things before them. Presently all were attacking their tea with an even greater enthusiasm than that shown on the tennis courts.

Afterwards Mrs. Nicholas very kindly showed cartoons and news films in the Library, which concluded the evening.

We would all like to thank Miss Corr and Miss Dickson for arranging the afternoon and for the wonderful tea. Thank you, Mrs. Nicholas, for coming to show us the films.

—P. M. SKELLY.

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**COLLEGE SUNDAY**

The Annual Church Service was held on Sunday, 11th November, at 3 p.m. The service opened with the singing of the Introit by the School Choir. As the service proceeded it was noticed that a pleasant innovation had been introduced. This was the reading of two lessons, one by the President of the O.G.A. (Mrs. Hassen), the other by the Captain of the School (Elizabeth Symes). The anthem, "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" (Vaughan Williams) was rendered by the School Choir.

The address was given by the Rev. Joseph Green, who brought back memories to the Old Girls in the congregation, and although he remarked that many of the present girls "knew not Joseph," we were assured that his interest in the School had not lessened.

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**THE SCHOOL CONCERT**

Towards the end of Second Term the School held a concert, the proceeds of which went to the Gertrude Walton Memorial Library Fund. The evening began with a piano duet, "Caprice Hongrois," played by
Ann Kendall and Maxine Nalder. The first play of the evening was "Magic in a Mirror," which was excellently performed under Miss Corr's production. The story was one of old China, in which a poor peasant finds a mirror which has been purposely planted by the spirits. Thinking it to be a portrait of his father, the peasant shows it to his wife, who recognises in it the sharp features of a shrewish woman and upbraids him for his insolence. Then follow a series of incidents in which the mirror is shown to various people, true, though very unflattering, judgment on what they see. Finally the secret of the mirror is revealed by a beggar child, thus putting everyone but the honest peasant to shame. Anne Prowse could not have been better cast in her role of the peasant, while Beryl Jones made a perfect shrew.

There was a short break after this, during which Joyce Bungey, Pat Prowse, Beverley Kendall and Sylvia Butcher entertained the audience by dancing the Scottish "Sword Dance." This was followed by the "Hornpipe," danced by three jolly sailors in the persons of Skee, Clare and Dot Nelson.

Miss Leslie's play followed. This was "Campbell of Kilmohr." The story was of a simple Scottish family, whose son became involved in the hiding of Bonnie Prince Charlie. He is captured, and refuses to disclose the whereabouts of the Prince. The young girl of the cottage betrays him in an attempt to save his life. In spite of this, the boy is shot, and the play closes on rather a tragic note. Some of those taking part were Joan Churchwood, who was the boy's mother, Judy Kickfold was the boy, Jenny Peet the girl, and Julie Pearce the officer sent to make the arrest. All parts were very well portrayed, and the brogue sustained convincingly throughout.

The production of the third play, "The Maker of Dreams," was left principally to the discretion of the girls taking part. This play was in the form of a fairy story which seemed almost possible. It tells of a Pierrot and Pierrette who earn their living by singing and dancing. Though Pierrette is devoted to her companion, he is completely oblivious of her until the Maker of Dreams gives him a description of a perfect woman, and which Pierrot later discovers coincides exactly with Pierrette's description. "The Maker of Dreams" ends in the typical "happily-ever-after" way. The part of the Maker of Dreams was taken by Ann Kendall and that of Pierrette by Paddy Skelly. Aileen Parlor put on an excellent performance as Pierrot, and added to the lightheartedness with her catchy little songs.

We would all like to thank Miss Corr and Miss Leslie for their advice on the general production of the plays and for their help in the harrowing job of collecting props and costumes. Thank you, Miss Dickson and Clare for your help in costume making, and Mrs. Hargraves for dressing and making us up.

—PADDY SKELLY.

JUNIOR RED CROSS ACTIVITIES, 1951

At the opening of First Term an M.L.C. Circle was formed. The office-bearers were: Leader, Miss Dickson; President, Delys Butcher; Secretary, Roslyn Matthews; Treasurer, Lynette Kau.

Mrs. Medcalfe-Agg, who is Director of J.R.C. in this State, visited us one afternoon and told us about the work done by the members of the Junior Red Cross throughout the world. She brought with her some very beautifully made toys which were sent in by members of other Circles.
At the Old Girls' Association Fete we held a Telegram Stall and Cloakroom, which did extremely well and provided enjoyment for all concerned.

In Second Term, owing to Delys' illness, she resigned from her position and Roslyn Matthews was elected to take her place; Margaret Asplin became Secretary, and Lynette Kau remained Treasurer.

A Cordial Stall was held during the term, several afternoons were spent tearing stamps off letters sent us by Headquarters, and the remainder of the time was taken up with window display work. The entries were taken in to Headquarters, and when those selected to be displayed in Foy's window were known we found that a painting of three birds by a member of our Circle, Margaret Scriven, was exhibited. A baby set knitted by Anne Osborne won a second prize.

When National Flower Day came round early in Third Term we made the M.L.C. emblem in flowers and arranged a basket of sweet peas and Iceland poppies for the Junior Red Cross section. Our basket won a second prize, and we have to thank Miss Dickson for her very great help.

We are hoping to hold a concert for Boarders one Saturday evening soon, also to perform sketches and other items before the children of Lady Lawley Cottage, and to have some work ready for the Bazaar.

—MARGARET ASPLIN.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

Musical Appreciation this year took place every Monday afternoon, and for the lower classes on Thursday afternoons. This lesson lasts for forty minutes.

In First Term we enjoyed piano recitals given by our teacher, Miss Conochie, and she sometimes gave us the pleasure of hearing her singing. In Second Term Lynette Friere gave us a ballet dance representing Russians gathering corn. Miss Conochie also taught us about famous composers. In the middle of Third Term we made a composers' dictionary. This book also consisted of musical terms. This helps girls greatly who are taking musical perception for Junior and Leaving standards; also it will help the girls in later years and add to their general knowledge.

