

CHRISTCHURCH  
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE



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No. III

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DECEMBER, 1953

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SALLY PAGE, HEAD PREFECT, planting a Golden Ash in Cranmer Square to mark the Coronation of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II.

Photo by Miss J. Flanagan

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# Girls' High School Magazine

No. 111

CHRISTCHURCH

DECEMBER, 1953

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1953

CHRISTCHURCH GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL BOARD OF MANAGERS —  
Chairman, A. E. Caddick, O.B.E., M.A.; Deputy Chairman, R. O. Page,  
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Hulme; Mrs L. E. Macfarlane; A. McNeil, M.A.; H. N. Parton, M.Sc.,  
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REGISTRAR—P. J. Halligan, F.C.I.S., F.R.A.N.Z., F.I.A.N.Z.

HEADMISTRESS—Miss J. I. Stewart, B.A., Dip.Gilde Intern.  
(Paris), Dip. in French of Intern. Phonetics Assn. (Paris).

ASSISTANTS—Miss I. F. Milnes, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss A. M. Burns,  
M.A.; Miss J. C. R. Webster, M.A., Dip.Ed. (on leave); Miss E. C. R.  
Wilson, M.A.; Miss B. A. Waller, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss R. M. Ander-  
son, B.Sc., B.H.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss N. Corne; Miss M. D. Hetherton,  
M.A.; Miss P. M. Robinson, M.A.; Miss W. L. Anderson, M.A.; Miss  
N. D. Clark, M.A.; Miss E. L. Forne, B.A.; Miss L. M. Lummis, M.A.;  
Mrs V. N. McKillop, M.A. (relieving); Miss K. J. N. Plowman, M.A.;  
Miss M. P. Stevenson, B.Sc.; Miss C. S. Cree, M.A.; Miss J. Flanagan;  
Miss T. R. Morris, M.A. (on leave); Miss A. B. Sayers, B.A., Dip.Ed.  
(Dunelm) (relieving); Mrs I. E. A. Schwarz; Mrs B. Tankard; Mrs  
S. M. Collins, Dip.F.A.; Miss R. E. James, B.Sc.; Miss D. Martin, B.A.;  
Mrs Z. E. Price; Miss A. M. Chapman, Dip.H.Sc. (relieving); Miss  
L. Patrick, M.A. (Edin.) (relieving).

PART-TIME TEACHERS—Mr V. C. Peters, O.B.E., L.R.A.M.,  
A.R.C.M. (Music); Mr A. G. Ward, B.A. (Geography).

SECRETARY—Miss L. D. Dalley.

PREFECTS—Sally Page (Head), Pamela Johnstone (Deputy Head),  
Marguerite Burgess, Jennifer Taylor, Rose Warren, Margaret Banks,  
Merion McPherson, Jacqueline Murphy, Mary Patterson, Judith  
Phillips, Rhona Scarth, Barbara Smithson, Jennifer Thom.

JUNIOR PREFECTS—Jennifer Barker, Shirley Bates, Lorna Black-  
more, Margaret Hornby, Elizabeth McKenzie, Nancy Mee, Janette  
Peare, Rayne Simson, Joan Smith, Margaret Brown, Beverley  
Lindsay.



AGLAND PREFECTS—Rhona Scarth (Head), Jennifer Barker, Anne Birdling, Eleanor Birkett, Beverley Carpenter, Ruth Hampton, Olwyn Mason, Margaret Sutherland, Diane Watson.

HOUSE CAPTAINS AND GAMES CAPTAINS—*Deans House*: Captain, Roberta Winnicott; Games Captain, Isobel Milne. *Harper House*: Captain, Ann Gilmour; Games Captain, Lyndsey Frost. *Rolleston House*: Captain, Ruth Hosking; Games Captain, Marion Watson. *Selwyn House*: Captain, Jean Thompson; Games Captain, Glenys Hopkinson.

COMMITTEES—*Camera Club*: Miss Forne, Miss R. Anderson, J. Peare, E. Smith, J. Dawson, M. Harris. *Choir*: Mr Peters, M. McPherson, S. Smith. *Drama*: Miss Lummis, Miss Wilson, Miss Martin, J. Phillips, M. Burgess, S. Page, R. Caddick, E. Elmsly, J. Videon. *Library*: Miss Robinson, Mrs McKillop, Miss Patrick, Miss Forne, Miss Corne, Miss Clark, M. Burgess, E. McKenzie, J. Peare, J. Taylor, M. Banks, J. Denford, J. Dobson, M. Hornby, B. Marsh, S. Mence, D. Watson, D. Watt, M. Thomson, V. Willmott, P. Calder, G. Cropp, J. Laughlin, A. McKenzie, H. Pointer, L. Williams. *Magazine*: Miss Robinson, Miss Clark, M. Burgess, P. Johnstone, J. Taylor, M. Banks, M. Hornby, S. Mence, D. Watt. *Orchestra*: Miss L. Anderson, S. Smith (pianist). *Sketch Club*: Mrs Collins, B. Aldous, A. Gilmour, M. Thomson. *S.C.M.*: Miss Burns, Miss Clark, Miss Cree, Miss James, Miss Plowman, M. Burgess, J. Jack, M. Greer, J. Hosking, O. Mason, C. Hughes, A. Hughes, P. May, G. Pratt, J. Nottage, L. Fraer, G. Atkinson, S. McArthur, H. Palmer, E. Collins. *Tramp*: Miss Plowman, Miss James, Mrs Price, Miss Martin, J. Barker, M. Garden, E. Smith, J. Harrison, D. Walker.

### EDITORIAL

This Coronation year has been an important one for people the world over, but for British people it has a special, almost sacred significance. The beginning of a new reign has always seemed to offer a new beginning in the lives of individuals and the accession of a new Elizabeth is filled with exceptional promise. There is a feeling of kinship with the first Elizabethan era — an age of mental and physical vitality, an age of adventure.

It is this spirit of adventure that is needed in the world to-day, for in spite of the fact that the pace of life is rapidly becoming accelerated, our very specialized occupations tend to confine us to a narrow existence. The conquest of Everest was a departure from the hum-drum and that is partly why it has been acclaimed with such universal joy. These explorers of the second Elizabethan Age have equalled the courage, initiative and bravery of their forerunners whose

efforts might never have succeeded if they had not been encouraged by a Queen who always had at heart the welfare of her people and the glory of England.

But she was Queen of England only, whereas our present Queen represents a union of many countries. In the Commonwealth, we have shown that nations can live together harmoniously and still remain independent. We need to go further, beyond the Commonwealth, to the world at large. Petty jealousies must be suppressed and crippling patriotism must give way to constructive internationalism. Yet just as a house will not endure on shifting sands, so a united world must be built on the solid foundation of happy family life, and it is here that our separate efforts are needed. To-day man realizes that his survival depends not on the possession of atomic secrets but on mutual understanding between individuals and between nations. It is towards this goal that mankind is striving, and it is our personal responsibility as future citizens of the world, to promote happiness and peace on earth.

VI A

### STAFF NOTES

It is sad to have to record the deaths of three former teachers of the School.

Miss J. E. Harris was on the Staff for six years and in that time, by her gentleness and charm, endeared herself to colleagues and pupils alike. Until her illness she was an occasional, and ever-welcome visitor to the staffroom, and all must mourn her passing at so early an age. We offer our deep sympathy to her parents and sister.

Miss Greenstreet and Miss Henderson both belonged to that stalwart band of mistresses who gave long years of ungrudging service to the School, and by their own fine example, even more than by their teaching, exerted far-reaching influence over their pupils. In spite of many years spent in England after her retirement from the position of first assistant, Miss Greenstreet never lost her contacts with the School, and her interest in it was unflagging until the day of her death. Her wisdom, understanding, and ready sympathy increased with her years, and made her a delightful companion, and a shining example of beautiful old age.

For twenty-seven years, Miss Henderson was on this Staff, and for twenty-three of them was first assistant—a sufficient record for most people! But after she retired she was spared for another forty years of active service to the community, and devoted herself with characteristic energy to the causes she had so deeply at heart.

Changes in Staff personnel have again been numerous. Two changes were in name only. During the Christmas holidays Miss Jackson became Mrs J. Randle, and Miss Brash became Mrs F. Collins. In February Miss Corne returned from her year abroad, and Mrs



Tankard was appointed to a permanent position. Miss A. B. Sayers, a graduate of Durham University, came to relieve for Miss Webster, and Miss D. Martin to replace Miss Cook. Mrs W. J. O. Price took charge of what once was "Dressmaking," but now has become "Clothing," and the vacancy in the cooking-room was filled by Miss Flanagan, who hails from the Isle of Man, but who has lately spent five years teaching in Germany in a school for children of the occupation forces.

When Miss Stubbs was married to Mr D. Bannehr and left us at the end of the first term Miss Chapman came in her stead, and Mrs McKillop (Miss Vera Anderson) stepped into the gap left at mid-year by Mrs Randle.

It is very unfortunate for Miss Hetherton that she has had to take further sick leave. We sincerely hope that she will be back with us at the beginning of next year in the best of health.

Avonside has claimed two of our number during the year—Mrs Crossland, who had come back to us part-time, and Mrs Stevens. We offer them our good wishes, and we congratulate Avonside, but we trust they will not make a practice of this kind of thing.

Our warmest congratulations go also to Miss P. Stevenson, who is to leave us at the end of the year to take up the responsible position of senior mistress at Christchurch Technical College. She will be much missed as will Miss L. Anderson, who has been granted leave for 1954 to visit England and France.

We enjoyed having Miss Fairbairn back with us part of each day for the first two terms, and appreciate the assistance she gave at some inconvenience to herself. Mr A. G. Ward is carrying on her Geography classes till the end of the year. He has a double connection with the School as the son of one old girl (Muriel Brewins) and the husband of another (Mary Weir).

Mrs Mackle has come to the rescue in all emergencies and seems to fit equally well into any desk in the staffroom. Miss L. M. D. Patrick, an Edinburgh graduate who has recently come to this country, is taking Mrs Stevens' classes for the third term.

Miss Webster has travelled widely over Britain and the Continent, and seems to have missed no nook or cranny associated with the lives or works of the literary great. Her wide knowledge of literature has certainly added to the pleasure of her holiday. She has found time also to attend a course at Reading University, and another upon "Writers and Critics" at Oxford.

Miss Morris has combined periods of teaching in London schools with extensive sight-seeing in Britain and two visits to the Continent.

Miss Magee has now taken a position for a year as assistant to the Youth Organiser of the Diocese of Bristol.

Miss Cook, too, is enjoying a combination of teaching and tripping. She was particularly enthusiastic about an S.C.M. conference

at Ilkley, Yorkshire, and the interesting personalities she met there. She was able to ride on the moors, and to visit the Bronte home at Haworth.

In 1952 Miss Helen Hervey completed her thesis on "Knowledge and Truth in the Philosophy of Thomas Hobbes." For this she was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of London. She returned to England at the end of the year and was capped by the Earl of Athlone at an impressive ceremony in the Royal Albert Hall. We are told that the scarlet gown and large black cap became her well. She taught for a time in a London high school for girls somewhat similar to our own, and has attended a congress of philosophers at Dublin, and the International Conference of Philosophers at Brussels, where she made very interesting contacts. She is soon to begin lecturing at London University on Philosophy and Social History.

Miss L. Miller has returned from England and is on the staff of Epsom Girls' Grammar School.

Mrs Ferner (Miss Gardner) and Mrs Calvert (Miss Dowthwaite) are both living in Christchurch again.

Mrs Calvert now has a daughter, Diana Jane, Mrs Michel (Miss R. Harris) has a son, Richard, Mrs Campbell (Miss J. Walker) a son, Andrew, and Mrs Sandercock, of Bexley, Kent (Miss J. Fitchett), a daughter, Margaret.

Miss Battersby was married in the late summer to Mr A. Maccoll, and left soon after for a lengthy, de luxe honeymoon in Europe.

In September we learned with much regret of Mr Proudlock's breakdown in health. He has our sincere wishes for his recovery and our thanks for the courtesy and consideration he and Mrs Proudlock have always shown us.

#### MR PROUDLOCK'S RETIREMENT

We were very sorry to hear at the end of the second term that because of ill-health Mr Proudlock would have to resign his position as caretaker to the School, after six years of faithful service. We shall miss his genial smile and his genuine helpfulness. Although he quite often used to say that he was "getting hard," this never became apparent to others, least of all to those who sought his help, and his "charity covered a multitude of sins," as many girls will remember. Both girls and staff knew that they could always rely upon the willing co-operation of one and all of the Proudlock family. We hope that Mr Proudlock will soon be well again, and that he and his family will be very happy in their new life.



## O B I T U A R Y

## JESSIE EVELYN HARRIS

Pupil 1920; Member of Staff 1929-1935

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Jessie Harris who, after being a pupil at school in the VI Form, took the degree of B.Sc. in H.Sc. at Otago University, and returned to us as Home Science mistress. Those pupils who were taught by her will remember an inspiring teacher, a vivid and attractive personality, and, in many cases, a life-long friend. She had in no small measure those best gifts which Science can bestow upon her sons and daughters, an open and enquiring mind, scrupulous integrity in thought, and a certain clarity of expression which, combined with gentle wit, made talk with her a perpetual delight. Generous of her time, and full of energy, she yet seemed a little too fragile for the heavy work demanded of a Home Science teacher in a large school; and it was not surprising that she left it for a less exacting way of life: but she retained her interest in the School, and, particularly, in the many friends she had made there. To them the news of her untimely death was sad indeed. We extend to her parents, and to her sister, Audrey, our deep sympathy.

## MISS G. E. GREENSTREET

Fellow teachers and the many girls taught by Miss G. E. Greenstreet will have learned with deep sorrow of her death on June 21st, 1953.

Miss Greenstreet, herself an "Old Girl" of the School, and a graduate of Canterbury University College, was one of the earliest teachers, her chief subjects being English, Mathematics, Book-keeping, and Shorthand, and for many years she was first assistant to Miss M. V. Gibson. A great number of girls who were at the School during the war years, 1914-18, will remember the unfailing example of both these well-loved teachers, who gave up every Saturday afternoon to sew for the men at the front.

A stern, but just and very understanding teacher, she was greatly respected by all, and dearly loved by many. After her retirement she lived for some years in England, but never failed to take the greatest interest in everything to do with the School, and kept in touch with many of her former pupils, both in New Zealand and abroad.

Those who knew her will always feel happy and proud to have had her with them during the School Anniversary celebrations held last year.

To all, her life as a teacher and friend was a wonderful example of selflessness and kindly interest in others.

## MISS C. K. HENDERSON

Thou wert true, thou wert just, thou wert kindly—  
But what is a word and a rhyme?  
Thine was a kindly service,  
And its light shall shine for all time.

M. C. Holderness, VI Lower, 1913.

(On the occasion of Miss Henderson's retirement)

Miss Christine Kirk Henderson, who died in September, 1953, taught at this School from 1885 to 1912, for the last twenty-three years as Senior Assistant.

The School, which numbered its pupils in scores when she joined the Staff, had a roll of several hundreds when she retired, at a comparatively early age, to devote the rest of her life to the cause of social reform.

Her old pupils will always remember her for her stern impartiality, occasional flashes of humour that lightened their heavy burden, and, on one occasion at least, her careless dismissal of that grisly phenomenon, an earth tremor that shook the old brick building to its foundations, as "only an earthquake, girls."

Last year she was unable to be present at the Jubilee celebrations, but submitted to an invasion of her quiet retreat at Sumner by a representative group of old pupils who now, in the tongue she taught them long ago, bid her "ave atque vale."

## MISS E. PARTRIDGE

We regret having to record the death, after a long illness, of Miss Elsie Partridge, pupil in this School, 1917-21, and Head Prefect, 1921.

Miss Partridge, who took her B.Sc. from Canterbury College, was for some years on the staff of Archerfield Girls' School in Dunedin. In England when war broke out, she did some ambulance driving and office work. Later she was able to study bacteriology in London and on her return to New Zealand took up a post in the Wanganui Hospital.

As well as for her interest in science she will be remembered by many as a very fine tennis player, representing in turn her University College, her home province of Canterbury, and later Otago.

## EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF MISS WEBSTER'S

## DESCRIBING THE CORONATION

Now that the Coronation is over I must try to tell you a little about it. It has been a most exciting and moving experience to be here in London, right in the heart of it all. For weeks past we have watched the decorations going up, the stands which were just a network of steel



and timber when we arrived becoming solid and magnificent, for many of them, especially round Parliament Square, were elaborately decorated and looked, I think, as the lists must have done in the days of chivalry, with their glowing colours and proud escutcheons.

We went for several bus rides from one side of London to the other just to see the decorations, and even on our normal travelling about we got some wonderful views. It was touching to see all the little houses with their flags and bunting, and the side-streets and alleys brave with colour.

In the City we liked Fleet Street particularly. It was festooned with elaborate garlands of white and red, the red and white badge of the City of London high in the centre of each garland. Regent Street was effectively decorated with pink Tudor roses of some kind of plastic, with banners of green with a pattern of pink roses. These roses, rather anaemic by day, were transformed when illuminated, and the translucent pink flowers on the stone buildings were incredibly beautiful. Just last night we went to see the illuminations. Of these, the Mall is exquisite and is, I think, one of the finest of the decorated parts of the City, by night or day. Down the sides of the streets are standards surmounted by small gold crowns, and bearing scarlet banners with E.R. embroidered in gold. Very slender arches span the street at intervals. From them hang suspended large but very delicate golden crowns. The floodlighting is restrained; it comes up from the base of the arches and catches the gleaming silver balls on the supporting wires, so that they appear to float magically in air. The lion and the unicorn stand playfully on the top of each arch. By day the gold and red is striking; by night the delicacy of the tracery and the brilliance of the gold and silver against the green mystery of the trees has a fairytale quality. You feel that the man who planned this subtle beauty was inspired and that his vision has come true.

We saw torches flaming in cressets outside a club in St. James' Square, making us think of link boys and an older London. Although Big Ben, the Abbey and Buckingham Palace are undecorated, they stand imposing and grand in the floodlighting. Above the dark Houses of Parliament, the Union Jack floats proudly, floodlit.

Women on the buses have often chatted to us about the Queen. One said, "Isn't she just the right one to fill the position? She says she'll look after her people and so she will." Another, the day before the Coronation—"I hope we'll always have a Royal Family. We're funny people underneath, you know, and they do matter to us." A third who was taking "Mother" to see the illuminations—Mother was about eighty and very frail—said, "This has been a wonderful lift for Mother. She thought life was not worth living. This has been as good as a drink of whisky to her!"

We arose very early on Coronation morning, walked in the grey dawn to the Underground, both of us feeling elated. Great bus-loads of policemen whizzed by us. Without difficulty we reached St. James'

Park just behind our stand in the Mall. There were thousands on the move and the newspapermen were calling excitedly something unintelligible which presently resolved itself into "Everest Conquered. Read 'ow they did it." I said, "They've climbed Everest!" and we bought papers at once to be greeted with the headline, "All this and Everest Too!" Almost with disbelief we read that Hillary and Tensing had reached the summit. Cheers re-echoed up and down the Mall as the news spread. Surely nothing in history was ever more perfectly timed.

I know you will all have seen the pictures in the papers and the films so I am not going to attempt any kind of a resume of the procession. But some things I shall never forget about that day; the first, the Guards coming into the Mall to line the route, their scarlet tunics hidden under grey capes. We were told that the Order for the Day was "Capes on till the beginning of the procession." So presently there came an unforgettable moment when the Mall was lined with scarlet. Nor shall I forget the bared bayonets gleaming as they were borne down the Mall, like a forest of steel advancing and retreating in orderly array.

It was not raining early in the morning, though it was raw and sunless. Presently the B.B.C. announcer to our section chatted to various people along the route, enquiring how they'd got there, how long they'd been there, where they came from and invited them finally to choose a song they'd like broadcast. To the mirth of the crowd a schoolboy on the Embankment asked for "The Sunny Side of the Street," while another request was for "Singing in the Rain."

The time passed with incredible swiftness until the different processions began to come past, as there was always something of interest to see. A bus-load of Abbey guests, peers in red robes and coronets, and pages, evoked a burst of applause; a man in a grey bell topper received a cheer; expectation filled the air.

Queen Salote of Tonga had a triumphant progress. All the foreign notabilities went to the Abbey in open landaus but by the time of their return it was raining so hard that all the landaus were closed except that of Queen Salote, who sat there gracious and bowing, receiving a tremendous ovation from the crowd. There was great excitement in our stand when Mr and Mrs Holland passed.

We got a good view of the Queen Mother smiling and serene, and of Princess Margaret, who looked like George Meredith's "dainty rogue in porcelain." Her colouring is exquisite.

At this time, and indeed all day, the crowd was very quiet, except for the bursts of cheering. One of the lasting impressions of the day will be, I think, the almost awed silence as the crowd waited for the Queen, and their wonderful docility and humour.

Colour, too—vivid and rich. It was like an illuminated missal come to life. For one brief day, we saw the brilliant gorgeous colours of medieval pageantry in the splendid array of the footmen, postilions,



coachmen, out-riders — the burnished trappings of the horses, saddle-cloths of rich velvet encrusted with gold, and the gleaming cuirasses and lofty plumes of the horsemen. As the Queen's Escort of the Household Cavalry came into sight, the prancing satiny horses with their proud riders, we waited tense until the gold coach drawn by the Windsor grays actually passed us by. And there within, like a fairy tale princess in a cinderella coach, sat the Queen, rather pale, I thought, but wonderfully composed, while the crowd stood and cheered with wild enthusiasm. I don't think anyone could fail that day to feel profoundly moved by the sight of all that pageantry, romantic, colourful, splendid — and then the young Queen going to be crowned, alone.

