The

"Collegian"

METHODIST LADIES' COLLEGE

Claremont, W.A.

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On February 6th of this year the world was shocked and grieved to hear of the sudden death of King George VI.

His heroism and devotion to duty were an inspiration to servicemen and civilians alike, and his noble character, calmness, steadfastness and detached wisdom, enhanced the great prestige of the throne.

We deeply mourn the loss of this great monarch.

And now at the age of twenty-five Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II has assumed the responsibilities of the British throne. Her message:

"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service and the service of our great Imperial family. And God help me to make good my vow and bless all of you who are willing to share in it," must be an inspiration to each and every one of us. We pledge ourselves to the tasks that lie ahead and pray that Her Majesty will enjoy a long and successful reign.

"Her open eyes desire the truth,  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears,  
That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our dreams."

God Save the Queen!
Speech Day 1951

Although Speech Day was held on 5th December and well into the summer, the weather was most improvident, and instead of a bright hot day, it rained heavily.

This was unfortunate as it meant frantically shifting all the chairs from the lawns into the Assembly Hall, which became so overcrowded that it was necessary to take visitors upstairs to look over the balcony.

The Principal's report was read by Miss Corr and the prizes were presented by The Lady Gairdner.

As is usual the choirs rendered items and some of the girls did folk dancing.

Although there were many girls who, "once departed, may return no more," for the majority it was a joyful occasion preceding nine weeks vacation.
In third term we were notified that Mr. Walter Shepherd would become Principal next year, and it is with sincere good wishes that we say farewell to Miss Corr as Acting Headmistress, and we are delighted that she will still be with us in her teaching capacity.

It is with deep regret that we heard of Miss Dickson's departure, and we know her presence will be greatly missed among us. Last year Miss Dickson was in charge of the boarding-house and helped and guided the girls through many difficulties.

It is with regret that we say goodbye to Mrs. Smith and Miss Fraenkel who are leaving us at the end of the term. We would like to thank them both for the assistance they have rendered in many school activities during the past years that they have been with us. We would especially like to thank Mrs. Smith for her help with the "Collegian" in previous years, and also Miss Fraenkel for the number of times she has willingly worked the projector so that educational films might be shown to girls throughout the school.

WE WISH THEM ALL THE BEST
IN THE YEARS TO COME.
AILEEN PARLOR,
Dux of School.
1951

ELIZABETH SYMES,
Captain of School.
1951
PREFECTS
Back Row (left to right): Ngaire Halbert, Judy Lickfold, Freda Sumpton.
Front Row: Pam Gibson, Joyce Bungey, Dorothy Nelson (School Captain),
Gwenda Birch, Janice Harris.
HOUSE PREFECTS

(Left to Right): Ngaire Halbert (Senior House Prefect), Joyce Bungey, Lynette Kau, Margaret Asplin, Beverley Kendall, Lorna Chin, Janice Harris.
Fortieth-Year

November, 1952

M.L.C. OFFICIALS, 1952

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PREFECTS:

DOROTHY NELSON (Captain)
ELISSA BEVAN
GWENDA BIRCH
JOYCE BUNGEY
PAM GIBSON
NGAIRE HALBERT
JANICE HARRIS
JUDY LICKFOLD
FREDA SUMPTON

* 

HOUSE OFFICIALS:

ATHENS: JANICE HARRIS (Captain), ELISSA BEVAN (Vice-Captain).
ROME: JOYCE BUNGEY (Captain), JUDY LICKFOLD (Vice-Captain).
SPARTA: DOROTHY NELSON (Captain), GWENDA BIRCH (Vice-Captain).
TROY: NGAIRE HALBERT (Captain), PAM GIBSON (Vice-Captain).

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"COLLEGIAN" COMMITTEE

JUDY LICKFOLD, Editor

DOROTHY NELSON
PAM GIBSON
GWENDA BIRCH
JOYCE BUNGEY
LORINNE PEET
NGAIRE HALBERT
MARGARET SCRIVEN
MARGARET ASPLIN
SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1952

11th February—Boarders Return.
12th February—School Re-opens.
22nd February—M.L.C. Parents and Friends' Association Meeting.
3rd March—"At Home" for members of the Methodist Conference.
4th March—Methodist Overseas Mission Meeting and Tea at Wesley Church.
29th March—M.L.C. Old Girls’ Fete at M.L.C.
10th April-15th April—Easter Vacation.
25th April—Anzac Day Service at Christ Church Grammar School.
6th May—Music Recital by the Girls.
8th May—End of Term I at 12.30 p.m.

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TERM II.

26th May—Boarders Return.
27th May—School Reopens.
30th May—Prefects' Dance.
6th June—Parents and Friends Meeting at M.L.C.
18th June—Borovansky Ballet.
1st July—School Symphony Concert.
2nd July—Borovansky Ballet.
5th July—Boarders' Birthday Party.
15th August—School Concert.
21st August—Break up for Holidays.

TERM III.

15th September—Boarders Return.
16th September—School Begins.
17th September—Wild Life Show: Town Hall.
19th September—Senior Girls attend "The Winter's Tale."
24th September—Theory and Art of Speech Examinations.
26th September—Talk on Banking: Senior Girls.
27th September—Senior Boarders attend "King Lear."

8th October—Show Day Exeat.
14th October—Visit of John Alden.
18th October—Boys Inter-School Sports Day. Exeat for Boarders.
20th October—Practical Examination in Domestic Science.
29th October—Music and Choir Examinations.
5th November—Bonfire Night.
14th November—Fremantle Hospital Visit.
16th November—M.L.C. Annual Church Service at Wesley Church.
20th November—School Examinations Begin.
24th November—"Leaving" and "Junior" Examinations Begin.
5th December—Boarders' Xmas Party.
8th December—M.L.C. Fete and Mannequin Parade.
10th December—Speech Day.
LEAVING RESULTS, 1951

ANN KENDALL—(5)—Biology (D).
AILEEN PARLOR—(6)—English (D), History (D), Geography (D).
CLARE SHEPHERD—(3).
HEATHER STANNARD—(7)—History (D).
ELIZABETH SYMES—(7).

* * *

JUNIOR RESULTS, 1951

M. ASPLIN.
L. CHIN.
J. CRANE.
J. GRAWFORD.
B. FOWLIE.
P. GRAHAM.
R. GRAHAM.
J. HENDERSON.
S. ISAAC.
H. JENNINGS.

L. KAU.
M. KEAMY.
J. MERRITT.
M. NALDER.
L. PEET.
B. RIMMER.
J. SAVAGE.
M. SCRIVEN.
N. WILLMOTT.
P. WOODS.

* * *

O.G.A.

The Scholarship for 1953 has been awarded to Rosemary Beck, daughter of Mavis Clarke.
On a warm October afternoon, the annual school sports were held on the school oval. They commenced with the "March Past" in which everyone, whether she was competing in the sports or not, had to take part. It was done in a spectacular manner with the captains of the four Houses leading their teams into a maze, a wheel, rows of four, and then back to where they started. This was a competitive event and every House was anxious to win, but as that was impossible we were all pleased to see Troy score the ten points allotted for this event.

The ordinary flat races were quite evenly matched, but it was obvious that Sparta had the best chance all round. The open 100 yards, 75 yards and 50 yards were won by Dorothy Nelson of Sparta, with Meryle Doncon of Rome second and Elissa Bevan of Athens a close third every time.