This is the first year of Musical Appreciation, and we hope it will continue as successfully as it has been this year. We extend our deepest thanks to Miss Conochie for her help and patience throughout the year.

ANNE PROWSE (VBI).

FILMS

During the year we have been shown educational films dealing with school subjects. These have helped us to understand much more easily our lessons, and we regard the showing of films as great improvement.

The Safety First Council showed us some films in Second Term. These made us realize the importance of traffic rules, and increased our knowledge of Road Safety.
We were thrilled to be shown the historic film, "Tale of Two Cities." It gave us a vivid picture of the horrors of the French Revolution. We also saw on the same programme an amusing film concerning the antics of three mischievous bears. A Psychology film, which was of instructional value to the whole School, and a film about Australia, in which we were all interested. These films were shown by Miss Fraenkel, to whom we are all very grateful.

One Saturday night the Boarders were shown some films by Mr. Peet which he took during his recent tour abroad. The films gave a colourful picture of England and the Continent. This evening was an enjoyable and memorable occasion for the Boarders.

Films this year have been particularly interesting, and we very much appreciate the showing of both the instructonal and entertaining ones.

—BERYL JONES.

THE SCIENCE EXHIBITION

Mrs. Saunders very kindly took the Physics students to the Science Exhibition held at the University. Being primarily interested in Physics, we visited that section of the exhibition first. We were shown a display of modern pyrometric equipment which included various devices for measuring and controlling the temperatures of industrial furnaces. Radio valves were shown and mechanical and electronic devices which change sound to mathematical patterns. In the same building we also saw an excellent optometry display, which illustrated the development of investigations of astigmatism and colour vision.

Winthrop Hall was devoted to Agriculture, Geology and Zoology. An interesting feature of the latter was the exhibiting of the fossil of what is known as "Gallallopus trichia." This was recently unearthed on Rottnest Island, and which, we were told, would prove of vital importance to the history of evolution.

We spent some time in the Psychological section trying the various tests and being timed for accuracy.

We literally followed our noses to the Chemistry department, where we watched soap being made, and also watched bubbles bloom into remarkable shapes and signs. The concentration of fruit juices and the isolation of natural oils from nuts and leaves was effected by using reduced pressure, in the same department. The student in charge of the synthesis of perfumes proffered us various products of their peculiar-looking brews, which he tried to convince us were the basic ingredients for all perfumes. The most wonderful feature of the Chemistry department was the talk and demonstration of the effects of liquid air. This substance is so freezing cold that it will freeze every particle of moisture in anything. An egg was broken and put over some liquid air and immediately took on the appearance of being fried. The student in charge managed to break it into hard, brittle pieces after resorting to brutal smashing with a hammer. He treated a rose in the same way and took some time to shatter it.

The outing to the exhibition was most entertaining while being instructive, and we should all like to thank Mrs. Saunders very much for taking us.

—PADDY SKELLY.
I left Western Australia on Wednesday, 1st August, by plane for Sydney to represent my Christian Endeavour Society at the 24th National Convention, which was held from 2nd to 9th August. There were over a hundred Endeavourers from Western Australia attending the Convention, the majority of whom went by train on July 27th.

On Thursday, 2nd August, the Convention got away to a splendid start with an afternoon Harbour cruise. We not only saw the magnificent Sydney Harbour, but were also able to meet Endeavourers from other States who had also travelled to Sydney to join in this great Convention. After the cruise we were taken by bus to the Sydney Showgrounds, where, in the Commemorative Pavilion, we were entertained by the N.S.W. Endeavourers at the official welcome tea. This immense pavilion was soon to become very familiar to us, as for the rest of the Convention week all the meetings and conferences were to be held there.

The theme of the Convention was "The Authority of Christ," and was considered under the titles, "The Authority of Christ—the Son of Man—Our Captain—and the Saviour" by the very able preacher and main speaker, the Rev. A. Erwin Vogt, at the Citizenship, Intermediate and Evangelistic Rallies.

The Rev. H. M. Arrowsmith, who was the speaker at the Missionary Rally, drew our attention to the "Authority of Christ—the Great Shepherd," and presented to us the challenge of a world outlook, to call us to wider missionary vision, and at the end of the meeting many young people offered themselves for full-time missionary service.

Each day group conferences were held, and we discussed the subjects, "Efficiently Serving Christ in Citizenship, Leadership, the Church, Evangelism, and our Endeavour Committees." There were over 200 young people at the conferences and well over 3,000 delegates at most of the night rallies.

The last day of the Convention, Wednesday, 8th August, we gathered to hear "The Message of the Convention" delivered by the Rev. Lionel B. Fletcher, who challenged us to re-live the spirit of the Convention in our Societies and Churches. Without a break, we entered into the Communion Service. There was an atmosphere of humility and reverence as we partook of the Lord's Supper, and, for me, this was the most impressive service of the whole Convention.

The evening rally, with the incoming National President, Rev. E. H. Watson, the speaker and the wonderful choir of over 400 voices, whose singing we enjoyed throughout the Convention week, ended a very impressive and inspiring week, in which the feeling of Christian unity and comradeship was felt by all.

—F. S.

THE WILD LIFE SHOW

One day this term my class from School went to the Wild Life Show at the Perth Town Hall. The exhibits were many and varied. There was an interesting talk given to us by a man who was showing
the stages of development of trouts’ eggs. The eggs gradually form eyes and a tail and soon become little replicas of their parents. On one stand was a plaster-cast model of a giant trout which lived sixteen years in the Pemberton Hatchery and became a pet.

In a little bowl, all by itself on a box, were several tiny turtles. They were no longer than three inches and some of them even smaller. They struggled to try to get out of their prison, but they slipped back into the mud again. Some were asleep and the others just ambled over them. The notice said, “Don’t Touch the Exhibits,” but I just couldn’t resist.