#### EXTRACTS FROM ONE OF MISS MORRIS'S LETTERS

*(Miss Morris, who is a keen Guider, went to an International Guide Camp in Norway)*

The three weeks I spent in Norway were a thrilling experience and we were given a wonderful time. The camp I went to was held at Verdal, on Trondheim Fiord. The Norwegians are the most natural friendly people and living with them at such close quarters we did get a chance to know them really well. The scenery round about was just delightful — in some ways not very unlike New Zealand. Of the 3000 who were at the camp, over 2000 were Norwegians, but there were also representatives of 11 other countries and that in itself made the visit well worth while. We had a chance to see other parts of Norway too, as a friend and I left the others at Bergen on the way over and travelled to Oslo. It is a most beautiful place with many interesting things to see—the Kon-Tiki raft, Nansen's ship the "Fram," which you may explore right to the bottom (can't think of a suitable nautical term), the Norwegian Folk museum, the Vigeland sculptures, the International ski jump, etc. We loved our stay there. On our return we travelled by a mail and passenger ship from Trondheim to Bergen and had a most interesting two days in and out the fiords, calling for an hour or so at various settlements along the coast.

Once back in England I joined a British Council Course, spending three weeks looking at life in Yorkshire and Durham. I can't say enough about their excellent organisation and the wonderfully varied programme. There were 29 of us at the course and we represented 12 different nationalities. We got on wonderfully together and it was most stimulating to meet them all. There were only two of us who had spoken English from birth, and we were always being appealed to on the most tricky points of grammar or pronunciation. We did admire the way the others could switch from one language to another without turning a hair. There were many interesting continental people as well as a chief from Uganda, who is over here studying local government, an Indian student, a teacher from Syria and three women from Israel.

We visited York and had a wonderful day there, another day at a woollen mill (the temperature that day was 93 degrees!), Haworth to see the Bronte Museum, various castles and Abbey ruins, community centres, housing estates, etc. My most vivid memories of Durham are a trip down into a coalmine, an experience I shall never forget, a visit to the ruins of Hadrian's Wall and a trip by launch from the mouth of the Tyne to Newcastle and back. But I am forgetting the Cathedral. We were thrilled with it, even though we have seen so many others.

#### EXTRACT FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT PRESENTED BY THE HEADMISTRESS AT THE PRIZE-GIVING, 1952

The most notable event of this year was the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the School. The Anniversary Committee which organised and carried through a week-end of ceremonies and entertainments earned the respectful admiration of all who took part.

On the Saturday afternoon the proceedings were formally opened at a large gathering on Cranmer Square. On Sunday there was a procession of former pupils and teachers and of the staff and pupils of 1952—all meeting for a memorable service in the Cathedral. On Monday the former pupils and present girls met and mingled in various activities—morning prayers, a period of reminiscences, tennis and net-ball matches. The evening was reserved for the Old Girls—a conversation distinguished by the wit of the speakers and the responsive gaiety of the whole assembly.

Associated more or less directly with the commemoration were certain gifts made to the School. The Marlborough branch of the Old Girls' Association has presented to the school a beautiful picture. The Christchurch branch is arranging for an Honours board to record the names of Head Prefects. This will be set up in the Hall.

Miss Ethel Gibson, in memory of her sister, a much beloved Headmistress of the School, gave the sum of money with which the Old Girls' Association has bought a beautiful Bible—a fitting memento of a wise and good woman.

Finally the girls themselves — the School of 1952 — paid their tribute to the occasion. To mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of their school, they presented a lectern to stand in the Hall and be used daily at morning prayers. On this lectern rests the Book that will always be known to us as Miss Gibson's Bible. By their gift the girls feel that they have allied themselves to that great body of women who have gone forth from the School to their work in the world. They have placed before themselves a symbol of their obligation to be worthy of those who have gone before them; and they have recognised the source from which they will get wisdom and strength to fulfil that obligation. They have given to themselves the finest lesson of the year.



## SCHOOL DIARY

OCTOBER, 1952 — OCTOBER, 1953

## OCTOBER :

- 9—Senior Examinations began.
- 17—V H, V F, Fourth Forms and Third Forms attended a special screening of "New Zealand in Colour."

## NOVEMBER :

- 6—Junior Examinations began.
- 14—Show Day.
- 17—School Certificate Examinations began.
- 28—P.T.A. Party for Fourth Form girls.

## DECEMBER :

- 1—Miss Zena Johnson gave a piano recital in Senior Assembly.
- 2—A party of Sixth Formers attended an evening performance of Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," in St. Michael's Church.
- 4—Carol Concert at the Civic Theatre.
- Display of work for parents in the afternoon and evening.
- 5—Old Girls' Party for girls who were leaving.
- 6—Carol Concert at the Civic Theatre.
- 7—End-of-year Service for pupils leaving Secondary Schools.
- 11—Prize-giving in the Civic Theatre.

## FEBRUARY :

- 3—Beginning of school year.
- 27—Swimming Sports were held at St. Albans Baths.

## MARCH :

- 6—Prefects' Party for new girls.
- 7—Fifth and Sixth Form girls attended a matinee performance of "Othello."
- 12—Miss Charmian Eyre from the Stratford-on-Avon Theatre Company addressed Senior Assembly.
- 14—School Party attended a matinee performance of "As You Like It."
- 16—Swimming contest among pupils of St. Margaret's, Avonside and School.
- 20—Athletic Sports were held at Lancaster Park.
- 25—Fifth and Sixth Formers attended a concert at the Civic Theatre given by the National Orchestra conducted by Warwick Braithwaite.
- 26—The School listened to Mr Churchill's speech in memory of Queen Mary.
- 31—The Dean, the Very Rev. Martin Sullivan, conducted the School Memorial Service for Queen Mary.

## APRIL :

- 3-7—Easter week-end.
- 24—Anzac Services at School were conducted by the Rev. Malcolm Wilson (Senior Assembly), and the Rev. Ashleigh Petch (Junior Assembly).
- 27—Harvest Thanksgiving Service arranged by Third Form S.C.M. girls.

## MAY :

- 6—Harper and Rolleston House Plays.
- 7—Selwyn and Deans House Plays.
- 8—May Holidays began.
- 26—School resumed.
- 29—Coronation Broadcast to Schools by the Hon. Mr Keith Holyoake, and afterwards, tree-planting by the Head Prefect in Cranmer Square.

## JUNE :

- 30 May - 2 June—Coronation Week-end.
- 12—The School attended a special screening of "A Queen is Crowned."
- 17—Mid-year Examinations began.
- 28—S.C.M. World Day of Prayer Service at Christ's College Chapel and tea at St. Andrew's Church Hall.

## JULY :

- 3—Sixth Formers attended a Christian Youth Forum for Secondary Schools at School.
- 4—The Prefects' Dance was held at St. Andrew's Church Hall.
- 20—Mid-year holiday.
- 24—A School Party saw "Julius Caesar" played in Canterbury College.
- 25—A number of Sixth Form girls went to the Christ's College Dance.

## AUGUST :

- 7—The School Special Choir and Orchestra performed at P.T.A. meeting.
- 8—Some Sixth Form girls attended the St. Andrew's College Dance.
- 10—Prefects v. Staff netball match.
- 13—G.H.S. v. B.H.S. netball and hockey matches.
- 14—Senior Speech Contest.
- 18—Junior Speech Contest.
- 20—Intermediate Speech Contest.
- 17-21—Art classes saw display of work entered for the "Star-Sun" Competition at the Old Art Gallery.
- 21—End of term.

## SEPTEMBER :

- 1—Party of Seniors left for the Ball Hut.
- 15—School resumed.

## PREFECTS' NOTES

As usual, one of our first appearances en masse this year was at the Swimming Sports. Our two "crops"—one of the land (Hostel) type and one of the water kind—were unfortunately not entirely appreciated, perhaps because of the difficulty in manning the second. Applications for a course on the maintenance and use of water pistols, and also for a series of lectures and demonstrations on "Life-saving, a New Technique," should be addressed to Room 20.

You may have noticed that we have made one break with the usual custom—we were not seen in action (except in the Obstacle Race) at the Athletic Sports. Why? We felt that our dignity, having already suffered so greatly at the Swimming Sports, would not stand up to another attack.



However, we did follow our predecessors, in entertaining the new girls to a party at the beginning of the year. We all had a most enjoyable evening, even though a few of us were rather bruised after falling out of that precariously-balanced basket.

As usual our social life, though not hectic, has provided a welcome diversion from responsibilities. Our own Prefects' Dance maintained the high standard of enjoyment set in previous years, or so we like to think. Everyone, including the official party, had a good time, and a good supper. This last was the responsibility of certain mothers whom we should like to thank very much for all their hard work during the evening and afterwards. Because of them, clearing up "after the ball was over" was not at all arduous; and with a willing band of ten or a dozen young men to help also, who could complain?

Those who attended them assured us that the St. Andrew's and Christ's College dances were also most enjoyable.

There are two important fixtures I must not forget to mention—the Staff v. Prefects tennis and netball matches. The results of the first were satisfactory, but the result of the netball . . . We felt we could not take the honour from next year's Prefects of returning our "Ashes" to the rightful holders.

This year that certain touch of uncertainty has been added to life on the balcony by an unwelcome but frequent feathered visitor. Nevertheless, two stalwarts have found that the advantages of the balcony far outweigh the disadvantages. Knitting has been added to our long list of interests, a large number of "tea-cosyish" objects being among the various productions. In answer to enquiries the owner assured us that she was doing good business in this line.

We should like to say thank you to Mr and Mrs Proudlock for the many ways in which they have helped us, especially in clearing up after our various "dos." We were very sorry to lose them, and wish them the very best for the future.

Sally Page, Head Prefect

## HOUSE NOTES

### ACLAND HOUSE

The girls of Acland have had another busy and not uneventful year.

We have had several changes in our Staff over the past months. Miss Morris left to go to Great Britain at the end of last year and we are looking forward to seeing her again on her return. Miss Sayers, unfortunately, was only able to stay one term with us, and Miss Shelton, who took her place, was likewise with us for only one term—we all wish her every happiness in her new life. Miss Roseveare, who was our Sub-Matron for three and a half years, left in June to take a similar position in Dunedin. For several weeks the hostel seemed very odd without her. We are all very glad that Miss Aiken, our new Sub-Matron, is staying with us until the end of the year. She has been wonderfully kind to us all, especially during the chickenpox epidemic. Miss Stewart is still our very capable House Mistress, and Miss Stephenson and Miss James are still with us. Our thanks go to these people, and also to Miss Morrish, our Matron, for all the hard work she has done for our welfare.

The hostel itself has just been painted, and we all think this is a great improvement. All the girls are very grateful to the members of the Acland Old Girls' Association, who have provided a radio and several chairs for the lounge.

The achievements of our girls in sport have not been so bright in the past year as far as events against the School are concerned, but we congratulate the



Photo by V. C. Browne

### PREFECTS, 1953

*Back Row* (left to right): L. Blackmore, M. Banks, J. Smith, M. McPherson.  
*Middle Row*: S. Bates, B. Smithson, M. Patterson, M. Hornby, R. Scarth, M. Brown, J. Thom, J. Pearce, J. Barker.  
*Front Row*: E. McKenzie, N. Mee, M. Burgess, R. Warren, S. Page (Head), P. Johnstone (Deputy Head), J. Taylor, J. Murphy, R. Simson.





Photo by V. C. Browne

## ATHLETICS AND SWIMMING CHAMPIONS, 1953

*Back Row* (from left to right): F. Robinson (Intermediate Swimming), B. Breward, I. Milne (tied for Senior Swimming), D. Sutherland (Junior Swimming).  
*Front Row*: E. McKenzie (Senior Athletics), B. Harris (Intermediate Athletics), J. Cumming, M. Simpson (tied for Junior Athletics).



Photo by V. C. Browne

## HOUSE CAPTAINS AND GAMES CAPTAINS OR OFFICIALS

*Back Row*: Games Captains—V. Thomas (left inset), Rolleston; L. Frost, Harper; I. Milne, Deans; G. Hopkinson (right inset), Selwyn.  
*Front Row*: House Captains—R. Hosking, Rolleston; A. Gilmour and B. Lindsay, Harper; J. Thomson, Selwyn; R. Winnicott, Deans.

two relay teams which put up such a brilliant fight — especially the athletic team. Several people have done very well in hockey.

More girls have learnt music at the hostel this year than ever before. Miss Lewin held a most enjoyable recital at the end of the first term. We should like to thank her for all her work, as also Miss White.

We have had several outings and amusements this year. At the beginning of the first term we had a picnic at Kairaki, where we had a wonderful time, and even saw a seal. Our Saturday afternoons have usually been filled — we have seen several pictures and we went to the Harmonic Society's performance of Bach's "Mass in B Minor." Unfortunately we got caught in the storm on the way there and arrived soaking wet and rather scared. Recently we went to Victoria Park, but our large numbers proved rather a nuisance to the bus drivers. Early in the second term we had an impromptu concert and fancy dress parade. The originality was wonderful — Dawne made a perfect "swagger" and Myra's and Rita's costumes were especially clever. In the last week of the term we had the Hostel Dance at Adams House, put on by the boys. It was great fun, so much so that another has been suggested for later in the year.

Life at Acland in the past year has been fun and much the same as ever except for a craze for "knuckle bones." All the girls have found enjoyment at the hostel and our thanks go to the Staff who have made this possible in so many ways.

Rhona Scarth, Acland Head Prefect

## DEANS HOUSE

For the fourth time in succession, Deans gained the Cup for Total Points in the Swimming Sports. Our congratulations go to the Senior and Junior Champions, who made this possible.

Deans did not excel at the Athletic Sports, but we finished second in the Inter-House Relay. We congratulate the Intermediate Champion, who was in Deans.

Although we did not win either the Junior or Senior Netball competitions, we were placed first equal with Rolleston in the Hockey. We congratulate Rolleston for their fine effort in the Netball also.

The Drama Cup was given to Deans for the performance of "Sunday Costs Five Pesos."

The Tennis, Conduct and Total Points Cups have yet to be awarded, but Deans may have some hope of winning them.

We thank all girls in Deans House for their enthusiasm and House spirit and wish them every success in the future years.

Roberta Winnicott (House Captain)

Isobel Milne (Games Captain)

## HARPER HOUSE

Although we have not had any outstanding successes this year, nevertheless a good House spirit has not been lacking.

Both the Swimming and Athletic Sports had many Harper entries. Harper was placed third in the Swimming Sports and second in the Athletic Sports. In both Hockey and Netball we were quite successful.

This year Deans carried off the Wallasey Cup for Drama, our own play, "The Old Bull," being placed third equal with Rolleston's.

Our hopes are high so far this year for the Conduct Cup.



Last year we were successful in House Tennis and should like to congratulate Mary Patterson, who won the Senior Championship.

Once again we raised ten guineas for our sponsored child in the Tyrol and will shortly be sending her a Christmas parcel.

Our thanks go to all girls who this year have supported House activities, and we congratulate the other Houses on their various successes.

Good luck to Harper next year!

Beverley Lindsay,  
Ann Gilmour, (House Captains)  
Lyndsey Frost (Games Captain)

### ROLLESTON HOUSE

This year has been fairly successful for Rolleston. Although House spirit has not been very high, the enthusiasm shown by the Juniors speaks well for future years.

At the Swimming Sports, Rolleston did not do so well, coming second in the relay, but fourth in total points. Our congratulations go to Deans on keeping the cup. However, we had a great success a few weeks later at the Athletic Sports, when Rolleston retained the Athletics Total Points Cup, and also won the Relay Tabloid Sports Cup. For this we must thank all who took part, and especially our Championship girls.

For the Wallasey Drama Cup, Rolleston put on a splendid performance of "The Will," by J. M. Barrie, which was placed third equal with Harper's play.

Our strong point this year has been winter games, as we won the Senior and Junior Netball Cups, although, we must admit, not without a struggle.

Last year we kept the Total Points Cup, and shared the Conduct Cup with Harper. This year, although our chances of winning the Conduct Cup are not even slight, we have hopes for the Total Points Cup.

During the second term we raised the approximate sum of £11 10s. for our sponsored child overseas. With the amount over the required £10 10s. we shall be able to send her a Christmas box.

Rolleston wishes to congratulate all other Houses on their successes this year, and wishes them every success in the future.

Ruth Hosking (House Captain)  
Marion Watson (Games Captain)

### SELWYN HOUSE

This year, though Selwyn House has not had a first, we have gained two second placings and one third.

Selwyn made an excellent showing at the Swimming Sports, where the House gained second place. Beverley Bowbyes took first place in the ex-pupils' race. Congratulations to Deans for their fine effort!

At the Athletic Sports we were not so fortunate, gaining third place, but Elizabeth McKenzie and Marie Simpson were Senior and Junior Championship winners respectively. We should like to extend our thanks to our two champions.

Selwyn House came second in the Inter-House Drama Competition. The play was a great success but Deans' was even better. Much hard work went into the production of the play which, we are sure, made every Selwyn girl proud of her House.

We were not very successful in the Hockey and Netball competitions this year. Donations for the European girl we have adopted were reasonably good. Meetings were promptly and fully attended. Yes, we are proud to say, Selwyn did well this year.

Jean Thompson (House Captain)  
Glenys Hopkinson (Games Captain)

## SPORTS NOTES

### SWIMMING SPORTS

Our Annual Swimming Sports were held on Friday, 27th February, at the St Albans Baths. The afternoon was dull but pleasantly warm, and the whole of the seating accommodation was taken up by the School and interested parents. There was an increase in the number of competitors in all but Championship events, and a very high standard of swimming throughout. A reduction in the number of relays girls were allowed to swim in gave more girls the opportunity of swimming for their House, Form, School or Hostel.

Two records were broken by I. Milne—the 75 yards Senior Freestyle Record of 54secs., by 5.1secs., and the 50 yards Senior Backstroke Record of 38.7secs., by 2secs.

I. Milne and B. Breward tied for the Senior Championship with 16 points each. F. Robinson won the Intermediate Championship with 16 points and E. Burns was runner-up with 7 points. D. Sutherland won the Junior Championship with 8 points and L. Heywood was runner-up with 6 points.

School narrowly defeated Hostel in the School-Hostel Relay, while the Inter-House Relay and Total Points Cup was again won by Deans.

We should like to thank Miss A. Clifford and Mr J. Breward for starting and judging events; those mistresses who helped to run the Sports so successfully; and Mrs S. G. Young for presenting the prizes.

Results were:

#### SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

75 Yards Freestyle—I. Milne 1, B. Breward 2. 48.9sec. (a record).

50 Yards Backstroke—I. Milne 1, B. Breward 2. 36.7sec. (a record).

One Length Breaststroke (style)—B. Breward 1, I. Milne 2.

#### INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

50 Yards Freestyle—F. Robinson 1, E. Burns 2, B. Harris 3. 36.2sec.

25 Yards Backstroke—F. Robinson 1, B. Harris 2, E. Burns 3. 18sec.

One Length Breaststroke (style)—F. Robinson 1, E. Burns 2, H. Miller 3.

#### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

25 Yards Freestyle—D. Sutherland 1, L. Heywood 2, G. Harland 3. 16.2sec.

25 Yards Backstroke—J. Nottage 1, D. Sutherland 2, I. Attwood 3. 18.3sec.

One Length Breaststroke (style)—J. Garratt 1, L. Heywood 2, G. Harland 3.

#### OPEN EVENTS

Senior Dive—B. Breward 1, I. Milne 2, R. Simson 3.

Intermediate Dive—M. Scott 1, J. McCracken 2, F. Robinson 3.

Junior Dive—B. Woods 1, A. Gainsford 2, I. Henderson 3.

#### NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

50 Yards Freestyle, Senior—P. Johnstone 1, R. Simson 2, R. Harland 3. 40.5sec.

25 Yards Freestyle, Intermediate—V. Crowe 1, L. Frost 2, C. Walker 3. 16.8 sec.

25 Yards Freestyle, Junior—E. Hastie 1, B. Woods 2, P. Johnstone 3. 16.2sec.

One Length Breaststroke (style), Senior—L. Flay 1, J. Dobson 2, S. Searle 3.

One Length Breaststroke (style), Intermediate—J. Sharman 1, R. Caddick 2,

V. Crowe 3.

Senior Novelty—J. Merrett 1, D. Smith 2, R. Harland 3.

Intermediate Novelty—R. Caddick and G. Hopkinson 1st equal, V. Crowe 3.

Junior Novelty—S. Eder and E. Hastie 1, M. Beauchamp and M. Hawkins 2,

K. Paterson and P. Townsend 3.



Beginners' Width—J. Barraclough 1, N. Rowe 2, C. Capstick 3.  
 Neat Jump, Junior—R. Robilliard 1, P. Miller 2, O. Dalley 3.  
 Open Life-Saving Race (second method)—B. Breward 1, L. Heywood 2, D. Sutherland 3.  
 33½ Yards Old Girls' Race—B. Bowbyes 1, P. Perkins 2, K. Wood 3.  
 Fifth and Sixth Forms Relay—V R 1, V M 2, V A 3.  
 Fourth Forms Relay—IV F 1, IV B 2, IV M 3.  
 Third Forms Relay—III H 1, III A 2, III B 3.  
 School v. Hostel Relay—School 1.  
 Inter-House Relay—Deans 1, Rolleston 2, Harper 3.  
 Total Points—Deans 1, Selwyn 2, Harper 3.

B. Breward, V M

### INTER-SCHOOL SWIMMING COMPETITION

On Monday, 16th March, a Swimming Competition was held at our own Baths among the girls from St. Margaret's, Avonside and our own School. Competition was keen and many St. Margaret's girls as well as our own came to cheer on their school friends. In spite of a bitterly cold wind, everyone thoroughly enjoyed herself, and later we provided afternoon tea in the Drill Room. We hope to have the competition again next year and subsequent years.

Our thanks go to Mrs Tankard for organizing the competition and carrying it out so well.

