

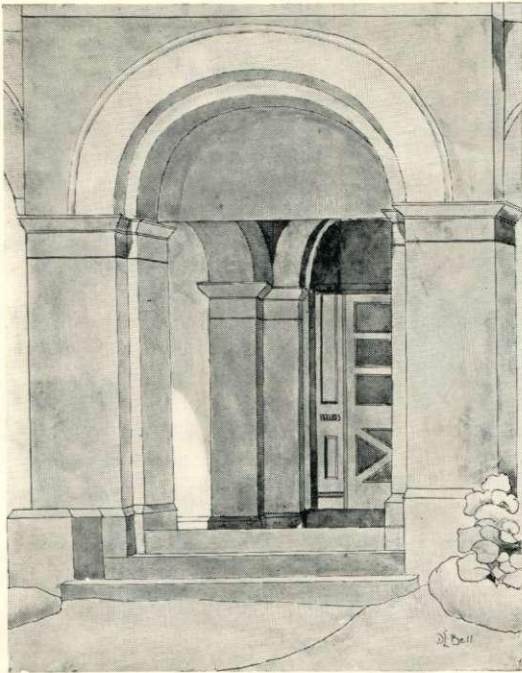
Strathorne Echoes.

Golden Jubilee Souvenir.

1889 - 1939.



THE WESTERN CLOISTERS.



HERE in this house, where we are
 singing thus
 Long generations will come after us.
 Friends we shall never know will come
 to share
 This life of ours, wondering what we
 were.
 Long after we are gone their minds
 will take
 The human pathways our endeavours
 make.
 We shall not see them, but we can endow
 This place with beauty for them here
 and now.
 We can so live that after we are dead
 They may find beauty here like daily
 bread.
 We can so live that they may find each
 one
 A life here of truth said and kindness
 done;
 The knowledge that this world of mys-
 teries
 Wants many thousands true for one
 that's wise;
 The faith, that when a twilight finds us
 gone
 All we have consecrated will live on.
 To help the souls of other unseen
 friends
 Into a calm where beauty never ends.

Editorial.

THIS beautiful poem, written by John
 Masefield for St. Felix's School when
 his daughter was a pupil there, perfectly
 embodies the ideals for which every school
 must strive.

The ideal that we must live now,
 splendidly, that the tradition which we
 hand on to those who come after us may
 be a worthy one.

Our school is rich in tradition. For 50
 years the girls before us have striven to-
 wards the goal set for them by the founder
 of the school. She was a woman who knew
 and understood "that this world of mys-
 teries wants many thousands true for one
 that's wise," and she gave the school its
 magnificent motto, "Moribus Litterisque"
 —"For Character and Culture."

It is by this motto that we stand to be
 judged by the future. Judged not for the
 brilliance of our achievements, but for the
 truth and goodness of our lives.

Now, with the peace our fathers fought
 so hard to make for us lying shattered, and
 our world crashing about us, it is difficult
 to look into the future and hold fast to our
 tradition of truth. It takes great courage
 to have faith in the future, but Stratherne
 has never lacked faith. We had our birth
 when the drums were beating over Africa,
 and we lived through that still more
 terrible European war of 1914-1918. Nor
 are we afraid now, for this is the begin-
 ning.

It is always the beginning. The school
 begins anew with each new girl who
 enters its portals with her dreams and
 aspirations.

So we begin now with all our splendid
 tradition behind us, and the faith that for
 the future

"All that we have consecrated will
 live on

To help the souls of other unseen
 friends

Into a calm where beauty never ends."

The Story



of Stratherne

Foundation and First Period, 1889-1914.

IN 1889, a seed was planted which, through the fifty succeeding years has grown into a sturdy tree. Gentle breezes, strong winds, rain and sunshine, cold and heat, have all played their part in making the strength of the fibre that has proved able to withstand those very elements that built it. So did Stratherne have its beginnings in a Kindergarten opened in faith and courage by Miss Ethel Dare in her own home at 45 Riversdale Road, Hawthorn.

Some few years later, Miss Annie Robertson Dare relinquished her position at the Methodist Ladies' College in order to establish Stratherne as a Secondary School, and the name Stratherne Ladies' College was adopted in conformity with the spirit of the times. The school grew rapidly, and was moved into a larger house in Lisson Grove. Later still, the Misses Dare built school premises in Glenferrie Road, and it was during this period that it was registered as a Training School for Secondary Teachers under the late Professor Wrigley, who spoke in the highest terms of the work done by the Principals and their Staff.

Closely associated with her sisters in their work was Miss Emily Dare, a gifted musician and teacher of pianoforte, who from the school's earliest days, personally directed all the musical activities.

Another change came in the name when it became Stratherne Presbyterian Girls' Grammar School, being one of a group of schools associated with the Presbyterian Church of Victoria.

On April 14th, 1914, when the school had been in existence for 25 years, Miss Annie Dare passed to higher service. She had created a school with solid foundations and very fine traditions—truly a great life's work. Those who knew her, as well as many of her former pupils, can bear testimony to the beauty of her personality, the unselfishness of her devotion to the work she had set herself, and the nobility of her ideals. She gave to the school its colours and its motto: "Moribus Litterisque" — truly one which puts first things first. On the tablet erected in the school to her memory are engraved these very fitting words of Arnold's.

"This was thy work,

This was thy life upon earth."

Her work is also commemorated in the "A. R. Dare Memorial Prize" awarded annually to the Head of the School.

Second Period, 1914-1922.

The second period of the school life comes under the Principalship of the Misses Beth and Jessie Thomson, who were no strangers to Stratherne, the former having received her training under Miss Dare, and the latter having been a pupil in the school. Both had been members of the staff, until in 1908 they moved to Queensland, where they opened a school in Toowoomba which, in 1914, when they returned to Melbourne, was taken over by the Queensland Presbyterian Church. The change of ownership occurred just on the outbreak of war, and in the following years the whole focus of life was altered. A great amount of patriotic work was done in the school, and this, perhaps more

than anything else, helped to change the outlook of schoolgirls. They learned to think outside themselves and to work for others, and the lesson became ingrained. The outcome in succeeding generations has shown itself in the organized work of the Junior Red Cross and other social activities. The school maintained a steady progress in scholastic attainment, in home and interstate sport, and above all, in that elusive and indefinite quality we call school spirit.

Though the teaching accommodation in Glenferrie Road was excellent, a separate house had to be rented for boarders. This divided state of things was not very satisfactory, but, as so often happens when difficulties seem insurmountable, a new hope of expansion opened out in 1922, and this brings us to Stratherne's third period.