Many reptiles were placed around the room in large and small boxes. Two attendants had snakes twined around their arms. One small boy, who did not mind the snakes crawling around him, gave some very good imitations of popular birds. I had a mountain devil on my sleeve and he turned pale green in an attempt to match my blazer. There was a pickled sea snake on one stand. I have never seen one before. It was quite long and even looked dangerous floating in methylated spirits.

The wildflowers were lovely. It was rather early in the season for flowers, but the display showed nearly every known wildflower. The deep red spider orchids contrasted well with their paler brothers. The black and green kangaroo paws looked nicer than the common red and green ones, I thought.

The speaker on the platform announced that the M.L.C. girls could go in and see a film if they wished, so in we trooped to another room. The film was about koala bears. It was very interesting. I think it was the best film I have ever seen about the native bear.

At one end of the hall was a grotesque collection of spiders and scorpions. Some of the longest centipedes I have ever seen glared at me from under their glass cases. The moths and butterflies were glittering and shiny. Some were very large specimens.

There was as usual a beehive and the product of the hive arranged in a nice pattern behind the bees. I stood and watched them for a while, then unfortunately I was dragged off by my friends to go home. Perhaps they don’t like watching bees work, but I do.

I enjoyed my visit to the show and felt I had learned much from seeing the unfamiliar creatures.

—JILL WALLACE.

THE ROYAL PERTH HOSPITAL

On 17th August, 1951, VAI went to the Royal Perth Hospital on a Physiology excursion for Public Health.

The hospital is a ten-storied building, extremely modern, and is one of the largest public hospitals in Australia.

We were led into the waiting rooms and office on the ground floor, and from there we went to the casually and out-patients’ sections. Here we met our guide, Sister Ashton, who showed us around the hospital with Sister Lucas, who escorted us there.

On the first floor we were shown the rooms for linen storage and sorting. The training school for girls who do six months’ work before they actually enter the hospital as nurses.

The out-patients is where people are attended to on week days by honorary and staff doctors, for injuries and lacerations and broken bones. Clinics are provided for the general use of the public.

The dining-room is on the first floor and is arranged in cafeteria
style. Food is collected from shelves at the entrance by the nurses and taken to tables, which are set by huge French windows that overlook Perth.

The kitchens, on the ninth floor, are very hygienic, and all the cooking utensils and appliances are made of stainless steel or enamel. Trained Dietitians make out the menus for both patients and nursing staff. The food is cooked by steam pressure and is put into electrically heated trolleys, and is then taken by food lifts to the wards where each patient receives the food prescribed for him.

On the tenth floor is the machinery and fans which extract the de-oxygenated air from the building.

On the eighth floor we saw the laundry, store rooms, pan rooms and sterilizing rooms. The instruments and utensils are lowered into bins in racks and are sterilized by steam. They are kept there until needed, and are then lifted out by a lever raising the rack so that no instruments are touched.

The hospital is air-conditioned. All air is passed through oiled slats to remove the dust, and is then heated or cooled according to the weather. This is done in the basement, which is entirely taken up with the machinery for lifts, heating, etc.

The out-patients' theatre is on the first floor, where minor operations are performed. The main theatre is scrupulously clean, and is made almost entirely of enamel and stainless steel. It is kept at a temperature of 65 deg. F. all the time by a mechanic who is employed especially to regulate the temperature of the hospital.

After taking as many notes as we could, we all left feeling that we had seen something that was really indispensable, and an asset to the metropolitan area.

—M. S.

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PARENTS AND FRIENDS

The M.L.C. Parents and Friends' Association worked diligently for the School in 1951 and spent nearly £170 in providing amenities. Of this amount £120 went towards gymnasium and sports equipment, which included a ping-pong table, badminton set, basket balls, softballs, quoits, a gymnasium mat and horse, and a stop-watch.

Two drinking fountains are to be installed by the Association at a cost of £30.

A further £6 is to be spent on a drop-curtain for the School stage.

At the Association's September meeting it was decided to make £10 available to the Old Girls' Association for the purchase of materials for the 1952 Fete. This money has now been spent.

The 1951 Fete, held in April, resulted in £86 being received by the Parents and Friends.

During the year Mr. J. E. Gibson, of Nedlands, gave the School a Coca-Cola ice-box, which, it is proposed, the girls will use "on an honour system."

As the School's baths in the Swan River are unfit for use, the Association carried a motion at its May meeting that swimming in the river be permitted only on written consent being received from parents.

SWIMMING POOL

A motion was agreed to at that meeting that a "long-range drive" be made for funds to provide the School with a suitable swimming pool.

A Committee is now investigating the matter.
On a recent recommendation by the Parents and Friends, electric bells for summoning students at the various periods were installed.

On November 14 Mr. Cyril Peet, through the joint efforts of Parents and Friends and Old Girls, showed his films to a large audience in the Claremont Methodist Hall.

The Association’s membership is not as large as should be expected from a school such as M.L.C., with over 300 pupils, but it is urged that Parents and Friends become enthusiasts for the School in 1952.

A. WADDY, Secretary.

VI FORM

What, no gherkin!

Many and varied have been our social and scholastic activities this year (motor bikes are hard to manipulate, aren’t they, Clare! And then there was the affair with the barbed wire). . .

We have had much pleasure in tuning into 6 F E, from which much reliable information has been gleaned concerning local affairs.

The School diet has been supplemented with fish and chips—per favour Troy.

To strike a more serious note, we would like to thank Miss Corr very much for the interest she has continued to show in Sixth Form, despite her heavy responsibilities.

Best wishes to Paddy and Shirley, who are leaving us, and happy holidays to all.

VAI FORM NOTES

Although we have been “Tittering Idiots” and “Spineless Prawns,” I think we all agree it has been a happy year.

Mrs. Nicholas had the difficult task of being our Form Mistress, but she was lucky that our number had been reduced from that of last year.