The ball games and team events were won mainly by Athens, excepting for a few of the junior entries. These were very entertaining to onlookers, but I think the spectators were even more delighted with the "Early Morning Race," a comical event in which the competitors had to put on shoes and socks, blazers, gloves and hats. The slow bicycle race and the obstacle race were both items of interest, especially at the conclusion of the obstacle race when the four girls competing had to blow up a balloon till it burst. This caused a good deal of fun and amusement.

At the conclusion of the sports we were all pleased to hear that Sparta had won and that their captain, Dorothy Nelson, was Senior Champion, with Beverley Angel, Junior Champion. Congratulations Sparta!

ATHLETIC NOTES

"Three" seemed to be the lucky number of the running teams this year, we came third in every relay we competed in, except at our own sports, where the senior team dropped the baton. We ran at the sports of St. Hilda's, P.L.C., 'Mod,' P.C., and M.L.C. The team consisted of Dorothy Nelson (Captain), Barbara Allen, Noel Anderson and Valda Mincherton.

After much hard work on Mrs. Ewen's part, our own Athletic Sports approached. We had a most successful day, Sparta winning with 206½, followed by Rome 136, Troy, 117, and Athens 110½. Dorothy Nelson was Open Champion, Valda Mincherton, 16 and under, and Beverley Angel, Junior.

This year we were able to introduce the Broad Jump and Hop, Step and Jump into our programme. The prefects, equipped with spades and rakes, proved their strength by digging the pit.

All members of this year's Running team are leaving at the end of the year, so to next year's team we say "Good Luck." We hope you will enjoy yourself as much as we have.
RUNNING TEAM

Standing (left to right): Noel Anderson, Valda Mincherton.
Sitting: Barbara Allen, Dorothy Nelson (Open Champion).
The Basketball team this year consisted of Dorothy Nelson (Captain), Sylvia Butcher, (Vice-Captain), Lynette Kau, Beverley Kendall, Meryl Doncon, Sydney Lawrence and Anne Prowse; and although we did not win any of our matches some of the results were very close.

Miss Brody worked hard to bring us up to standard, and we thank her very much.

We had four teams, an 'A,' 'B,' 'C' and 'Junior,' but it was our 'C' team who attained the best results. The new court made practices much more pleasant and playing much easier, this was appreciated by all Basketballers.

Many of our Juniors show great promise for teams of future years, and to all next year's teams we say "Best of Luck" for your matches. We hope you'll get better results than we did and have as much fun.

**BASKETBALL TEAM**

(Left to Right): Sydney Lawrence, Meryl Doncon, Ann Prowse, Dorothy Nelson (Captain), Beverley Kendall, Lynette Kau, Sylvia Butcher.
This year the growing enthusiasm in tennis, especially among many of the Juniors, has resulted in a much higher standard of play. Competitive tennis has been further encouraged by our coach, Mr. Vallvee, who early in the year presented us with a senior and junior bumping board. To him we offer thanks, not only for the boards, but also for his continued interest and helpful hints.

During Term I, we entered our “A” team, J. Harris, J. Young, B. Jones and J. Bungey for the Slazenger Cup competition, but were beaten by P.L.C., the final victors, in the first round. Teams also contested for the H. Edward Cup and H. Mursell Cup, but were easily defeated. Although we suffered defeats in these competitions, the standard of play has been raised considerably by enabling many of the younger players to gain match experience. During Term I we also played in a series of Inter-School matches; the practice gained was invaluable.

In the years to come the burden will rest on those oncoming juniors—we wish them all the success.

—J. BUNGEEY.

(TENNIS TEAM
(Left to Right): Judith Young, Barbara Jones, Joyce Bungey (Captain), J. Harris.
SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Maxine Howe, Fairlie Button, Sylvia Butcher, V. Mincherton.
Second Row (left to right): Wendy Scanlon, Jenny Mills, Robin Valentine, Pat West, Janice Harris.
Front: Joyce Bungey (Captain).
SOFTBALL, 1952

In the latter parts of Term I and Term III Softball again became our major sport. This year there has been a noticeable rise in the standard of play, which, we hope, will improve still more next year. During Term I our ‘A’ and ‘B’ teams played in matches against P.L.C., St. Hilda’s and St. Mary’s. We were successful against St. Mary’s, but P.L.C. and St. Hilda’s again proved that they were our superiors. If the enthusiasm among the younger members of the school can be maintained we may look forward to more success in the years to come.

—J. BUNGEY.

HOCKEY NOTES

This year we had quite a successful hockey season, the “A” team being beaten only by Perth Modern School and Perth College. The captains of the “A” and “B” teams were J. Harris and P. Gibson respectively, and the vice-captain of the “A” was J. Bungey.

At the beginning of the season we did not have a coach, so Mr. Slade Warne offered to come and help us. He introduced the tactic of swinging the ball from one wing to the other, and we found this a great help in our playing. We would like to thank Mr. Warne very much for his coaching during the term. Also our thanks to Mrs. Moore, C. Shepherd and E. Symes, who umpired for many of our matches.

Besides playing the girls’ schools, the A team played against Christ Church’s A team and Scotch’s B team. We were beaten by them, but our B team managed to defeat the boys from Nedland’s State School, 2-1.

The following are the results of the other matches played by the A team this season:

1st Round.—M.L.C. defeated by P.M.S. 3-1.
M.L.C. drew with P.L.C., 3 all.
M.L.C. defeated St. Hilda’s, 5-2.

2nd Round.—M.L.C. defeated by P.M.S., 3-2.
M.L.C. defeated P.C., 3-2.

—J.H.
HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): Jenny Mills, Robin Valentine, Valda Mincherton, Fairlie Button, Judith Young, Maxine Howe, Pat West.
Centre: Janice Harris (Captain).
Front: Joyce Bungey (Vice-Captain), Betty Bignell.
"Sink or Swim." These are the two groups into which the enthusiasts are divided during the Swimming season. From the latter group a team was chosen to represent the school in the Inter-School relays, and succeeded in gaining second and third placings at all but our own sports, where we came fourth. We competed against teams from St. Hilda's, P.L.C., Modern School, Perth College and St. Mary's.

Members of the team were:—

GWENDA BIRCH; VAL CAMPBELL (Backstroke)
DOROTHY NELSON; PEGGY PRICE (Breaststroke)
JUDITH LICKFOLD; MARGARET IRELAND (Freestyle)
Mascot: PAM GIBSON (From Group "Sink")

Excellent weather favoured the day chosen for the Inter-House Sports, March 22, and an exciting day was had by all, especially the Spartans, who won the day for the third successive year. The final scores were: Sparta 87½ pts; Troy 74; Athens 65 and Rome 45.

Championships were as follows:—

Open Champion—Gwenda Birch; Runners-up—Judith Lickfold, Dorothy Nelson, Julie Crawford; Junior Champion—Margaret Ireland; Runners-up—Anne Bessel-Browne, Val Campbell; Open Diving Champion and Junior Diving Champion—Gwenda Birch.

The Water Ballet justified the time spent by the girls in preparing it, and was enjoyed very much by the visitors who came to watch.

Definitely the highlight of the day was the relay race between the Mistresses and Prefects. The Mistresses, who had very sportingly accepted the invitation extended by the Prefects, proved the superiority of "age before beauty," and won the race.