Third Period, 1923-1938.

In this year the late John Hunter Patterson, Esq. and Mrs. Patterson offered as a gift to the Presbyterian Church of Victoria their fine house and grounds in Power Street for use as a Girls' School, in Hawthorn. By arrangement with the Church, Stratherne, although still a private school, was transferred to the property in January, 1923, and so came into closer relationship with the Church. New school buildings were erected, assisted by the still further generosity of Mr. Patterson. The main house being used for boarders, who were in the charge of the late Miss Margaret Thomson, who acted as matron and housekeeper. In the seventeen years since then as one generation succeeds another, the joyous sounds of healthy young life have resounded through the house — a fitting tribute to the gracious and generous donors.

Two outstanding events in this period have been—the formation of the Parents' Association in 1928 and the building and equipping of the Library in 1931. The Parents' Association proved itself a very valuable adjunct to the school life, and it was largely through its efforts that the building of the library was brought about. The building in itself, furnished by the Old Stratherneans, is an inspiration to quiet study and research or recreational reading. It is well equipped with reading

and reference matter, but is always open to further gifts.

From this point Stratherne ceases to be a private school. At the wish of the Principals, the school was linked up with the Presbyterian Ladies' College as a branch, and during 1937 and 1938 the plan worked with considerable success. In December, 1938, the Misses Thomson resigned from teaching, and handed the school over to the Presbyterian Church, so that this relationship with the P.L.C. ceased to exist.

Fourth Period, 1939.

In this year of Jubilee, 1939, Stratherne enters on a new phase, and is now wholly one of the Presbyterian Church Schools under the control of the Church, managed by a Council consisting of Rev. A. Irving Davidson as Chairman; Mr. P. J. Beenie, representing Hawthorn Church; Rev. J. Meers and Mr. Ion Richardson (West Hawthorn); Rev. A. G. Harrison and Mr. A. C. Stevens (Auburn), with Mr. Wm. Gray, the Chairman of the Education Board of the Presbyterian Church. This Council appointed Miss Elizabeth Zoe Macfie, who has had wide experience in India, Rhodesia and Great Britain, to be Headmistress.

The opening of school on February 14th, 1939 was a memorable day in its history. The Council attended, and Miss Macfie was inducted into her office in an impressive service, in which Mr. Wm. Gray delivered the occasional address. Miss Macfie, in responding to the welcome given, spoke of the "crowd of witnesses" in the School Hall that day—the thoughts and prayers of the many Old Girls and friends who had gathered together in the fifty years. She held letters and messages of goodwill both for herself and the success of the school from India, Africa, England and parts of Australia. She read two — one from the Headmaster of Ruzawi School, Rhodesia; the other from the Misses B. and J. Thomson. The girls of the school sent a message of love and remembrance back to their former headmistresses.

Long Service.

Without making any invidious distinctions, there are some names of those who

have been on the permanent or visiting staff that could not be omitted from the school story. First among these we would place the late Miss M. L. Tanner, who joined the staff a few years after the foundation of the school, and was First Assistant until some few years after the death of Miss Dare, acting as Vice-Principal in the interim that occurred then. Many of the Old Stratherneians will remember her interesting lessons, her gentle manner and her perfect fairness to all.

Miss Emily Lormer, though not quite so long on the staff, left an imprint of excellent teaching and kindly friendship.

Many will remember the French lessons given by Madame Liet in the early days, and those of a later period will look back with affection to her successor, Madame Soward.

During the twenty-five years down to 1936, every girl who began her school life in Stratherne, as well as numerous small brothers, received their early training in Kindergarten at the hands of Miss J. Figgis, whose name became a household word in many a home. How many times have erring parents been brought to book by small children with the words: "Miss Figgis does not do it that way!"

Soon after the inception of the school, Miss Nellie Veitch took charge of Elocution Classes and continued until her retirement in 1929. She still retains her affection for her old friends, and is a welcome visitor at Stratherne on her occasional trips to Melbourne. Many are the memories of rehearsals under her baton (umbrella)!

Other names that stand out are those of Miss Ethel Chapple, who received her Primary Training Certificate in the school and rose to the position of First Assistant; Miss S. Cochrane, the true artist, who inspired her pupils with a love of the beautiful in nature; the Misses N. and O. Emery Smyth, who, still on the staff, were worthy successors to Miss Emily Dare in bringing the standard of music to a high pitch; and Miss Nora Horsman, who was in so many ways the ideal staff member.

One and all of these, with many others of shorter terms of service have, in differing times and in differing ways, taken a

very definite share in the building of the character and tone of the school.

So we look back on the years that have gone; years filled with the joys of effort and achievement, touched sometimes with disappointment and difficulties, sometimes shadowed by loss, but always shot through with the golden ray of a hopeful spirit; and we look into the future with the same hope and confidence in the Great Eternal Goodness that has led us so far.

An Appreciation.

The religious element, which must form the background of all real education, has been greatly encouraged by all the Ministers of the Hawthorn Presbyterian Church, to whom the school owes a deep debt of gratitude. In earlier times, the late Rev. W. G. Maconochie, M.A., ministered to the needs of the school, and since 1918, the Rev. A. Irving Davidson, M.A., who is now Chairman of the School Council, has worked unceasingly for the good of the school with a care for both its religion and material welfare. Besides the weekly Scripture lessons, two annual services held in the School Hall that will stand out in the memory of all the girls are the Prefects' Induction Service and the Anzac Service.

We remember, too, with appreciation the graciousness of the many Professors and Moderators (of whom our Chairman was one), who have talked to us on Speech Nights.

The debt that the school owes to Miss Beth and Miss Jessie Thomson is one that can never be repaid materially, but only with the deep love of the hundreds of girls who knew and respected them as the Principals of Stratherne. When they retired last year, one of their former pupils was heard to remark with dismay: "How can there be a Stratherne without the Misses Thomson? They are Stratherne." This is the truest tribute that could be paid to them They are Stratherne.

The 24 years that they were Principals brought many changes. Stratherne moved to Power Street; the Parents' Association was formed; the library was built; the House system introduced—all tremendously important factors in the life of the school. Yet more important still were those things

which we then carelessly took for granted, and which we now remember. We remember the quiet friendliness of the study and the beauty of the garden that was so lovingly tendered by both the Misses Thomson, and how gratefully do we remember that justice which was seasoned with both mercy and a delicious sense of humour. For us, this was Stratherne.