Maxine Nalder, Margaret Asplin and Marg. Philson were voted Form Captains for First, Second and Third Terms, respectively. They coped with us as best they could, but with little success.

The only addition to the class this year was Adolphus Metamorphus, in the form of a baby brown snake, which was the cause of many heart attacks among us.

Our only excursion took place during First Term, when Mrs. Nicholas and Miss Fraenkel took us to the Sands of City Beach. However, unfortunately for the teachers, none of our members was drowned.

We must congratulate the more athletic types of the class. Betty Rimmer and Jenny Merritt, in the Basket Ball team, Maxine Nalder, in the Hockey team, Margaret Philson, in the Tennis team, and a few of us who represented our Houses in the Swimming and Running sports.

Well, we close now with the feeling of sympathy for next year’s VAI class.
FORM VA2 NOTES

Because the academic standard of VA2 is practically nil, we haven't much time for considering Form notes, and although we are "dull," it is beginning to occur to us that next year we shall probably be making our own taxation assessments, or being sacked by irate bosses because of our low mathematical ability.

Taking into consideration that Denise is "slipping," Sylvia is "spineless," and Irma writes in "heiroglyphics," we are a very happy crew. Our ship, the "We Aren't Here" (apologies to Rudyard), carried us through the waves of mock Junior, and it is hoped that it will prove seaworthy for the Junior storm.

Among our studious scholars there are still some who show athletic ability, such as Helene and Jenny, who shine in running, and Pat, Jenny, Marion, Beverley, Pamela (Beatrice) and Joan take the prominent positions in the basketball teams. We express our thanks to our Skipper, Mrs. Warne, who has guided us through this trying year.

Several girls have taken Music exams, and seven girls took the Domestic Science exam, which proved quite successful, except for one very flat sponge and white sauce that looked like gravy.

Throughout the year we have only been on two excursions, one to Cottesloe to collect Botany specimens (what specimens!) and the other to the Royal Perth Hospital with Sister Lucas, who unfortunately was not able to see her favourite "Honorary," but the girls enjoyed themselves with "Scalpels" in out-patients.

Many of us are saying farewell to M.L.C. We all leave our best wishes to VA2, and hope that they have as good a time as we had.

Happy Holidays!

FORM VB1 CLASS NOTES

This year has been quite an interesting one. The first big change was our new Principal, Miss Corr. During this year she has improved the miserable existence of Boarders by allowing them a few biscuits at break. This is greatly appreciated by the Boarders, and the Mistresses don't keep them back more than quarter of an hour after the play-bell has rung. (By the way, all our bells are electric now, so Miss Dinsdale has an easier time.)

The VC1, VB1 classrooms were used as VB1 and VB2 this year, much to our delight. Miss Fraenkel is our Form Mistress, and although we only see her for lessons three times a week, we are pleased to have someone who looks after us so well. Our classroom is not yet decorated with inkspots and anonymous artistry like some of the others we know.

The class has been to several shows this year. We went to the Wild Life Show this term. The purpose was a composition for "The Collegian." (I wonder who did one?)

This term has been a difficult one for those who wish to go without stockings; in fact, I think that the two sentries, Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. Moore, won the day. Some who thought they escaped were dragged out as soon as the protecting lines of VA1 and VA2 had marched into Assembly. The punishment was, I think, to tidy the lawns at lunch-time, but I wouldn't know, although I'm quite sure one member of our Form would.
We now have only successfully to scrape through our last term exams and then we'll be on our Christmas vacation. The Running Sports and Guy Fawkes were the only other cheery events before the exams.

Happy Christmas!

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FORM VB2 CLASS NOTES

Dear Parents, Teachers and Friends,—

Firstly, we would like to thank Mrs. Matthews for being our Form Mistress for the year without having a mental collapse. Our three Form Captains, G.M., A.P. and F.B., have tried rather unsuccessfully to keep us in order. Miss Corr also has had her share in keeping our boisterous spirits down. Mrs. Girdwood has also found our spirits rather overwhelming, and we sincerely hope she has better luck next year. Mrs. Nicholas taught us about atoms and bugs. Miss Fraenkel has taught us much about land masses, planets and winds.

Books and other articles have disappeared by the dozen. The blame is laid on the Boarders by the Day Girls, and on the Day Girls by the Boarders.

Sport—well, we have all enjoyed that, and now have gorgeous figures and good posture. All our girls thank you sincerely for teaching us the ins and outs of everyday knowledge.—Yours sincerely,

VB2

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FORM VC1 NOTES

The year began with surprising ease, mainly due to New Year resolutions, which have not been in evidence at most times, however, and at others have worn rather thin.

One of our members, Margo Patroni, will be leaving for England during this term for a six months' holiday there. Three of our other members will be going with the Y.A.L. tour to the Eastern States. Have a good time, Jennie, Diane and Janette! That is all the Form news, so we would all like to thank Mrs. Lutz and all the other teachers for putting up with us during the year. We'll be better next year, we hope.

Good-bye until next year, when we'll be in evidence again as VB's. Let's hope that the IVA's have as good a time as we've had!

—A MEMBER.

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VC2 CLASS NOTES

This year we have made several interesting expeditions to such places as Yanchep Caves, Youth Concert, Nature Hunts, and to Burnside, where we regularly see films.
We would very much like to thank our Form Mistress, Mrs. Girdwood, for her help during the year, and wish her a very happy holiday. Next term most of us will meet again as VB2, and hope to spend a year as happy as this one.

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FORM IVA NOTES

This year we had as our Form Mistress Mrs. Moore. We are very sad at the prospect of leaving her, as she has been very patient with us. In First Term we elected June Hancock as our Form Leader, and a very good one she made, too. This term the Swimming Sports were held. We have a few good swimmers, Gay Purslowe and Gail Smith, who we hope will have some more victories next year. We broke up for our holidays in May and came back all prepared to work.