—G.B.
SWIMMING TEAM

Standing (left to Right): Dorothy Nelson, Judy Lickfold, Val Campbell.
Sitting: Peggy Price, Gwenda Birch (Open Champion), Margaret Ireland.
SCHOOL COLOURS, 1952

SWIMMING

GWENDA BIRCH.  PEGGY PRICE.
DOROTHY NELSON.  MARGARET IRELAND.
JUDITH LICKFOLD.  VALERIE CAMPBELL.

TENNIS

JOYCE BUNGEY.  BARBARA JONES.
JANICE HARRIS.  JUDITH YOUNG.

BASKETBALL

DOROTHY NELSON.  ANNE PROWSE.
Sylvia BUTCHER.  SYDNEY LAWRENCE.
BEVERLEY KENDALL.  MERYL DONCON.
LYNETTE KAU.

HOCKEY

JANICE HARRIS.  JUDITH YOUNG.
JOYCE BUNGEY.  JENIFER MILLS.
MAXINE HOWE.  PAT WEST.
FAIRLIE BUTTON.  BETTY BIGNELL.
GLENYS HEITMAN.  VALDA MINCHERTON.
ROBIN VALENTINE.

ATHLETICS

DOROTHY NELSON.  NOEL ANDERSON.
VALDA MINCHERTON.  BARBARA ALLEN.
This year we welcomed many new girls. To break them into boarding life and not allow them to be bashful we had a new girls' concert, at which they displayed their various gifts of acting, singing or dancing.

We also welcomed the new mistresses, Sister Tiller, Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Smith, who took the positions of Sister Lucas, Miss Ladyman and Mrs. Jack.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to the housemistress, Miss Winter, at the end of Term I, but were pleased to have her place filled by Miss Monger, who has also taken over some of Miss Dickson's duties. We would like to thank Miss Monger for all she has done for the boarders, especially the scrumptious supper she provided at the boarders' birthday party.

One afternoon in first term the boarders had a great treat when the wing mistresses took the girls to either the pictures or the zoo. (Judging from the queer noises sometimes heard in the boarding house it is possible we brought back some extras.)

During first term the senior boarders accepted an invitation from Wesley to spend a social evening there. All spent an enjoyable evening dancing and playing games, after which the boys provided supper.

In Term III the boarders welcomed the increase of pocket money from £3 to £5 with enthusiasm. Some were quite sure they would have some over, but I fear their enthusiasm will change to dismay when they add their accounts up.

When we returned in Term III we were very surprised, and pleased, to see the school had had a new coat of cream paint in the dining room and the corridors.

On two occasions the Sixth Form boarders have been indebted to Miss Corr for taking them to see the John Alden productions of Shakespeare's plays, "King Lear" and "The Winters' Tale."

Even though crackers were so dear this year, Guy Fawkes night was a great success, and as most of the girls had their own crackers and the school contributed £2 towards it, there was a colourful display of fireworks around the bonfire.

This term were are looking forward to the fancy dress party and the Christmas holidays.

—N. and L.

BOARDERS' PARTY

The Boarders' Party, held towards the end of second term, was a great success.

A good deal of squabbling and rehearsing went on before the finished products were put before the day girls for final condemnation; but everything seemed to go off smoothly and the day girls declared we weren't so bad at amateur theatricals after all.

The early morning programme from a commercial station was put over very well by Judy Lawson; a Maori dance, with a few mistakes, by Ngaire and Janice; "Dream Canoe," complete with scenery, was sung by Betty and Judith, and a very spectacular "Gym. Display" by the younger members of the Boarding House. This they had practised at every time and in every place imaginable.
The concert concluded with a more or less "free for all corroboree" by the VA's, with apologies to the National Ballet.

The items mentioned above were only a few from the evening's programme, and all were equally enjoyable.

The audience behaved itself fairly well. There is a little doubt about the very back row, and the day girls lived up to their reputation by bringing the boarders chocolates and flowers.

After the concert everyone went down to supper, and by the time we had finished eating, and Lorna and Penny had cut the cake, it was time to farewell our guests and go up to bed.

All of us would like to thank Miss Monger for organising the supper and arranging everything for us.

And that was the end of a perfect day, well nearly, anyway.

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JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

The office-bearers for Terms I and II were: Leader, Miss Dickson; President, Lynette Kau; Secretary, Margaret Asplin, and Treasurer, Margaret Scriven. In Term III these office-bearers resigned and their places were taken by Patricia West (President), Jeanette Wallace (Secretary) and Jennifer Mills (Treasurer).

During Terms I and II the members were busy working for the Window Display in which some of the girls won places. In order to get materials for the articles we held several concerts.

In Term II Miss Bilney, the Director of Junior Red Cross in this State, visited the circle, displaying various articles made by other circles, and telling us of the activities of Red Cross.

I am sure all the girls would like to thank Miss Dickson for all the work she has done to help the circle's progress, especially the basket of flowers which she so kindly arranged for Flower Day and which won second prize.

The retiring office-bearers wish the new office-bearers and members the best of luck and success in the coming year, 1953.

—L. KAU.

GUIDE NOTES

At the beginning of the year we received a large number of enrolments, although by the end of second term the numbers had decreased slightly.

We commenced under the guidance of Mrs. Peet who was unable to continue taking us at the end of second term. We would like to thank Mrs. Peet very much for helping us on our way in the company.

At present we have as our Captain, Miss Helen Gardner, who had previously been our Lieutenant. We would also like to thank her for her patience whilst taking us.

Some of the activities we attended this year were the Thinking Day Service at Claremont Park; the Guide Dance at Myola Hall, Claremont, and the Guide Fete at Peppermint Grove.

We have all had a good year and would like to wish everyone a "Merry Xmas" and good luck for the New Year.

—J. LAWSON, Robin Patrol.
THE PREFECTS' DANCE

This year for the first time in the school's history, we held a Prefects' Dance. We would like to thank the Council for making this possible, and our thanks also go to Miss Dickson and our parents for providing such a scrumptious supper.

The dance was held at Myola Hall, on Friday, 31st May. The VI Form girls could be seen staggering down the highway under loads of fern and very soon Myola Hall was in a state of confusion as everyone proceeded to try their hand at interior decorating. A few difficulties arose, such as the tallest girl on the rickety ladder still not reaching the ceiling, and there were many differences of opinion as to how this and that should be done, resulting in a few frayed tempers.

However, all was restored to order, and by late afternoon the hall was decorated with fern, berries and poinsettias, also with streamers and balloons of the school's colours.

At 8 o'clock our guests from the other schools started to arrive and soon everyone was joining in the fun. Miss Corr and some members of the teaching staff were also present.

Supper was one of the highlights of the evening and was enjoyed by everyone. Some of the boys really earned their huge helpings of fruit salad and ice-cream by heroically helping our footsore Prefects to sweep away the decorations after the dance was over.

Altogether we had a very successful evening and we hope that the other schools enjoyed it as much as we did.

VI FORM NOTES

Despite the fact that we are "the noisiest sixth form ever," we have managed to mingle a little work with our play. What with "Fishy" putting the dog on," and "Nuisance" looking scornfully down her nose at us, the rest have managed to keep quite normal—(It's "the rest" who are writing this.)

There have been no really notable events this year, although we have been kept busy. We would like to thank Miss Corr for her continued support throughout the year.

FORM VA 1 NOTES

"Good morning girls, and now we will set about our work! We have already, haven't we?" Anyway, we shall live in happy oblivion until our Junior results come out in January. Let's hope they are pleasing.

