

CHRISTCHURCH
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL
MAGAZINE



No. 112

DECEMBER, 1954



MISS R. F. C. TYNDALL, M.Sc., B.H.Sc.
Our New Headmistress.

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Girls' High School Magazine

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1954

CHRISTCHURCH GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL BOARD OF MANAGERS—Chairman, A. E. Caddick, O.B.E., M.A.; Deputy Chairman, R. O. Page, D.Sc., F.R.I.C., F.N.Z.I.C., F.R.S.N.; A. McNeil, M.A.; Mrs S. G. Young, M.A.; H. N. Parton, M.Sc., Ph. D.; Mrs K. M. Glen; Miss M. Samuel, M.Sc.; Mrs L. E. Macfarlane.

REGISTRAR—P. J. Halligan, F.C.I.S., F.R.A.N.Z., F.I.A.N.Z.

HEADMISTRESS—Miss R. F. C. Tyndall, M.Sc., B.H.Sc.

ASSISTANTS—Miss I. F. Milnes, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss A. M. Burns, M.A.; Miss J. C. R. Webster, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss B. A. Waller, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss E. C. R. Wilson, M.A.; Miss R. M. Anderson, B.Sc., B.H.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss N. Corne; Miss W. L. Anderson, M.A. (on leave); Miss B. E. M. Wall, M.A., L.T.C.L.; Miss N. S. Brown, M.A.; Miss T. R. Morris, M.A.; Miss E. L. Forne, B.A.; Mrs V. N. McKillop, M.A.; Miss L. M. Lummis, M.A.; Miss F. J. Flanagan; Miss C. S. Cree, M.A.; Miss R. E. James, B.Sc.; Mrs I. E. A. Schwarz; Mrs B. Tankard; Miss S. S. Crawford, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond); Mrs S. M. Collins, Dip.F.A.; Miss D. Martin, B.A.; Mrs Z. E. Price; Miss N. F. Bell, M.A. (relieving); Mrs K. C. Carter, M.A.; Miss M. I. McCaskill, Dip.H.Sc.; Miss P. R. Roberts, B.Sc. (1 term); Miss D. M. Tebay, B.A.

PART-TIME TEACHERS—Mr V. C. Peters, O.B.E., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M. (Music); Miss R. Griffiths, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., L.R.S.M. (Piano and Violin), (Orchestra).

PREFECTS—Rhona Scarth (Head), Jennifer Thom (Deputy Head), Margaret Banks, Margaret Hornby, Beverley Armiger, Joan Bell, Beverley Breward, Elizabeth Burns, Glynnis Cropp, Margaret Dickson, Janet Dobson, Glenys Hopkinson, Jillian Hosking (2nd half year), Lyndsay Marr, Olwyn Mason, Sybil Mence, Ella Pentecost, Gillian Rodger, Mary Scott, Deirdre Taylor, Valerie Thomas (1st half year), Judith Videon (1st half year), Pamela Ward, Dorothy Watt.

ACLAND PREFECTS—Olwyn Mason (Head), Rhona Scarth, Eleanor Birkett, Sally Blomquist (3rd Term), Juliet Conway, Gillian Davison, Christine Higgins (1st half year), Beverley Ross (3rd Term), Janette Seaton, Natalie Thorne.

HOUSE CAPTAINS—*Deans*: Captain, B. Harris; Deputy-Captain, L. Baker. *Harper*: Captain, J. O'Malley; Deputy-Captains, L. Heyward, C. Higgins. *Rolleston*: Captain, A. McKenzie, Deputy-Captain, A. Dobson. *Selwyn*: Captain, L. Harry; Deputy-Captain, B. Gates.

COMMITTEES—*Camera Club*: Miss Forne, Miss Lummis, J. Ponton, J. McArthur, A. Young, M. Thomson, H. Wraight. *Choir*: Mr Peters, J. Dobson, J. Thom, D. Milne. *Drama*: Miss Lummis, Miss Martin, Miss Brown, Miss Bell, Miss Wilson, Mrs Carter, Mrs Collins, R. Caddick, S. Mence, J. Thom, M. Turnbull, R. Harland. *Library*: Miss Wall, Miss Martin, Mrs McKillop, Miss Morris, Mrs Carter, D. Watt, S. Mence, M. Banks, M. Hornby, E. Burns, J. Dobson, H. McGettigan, A. McKenzie, M. Turnbull, H. Pointer, V. Willmott, G. Cropp, L. Williams, L. Thomas, J. Richardson, J. Laughlin, A. McDonald, R. Taylor, E. Thom, V. Sepp. *Magazine*: Miss Webster, Miss Wall, M. Hornby, S. Mence, D. Watt, D. Jarman, M. Prime, M. Turnbull. *Orchestra*: Miss R. Griffiths, A. Lockwood (pianist). *S.C.M.*: Miss Burns, Miss Morris, Miss Cree, Miss Bell, Miss McCaskill, Miss James, Miss Martin, D. Watt, E. Pentecost, B. Ross, J. Brown, V. Parton, J. Ford, S. Gibb. *Tramping Club*: Miss Crawford, J. Conway (Sec.), N. Thorne, H. Wraight, M. Ferguson, A. Conway.

EDITORIAL

1954 has witnessed a great many international crises. There has been fighting in Indo-China, British Guiana, Morocco, Guatemala, Kenya, and Malaya, on the Israel-Jordan border and between the Communist and Nationalist Chinese. Hydrogen bomb tests have been so "successfully" carried out that we now know that if any of these little wars expands into a Third World War, no one may be left to bewail the catastrophe.

But surely there must be an alternative to mass-extermiation. At present apathetic selfishness, intolerance and militarism are causing innumerable conflicts. But if women, who owing to their physical make-up possess a strong creative instinct, were to unite all the world over in denouncing the current trend in world politics, and to insist on a more important role in international affairs, then surely the wilful destruction of lives and property could no longer be blanketed by the words "liberation" or "taking strong defensive measures".

Yet, although women writers need no longer call themselves Acton Bell or George Eliot, and although an actress is no longer thought a loose woman simply because she is an actress, in politics women must still fight much hostile prejudice. It would of course be foolish for every woman to leave her children and housework for a seat in Parliament—it is after all a woman's privilege as well as duty to create out of four roofed-over walls, a refuge of simple comfort and ordered quiet for her family. Yet surely many women with grown-up children and time on their hands could contribute much more to the community and to the world at large, than they have done hitherto.

The current world crises and the impending world catastrophe are both fundamentally caused by the forces of goodness being silent and inactive whilst clamorous evil incites the world to war.

S.M., VI A.

MISS R. F. C. TYNDALL

Miss Tyndall, our new Headmistress, has had a distinguished academic and professional career, and a wide experience both in this country and overseas.

After attending the Otago Girls' High School, of which she was Dux in 1925, Miss Tyndall commenced her studies at the University of Otago as the holder of a Beverly Entrance Scholarship. She completed her B.Sc. degree in 1928 and was awarded a Beverly Scholarship in Advanced Mathematics. Her M.Sc. degree with Second-class Honours in Pure and Applied Mathematics was completed in 1929. After teaching for some years, Miss Tyndall returned to the University of Otago in 1941, this time to study for the B.H.Sc. degree, which she gained in 1943.

Miss Tyndall spent her earlier years in the teaching profession on the staffs of St. Hilda's College, Dunedin, Ashburton High School and Wellington Girls' College. After completing her B.H.Sc. degree she joined the staff of our own school at the beginning of 1944, and in May, 1945, transferred to the Christchurch Teachers' Training College as Lecturer in Experimental Science and Hygiene. During 1944 and 1945 she was also resident mistress in charge at "Acland".