No less do we remember the firm kindness and amazing efficiency of the late Miss Margaret Thomson, who passed to higher service on the 11th of September, 1937. Miss Margaret was a true and loved friend of all the girls of Stratherne and especially of those privileged to be boarders under her care.

Changes Through the Years.

The story of the school is of necessity the story of the evolution of educational ideas and ideals, and here in a new land where we are free to some extent from tradition that cramps and hinders progress, a school whose head is alert and courageous is ever changing with the changing years — it is a living, growing thing. One can look back to the earliest days of Stratherne, when tiny children were seated in long rows in a gallery, and taught more or less in the mass. This seems a far call from the Kindergarten system as we now know it, where the children have freedom of movement in separate chairs and tables, and each child is treated as an entity, receiving individual training. This is just one example of what has gone on in Stratherne and similar schools in the last fifty years. Every year, something new, something better, is always pushing forward to an ideal, the achievement falling short no doubt, but still some ground is gained. Amongst the new and better things, we think of Prefects and the House system. Both bring with them an increasing responsibility for the pupil, until she has come to be a kind of junior partner in a community where all must do something for the common good; where pupil and teacher are working to the same end — are 'joyous wayfarers' along the paths of life. Out of these changes has come another, even more significant — a lessening of the time-honoured impositions and detentions, till they have almost ceased to be. It is enough punishment for

most children that their misdeeds have cast a slur on, or still worse, lost a point for their House. Another significant change is that of dress for the schoolgirl. In the old un-uniformed days the writer used to sit every Sunday behind a row of school boarders (not from Stratherne). The rainbow paled before those girls; some of them, indeed, "held the gorgeous East in fee." This in itself is surely justification for school uniform, and that it was felt to be such by the girls themselves may be seen from the following extract from a schoolgirl's article in "Stratherne Echoes" eighteen years ago: "A school uniform places all scholars on the same footing, so that a wealthy girl will not be able to outclass a girl less fortunate than herself. If the schools did not adopt a uniform, jealousies and quarrels would arise, and some girls might even become so humiliated that they might refuse to go to school in their shabby or serviceable clothes while others attended in their costly garments." But the ideal behind the uniform goes deeper than that; it is a badge, a symbol of the school. "By their deeds ye shall know them," takes a wider, fuller meaning if we may change the words to "By their deeds ye shall know their school."

The changes in sport for girls that the last fifty years have brought need hardly be stressed. In Stratherne as in other schools of that time, there was no organized sport — not even a tennis court provided. The laying of the first tennis court for the school was an occasion for great rejoicing. Some years later, basketball and other athletic sports were introduced, and competitions and matches with other schools were arranged. Our first basketball match was a memorable affair. It was in the early days of school uniform and there were frantic borrowing of tunics by girls who had not yet complied with the new regulations. The result was indeed strange from the spectacular point of view, **but we won the match.** Since those days, Stratherne has played regularly in inter-schools sports associations with varying success; she has learnt to take a beating gracefully and what is even more important and difficult, to take victory also gracefully.

(Continued on Page 18).



MISS ANNIE R. DARE.



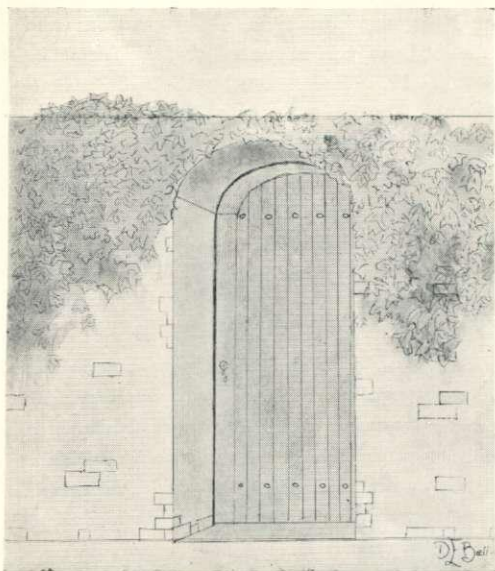
MISS ETHEL DARE.



MISS BETH THOMSON.



MISS JESSIE THOMSON.



THROUGH THE DOOR IN THE WALL.

I slipped through the door in the wall
 from the street with its dying din,
 'Twas just near the hour of night-fall, and
 the shadows were deep within.
 Softly I stepped through the court yard
 past the doors that were all shut tight,
 All seemed to be wrapped in silence. Yes,
 yes, it is almost night;
 Shall I see, shall I hear, I wonder, those
 living sounds of the past?
 Shall I catch the breath of by-gone days,
 remembrance of sounds that last?
 Hush! do I hear the echoing sound of a
 long-forgotten cheer?
 Was it for victory or defeat in the games
 we held so dear?
 I listen! Just close beside me there's a
 bell that is faintly ringing.
 It stops! There's a clatter of feet. There
 are voices singing, singing.
 Sure — have those windows opened, do I
 hear the hymn as of yore?
 And the hum of voices intoning the words
 of holy love?
 The shadows are growing deeper — Just
 there by the holly bush,

There's a smothered sound of laughter and
 whispering voices hush,
 Then clear down the misty drive I see
 them trooping along,
 Fair and dark, and tiny and tall, singing
 the old School Song
 I shall come again in the morning to see
 if it all comes true;
 The same old clatter and chatter! Who
 can tell? Can you?

—B.S.

DOROTHY.

WE feel that no magazine of Stratherne
 would be complete without some
 reference to Dorothy White.

Dorothy has been associated with the
 school for eleven years in different capac-
 ities, and has risen to every emergency,
 especially during the past three years.

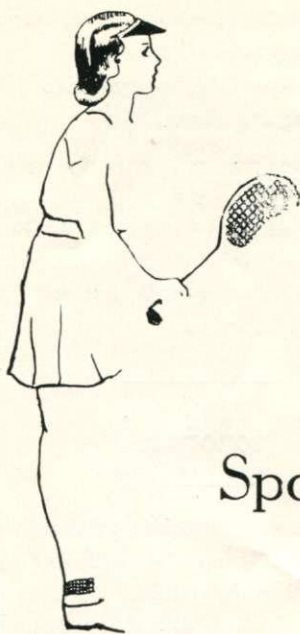
She has always shown a keen interest in
 the girls themselves, and as well as being
 a very efficient member of the staff, was
 considered by the boarders to be a "jolly
 good scout!"

She could always be depended upon for
 the third helping of a favourite pudding,
 and to look the other way should one hap-
 pen to emerge from the pantry without
 having had a reasonably good excuse for
 going in!

She listened with great interest to the
 boarders' troubles, and was always ready
 to give a helping hand.