The "tedium" of normal schoolwork has been eliminated by several events, apart from Carolyn being amazingly conceited and Alma not knowing a minus from a plus (not that they make any difference in algebra). This year has been a hard working, happy one, under the guidance of Mrs. Warne who, during the fruiting season, saved many poor boarders (and day boarders) from partial "starvation" by treating them to large baskets full of delicious grapes.
Our class has partaken in various activities this year, the swimming sports of first term, a visit to one of the matinees of the visiting ballet company in second term, and the wild life show, athletic sports and the singing examination in third term. These, it has enjoyed, and has been fairly successful in the events pertaining to the school.

May the “wind-up” of a happy year be on a January morning when you open the paper!

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**FORM VA 2 NOTES**

This year VA 2 has been privileged in having Miss Fraenkel as its form mistress and we are all sorry she is leaving at the end of the year. We wish her the best of luck in future life.

Many outings have been arranged for us this year, one of the best being a visit to the Borovansky Ballet. Two physiology excursions to Masters Dairy and the Fremantle Hospital were of great interest to all. Miss Brodie took us to the Wild Life Show, which was enjoyed by the whole class.

Although the whole class does not shine at academic subjects, some girls come into their own on the playing fields or stage. The School Sports, Boarders’ Party and School Plays were great successes, thanks to the help of teachers, parents and prefects.

The whole school had a day off for the Royal Show and fortunately no one came back suffering from sun-stroke or too much sweet food. For weeks after the boarders were munching various foodstuffs at recess or lunch time.

Some interesting films on Biology, Physiology and Geography have kindly been shown us by Misses Fraenkel and Brodie. These films have helped us a great deal in our studies of the subjects mentioned.

Our Form Captains, Sylvia Butcher (1st Term), Clare Anson (2nd Term) and Glennyse Mills (3rd Term), have done their best in attempting to quell the boisterous spirits of the girls, when at times they became uncontrollable.

We would like to thank all our mistresses for their efforts in attempting to get some knowledge to penetrate through these thick skulls of ours. Although we have not “mastered” every point we were given, we have done our best.

Best of luck to all exam. entrants and all those who are leaving.

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**FORM VB 1 NOTES**

Form VB 1 hasn’t very much to say about its exploits. Apart from annoying the teachers to exasperation, we have, on the whole, been quite passable (we hope). We’ll have to thank Miss Brody for lasting out the year as Form Mistress (a really exhausting job), and for trying to teach us a little about Biology. Also the other stern mistresses must be thanked for drumming a little knowledge into our skulls.

Having the new classrooms really presents many advantages. We assure you we all appreciated the blood and bone plastered on the ground outside our window. It certainly made school hours more enjoyable.

The poor unfortunates who were elected Form Captains were Chissys, Barbie and Glen. They had little success trying to quell our lusty voices.
We all knew we had something missing, and Helen has less than ever now. Her appendix!! Jenny M . . . was in the Royal Show but we won't say which part of it!

The thought of the Junior plagues us all, but in reality we're all looking forward to it (to pass).

Hoping next year's VB1 has as good a time as we have experienced —EXCEPTING the blood and bone.

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FORM VB 2 NOTES

This year VB 2 has had quite a successful year (in work, sport and getting into trouble).

Mrs. Matthews was our form mistress and we would like to thank her for persevering with us.

We were well represented in sports this year. In first term Margaret Ireland was Junior Swimming Champion and Valerie (Squeaker) Retallack Junior Diver; Helen Macartney was runner-up for Open Champion Swimmer. Second term Glenys Heitman, Jenny Mills and Marj. Raffan were in hockey teams. Third term Margaret Ireland was runner-up for Junior Champion and Jan Waddy runner-up in the under 16 in the Athletics.

The position of Form Captain was given to Lynette Friere in first term, Xenia Healy in second term, and Val Meyer in third term. One mistress' opinion of our captains is that in their efforts to keep the class quiet they make more noise than the class (we suggest these girls train their voices for operatic singing).

In third term our sliding door caused a lot of trouble and amusement. The door jammed and with the mistress standing patiently outside, half the form would push and pull, and unluckily it would open.

To conclude, we would like to wish Mrs. Matthews and all the other mistresses a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—L. F., X. H., V. M.

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FORM VC 1 NOTES

This year we have enjoyed quite a few outings, and being new members of the Intermediate School we have joined in the various activities and enjoyed the privileges of it. The beginning of the first term saw twelve new girls, two of whom became our second and third term class leaders. Valerie Campbell brought recognition to VC 1 by becoming a competitor in the School Swimming Team.

During second term we visited the Borovansky Ballet and went to "The Merchant of Venice," both of which we thoroughly enjoyed.

Third term was very successful, our Tuckshop raising over £4, which went towards material for articles to be sold at the Fete. Gail Smith and Dorothy Erickson distinguished themselves by winning their races in the Annual School Sports.

We wish to thank Mrs. Lutz for her assistance as our form mistress in class matters throughout the year, and especially for her kindness and co-operation concerning our Tuckshop.

Form Captains for the year were Pat Tebbutt, Diane Eddington and Jennifer Bolland.
FORM VC 2 NOTES

This year we decided to start a coke bar. The social captains of each term took a great interest, and helped to make it a success. With the profit we were able to buy a clock, which has been appreciated by the class.

We have had several enjoyable outings this year. First term we were taken by Miss Fraenkel to the Symphony Concert for school children. Second term we saw the Borovansky Ballet, which was outstanding and most enjoyable. We also had the pleasure of seeing an Art Exhibition at Fremantle. This work was by American children. We thank all the mistresses who gave their time to make these outings possible.

Beverley Angel is to be congratulated for her success in winning the Junior Championship at our School Sports this year.

Other girls who have taken a lively interest in sport are Dawn Nalder, Beth Hebiton, Joan Erickson, Wendy Scanlon and Judith Cox, who were chosen for the Basket Ball teams. Wendy Scanlon and Beth Hebiton were also chosen for the Softball teams in the third term.

We would like to thank our Form Mistress, Mrs. Howe, for her help during the year, and for her patience with us.

Our Form Captains were Sheena Hazlett, Dorothy Flavel and Dawn Nalder.

FORM IV A NOTES

In our class, IV A, we have several of the junior champions and runners-up in both swimming and running. For running we have Kay Bungey, winner of the ten and eleven age race. We also have Anne Bessel-Browne, aged twelve, runner-up of the under sixteen championship. Anne Bessel-Browne also did well in the jumping. For swimming we have Sally Simonsen, the under fourteen champion diver. Also Allison Gordon the under twelve diving champion.

We have some very promising drawers in IV A, such as Rosemary Peet, Sally Simonsen and Joan Hodgson.

We also have a few good pianists, such as Pam Valentine and Janice Ricket.

Towards the end of last term some of us were able to go, under the charge of Mrs. Hargraves to an Art Exhibition held in Fremantle. We all enjoyed it very much, as there were some very good works of art to be seen. We have had a very successful year, and we are all very grateful to Mrs. Moore for all she has done to help us get up into the higher classes. Thank you very much Mrs. Moore from all this year's IV A.

FORM IV B NOTES

From the courtyard our classroom looks like a flower shop, with its Maiden Hair, Fish Fern and Fuchsia plants growing in profusion.

A colourful decorated room of pink and green keeps us from feeling dull.

Usually we have some fresh flowers to brighten the room.

If no flowers happen to be brought our teacher's face becomes gloomy, and that helps us to remember.