In Third Term Sally Lough, a new arrival, was chosen to be Form Leader. During October we had the Athletic Sports. Dorothy Erickson, Valerie Mincherton and Pam Crawford are some of our best runners. We had two tuck-shops during the term in aid of material for the Fete. Miss Dickson was pleased with us as our class was the only one which offered to help. Early in November our Form and IVB marched down to Stirling Highway to see the new Governor, Sir Charles Gairdner, pass in his car. We have had a successful year, and we wish the best of luck to next year's VIA.

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FORM IVB NOTES

Like most children, we like acting. Now and then we enact a play which we write ourselves. The first play we had this year was called "The Lazy Fairy." It had only two people in it—the Fairy Queen being played by Beverley Moss and the Lazy Fairy by Sally Siminson. Although they giggled a bit, that was the best play we had this year. Other attempts were made but none was so successful.

We are also interested in sports. We have two champions in our class. Fay Price is the Junior Diving Champion and Janice Ricket the Under Twelve Running Champion. We are very proud of them.

—LYNNE McCRAE.

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AN EXCURSION TO YANCHEP

On 25th September the Forms VC1 and VC2 went to Yanchep for the day.

When we arrived Mrs. Nicholas gave us an hour to explore. Most of us went to see the ducks, swans and geese, as well as to see the koalas and emus and the trout hatchery. After lunch we went down the caves.
Firstly, the guide showed us the monument to Sir George Grey, who discovered the Crystal Cave in 1838. After this discovery he became Governor of South Australia and New Zealand. From this he received his title. Later, in 1931, the caves were lit up with electric power to show the lovely colours and formations of the stalactites and stalagmites.

The first cave was the Crystal Cave, where we saw the water in two pools. There were roots of a tree making their way to the water. At the end of these pools were pointed out several formations to which the following names had been given: Drooping Candles, Nelson’s Column, a sea-horse, a model of a bear’s head, the Three Sisters, a very good map of Australia, the inscription of a prayer, an anti-aircraft gun, and as we walked away we turned and could see a kangaroo on the edge. The “ceiling” was lined with hanging stalactites—macaroni.

We were shown up some steps, half-way up which were a rasher of bacon from the “ceiling” and an egg formed below it. At the top of these steps was a cavern in which we saw an octopus, Buddha in a shrine by a tiny cemetery.

After this we left the cave, entering the next and passing the wishing well. We came to the Sermon on the Mount. After this we saw the shadow of the Cardinal’s Hat and one of a Red Indian’s head.

In a further passage was the Jewelled City, a truly lovely sight, all lit up with bright lights, reflecting on to the water below. By this is the petrified waterfall, and the elephant’s foot, and further up the lacework, elephants’ heads and trunks, as well as the fragile stork. This is all the Crystal Cave.

Next we went out and across to Yonderup Cave. The main feature of this is the bones of native bodies, found there on the discovery of this cave. After this part we saw the wheat-field ceiling, looking like wheat with so many fine stalactites. Further on into this cave is a castle which is still being changed by mineral waters and limestone. A seal and monkey are formed nearby, as is Dolly Varden’s statue-like form. A mother and child stand here, while all these are ruled over by the great eagle, with an angel standing serene and silent.

The next cave was nearly all steps, and we saw the beast of burden supporting some rocks which have at some time fallen. Below this is the crocodile’s mouth with both layers of teeth.

Although plenty of imagination is needed to be able to make out these forms, some are very plain, and others are difficult to make out what they are. Now many girls have photos of the caves, which have been time-exposed. The Crystal Cave’s Jewelled City has proved very popular with the photographers.

Altogether our day at Yanchep has been both educating and entertaining. Our Mistresses said they would love to take us out again, so that is very promising and encouraging.

—JENNIFER PEET (Form VC1).

YE LEAVYINGS — A.D. 1400

Now wol I telle you of our companye,
Of each of hem, so as it seemed me,
Of five yonge girls whereof I now endyte,
Wel coude they daunce and wel purtraye and wryte.
Now with Elizabeth wol I first begin:
Ful swiftly coude she run, and also win.
At everich scole overal ther she cam.
At running she wolde have alway the ram.
With her ther was a mayde ycleped Clare.
Full tall, and eke estatlich of manere.
Of making gounes she coude the olde daunce.
She passed hem of England and of France.
A comely mayde, and amiable of port
Was Ann; I wot she was of great desport.
But sore weep she if tennis she must play,
For she wolde liefer read a book alway.
And next there was a semely mayde, Aileen,
And French she spak full fetishly, I ween,
After the scole of Claremont atte Perth,
She gave unto her teacher somedel merth.
Of Heather wolde I speke to yon, I wot,
A voice she hadde as smal as any goot.
Of whispering she bar utterly the prys,
And yet she coude her lesson and was wise.
And now, fayre maydens, hearken unto me.
Ye goon to Varsity, now God you speed!
The blissful martyr gyte yow your mede!
The gist of it in Modern language is as follows:—
Elizabeth runs fleetly,
Clare plys her needle neatly;
Ann prefers to read
To sporting on the mead.
"Comment vous portez-vous?"
Is Aileen's "How d' ye do!"
We hope that all is still
When Heather says "I will."

SLEEP

Darkness.
The sun has drawn
Her fiery hours of toil
Away.
A cool wind sighs through
The pines.
Quiet.
Moths
Clustering to light.
Soft velvet wings
Wielding clumsy bodies
To burning
Death.
Death.
A ghoul—
A beckoning misty fantasy—
Or quiet, slumbrous
Sleep?

—ANN KENDALL.
Deep in the south of Western Australia are forests of giant trees, dwarfing everything for miles. Their heads rear proudly over acres of land, gradually diminishing, but making way for the rich pastures of dairy farms and rows of fruit trees.

The colour of these trees varies from a russet red to the hazy blue of the depths of the forests. Far above, hundreds of feet in the air, are branches and leaves, uniting to form a canopy of greens and browns to keep out the harsh glare of the sun. Flecks of sunlight penetrate and make small patterns on the carpeted earth, dappling and softening the colours.