On Monday afternoons you could always
 find Dorothy at the ironing table with a
 collection of boarders round her, discussing
 the events of the week-end.

Nor does Dorothy's interest in the girls
 diminish with the passing of the years.
 Any re-union of Old Girls at Stratherne
 will find Dorothy again surrounded, listen-
 ing with interest to news of their doings.



Sport.

THERE are no records of the sporting activities of the school in its very early days, but in the "Echoes" descriptions are found of various team achievements, first as members of the Kia Ora Club, and later as one of the Associated Girls' Private Secondary Schools.

In 1918, the basketball team was very successful, the players being: T. Werner (captain), E. Tonkin, C. Woods V. Kennon, L. Tonkin, D. Elvins and B. Everard. The 1920 tennis team was also notable.

By 1926, the influence of the improved playing grounds at Power Street began to have results. In 1926-27, the tennis team moved from "C" Grade of the Private Schools Association to "A" Grade in the space of twelve months—a unique event in the Association. In the same year, 1927, the basketball team progressed from "B" grade to "A."

In 1928, Mirrie Vaughan and Sheilagh Corley reached the semi-finals of the Schoolgirls' Tennis Championship Doubles

at Kooyong, In 1930, Helen Balfour and Sheila Davidson repeated this performance and in 1932 Helen Balfour was Schoolgirl Tennis Champion. Helen later played in the University Tennis Four, and was awarded a University Blue.

In 1930, the heights of an "A" Grade basketball pennant were attained, the players being: L. Peipers, S. Macintyre, E. Robinson, S. Davidson, F. Chenhall, B. Thomson and S. Cate.

Memorable friendly matches have been played against "Morongo," Geelong, the teams making quite an expedition to Geelong for the purpose, often staying a night with members of the "Morongo" team, or the "Morongo" girls coming up to Melbourne.

It may be of interest here to note that Nancy Wynne, the Australian tennis champion, is the daughter of an Old Strathernian, Gladys Watts.

STRATHERNE GOLDEN JUBILEE FUNCTIONS.

Garden Party at Stratherne — Saturday, September 30th.

Jubilee Thanksgiving Service — Sunday, October 1st.

Annual Meeting and Dinner, Victoria Palace — Monday, October 2nd.

Golden Jubilee Speech Night, Hawthorn Town Hall — Monday, December 11th.



BONZO, THE BASKET BALL MASCOT.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

THIS very important side of school life is now looked after by Miss Grey-Wilson, one of Dr. Durass' senior students. We are particularly fortunate in this, as she is giving work that all thoroughly enjoy, and it is in harmony with most modern methods overseas.

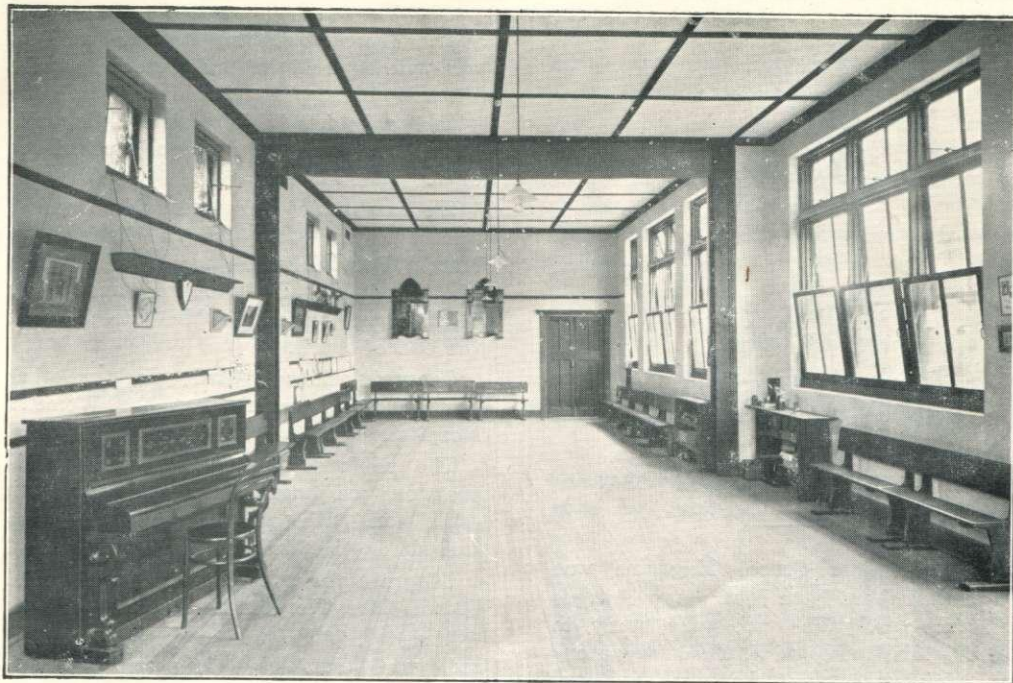
We are proud to know that Miss Frances Newson, who was Sports Mistress for the first term this year, and who helped us so tremendously with tennis and swimming, is on her way to Britain with the Australian Women's Hockey Team. Naturally, we will watch results with great interest.

Stratherne has always been keen about physical work, and it is with a little glow of pride that we recall the fact that Mrs. Aeneas Gunn was in charge of the school calisthenics for five years immediately before she went to the Never Never country.