In our form is a good swimmer, Elizabeth Torrance, and a fast runner, Lois Bell, who was champion for 12 years and under in the School Sports.
PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

During the year parents have been active in raising money to provide amenities for the girls.

On March 29, 1952, Parents and Old Girls held their joint fete. The proceeds, which amounted to £135, were divided between the Associations.

After much discussion between the Secretary of the College Council (Mr. R. Allingham) and parents, it was decided that the long-range plan for a swimming pool be postponed, and information be obtained from the Old Girls' Association concerning the proposed Gertrude Walton Memorial Library, with a view to joining forces with the O.G.A. and making the library an accomplished fact.

Mrs. G. Russell Smith (President of the O.G.A.) told parents that her Association had information as to the correct amount of space required in a library for a certain number of students, the most modern style of fittings and a rough estimate of cost.

On November 7, Mesdames D. A. Woods and R. S. Simonsen organised a very successful dance for parents at the Myola Hall, Claremont. Members of the P. & F's and O.G.A. assisted with the supper arrangements and floral decorations. The proceeds are to be shared by the two Associations.

The Parents and Old Girls are working hard for the 1953 fete, which is expected to be a great success, both financially and socially.

Parents! don't forget that without your co-operation the Association is handicapped. Make it a New Year resolution to join the Parents' and Friends' Association and give them your support and assistance.

On behalf of the officers and committee of the P. & F's Association I wish to extend thanks to parents who willingly assisted when called upon.

ALMA WADDY, Secretary.

JUNIOR LIBRARY NOTES

The Junior Library this year was held in the 3A-B classroom (formerly the 'spare' classroom).

During the first term the Library received a box of books, kindly donated by Mrs. Rossiter.

During the second term we received twelve new books. All of which were very popular.

At the beginning of the third term, thanks to the proceeds of the School Concert, ten new books were added to the Library. These books were not allowed to be taken out until all second term books had been returned, but eventually they were given a very good reception, and are still showing signs of being well read.

P.G.
SENIOR LIBRARY NOTES

During the year a new system, whereby each girl reads at least one good book each term has been introduced to encourage the non-readers. Many have shown enthusiasm, and voluntarily read a much larger number of books. Many new books have been added to the Senior Library this year. For the variety of their nature, which has gained them great popularity with the girls, we thank Miss Corr, who chose them.

M.A.

OUR OLYMPIC REPRESENTATIVE RETURNS

Dear Girls,—

It is a great pleasure to me to be given this opportunity of telling you a little about this exciting tour I have just completed. There are several incidents I think you would like to hear of, but will limit the description as much as possible.

Firstly, I am sure you would like to hear a little about our Queen and her family. All Empire Olympic teams were issued personal invitations to visit Buckingham Palace for an afternoon tea party. Naturally no one refused! Each team was presented individually, and then we moved out of the cream and gold room into another huge hall where a very nice afternoon tea awaited us. The Queen, Prince Phillip and Princess Margaret moved around speaking to everyone, so we were not only presented but also were permitted to talk with her. The Queen is the most delightful and charming person I have ever seen. Contrary to my expectations she is very slim and exceptionally lovely in a very natural way.

As time is limited I must tell you a little about the Opening Ceremony of the Games. The weather had been all against us, rain falling steadily; however, as we moved towards the stadium it ceased, and although we marched through pools of water, the crowds lining the course made us feel excited and exhilarated. Entering the stadium, packed to the top with everyone standing cheering while the bands played, was a thing impossible to describe. One simply must take part to experience all the feelings aroused. After our lap of the track we marched into the centre of the arena and stood watching the other countries marching. After many exciting moments the thing happened which to me meant, I think, most of all. We were all turned to the left, watching, when the music began for the Olympic Hymn—turning again we saw an entire choir in national costume grouped near the band. No one had been aware of them, as, owing to the weather, they had worn raincoats. The surprise of it was a delight and they sang the hymn so beautifully it was really a magnificent wind up to a most impressive ceremony.

Naturally there is much more which occurred both during and after the Games, but it isn't possible to tell of it all. One thing though—our welcome home, so unexpected and so hearty was a great thrill. Thank you all very much for your share in it, I did appreciate it a great deal, and thank you, Miss Corr, for allowing the girls to be there.

Yours truly,

VERNA JOHNSTON.
THE SCHOOL CONCERT

The School Concert, held towards the end of the second term, consisted of three plays that were remarkable for their contrast of setting and costumes.

The first play of the evening, "The Deuce," was produced by Miss Corr. It was an adaption of a fairy tale told in a bright and amusing style. The principal parts were very well portrayed by Jenny Metcalf, the Ace of Spades; Beverley Angel, the Queen; Jenny Peet, the King; Sally Steere and Wendy Scanlon.

Miss Leslie's play, "All the Tea in China," followed. It was played in the traditional Chinese style with practically no stage props. The stilted atmosphere of the play was well brought out by the three daughters, Cynthia, Peance, Lorna Chin and Wong Mali. Jill Wallace played the part of their mother, who meets an old lover, and we leave them "sitting beneath a plum tree while the moon is rising."

"The Man in the Bowler Hat" was a comedy produced by Mrs. Lutz. All the action takes place in a drawing room where a ruby is stolen and mixed up with a number of hat boxes in various railway stations. Jill Sainken made an excellent villain, while Anne Prowse and Judy Young played the hero and heroine respectively.

We should like to thank all those who contributed towards making the evening a success, especially Mrs. Lutz and Miss Leslie, who helped with the makeup.

L.P.

FELLOWSHIP

The Girls' Fellowship which takes place in Burnside House every Friday at lunch time is attended by an average of 25-30 girls. Miss Dickson and Mrs. Warne come and share with us this fellowship, and we are grateful for their support. The procedure of the meeting is to sing several choruses which puts the girls in the right spirit for the gathering.

A Bible Reading is then given, and a brief comment is made.

We should like sincerely to thank all who have given us their support, and those who have taken part in the meetings.

COLLEGE SUNDAY

Our Annual Service was held in the afternoon of November 16 at Wesley Church, Perth.

A choir of boarders sang the descant to the "Tree of Peace," and also, supplemented by a quintet, rendered the hymn, "The Sabbath Morn."

The lessons were read by the Captain of the School, Dorothy Nelson, and the President of the O.G.A., Mrs. Russell Smith.

The Rev. Joseph Green, who is shortly retiring from his position and may not conduct our College Sunday again, gave the address. Although his connections with us of late have been infrequent, we appreciate the interest he has continued to take in the school.

—M.A.
PROFESSOR ALEXANDER’S VISIT

On Monday, 27th October, Professor Alexander visited the school to talk to the Junior and Leaving forms on the racial, economic and political problems concerning South Africa. The Professor commenced by telling us of the historic background of the country, and of how the antagonistic feelings of the African and the Britishers have prevented an understanding between the two races today. He then led on to the three main problems disrupting the present South Africa.

This talk was very instructive and we all appreciated it very much.

F.S.

MR. ALDEN VISITED US

"Age cannot wither (him), nor custom stale (His) infinite variety."

This is true of John Alden, whose personality and experience on the stage figured prominently in his talk with us. The variety of his experience has made him one to whom people are always ready to listen.