In June 1946, Miss Tyndall joined the Post-Primary Inspectorate, relinquishing this position only on her appointment as Headmistress from the beginning of the second term this year. During her eight years of service with the Department of Education, she visited most of the post-primary schools throughout New Zealand and in 1950 spent a year overseas including Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Holland in her tour and studying educational developments in the countries visited.

We wish Miss Tyndall a happy and successful term of office.

MISS J. I. STEWART

At the end of the first term we were sorry to say goodbye to Miss Stewart who had been at the school since 1946, first as Senior French Mistress, and since 1948, as Headmistress.

Miss Stewart received her education at Otago Girls' High School and the University of Otago where she gained her B.A. degree. After being on the staffs of Solway Girls' College, Masterton, and Wellington Girls' College, she spent three years overseas, 1923-24 at the University of Paris, and 1924-25 at Moray House Training College, Edinburgh. During these years Miss Stewart travelled on the Continent and in Great Britain, and visited many schools. On her return to New Zealand she taught at Nelson Girls' College and Avon-side Girls' High School until her appointment to Christchurch Girls' High School.

Quick to appreciate work well done and thoughtfulness in others, direct in her dealings, and animated by a deep sense of responsibility, Miss Stewart, in her unassuming way, was a real force in the life of the school.

Perhaps it was because the girls realised that she set no higher a standard for them than for herself that she won their respect and affection and inspired them to lofty ideals of work and conduct.

The school's welfare was her first concern, and she devoted herself to it. Her deep personal interest in us individually was revealed in the friendly question about some trivial detail of our lives, or the generous gesture. Both staff and girls were the recipients of Miss Stewart's kindly hospitality.

We shall not forget the simple dignity of the school services, the little talks on thoughtfulness for others at End of Term, the well-turned speeches at Prize-Giving and on other public occasions, with their blend of idealism and sound common sense.

We did not always realise when we visited the study with its beautiful flowers and bright posters, that the Headmistress who always seemed at leisure to receive us, was an extremely busy woman, but we knew we could count on her interest and help.

We hope Miss Stewart's well-earned rest will bring her much happiness.

STAFF NOTES

This has been a year of major staff changes. "The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!"

It was hard to imagine the school without the guiding hand of Miss Stewart, but in May we had to say goodbye to her. Soon afterwards she left, with her niece, for a trip abroad. We wish her many years of retirement as happy and full of interest as this first year of travel will be.

Miss Tyndall, who took over the reins of office in the second term, is no stranger to the school. We welcome her, and count the school fortunate in gaining a principal of such known ability and wide experience.

We were much saddened by the long illness and death in June of Miss Doris Hetherington. We can ill spare so loyal and helpful a friend, and we offer our sincere sympathy to her father and brother.

Miss R. M. Anderson was seriously ill in January, but was able to return for the second term. Mrs Maccoll took her classes during her absence.

Newcomers to the staff are Miss B. E. M. Wall (from Christchurch Technical College), Miss N. S. Brown (from Nelson Girls' College), Mrs K. C. Carter and Miss D. M. Tebay; also three old girls of this school, Miss S. S. Crawford, Miss N. F. Bell and Miss M. I. McCaskill. Miss Crawford has recently returned to New Zealand after obtaining the degree of Ph.D. in geography at the University of London.

For the first half-year, Miss P. R. Roberts assisted in the biology department. She then left, with our good wishes, for America as a Fulbright scholar, and her place was taken by Miss M. E. Leonard, and later by Miss J. Baker.

During the first term our good friends Mrs Mackle and Miss Patrick again filled gaps in the ranks. Miss Patrick is now back at home in Edinburgh. She says of her trip, "Only two things happened that might be called out of the ordinary. One that I fell down stairs in a flat calm through pure absent-mindedness and sprained my ankle. The other that we got stuck in a fog at the mouth of the Thames and disembarked a whole day late. That was in a way more annoying, for the sight of our native shores had roused us to a tremendous pitch of excitement. In the end, however, all was well, and I had a great piece of luck in getting a lift from London to Edinburgh in a friend's car. Everything was very lovely and green after the wet summer, and finally I came into Scotland over the Carter Bar with the whole range of the Cheviots spread out before us—a marvellous way to come home again."

"The next thing will be to pull myself together and start work on 28th September. It will be a bit hard to settle down, I think, and it is going to be an awful temptation to spend time talking about New Zealand instead of doing grammar and such things. I feel very much enriched mentally by the experiences of the past year. The geography books have come alive, and thanks to my struggles with 4H Social Studies I was able to look very intelligently at an atoll when we met one on the voyage home."

We have had first hand knowledge of all those who left us last year. Miss Plowman has settled well in New Plymouth and finds the climate pleasant and healthy. Miss Robinson and Miss Clark are sharing and enjoying flat life as well as school life in Dannevirke. Miss Stevenson is contented and busy at Technical College. Miss

Sayers is on Marlborough College Staff but returns to England at the end of the year. Miss Chapman has given up teaching and is now training for the position of buyer in one of the leading Christchurch shops. Mrs Randle has a bonny small son, David.

Miss W. L. Anderson's period of leave has certainly not been one of leisure. She has been studying at the Sorbonne in Paris, and has completed half the necessary requirements for the "Licence". Only one hundred out of seven hundred candidates passed the oral examination for this. She has also taken a course at the Institut Britannique and passed with credit. Fortunately her holidays have been less strenuous. "My father and I toured Ireland for a fortnight in July and we both loved it, despite the weather, which could hardly have been worse. I have vivid memories of the blood-red fuschia hedges stretching for yards along the roads. They were in full bloom and a lovely sight. I shall always picture Ireland too, as the land of donkeys—they are such dear little things with their long ears and patient expressions.

"For our tour in France the weather was, as the weather goes this summer, not bad at all. We travelled over 3000 kilometres so you can imagine we saw some varied countryside. My chief impressions of France are the richness of the crop land in the region just south of Paris, the barren out-of-the-worldness of the Massif Central, the extent of the vineyards, olive groves and tobacco fields in the south, combined with heat, and by night mosquito battles, the colour on the Mediterranean coast, the freshness and beauty of the Alps, the rich pasture land of the Juras, and the green-ness of the Vosges and Alsace generally. I could not tell you how many mediaeval houses and churches we visited, and I mustn't forget the Gorges of the Verdon which were absolutely breath-taking, not only for the colour, but also for their depth. They are the largest in Europe and second in the world only to the Grand Canyon in America."

From Miss Stewart, we have received several interesting letters. From Stresa she wrote: "We had a wonderful day coming through the Dolomites, rising to a height of 8200ft. The driver was a Frenchman, plump and shy, and very good at his job, as he needs to be, on these roads. The courier is an Englishman who is doing a season of this work to pay for his University expenses. He said that this was the first time he had had New Zealanders in his party, and was surprised to find that we spoke English so well. Did he think that Maori was our native tongue? Switzerland was very clean and orderly and friendly, Austria less so, and Italy frankly untidy. And poor old France has lost her sparkle—in the cities anyway. We shall leave the party in Paris, on the way back to England, for we want a few more days there, to re-visit old haunts. And we shall have a day or two in Amsterdam before crossing the Channel."

A letter from Oxford tells of the lovely colleges, with names so familiar to us all. From Oxford they went to Wantage, a bus ride



MISS J. I. STEWART, B.A.

Dip. Guilde Intern. (Paris), Dip. in French of Intern.
Phonetics Assn. (Paris).
Headmistress, 1948-1954.