Results were:

50 Yards Freestyle—Isobel Milne (G.H.S.) 1, Nan Jennings (St. M.) 2, Helen Le Cren (A.) 3. 30½sec.

50 Yards Breaststroke—Beverley Breward (G.H.S.) 1, Diony Sutherland (G.H.S.) 2, Angela Bean (St. M.) 3. 41½sec.

50 Yards Backstroke—Margaret Barriball (St. M.) 1, Frances Robinson (G.H.S.) 2, Susan Jennings (St. M.) 3. 39½sec.

Ribbon Diving—Philippa Harman (St. M.) 1, Susan Jennings (St. M.) and Mary Scott (G.H.S.) equal 2.

100 Yards Medley Relay—G.H.S. 1, St. Margaret's 2, Avonside 3. 1min. 7.1 sec.

Six-a-Side Relay—G.H.S. 1, St. Margaret's 2, Avonside 3. 1min. 34½sec.

Total Points—Girls' High School 38, St. Margaret's 31, Avonside 11.

B. Breward, VM

### ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Athletic Sports were held at Lancaster Park on Friday, 20th April. Two records were broken and one equalled. Barbara Harris broke the Intermediate 150 Yards record of 19.4sec. by 2sec. and lowered the Intermediate 100 Yards from 13.4sec. to 12.9sec. Lyndsey Frost equalled the Intermediate 75 Yards of 9.8sec.

Elizabeth McKenzie won the Senior Championship with 18 points; Marion Watson, 12 points, was second; and Alison Lewthwaite, 4 points, was third. The Intermediate Championship was won by Barbara Harris, 18 points; Lyndsey Frost, 9 points, was second; and Adrienne McKenzie and Ailsa McDonald tied for third place with 4 points each. June Cummings and Marie Simpson shared the Junior Championships with 8 points each; Anne Dobson was third, and Glenis Lethaby was fourth.

The Inter-House Cup for the most points was won by Rolleston with Harper second and Deans third. The prizes were presented by Mrs Hulme.



Photo by V. C. Browne

SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM



Photo by V. C. Browne

A TENNIS TEAM, 1953





Photo by V. C. Browne

A HOCKEY TEAM



Photo by V. C. Browne

A NETBALL TEAM

Our thanks go to Mrs Tankard, Mrs Schwarz and all other mistresses and girls who worked hard in order to make the Sports a success.  
Results:

## SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

150 Yards—E. McKenzie 1, A. Lewthwaite 2, M. Watson 3.  
100 Yards—E. McKenzie 1, M. Watson 2, A. Lewthwaite 3.  
75 Yards—M. Watson 1, E. McKenzie 2, J. Murphy 3.  
86 Yards Hurdles—E. McKenzie 1, M. Watson 2, M. Thomson 3.

## INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP

150 Yards—B. Harris 1, L. Frost 2, A. McDonald 3.  
100 Yards—B. Harris 1, A. McDonald 2, A. McKenzie 3.  
75 Yards—L. Frost 1, B. Harris 2, C. Heslop 3.  
70 Yards Hurdles—B. Harris 1, A. McKenzie 2, L. Frost 3.

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

100 Yards—M. Simpson 1, J. Cummings 2, G. Lethaby 3.  
75 Yards—J. Cummings 1, M. Simpson 2, G. Atkinson and J. Dash equal 3.  
62 Yards Hurdles—A. Dobson 1, G. Lethaby 2, G. Harland 3.

## OTHER EVENTS

Inter-House Tabloid Sports—Rolleston 1, Harper 2, Selwyn 3, Deans 4.  
Discus Throw—I. Milne 1, G. Allan 2, J. Peare 3.  
Slow Bicycle Race—K. Patterson 1, L. Husband 2, L. Cooper 3.  
Throwing the Cricket Ball—M. Garden 1, A. Dempster 2, L. Harry 3. Distance, 192ft. 6½ins. (a record).  
Sack Race, Under 14—B. Smith 1, N. Watson 2, D. Dempster 3.  
Senior Form Relay—V L 1, V A 2, VI A 3.  
Hockey Dribbling—I. Milne 1, D. Smith 2, M. Watson and J. Barker 3 equal.  
100 Yards Senior Non-Championship—S. Horwood 1, J. Peare 2, J. Thomson 3.  
100 Yards Intermediate Non-Championship—H. Wraight 1, R. Scarth 2, M. Hadley 3.  
100 Yards Junior Non-Championship—L. Hobday 1, D. Taylor 2, M. Frandsen 3.  
75 Yards Junior Non-Championship—G. Lethaby 1, D. Harding 2, D. Sutherland 3.  
150 Yards Senior Non-Championship—J. Barker 1, S. Bates 2, S. Page 3.  
Senior Obstacle—N. Mee, S. Bates and E. McKenzie 1.  
75 Yards Intermediate Non-Championship—H. Wraight 1, R. Scarth 2, M. Hadley 3.  
Junior 3-Legged—G. Lethaby and J. Taylor 1, J. Marshall and J. Frame 2, B. Drake and N. Norrell 3.  
Intermediate Obstacle—A. Jackson 1, C. Heslop 2, G. Hopkinson 3.  
Third Form Hurdle Relay—III H 1, III F 2, III M 3.  
Junior Obstacle—D. Sutherland 1, L. Heyward 2, J. Conway 3.  
Fourth Form Ball Relay—IV A 1, IV M 2, IV F 3.  
Intermediate 3-Legged—H. Wraight and L. Frost 1, J. McArthur and J. Harrison 2, A. McDonald and N. White 3.  
School v. Hostel Relay—School 1, Hostel 2.  
School Handicap—G. Atkinson 1, N. Begg 2, C. Clark 3.  
Old Girls' Race—Miss R. Anderson 1, Miss I. Milnes 2, Miss A. Burns 3.  
Little Visitors' Race—Girls: Susan Gates 1, Julie Brooks 2, Beth Gates 3.  
Boys: Kenneth Eagle 1, Allan Peddy 2, Michael Lethaby 3.  
Inter-House Relay—Rolleston 1, Deans 2, Harper 3, Selwyn 4.

Elizabeth McKenzie, VI A



## CRICKET

The 1952 season opened with a very encouraging number of beginners, who practised most enthusiastically, under the excellent supervision of Mrs Collins, and with the help of the more experienced players. We thank Mrs Collins for all the time she has given up for the coaching of the girls.

No matches were played in the first term, but in the third term the inter-school draw in which four schools took part was begun.

The girls in the 1st XI were as follows: I. Milne (Captain), E. Reeves, P. Buckfield, L. Harry, M. Hopkinson, M. Watson, M. Andrews, A. McDonald, J. Barker, M. Garden, R. Hosking.

Results of matches:

G.H.S. v. Avonside—won, 50 runs to 43 runs.

G.H.S. v. Technical—won, 101 runs to 34 runs.

Good luck, 1953!

Ruth Hosking, VI C

## HOCKEY

The conditions for Hockey have been exceptionally good this season and only one match had to be postponed.

Although there were fifteen teams only six were entered in the Inter-Secondary School matches. The A team won their grade.

Sixteen teams took part in an Inter-Form six-a-side tournament, which was held at the conclusion of the Inter-School matches; these and the Inter-House matches were keenly contested. V R won the form match with VI C as runners-up. The House matches resulted in a draw between Deans and Rolleston.

The teams were:

A—I. Milne (Captain), M. Watson, J. Barker, M. Garden, S. Bates, A. McDonald, L. Harry, M. Sutherland, I. Goodman, E. Taylor, J. Videon.

Matches played, 6; won, 5; drawn, 1.

B—A. Frandsen (Captain), J. Hosking, G. Harris, A. Gainsford, C. Warren, J. Dash, P. Townsend, P. Curry, M. McLaughlin, L. Weston, B. Lunn.

Matches played, 5; won, 1; drawn, 2; lost, 2.

C—B. Carpenter (Captain), J. Strathdee, H. McGettigan, M. Munro, H. Wraight, E. Birkett, L. Baker, P. Smith, D. Hyde, R. Brighting, E. Nicholas, J. Waters.

Matches played, 5; won, 1; lost, 4.

D—R. Gilbert (Captain), J. McIlroy, J. Bell, N. Mee, B. Parker, V. Stevenson, P. McMillan, A. Dempster, B. Walker, J. Robertson, D. Rait.

Matches played, 4; won, 2; lost, 2.

E—G. Sanson (Captain), M. Dalton, M. Webb, J. Seaton, A. Lewthwaite, R. Bruce, R. Hampton, O. Mason, S. Sheat, M. Hales.

Matches played, 4; won, 1; lost, 3.

F—B. Smith (Captain), J. McArthur, N. Wemyss, L. Steffens, V. Tucker, J. Gibbens, H. Lord, J. Goodman, J. Nottage, P. Stockdale, R. Caddick.

Matches played, 4; lost, 4.

We congratulate A. McDonald, L. Harry and J. Videon, who were chosen to represent Canterbury in the Senior B Grade team.

We should like also to thank Mrs Tankard for her invaluable coaching and organization during the season, and also Mrs Collins, Mrs Randle, Miss Cree, Miss Clark and Alice Hopkinson for their most appreciated help throughout the term.

Isobel Milne, V M

## LIFE-SAVING

The Annual Report of the Royal Life-Saving Society shows that the school has maintained its position as one of the leading schools in life-saving work. During the year ended 31st August only two others—Epsom Girls' Grammar School and Nelson College—gained a greater number of awards, the former school having 638 and the latter 632 to our 625. This total was made up of 529 Resuscitation Certificates, 6 Intermediate Certificates, 37 Bronze Medallions, 29 Bronze Bars, 7 Instructor's Certificates, 7 Bronze Crosses, 4 Bars to Bronze Cross, 5 Awards of Merit, and 1 Bar to Award of Merit.

The Society's report also records the fact that the Canterbury Branch has won for the third time in succession a trophy open to the 36 branches throughout the world and awarded to the one gaining the highest percentage of Bronze Bars to Medallions of the previous years. Of the 94 Bars with which it won the competition (for the year ended 31st December, 1952) no fewer than 40 were contributed by the school.

Beverley Breward, V M

## NETBALL

The netball season this year has been most successful, especially as both the Senior B and C teams came first in their grades. Among the members of the Junior teams we have several promising players—the Junior A team was 2nd equal in its grade—and this augurs well for the future. We were sorry to lose from match teams two of our senior players who sprained their ankles.

We wish to thank Mrs Schwarz especially, who has given much of her valuable time to coach teams and referee matches. Also we thank Mrs Price, Mrs Tankard and all other mistresses who have helped in this way.

The annual match against Boys' High School was most enjoyable, even though both our teams were defeated.

Congratulations to Rolleston, who won both Senior and Junior House netball matches, and to III M, IV M and V A, who won the inter-form matches.

## TEAMS AND RESULTS

A Team—G. Hopkinson (Captain), A. McKenzie (Vice-captain), M. Wilder, K. Patterson, M. Arnold, A. Gilmour, V. Thomas, J. Thomson.

Matches played 9; won 5; drawn 1; lost 3.

B Team—J. O'Malley (Captain), S. Page (Vice-captain), E. Reeves, D. Taylor, J. Murphy, G. Lethaby, J. Garratt.

Matches played 10; won 9; lost 1.

C Team—J. Dobson (Captain), E. Burns (Vice-captain), B. Marsden, L. Sievwright, L. Wilkinson, H. Laing, B. Harris, N. White.

Matches played 10; won 10.

Junior A and B Teams—D. Inglis (Captain), B. Woods, J. Inglis, R. Hopkinson, B. Gardiner, E. Livesey, R. Tozer, A. Rowley, A. Young, J. Forbes, J. Vivian, G. Harris, G. Harland, V. Parker.

Matches played 10; won 7; drawn 1; lost 2.

G. Hopkinson, V A

## SOFTBALL, 1952-53

This year Softball was more popular and we had three teams playing in Inter-school Competition matches, the A team being successful in winning its grade.



## TEAMS

A Team—R. Arnold (Captain), M. Eaglesome (Vice-Captain), A. Gilmour, M. Arnold, V. Becker, S. Fraser, R. Heart, R. Brown, J. O'Malley, M. Wilder.

Matches played 4; won 4.

B Team—R. McQuarrie (Captain), E. Pentecost (Vice-captain), I. Attwood, R. Stead, V. Hemsley, M. Hadley, A. Young, J. McDowell, H. Laing, M. Garland.

Matches played 4; won 3; lost 1.

B 2 Team—M. Lyndsay (Captain), L. Dyer (Vice-captain), P. Williamson, L. Sievwright, L. Hastings, M. Laffey, M. Richardson, L. Baker, M. Bush, J. McIlroy, J. Lockland.

Matches played 6; won 4; lost 2.

Congratulations go to Mary Arnold, who represented Canterbury in the Intermediate Softball Team and played in Ashburton and Dunedin.

We should like to thank Mrs Schwarz and Miss Cree for their valuable time spent in coaching us.

A. Gilmour, V M

## TENNIS

Mrs Tankard has started coaching this season and it is hoped that girls will take advantage of this opportunity to improve the general standard of tennis. Team practices will be held on Wednesdays during the lunch hour and Inter-school matches on Wednesdays, after school.

1952 Championship Results:

SENIOR—Singles: Mary Patterson.

SENIOR—Doubles: Kay Wood and Mary Patterson.

JUNIOR—Singles: Glenys Hopkinson.

JUNIOR—Doubles: Margaret Tyndall and Jill Andrews.

The Senior A team and the Senior B team each won three matches and lost one. The Junior A and B teams won all of the five matches they played.

Senior A—K. Wood, M. Patterson, E. McKenzie, S. Bates.

Senior B—J. Murphy, R. Gibbons, J. Broome, G. Delmonte.

Junior A—G. Hopkinson, J. Dickson, L. Cooper, D. Sutherland.

Junior B—J. Andrews, H. Wraight, M. Tyndall, G. Lethaby.

Deans won the House Tennis Cup with Harper and Selwyn second and third. Deans was represented by K. Wood, J. Murphy, L. Cooper and D. Sutherland.

Mary Patterson, VI B

## CLUB NOTES

## CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has had a good attendance of members at its meetings this year. Mr F. McGregor of the Christchurch Photographic Society has again come to us for one lunch-hour each week, during which he has demonstrated the working and use of our cameras, developing of films, printing and enlarging. He has also taught us copying and with his aid we have ourselves copied paintings and designs, products of the art classes, which looked really professional when developed. Some of them are printed in this magazine. We hope before the end of the year to be instructed also in portraiture and table-top photography.

In the first term we had a field day at Heathcote with the Sketch Club, and, with our memories of that, are looking forward to two more such trips in the third term.

We have been very fortunate this year in again having Mr McGregor's help and advice, from which we have all profited greatly. Our thanks are also due to Miss Forne and Miss R. Anderson, who have contributed much to the Club by their active interest and support.

Janette Peare, VI A

## CHOIR NOTES

The Senior Choir this year was composed of over one hundred and twenty members, all of whom were in the Fifth and Sixth Forms. The Junior Choir, which has consisted of Fourth Form girls only, has had a membership of over 40. Throughout the whole year the girls have shown great enthusiasm and have had many enjoyable lunch-hour practices with Mr Peters.

On the 7th August, Mr Peters gave a short talk to the Parent-Teacher Association on "School Music." Forty girls of the Special Choir and a group of Junior Choir members sang various part-songs to illustrate his points, and a Cantata, "Wind Flowers." Much of the success of this evening was due to the fine leadership of Mr Peters.

St. Margaret's College sent us a kind invitation to give a short lunch-hour concert at their school on the 14th August. We were very pleased to accept this invitation, and feel that more of this type of thing would increase the friendly relations between Secondary Schools.

As usual the Senior Choir is going to participate in the Carol Concerts at the end of the year, and will soon be starting to practise both well-known and lesser-known carols for this concert, as well as some songs for the Prize-giving, at which the Junior Choir also will be performing.

Additions to the Music Library up to September this year have been: Wind Flowers; Arnold's Song Book; Dominion Song Book No. 15 (Griffiths); Lord Who Hast Made Us (Holst); Faith of Our Fathers; Agincourt Song (Shaw); The Flight of the Earls (Shaw); Polly Put the Kettle On; Charlie Is My Darling (Chambers); Sunshine In the Dell; Day Is Dying.

A little touch of humour here—we should like the School to know that it was not the Senior Choir that was "screeching" when a notice came over the loudspeaker one lunch-hour asking those girls who were "screeching" to leave the building. We were just attempting to reach top G for Mr Peters!

To our leader and conductor, Mr Peters, we owe a great deal of gratitude, for without his inspiring leadership the Choir could not have attained the high standard it has reached. Mr Peters has been in indifferent health for part of this year, and we all sincerely hope that the New Year will see him enjoying better health. Both the Senior and Junior Choirs have been ably assisted by our accompanist, Shirley Smith. We wish to thank her for all the work she has done during the year. I should like also to take this opportunity of thanking Bernice Marsh for assisting in the Library work.

In conclusion, I should like to say how very happy I have been in the School Choir, and hope that all future members will derive as much pleasure from it as I have.

Best wishes to next year's Choirs.

Merion McPherson, VI B

## DRAMA CLUB NOTES

As in former years, the Drama Club still heads the popularity poll of clubs which are active in the school. The acting done by the groups in the final



term last year shows that the standard is continually improving, and the enthusiasm shown by the girls in both House plays and drama groups is sufficient proof of the enjoyment obtained from this work.

For our final function last year we had a Games Evening followed by high tea, some short plays and a talk by Miss Frona King. Miss Robinson's group gave us a great deal of amusement when they acted an old "Mummer's Play"—this was a good idea and one which we hope will be repeated for more girls this year.

The Inter-House Drama Competition for 1953 was won by Deans House with their presentation of "Sunday Costs Five Pesos." Second in the contest was the Selwyn House team with the play "From Five to Five-thirty," by Philip Johnson. Once again we must thank Mrs Dunbar for her kindness in coming to judge this keenly contested event.

In the second term, several drama groups have been formed under the guidance of Misses Lummis, Wilson, Martin and Mrs Randle. This new arrangement enables more girls to gain experience in acting and producing than was possible when we had only the one main play each year.

#### OUTSIDE EVENTS

This year we were offered a unique opportunity when the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company visited Christchurch during its New Zealand tour. School parties went to both "Othello" and "As You Like It" and gained much from productions of such a world standard.

We were delighted to have a visit from Miss Charmian Eyre, who played Celia in "As You Like It." She told the upper school the story of the foundation of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, in which we felt a greater interest than usual owing to the visit of the Stratford Company.

Also this year our own country's National Theatre was founded, and we were very interested in the performances they gave in the city. During their second tour, the players performed a play written by a New Zealander. This brings out clearly the object of the theatre, which is to be a truly national one.

Mr Richard Campion, the founder of the company, gave a talk on stagecraft to a large party of girls from school. This, we hope, will prove of great benefit for future school productions.

School parties also attended Ngaio Marsh's production of "Julius Caesar" with the Canterbury College Drama Group, and one night of the British Drama League Festival.

Judith Phillips, VI A

#### LIBRARY NOTES

The main development in the Library this year has been the influx of new books, which has enabled the school to become more up-to-date with contemporary happenings in literature, science and world affairs. As well as a greatly enlarged French division, we have now a German section for the benefit of those girls studying German.

We are grateful to Margaret Kean, Margaret Hornby, Sybil Mence, Lyndsay Marr, Elaine McIntosh and the Sixth Form for presenting new books to the Library.

We are glad that almost every girl in the school uses the Library now, although we should like to see more use made of the non-fiction section.

In order to make the Library something more than a mere repository of books, we have pinned up Listener articles, film reviews and a list of the current week's radio programmes, in what is, unfortunately, one of the most inaccessible places in a very inconvenient Library. The covers of new books, a painting gleaned from the art room, play reviews and musical critiques, all make

truly brave attempts to transform a crowded classroom into "a thing of beauty."

Other less conspicuous though very necessary work is that devoted to processing new books, mending old books, cover-strengthening and shelf tidying. Otherwise the Library with its displays, fines and bespeaking-slips, is the same as ever.

We are very grateful to Miss Robinson, Miss Forne, Miss Clark and Miss Corne for helping us in the Library; we were very sorry to say good-bye to Mrs Stevens and Mrs Randle, but in their place we are fortunate in having Mrs McKillop and Miss Patrick to help us.

We were particularly pleased to receive Coronation newspapers and periodicals from Miss Webster and Miss Morris. These have proved most popular.

The following are reviews of some new books that came into the Library this year:—

Sybil Mence and Dorothy Watt, VI B

#### "THE BETROTHED," by ALESSANDRO MANZONI

This is the story of a "pair of star-crossed lovers" and of the adventures that beset them whilst they are parted.

The action takes place in the vice-ridden Italy of the eighteenth century, an Italy of autocratic noblemen surrounded by hired toughs, or "bravoes"; an Italy of cowardly priests, and peasants ground down by centuries of oppression. It is this vivid and exciting setting that makes the novel so interesting to read.

There is also some excellent characterisation. I particularly liked the panicky parish priest, Don Abbondio, and the homely, bustling, cheerful Agnese. However the book is often tragic and one of the most moving chapters describes the terrible plight of a young girl whose family forced her to become a nun in order that her dowry might not subtract from the family revenue.

This book is a combination of romance, thriller and tragedy with some comic relief thrown in. It is the most renowned classical novel in Italy.

S.M., VI B

#### "FIFTH CHINESE DAUGHTER," by JADE SNOW WONG

This autobiography of an American-Chinese girl tells of the encouragements and obstacles placed before Jade Snow, a well-bred young Chinese girl who wishes to show people that to be Chinese and a female does not prevent one from having a promising career.