As a producer of Shakespeare's plays he has associated with many interesting people and gained, in the course of his study of the plays, an intimate knowledge of them, which has promoted in him a very human understanding of Shakespeare, the Elizabethan theatre, and its audiences. This knowledge of the Elizabethan theatre, in which Shakespeare's plays were first performed, enabled him to recreate the vitality of its atmosphere and make it live again. In his description, by supplying just the right details and so seeming to bring us into personal contact with it, he held our interest. He explained that the playwright of that age, in place of the elaborate scenery in use today, included in the speech of the play, references to the setting, which were not lost on his vividly imaginative audiences. When Shakespeare made Horatio say, in Hamlet:

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

he was using this device.

Mr. Alden's brief discussion of the plays, from the point of view of an actor, was livened by appropriate demonstrations in which his acting ability proved an effective means of emphasis.

His own enthusiasm for his subject surely left us with a deeper sense of value for, and keener determination to know better, our Shakespeare!

M.A.

THE BOROVANSKY BALLET

The traditionally lovely lines of the Russian Ballet have been strictly observed by Edouard Borovansky in his direction of the ballets "Coppelia," "Les Amants Eternels" and "L'Amour Ridicule."
He has created a delightful dance around the theme of an animated doll, the original story being taken from "The Tales of Hoffman." It tells of Coppelia, a beautiful doll, who entrances Franz, the sweetheart of Swanilda, who becomes justifiably annoyed by his infidelity. Finding a key, she uses it to enter the house of Coppelius, a toymaker, where she hides herself. Coppelius returns to find Franz trying to enter by means of a ladder. Concealing his annoyance he offers friendship, and after drugging him with wine, takes Franz's life force, which he infuses into Coppelia. To his joy she rises and walks stiffly around, her movements gradually becoming more natural. Finally her mischievousness terrorizes him and he forces her into her chair and wheels her behind the curtains. Meanwhile, Swanilda, who had hidden in the doll's clothes, changes and runs off. On discovering the tricks played upon him, Coppelius falls exhausted to the floor.

Coppelia was danced by the vivacious Kathleen Gorham, and as Dr. Coppelius, Edouard Borovansky gave a brilliant performance.

"Les Amants Eternels," in its first presentation in any country, is perhaps the most striking of the three ballets.

The story has a serious theme, telling of love's triumph even beyond death. It is set in a fantastical domain, ruled over by a most fearsome personage, The Spirit of Death. Magnificent scenery, costuming and lighting effects co-ordinated perfectly with the dancing, and the ballet proved a great success.

The theme of the third ballet is set in Northern Spain in the 19th century, and tells of Pepita, and her love for Jose, a handsome but poor Spaniard. Pepita's father, however, favours the suit of Esteban, a rich dandy. This leads to many complications, but finally all is reconciled when Jose receives confirmation of a legacy. Esteban is thrown out of the village, and the happy couple receive their father's blessing. Both story and choreography were by Edouard Borovansky. This ballet was a character dance with no point work.

The programme was pleasantly balanced with the three contrasting types, closing with a gay finale.

G.B.

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THE THEATRE

This year parties of girls of the school have been given the wonderful opportunity of seeing several of Shakespeare's plays enacted by the John Alden Company. Two such plays were "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Winter's Tale."

In "The Merchant of Venice," John Alden, chief actor and producer of the company, played Shylock. This play is the dramatic, economic but not a racial conflict between Shylock, the miserly Jew, and Antonio, the generous merchant.

Being a Jew is only incidental, it is his gross profiteering and merciless cruelty that makes Shylock the villain, and although we are able to respect his pride in his race and religion, and see the reasonableness of some of his arguments, we condemn him because he tries to murder Antonio.

"The Winter's Tale" on the other hand is a combination of tragic drama, comedy and spectacle, and is the story of two generations in which the tragic mistakes of the parents (one John Alden) are rectified by their children.

Thus the story which begins so cruelly gradually becomes happier in theme until it culminates in the happy and famous Statue scene.

J.L.
MASTERS . . . HERE WE COME!

How we loved Mrs. Howe when she came in on that Monday morning and told us that we were all to accompany VA 2 on an excursion to Masters' Dairy! On the tick of 10 o'clock we downed our pens, shut our algebra books, donned hat and departed.

On arriving at the Dairy we were dryly informed that only 25 girls were expected. We could not enter the hallowed portals! What were we to do? Only a very small minority was in favour of returning to our halls of learning. We are used to waiting. We decided to wait until VA came out and then beg to be shown round. The question was: how to fill in our time till then? We hit on a plan to look round the Dairy. On peering through one of the lower windows, we saw our colleagues listening to an earnest youth, who was lengthily explaining why bottled milk is so good for growing girls. (It was at the sight of this youth that we had to forcibly hold back our comate with the large eyes, to prevent her from entering through the window there and then!)

Tired of staring in at the window we started off down to the stables (much to the interest of several local infants). As we are not all as good as our winged member at climbing gates, we contented ourselves with gazing from afar at the quiet quadrupeds. The novelty of this soon "wore off," so we returned to the Dairy.

The V.A's were still in the laboratory so, as one of our company had some shopping to do, we retired to the nearby shop and refreshed ourselves with Passiona.

The shopping done, we again returned to the Dairy, this time to stand outside and wait for the V.A.'s. After we had waited for a while, they at last emerged. Mrs. Howe did some persuading in our favour, and we were permitted to be shown round the place.

Once again the harassed youth explained why milk is good for growing girls, and several other interesting facts. Then he thankfully handed us over to the foreman, who took us and showed us milk coming in, being pasteurised and being bottled. After this he courteously showed us out.

We arrived back at school at 12.15. A pleasant morning had been spent by all.

P.G.

P.S.—The moral? "Patience is a virtue."

BEFORE THE JUNIOR

It was the night before my Junior and, against all warnings, I crammed my brain at the last moment. My mind was in a state of confusion as I lay in bed trying my best to recall what I had learnt. Suddenly I found myself arguing with a spider. "How dare you call me an insect," he screamed at me. "And fancy saying that I only have four legs."

"What about me," buzzed a large mosquito. "She said that I go through the caterpillar stage."

"Oh no," I sighed.

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Fish. "And surely you know by now that I breathe with gills and not with lungs."

"Did I say that?" I asked.
“Did you say that,” he hollowed. “Why you went even further and said that I have legs.”

“You should be honoured,” continued a grasshopper. “She didn’t even mention my well developed legs, which are one of my important characteristics.”

“Well,” drawled a slow old snail. “I was horrified when I discovered that she said I sometimes go without my shell. I would no more do that than she would go without her clothes.”

“But I thought you did,” I explained.

“You know what thought did. Don’t you?” he replied.

I hung my head in shame as I realized my mistakes. “Well, I hope I did better in Botany,” I exclaimed at length.

I sat up with a jerk and found myself safely tucked in my bed away from all the horrible creatures I had met in my dream.

—N. Anderson.

"When I Am Big"

(Translation from the French).

When I am big, I’ll grow a moustache
Have silk hats so tall and coats stiffly starched,
A drawer full of money from which I’ll decide
What money to pay for the horses I’ll ride.
I shall be able to eat what I please,
Instead of my milk, some chocolate I’ll seize.
I’ll stay up so late without reprimands
Do what I like and not heed commands.
When you are big, dear little boy,
Life will not be so full of joy;
You’ll think and you’ll wish—with a great sigh
Remember the days already passed by.

—JUDITH DONCON, VC 1 (13 years.

ELIZABETH SMALL,
Form 5C 2,

Age 14.
"The Alarm Clock"

Most alarm clocks are round and small,
Others are wide and tall,
But mine is quite odd, I shall say,
But still it does its task each day.
Wound up it never has to be,
Which seems so very strange to me.
It usually wakes me at three or four,
But my dear clock I still adore.
For really it's not clock nor toy—
It's just a little baby boy.