The paths and roads wind in and out, seemingly aimlessly, through these forests, showing the way to people bent on destruction. On each side the trees stand, etched against the vivid blue of the sky, after defying man's efforts until the death crash echoes through the land.

Truly it is a terrible sight, this destruction of trees, each one alike, yet strangely dissimilar. This is not easy to explain, but to those who love them each tree seems to have its own character.

People have discovered that these forests are being rapidly destroyed, and now have to, under Government instruction and sometimes supervision, replant the forests as they are cut down, but they can never take the place of those grand old trees, mellowed with age. To generations who follow, the seedlings now being planted will, perhaps, be the same (to them) as the old trees are to us, but it is a terrible way to make way for progress.

When one sees these proud giants of the forests, with all their beauty and grandeur, one can well agree with Joyce Filmer, who wrote:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

-KAY KENDALL.

A DAY IN THE BOARDING SCHOOL

"Dong! Dong! Dong!" The discordant sound of the rising bell echoed down the corridors and immediately there came the bustle and noise of the girls rising. I lay in bed and watched the patterns the sun made on the opposite wall, my bed was too warm and I was too lazy to rise yet. A few minutes later, however, I could hear screams issuing from the rooms down the corridor. Guessing that Sister was pulling the girls out, I hastily jumped out of bed and tried to look as though I had been up ever since the bell. It didn't work.

"Hurry up," said Sister, "or you'll lose a point." When I at last returned from the bathroom it was very late, and my room-mates were more or less in the last stages of dressing. I dressed hurriedly, but the bell beat me to it. Grabbing my rugs (which are meant to be tidily folded on the boot-box), I rolled them into an untidy ball, and after running a comb through my unresponsive hair, I ran downstairs.

In the classroom there was a great deal of noise, and more when a girl and I started fighting over a chair, which we both claimed was ours. This was soon broken up when Mrs. Edwards entered the room.
"What do you think you are doing?" she demanded. The explanation sounded very silly and did not convince her at all.

"See me after breakfast, please," she said. We returned woefully to our seats and silence reigned.

After breakfast we received a long lecture on how bad we were and were given two towels each to do for punishment. On returning to my room I found a little note pinned to my bed. "Untidy bed," it read. "one point." I reached the comparative safety of downstairs without losing another point, only to find that I should have been at a music lesson ten minutes ago.

The day passed uneventfully, except for the everyday occurrences of being reprimanded for untidy writing and unlearnt homework. When the sports time came after school, and after searching frantically, I realized, with a sinking heart, that my gym. tunic was upstairs. My punishment was to walk around the oval till five o'clock. I don't know whether you've ever walked around an oval for one and a half hours, but I can tell you that at five you feel as though you cannot possibly walk another inch.

The hearty tea I ate revived me, but later I found that my classroom was locked and I didn't have my books. Study-time was spent in worrying about the trouble I would get into from the various Mistresses the next day. At last, when I was almost dropping off to sleep, the last bell rang. When prayers were over we ran gleefully up the stairs to our very welcome beds.

The silence bell rang and the Boarding School was quiet once again. The lights were then switched off and the sleepy girls sighed deep breaths of contentment. The only sound was the girls turning over in their beds and occasional soft snores from those already in dreamland. So ended a day in the Boarding School.

D. WILLIAMS (VB).

A NIGHTMARE OF A FUGITIVE

I was falling. I was being drawn downwards through an endless abyss of darkness by some slow persistent force. I felt dizzy, bewildered and terrified of what I might meet at the end of this fearful descent. At last it came, with my being lightly bumped to rest on the cold, dank floor of what appeared to be a subterranean passage. The darkness was still impenetrable as I felt about me, crouching on all fours on the oozing floor. I groped to the wall and gradually eased myself to a standing position by clutching at its slimy surface. To turn back and attempt the way I had come I acknowledge as sheer madness. Yet, even had I decided to climb back I knew somehow that it was impossible, for in so doing I should be deliberately defying that powerful something which was urging me forward and on, along through the eternal darkness.

I ventured on somewhat unsteadily as the marshy floor impeded every step I took, dragging and slipping me almost off balance. There was no sound down there in that forboding depth. No sound, that is, except the "squelsh" of my feet and my frightened rhythmic breathing. Instead of sound or light there was a pungent smell of decay, which was almost choking in its strength.

I struggled on, and presently came upon a sharp turning, which I rounded with some difficulty. There a green mist of light played on the walls and flooring of the passage. By this light I now saw the nature of the slime, which was thick and gleaming alive with eels
twisting about me in a seething mass. Looking up I saw that the weird light issued from the mouth of a cavern ahead.

Drawn still by the same force, I reached the threshold of the cavern. Standing watching the lambent light playing on the rugged walls, I became conscious of that pricking of instinct which foretells some impending danger, and was about to turn away, when I discovered that I could move only forward.

Entering the cavern, my attention was immediately arrested by the thing around which the light flickered brightest. Unable to withdraw, I advanced to the recumbent figure before me. This was shrouded in a white gown, whose folds gave an illusory ghouliness to the shape and features. Bending fearfully over, I realized my fate on recognising the voice which left those bloodless lips in a dreadful imprecation. My eyes had become fascinated by the malignant depth of those others. It was too late. I felt the grip of cold, steely fingers about my neck and saw the dreadful visage of that thing I had once known as a young woman in all the warmth of life, filling my vision, blotting all out, so that my world was just her face. Too late now, for one who had once vowed never to regret, to offer explanations or to reason and beg forgiveness. The fingers tightened and I heard the frightful laugh of a maniac echoing through the underworld. For a few ghastly moments I was sensible to pain, both physical and mental, aware that this then was to be my immolation. Then there was nothing...

—P. M. SKELLY.