Jade Snow, who is now one of the leading ceramic artists in America, was the fifth daughter of a Chinese overall manufacturer in San Francisco. She was trained thoroughly in the strict formality of Confucian ways and, because of this, was often confused by the unreserved ways of her classmates and their parents. As she grew older she began to long for some encouragement and interest from her parents who, because of their strictly Confucian ideas, thought that girls should only marry and have sons. But by her successes as a student and as an artist she gradually convinced them that there were other ways of living.

She also felt, when her career was established, that she had conquered the racial prejudice which she had fought for so long. This had been her ambition ever since a small white boy jeeringly called her "Chinkee, Chinkee, Chinaman."

Although Jade Snow's fight for her freedom is the main theme of the book she gives many fascinating glimpses of the colourful life and people of Chinatown. She describes festivals, weddings, operas, meals, clothes and every-day life in a most interesting way, while her pages are also full of quaint and lovable characters.



This charmingly written book with its delicious humour, delightful little illustrations and highly entertaining and informative memories is well worth reading.

M.T., V S

"KINGSBLOOD ROYAL," by SINCLAIR LEWIS

This novel is set in the United States at the end of the Second World War. The story is that of Neil Kingsblood, a banker, who discovers that he is a descendant of a full-blooded Negro. The subsequent chapters deal with his own feelings and those of his family and his friends, both white and black, after he has revealed the fact to them. In a skilfully-drawn portrait, Mr Lewis shows how the bewildered young white man becomes an assertive, almost anti-white Negro as one by one his wife, his family, and his former friends, turn against him. This is a book that makes one think, and, if it gives a true portrait of anti-Negro feeling amongst the white races in America, the claims of racial equality and harmony between races in that country are seriously to be doubted.

L.M., VI B

"WARRIOR WITHOUT WEAPONS," by MARCEL JUNOD

(Translated from the French, "Le Troisième Combattant")

"There are never more than two adversaries engaged in battle. But these adversaries are apt to find that suddenly in their midst is a third combatant—a warrior without weapons." With these words begins the autobiography of Marcel Junod, a delegate to the International Red Cross Committee who, because he was a native of Switzerland, a neutral country during war, was able to go among men and prisoners on opposing sides helping to relieve suffering.

During the twelve years he was on the Committee, Marcel Junod was in Abyssinia, Spain, Western Europe and Japan. He tells of the difficulty of procuring medical equipment for ambulances, particularly in Abyssinia; of the arrangements for the exchange of messages between prisoners and their relatives; of the exchange of hostages and condemned men during the Spanish Civil War. He describes his visits to prison camps during World War II, the difficulty of arranging for parcels to be sent to prisoners and finally the dreadful effects of the first atom bombs on Japan.

This story is extremely interesting, well told, with some very good descriptions. It makes one realise the wonderful work the Red Cross did to relieve suffering—a remarkable "warrior without weapons."

G.R., V S

"THE VILLAGE," by MARGHANITA LASKI

Although this novel is set in the post-war years its plot is almost Victorian—a girl of genteel (though in these days impoverished) family falls in love with a working-class man but, despite the rantings of papa and the prayers of mama, true love overcomes all and we are promised that she will make a lovely bride. That is all the story would be but for the effect of the one word "class." For in the village the old ideas of class exist and flourish. Nor are the educated people of the upper-class entirely responsible for this; the way in which the elderly working-people brought up to "know their betters," keep their place is quite pitiful and even horrible. And side by side with class goes political opinion, for some of the young people turn to Communism in their search for equality. There is also some discussion of the anti-American feeling which is so rife in many British countries. In fact, Marghanita Laski drags all our carefully-guarded skeletons from their cupboards into the light of reason and her book is one to stimulate thought on several controversial matters.

M.H., VI B

ORCHESTRA NOTES

Once again the orchestra has been under the tuition of Miss Lesley Anderson and we thank her very much for giving up her valuable time to help us. This year our numbers have increased by one, and we now have four first violinists, three second, one third, two 'cellists and a pianist. The orchestra practises in the Assembly Hall every Monday after school.

We were very pleased to be asked to play at the Parent-Teacher Association evening on the 7th August, and we hope that the audience derived as much pleasure from our performance as we did. Among the numbers which the orchestra played were: Gavotte (Handel), a selection of English and Irish melodies, Rosebud, and March from "Scipio" (Handel), all of which are arranged by Woodhouse.

We hope that our inability to play "forte" and "piano" when required has not caused Miss Anderson too much worry, and we send her our very best wishes for her travels next year.

Shirley Smith, VI B

SKETCH CLUB NOTES

Luck did not come our way for the first Sketch Club trip this year, because the sky was very cloudy and there was a strong southerly wind blowing. This trip was held at the Heathcote Bridge, but despite the weather there was a good attendance of members. Some very interesting views of yachts lying outside the boat-shed made excellent subject matter for the more advanced members, while a view looking across the Estuary to the far bank was chosen by the younger members.

An autumn trip later in the first term was even more successful. This time we met at the Carlton Mill Bridge and we found no difficulty in choosing a view to sketch. The afternoon was very warm and sunny and the autumn trees were at their best. Some very good water-colours were done during the afternoon, a favourite view being one from Millbrook Reserve looking up the river to a bend where willows dipped gracefully into the shady water.

We shall have two more trips this year and we hope then to have sufficient interesting work to show in a special Sketch Club Display.

We should like to thank Mrs Collins for her help.

B. Aldous, A. Gilmour and M. Thomson, V M

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT NOTES

We were pleased to welcome at the beginning of this year a large number of new members, both Third Formers and older girls. General attendance at Club meetings is now about 80. In February we were fortunate to hear the SCM broadcast to schools given by the Dean of Christchurch; this made a fitting beginning to our year's activities. We have five study circles this year, led by Miss Burns, Miss Clark, Miss Cree, Miss Plowman and Miss James. The girls very much appreciate all the time and effort which our leaders give to the Club and its activities. We are particularly grateful to Miss Burns for her fine direction and leadership.

Sixth Form girls acted as hostesses to Boys' High School Senior Group at one meeting during the first term. Later the boys invited us to meet with them to hear a talk by Mr Lindsay Crozier, who spoke from first-hand knowledge of conditions in China to-day. Tea and an hour's fun finished a very enjoyable



evening. At a recent meeting we had as our guest Mrs Jutiwongse, who spoke to us of her Buddhist faith as it compares with Christianity. For the last meeting of the second term the Avonside SCM invited us to hear the Rev. R. Carson speak on the present situation in India and Pakistan and the growth of Christianity in those countries. Tea was followed by an enjoyable time of fun and fellowship.

Two camps have been held for SCM girls during the year. In May 13 girls attended the Senior Camp at Tyndale House, and three were present at the August camp at Rangiruru. All the campers found these very enjoyable and stimulating, and many new friendships were formed.

The Inter-Schools' Forum for all Sixth Form pupils was held this year at our school and proved in every way successful. Those who are leaving this year are looking forward to the welcome to the University given by SCM members.

At the beginning of the year our club was represented at the commissioning service of the new Chaplain to the movement at University and Training College. On SCM World Day of Prayer Sunday, School members joined with the University and Training College SCM Clubs in a service in Christ's College Chapel, and afterwards at a tea held in St. Andrew's Church Hall. The preacher at the service was the Rev. P. O. C. Edwards, and Miss Muriel Thomas spoke briefly on the Travancore Youth Conference.

In the first term the Third Form Circle members arranged for a Harvest Thanksgiving Service, which was held in Junior Assembly. Our thanks are due to Miss James, who most ably directed them, and to all mistresses and girls who helped. The gifts were later delivered to the children whom we entertain each year at the Welfare Children's Party.

Every Wednesday at 8.30 a.m. an Intercession Service is held in the Chapel at Bishop Julius Hostel. Services have been led by members of staff, some of the older girls and other friends of the SCM. Those who have made the extra effort to come have found these services well worth while. Attendance has been fairly good and junior girls in particular have supported this side of our activities, which is one of the most important and most rewarding.

Dorothy Watt, VI B

### TRAMP CLUB NOTES

Owing to adverse weather conditions and other Saturday events, 1952-53 has not been a very favourable year for tramps, but this has not discouraged members who now total 78.

Much to everyone's disappointment the evening tramp at the end of 1952 had to be abandoned on account of rain, but in spite of this an enjoyable evening was spent by members at the Sign of the Takahe.

The first tramp of 1953, on the 28th February, was not a very strenuous one, largely for the sake of new members. We walked up the Rapaki Track, along the Summit Road and down to Sumner.

On 11th March 38 trampers went from Lyttelton to Godley Heads. Here we were met by a rather indignant man who asked very officiously whether we had permission to go through the camp; and, of course, we had. After this, we were taken down to the lighthouse and foghorn and were shown how each worked. After a great deal of muscular help on the part of some brawny members of our club, the keeper managed to start the air compressor on the foghorn. From here we walked to Taylor's Mistake, and from there to Sumner. This tramp was very interesting, and enjoyed by all who went.

On August 8th there was a tramp from the Sign of the Takahe to Governor's Bay, where we had lunch, and then walked to Lyttelton.

Our thanks go to the staff—Miss Plowman, Miss James, Miss Martin and Mrs Price, who did most of the preliminary arranging and made these tramps possible.

Jennifer Barker, VI C

### FRENCH NOTES

In the Inter-Secondary Schools' Oral French Examination conducted by the Cercle Francais, Sybil Mence was placed third and Judith Phillips gained a Certificate of Merit in the Senior Division. In the Junior Division Lynn Williams was placed second, and Rhona Scarth gained a Certificate of Merit.

Prudence Taylor and Joan Hopkins were the winners of the prizes which the Cercle Francais presents for Oral French in the Third and Fourth Forms.

A number of Sixth Form girls are members of the Cercle Francais, and it may interest intending members to know that a policy, by which new members have to pass an oral test, has been adopted.

About 15 French books have been added to the Library. Another 15, mostly on the Provinces, are on their way from Paris at the time of writing, and should provide interesting reading.

We were very fortunate to have regular weekly visits in the first and second terms from Monsieur Manillier, who was lecturing during the first part of the academic year at Canterbury College, under the auspices of U.N.E.S.C.O. Monsieur Manillier gave up much of his valuable time to bring his zest and knowledge to the Fifth and Sixth Form French scholars. He greatly increased our interest in French life and customs by answering our questions about France, and showed us all the beauty and charm of French spoken by a Parisian. We wish to thank him once more for his kindness.

Pamela Johnstone, VI A

### SPEECH COMPETITIONS

#### SENIOR—

The Senior Speech Competition, open to girls in the Sixth and Upper Fifth Forms, was held on Friday, 14th August. Professor H. Winston Rhodes was judge and gave most stimulating and helpful criticism and advice. The subject this year was "The Power of the Press: Is it Beneficial or Harmful to Mankind?"

Finalists were: Marguerite Burgess, Elizabeth Burns, Rosalind Caddick, Jillian Hosking, Sybil Mence, Sally Page, Jennifer Taylor.

Sybil Mence was awarded first place, Sally Page second, and Rosalind Caddick third.

#### INTERMEDIATE—

Finalists in this competition, the subject of which was "An Experience which I should like to have Shared," were: Glenis Allan, Lois Arthur, Jennifer Blazey, Joan Clark, Adrienne Dempster, Lynne Heyward, Patricia Norton, Vivi Sepp, Elisabeth Thom.

Elisabeth Thom was placed first, Jennifer Blazey second and Vivi Sepp third.

#### JUNIOR—

The subject was "The Invention which I think has been of most Benefit to Mankind."

Of the finalists—Maryrose Beauchamp, Elisabeth Collins, Olwyn Dalley, Carolyn Gibson, Anna Lockwood, Ann McGrath and Margaret Smith—Anna Lockwood was first, Ann McGrath second and Elisabeth Collins third.



## SPECIAL PRIZES AND AWARDS

We wish to congratulate those girls who have won various prizes and awards during the year.

Elisabeth Thom came first in the Under 14 Years Section of the Children's Book Week Essay Competition with her review of Robert Gibbings's "Sweet Thames Run Softly." The subject was "A Travel Book I Would Recommend."

In the "Star-Sun" Art Exhibition for South Island Schools, Ann Gilmour was placed second and Barbara Walker fourth. Their work, some of which has been printed in this magazine, was of a very high standard, and we hope that they will both continue to do such lively and interesting paintings in the future.

We are proud, too, of Sybil Mence, who came first in the local division of the Overseas League Speech Competition for Post-primary Schools. The subject was, appropriately, "Our New Elizabethan Age." The judges, Mr W. R. Lascelles and Mr E. Bowie, said that the general standard of the speeches was "remarkably high," and that they were impressed by the thoughtfulness and originality of Sybil's speech. Sybil was placed fifth in the Dominion final of this competition held at Palmerston North. Her speech is printed below.

## OUR NEW ELIZABETHAN AGE

To-day, as we enter our New Elizabethan Age, journalists all the world over are writing column upon column, telling us that England has never been greater than when ruled by a Queen, and that with a second Queen Elizabeth on the throne we can all confidently expect a rebirth of that Golden Age of four hundred years ago, with its pageantry, and colour, and vivid splendour.

But do we really want a rebirth of that Golden Age of four hundred years ago? Have we not forgotten that four hundred years ago very few of us present to-day would ever have derived any benefit from education; that very few of us would have reached the ripe age of forty, and that most of us would have lived in ill-ventilated houses, in filthy streets, in plague-ridden towns? The doctors of those days had infinite faith in Providence, and practised cures that were horrible and unavailing in the extreme. Sailors put to sea in cockleshells of boats, and many of them died of the virulent scurvy. The learning and scholarship of the Renaissance were only for the rich and well-born, and education for girls was almost unheard of.

You probably think I am incurably unromantic, but you are wrong. It is only that I am glad that to-day we have remedied almost all of these things. Nowadays we all, without exception, have the opportunity to go to school, the expectancy of life is now sixty-five, and most of us live in neat modern houses and towns that have not been ravaged by plague for centuries.

Personally, I should say all these things are greatly to our advantage, but we should not spend our time in hearty back-slapping any more than we should spend it in trying to achieve a pseudo-Elizabethan Age.

That the first Elizabethan Age was in many ways a very great one, I do not deny. It was an age of discovery and exploration, it was an age of learning, and it was an age victorious in war.

To-day much of our discovery is in the scientific field; nuclear physicists are learning to harness atomic power in such a way that we hope it will benefit future generations as much as electricity has benefited us. To-day, also, there are explorers and adventurers; there is Freya Stark, one of the explorers of Arabia, and the valiant band of jet pilots who have conquered space and time. The learning in the twentieth century is also mostly devoted to scientific research in

some field or another—Einstein in mathematics, Woolley in archaeology, Whittle in aeronautics, and, of course, Cockcroft and Penney in the atomic research of which I spoke earlier.

And yet it is really very wrong of me to mention these great men and women to-day, for we cannot include the outstanding men and women of the past generations in the title "New Elizabethans." Think of them—Vaughan Williams and Benjamin Britten in music, Toynbee in history, Priestley and Joyce in literature, Russell in philosophy, and Winston Churchill in statesmanship. Almost all of them are well over seventy.

No; it is to the future that we must look for our great New Elizabethans. Our first great one, Sir Edmund Hillary, was the first white man to set foot on the world's highest peak, but it is probable that our Shakespeare has yet to be born, that our Drake is somewhere a toddler of three.

I mentioned earlier that the first Elizabethan Age was one victorious in war. We no longer believe in the glory of war. To-day we reap the bitter harvests of death, disillusion, and hatred from our wars, and no longer can flag-waving and jingoistic patriotism atone for what we pay in return.

How can we ever hope for a great literature, great scientific research, a great New Elizabethan Age if we send all the promise of our youth to die in the trenches, in jet bombers, or in their own homes, massacred by one bomb? Will all our poetry be war poetry? Will all our scientific research be research in the "art" of killing as many as possible in the shortest possible time? Will our great New Elizabethan Age be one full of strife and crippling taxes to foot the armament bill?

Not one of us here wants any of these things to happen, and it is the vocation of us, the New Elizabethans, to see that they don't. To accomplish this, our vocation, we must go to the roots of the causes of war, and destroy them before they have time to grow and spread and destroy us. We must feed the hungry, succour the needy, and in this way preserve the peace. Britain and the British Empire have a great role to play in the future. Her past role of Elinor to America's Marianne, British "sense" to American "sensitivity," must still be maintained, and she must learn her new part of bridging the gap between the free world and that of the Communists in order to end the cold war. She cannot and will not do this by book-burning and "witch-hunting," but she will accomplish it by meeting the Communists at least half-way in their new friendly overtures. Thus, in our New Elizabethan Age, we must practise tolerance and understanding in order to achieve world peace.

The first Elizabethan Age was great chiefly because of the intense loyalty and service that the English felt for their Queen and for their country. Through these two qualities, loyalty and service, they accomplished much. It is our task to see that we make Our New Elizabethan Age one that future generations will remember for its tolerance, its learning and its unceasing endeavours to build a peaceful and a happy world.

Sybil Mence, VI B

## EXAMINATION RESULTS, DECEMBER, 1952

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE: J. E. Alexander, J. R. Barry, S. Bates, P. R. Bowron, J. R. Broome, J. A. Buchanan, P. M. Buckfield, M. M. Burgess, C. M. S. Crawford, A. N. Dalley, E. S. Douglas, M. Frank, J. L. Henderson, B. A. Hodge, J. M. Hunt, L. P. I. Inwood, L. F. Jackman, P. A. Johnstone, E. A. McKenzie, R. F. Manton, N. R. C. Mee, J. H. Murphy, M. G. Oxenbridge, S. G. Page, J. M. Peare, P. J. Perkins, J. L. Phillips, C. S. Senior, H. M. Shanly, J. M. Sheppard, M. R. Simson, J. S. Smith, B. M. Still, J. J. Taylor, E. R. Warren, J. A. Willis, H. C. W. Wilson, H. M. Young.



SCHOOL CERTIFICATE: J. C. Anderson, R. F. Arnold, M. M. Banks, E. R. Barnes, B. A. Barton, V. F. Becker, M. A. Bennett, L. M. Blow, E. B. Braggins, E. W. Burns, J. M. Calderwood, J. L. Cloudesley, P. E. Daly, J. G. Denford, J. M. Dobson, E. Elmsly, R. G. Fairbrother, L. M. Forbes, G. M. Gay, R. M. Gilbert, J. C. Gillespie, M. P. Greer, Z. E. Hartmont, V. Hepworth, N. A. Heslop, M. J. Hopkinson, M. E. Hornby, R. M. Hosking, P. R. Hyde, J. M. Jack, B. Johnson, N. D. Johnson, M. M. M. Kummer, D. M. Lee, A. B. Leitch, B. A. Lindsay, L. A. Marr, B. S. M. Marsh, V. M. Marshall, V. J. Martinson, M. Mayne, A. S. Mence, J. E. M. Munro, P. L. Nankivell, E. Nicholas, M. E. Parker, M. D. Patterson, H. L. Peters, J. M. Rathgen, F. Rees, S. A. Reid, P. Sambrook, G. Sanson, R. M. Scarth, S. A. Searle, V. J. Senior, J. A. Sharman, D. H. Smith, S. A. Smith, B. A. Smithson, B. F. Steel, H. A. I. Strang, M. Sutherland, D. L. Taylor, J. A. Thom, M. J. Thomson, P. D. Toon, M. E. Vass, J. A. Waters, D. D. Watson, M. J. Watson, M. F. Watson, D. M. Watt, B. D. Willis, S. A. Wilson, M. E. Winter, M. A. Woodward.

## SECOND AND THIRD GENERATIONS

We have among the new pupils at school this year eleven girls whose mothers are Old Girls, and one whose grandmother is an Old Girl.

JUDITH COLLINS (III A) is the daughter of Doreen Clowes (1925-1927).

JANET CUSACK (III B) is the daughter of Dorothy Young (1925-1928).

PAMELA GLANVILLE (III F) is the daughter of Greta Drewery (1929).

PATRICIA LAMBOURNE (III A) is the daughter of Hirji Rowland (1926-1929).

MAUREEN MARSON (III B) is the daughter of Jessie Maxwell (1928-1929).

GAIL POORE (III A) is the daughter of Isa Angus (1919-1921).

HEATHER ROBERTSON (III F) is the daughter of Edna Stavely (1928-1929).

PATRICIA SCOTT (III B) is the daughter of Lily Samms (1922-1925).

ROBYN SMITH (III M) is the daughter of Avril Robinson (1919-1922).

VALERIE TUCKER (III A) is the daughter of Margaret Jean Sinclair

(1931-1934).

JEAN CLARIDGE (III A) is the grand-daughter of Mabel Laing (1902-1906).

## GIRLS WHO LEFT, 1952

Airey, E. M.  
Alexander, J. E.  
Alexandre, L. C.  
Anderson, C. E.  
Andrews, P. J.  
Arnold, R. F.  
Ault, G. M.  
Ault, M. E.  
Ayers, S. J.  
Baird, L. M.  
Baker, D. E. H.  
Barclay, C. M.  
Barnard, J. A.  
Barnes, E. R.  
Barry, J. R.  
Barton, B. A.  
Beaton, H. J.

Becker, V. F.  
Bennett, M. A.  
Blow, L. M.  
Bone, S. L. R.  
Bowbyes, B. L.  
Bowron, P. R.  
Boyd, D. M.  
Braggins, E. B.  
Braun, R. J.  
Broad, P. Y.  
Broome, J. R.  
Bruhn, M. P.  
Buchanan, J. A.  
Buckfield, P. M.  
Burgess, R. E.  
Busch, M. H.  
Calderwood, J. M.

Chatterton, V. D.  
Choat, J. C.  
Clarkson, B. A. J.  
Claxton, I. H.  
Cloudesley, J. L.  
Corkin, N.  
Crawford, C. M. S.  
Cullen, P. H.  
Dalley, A. N.  
Daly, P. E.  
Davis, H. P.  
Davies, D. J.  
Dawber, P. A.  
Delmonte, A.  
Dickson, J. M.  
Douglas, E. S.  
Eade, A. E.