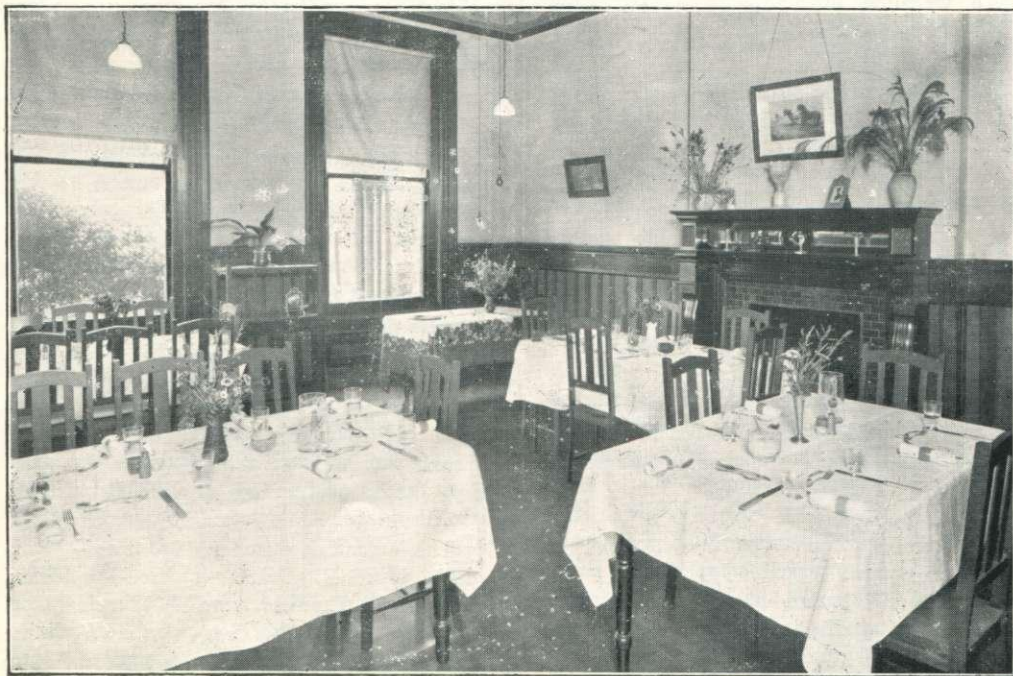




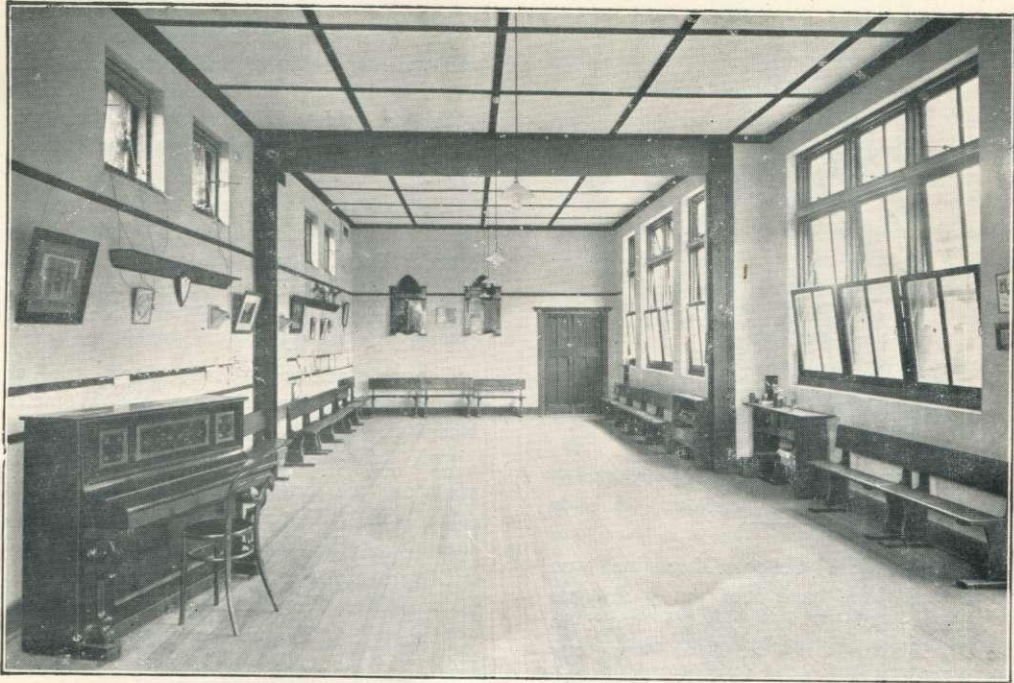
THE ENTRANCE HALL.



THE ASSEMBLY HALL



THE DINING ROOM.



THE ASSEMBLY HALL



THE DINING ROOM



Old Stralhernians' Notes.

SINCE the last School Magazine was printed there have been many changes at Stratherne. We were very sorry to lose the Misses B. and J. Thomson as our Head Mistresses, but happily they are still with us as President and Vice-President of the Old Stralhernians' Association.

We welcome Miss Macfie as our new Head Mistress and hope she will be very happy at Stratherne.

Miss Macfie held a social evening at Stratherne on the 30th March so that she could meet some of the Old Girls. This evening was a great success, and thoroughly enjoyed by each of the 45 Old Stralhernians present.

We held our annual At Home at Tudor Court on 26th July. Socially this evening was a great success, but unfortunately, owing to the lack of support by members, it was a loss financially.

A picture night was held on the 8th of September at the Regent, to help swell the Association's funds. The principal picture was Kipling's "Gunga Din."

It is hoped that we will again be able to dress dolls for charity. Last year, over 150 dolls were dressed by the Old Girls and were distributed at Christmas time amongst Free Kindergartens, the Children's Hospital and the Mallee children.

In 1936, the Association held its first Annual Dinner at the Wentworth. Over 40 girls were present, and this function has been well supported each succeeding

year. The next Annual Meeting and Dinner will be held on 2nd October, at the Victoria Palace, so that it will coincide with the Golden Jubilee celebrations. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance of our members.

We congratulate Sheila Davidson on her marriage to Mr. Richard Rolland in March; Beryl Dixon, who was married to Mr. Fred Nowell in April; and Betty Thomson, who became Mrs. Beeching at the end of April.

Congratulations to Gladys Jack, who has completed her training at the Women's Hospital.

The stork visited Daisy Derham this year, and we congratulate her on the birth of a son. We also congratulate Betty Russell on the birth of her daughter.

Congratulations to Dorothy Lewis, who became Mrs. Northen in April.

Margaret Lawson has spent several months in Paris, and is now in London studying languages; and Peggy Apperley, who has just completed two years study at the College of William and Mary, the oldest University in America, now plans to train as a hospital technician. We wish them every success.

Welcome home to June Norris, who has returned from her sixth trip to America.

Congratulations and good wishes to Gwen Snook on her engagement to Mr. Ormond Friberg; to Lydia Thomson on her engagement to Mr. Harold Geddes; and Winifred Bowser, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Alan Clark.

Although no play has been presented by the Old Stralhernians this year, both Margaret Brodribb and Carmen von Benke are busy earning dramatic laurels with amateur companies; and Elizabeth Irvine has written a play to be presented by the students of the National Art Gallery later this year.

The office-bearers for 1939 are:—President, Miss B. Thomson; Vice-Presidents, Misses J. Thomson and I. Figgis; Hon. Secretary, Miss B. Hogarth; Hon. Treasurer, Miss V. Henry; Committee, Mesdames W. Sykes and R. Rolland, Misses N. Davidson, Vi Evans, Athalie Towns, M. Beenie, Pat Acklom, June Norris and Alma Pedersen.