—Valerie Retallack, VB 2.

Applied Quotations

"Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?"
—Biology Practical Work

"I saw two little dark-green leaves."
—Plant Form.

"Even whilst we speak
New notes arise. What is that awful sound?"
—Singing Lesson.

"I have hardly gone and hardly wish'd to go any further."
—Maths. Problem.

"And I must think, do all I can."
—The Leaving.

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold."
—They still do exist.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."
—Guy Fawkes Celebrations.

"When I have fears that I may cease to be."
—A prospective visit to the Study.

"Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget."
—An incorrect answer in English.

"So far her voice flowed on."
—History Lesson.

"Who are these coming to the sacrifice?"
—VIA—poor lost souls.
"The Dingo Hunt"

Come my fine fellows out for the day,  
To hunt the dingo and the trail they lay;  
To catch the killers of the sheep,  
To find who kill when all are sleep.  
Three score and ten dying sheep,  
Lying out on the dry, parched steep;  
They who kill will not get away,  
They will be dead before the day.

—JUSTINE PHILLIPS, VC 1.

A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE

"Oh!" I cried, wondering whether I had been dreaming or had just thought I heard a scratching noise downstairs.  
I was lying in bed at my Auntie's place. She owned a big two-storey farmhouse, and I was staying with her for part of my school holidays. So far they had not been a great success, as it had been raining and we had had at least two storms since my arrival.

"Scratch!" Surely I was not mistaken this time, although it was hard to hear against the gale blowing outside. "No!" There it was again; I had definitely heard it that time. As I lay there terrified I wondered whether I should cry out, as I didn't want my Auntie's house to be burgled.

Unfortunately, I found myself in such a state, and my throat so dry, that I couldn't utter a word. Then, there it was again, only this time this terrifying thing seemed to be approaching the staircase, and very slowly it mounted the first stair. Creak! then the next one taken. "Oh! dear," what ever am I going to do.

Finally this horrible creature reached the top stair, and as my room was the nearest to the staircase, I felt sure that it would enter my room. Earlier I had left the door a little ajar, so now when this creature bumped against it, I lay petrified. I'm sure my heart missed a beat as I lay there. The door opened slowly and revealed, not a burglar with a gun, nor a ghost, but only my uncle's little black dog.

—JEANETTE WALLACE, Class VB II.

WAITING FOR THE BUS

How I enjoyed such times! With a smile I recall the hours I spent with my father waiting for the familiar spectacle of the white and orange hulk that stood for our bus to round the bend.
My father always enjoyed driving me to the bus stop, although it was only three-quarters of a mile from our home. In summer, we usually played “French” cricket in the shade of the stately gums. If, however, some mornings were really “scorchers,” Dad and I, accompanied by my faithful “Rusty,” just crouched Indian-fashion in the welcoming shadows of the trees, watching the acreage of our golden horde being lessened, and talking about the latest local events.

Occasionally a wheat truck would pass, the wheels roaring as they bit into the hot tarmac under the tons of wheat. It would be a battle of wits and sight to see what type of truck it was and which neighbour drove it. It was always a keen tussle, for I had the better sight, but could not identify the vehicles.

In Autumn our activities depended on the weather. If the sun favoured us we sat on the rocks and pretended they were armchairs. In the warming sunlight we played knuckle-bones, or perhaps marbles; but when the wind whipped about our legs and stung our faces, we remained in the cosy comfort of the cab in the utility, making up rhymes or playing “I Spy.” When crutching time came, we would watch the brown and white sheep trickling in a steady stream from the shearing shed. If we watched quietly enough we saw the little birds hopping about the branches of the trees in the bush. Those creatures would remind Dad of his days in England, and when this occurred he would tell me of similar birds in his old country.

Winter, I dreaded most of all. It meant frozen hands, riding home from the bus stop through rain or howling, tearing wind. The mornings at the bus stop, however, still remained interesting. We rarely stepped into the bitter cold until the bus came. Instead we sat in the utility and listened to the shrieking, whistling wind, watching it mercilessly buffetting the gums as if they were rag dolls. When the rain wrapped a grey blanket around us, we watched the sheets of water drenching the red soil. The drops falling down the wind-screen were our horses in a race, and we, or rather I, delighted in seeing whose drop would first reach the end of the course.

In Spring, we enjoyed the sunny mornings watching the birds building their nests, feeding the young and teaching the nestlings to fly. When the everlastings pushed through the soil we would gaze across the beautiful pink and white carpets, stretching to the blue lakes. To anyone else, this would probably seem dull, but to me it meant hours of happy companionship while waiting for the bus.

—J. KNIGHT, VA 1.
"Dobbin At Parkerville"

Old Dobbin browses in the sun,
    His years of toil are past.
He nods his head at the children's fun,
    He's found contentment at last.

With happy shouts they pat his side,
    His mild eyes blink, but joy shines there.
He's only too willing to give a ride,
    His happiness he wants to share.

—LYNETTE McBURNEY, VC 1.

A STILL AND QUIET EVENING

"... and the last thing she saw before the steely hands slid round her throat was the hawk-like profile of the killer, silhouetted against the wall. She tried to scream, but all that came was a hoarse gurgle. Her assassin started to laugh—the laugh echoing along the rocky tunnel until..." I looked up from the book, shivered and listened. I was alone in the house, which was still-still and quiet. I returned to my book and read on.

"... until the cave, once still-still and quiet, rang with..." With a determined look on my face, but a sinking feeling in my heart, I jumped up, slammed the book down and switched on the wireless.

After hearing about the many virtues of "Rinso," I must have dozed, because the next thing I heard was the voice droning:

"The young girl, innocent and defenceless, walks towards the gaping, black hole in the ruined castle. She trusts implicitly her rascally step-brother, whom she is going to meet, and she suspects nothing of his evil plans.

"The castle is still-still and quiet as she approaches the yawning gap! She hesitates, pauses; stops dead as she sees, with a feeling of terror, a profile silhouetted against the wall. But it is too late! Her trusted step-brother gives her a push and she plunges headlong into the depths—the black depths of that bottomless hole! A blood-curdling scream pierces the silence and all is still-still and quiet...

"What will happen now? Be sure to hear the next exciting episode of 'The Black Strangler,' brought to you by 'Rinso' every Friday night, same time, same station...

"Mother, next washing day, why not try using...""

I snapped off the wireless and forced myself to walk and not run to my bedroom.
When in bed, I lay quaking, staring at the shadows on the wall. One shadow, to my horrified eyes, assumed the fearsome shape of a hawk-like profile and I held my breath in terror as I heard a rustling near the door! Something brushed past my arm and slid around my throat! Drops of perspiration broke out on my forehead and I gave a hoarse gurgle as two eyes gazed into mine! Suddenly, with a gasp of relief, I realised what was strangling me—our cat’s tail!

Feeling utterly worn out—as if I had gone through a wringer, I shoved poor puss off the bed, turned on the light and settled down, determined to calm my shattered nerves with a few chapters of “Little Women!”

—R. FREDERICK, VA 1.

THE OPENING MEET

Crack! The sound floated across the stretch of grassland to us. Crack! Crack! The air was now filled with the baying of the hounds. With a long drawn-out wail, the hunting horn warned everyone to get ready to go. The Whips, with the hounds, were now about fifty yards away and I felt almost sick with excitement. The opening meet of the Hunt! My first hunt!