"EARLY MORNING WALK"

A walk on the hills in the early morning before sunrise cannot help but impress one with the stillness and quiet beauty that are so characteristic of the hour before the dawn. At times I have risen early and set out over the hills to watch the rising of the sun.

The path I follow leads beneath the shadows of old fruit trees and across a stream, which when the sun is shining sings with the birds, but whose dawn-song is faint and subdued almost as though the singer would lull himself to sleep. The branches of weeping willows droop sadly over it as if they bear on their stooped shoulders the world's every care.

After scrambling up a bank the real climb begins. It is not fatiguing in the cool morning air as it is later in the day when the scorching sun beats down on the head and back of the climber.

Stopping for a rest half-way up the slope, and looking down, it is surprising to realize the distance that has already been covered. Below, sleeping peacefully in the valley surrounded by gardens and trees, lies the homestead; to either side fields mantled in mist, beyond them a twisting red line of road, and at the foot of the orchard guarded by the willows the creek slips along between its banks. After a few minutes' further climb the summit of the hill is reached and the air feels lighter and fresher than that in the valley.

The panorama is that of a lifeless township wreathed in a light fog rising from the river which is not visible from this point. A section of the main street, the school with its playground deserted by the usual crowd of noisy, joyous country children, the part of the hotel carrying its name, and the roofs of numerous other buildings which compose the little town can be seen.
A breeze ripples through a nearby bush, birds flutter and wake, and a streak of light in the east heralds the sunrise. Arrows of golden light pierce the mist, the tree tops are bathed in glowing colours and the fiery ball of light lifts itself above the horizon, flooding the hilltops in the first glorious sunshine of the day. Darting rays light upon the roofs and every other shining object in the township, setting them aglow. Ugly sheds and gaunt dead trees are transformed into things of radiant beauty. Movement and other signs indicate that the little town is shaking off the fetters of sleep to behold the glory of another day.

—MARGARET ASPLIN.

MARTIAN ADVENTURE

Midnight! A hush fell over the small group of scientists assembled on the top of one of the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains. They were about to witness the start of one of the most dramatic and spectacular journeys ever to be made. To Mars! The leading scientists of the world had at last invented a “Super Atmospheric Rocket,” which was being tried out for the first time—by us. The scene we presented was a weird one—a collection of people silhouetted against a rocket which was made of luminite, a rare metal which could withstand anything and which lit up the mountains for miles around with an eerie luminous glow.

As we settled ourselves in the rocket, our hearts beat rather fast, in spite of the encouraging words from Professor Einstein, who was standing near by. Whizz! The rocket shot up like an iridescent streak into space at the rate of seven million miles per hour—we would reach Mars in about five hours.

We glanced at the Uranigraph, a type of camera which was automatically taking one long photograph of the things we passed. Unfortunately, at the speed at which we were going we could not see a thing outside.

Suddenly there came the terrific jolt of a tremendous collision, but there was no sound! We glanced at the thermometer, which told the outside temperature and which, to our astonishment, had risen to 390 deg. We had bumped into “The Thing!”

The creature was silver, with green eyes, then white with yellow eyes; one minute it was fifteen feet high; then only a few inches high. Then it broke into thousands of pieces, each with one green eye. The pieces did a sort of war dance and then joined together again. Suddenly it grew transparent, and with an eerie moaning it disappeared into a big black box, which gradually grew invisible.

With a shudder we resumed our flight to Mars. Well, now we knew what the “Thing” was, anyway.

An hour passed uneventfully, then a whirring buzz started. There was a terrific S—P—L—A—8—H! We had landed right in one of the criss-cross canals on Mars!

Peering out through the window, we saw a familiar figure. He was dressed in boots, tights, a close-fitting shirt, and a red cloak. Speed Gordon!

Behind Speed stood a crowd of jabbering Martians. The Martians were small creatures, about three feet high, with vivid green hair and red eyes, and transparent green bodies. We looked around. So this was Mars!
Speed clasped our hands and expressed his joy at seeing people from Earth. Then he introduced us to a wizened old man who had a well-kept green beard reaching to his ankles. He salaamed, viewing us with curious but suspicious eyes. Speed, who had been on this planet for a few months and had rid it of a certain usurper, Zeegan, had mastered the Martian language and he translated their hospitable welcome to us.

A little later we had left our rocket and were in a private “Slido-car” on the way to the king’s castle, the greater part of which was taken up by the controlling tower. The houses on each side of the slidoway (road) were made of uranium, with panels of uranium glass, which shed a soft, green, iridescent light. Our destination was the control-room of the king. It was from this room the whole planet was organised.

Covering the walls of the control-room were hundreds of buttons, levers, bells, and other shiny instruments. In the centre a big wheel spun round noiselessly. Green electric sparks shot out from wires, glittering around the hub. Oneas Ponas, the leading Martian scientist, bowed absent-mindedly and resumed his work with his assistant, Knuttlooz. These two were arrayed similarly to the other Martians. Long flowing robes wound round their semi-transparent bodies, and on their heads were platinum helmets.

After a few days we decided to return to Earth. With us we took various samples of Martian flora and fauna. Unfortunately, Martians cannot survive in our atmosphere, or we would have brought a few of them, too.

The day after we arrived back reports such as these confronted us in the papers:

“Daring women-scientists undergo journey to Mars!” and:

“Today heralded the return of two of the world’s leading scientists...”

Having absorbed all the higher mathematics on this lowly world (??) we have decided to seek other, more advanced planets, where we can further our mathematical and scientific knowledge. So next trip, hey-ho for Jupiter!

ROSEMARY FREDERICK.
HELEN McCOOKE.

MODERN TORTURE CHAMBER

There is a certain unmistakable atmosphere about a dentist’s waiting-room—that room of mental torture.