Miss Macfie was elected an Hon. Vice-President at the first committee meeting of the year.

As the school is celebrating its Golden Jubilee in September this year, we hope to see all the Old Girls at Stratherne, and sincerely hope that they all spend a happy time renewing old friendships.

Old Strathernians Abroad.

Sussex,
August 1st, 1939.

Dear Miss Thomson,

Many thanks for your letter. I am at last leaving Stone Field, where I have been, on and off, for the last six years, and am going to St. Thomas's Hospital in London next week. Mollie, Esther Rofe and I are staying here for a week or two with a friend.

Esther has written some music for a film (a short), which was shown in London, and she is now concentrating on Ballet. She has written three and has a chance of playing them to some of the people at Sadlers Wells, one of the first Ballet dancers and the orchestra conductor, which is encouraging.

I am afraid that I have left your letter in my trunk, so am not quite sure what you wanted, but can supply a few details about our recent holiday in Germany which may be of interest.

We went in May, which was a fairly good month this year (it has since rained steadily this Summer). The route was Dover-Ostend, and then to Brussels and the German frontier. Immediately in Germany we felt the all-pervading influence of the Fuhrer; the Customs official burst into our compartment with "Heil Hitler!" and demanded to see all, in an incoherent babble. He took out his torch and searched under the seat and then left us with a curt word. The train took us down beside the Rhine through Cologne (Koln), Coblenz to Frankfurt-on-Main, and so to Munich, of which historic town we saw very little, as a train was to take us on to Garmish, but had time to have tea at Hotel EDEN and wondered how

that could have been overlooked. A hated name in Germany.

We were impressed by the close cultivation we saw on every side—not one square inch of land is wasted — one sees crops everywhere and women working in the fields. They seem to work very hard, indeed; up early and to bed late, managing large families at the same time. They all look wonderfully healthy and clean, and seem happy. From Garmish we went on to a little village in the North Tyrolean Alps, not very far from Salzburg and Berchtesgarden—Hitler's stronghold. Not another English person anywhere to be seen, and practically no English spoken. My dictionary was well used, and was our constant companion. When anyone was stuck for a word there were cries of "The book! the book," and it became a joke. They took us entirely to their hearts, and after the first few days dropped the constant and rather aggressive campaign of "Heil Hitler!" at every meal, which they had directed against us at first. It was very difficult to arrive at a conclusion of the true state of affairs in Germany. On the surface, it all seems successful and very well organised, and there does not seem to be any truth in the stories one hears about food shortage, but we met a boy who was very unhappy, not a Jew. He could not say much, and implored us not to discuss politics. He said "It is not what you think in Germany, and there are many who think as I do." He lives in Berlin, and writes to us sometimes. On many Hotels and Pensions we saw "Jews Unwanted." We were invited to a party where there was singing and dancing, and they made a formal little speech of welcome to the "Three English," and then asked us to sing an English song, so we sang "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and we were able to learn some of them. They are delighted if you like their songs and express appreciation, and they encourage you to speak German, and help quite a lot. They said that the number of English tourist is becoming less and less, and they are very sad about it.

(I am afraid that this is now about a week later, and I am ensconced at St. Thomas's Hospital, right on the Thames, and in the morning I can cock an eye at

Big Ben before getting out of bed. We are directly opposite the Houses of Parliament, and cross the river by Westminster Bridge; it is a tremendous hospital, and the corridors seem endless. It is plentifully besprinkled with pictures, statues, busts of Florence Nightingale, and I believe there is an old blanket—practically falling to pieces—that Florence Nightingale bought for the hospital. I suggested that they should hang it in the Chapel as a banner. I went to the service last Sunday, and sat plump in the Matron's pew! Why should I have chosen that out of so many! However, I was not reprov'd or turned out, and everything passed off smoothly.)

To return to the travel story—We left the Tirol and came back to Nuremberg, a very old town on a river, with many quaint old bridges and cobbled streets and three beautiful cathedrals. Saw paintings by Albricht Durer in the Rathans—he was born in Nuremberg—and also pictures of Hans Sachs, the Kreisler singer. A very interesting town. From there to Mainz, and so back up the Rhine to Cologne. We passed the grim Loreley Rock on the way, and had lovely warm, mellow Rhine wine to drink. It was a perfect day. We were sorry to leave Germany, as the people were so kind.

I heard to-day that there are very few tourists going to Germany now, and that Cooks will not arrange any tours there. Pretty bad for Germany. Most of the holiday people go to France and Switzerland now.

Things are in a state of tension here and we are all waiting to hear what comes next. I was sitting in St. James's Park one day, and saw Mr. Chamberlain walk past with his wife; he looked very worn and worried.

I think Mollie is writing to you. I have not heard anything of Sheila Corley—I did not know that she was here.

Please remember me to everybody who may be interested.

A teapot is sitting on a shelf upstairs next to a kettle of boiling water—I feel that I must bring them together for my benefit. All good wishes for the tremendous success of the Jubilee.

Yours affectionately,
BARBARA DOUGLAS.

88 Redcliffe Gardens,
London, S.W.10,

17/8/39.

Dear Miss Thomson,

Barbara told me about your letter and request for an article for the "Stratherne Echoes." If, instead of writing a formal article, I told you something about some of the English cathedrals and towns in this letter, could you extract what you think suitable? There are so many things one could write about, that the choice is difficult—London, with its unending fund of interests; Oxford and Cambridge, simply bursting with charm and historical memories; Somerset, "where the cider apples grow" and where I learnt the art of "beagling" (hunting the hare on foot) and had the proverbial beginner's luck of being in at the "kill" at my first hunt; a delightful visit to the Victory at Portsmouth; lovely, lazy days punting and canoeing on the Thames; a visit to a very beautiful and interesting old manor house in Kent dating back to the fourteenth century—it is called "Ightham Moat," and is said to be the finest example of a fourteenth century moated house in the south of England. Then there is "Kenilworth House," the home of the Earl of Lytton, here one sees the original manuscript of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and other interesting relics, amongst which there was an exquisite silver cross, inlaid with diamonds, said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and to have been the last thing she held before she was beheaded; she handed it to her lady-in-waiting.

These are only a very few of the subjects one could have chosen, and only concern England; there also have been visits to Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and abroad to Belgium, Luxembourg, Austria, France and Germany; so you see the choice was rather difficult. I will not attempt to describe all the cathedrals I have visited—such an attempt would fill 2,000 copies of the "Echoes!"