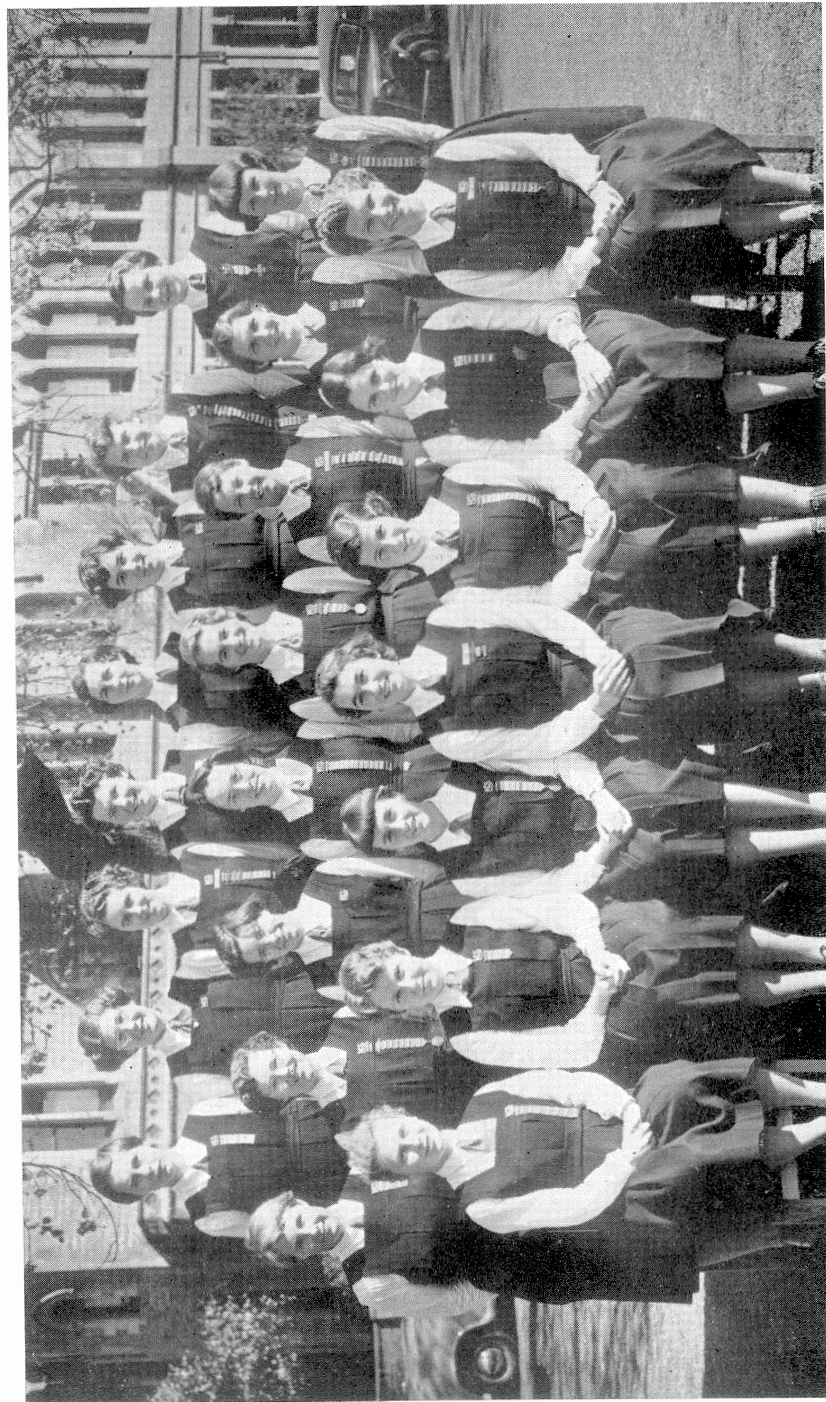


Photo by V. C. Browne

PREFECTS, 1954

Back Row (left to right): G. Cropp, J. Bell, E. Pentecost, B. Armiger, O. Mason, J. Griffiths, G. Hopkinson, M. Scott.
 Middle Row: J. Hosking, G. Rodger, M. Dickson, D. Watt, E. Burns, B. Breward, P. Ward, D. Taylor.
 Front Row: S. Mence, M. Hornby, J. Thom, R. Scarth, M. Banks, L. Marr, J. Dobson.

of fifteen miles, where Sister Helen Patricia (once Headmistress of this school) is now Sister Superior of a large C. of E. boarding school for girls. "We had a long day at Wantage. We saw all over the school—a beautiful hall with a stage at one end for orchestral and choir work, and another stage at the opposite end for drama and projection. The library and art room were good too, and the chapel was lovely. Most of the boarders had single rooms, with hot and cold water. The sisters, in the staff room, were just as jolly as our staff, and told each other the same sort of stories, and were full of vim, though they have to get up at 5.15 every morning, to say their prayers."

Another letter describes the Wordsworth country, where at last the weather cleared. "This morning Lake Windermere is lovely, every hill and tree and cloud and bird reflected in it, in colour . . . Tomorrow we go by train (with three changes) from Keswick to Edinburgh. It is a little like going home. So much will be familiar, and so many relatives and old friends to see."

OBITUARY

MABEL DORIS HETHERTON.

It is with sadness that we record the death of an ex-pupil of this school, Miss Doris Hetherton, who had been a senior teacher of History and English since May, 1950.

With a knowledge of her subjects beyond mere pedantry, and with a vital understanding of her pupils, she challenged them to high endeavour. Ex-pupils, too, found in Miss Hetherton a friend who was still personally interested in their activities and work.

In the staffroom, where she is greatly missed, she was straight in her dealings, punctilious and thorough in responsibility, and generous with her help.

To Miss Hetherton's father and brother we extend our sincere sympathy.

SCHOOL DIARY

November, 1953—October, 1954

NOVEMBER—

- 4—Junior examinations began.
- 6—Prospective University and Training College Students were entertained at the University.
- 13—Show Day.
- 19—The School attended a special screening of the film "The Conquest of Everest" at the State Theatre.
- School Certificate examinations began.
- 20—P.T.A. party for Fourth Form girls.
- 26—Display of work for parents was held in the afternoon and evening.
- Parties of girls visited Lincoln College.
- 27—Old Girls' Party for girls leaving.
- 28—Carol Concert in evening at Civic Theatre.
- 29—S.C.M. service in the Cathedral for secondary school pupils leaving school. The Preacher was Rev. P. O. C. Edwards.

DECEMBER—

- 1—Dr. Eleanor Mears addressed the Seniors.
- 2—Traffic Inspector showed films and talked to the School.
- 7—Prize-giving in Civic Theatre.

FEBRUARY—

- 2—Beginning of school year.
- 20—School party attended a matinee performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at Abberley Park.
- 26—Swimming Sports held at St. Albans Baths.

MARCH—

- 5—Prefects' Party for new girls.
- 11—School attended the film "Julius Caesar."
- 26—Athletic Sports held at Lancaster Park.

APRIL—

- 15-21—Easter week-end.
- 23—Anzac Services at School conducted by the Rev. R. J. Griffiths (Senior Assembly) and the Rev. D. D. Thorpe (Junior Assembly).

MAY—

- 5-6—House plays presented.
- 7—Farewell to Miss Stewart. End of Term.
- 25—Beginning of Second Term. Welcome to Miss Tyndall.
- 29—School party attended a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," presented by the Repertory Society.

JUNE—

- 15-23 Mid-year Examinations.
- 18—Third and Fourth Forms attended a matinee performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the New Zealand players.

JULY—

- 2—Inter-School Sixth Form Forum held at Rangi-Ruru and addressed by Mr Kyaw Than.
- 7—Fifth and Sixth Forms attended 'Schools' Concert by the National Orchestra.
- 10—Sixth Form Dance held at St. Andrew's Church Hall.
- 19—Half-term holiday.

AUGUST—

- 2—Lady Smith addressed Senior Assembly.
- Party of Third and Fourth Form girls gave Concert to the English Teachers' Association at Canterbury College.

- 4—Overseas League Public Speaking Contest.
- 11—G.H.S. v. B.H.S. Netball match.
- 18—Senior Speech Competition.
- Staff v. Prefects Netball match.
- G.H.S. v. B.H.S. Hockey match.
- 20—School attended a matinee performance of the film, "Pickwick Papers."
- End of Second Term.