Eaglesome, D. J.  
Eaglesome, F. M.  
Elliot, M. A.  
Erridge, P. M.  
Eslick, D. M.  
Fairbrother, R. J.  
Fever, E. R.  
Frank, M.  
Fraser, S. P.  
Gash, V. E.  
Gay, G. M.  
Gibbens, R. E.  
Gibbons, J. A.  
Gilbert, L. E.  
Gillespie, J. C.  
Ginn, M. A.  
Glassey, A. E.  
Glen, W. M.  
Goodman, T. N.  
Gray, J. R.  
Gridgeman, K. M.  
Griffiths, Y. J.  
Grimwood, J. P.  
Hack, M. L.  
Harris, J. M.  
Harris, M. C.  
Hart, R. A.  
Hartland, J. I.  
Hartmont, Z. E.  
Haworth, D. M.  
Hemsley, V. A.  
Henderson, J. L.  
Heslop, N. A.  
Hindle, B.  
Hodge, B. A.  
Hopkins, L. G.  
Hopkinson, M. J.  
Hunt, J. M.  
Inwood, L. P. I.  
Jackman, L. F.  
James, B. V.  
Johnson, N. D.  
Jones, J. A.  
Keen, D. R. S.  
Kelso, E. U.  
Kelso, K. B.  
King, F. I.  
King, R. M.

Knowles, M. E.  
Kummer, M. M. M.  
Laffey, M.  
Ledsham, C. A.  
Lee, D. M.  
Leitch, A. B.  
Lindsay, M. R.  
McBeath, L. J. B.  
MacDonald, E. I.  
Macdonald, M. J.  
McDonald, S. M.  
McDowell, F. J.  
McIntosh, C. M.  
McKenzie, A. J.  
MacKenzie, S. E.  
McLeod, J. M.  
McQuarrie, R. E.  
Manton, R. F.  
Margetts, R. H.  
Marshall, J. M.  
Martin, L. J.  
Mayne, M.  
Melvin, J. L.  
Miller, J. M. S.  
Mills, A. B.  
Milne, L. M.  
Molloy, C. P.  
Moss, A. J.  
Munro, J. E. M.  
Murray, A. M.  
Newton, P. A.  
Newton, V. A.  
Noy, G. L.  
Olds, M. A.  
Owen, J. M.  
Oxenbridge, M. G.  
Palmer, H. E.  
Paul, C. B.  
Pellow, E. M.  
Perkins, A. J.  
Perkins, M. R.  
Perkins, P. J.  
Perkins, S. G.  
Peters, H. L.  
Pidgeon, J. P.  
Piper, M. E.  
Pollock, H. M.  
Rathgen, J. M.

## NEW GIRLS, 1953

VI B.—L. M. Wilkinson.  
VI C.—P. M. E. Green.  
V A.—M. E. Woollett.  
V M.—J. E. Anker.  
V H.—W. E. Tindale.

Ray, I.  
Rieper, W. P. P.  
Rooda, M. A.  
Russell, D. R. M.  
Sadler, B. J.  
Scowen, D. L.  
Senior, C. S.  
Senior, V. J.  
Shanly, H. M.  
Sharp, A. B.  
Shearman, N. J.  
Sheppard, J. M.  
Shipley, G. M.  
Shipley, L. I.  
Sides, R. J.  
Skurr, M. E.  
Smith, E. M.  
Smith, J. H.  
Smith, L. A.  
Smith, M. L.  
Sparks, A. J.  
Stevens, A.  
Stevens, C. C.  
Stevens, J.  
Stewart, M. A.  
Still, B. M.  
Sutherland, M. J.  
Thompson, G. E.  
Toon, P. D.  
Treasure, O. J.  
Vass, M. E.  
Voice, S. E. M.  
Waite, B. E.  
Waller, Y. L. A.  
Walters, A.  
Watson, M. J.  
White, M. J.  
Wilder, S. A.  
Williams, E. M.  
Williamson, P. J.  
Willis, J. A.  
Wilson, H. W. C.  
Wilson, S. A.  
Winter, M. E.  
Wood, K. R.  
Woodward, M. A.  
Wright, B. A.  
Young, H. M.



IV A.—M. McLoughlin, M. A. Webb.

IV B.—M. M. Hales.

IV M.—J. E. Roberts, V. Sepp.

IV H.—M. R. Currie.

III A.—R. M. Algie, W. E. Alston, S. G. Burrow, J. L. Claridge, J. A. Collins, D. G. Drummond, J. A. Edward, J. D. Forbes, L. Forward, L. E. Fraer, B. M. Gardiner, J. M. Greenall, N. J. Hall, G. Harland, N. M. Hillsdon, C. E. Janson, P. L. Lambourne, A. F. Lockwood, D. E. Lunn, A. L. McGrath, B. M. Mann, M. Marriott, P. J. Miller, V. F. Parker, A. M. Pilbrow, G. A. Poore, I. J. Sherratt, J. E. Smith, M. H. Smith, J. E. Stapleton, J. A. Stevens, P. H. Taylor, A. J. Tisch, V. M. Tucker, M. L. Veitch.

III B.—G. A. Atkinson, J. M. Barraclough, M. R. Beauchamp, S. R. Buchanan, S. R. Calder, C. A. Capstick, D. B. Cocks, W. M. Coley, G. C. Crawford, B. Z. Cruse, J. C. Doussett, A. L. Dudley, G. M. Duke, G. A. Fagan, D. G. Freear, J. P. Gibbens, R. J. Hopkinson, C. M. Howse, A. R. Johnson, G. H. Johnson, H. M. Johnson, B. K. Knights, P. J. Lilley, J. R. Macfarlane, M. D. Marson, M. A. Millar, M. A. Miller, J. A. Moore, P. C. Newman, D. I. F. Roberts, J. M. Roper, P. M. Scott, J. Seabrook, H. L. Thomas, R. C. Tozer.

III M.—J. S. Anson, A. R. Beale, M. J. Borrell, P. W. Brown, S. P. Bruce, J. M. Campbell, J. A. Carpenter, C. N. Clarke, H. R. Cook, J. A. Crawford, O. A. Dalley, M. P. Dingwall, J. L. Ford, M. S. Gibb, J. S. Guthrie, G. O. Harris, E. R. Hastie, I. A. Henderson, M. E. Houghton, P. E. Johnson, A. C. Keenan, H. J. Kibblewhite, M. Leeburn, S. V. McArthur, M. J. McNaughton, E. A. Manson, L. P. Milne, H. M. Pegley, D. B. Rait, J. D. Senior, E. A. Shallcrass, R. McK. Smith, J. E. Stead, M. L. Stechmann, R. A. Stewart, J. A. Tindale, A. S. Tonkin, J. A. Vivian, J. A. Whiteley.

III F.—J. Buckley, A. A. F. Bullivant, J. M. Burrell, D. G. Carlyle, J. M. Chapman, B. Charleston, C. R. Cordell, P. A. Cremin, J. Cummings, D. D. Downing, E. M. Everest, V. E. Fisher, J. M. Forgie, J. M. Gates, C. A. Gibson, P. E. Glanville, M. E. Jones, M. E. Judge, J. Kane, J. A. Kerr, A. M. Krahagen, W. J. Marshall, C. J. Mathison, J. Milne, B. C. Nicholls, H. Palmer, J. M. Prance, A. M. Reddie, R. N. Roberts, H. A. Robertson, C. Rudduck, B. M. Sanderson, C. J. Sheehy, J. A. Silcock, M. L. Smith, H. R. Torrance, B. J. Wallace, J. D. Whitlow, R. A. Wordsworth, L. Wright.

III H.—D. W. Beattie, C. A. Bull, R. A. Busch, E. A. Collins, M. J. Crampton, O. Y. Cummock, B. E. Drake, A. A. Gartery, L. S. Gibson, E. A. Hamilton, M. M. Hawkins, B. O. Hix, S. C. Hodder, C. L. McIlroy, J. H. McNaughton, P. A. Marshall, P. E. Mould, M. J. Nightingale, N. E. E. Norrell, C. A. Petrie, D. J. Poulsen, L. M. Readman, L. M. Roberts, M. J. Robertson, N. M. Rowe, M. A. Rowley, J. A. Sandford, H. A. Scott, D. M. Smith, N. A. Smith, D. L. Templeton, J. R. Wilder, V. G. Williams.

#### CHRISTCHURCH GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION, 1953

The fifteenth Annual Meeting was held at the School on the 18th February, 1953. The following officers were elected: President, Dr R. O. Page; Vice-Presidents, Mrs D. M. Taylor and Mr H. Davies; Hon. Secretary, Mr C. B. Phillips; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs W. Dalley; Hon. Auditor, Mr G. Milne; Committee, Mesdames C. Collins, G. G. Lockwood, R. O. Page, J. F. Robilliard, A. J. R. Warren, Messrs C. G. Crawford, E. C. Forgie, J. E. Milner, W. M. Stevenson, S. W. Young; Country Representative, Mrs Watson (Dunsandel); School Representatives, The Principal (Miss J. I. Stewart), Miss D. Hetherton and Miss L. M. Lummis.



Photo by Green & Hahn

#### DEBUTANTES, 1953

Back Row (left to right): Mary Knowles, Patricia Perkins, Beverley Bowbyes, Robyn Arnold, Paula Daly, Jennifer Cloudesley, Dorothy Haworth, Barbara Barton, Rhoda Burgess, Lorna Inwood.  
 Second Row: Diana Lee, Helen Hastings, Jill Okey, Janet Waites, Alison Perham, Raewyn Fairbrother, Josephine Sheppard, Elaine Adams, Joy McDowell, Margaret Vass, Gail Delmonte, Jennifer Owen, Leona Jackman, Rosamund Connal.  
 Third Row: Rayma Braun, Margaret Kummer, Jennifer Henderson, Alison Dalley, Robin Barnes, Lorraine Blow, Adele Woodward, Heather Fraser.  
 Front Row: Dorothy Eslick, Elizabeth Kay, Heather Wilson, Robyn Manton, Noeline Corkin, Maire Bennett, Dawn Heslip, Jocelyn Stoddart.





Photo by Frank McGregor

## FIFTH FORM PAINTINGS

"Desolation," by Margaret Richards



Photo by Star-Sun

## FIFTH FORM PAINTINGS

"Gipsy Boy," by Ann Gilmour

The following meetings have been held during the year: 10th March, Social; 8th April, Film Evening when educational films as used in the school were shown by Miss A. M. Burns; 5th May, Careers for Girls, Miss E. C. R. Wilson; 10th June, Young Artists, Mr J. A. Masterton; 10th July, Physical Education, Mrs Tankard with teams of girls gave displays of Folk Dancing, Drill and Apparatus Work, and some 200 parents attended; 7th August, School music, Mr V. C. Peters conducted the school choirs, Miss W. L. Anderson conducted the school orchestra, and over 150 members attended; 6th October, Books for Girls, Miss Eileen Webster; 4th November, Social Evening.

The Association extends its sincere thanks to the speakers, the Lady Principal and to the Staff for their help, co-operation and support during the year.

The membership for 1953 has exceeded the previous record by 38 and now stands at 290. Meetings have been well attended and on the night of the display in the drill room accommodation was severely taxed.

On Wednesday, 19th August, an afternoon gathering was held in the Drill Room of parents of third form girls. Many of the parents of the 184 new girls took the opportunity of meeting each other and staff members. We thank Miss Stewart and the Staff for the opportunity of meeting and the time given to us.

During August an appeal was made to all parents for funds to enable the seating at the Ross site to be completed, to provide a tennis umpire's seat at the Ross site and to provide other school amenities, if funds permitted. Last year over £65 was raised, but on this occasion under £30 has been provided by the appeal. This amount will not enable the Committee to carry out some of the work which it had hoped to do.

At the end of last year, the usual donations were made by the Association for the School activities; £20 was given to the Prize Fund; £10 to the Social Studies Fund; and £10 towards the evening Prize-Giving Ceremony.

The year's activities were concluded with a party for the Fourth Form girls.

Parents have greatly appreciated the opportunities of co-operation offered by the Lady Principal and the Staff.

C. B. Phillips, Hon. Secretary

### CHRISTCHURCH GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The fifty-third Annual General Meeting was held at the School on Monday, 16th March, 1953, when the following officers were elected for the year: President, Miss O. Eslick; vice-presidents, Mesdames J. Hildyard and D. Millar and Miss M. Kissel; secretary, Miss Margaret Sheppard; assistant-secretary, Miss J. Hitchen; committee, Mesdames O. Michel, R. Owen, Misses J. Mahalm, M. Foote and J. Taigel; Community Services Secretary, Mrs N. Greager; Trustees, Mrs R. W. Glen and Miss J. Stewart.

The Annual Membership stands at 320 and the Life Membership at 463.

The following meetings have been held this year:

7th February, Garden Party at Miss I. Milnes' home; 23rd February, Moonlight hike at Scarborough; 27th April, Travel Talk by Miss E. Fairbairn and 75th Anniversary Film; 17th June, High Tea at the Mayfair Lounge and Picture Party at the Regent Theatre; 18th July, Afternoon Meeting held at St Andrew's Church Hall (Travel Talk by Mrs G. Maginness and the 75th Anniversary Film); 18th August, a Display of Puppets by Mr and Mrs J. Hendry, Miss Beryl Bigg-Wither and Mrs W. Deane; 28th September, Floral Demonstration by Mrs D. Crozier; 28th October, Scenic Film; 27th November, Party for Girls leaving School.

Forty debutantes were presented by Miss E. Comyns-Thomas to our President, Miss O. Eslick, and to the Lady Principal, Miss J. Stewart, at the Annual Coming-out Dance held at the Winter Garden on 27th May. The profit from the



dance was £35 2s. 9d., £5 5s. of which went to the Cholmondeley Home and £10 10s. to the Child Sponsorship Fund.

The film which was taken at the 75th Anniversary last year has been shown on several occasions, giving much enjoyment to present pupils and Old Girls in Christchurch as well as Old Girls in Wellington.

We regret to record the death of two of our members during the past year—Miss G. E. Greenstreet and Mrs F. Netting.

Whilst on her tour abroad Mrs G. Maginness visited our sponsored child, Elizabeth Souche, in Bristol. As a result she has urged members of the Association to continue with food and clothing parcels.

During the last year the following Old Girls went overseas: Mrs G. Maginness, Misses A. and E. Fairbairn, and J. Taigel, whilst Miss Helen Bateman saw the Coronation celebrations.

We are pleased to record that the President of the Association, Miss O. Eslick, was awarded a Coronation Medal.

Margaret Sheppard, Secretary

### HONOURS WON BY OLD GIRLS

MASTER OF ARTS—Ethelwyn Anderson (Third Class Honours in History), Nancy Bell (First Class Honours in English), Dorothy Clarke (First Class Honours in Latin).

BACHELOR OF ARTS—Lesley Cooper (John Tinline Scholar), Helen Dawber, Nancy Forbes, Agnes McLagan, Pauline Wemyss.

MASTER OF SCIENCE—Melva Crozier (in Botany).

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE—Valmai Hanham.

BACHELOR OF MEDICAL SCIENCE—Bronwen Broomfield.

DIPLOMA IN FINE ARTS—Elizabeth Alexander, Judith Stone.

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Edna Graham, who, after completing a four-year course at the Royal Academy of Music, toured the provinces and Scotland with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was chosen for the title role in Delius's opera, "Irmelin," produced by Sir Thomas Beecham. She has also sung frequently for the B.B.C., and was engaged by the Glyndebourne Opera Company for performances of "Ariadne."

Mr and Mrs G. F. L. Cubitt (May Moore) and their family have arrived back in New Zealand. May Moore went to Melanesia as a nurse and met her husband there. Before they left the Islands Mr Cubitt had almost completed the rebuilding of the Leper Colony at Fauabu. They have been forced to resign from the Mission Staff because of the health of Mrs Cubitt and their elder child.

Mr and Mrs Russell Wells (Iona MacKay), who have been with the Sudan United Mission for some years are remaining in New Zealand. Mr Wells has been appointed to the charge of the Presbyterian Church in Akaroa.

Margaret Packard is working in an Insurance Company's office in England.

Helen Bateman attended a Royal Garden Party held at Buckingham Palace on July 16, 1953.

Lucie Brown, who was teaching for a year at the College Moderne de Jeunes Filles in Rheims has just completed a course of lectures at the Sorbonne and is returning to New Zealand at the end of this year. Her sister, Gwyneth, is still studying the pianoforte in Paris under the tuition of Nadia Boulanger.

Helen Baird, who has been doing her nursing training in the Wellington Public Hospital, gained highest marks for New Zealand in the State Examination held last June. She gained honours in all four divisions and was awarded

the Frances Keith Payne Memorial Gold Medal for the nurse who in her group of graduates is judged to have the highest qualities of character and nursing capabilities.

The following girls are first-year students at University: Jennifer Buchanan (also working in Canterbury College Library), Patricia Buckfield, Rhoda Burgess, Dorothy Eslick, Miriam Frank (Otago), Vivienne Gash, Jennifer Henderson, Robyn Manton, Jennifer Owen, Helen Shanley (Otago), Jane Smith, Claire Stevens, Bernice Still, Kay Wood.

Jane Aiken, Vivienne Gash, Claire Stevens and Kay Wood have been awarded Post-Primary Teachers' Bursaries. Jane Landreth has a Special Bursary in Home Science, and Helen Shanley has a Physical Education Bursary.

The following girls are first-year students at the Teachers' Training College: Robyn Arnold, Beverley Bowbyes, Edna Braggins, Janice Broome, Colleen Crawford, Alison Dalley, Paula Daly, Gail Delmonte, Rawynne Fairbrother, Gillian Gay, Renee Gibbens, Barbara Hodge, Lorna Inwood, Leona Jackman, Mary Knowles, Margaret Kummer, Diana Lee, Patricia Perkins, Jennifer Rathgen, Ann Sharp, Patricia Toon, June White, Joyce Willis, Marion Winter, Margaret Young (Dunedin).

Lilian Peters, Sylvia Senior, Valerie Senior, Annette Stewart and Heather Wilson are at the School of Art.

Jean Eaglesome is doing the Homecraft Course in Dunedin.

The following girls began their nursing training at the Christchurch Public Hospital this year: In January—Enid Boyes, Caroline Gillespie, Joan Jefferies, Janet Jones, Jeannette Moss, Helen Timpson and Barbara Ward. In April—Robyn Barnes, Rita Pentecost, Davida Watkins, Ngaire Watson, Claire Whitmore. In July—Janice Donaldson, Dorothy Keen, Joy McDowell, Josephine Sheppard and Ann Williams.

Maire Hopkinson and Rosalie Margetts are in the X-Ray Department of the Public Hospital.

Lorna Morris is First Assistant at Redcliffs Kindergarten.

### BIRTHS—

To Mr and Mrs Kelly (Frances Caverhill), at Motueka, in August, 1953—a son.

To Mr and Mrs J. F. Maples (Margaret Gurnsey), on 24th April, 1953—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs R. Jaques (Rosemary Glen), on 4th February, 1953—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs L. Wigzell (Patricia Bateman), on 17th June, 1953—a daughter.

To the Rev. and Mrs J. Meadowcroft (Monica Morris), on 25th June, 1953—a son.

### MARRIAGES—

BUTCHER—BARKER: On 26th March, 1953, Barbara Helen Barker to Lewis Butcher, of Feilding.

DOBBIE—CAVERHILL: On 30th May, 1953, Eileen Caverhill to Ian Dobbie.

GUNN—NETTING: On 9th May, 1953, Jeannette Netting to Robert Gunn.

JOHNSTONE—TENCH: On 4th April, 1953, Joyce Tench to Ewan Johnstone.

WRIGHT—NETTING: On 17th January, 1953, June Netting to Alan Wright.



## DEATHS—

HARRIS: On 8th August, 1953, at Napier, Jessie Evelyn Harris, pupil of the school 1920, and member of the staff 1929-1935.

PARTRIDGE: On 8th July, 1953, at Christchurch, Elsie Millicent Partridge, pupil of the school, 1917-1921.

GREENSTREET: On 21st June, 1953, Grace Ellen Greenstreet, pupil of the school 1885-1886, and member of the staff, 1907-1924.

## THANKS

We wish here to express our thanks to the many friends of the School who have helped us in so many ways over the past year.

Particularly do we remember the fathers and friends who once again helped so much in the smooth running of the Swimming and Athletic Sports; Professor H. Winston Rhodes, who judged the Senior Speech Competition; the Very Reverend the Dean of Christchurch, the Rev. Malcolm Wilson and the Rev. Ashleigh Petch, who conducted special services at school on the occasion of Queen Mary's death and on Anzac Day; Mr F. McGregor for his continued help to the Camera Club; the Examiners for the May Campbell Anderson and other prizes; Professor L. W. McCaskill, who once again conducted a party of biologists over Lincoln College.

## EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with thanks Magazines from the following schools:

Waitaki Girls' High School, St. Margaret's College, Carrington Hall, Dunedin; Epsom Girls' Grammar School, Christchurch Technical College, Christchurch Boys' High School, Otago Girls' High School, Whakatane High School, Palmerston North Boys' High School, Seddon Memorial Technical College, Timaru Girls' High School, Napier Girls' High School, Papanui Technical College, Waimate High School, Ashburton High School, New Plymouth Girls' High School, Timaru Boys' High School, Wanganui Girls' College, Rotorua High School, Te Awamutu College, Christchurch West High School, Wallasey High School, England; Wellington East Girls' College, Pukekohe High School.

## LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

## SCHOOL DAYS IN AMERICA

"So, you're going to school in America! What a gay time you will have." "Well, you won't have to swot so hard." "Don't come back too sophisticated!" Thus went the remarks when I left New Zealand in 1951 for a visit to the United States, where I attended school in Denver, Colorado. I started off sharing most of these viewpoints, but only some of them proved to be correct.