I think perhaps it would be best to mention a few in passing, and concentrate on a description of Canterbury Cathedral the "father" and, to my mind, the palace of cathedrals. But firstly, beautiful Bath beside the placid Avon, where one finds history and romance, and relics so ancient it is difficult to believe in them. Bath

Abbey, dating from 775, has the most beautiful fan-vaulted ceiling, and the exquisite translucent blues in the windows simply take one's breath away with their richness of colour.

While in Bath and visiting a tiny and delightful museum, I discovered relics belonging to Governor Phillips, and learnt that he lived in Bath, and lies buried in a churchyard on a hill overlooking the town. I visited it. Lots of interesting people lived in, and visited the town of Bath, amongst whom were Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, William Pitt and others too numerous to enumerate. The Baths and Pump Room are very interesting, and there are relics preserved in these dating back to the first and third century — almost incredulous to one born in a country where relics of 100 years are considered simply hoary with age!

Wells is much more mediaeval than Bath, and there in the cathedral one sees a perfect specimen of Gothic architecture.

When I visited Canterbury Cathedral, I thought it was architecturally and spiritually the most beautiful I had ever seen. It is steeped in romance and history, dating from the beginning in 597, when King Ethelbert welcomed the great Augustine and forty monks sent from Rome by Gregory the Great, until the dissolution of the monastery in the reign of Henry VIII. St. Augustine was the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and Canterbury Cathedral began with him.

It has been built and re-built several times, as at first in 959 it was seen to have rotted with age, and so had to be restored and made bigger. It was partly destroyed by fire twice—once in 1011, and again in 1174. The result of this is a varied architecture. The Choir was restored by two architects—one a Frenchman, William of Sens, who built round, Norman arches, but died before it was completed; the other an Englishman, also named William, who finished it and built the pointed English arches.

Of course the central figure of the Cathedral is Thomas A'Becket ... tragedy and a spirit of sadness stays with one after seeing the tomb of A'Becket and while standing on the rough stones of the Martyrdom, the spot where he so gallantly met his death. I stayed quite still against

the eastern wall and, facing the strong stone door through which the angry nobles rushed to do their horrible murder, imagined everything as it might have happened A'Becket praying at the small altar close by, the dusk having departed; and the Cathedral, quite dark save for dim lights in the Choir and Chapels, was suddenly a scene of confusion, and reverberated to the hoarse shouts of the advancing slayers. "Where is Thomas A'Becket, traitor to King and realm?" they shouted; then more loudly still, "Where is the Archbishop?" The answer came quietly from A'Becket himself, "Here; no traitor, but a priest of God, and Archbishop. What do you want?" Violent words followed, and with swords and blows the Archbishop was quickly overpowered, and suddenly the ghastly deed was done; and for the first and last time in history, an Archbishop of Canterbury lay murdered in his own Cathedral.

He was buried in the crypt in a marble tomb, and there for 50 years the pilgrims came in hundreds and thousands to worship at his tomb, and the worn stones and steps, if they could speak, would tell many tales of rich and poor who came to the quietness and peace of the Cathedral to pray.

One has only to stand by the Pilgrims' Steps to visualise the procession to his shrine in 1220 headed by the boy King, Henry III. It is all so beautiful; the windows aglow with painted glass—reds, greens, blues, cardinal, purples—all merging into one glorious panorama; the pillars reaching up and up into the vaulted roof; and the wonderful nave, like a great forest of stone, towering away into the distance.

There are many beautiful tombs, among which are those of the Black Prince in the Trinity Chapel, and on the south side of the Presbytery, that of Simon Sudlucre, the courageous Archbishop who faced the mob of followers of Wat Tyler on Tower Hill, and was brutally beheaded by them.

The tomb of Henry VIII, on which there are alabaster figures of the King and his second wife, Queen Joan of Navarre, is very fine. There is a very fine gateway at the entrance to the Cathedral, built in the reign of Henry VIII and called "Christ Church Gateway." With its deli-

cate craftsmanship and shining facade, it is, I think, one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen, and a fitting and superb portal to one of England's most glorious cathedrals.

I wish I could have told you more about other lovely cathedrals—Winchester, Chichester, Ely, Exeter, Salisbury, etc., but time and space will not permit, so I trust what I have told you will be of some use.

Trusting you are both well, and with best wishes for the success of "Echoes."

Yours, very sincerely,
MOLLIE.

Extracts of a Letter from
Peggy Apperly to the Editor.
Sleepy Hollow,
Richmond,
Virginia.

The visit of the King and Queen has been our last big excitement here. People were so enthusiastic over them down here you would have thought they were their own Royalty. We all drove up to Washington to see them at four o'clock in the morning, and were invited to the British Embassy. It was a thrilling experience, because although we were roped off, both the King and Queen walked down a few feet from us.

I think they are both so attractive; more so than twelve years ago when I saw them in Melbourne. He is so tanned, and far better-looking than he shows up in photos. After they entered the building, we explored the garden for half an hour. We really were making history, because it was a bit of England on strange soil. The Royal Standard was flying from the Embassy for the first time in history.

We went back to our friend's apartment and then took her to the Arlington Cemetery affair in the afternoon.

THE STORY OF STRATHERNE

(Continued from Page 7).

Amongst the more recent changes we might mention speech training, musical appreciation and arts and crafts classes for all, giving more scope along the lines of individual taste.

So much for Stratherne's first half-century What will the next have to show?



VERY GRAND CONCERT.

OUR Very Grand Concert was held on the last morning of term one. The hall was full, and we were delighted to see quite a few fathers; considering the time of the day, we wondered how they managed it.

The weather was still dry, but there was a remarkable growth of very fine and decidedly poisonous-looking toadstools across the front of our stage. No one could have been surprised then, when the march of the Gnomes and Fairies took place. They came on making elfin music, with the littlest fairy beating the biggest drum.

Almost at once the scene changed, and we found the immortal Three Bears conversing most fluently with each other, and with Goldilocks, in unmistakable French. We were able to look intelligent and to laugh at the right moment without help from any interpreter!

The Juniors then marched up, and we were very thrilled to hear how sweetly they sang "Ladybird, Ladybird," and "The Fairy Queen." Miss Olive's group





SECLUDED in its garden setting, close to, and yet separate from, the school buildings, is the beautiful library which stands as a lasting testimony to the generosity and enthusiasm of its donors.

It was opened on the 13th June, 1931, and was the gift of the Parents' Association and of past and present pupils, not only of that day, but of later ones also, for it took some years to complete the raising of the necessary funds.