SEPTEMBER—

- 2-10—Party of Seniors stayed at Ball Hut.
- 14—Beginning of Third Term.

PREFECTS' NOTES, 1954

The Prefects of 1954 have spent a happy, enjoyable year together.

We are very proud of the Head Prefects' Honours Board, which was the Jubilee gift of the Old Girls' Association. Our sincere thanks go to them.

We felt it a privilege to conduct the School's farewell presentation to Miss Stewart. The final Assembly of the first term was held in the Training College Hall so that the whole school could be present and gifts of a fireside chair and a Royal Copenhagen vase were given to her. We are most grateful to Miss Stewart for all she has done for the School and we wish her many happy years of retirement. Miss Stewart very kindly arranged a most sumptuous party, so that we might meet Miss Tyndall. We wish to welcome Miss Tyndall and hope she will be very happy here.

The Swimming Sports was our first public appearance, though we felt we did not receive the recognition we deserved, especially as one of our members was nearly consigned to a watery grave. We hope the Juniors enjoyed our Party for them on March 4th, as much as we did. Arrangements for the School Dance on July 10th occupied much time and meant many conferences in Room 20. We wish to thank the parents for their valuable help. The Netball match between the Staff and the Prefects ended with the Staff triumphant 13-9, and all players were at least able to walk off the court.

We were delighted to find Room 20 painted when we came back in the second term. With the fireplace re-painted and the curtains dyed it looks a different place.

We wish next year's Prefects as happy a year as we have had.

Rhona Scarth (Head Prefect).

HOUSE NOTES

ACLAND HOUSE

Life at Acland this year has been rather interrupted by the retirement of several members of the Staff. We were all very sorry when Miss Stewart left us at the end of the first term and we hope that she has had a most enjoyable trip overseas. Miss Stewart devoted a great deal of her time to us and we appreciate very much the deep interest she took in our welfare. She was presented with a travelling clock on behalf of the girls.

We were pleased to welcome back Miss Morris from her trip overseas, Miss Harding, and Mrs Martin as our new Sub-Matron. Unfortunately she left us again at the end of the second term. We are very sad that Miss Morrish has retired. She has been a wonderful matron and has become part of Acland. When she left at the end of the second term the girls presented her with a coffee set.

I admit that this year we lost both the Swimming and Running Relays. However, the girls all tried hard and Miss Stewart kindly gave us ice-cream for tea as compensation. Our failure in these events was, I think, made up for by the success of our Hostel Dance. This was made possible only by the splendid help we received from the parents and the Acland staff.

In the first term we went to Kairaki for our Hostel picnic. We had a wonderful day and were surprised to discover how sand seasoned our food.

Miss Stevenson's kitten has provided us with a great deal of amusement and I am sure "Acky" has fully appreciated the maternal protection lavished on him.

We are very grateful to our matrons, Miss Morrish and Mrs Maturin, and to our mistresses, Miss Stevenson, Miss Jones, Miss Morris and Miss Harding, for their unfailing care for and interest in us. We wish to welcome Miss Tyndall as our new Headmistress, and we are very glad that she is able to visit us often.

Olwyn Mason (Acland Head Prefect).

DEANS HOUSE

This year has been fairly successful for Deans.

Deans made an excellent showing at the Swimming Sports, where the House gained second place. We congratulate the Senior Champion, Beverley Breward, and Intermediate Champion, Diony Sutherland. Congratulations to Harper for their fine effort!

At the Athletic Sports Barbara Harris won the Senior Championship, we gained third place in total points and finished first in the Inter-House Relay. For this we thank all who took part, especially our Championship girls.

Although we did not win either the Junior or Senior Netball Competitions, we have still hopes for the Hockey. We congratulate Rolleston for their fine effort in the Netball.

This year Rolleston carried off the Wallasey Cup for Drama, our own play, "Mr Twemlow is not Himself" being placed second equal.

Donations for the European girl we have adopted were reasonably good.

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

Meetings this year were promptly and fully attended. We thank all girls in Deans for their enthusiasm and House spirit and wish them every success in the future.

Barbara Harris (House Captain).
Lois Baker (Deputy Captain).

HARPER HOUSE

This year began well for Harper by our winning the Swimming Cup. We wish to thank all the girls who helped us to achieve this success. Our congratulations go to Felice Bullivant who was second equal in the Junior Championship.

Unfortunately we did not excel ourselves at the Athletic Sports but our congratulations go to Rolleston who won the Cup.

In the winter sports our Senior and Junior Netball teams and our Hockey team played creditably.

This year ten guineas was again raised for our sponsored child in Europe.

Our production for the House Drama Cup was "Five Birds in a Cage." We wish to thank all the girls who so ably took part in the play.

The Total Points Cup is out of our reach but we have hopes for the Conduct and Tennis Cups which are still to be awarded.

The House spirit has been very encouraging this year.

Judith O'Malley (House Captain).

Christine Higgins (Deputy Captain).

ROLLESTON HOUSE

This year has been a successful one for Rolleston. Although we came only fourth at the Swimming Sports, we met with greater success at the Athletic Sports when we won the Cup for Total Points. We are proud to have Jennifer Nottage, Junior Swimming Champion, and Gillian Harris, Junior Athletic Champion, in our House.

Because of the hard work of Sybil Mence, producer, and her cast, we were able to win the Wallasey Cup for the Inter-House Drama Competition. Our play was "The Christening," by Gertrude Jennings.

Our winter sports teams were successful again this year. The Senior Netball team and the Hockey team defeated Deans in the final, in a hard-fought match. The Junior Netball team came second equal with Deans.

Unfortunately, our hopes for the Conduct Cup are not very high, but the Total Points and Tennis Cups are still to be awarded.

The girls showed great keenness in subscribing for our sponsored child, Unto Reimo Ranne, and over-subscribed our £10/10/- by £1 which was very gratifying.

The House congratulates Sybil Mence on her splendid win in the Senior Speech Competition.

The attendance at all House meetings this year has been very good.

Rolleston wishes to congratulate the other Houses on their sportsmanship.

Adrienne McKenzie (House Captain).

Ann Dobson (Deputy-Captain).

SELWYN HOUSE

Although we have not had any outstanding successes this year, Selwyn has not failed to uphold its reputation. At the School Swimming Sports we came only third in the total points, but we were narrowly beaten by Deans in the relay. A few weeks later at the Athletic Sports Selwyn finished very close behind Rolleston in the total points. Congratulations go to Beverley French who won the Intermediate Championship and who ran the distances in record-breaking times.

At the end of the first term the Inter-House Drama Competition was held and Selwyn presented an unusual play called "The Last Word." We were placed second equal.

Although the Senior Netball and Hockey Cups were a little out of our reach this year, Selwyn won the Junior House Netball.

Donations for our sponsored child, Franco Rossi, were reasonably good.

Our chances for the Conduct Cup are not very good but our hopes are high for the Tennis Cup. We wish to thank all girls who have helped in House activities; the House spirit was quite encouraging, especially among the Junior girls.

Good luck to Selwyn for 1955!

Lois Harry (House Captain).

Barbara Gates (Deputy-Captain).

SPORTS NOTES

SWIMMING SPORTS

Our Annual Swimming Sports were held on Friday, 26th February, at the St. Albans Baths. We were fortunate in having a fine day with bright sunshine.

No records were broken, but both the number of entries and the standard of swimming were better than average. In the Junior events particularly, girls who were expected to be in line for Championship honours found difficulty in getting into the finals. Because of the higher standard of swimming in the School the distances for several events were increased, and breaststroke events—judged on style only, for many years, to encourage correct breaststroke—were replaced by straight-out races.