When I first went to register at South High School, a magnificent four-storey building, my spirits almost failed me. Thoughts raced. "What a place to get lost in. (I did!) How do they keep track of two thousand, four hundred students? Would they even know I was there?"



Photo by Frank McGregor  
Fourth Form Fabric Design, by R.C.



Photo by Frank McGregor  
THIRD FORM PAINTING  
"Lost in the Jungle," by A.R.

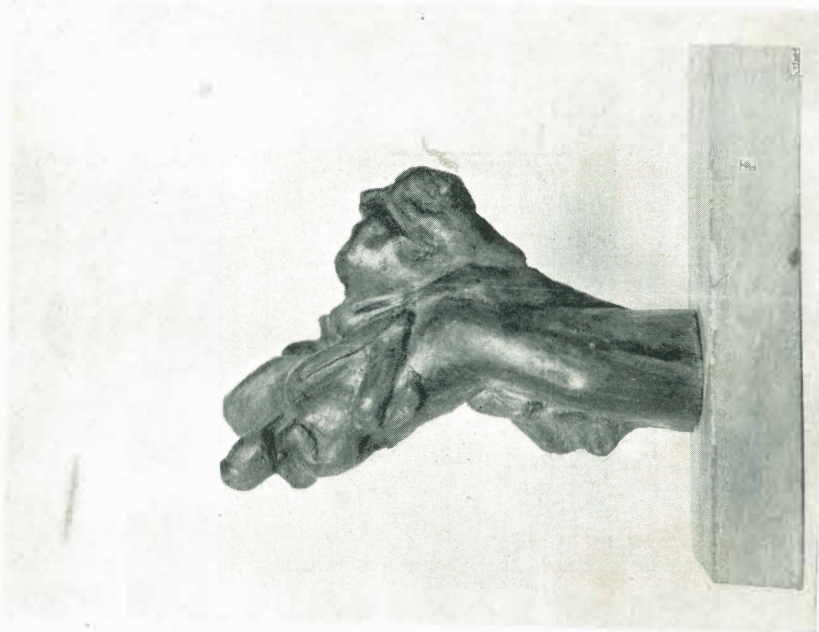


Photo by Frank McGregor  
Fourth Form Fabric Design, by J.I.



Photo by Frank McGregor  
FIFTH FORM PAINTINGS  
"Mouse's Nightmare," by Barbara Walker





SIXTH FORM DRIFTWOOD CARVING  
"Mother and Child," by J.B.



SIXTH FORM DRIFTWOOD CARVING  
"Figure," by S.B.

Soon, however, I experienced their very efficient and friendly welcoming system.

I introduced myself in the Principal's office. He discussed briefly my background and said how interesting it would be to have a New Zealand student. Then he ushered me into another office to discuss my subjects with the Co-ordinator of Instruction. This formidable title, I found, belonged to a charming, middle-aged woman who explained the workings of an American senior high school. All students belonged to one of three classes, depending on what year they were in. Apart from certain requirements in English, American History and Physical Education, the students could pick courses from a tremendous range including journalism, psychology, ceramics, for example, as well as the time-honoured languages, sciences and mathematics. However, the Co-ordinator explained that a high school diploma with the minimum requirements would not gain me entrance to a university; for that languages and mathematics were required. My anticipation of some frilly courses vanished as she drew up my time-table: Latin, French, Physics, Algebra, American History and Physical Education.

Students have individual time-tables which are the same every day. They have no home room, but are assigned a locker in which to keep their clothes and books. These dark-grey steel lockers lined what must have been miles of corridors which all looked alike. It was easy to dash up to a locker only to find you were in the right wing but on the wrong floor!

The Co-ordinator went to endless trouble to dovetail my course with both New Zealand and American requirements. Then she took me to meet my Counsellor, who was also my mathematics teacher. Every student was assigned a Counsellor with whom difficulties and problems could be discussed. Ordinarily, a Counsellor made two routine appointments with each of his or her counsellees per term. By the end of the morning, I felt that I would still count as an individual, even in this sea of two and a half thousand boys and girls.

One of my fondest misconceptions about America concerned the need to work at school. I found that conscientious students were tremendously hard working. They not only studied hard but were active in clubs and earned "outside credits." One could earn such credits only if one's marks were above a certain level, by doing volunteer work regularly each day during lunch or in one's free period, in the school office, library, newspaper room, cafeteria, etc. Evidence of such "outside credit" and leadership in clubs is needed, in addition to good grades, to get university scholarships.

I was staggered by the number of students who worked at jobs after school to earn money to attend university. University education is very expensive and the proportion of scholarships available to students is low compared with New Zealand. To help get jobs, the school operated an Office of Student Employment. I knew girls and boys who worked after school and on Saturdays (there is no Saturday



closing) in private homes, in shops, offices, a printing office, a petrol station, a dancing studio, and a garage, to mention a few.

With so many irons in the fire, life could become hectic, and I think was made more so by their system of marking. One's marks did not depend on a final exam, but on a combination of homework, daily work, and a series of weekly tests, plus larger six-weekly tests. The pressure was always on as every little test and every bit of homework counted. I am not sure, however, that their system produces really thorough students for there are no exams covering the entire term's work, and also, there are so many other activities demanding attention. Nevertheless, in a wider sense, it certainly tests one's capacities and endurance!

There were at least fifty clubs such as Latin, Spanish, Debating, Drama, Public Speaking, Rifle, Tennis, as well as welfare clubs which assisted good causes (orphans, immigrants, etc.). I belonged to Red Cross, French Club and Drama Club, for which last there were try-outs. I was lucky enough to get in and later in the year had the part of Cora in "Life With Father." This was an eye-opener as a business venture. It was presented in the school auditorium (1,500 seats), so we didn't have to rent a hall, but the hiring of costumes, payment of royalties, printing and selling of tickets and programmes and selling of advertising space on programmes was all done by students.

Many Assemblies were held in this large auditorium. Each one was repeated twice as only half the school could be accommodated at one time. On an Assembly day, all lessons were shortened by ten minutes to make time for it. I thought these Assemblies were overdone as did many students and staff members. Some were excellent (traffic control, school choir and school orchestra), but those given to Cheer-leader try-outs (for people whose antics could lead the spectators at a football game to cheer the team on) and Pep Rallies (to work the students up so they would buy tickets and turn out to the games) seemed stupid.

I was disappointed in their sports, as girls especially tended to be merely spectators. The school teams (boys) counted for everything. Girls received little encouragement and consequently lacked interest. On the other hand, opportunities in music were marvellous.

Clothes were another misconception. "What a relief to get out of uniform," had been said. I'd settle for a uniform any day! American school girls wear simple clothes: a blouse or sweater and a skirt plus low-heeled shoes (slacks are barred), but there is a custom that one never wears the same combination of blouse, skirt and accessories for two consecutive days. Consequently, there is always the nagging problem of what to wear to-morrow. Girls wore make-up to school and the majority used it attractively.

The school sponsored only three dances during my stay—considerably fewer than I had anticipated. The "Proms" or long dress dances were very formal and sedate with the custom of boys providing

corsages for their partners. I found American girls not so much like each other as like their New Zealand counterparts. There were the same types: the organiser, the social butterfly, the student, the slacker, the false sophisticate, the nonentity, the artistic-creative type, etc., just as there are here. From this experience, I don't think systems of education can change much what people are in themselves.

I get asked whether I prefer American or New Zealand schools. After hesitating, I finally say "New Zealand." The variety and complexity in America is stimulating and testing, but also confusing. I enjoyed every minute of my stay overseas and admired the friendliness and co-operative spirit of my fellow students. They were capable and resourceful to a high degree. But, I feel that I, personally, fit better into the New Zealand pattern. This is probably because I enjoy school sports, prefer a school uniform, and find New Zealand's educational system easier to sort out.

E.B., VI B

#### NEW ZEALAND LANDSCAPE — FRENCH PASS

The most beautiful, exciting and dangerous pass in the world is—or so I believe—French Pass. This is a sea pass between the mainland and D'Urville Island, a small bush-covered island off the most northern tip of the South Island. The Pass is very narrow and consists of three passages. The one mostly used is the Main Passage, as it is the deepest and widest. It is marked by a lighthouse on the mainland which is "lit up" every night by the lighthouse-keeper, and a beacon on the end of the reef opposite, which flashes automatically day and night. The other two are rarely used except by the occasional fisherman.

I have said the Pass is the most beautiful, exciting and dangerous Pass in the world. I shall now explain why.

It is beautiful to contrast the deep blue of the sea with the dark green of the bush and scrub and, further up, with the yellow brown of the tussock on the hills. The clean white foam and bubbles look purer against the inky blue water. Beautiful, too, are the sounds—the birds twittering, the bush creaking, the thrilling roar of the current, the powerful push of the water. The channel is surrounded by hills. If you look far ahead you see purple hill-points stretching away to Farewell Spit, which is greyly melting into the clouds. Behind you are small green islands dotted on the horizon, a long line stretching and stretching forever.

It is exciting mainly because it is so dangerous. Let us go through the Main Passage in my uncle's launch. We plough up to within a hundred yards of the bank of running water we can see ahead. Then everyone is told to hold on and come into the cockpit. My uncle takes the wheel and we hit the tide. The boat swings violently. My uncle steers straight towards the beacon, and as we meet the tide we



swerve out almost to touch the lighthouse on the other side. The boat almost stands still, fighting against the force of the water. Gradually we creep forward until we draw slowly away from the lighthouse. We pick up speed and everyone relaxes. That is going through against the tide.

Now let us go through with the tide. This is just as exciting. To make use of the current, the launch is steered right up the centre of the Pass until it has drawn level with the lighthouse, when it is turned to the side to miss the whirlpools. If a launch gets into a big whirlpool, it is swung violently right and left. This is so thrilling that there is always a feeling of anti-climax after coming out of the Pass.

It is exciting to hear the rush and roar of the water and to see the foam fizzing up around the boat and rocks. At night it is thrilling too, with the beacon flashing on one side and the lighthouse blazing on the other, red as you pass it and yellow when you look back.

But it is so very dangerous. The tide is said to run at as much as ten knots and is the fastest in the world. Also, the main passage is only eighty-five yards across. Many people have been drowned in the Pass. One man who was flung from the cockpit of a launch when it hit Jacob's whirlpool, was sucked down by the whirlpool and thrown up waist high again by the "boil."

Why are there whirlpools? Because a great volume of water has to force its way through this narrow passage. Running in a V from the lighthouse and the beacon are two lines of whirlpools, small at the beginning but increasing till they meet at the end of the V in an enormous whirlpool, called Jacob's whirlpool after the first white man to be drowned in it. It is between thirty and forty feet across, the most dangerous of all whirlpools. The whirlpools spin to the bottom, then boil up, then spin again all the time.

I love the Pass and never cease to be thrilled by it.

J.S., V S

#### NEW ZEALAND TOWNSHIP — GLENTUNNEL

Glentunnel, like most New Zealand townships, has its fair share of houses and stores, a school and also, what makes it unusual for a country place, an industry—pottery-making. It is a small township on the banks of the Selwyn River, tucked in amongst the lower foothills of the Southern Alps. Most of the inhabitants have lived there all their lives, as did their fathers before them. There are many and varied interests in the village and as a result there are clubs to support these interests.

The Ladies' Church Guild is made up of all the ladies from nearby and these worthies meet once a month to discuss, sew and have a cup of tea. Indeed, discussion, whether of business matters or private gossip, occupies the greater part of the afternoon whilst the inevitable cup of tea is greatly favoured. These ladies do, however, work

valiantly at home and the number of aprons, frocks, cardigans and toys that they produce would amaze most people. The day on which they hold their annual fete is the goal towards which they work. Everyone comes along to buy something, whether it be plants, cakes or clothing. Young children revel in the day as it means ice-cream, home-made sweets, new jerseys and "surprise packets." The only people who do not enjoy the day are the menfolk!

Football is the chief delight of the men of the community, though I must say the women enjoy it too. Here the older men can recall the days when they made spectacular moves and were the heroes of the field. Nowadays they watch their sons and grandsons and criticize. The womenfolk cheer on their favourites and are even more severely critical of bad play than the men. On the whole Saturday afternoon's football is thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, including the children, who play "Cowboys and Indians" on the sideline.

Most of the adults before going to the local cinema in the Town Hall on Saturday night go to the library. It is a cosy, round brick building, smelling of old books and dust. The walls are lined with books (many of them tattered), which have been read by three or four generations. The local schoolmaster is the librarian and sits in front of the fire. An oil-lamp rests on the table by him and down both sides of the table in neat rows are ranged the Country Library Service loan. The room is badly lit and therefore most people come armed with torches. Despite its ill-lit air it is, however, warm and friendly there in the glow of the lamp and fire and the schoolmaster is always ready to advise and sympathise.

After the visit to the library comes the trek to the "pictures." Everyone goes, from Grandad to the baby, and all enjoy themselves. Interval is spent in chatting to friends and "spotting" acquaintances and smiling and waving to them. The young swains go out to the sweet-shop to buy their girls ice-creams or sweets. The presidents of the Ladies' Guild and Women's Institute remind all the ladies present of the meeting next week, and the men talk races and football.

Of the village personalities the schoolmaster stands out most. He is the symbol of learning to the adults and the symbol of strict discipline to the children. How well they know his wrath when stirred! He takes a quietly active part in most of the district's affairs and it is to him that people turn for advice.

An equally well-known figure is the local storekeeper. He does not hand out worldly wisdom as does the schoolmaster, but he does hand out many things across his counter. The poor man is also burdened with accounts of every ailment and tit-bits of gossip from those who come to shop and chat.

Another person who hears quite a lot about the local maladies is the Vicar. He, unlucky man, is fenced in with cakes and tea and is forced to listen to Jenny's latest school report and last attack of tonsillitis.



The people, however, are really lovable. They may grumble, but if you start to sympathise with them the argument has turned and you are now the pessimist and they the optimists. A quarrel may spring up amongst them, but let another nearby settlement interfere and all "Glentunnelites" will forget their quarrels with each other, and band together against the intruder.

I think most New Zealand townships are like Glentunnel, their people prone to grumbling, but very loyal, quarrelsome yet clannish, and all strangely cheerful most of the time.

B.M., VI B

### THE BLACK ORCHID

Who saw the velvet panther seek his prey  
And the lone wolf howl to the waning moon  
And the cheetah slink into the shadows;  
And death drawn by the glittering anaconda  
Pass beneath the starlit trees and ferns  
And lilies, blue and phosphorescent in the darkness,  
And trailing, twisted, supple liana vines  
Strung from tree to tree in a fantastic web;  
Who saw the spotted leopard crouched to leap  
From swaying bough and sink his iron claws  
Into his prey and tear it limb from limb;  
Who saw the hunted tiger turn at bay  
And shake the cowering jungle with his roar  
And heard him snarl in fury as he turned again,  
His golden eyes yet blazing in his pride,  
Still, until his death, lord of the wild beasts—  
Watcher, with contempt, upon the craven.

Even so are you the watcher of the jungle,  
Who sees all things and knows all things;  
Who saw hate walk naked in the night,  
Black—like you—and soft-footed;  
And vanity—round and in bright colours;  
And courage—white with a crimson mask;  
Faith, waiting quiet in the shadows;  
And fear—swift, with many legs;  
Lust—beauty which draws yet reviles;  
And remorse—bitter sweet and waxen;  
Pride—blue-white, of ice and fire;  
And love—fierce, blood-red and savage,  
Stronger than honour—than pride

—even than life and death.  
So they walk through the forest undisguised  
While in the world of man they wear a cloak;  
And you—the watcher of the jungle, see!  
—And know!

J.H., IV A

### ODE ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE EFFICIENCY OF THE POTATO BOARD

*"I am quite happy to admit that there are certain imperfections in the system but I am steadfast in the opinion that it (the Potato Board) is the best operating anywhere in the world to-day"—Mr Hayman, M.P., from "The Press."*

Proclaim it to the world!  
Shout it to the skies!  
Let it peal forth from the belfries!  
Let it thunder to the stars!  
Here is a scenic wonderland, sportsman's paradise,  
Godzone country and—a fine Potato Board.

Boast not, barbarians  
Of the larger isles,  
Of your sea-spanning bridges, of your  
Domed cities, topless towers—  
But behold with envy, copy if you can, our  
Paragon of excellence—this fine Potato Board.

Dream of the ancient world, model of the new,  
Glory of the universe, splendour of our country,  
Wonder of the ages, how shall we extol thee,  
Thou fine Potato Board?

M.H., VI B.

### ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW BLOCK AT LINCOLN COLLEGE

*"Agriculture is the Cinderella of education."—Press*

Oh, brave dashing Sid has come out of the west,  
Through all this fair land his strong arm is the best;  
And save a small trowel, he weapons had nought,  
He stood unperturbed as the great stone was brought.  
So dashing of speech, and with such a glad hand,  
There never was one like the great Sid Holland.

He stayed not for food; straight to Lincoln he flew  
Where a huge crowd had gathered the great sight to view.  
He arrived just in time the procession to start,  
Then made he a speech which came straight from his heart:  
"The land gives us all our great riches and wealth;  
It shall never be said, Sid left IT on the shelf."

Around the great stone the cement he did slosh,  
With such speed and skill a voice murmured, "Oh gosh!"  
In silence 'mongst figures in black gowns and red,  
"This stone I declare to be laid now," he said.  
Thus poor Cinderella in a palace shall reign,  
And raise stalwart sons for Agricola's gain.

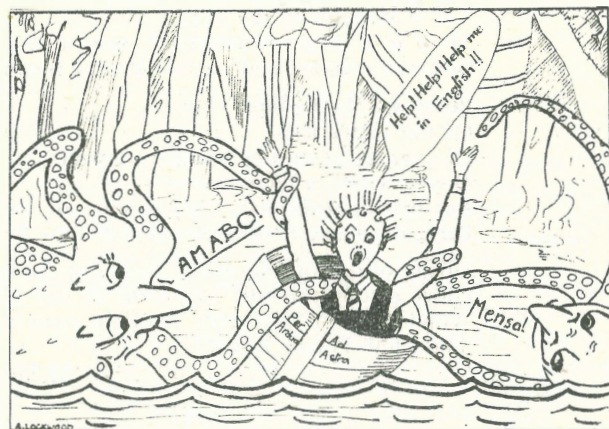
E.B., VI B.



## A THIRD-FORMER'S NIGHTMARE

It was a marvellous dinner. The crayfish, all delicately white and gold, lay snugly fitted into their shells, surmounted by a ferocious array of pinchers, claws and legs. Gorgeous caramel ice-cream, covered with whipped cream and strawberries, followed.

Soon the stillness of the evening air of Mount Pleasant was broken by our shrill cries, as we hurtled down a brick-layer's chute, conveniently placed for us on the steep hillside.



All too soon the adult party broke up and we were packed into the car to go home. "What a wonderful night!" said Daddy cheerfully, waving both arms towards the moon and the twinkling lights of Brighton. Then, to our intense horror, instead of turning to the left, he drove straight on — yes, straight on, and plop! We were in the Estuary! There was a horrified silence, then a sigh of relief, as we found that our gallant craft was softly ploughing her way towards the Sumner Bar, while Johnny dabbled happily in the sea-weed from the right window, and I entertained a mob of most impudent sea-gulls on the left.

Suddenly a tremendous green wall appeared before us.

"What ho! The Sumner Bar," shouted Daddy.

"Which bar?" said Johnny.

"The Sumner Bar," repeated Daddy.

Up, up, up, mounted our boat-car, until she arrived at the crest — a line of wild, white foaming horses, each ridden by a tiny merchild who cried out pitifully, "Margaret! Margaret!"

"What do you want Margaret for?" yelled Johnny, above the noise of the waves. "She's in Buckingham Palace!"

A terrifyingly steep green slope lay far below us. Could the "Lockwood Minor" do it? Of course; it was nothing to her. Before

we knew where we were, she was mounted on water-skis, "schussing" swiftly down like an expert. Out into the rolling Pacific we sped.

Bobbing about in the pale moonlight was a little desolate figure. The "Lockwood Minor" drew slowly up beside it. Why, it was Sally Page!

"What are you doing here, Sally?" we asked.

"Oh, it's those Sumner life-savers," she explained. "Every Saturday night they put me on the line (intending to pull me in again), and go off to the Sumner Beach Club dance, forgetting all about me. But I don't mind," she added sweetly; "a prefect's life is a hard one."

Of course we helped her into the car where she very kindly took the steering-wheel from Daddy. Unfortunately, it came away in her hand, whereupon she hit Daddy a resounding blow over the right ear with it. This seemed altogether too much for him and he promptly slid gracefully through the windscreen, over the bonnet, and into the sea. Here he turned over three times, blew himself up like an Australian blowey, winked one eye at us, and swam lazily away singing,

"Water, water, everywhere

And not a drop to drink,"

to the tune of "Polly Wolly Doodle."

We were sorry to see him go. After all, he had been quite a good father.

The little car-boat was, by now, chugging peacefully in a tiny lake, surrounded by slimy trees and fragments of living things which seemed to make the water half solid. As we drifted past a tangle of tree roots, a snaky, greeny-blue arm curled over the side of the boat, followed by another and yet another, and an evil, leering beak, plus tentacles, drew itself into the boat, darkly muttering, "Mensa, mensa, mensam, mensae, mensae, mensa."

Cowering over to the opposite side of the boat we crouched there in terror, only to feel a light, oily touch on the arm. We turned swiftly. It was another (bright royal blue this time), and as it came it chanted "Amabo, amabis, amabit, amabimus, amabitis, amabunt."

"Mensa," croaked the green.

"Amabo," chanted the blue.

"Mensam," — yet louder, louder.