Much thought went into the planning of the interior. Particularly good light is enjoyed by those fortunate ones who are able to spend their "spares" perched on top of the steps or curled up in the window seats deep in their favourite author. Many old Strathernians realised the need for good tables and chairs, which bear their names for remembrance. The shelves and lockers are quite well-filled, but there is always room for further gifts of books or magazines. Each year sees additions to these from various funds.

It is hoped that all future old Strathernians will add a book with their name inscribed therein, and so carry on the work so ably begun by their forerunners.



The Kindergarten.

THIS year the Kindergarten moved across to the open air room, which has been splendid for the purpose, having plenty of light and space. Being separate from the big school, the noise of the little ones playing and moving does not disturb the others.

During the first term the children set up a most fully equipped shop, in which much time has been spent playing and learning. This term they acquired their own garden, but the weather has prevented them from spending time there. We are looking forward to warmer days, when we can have our room open again to let in the sunlight and see the fulfilment of our work in the garden.

MY PONY.

My Pony is a lovely thing,
 With hair as soft as silk,
 And flowing tail like silver threads.
 He is so careful where he treads,
 And when I take him out for walks,
 I bring him carrots with the stalk.
 I wonder if you'd like a ride?
 You'd jump for joy and dance with pride.

BETTY B—



MISS ELIZABETH MACFIE.

WE feel that we are extremely fortunate in having Miss Macfie as the new Head Mistress of Stratherne. If it be true that "nothing succeeds like success," then the future of our school seems assured, for Miss Macfie has brilliant achievements to her credit.

The following article, which appeared in the "Age" shortly after Miss Macfie's return to Australia, should prove extremely interesting to all those who have faith in the future of our own Stratherne.

School Founded in Rhodesia.

Not many modern schools, surely, can claim the romantic background that belongs to Ruzawi, a boys' school on English public school lines, which was founded some ten years ago in Rhodesia. A Melbourne woman, Miss Elizabeth Macfie, was one of its founders, and when she returned home this week, for the first time in six years, she had an interesting tale to tell of the school's high-speed development from very humble beginnings.

An old inn about fifty miles out of Salisbury, on the road to Umtali, provided the site for the school, and Miss Macfie recalled how the old building—one of the first brick buildings in that part of Africa—had been a famous landmark in the early days of the colony. Rhodes knew it well, and there are some romantic tales associated with the old inn, notably a tale of hidden treasure that is still stoutly believed by many, including, of course, all the schoolboys! The story is that in the time of the rebellion two English prospectors who were fleeing for their lives stopped at the inn one night, but had to leave in such haste that they left their treasure of gold and diamonds behind. They were both killed, and so far their buried treasure has not been unearthed, despite systematic periodical searches. "Only a year or two ago a man who claimed to have been associated with the two prospectors came to us for permission to search for the treasure," Miss Macfie recalled, "but mostly it is the boys who go treasure hunting in the grounds. And they are always at it!"

It was from India, where she had been teaching for some years, that Miss Macfie went to Rhodesia to found this school, with two Englishmen, Rev. R. Grinham, who is still its principal to-day, and Mr. Maurice Carver. They secured the historic old inn and a big block of land with it, and opened Ruzawi (the school was called after the picturesque river close by) with nineteen boys—all boarders. The school is in the centre of a rich farming district, most of the farmers being retired army or navy officers, who welcomed the opportunity of sending their boys to Ruzawi for preparatory schooling before they went back to England to one of the large public schools. Gradually, too, boys from all parts of Rhodesia came to the school, and after three years the need for expansion was urgent. "Then the Beit Railway Trust spent thousands of pounds on rebuilding the school," Miss Macfie said. "An old Dutch colonial design was chosen and faithfully followed, and to-day Ruzawi boasts a splendid building, splendidly equipped."

To-day a staff of fourteen is needed to run the school, which now has 75 boys on its roll, and by the beginning of next

year, when further alterations to the building are completed, will have its numbers swelled to 90. Miss Macfie, who has had charge of the infant school—boys are taken from the age of 6 to 14—ever since she has been at Ruzawi, has been the only Australian on the staff, which is recruited mostly in England. The art classes, which are a special feature of the school, are her province, along with the Nature League, founded early in the life of the school to encourage the study of the native flora and fauna. The nature study classes are held on the huge kopje just outside the grounds, and the boys, who scramble up on the rock to lecture to their classmates, largely conduct themselves. "At first the Nature League could boast only half a dozen members," Miss Macfie said, "but to-day the whole school belongs!"

Ruzawi has a large staff of native boys, and for them and their families a model village has recently been built close to the school, an experiment that is proving outstandingly successful. Training for leadership is one of the chief ideals of the school, which seeks also to give the boys a thorough understanding of native psychology so that they will be competent to handle natives when they take up a career on leaving school. As yet Ruzawi is simply a preparatory school, but ultimately it is hoped to add an upper school so that the boys can complete their education there. At present the school is divided into two houses, named after two British public schoolboys who have "made good" — Kingsley Fairbridge and his Oxford friend, Julian Grenfell.

Echoes of Stratherne.

S AID by the littlest, after the Very Grand Concert: "I was frightened, but I couldn't be . . . the drum had to be beaten."

"A Moderator is a thing to hatch chickens in . . ."

"O look! the mysterious creeper on the Kindergarten is coming into flower!"
Could she have meant the Wisteria?

Good resolution voiced when "on the mat" — "But, but, please, I'm not going to do any more naughtings."

"The five foolish virgins forgot to take their petrol . . ."

Psalm 23, verse 6: "Surely to goodness 'Murphy' shall follow me all the days of my life."

WE decided at the beginning of this year to raise money for new desks and chairs. First the Seniors gave a concert and managed to extract twelve shillings from our pockets. Then when we planned our real concert, we were too modest to expect people to pay to come and hear us, so we just put an empty box where they could not help seeing it, and there were lots of "silver pennies" in it afterwards. We want to say "Thank you" for them now. Also we want to say a very special "Thank you" for the promise of four desks and chairs by parents.

Sometimes we sit and read the names carved on our old desks and we wish we could find and fine our "ancestors" who put them there. That would increase our fund tremendously!

Early this year we had a very interesting morning at the Town Hall, when we saw pictures of the life of a piece of coal.

We found a great deal to admire at the Ideal Homes Exhibition and also at the Countrywoman's Exhibition of Home Crafts.

Another day the upper school had a geography excursion to the Eagley Woollen Mills. They can now tell all about a piece of wool from the time it leaves the sheep's back until it is used in knitting or making garments for our Junior Red Cross.





McKellar
Press
Malvern.