The Senior Championship was won by B. Breward with 18 points. F. Robinson and M. Scott tied for second place with 5 points each, the latter's superlative exhibition of diving contributing to her success. D. Sutherland won the Intermediate Championship with 15 points, A Gainsford being runner-up with 5½ points. J. Nottage won the Junior Championship with 10 points, and F. Bullivant and P. Breward were second equal with 6 points each.

School, conceding a handicap, defeated Hostel in the School-Hostel Relay, while Deans again managed to win the House Relay. Form Relays, novelties and non-Championship events were well contested and gave almost 200 girls the opportunity of taking part in the sports.

Harper with 151½ points narrowly defeated Deans with 151 points for the Total Points Cup. Selwyn gained third place with 148 points, and Rolleston fourth with 146½ points.

We should like to thank Miss D. Brown, and Mr J. Breward for starting and judging events; Mrs Tankard, and those mistresses who helped to run the Sports so successfully; and Mrs A. J. R. Warren for presenting the prizes.

Results were:

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

50 Yards Freestyle—B. Breward 1, V. Crowe 2, F. Robinson 3. 33sec.
50 Yards Backstroke—B. Breward 1, F. Robinson 2, B. Harris 3. 37.7sec.
50 Yards Breaststroke—B. Breward 1, D. Rait 2, B. Harris 3. 40.9sec.
Dive—M. Scott 1, B. Breward 2, F. Robinson 3.

INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS.

50 Yards Freestyle—D. Sutherland 1, A. Gainsford 2, I. Attwood 3. 34.2sec.
50 Yards Backstroke—D. Sutherland 1, A. Gainsford and I. Attwood 2. 41.9sec.
50 Yards Breaststroke—D. Sutherland 1, J. Sutherland 2, A. McDonald 3. 41.6sec.
Dive—J. Hopkins 1, M. Hale 2, A. Gainsford and L. Heyward 3.

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

50 Yards Freestyle—J. Nottage 1, E. Hastie 2, P. Breward 3. 34.4sec.
33 1-3rd Yards Backstroke—J. Nottage 1, F. Bullivant 2, M. McDonald 3. 26.3sec.
33 1-3rd Yards Breaststroke—P. Breward 1, F. Bullivant 2, G. Harland and W. Pearce 3. 27.6sec.
Dive—G. Harland 1, I. Henderson and J. Driscoll 2.

NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

33 1-3rd Yards Freestyle, Junior—R. Hopkinson 1, F. Bullivant 2, B. Woods 3. 23.6sec.
33 1-3rd Yards Freestyle, Junior Consolation—A. Peaston 1, A. Connal 2, J. Gainsford 3. 25.7sec.
33 1-3rd Yards Backstroke, Junior—H. Cook 1, B. Crowe 2, A. Lockwood 3. 28.6sec.
33 1-3rd Yards Breaststroke, Junior—E. Hastie 1, M. McDonald 2, J. Nottage 3. 29.2sec.
Senior Novelty—L. Harry and M. Brown 1, H. McGettigan and A. McKenzie 2, J. Thom and J. Dobson 3.
Intermediate Novelty—A. Gainsford 1, A. Clark 2, D. Jarman 3.
Junior Novelty—D. Lunn 1, R. Taylor 2, M. Skinner 3.
Beginners' Width—P. Edward 1, J. French 2, A. Sloan 3.
Neat Jump, Junior—G. Harris 1, L. Allan 2, B. Crowe 3.
Life-Saving Race (Open)—B. Breward 1, L. Heyward 2, D. Sutherland 3.
Ribbon Diving (Open)—C. Higgins 1, D. Lunn 2, J. Nottage 3.
33 1-3rd Yards Old Girls' Race—R. Simpson 1, A. Gilmour 2, J. Peare 3. 24.3sec.
Lower Fifth Forms Relay—VF 1, VL 2, VH 3.
Upper Fifth and Sixth Forms Relay—VIBI 1, VA 2, VIB2 3.
Fourth Forms Relay—IV M 1, IV B 2, IVH 3.
Third Forms Relay—IIIB 1, IIIA 2, IIIF 3.
Inter-House Pyjama Relay (Third Forms)—Selwyn 1.
Inter-House Crocodile Relay—Deans 1, Harper 2, Rolleston 3.
Inter-House Relay—Deans 1, Selwyn 2, Rolleston 3.
School v. Hostel Relay—School 1.
Total Points—Harper 1, Deans 2, Selwyn 3, Rolleston 4.

Beverley Breward VI B2.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

Preliminaries for our Annual Sports were held during the previous two weeks on Cranmer Square, so that only the finals were left for Sports Day on the 26th March.

A fine day favoured competitors at Lancaster Park; seven records were broken and one equalled.

In the Senior Championship, B. Harris broke two records, the 150 Yards and the 75 Yards and also equalled the 86 Yards Hurdles.

B. French broke three records over the 150 Yards, 100 Yards and 75 Yards.

In the 100 Yards Junior Championship J. Forster broke the record, as did A. Keenan in the 100 Yards Junior Non-Championship.

Championship points were: Senior—B. Harris 22, A. MacDonald 8, S. Anson 6. Intermediate—B. French 15, M. Simpson and J. Dash 6. Junior—G. Harris 11, J. Forster 8, E. Hastie and L. Scarth 5.

House Points—Rolleston 143, Selwyn 126½, Deans 121½, Harper 89.

The Inter-House Relay was won by Deans.

School once again was successful in the School versus Hostel Relay.

We should like to thank Miss Eslick for presenting the prizes and all members of the Staff who, both by their organisation and their field work, helped to make our sports a success.

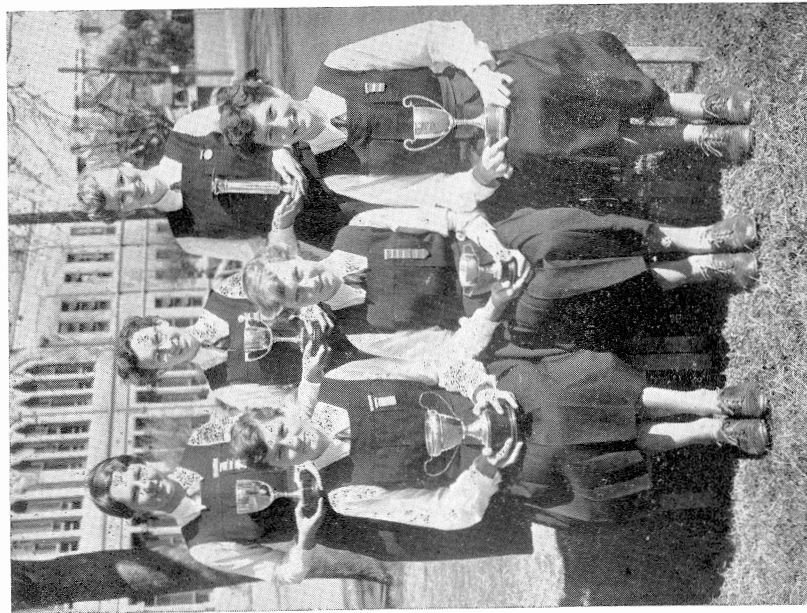


Photo by V. C. Browne
SWIMMING AND ATHLETICS CHAMPIONS, 1954.
 Back Row (from left to right): B. Breward (Senior Swimming), D. Sutherland (Intermediate Swimming), J. Nottage (Junior Swimming).
 Front Row: B. Harris (Senior Athletics), B. French (Intermediate Athletics), G. Harris (Junior Athletics).