"Amabis."

The boat began to rock violently as each fought for possession.

"Mensae — Amabit — Mensa — Amabimus — Mensae — Amabitis — Mensam — Amabo."

The din of battle throbbed in my ears. The boat — "Mensis" — it's turning — "Amabis" — she's going — she's over! — "AMABUNT!!"

As the waves swept over me, I heard, very faintly, a triumphant "Amabunt!"

"So the royal blue won after all," I said to myself and looked down.



"I'm on something blue, but it's not moving. Why, it's my rug. In my bedroom. Where's the boat? Oh! My toes are cold! I'd better climb back into bed! Goodnight."

A.L., III A

### THE GODDESS MOTHER OF THE WORLD

An excited whisper ran through the crowd watching a procession on Coronation day, 1953. Everywhere people were saying — "Mount Everest has been conquered at last." A few seconds later a second whisper informed us that the New Zealander, Edmund Hillary, had been one of the conquerors. Within a few minutes the whole street knew and three cheers rang out above the noise of a passing band. It was certainly a proud moment for every New Zealander.

For many years Everest has been a challenge to all mountaineers. It has been one of the few parts of the world that man has never been able to conquer. Just over a hundred years ago, an excited surveyor rushed into an office in the foothills of the Himalayas with the startling news that he had discovered the highest mountain in the world. Three years previously surveyors under the direction of Sir George Everest had made observations on several unnamed and distant peaks in Nepal, but the results had not been worked out until that day. The Tibetans called this mountain Chomolungma—"Goddess mother of the world"—but the surveyors were not aware of this and named it Everest after their chief.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century mountaineers began to think of climbing Everest. It was not known from which direction to approach the mountain as no European had been within sixty miles of it. Nepal and Tibet, whose common frontiers were the edge of the Himalayas, were closed countries, and it was not until 1921 that permission was granted for an expedition through Tibet.

Since that time many men, most skilled, all courageous, but some with no knowledge of mountaineering at all, have given their lives on Mount Everest. But instead of turning men from it in fear, these failures had merely intensified man's desire to conquer it. Eleven teams, mainly British, have attempted this. Some went up, and for all we know may have reached the top, but if they did the world never knew. The vision of the snow-capped peak rearing its head a few hundred feet higher than its nearest rival has lured many a mountaineer on to its formidable slopes.

The natural hazards of climbing Everest are tremendous. The climber has to cope with glaciers riven by great crevasses, sometimes with sheer rock faces, blizzards, and always the risk of frostbite. At very high levels the snow remains so soft that climbers sink to the thighs or the waist and thus exhaust themselves struggling through it. A false step on steep slopes could send a climber hurtling thousands of feet to the glaciers below. Lack of will-power caused by the

great altitude seizes climbers on the last few thousand feet. The mind functions mechanically, the body becomes an automaton. It is then no disappointment for a climber to turn back.

Early expeditions were not really failures, but gathered valuable experience, without which Hillary's ascent would have been impossible. Years of enthusiastic training on our own Southern Alps together with experience in the Himalayas in 1951 won him this great achievement. Excellent modern equipment was also a big help. A fierce determination over the last few hundred feet and the summit was won. With Hillary on that great day was Tensing, a Sherpa porter who had accompanied several expeditions from the north and who, with the Swiss in 1952, had struggled to within 1000 feet of the summit. It was decided, because of this, to ask Tensing to try again on the final assault. This was a worthy tribute to Tensing and the thousands of his tribe who have toiled at great cost to help others to reach the peak.

While only a boy of fifteen, Hillary announced that some day he would climb Everest. His school motto was, "Per Angusta ad Augusta," which can be translated by Tennyson's line, "through the long gorge to the far light," and he certainly proved the truth of this. While the last streamers were being hoisted in London for the Coronation the loneliest Union Jack was planted on the world's highest peak. What greater tribute could New Zealand give to the new Elizabethan era? It is with warm hearts that we welcome home Sir Edmund Hillary and wish him many more successes in his mountaineering career.

E.E., VI C

### THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON MEMORIAL THEATRE COMPANY

#### IMPRESSIONS OF PLAYS

"As You Like It"—

Best of all I loved Phebe, light and airy as a ballet dancer, her hair a shining cap of pale gold, fairy feet, tiny waist, just like a Dresden shepherdess. I do not know whether her gown was grey, primrose or silver — she was just a straying, flirting moonbeam . . .

A.L., III A

Poor Jacques! lurking unhappily in the forest's silvery gloom. Slightly ludicrous at times, he was dignified and serious when he said "All the world's a stage . . ." I did not know there was a way of making that speech sound anything but hackneyed and it gives me gooseflesh now to think how I used to chant it . . .

William remains to me as a large red face with a straw in the middle and Audrey is only an inane gurgle, but Touchstone was something more; he gave the impression of being a sensible man with a sense of humour playing the fool instead of just a stupid ass being himself . . .



And last of all Rosalind. How can I describe her? Sometimes she walked slowly and sadly; sometimes she strode manfully on her way; but most often she danced blithely across the stage, for she was full of fun. Despite her mannish clothes she was always feminine, especially so when she met Orlando, making her voice hard and deep, drawing herself up and squaring her shoulders in the hope of becoming completely masculine. In love with Orlando she was not quite "all made of fantasy, all made of passion, and all made of wishes; all adoration, duty and observance," but truly she did "conjure" us.

M.H., VI B

Of the country people I liked best that adorable couple, Audrey and William. Audrey held my heart in her horny hand from the first moment of her appearance. Her shocking red hair and googly eyes would have overthrown a stronger mind than mine, but her voice stirred in me the bubbling joy of perfection.

When William came my heart was indeed broken, not from grief but from sorrow, that he did not have a larger part. What a William! What a glorious hayseed! He scarcely spoke more than two words together, but I was so prostrated just by looking at him that it was almost with relief that I watched him amble off the stage . . .

M.B., VI A

"Othello"—

Regal drapings, slender pillars, and harmonious backdrops transformed the bare stage first into a street, next into "an open place near the quay of a sea-port town in Cyprus," and then into a room in the castle. The acting was superb and the words and movements were so distinct that we understood each small detail. We began to feel as intensely as did the characters who were so real, so human, that to see this play was to undergo a personal experience and adventure . . .

Barbara Jefford gave a magnificent interpretation of Desdemona, incorporating all her powers of body, mind and soul so that she really was Desdemona . . .

J.J.T., VI A

### JULIUS CAESAR

The School party going to Ngaio Marsh's student production of "Julius Caesar" had certainly been forewarned — several newspaper bulletins had been issued prior to the opening night telling us that "the mob will erupt from two tunnels under the audience," and we had been reminded in Assembly that Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" was a tragedy and not a comic farce, so no member of the School party must laugh at any time during the performance. However, we were really not prepared for the scene inside Canterbury College Hall.

Having entered through mysterious dimly-lit subterranean passages covered over with sacking, we found ourselves face to face with

a most unusual "set." Where were the lofty pillars of the Roman Forum and Senate, and what right had a spiral staircase to stand in the middle of a minute circular stage? We were soon to learn, but the next surprise was the location of our seats. Whilst the audience at the back sat perched seventeen feet above the ground, we were ushered to the most ringside seats imaginable, with only a length of rope to separate us from the action of the play. The various exciting results of this intimacy will soon be seen. I must now describe the "set" in more detail. At the foot of the spiral staircase was a curtained-off recess and above this a striking bronze effigy was placed, which, after some considerable deliberation we decided was a Roman eagle. The significance of the backdrop we could none of us quite make out, but it looked as though it might be a Neo-impressionist's idea of ancient Rome with its red, black and white angles against a blue background. No sooner had we taken all this in than the Hall darkened and the play began.

The Roman crowd, which was extremely well-trained and one of the highlights of the performance, rushed in shouting to see Caesar. The men were dressed in dirty trousers and shirts, and the women wore what I imagined was the dress of modern Italian peasants. Two of Pompey's tribunes, dressed in Fascist uniforms, were jeered at and forced to flee when Caesar's retinue appeared. We gasped. Calphurnia, Caesar's wife, was resplendent in four-inch heels, nylons, and a swing-back coat! What next, we asked ourselves; what next?

I have mentioned the dress in some detail because our reaction to it was not only one of amazed incredulity. The modern dress also showed how, with a very little readjustment, the events of 44 B.C. could be translated into the world of the twentieth century. Thus in showing the dreadful truth of the hackneyed phrase, "History repeats itself," this production of Julius Caesar had more than usual horror in its impact.

It is now high time that I mention the acting itself, which, with one vital exception, I thought very good indeed. Brutus was too worldly and belligerent, and he certainly did not impress me as being "the noblest Roman of them all." Cassius acted well; Caesar was played like the autocratic demi-god Shakespeare made him; Mark Anthony was exactly as I had imagined him—the fiery eloquent ladies' man; Portia had a very lovely voice; and Artemidorus made a theatrical picturesque sooth-sayer. Cicero, though, was a mere figure of fun when he tottered on to the stage with a battered top-hat, goatie and pince-nez.

However, what I remember most of all about this production was its gory horror, a full view of which, since we could almost touch the actors, we could hardly avoid. There was the moment when the conspirators bathed their hands in Caesar's blood, which dripped most horribly and realistically from their fingers to the floor. There was the uncloaking of Caesar's body to reveal a ghastly yellow death-mask



and blood-stained corpse. I could not help wondering whether Ngaio Marsh was not a little influenced by her own gory "whodunits" when planning this production. Nor was that the end of it. Neither Shakespeare nor Miss Marsh was going to let us avoid one moment of horror. After Brutus had lost the battle to Antony and Octavius, one after another of his followers preferred self-slaughter to ignominious surrender. I shouldn't have minded that at all if they had preferred self-slaughter "off." But no! Each defeated man in turn implored a henchman to hold his sword for him to fall on. When Brutus asked three unwilling friends, one after the other, to perform this service for him the boy behind us, provoked beyond endurance, muttered, "Why can't he do the dirty work himself?"

And yet what a tremendously exciting play "Julius Caesar" is; and this production by Ngaio Marsh was something more still. The revolving centre platform, the spiral staircase used with such dramatic effect in the crowd scenes, and the striking back-drop made the "set" very unusual, but it was in learning how an emotional crowd is the same to-day as it was two thousand years ago, and how the end never justifies the means that this play made its deepest impression on me.

We left feeling we had not only witnessed an intensely interesting experiment in dramatic technique, but had also learned a great deal about human nature.

S.M., VI B

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN ROOM 2

Loudspeakers toll the knell of parting day,  
The straggling croc winds slowly o'er the square,  
The schoolgirls homeward plod their weary way,  
And leave the gloomy school to empty air.

Oft did the Latin to their struggles yield,  
Their mental anguish many a problem killed;  
But in their brains a million phrases pealed,  
And formulae their minds completely filled.

Let not the teachers mock their honest toil;  
Girls have no time for sleep, or food, or fun;  
But overwork their virtue cannot spoil—  
They truly are angelic, every one.

These girls are dying out before our eyes—  
Martyrs in their duty to their swot;  
Through lack of food and lack of exercise  
Their youthful bodies soon will start to rot.

Have pity, teachers! Pity on the girls,  
So earnest, young, intelligent and sweet!  
It may not be too late to save those pearls—  
But hasten! Oh, be quick, for Death is fleet!

R.T., IV A.



Changes in School Life cause Speculation.....

M. Burgess, VI A



## THE RETREAT

Leave meadows stirred by butterflies and bees,  
Forsake the burning sun and dusty town,  
Come to the wood where ever-cooling trees  
Arch boughs o'er winding pathways damp and brown;

Paths creeper-hung, with toad-stools blushing red,  
And here or there the arum-lily's hood;  
The dismal drip of water far ahead,  
The smell of rotting leaves and mossy wood.

Treasure all these—See! Here a shining pool  
Reflects the ferns' soft-quivering fronds of lace;  
And deep, deep down through water green and cool  
Is glimpsed the dryad's lonely, lovely face.

Thrilling, sweet, a melody flows out,  
A solitary blackbird's song of love.  
It ceases, leaving silence round about,  
Sweet-scented earth below and gloom above.

C.E.D., V R.

## THE DEATH OF THE YEAR

The bells rang out across the snow  
From the church tower;  
They rang that everyone might know  
His dying hour.

The Year was dying, shrouded, black;  
And now no bells  
However sweet, could ring him back  
From death's dark cells.

He died, the Old Year, in the night,  
A lonely wraith,  
With no one near to mourn his flight,  
Nor cheer his death.

C.J., III A.

## SUNSET

A bright red sky  
Burning in the west,  
Casting its reflection  
On dancing little gnats,  
Enchanting everything  
With its pale pink light,  
It fades into dimness,  
Followed by night.  
Juggling with the clouds,  
Kissing the earth,  
The sun disappears  
Till the new day's birth.

E.C., III H.

## A QUIET DAY BY THE BRINY — BLACKPOOL

"How would you like a nice quiet day by the briny?" were the raucous words of our local dustman. It seemed he had hired a bus and was getting up a trip to Blackpool and needed a few more people (sardines were what he really needed, we discovered later) "to fill up." In a weak moment Mum agreed to go, and we were instructed to wait for the coach at 8 o'clock the next Sunday.

We piled into the already packed bus, Kevin and I to find a stool in the gangway awaiting us, Mum and Daddy to squeeze into the back seat. All around were children sitting on the knees of rather fat women with large hats and flowered dresses, painted faces and hen-like laughs. The luggage racks were crammed with sandals, playsuits, bathing suits, towels, cardigans, buckets and spades, shrimp nets, beach balls, food and of course the inevitable English mackintoshes.

The journey was uneventful but rowdy, with its climax the "Sight of the Tower." When this came into view the whole bus started to scream, "I saw it first," "No you didn't, I did," except for Kevin and me who could see nothing unless we stood up—and sixty miles of standing up wasn't my idea of fun.

We drove through the "washday-everyday" streets with buntings of drying napkins, sheets, vests; the smell all around was a delightful mixture of cabbage water à la fish an' chips. Finally we reached the promenade where we alighted to the warning of "Be back by seven."

Except for a few people walking up and down the "prom," Blackpool seemed deserted, and we really thought we were in for a nice quiet day, which we deserved after that journey. What we did not know was that the tide was in and all the people were on the Pier at a Variety Show.

The tide soon went out again, so we went to sit on the sands and bask. It wasn't half an hour before that particular part of the beach was a seething mass of people and deck chairs, with children crying, undressing for a paddle, eating sticky sweets, asking for more, throwing sand. There were many small children in carry-cots—"Bless'em all!"

Then, like a swarm of locusts that has had its fill of one particular spot, they decided to "arise and go now" to Woolworth's cafe for lunch. This migration was the most unbearable part, for the women began calling their dear little children from far and near and father, in his "Sunday best" tweed suit and cap, hardly daring to bend down lest he should crease the corner of his waistcoat, began to shake the mat they had been sitting on. Sand flew everywhere, into our eyes, down our necks, and even into the sandwiches we had just unpacked. However, soon the families were gone and we revelled in this comparative quiet for little over half an hour till back they came, armed



with buckets and spades, and paper hats with "Kiss Me Quick," and "Hug Me Tight," written on the top.

By seven o'clock we were worn out and walked back to the bus. It was in complete darkness. It was at seven that we were supposed to return; this was the right bus; but where were the people?

Luckily the door was open, so we went in and at about eight o'clock the revellers returned full of gusto, shrimps and a little too much beer.

If this was a dustman's idea of a quiet day we would exile ourselves to a desert island.

"A quiet day by the briny." Huh!

M.McL., IV A

## TWENTIETH CENTURY DAME SCHOOL

Once upon a time there lived three sisters whose surname was Thornton. There was Miss Thornton, Miss Ida and Miss Mildred, and they decided that their life-work was the building up of Rathvilly School. For my first five school years I attended Rathvilly, and because it is in many ways unusual to go to a Dame School in the 20th century it may interest you perhaps to learn of my life there.

Instead of Standard I to Standard VI, the classes were Lower Kindergarten, Upper Kindergarten, Transitional, Middle School and Upper School. I can remember very little of Lower and Upper Kindergarten, except that I won a gold star for learning my alphabet, that I learned to sing "Frère Jacques, Dormez-vous?" in French, and finally that on one report I had—"Writing: 'This pupil seems to find great difficulty in holding a pencil'."

In Transitional I learned what Miss Ida called "The Queen Anne" style of handwriting, a form of printing joined together from which my writing has never recovered, and we all had to do our lessons in green pencil. Every interval Miss Mildred, who supervised our bodily welfare, would hover over us while we gulped down our blue skim milk. In Lower and Upper Kindergarten I used to spill my milk or break my cup on purpose almost every interval to avoid drinking this fluid, but now I was in Transitional, and "an example to the little ones" I could escape it no more. It is now time for me to mention that there were absolutely no punishments at Rathvilly, and the very worst thing that could happen to you would be a gentle reprimand from one of the Misses Thornton for unladylike behaviour. There were only two rules for behaviour during school—"Always apologise when you sneeze," and "Always say 'excuse me' when you drop your ruler." There was but one rule for behaviour outside school—"Always smile at people in the bus." Can you blame me for occasional attacks of nostalgia?

In Middle School I had a new teacher, one of the best teachers I have ever had. She started us on French and Arithmetical Problems and had a special teaching system of her own. For each subject she would divide the class in groups, according to its proficiency in that subject, and if the worst group couldn't understand something the next group had to explain it; if that group couldn't the next had to, and so on. Thus we learned to teach as well as learn. Our History and Geography periods were Rhoda Power Broadcasts in the form of plays in which we would picture ourselves as an Egyptian slave, or Richard Lionheart. These lessons were some of the most enjoyable and best remembered of my life and in one of them we learned that New Zealand actually had electricity! The whole class was simply staggered.

These were the main things I remember of my life at Rathvilly School. There was also, of course, the drill—"Touch your shoulders, touch your knees, touch the floor, touch your shoulders, touch your knees, touch the floor," and so on ad infinitum. There was the fact that after Assembly our teacher would always praise publicly those who had sung the loudest, and I also remember that all the prizes at one Sports Day were green glass frogs.

Perhaps you who are offspring of the State School system do not believe I have been "educated" at all, but I think the quiet hours spent working entirely by myself were some of the most profitable of my life. When left to our own devices with a spelling book or an atlas in front of us we felt we were discovering knowledge for ourselves and the hateful words "syllabus" and "curriculum" were quite unknown. We were given almost complete freedom to learn what we liked when we liked, and great emphasis was placed on courtesy and ladylike manners. The success of this unsystematic system was shown not only when most of its pupils did very well in the Entrance Examinations to the Grammar schools, but also in the great love we all had for Rathvilly School.

S.M., VI B

## THE MONITOR

(With Apologies to Alfred Noyes)

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the Hagley trees,  
The sun was enthroned in storm-clouds, like a raft on billowing seas,  
The road was a winding bike-track over a leafy floor,  
And the monitor came riding—riding—riding—  
The monitor came riding up to the High School door.  
He'd an old striped cap on his forehead, a bluish tie at his chin,  
A coat with a silver badge on, and he'd rather a dirty grin,  
His coat bore many a wrinkle, he was mud right up to the eye,  
And he rode with his eyes a-twinkle, his fountain pen a-twinkle,  
His gold front tooth a-twinkle, under the menacing sky.

J.T., VI B.



### IMPRESSIONS AFTER A WET SATURDAY AFTERNOON SPENT WITH LADIES' MAGAZINES

He turned the door-knob. The door opened. (Strange!) She sat bolt upright. He entered slowly. She did not look at him. He closed the door. She clenched her hands. He walked towards the fireplace. She glanced at him. He looked into the flames. She noticed how pale his face was. He stooped down. She wondered if she looked white, too. He picked up a piece of wood. She watched him, fascinated. He put it on the fire. She thought his hair needed cutting. He straightened up. She wrenched her gaze away. He turned round. She looked at the ceiling. He looked at her, thinking how beautiful she was. (Heroines have a habit of being beautiful. He is probably handsome, too.) She could feel him watching her and blushed. He put a hand into his pocket. She studied her finger-nails. He took out his cigarette case. She really must have a manicure, she thought. He put a cigarette between his lips. She was getting hang-nails. He lit it. She could have a perm. at the same time. He dropped his lighter. She started. He picked it up. She looked at him. He was looking at the aspidistra. She thought how handsome he was. (I told you so.) He did not glance round. She sighed. He turned his head. She looked at the ceiling again. He did, too. She suddenly wanted to giggle. He inhaled deeply. She sneezed instead. He coughed. She looked at the ceiling in embarrassment. He did, too. She sneezed again. He did not cough. She dropped her handkerchief. He wondered if he should pick it up. She waited for him to do so. They both bent for it at once. Their hands touched. An electric current vibrated through their souls. They both retreated. The handkerchief lay where it had fallen. She looked at the ceiling. He did, too. Silence. Somewhere in the house a tap dripped. The sunlight filtering through the leaves made patterns on the wall. Outside a lion roared. (All the best serials take place in Kenya.) She wanted to scream. (So do I.) He threw his cigarette butt on the fire. She drummed her nails on the arms of her chair. He took out another cigarette. She waited. He did not offer her one. She still waited. He tapped it lightly on his thumb-nail. She looked at the ceiling. He did not look at the ceiling. (Fooled you there, didn't I?) She wanted to sneeze again. He threw his unlighted cigarette into the fire. She coughed instead. He cleared his throat. She braced herself. He started to speak.

(To be continued.)

M.H., VI B

### ARM-CHAIR TRAVEL

*Written Specially by Our B.B.C. Correspondent*

In this old world of ours, in which, it is said, there is nothing new, we must eagerly accept every progressive development in all fields of literature, art, science and psychology, and not the least

welcome development in the Transport Department is this idea of "arm-chair travel."