There is a cold feeling about everything—from the stiff artificial flowers standing rigidly at attention in a tall vase, to the bare, polished wooden floor. A few dull, uninteresting pictures of Highland cattle and stags at bay and similar subjects adorn the glaring white walls. Half a dozen hard wooden chairs are standing about a round table, on which are scattered numerous magazines—mostly of great antiquity.

Two doors lead out of the room. One leads to outside (and freedom) and the other to that more awe-inspiring room, where we are tortured by the dentist.

Among the victims in the waiting-room can be seen a large gentleman, apparently absorbed in “Country Life.” Upon closer observation, however, it can be seen that his hand shakes faintly, but unmistakably, and he moistens his lips whenever he glances at the door leading into the torture chamber.
The lucky soul who has just escaped from the room smiles pitifully and triumphantly at those still waiting, who fix him with a long, envious stare. There is a look of dumb resignation in their eyes. The freed victim whistles unconcernedly as he opens the door to freedom. What a wonderful day it is! (He hasn't noticed before!) Life is joyous and carefree once again! He has nothing to worry about—until next time, anyway.

—ROSEMARY FREDERICK.

BALLET

During the past year some of the girls went to the "Corroboree Ballet," which was part of the Commonwealth Jubilee Celebrations. The two ballets we saw were "Les Sylphides," a classical ballet, and "Corroboree" which was a very new and modern type of ballet.

"Les Sylphides" was the first ballet I had ever seen, and I was charmed by it. The background of ancient ruins and moonlight fitted exactly into the sad, dreamy music and gracefully moving dancers. The effective lighting which made the dancers look just what they were meant to be, spirits beyond the grave, together with Chopin's music, enchanted me. As I have never seen any other ballet, I cannot compare it, but "Les Sylphides" seemed to me to be very lovely.

Then, as a direct contrast, came the "Corroboree." This was essentially an Australian ballet, with new and different steps and scenery and music which were opposite to the first ballet. The ballet was intended to convey the impression of the Australian aborigines dancing in their corroborees, which are to them sacred rites. John Antill, the producer of this ballet, had combined the instruments of the orchestra to sound as closely as possible like the aboriginal music. The ballet started off with the beginning of the corroboree, and throughout the dance the music became wilder and wilder as the various tribes performed their dances. The dancing became more and more frenzied until at the rising of the sun the dancers threw themselves prostrate upon the floor.

—DELYS WILLIAMS.

SONG TITLES

"My Heart Cries For You"—Homesick.
"Mocking Bird Hill"—Christ Church.
"Rose, Rose, I Love You"—East Wing War-cry.
"I Told Them All About You"—Miss Corr's Orders.
"Cry of the Wild Goose"—Who said that?
"Baby, It's Cold Outside"—Heard often by Boarders in summer.
"Serenade of the Bells"—Now for home and 6 P.R.
"The Loveliest Night of the Year"—4th December.
"That Lovely Week-end"—Boarders.
"Chooin' Gum"—Not here, please!
**CAUTIONARY TALES**

Elissa, stop “murdering” Frankie Laine,
And can’t you keep quiet, Heather?
Poor Miss Dinsdale will be in to complain,
“You’re the noisiest Sixth Form ever.”

Is that Dottie noisily screaming
Of what she did and thought?
And Bung-Eye so blissfully dreaming
Of a lesson that’s coming—sport.

Why so shy when asked to read?
It doesn’t hurt you really;
But Freda thinks it quite a deed
To read out poems freely.

The thought of a worm just makes us squirm,
But Ann, knowing all that’s been taught us,
Goes into raptures as the scalpels she snatches
And disturbs the poor thing’s rigor mortis.

Our Janice never seems to break any rules,
Or that’s what the teachers think;
But you just see her out of School,
That’ll make your opinion sink.

Oh, Paddy, who’s the letter from
That invokes such love-sick sighs?
Now don’t say, “I dinna ken what ye mean, mon,”
If it’s Bill it’ll be no surprise.

We’re sure that Wesley has all Pam’s affections,
Joyce really cannot decide.
But Judy is past all these childish deflections,
And her range is varied and wide.

Aileen, take the sarcasm out of your voice;
You know, “you’re too young to be cynical.”
Having you in the class was quite a good choice,
But come down off that high pinnacle.

Shirley, what’s that thrilling letter
That’s hidden on your lap?
Ngaire, in Latin, surely you’d better
Refrain from taking a nap?

Clare’s sure to grow up a big, bonny girl.
From the milk she drinks her hair will soon curl,
(naturally)
And Skee, we agree, must keep up her forces
With surreptitious snacks from mysterious sources.

For Gwenda Birch we add a P.S.,
When did the cleaner last see that dress?

—SEMPER FIDELES.
YE HOCKIE TEAM, 1951

Befell it, on a Monday was the day,
Our hockey team lined up was for to play.
A sandry folke, by aventure y falle
In felowshippe, hockey stickes hadde they alle,
Me thinketh it accordant to resoun,
To telle you of hir condicioun.
Of each of hem, so semed it to me,
How hard they swinke and to what degree,
Hir knocke the balle, galop and cantree.
And eek and what array that they were inne,
And at the first than wol I first beginne.

A forward was hir and a very able,
Full oft did hir bake meat at mother's table,
A good cook was she to that degree.
Full loved her honour, food and much hockee.
And with hir was hir friend, a young backe,
With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in pinnie,
Of stature and not much thinne,
But coude weigh about un stone,
Or did someone telle me it was tonne?
A goode backe also was there now,
Ful big hir was of brawn and eek at brow,
We were adread of hir as of the toade,
For she coude swink the balle far up the roade.
We were adread of hir as of the toade,
For she coude swink the balle far up the roade.

A half backe was there from a place I know,
That into hocke hadde long y go,
Ful loufe were hir legges, and fulle thinn,
Y-lyk a stick, nowere coude calf be seene,
There were also two winges and two inne:s,
A half backe and a centre also,
A goalie and a girl to hold up pinnes,
Of goal posts, and there were na-mo.

—A. KENDALL.