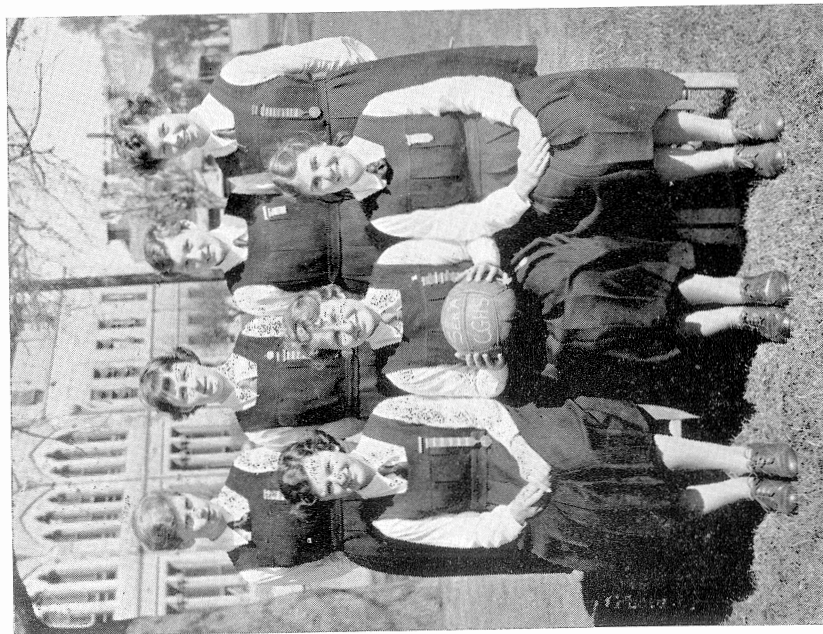


Photo by V. C. Browne
"A" NETBALL TEAM

FORM RELAYS

Third Form Hurdles Relay—IIIB 1, IIIF 2, IIH 3.
 Fourth Form Ball Relay—IVM 1, IVF 2, IVH 3.
 Senior Form Relay—VR 1, VB 2, VIB2 3.
 Old Girls' Race—M. Shepherd, C. Maccoll, S. Smith.
 Little Visitors' Race—

Girls: L. Frankin, P. Beauchamp, J. Brooks.
 Boys: R. Robinson, D. Tyndale, M. Sinamo.

B. Harris, V.B.

NETBALL

The record number taking part in Netball this year was 427, and this shows the interest and enthusiasm of the School was high.

In the Inter-School fixtures all our teams distinguished themselves. We are proud of the Senior "B" and "C" teams who won their grade, while the Senior "A" and Junior "A" came a close second in theirs. The "D" team was placed third in its grade. For these successes a great deal of thanks is due to Mrs Schwarz and Mrs Price who have given up much of their valuable time to coach teams and referee matches. We also extend our thanks to Miss Wilson, Miss McCaskill and Anne Gilmour, a former pupil of the school, for their help during the season.

Congratulations to Rolleston and Selwyn who won the Senior and Junior House matches respectively, also to IIIM, IVB, VA, VIB2, who won the Inter-Form matches.

Of the two highlights at the end of the season—one was the annual match against Boys' High School from which both our teams emerged victorious—the other was the Staff v. Prefects match which resulted in a definite victory for the staff.

We are very grateful to the Senior "B" team who presented to the school a cup for the team winning the most Inter-School matches—to which they have first claim.

TEAMS AND RESULTS

Senior A—G. Hopkinson (Captain), A. McKenzie (Vice-Captain), B. Harris, D. Taylor, E. Reeves, M. Arnold, G. Lethaby.

Senior B—J. O'Malley (Captain), J. Dobson (Vice-Captain), V. Thomas, K. Paterson, N. White, S. Horwood, G. Harris, I. Henderson.

Senior C—L. Sievwright (Captain), D. Sutherland (Vice-Captain), J. King, B. Woods, L. Cooper, A. Dobson, E. Warren.

Senior D—M. Andrews (Captain), L. Marr (Vice-Captain), S. Mackay, C. Spencer, J. McCracken, M. Richardson, R. Scarth, L. Heyward.

Junior A—R. Tozer (Captain), B. Gardiner (Vice-Captain), R. Hopkinson, W. Clark, J. Mogridge, J. Forbes, V. Parker, C. Clarke.

Senior A: Matches played 10, won 8, lost 2.

Senior "B": Matches played 10, won 10.

Senior "C": Matches played 11, won 10, lost 1.

Senior "D": Matches played 6, won 4, lost 2.

Junior "A": Matches played 11, won 10, lost 1.

Glenys Hopkinson, V.I.B.1.

HOCKEY

In most respects this year was a successful year for Hockey. Although there were several wet Wednesdays near the end of the season, the enthusiasm of the girls did not wane. The keenness and promising play of the new girls was very noticeable.

Six teams were entered in the Inter-Secondary School Competition, and most results were consistently better than last year. The following were the teams and results:—

"A" TEAM—J. Harrison, J. Hosking, H. McGettigan, A. Gainsford, L. Harry (Captain), A. Frandsen, A. MacDonald, M. Munro, M. McLoughlin, P. Townsend, E. Taylor.

Matches played 5, won 3, lost 2.

"B" TEAM—D. Lunn, M. Webb, B. Lunn, L. Baker (Captain), M. Robertson, D. Rait, J. Dash, R. Bruce, M. Brown, B. Smith, G. Merrin.

Matches played 7, won 5, drawn 2.

"C" TEAM—J. Goodman, A. Dempster, J. Nottage, P. Smith, J. Robertson, L. Weston, B. Ross, I. Attwood, J. Bell (Captain), J. Strathdee, Mary Brown.

Matches played 7, won 5, lost 2.

"D" TEAM—M. Dalton, C. Warren (Captain), M. Scott, M. Hales, H. Kibblewhite, L. Steffens, H. Wraight, J. Barraclough, R. Taylor, E. Hastie, S. Sheat.

Matches played 5, won 3, lost 2.

"E" TEAM—M. Hornby, H. Frandsen, H. Thompson, C. Howse, A. Lewthwaite, P. Taylor, A. Taylor, S. Eder, N. Wemyss, J. McArthur (Captain), L. Cusdin.

Matches played 7, won 4, lost 1, drew 1.

"F" TEAM—V. Methven, B. Cruse, J. White, M. McLagan, R. Smith, E. Birkett, L. Arthur, V. Tucker, M. Beauchamp, O. Mason (Captain), C. Reid.

Matches played 6, won 4, lost 2.

Near the end of the season Form Six-a-side matches were played. These were very popular and eagerly contested. Many forms entered two or more teams so that it was necessary for games to be played in three sections. Results were:—

Third Form—IIIIH.

Fourth Form—IVM.

Fifth and Sixth Forms—VA.

The final of the House Hockey was keenly contested, Rolleston winning after a very even game.

During the last week of the winter term our 1st XI played Boys' High School. The match was thoroughly enjoyed by all, but the boys won 7-4. A friendly match was also played against Varsity, resulting in a draw, 2-all.

Congratulations go to Ailsa MacDonald who was chosen to represent Canterbury in the Senior "A" Reserve team, and to the others who played in the Secondary Schoolgirls' teams.

We are especially grateful to Mrs Tankard for her invaluable coaching and efficient organisation throughout the season. Our thanks also to Miss Cree, Miss Bell, Mrs Carter and Mrs Collins for their willing help.

Lois Harry, V.A.

LIFE-SAVING

The number of Life-saving Awards gained by the girls last season was exceptionally high—17 gained Intermediate Certificate; 54, Bronze Medallion; 28, Bar to Bronze Medallion; 9, Instructor's Certificate; 13, Bronze Cross; 6, Bar to Bronze Cross; 7, Award of Merit; 1, Bar to Award of Merit; and 1, Distinction Award; the total being 136 Awards.

The numbers of girls passing the Bronze Cross and Award of Merit Examinations have been increasing rapidly over the last few years, and have now reached record figures. The number of Bronze Medallions gained by the school last season was one of the highest in New Zealand, and reflects the greatest credit upon those girls responsible for the instruction. We hope this progress will continue.

We should like to thank Mr Breward for his assistance, and the several examiners of the Royal Life Saving Society for giving so freely of their time in examining our classes.