We were speaking to a member of the Witches' Union on this very subject last Monday and were delighted to find that, not only was she very much in favour of the idea but she was even willing to assist in the evolution of the first travelling arm-chair by disclosing a top-secret spell which she had intended to use only as a last minute method of disposing of a certain senator whose indulgence in "witch-hunting" has earned him world notoriety.

This member of the W.U. informed us that broomsticks, though an admirable means of transport, certainly had their disadvantages. Not only did one suffer excruciating agonies from cramp on long journeys but, as well, blisters which no magic could soothe had been known to appear on strategic portions of the anatomy. Added to this was the fact that, in spring, flocks of birds had been in the habit of descending on brooms for material with which to build their nests. The loss of even a few straws from one of these delicately balanced instruments produced a nose-dive which could end only in disaster.

Thus, we may safely conjecture, with this very influential section of the community backing the project, travelling-armchairs will soon be available to the public.

All intelligent students of the progress of history and evolution must own that it is towards this great goal that civilization has been struggling. For centuries man has been experimenting with more comfortable methods of physical inactivity. From the day when the first cave-man sat on the first stone and threw the first ham-bone over his shoulder at his first wife to this, our New Elizabethan Age, when, encased in "foam-rubber" and crushed velvet he is still meditating on this prostrating problem, he has striven with increasing success in "doing things" and "going places" without the aid of those lower limbs, known as legs.

Horses were a definite advance on the pedestrian mode of travel—motor-cars on horses—aeroplanes on cars, but, we maintain, and believe we have the support of the population at large, that arm-chair travel is the answer to our seeking, the end to which we have striven through countless generations, the one and only method of completely dispensing with that infuriating walk, walk, walk which has harried our ancestors since their creation.

Some opposition is expected from the proprietors of magic-carpets, but as most of these are inhabitants of the land of Oil and Omar, we are persuaded that the wisdom of their ancestors will not now desert them and that when they see the new possibilities for the diesel engine in arm chairs, they will willingly forget any prejudices they may previously have felt in favour of their now out-moded vehicles. What fair-minded individual could dispute the comfort of an arm chair compared with a carpet?



Imagine for a moment what this new invention will mean to the world, culturally as well as scientifically. Then shall the heavens unfold a sight touching in its majesty, heroic in its splendour, as earth's dull pilgrims take arm chairs and fly, rising to greet the sun with super-sonic, sedentary grace.

Let us look forward to a new age of discovery, and may the new "Arm Chair Era," on the brink of which we tremble with excited anticipation, bring with it a most necessary renovation — a more caressing covering for the seats of the chairs at one of our most esteemed girls' secondary schools.

M.M.B., VI A

### MOUNT COOK DIARY

#### September 1—

Left Christchurch at 8.30 a.m., travelled all day, stopping at Fairlie for a lunch of peculiar pie-things—charcoal crust encasing a slice of Belgian sausage. The singing dismissed any illusions anyone might have had about the sweetness of girlish voices.

4.30 p.m.: Arrived at the Hermitage to collect boots and had a look at the luxury we were to leave behind, before setting off by the winter road for Ball Hut—an amazing journey of twelve miles. The bus seemed to perch momentarily on one rock before making a leap for the next. Nevertheless, we arrived safely, had a wonderful meal, and slept like logs in very comfortable bunks.

#### September 2—

Staggered over the ridge to the ski-ing ground, toting our skis on our shoulders. Our first attempts were so amusing that it was usual to see girls sitting in the snow where they had fallen watching the "people passing by." Mrs Tankard stood on a rise shouting encouragement and instruction, when she was not incapacitated by laughter.

At nightfall we met the Ball Hut's permanent resident known as the "Ball Hut Bug"—an affectionate abbreviation invented by the staff. Everyone spent a very active night—everyone except M.S., whose sleep was not interrupted, even by the constant tip-toeing of hob-nailed boots.

#### September 3—

Some returned to bed only at 5.30 a.m. after a long vigil in the kitchen (and elsewhere). We went ski-ing again despite the rain. Card games began in earnest, our two mistresses succumbing to M.S. and J.G., whose "under the table" tactics baffled their opponents. Several canasta fiends have shown their hands.

#### September 4—

A wonderful night's rest—life seems worth living again. Keas took an instant dislike to our snowman and pulled his hat and scarf to pieces. Night—alas, promises to be a repetition of Wednesday night. We have discussed our symptoms with an intimacy undreamed of in more civilized surroundings. All are prepared for the worst.

#### September 5—

Our fears were fulfilled. Finally a doctor was summoned from Fairlie and immediately most of our party made a speedy recovery except L.B., who lay on her bunk with eyes closed, her complexion varying from pale yellow to brilliant scarlet.

The doctor has been reassuring and has left a variety of medicines, preventative and curative, which the cook appears to resent as an insult.

Ski-ing for a few stalwarts only.

#### September 6—

"Why does it have to rain on Sunday" should be our theme song. Cards are our only resort—M.B.'s ill-luck is giving her an "I'm-a-failure" complex.

#### September 7—

Marsden, our fellow boarders, left at breakfast, and the sun arrived looking as if he really had come to enjoy himself. We all went ski-ing with a new joy and some are now using the tow regularly.

The snow in the afternoon seemed only to heighten our enthusiasm. Our snow-burn shows promise of that glamorous tan.

#### September 8—

The climax of our holiday, and what a holiday! The sun, the snow, etc., etc., etc., were all we could have wished for in our new-found skill (?). We were even beginning to feel patronizing towards the newcomers.

The sun did his job mercilessly to-day as several know to their cost. L.W. is in living agony and does not even dare to venture into the warmth of the dining-room as the heat is too much for her nose. She applies frequent layers of cream as the old one becomes too heated to be left on her face.

All our packing is done and even the lure of a hot bath is not enough to deaden our reluctance to leave.

#### September 9—

Now it is all over and there is nothing left to do but to pass on our experience and advice to others. Next year's girls may find it worth their while to take tennis racquets and a spade with them.



The racquets, strapped in a suitable position, would act as snow-shoes and make the first three-point landings considerably less exhausting. The spade would be invaluable in the exhumation of those who "could not stop before they reached that bank of soft snow."

Finally, here is a question as yet unanswered: Was it the peas, the meat, the jelly or the water?

M.M.B., VI A

### CINDERELLA AND HER YOUNGER SISTERS

The household was obviously in a fever of excitement. For several days the pitch had been mounting and now the climax was fast approaching. Silent figures flitted to and fro with garments, rustling mysteriously, draped over their arms.

Then doors slammed and furniture was knocked aside as the eldest daughter of the household and the cause of all the excitement made her impressive pathway through the house to have her sash put on in front of the mirror, while an admiring train of sisters and parents followed meekly, enthralled with the splendour of the glorious sight which met their eyes.

As you probably have guessed, it was the night of the school dance, the 4th of July, 1953, to be exact, and Big Sister was preparing to leave. I, as Older Little Sister, was running messages, fetching pins, mirrors, shoes, handkerchiefs and so on, and not enjoying it tremendously.

Big Sister had a lovely taffeta dress, with silver shoes, a little purse and a pair of gloves to match, while a rose pinned on the frock completed her outfit. That should have been enough, but no! everyone looking at her from every angle, and people to support her for an hour because she had got ready too early and didn't want to crease her frock, was what she really wanted.

The eventful moment of departure was coming nearer and nearer; everything about Big Sister was fastened beautifully in place and Father was backing our Ford out of the garage. Time to go! We trooped down the back steps triumphantly, Younger Little Sister and I holding the skirt, Mother anxiously shooing away the dogs and cats gathered round, and then Big Sister levered herself gently into the car. She would have preferred to stand up in a large shiny black Rolls-Royce, but still, even to be able to sit down in an old Ford is something.

After the car had rattled off down the drive, Mother, Younger Little Sister and I turned away regretfully, Mother thinking of herself rattling off to dances years ago, myself of dances to come, and Younger Little Sister probably thinking what vain fools females are.

"Older Little Sister."

### THE BAY

The skies are grey as steel;  
Light mist skims past the hills  
So fast, they scarcely feel  
Its moistened touch. The foam-capped waves  
Are whipped by winds which lift  
The spray in whirling spires,  
Keen winds which drive the swift  
Cold tide far up the rocky caves.

And now to summer days  
I turn my thoughts—to warm  
And dimpled seas; to bays  
With floors of golden wave-smoothed sand;  
To gulls in dazzling flight  
Which soar majestically,  
Then from their airy height  
Drop swiftly to the sun-drenched land.

The swelling tide flows fast  
And fills the bay, then ebbs  
To the horizon again; at last  
The waters cease to flow. So life  
With all its vigour swells  
Within us in our youth,  
Then calmly with us dwells,  
Then fades, till ends this mortal strife.

G.A., V M.

### SCHOOLWORK PUZZLES

People think and people say,  
"A happy life a girl's to-day.  
No more worries, care or strife,  
Only lessons. What a life!"  
What do they know of the woes we endure,  
And all these problems we strive to cure?  
Home at night our brain feels weak,  
Crammed with French we try to speak.  
Is the capital of England, France or Wales?  
At what time of life do frogs lose their tails?  
Was Good Queen Bess really good, or bad?  
Was it fifteen wives old Henry had?  
Was Caesar there at Waterloo?  
How does one remember who shot who?  
If A equals B and B equals C,  
How can X and Y therefore agree?  
If a man walks at ninety miles an hour  
How long would it take to pick one flower?  
Oh, all these puzzles! You must agree,  
Schoolwork's no fun if you're dumb like me!

P.M., IV B.



### "THE DAILY ROUND, THE COMMON TASK"

It's a beautiful morning and I feel like singing in the corridor as I go to take my form to Assembly, hoping that to-day perhaps they will be ready. A little fearfully I enter. No, they're not ready, and they do not intend to get ready. Several of them blithely wish me, "Good morning!" but apart from that no one takes much notice of me until one girl shouts in my ear, "Can I borrow your hymn-book?" And someone else as she does her homework, "What's the past participle of 'voir'?"

"No, you can't. It's 'vu.' Hurry Up!" I call above the din.

Nothing happens. They comb their hair, file their nails, squabble, do homework, chatter, or warm themselves by the heater; a girl leans out of the window; someone else rounds off her breakfast with a piece of chocolate sponge.

"Why can't I have it? Pleease."

"Oh, here you are. Take it! Hurry up!" I yell.

A few wander aimlessly into a group by the door that they call a line, but one girl combs her hair languidly and luxuriously, sighing in wonder at her reflection in the small mirror she holds, and the girl at the window is suddenly convulsed with laughter.

I make a final effort: "Hurry up!" I scream, and this time my voice breaks, but it has some effect for the hungry one pops a last piece of marshmallow into her mouth, licks her fingers, picks up her hymn-book and comes.

Once more I croak, "Hurry up!" and the girl at the window looks round in surprise and says, "Oh, hello! I didn't see you there!" climbs down from her desk and goes, last of all, into line.

"Can we go?" asks the girl nearest the door, who looks as if she's going to practise a flying start for next year's sports.

"Not yet," I answer in a squeaky voice. I clear my throat, take a deep breath and say, "Put your hat in the cloakroom, your lunch in your locker, those books in your desk and please don't take out your comb again!" — this last is on a note of horror and panic.

Then at last they are on their way. The most exhausting five minutes of the day have gone.

M.H., VI B.

### HOLLYHOCKS AND THE THREE GOLFERS

*(A Modern Fairytale especially dedicated to all admirers of little Sidney and his pal, from "Ray's a Laugh," and Mavis's boyfriend from "Take It From Here," not to mention childhood heroine, Goldilocks)*

Once upon a time there lived in a cottage in Hagley Park a little girl called Hollyhocks. Her mother had named her Hollyhocks because she was born with bow legs and a very sharp tongue.

One day as Hollyhocks (Hocks for short) was walking along in Hagley Park she saw a small hut and went inside to satisfy her prying instincts. On a small bench lay three unfinished peggy-squares. Hocks took up the first one and knitted a few stitches of it, then snorted with disgust. The knitting was far too tight. She picked up the next square, but she could see at a glance that it was knitted too loosely, so she put it down and examined the tension of the remaining one. It was quite good so she finished the square.

In one corner of the room she noticed three small wireless sets which she turned on one after the other. The first, though, resounded with too harsh a tone and the second one was too indistinct, but the third radio sounded quite pleasant in an "inoffensive" way (she had interrupted Selwyn Toogood on the "Hit Parade").

Hocks decided to explore further, so she walked in and discovered the next room to be the wash-house with three small Bendix washing machines side by side. Hocks had previously noticed that her cardigan was dirty so she took it off and opened the first machine. It had a broken agitator so she opened the second, but its bowl was cracked and had been badly mended with some very sticky matter. The third machine, however, just suited her purpose so she ran some water in it and put in her cardigan and some soap powder.

Hocks was just turning on the little machine when she glanced out one of the three windows and saw three golfers—a tall burly one, a middle-sized one and a thin emaciated little one, disappearing round the side of the house.

"Alas!" thought Hocks. "Have I landed in a hot-bed of intrigue?" and without more ado she jumped into the swirling waters of the now operating machine and pulled the lid over her head.

She heard a big, booming voice say, "Hey! Someone's touched my peggy-square and the wool is all tangled."

Then a soft, chalky voice replied, "Oh, Mavis! Someone's tampered with mine too, and it's off the needles."

The big voice boomed again, "By jove! Your peggy-square is finished, isn't it, Sydney?"

And a wee soft voice squeaked, "Yis!"

More scuffling followed these announcements and then the man with the large voice said, "Someone has dented the speaker of my radio!"

The chalky-voiced golfer moaned, "Oh Mavis, some nasty person has twisted the knob off my radio!"

Then the big voice angrily declared, "Just look at that! Your radio is scratched all over and it's on full force, isn't it, Sidney?"

"Yis," Sidney sadly replied.

Through a glass porthole in the washing machine, Hocks saw the three golfers coming into the wash-house. The large golfer went to one machine and said, "There are finger-prints in the dust on my machine!"



The soft-voiced golfer examined his machine and said mournfully, "Oh, Mavis! Some clot has shifted the chewing-gum I put here to stop a leak!"

Then Sidney came to life properly, and hastily lifted the lid of his treasured washing machine. Finding Hocks there, he gave a squeak of horror.

But Hocks waited no longer; she sprang from the machine out of the window and soon disappeared along the golf-course as fast as her bow legs could carry her, leaving a trail of washing-water drops glistening on the grass.

"She beat us then, didn't she, Sidney?"

"Oh, Mavis! You've said it."

"Yis! Yis! Yis!"

E.T., IV A.

### MADNESS

It is the pelt of the wild rain  
Beating down always,  
Strong, steady rain,  
Cold, heavy rain,  
Burdening the days.

It is the rush of the torrent  
Dashing down mountain,  
Treacherous torrent,  
Swift, boiling torrent,  
Driving insane.

It is the waves of the sea  
Lashing the shore,  
Mighty, eternal sea,  
Merciless, bitter sea,  
Hungry for more.

It is the boom of dark thunder  
Crashing to earth,  
Evil-cursed thunder,  
Black, frightening thunder,  
Sapping all mirth.

It is the blast of the cruel wind  
Crippling the trees,  
Brutal, destructive wind,  
Unseen, relentless wind—  
Maddest of these.

J.J.T., VI A.

### THOUSANDS OF MILES TO SCHOOL

Our family, with many other families bound for New Zealand, started our long journey from a transit camp called Fallingbostal, near Bremen, in the north-west of Germany. Travelling on a special transport train we passed through parts of Germany, Austria and Italy in three days and nights. It was a most beautiful journey and I will always remember the lovely old German castles set on high cliffs or in deep forests, the first wild flowers swaying gently on the lower hills of Austria and the beautiful golden Adriatic seashore in Italy.

It was a warm afternoon when we arrived in the old romantic city of Trieste in the north-east of Italy. The people travelling on "Dundalk Bay" amounted to about a thousand of many nationalities. There was an orchestra playing gentle farewell tunes in honour of all those travelling to New Zealand. The evening was very warm and quiet as "Dundalk Bay" slowly left the shores of Trieste, and the music played softly as the coast faded from our sight. That was the last we saw of Europe, the land where we of so many different nationalities had once lived happily in our own homes.

V.S., IV M

### BUSH MEMORIES

Thick deep bush,  
Cool, wet and damp-smelling,  
Still and perfect.

Light and dark and clearly  
Ringing sad and mournful.  
Trees old, young, tall, black  
With vines entwining.  
Gently swishing fantails.

Ferns spreading.

Swirling bush pigeon  
Sitting stately; still.

Shrilling joyous tui's calling  
Black and white.  
Gently dripping soft the lichens  
Green mosses.

P.J., VI A.



## MORNING AT ACLAND

## I

Ting-a-ling-a-ling a bell is ringing,  
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling what can it be?  
 Ting-a-ling-a-ling it is the rising—  
 Bell that ruthlessly is calling thee.

Hurry, hurry, hurry to get dressed,  
 Hurry, hurry, hurry down the stairs,  
 Hurry, hurry, hurry in to breakfast.  
 Underneath the irate prefect's glares.

Gobble, gobble, gobble down your Kornies.  
 Gobble, gobble, gobble down your tea.  
 Hurry, hurry, hurry for 'tis your turn—  
 To mop out the dusty dormitory.

Flick, flick, flick the mop goes flying.  
 Flick, flick, flick the duster too,  
 Flick, flick, flick the room is finished;  
 Now for some practising to do.

Plonk, plonk, plonk on the piano,  
 Plonk, plonk, plonk each good child goes,  
 Plonk, plonk, plonk she bangs the keyboard,  
 On and on for hours and hours she hoes.

Tramp, tramp, tramp each good child marches,  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp each poor girl goes,  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp along to High School,  
 Neatly shepherded in navy rows.

B.M., VI B.

## II

6.15 a.m. practices have just been introduced again at Acland and, as the rising bell doesn't go until 6.30 a.m., they are extremely irritating to the people who are trying to sleep.

One morning at approximately 5.30 a.m. we heard the alarm clock ringing. Penny scrambled out of bed in an endeavour to turn it off but she pressed the wrong knob and the volume began to increase. After turning all the various knobs she at last managed to silence it. Of course, by this time the whole dorm. was awake. Do you think Penny cared? Not at all. Heedless of scathing remarks, groans and curses, she calmly began her toilet.

She walked towards the wardrobe, forgetting that in her haste the night before she had thrown several coathangers on the floor which, naturally enough, she now tripped over. After finding her gym. frock she discovered that her blouse had disappeared. This meant that she took every single blouse out of the wardrobe and put them on the bed of the poor person nearest her. At last she found

the missing blouse, but our discomfitures didn't end there, as on the way back to her bed she fell over the waste-paper basket.

We were just settling down to sleep again when Penny insisted on having the light on to do her hair. This brought forth more groans but Penny had her own way.

On the tick of 6.0 a.m. she went down to her practice room which is, unfortunately, just below us. We lay there waiting for the usual one-finger exercises, but instead we heard a nice little piece being played. Penny was improving. The second time we heard it our pleasure increased even more; the third time it lost a little of its charm; by the sixth time it was becoming rather monotonous; and when we heard it for the twentieth time we thoroughly detested it.

For probably the first time in our lives we were overjoyed when the rising bell went.

B.R., V S.

## THE WATER MEADOW

Within the meadow I stood in amaze,  
 To watch all Nature's perfect artistry  
 Unfold itself before my enraptured eyes.  
 A little brownish water-vole, affright,  
 Ran out and leaped my dusty naked feet,  
 And as I wandered idly down the path,  
 All bright with star-eyed daisies, gold and white,  
 And sweet with shy half-open violets,  
 A graceful heron gave a dismal croak  
 To break the lovely silence and the peace,  
 The long, long, leisured peace of childhood's days.  
 High up above, where great green willows drooped,  
 The Kingfisher flashed by, royal blue and gay,  
 And then was gone. Three bubbles rising up  
 From darkest depths, now broke the surface of  
 A nearby swamp, surrounded by tall, gaunt,  
 Green rushes, followed by a small, black snout,  
 And two small beady eyes, just as a sly  
 Grey water-rat snatched, greedy, at the lines  
 Of careless dancing dragon-flies, which flicked  
 The glittering surface with their long, sun-tipped  
 And silvery wings. With naturalist's eyes  
 All young and eager, there I stood, spell-bound.  
 Up rose a salmon, king of all the pool,  
 Who broke the shining glass with silvery tail  
 And sent a fount of shimmering gems to fill  
 The clear spring air, and backwards fall, with sound  
 Of elfin music. So I lingered there,  
 A brown and sunburnt scrap of child, all sport  
 Forgot, just drinking in the wild and heady  
 Wine of Nature, now poured forth in spring.

A.L., III A.



## THE IDES OF AUGUST

*Certain Christchurch newspapers announced that between 20th and 26th August, a "world-shaking" event would take place when creatures from other planets would arrive on the earth. On 20th August, England won the Ashes from Australia.*

Our daily papers heralded the news that stunned the earth,  
That was received in earnest, or else with shouts of mirth :—  
Some little men expected to arrive from far away.  
Just how the rumour started, I really couldn't say.  
But now that August's over and they have not arrived,  
Don't think that men weren't earnest, or that the papers lied.  
The unexpected happened, though Mars was not the cause,  
And even on the wireless we heard the wild applause.  
The Australian bowlers falter, the ball to boundary crashes.  
The Martians come? Who cares? England has won the 'Ashes.'

N.R.C., V A.

## RAILCAR JOURNEY

Rushing headlong into night,  
Plunging into darkest depths  
Towards the light.

Onwards, upwards ever travelling  
Over plain and through the mountains,  
Snow-clad, glistening.

Clear against the clustered sky  
Hills stand, remote and cold  
Beneath the moon.

Thoughts, and time and space are fled.  
My dream-world dies with hint of morning . . .  
Dawn breaks.

J.J.T., VI A.