Kerry, my mare, a handful at any time, was dancing with impatience at having to wait, and proudly I patted her arching neck. Impatiently she tossed her dainty head and with a loud neigh, reared up and, after coming down to earth again, started stamping and showing off. She’s a glamour girl and she knows it!

Soon, everyone mounted, all stirrup cups were drunk and the field moved off, led by the Whips with the hounds. The Master rode several yards behind them and was followed by about sixty people. We paraded in a big circle and then set off.

Every day for the last few weeks I had been polishing Kerry’s bridle and new hunting saddle, and they were outshone only by the glossy horse herself. That morning, at the Riding School where she boards, I had groomed her for two hours, until her coat was like satin and her tail spread like a silky fan in the breeze. Four years old and daintily built, Kerry is jet black all over except for a symmetrical diamond-shaped blaze down her face. She had never hunted before and neither she nor I had ever jumped anything higher than four feet, so I was anxious to see how we would shape.

Very soon the hounds set off in full cry, and we all tore after them—Kerry happy at last to be stretched out in full gallop.

The keen wind seemed to nip at my face as we sped along, and the oppressive grey clouds parted for a moment to let the sun peep out. Everything was wet and fresh from a recent shower of rain, and although it threatened to rain at any minute, the thought of a possible downpour did not in the least perturb me.
Suddenly, there seemed to be some sort of commotion up in the front. Then we saw what was happening. The hounds were chasing a big black dog, which was travelling like a black dart (for which I don't blame him) about twenty-five yards ahead of the pack. I sat and laughed till my sides ached, and my horse protested by doing strange leaps and backing into another horse, whose rider looked daggers at me. Here we had been galloping on, chasing, as most people imagined, a fox, although I, for one, would have been most upset if we had caught one.

The Whips regained control of the hounds and the dog trotted off as if nothing had happened, and we set off once more, this time in a drizzle of rain.

Riding in front of me was a lady on a solid dapple-grey horse which had a red ribbon tied to its tail. The lady and I rode along side by side, with me keeping a sharp lookout for the grey's heels, while she told me about hunting in England. I became so engrossed in the conversation that I did not notice that we were fast approaching a solid, thick, fallen tree. The grey's pace lengthened and so did Kerry's. The lady noticed the tree looming up—and so did I—Kerry leapt high, but I'm sure my heart leapt higher. Then the ground rushed up to meet us. We were over. We had jumped over an obstacle five feet high. At this thought my knees, which were feeling like jelly, resumed their normal feeling and I looked forward to the next jump.

Back at the Ascot Inn, I helped to load the horses into the "nine-horse" float, which was to take them back to the Riding School. I climbed in, waved goodbye, and took my seat in front of Kerry, who objects strongly to horse floats. We rattled and clanked along through Belmont, and as we lurched home I thought, as I gave Kerry a carrot, what a marvellous day it had been.

—R. FREDERICK, VA 1.

"Fin du Jour"

Entre ciel et terre le soleil tombant se range,
Embrasant tout d'un rouge étrange.
Petits nuages finement filés en or ardent
Fondent au rose des cieux pâlissant.
Les derniers rayons féroces et fourgueux flétrissent
Dans l'ombre; puis vite tous s'obscurcissent.
Une morne tranquillité tristement tiens l'air,
L'étoile du soir veille sur la terre.

—M. ASPLIN.
There was a rush to get out of the bus. I was pushed and jostled from all sides. At last I was out in the open.

I was late. What a blessing. No waiting. I couldn’t bear to think of it. But after all, it was only a check-up. Nothing to worry about, I reassured myself.

“Third floor, please.”

The lift reached the destination all too quickly. I walked along the passage, pressed the button, and out came a feminine figure clad in white.

“What is your name, dear”? the figure asked of me.

“Lynette,” I answered.

“Oh, come right in. We’re waiting for you.”

Very nice of them, I thought.

On entering the door, I was greeted with a cheery “Hello.”

How could he be so cheerful! He must enjoy my agonies and suffering.

I sat down in the chair. Silence. Perfect silence. Nobody spoke. If only I could go home. It’s only a check-up I kept on saying to myself. Haven’t had an ache in ages.

Clank! Clank! went his silver instruments. I’ll be out of here in a minute.

Silence.

“Had any aches lately”? was asked of me.

“No,” I answered. “They never worry me.”

Silence. Why this confounded silence?

“This tooth has been chipped badly.”

“Oh, I didn’t know. What does that mean”? 

“It simply means that the tooth has to come out.”

“W-when”?

“Oh, next week sometime will do.” He had another look at it.

“I’ve changed my mind. It will have to come out right now.”

The sentence had been given. I sat in the seat shivering from head to toe, while the instruments of torture were prepared. One pair of garden scissors. Oh, no. They are dentist pliers. Anyway. What’s the difference?

First, a needle was inserted in either side of the chosen victim.

“The worst is over now,” the dentist assured me.

“Oh,” I said hopefully. “That’s good.”

The chair was forced back.

“Open your mouth wide,” ordered the dentist.

I obeyed. Indeed, what else could I do?

One tug. The tooth creaked. Another tug. I held the chair tightly and closed my eyes. Another pull, and another, then the final tug finished the job.
Blood filled my mouth. I sat for five minutes not knowing whether to laugh or cry. I could do neither without making a mess of my clothes.

I walked out of the dentists with the tooth in my pocket and five more appointments booked.

People turned to stare at me—a limp, pathetic figure, with one tooth gone, and still clutching at my face. If they only knew of my bold venture!

Only a check-up? I hate dentists.

—LYNETTE PRIERE, Vb 2.

CAPE NATURALISTE LIGHT HOUSE

Situated on the South West coast of Western Australia stands Cape Naturaliste Lighthouse. It is one of the largest lighthouses in Western Australia, and it does a marvellous service to ships passing along our rocky coast.

The lighthouse is situated on a hill, surrounded by ocean, and hundreds of holiday makers call there every year. It stands 365 feet above sea level, and being built of brick it has a very firm foundation. The base of the lighthouse is somewhat like a cylindrical tank, and leading from it to the upper portion of the lighthouse is a spiral staircase.

The lighting system, surprisingly, is worked on the same system as that of a grandfather clock. The light, which is reflected thirty miles out to sea, is done only by an ordinary globe. The light is lit at six o'clock every evening and men have four-hour shifts in which they must have something to occupy their minds, in case they should fall asleep, and the light should go out.

The lenses, which reflect the light, are to-day valued at £14,000. They are made of pure crystal, and Naturaliste Lighthouse is the only one in Western Australia to have this type of lens. Every two hours the weather is rung through to Perth by telephone, to be broadcast over the air. Every afternoon there occurs a sea breeze which we would term a gale, and at times as one approaches the lighthouse a wind capable of blowing over a small child can be felt.

Every lighthouse has a different code, in which the signals at regular intervals are flashed out to sea. The light which does this is kept revolving until eight o'clock in the morning. The reason for different codes being used, is that a foreign ship nearing our coast is immediately able to distinguish where it is.

The manager of the lighthouse, together with his wife and family, and two other families, live on the lighthouse premises. Any normal person might be inclined to think that the lives of these people would be very dull, for they visit once a fortnight only, their nearest shopping centre, Busselton, which is forty miles. I was convinced, however, on talking with them that they find much to interest them in their work at Cape Naturaliste.

—ANNE PROWSE, VA 2