Beverley Breward, VI.B2.

SOFTBALL

During the last four years Softball has become increasingly popular. The "A" team have won their grade three times and the "B" team theirs twice.

The following are the teams and the results of the matches played by each:

"A" TEAM—G. Atkinson, W. Tindale, A. Gilmore (Captain), M. Arnold (Vice-Captain), E. Pentecost, J. O'Malley, R. Tozer, M. Wilder, I. Attwood and J. Urquhart.

"B" TEAM—G. Harris, B. Harris (Captain), L. Dyer, M. Simpson, L. Gibson, N. Airey, L. Sievwright, L. Steffens (Vice-Captain), R. Stead and L. Eden.

V. Williams, M. Dingwall, L. Miller, M. Webb, L. Hobday and C. Clarke were the emergencies.

"A" TEAM—v. Papanui Technical (G.H.S. won by default); v. Christchurch West (won 14-8); v. Avonside (won 18-1). In the second round the "A" Team v. Papanui Technical (won 16-10); v. Avonside (G.H.S. won by default); v. Christchurch West (won 20-10).

"B" TEAM—v. Christchurch West (lost 18-7); v. Papanui Technical (won 14-4). In the second round the "B" Team v. Papanui (won 25-16).

We should like to thank Mrs Schwarz, Mrs Price and Miss R. Arnold, who have coached us throughout the season.

M. Arnold, V.B.

CRICKET

During the 1953 season two matches were played and won. These games were very interesting but scoring was restricted because of the time limit of one hour for each innings. The team was:—

R. Hosking (Captain), E. Reeves, N. White, A. MacDonald, L. Harry, M. Andrews, I. Milne, D. Taylor, M. Garden, J. Barker, J. Hosking.

Results of matches:—

G.H.S. v. New Brighton District High School—Won 79 runs to 14 runs.

G.H.S. v. Christchurch West High—Won 78 runs to 52 runs.

In the first term of this year an increased number of beginners were given coaching by Mrs Tankard and members of last year's 1st XI who had returned to school. Many of the beginners showed promise and eagerness, so future prospects are bright.

Thanks are due to Mrs Tankard for her work to raise our standard of cricket.

Lois Harry, V.A.

TENNIS

During the 1953-4 season interest in Tennis was high and the enthusiasm of the girls was most encouraging. A popular innovation was the Inter-Form Doubles Competition which was enthusiastically contested, VIA, VR, IVB, and IIIA carrying off the honours.

Of the seven Inter-Secondary School matches played the Senior team won six and lost one. The Junior team won their grade—and this augurs well for the future. There were also six girls on the Under 17 Canterbury Ranking Ladder.

The Third Form Tournament again proved successful and we have some promising juniors. Joyce Watkins was the winner and Margaret Jones was runner-up.

Congratulations to Selwyn, who won the House matches.

1953 Championship Results:—

SENIOR SINGLES: G. Hopkinson.

SENIOR DOUBLES: M. Patterson and G. Hopkinson.

INTERMEDIATE SINGLES: J. Andrews.

INTERMEDIATE DOUBLES: J. Andrews and M. Tyndall.

JUNIOR SINGLES: J. Garrett.

JUNIOR DOUBLES: I. Henderson and J. Vivian.

We should like to thank Mrs Tankard for coaching teams and also for the organising of the Canterbury Under 17 Ranking Ladder Matches.

TEAMS AND RESULTS

SENIOR TEAM: M. Patterson, G. Hopkinson, E. McKenzie, S. Bates, S. Page, L. Cooper, J. Murphy, J. Andrews, J. Thomson, P. Green.

JUNIOR TEAM: J. Garrett, S. Sheat, P. Johnstone, R. Robilliard, I. Henderson, J. Forbes, J. Vivian, S. Burrow, G. Poore, B. Gardiner.

Senior Team: Matches played 7, won 6, lost 1.

Junior Team: Matches played 7, won 7.

Glenys Hopkinson, VI.B.1.

CLUB NOTES

CHOIR

Again this year the Senior Choir, composed of Fifth and Sixth Form girls, and the Junior Choir of Fourth Form girls have had many enjoyable practices. The choir rolls are smaller than last year but the girls are just as enthusiastic and attend practices regularly.

On the 9th August at the Training College Hall the choirs gave an evening of national and part songs to parents and friends. The Junior Choir, being conducted and accompanied by some of its own members, was very warmly applauded. Mr Peters conducted the Senior Choir and gave short explanations of the type of songs sung.

New additions to the Music Library so far this year are two new books of well-known national and part songs (Sing Care Away) and a new book of arranged part songs (Arnold's Song Book).

Senior Choir is beginning on the Carol work for the Annual Concert at the end of the year and will soon start on the songs for the Prize Giving.

To their leader, Mr Peters, the choirs owe much in gratitude and appreciation for the time he has spent in perfecting their work.

The choirs' thanks go to Jennifer Thom and Janet Dobson for handling the library work so well.

Deanna Milne, V.A.



Photo by V. C. Browne

"A" TENNIS TEAM



Photo by V. C. Browne

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA, 1954

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. Club meetings are held every three weeks on a Friday night, with tea together beforehand. Regular meetings for the year began with a welcome to new girls. This year there was a very large first-year group which had to be divided into three study circles under Miss James, Miss McCaskill and Miss Martin.

The first-year groups arranged a Harvest Festival Service in the first term, the proceeds of which were taken to Welfare Children. Later in the third term the Junior Circles hope to arrange a picnic for the group of Welfare Children in whom our S.C.M. takes an interest.

The Upper Sixth Form group invited the Boys' High School members to a combined study group at the beginning of the second term.

Our S.C.M. Club has taken part in several outside activities during 1954. Several girls attended the International Day of Prayer Service, and the Senior Club members have also supported the Inter-school Sixth Form Christian Forum. Three representatives attended the Commissioning Service of the new Student Christian Movement Chaplain, the Rev. D. D. Thorpe, of St. John's Church, Latimer Square.

Girls have represented our S.C.M. Club at two camps this year. A senior camp for Fifth and Sixth Form groups was held at Tyndale House during the May holidays. Several junior girls represented the school at a camp in August at Rangi-Ruru school.

We were very fortunate in having two ex-members of the school S.C.M. to visit and assist us this year. Miss Fay Stock, who is working in a mission school in the New Hebrides, came to speak and show some very interesting coloured slides to the Sixth Form girls. Miss Nancy Ball, from the Solomon Islands, addressed some Fourth Form classes and gave a talk to a lunch-hour S.C.M. meeting. Miss Ball is responsible for the work being done in twenty-two schools covering the village work in one of the largest islands of the Solomon group.

Miss Patrick, one of our leaders and a member of the British S.C.M., returned to Scotland this year. We appreciated having direct touch with the British S.C.M. and the help she gave us was invaluable.

Our regular weekly devotions have been held on Wednesdays in the chapel at Bishop Julius Hostel. This service has been taken by staff members, students and girls.

On behalf of the club members we should like to thank Miss Burns and the other members of the staff concerned for their splendid interest and unfailing support. Let us express to the club our best wishes for the future.

B. Armiger.
E. Pentecost.

LIBRARY

There have been several important changes in the Library since last year. We regret losing Miss Robinson but are very glad to welcome Miss Wall as Mistress in charge. One interesting change in the Library is the re-organisation and re-division of the file. We are grateful to Mrs McKillop, Mrs Carter, Miss Morris and Miss Martin for the time they devote to the Library.

Numbers of new books have again been added to the Library. Junior readers have been especially pleased with the horse and career stories, while the English Literature section has also benefitted. We wish to thank Miss Stewart, Miss Patrick and Miss Corne for their gifts to the Library. We are particularly grateful for the legacy of books donated by the relatives of the late Miss Hetherton.



Photo by V. C. Browne

"A" SOFTBALL TEAM



Photo by V. C. Browne

"A" HOCKEY TEAM

We are glad to see that an ever-increasing number of girls makes use of the Library. This emphasises the inconvenience of being forced to use an ordinary classroom as a Library, although we do our best to brighten it with newspaper cuttings and displays of book covers.

Margaret Banks,
Margaret Hornby, V.I.A.

TRAMP CLUB

The Tramp Club has had over ninety members this year and we have had some enjoyable and successful tramps.

The first tramp was a very popular one and practically the entire club turned up. We went by launch over to Diamond Harbour and tramped round past Purau to Camp Bay.

Not so many went on the second tramp from Halswell round the Summit Road and down the Rapaki track.

In the second term, we went for two very enjoyable outings. First, one to Godley Head where we were allowed to inspect the lighthouse, although almost deafened by the foghorn.

The next tramp was from the Takahe to Governor's Bay and then round to Allendale. We returned over what seemed an almost perpendicular hill to the road and back to the Takahe.

Highlight this year for the Tramp Club was the week-end trip to Pigeon Bay in the May holidays. The party of twelve arrived at Port Levy at about 11 a.m. and then tramped to Pigeon Bay, arriving at the Youth Hostel at about 5 p.m. The next day we went to Menzies Bay and on the Monday returned by the Summit Road to Little River.

Early in the third term Miss Crawford took a big party of girls to see the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Youth Hostel at Arthur's Pass.

Our thanks go to Miss Crawford, who has done so much towards making our tramps a success. We wish also to thank other staff members who have taken an interest in us.

J. Conway.

CAMERA CLUB

At the beginning of this year we had so many members that it was necessary to divide into Junior and Senior groups. However, because of the small number now attending, we have united again.

This year Mr F. McGregor, of the Christchurch Photographic Society, has instructed the Junior group in developing, printing and enlarging. The Seniors were shown the retouching of prints and negatives and the tinting of prints. We have all been shown how to photograph small models and paintings.

The dark room has been greatly improved by the painting of the bench with a special paint that is not stained by chemicals. Mr McGregor procured some new red and amber lamps for us which make our work in the dark room very much easier.

In March we went for a trip to Lyttelton. This was enjoyed by all, especially as the new inter-island ferry "Maori" was in dock. In April we went for an excursion to Hagley Park where we took some very unusual and good snaps. We thank Mr McGregor for his continued interest in our club, and especially for his help at school and on our excursions.

We are grateful, too, to Miss Forne and Miss Lummis, who have shown a lively interest throughout the year.

Janet Ponton.

DRAMA CLUB

1953.—At the final meeting Mrs Dunbar kindly gave us an interesting and informative talk on make-up.

1954.—Mrs Dunbar again judged our Inter-House Drama Competition which was won by Rolleston with "The Christening." Second equal were Selwyn with "The Last Word" and Deans, "Mr Twemlow is not Himself."

During the second term several Third Form and Senior Drama groups were formed under the guidance of Misses Lummis, Bell, Wilson, Martin, and Mesdames Carter and Collins. Although we have not seen many of the plays yet, we have all enjoyed preparing them.

In the third term, Fourth Form groups will be organised and some of the more enthusiastic seniors have already arranged to study and produce "The Importance of Being Earnest" later in the year.

Rosalind Caddick.

ORCHESTRA

This year the Orchestra has grown by two members, and we now have four first violinists, three second, two third, one 'cellist, a pianist, and two new instruments, a recorder and a clarinet. As Miss Lesley Anderson is away, Miss Romola Griffiths, an Old Girl of the school, comes every Monday lunch hour to take orchestra practice. We are most grateful to her for her interest.

We played for the Parent-Teacher Association on 9th August. The programme was divided into two. The first part consisted of "Rustic Dance" and "Morning Song" by Charles Woodhouse, and "Merriment" by Ronald Gray, and in the second more classical part we played "Air from the Water Music" by Handel, "Dance and Musette" by Gluck, and "Melodies" by Joseph Haydn.

We have been asked to play at the Prize Giving and feel it would be a privilege to do so.

Jan Sutherland.

FRENCH CLUB

In the Inter-Secondary Schools' Oral French Competition, held by the Christchurch French Club, Margaret Hornby was second and Dorothy Watt fourth in the Senior Division. In the Junior Division, Diana Jarman was first and Joan Hopkins fifth.

Patricia Edward and Prudence Taylor won the prizes given by the French Club for Oral French in the Third and Fourth Forms.

SENIOR SPEECH COMPETITION

The annual Speech Competition in the Upper School was held in the School Hall on August 18th, and was judged by Mr K. A. Gough.

The subject this year was "That Scientific Achievement has been a greater force for Evil than for Good in the history of Mankind."

Finalists were: Mary Buller, Elizabeth Burns, Susan Carroll, Elizabeth Griffiths, Rosemary Harland, Diana Jarman, Sybil Mence, Elizabeth Thom, Lynn Williams.

The judge placed Sybil Mence first, Mary Buller second, Elizabeth Burns, Susan Carroll, Rosemary Harland third equal, and gave a most helpful and stimulating criticism.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

DECEMBER, 1953

UNIVERSITY NATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP: Sally G. Page.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE: M. M. Banks, J. J. Barker, L. M. Blackmore, E. W. Burns, J. G. Denford, J. M. Dobson, L. M. Forbes, M. J. Garden, R. M. Gilbert, P. M. E. Green, M. P. Greer, B. A. Hale, V. E. Hepworth, M. E. Hornby, R. M. Hosking, P. R. Hyde, J. M. Jack, B. Johnson, B. A. Lindsay, M. E. McPherson, L. A. Marr, B. S. M. Marsh, V. J. Martinson, A. S. Mence, M. E. Parker, M. D. Patterson, S. A. E. Reid, G. Sanson, R. M. Scarth, S. A. Searle, S. A. Smith, B. H. Smithson, B. F. Steel, M. Sutherland, D. L. Taylor, J. A. Thom, M. J. Thomson, J. A. Waters, D. D. Watson, D. M. Watt, L. M. Wilkinson, S. R. Winnicott.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE: B. J. Aldous, M. M. Andrews, J. E. Anker, G. M. Archer, B. D. Armiger, L. R. H. Baker, J. W. Bell, E. M. Birkett, B. M. Breward, R. M. Brighting, N. R. Caddick, P. B. Calder, J. M. Carroll, J. E. L. Conway, G. M. Cropp, J. A. Davison, M. R. Dickson, J. L. Eskett, L. G. Flay, D. J. Foster, A. M. Frandsen, L. E. Frost, E. A. Gilmour, A. M. Gridgeman, R. N. Hampton, R. Harland, G. M. Harris, L. I. Hastings, G. R. Hopkinson, S. F. Horwood, J. M. Hosking, L. J. Husband, J. F. Hutt, D. L. Hyde, D. Y. Jarman, B. E. Keast, A. Lewthwaite, J. G. Laughlin, B. R. Lunn, H. M. McGettigan, J. R. MacKay, A. F. McKenzie, P. A. MacMillan, E. M. McNaughton, O. G. Mason, J. S. O'Malley, G. Z. M. Payne, E. M. Pentecost, V. N. Phillips, H. Pointer, N. J. Preston, M. E. Richards, J. T. Richardson, G. M. Rodger, B. A. Ross, M. B. Scott, F. E. Smith, A. M. Steel, P. M. Stockdale, D. H. Sutherland, J. L. Sutherland, J. Thackwell, L. N. Thomas, V. M. Thomas, A. M. Thomson, H. E. Thomson, P. M. Townsend, M. E. M. Turnbull, J. M. Videon, M. S. Vincent, B. N. Walker, J. A. Walker, B. P. Ward, C. G. Warren, D. L. Watson, N. Wemyss, L. K. Williams, V. W. Willmott, M. E. Woollett, P. A. Young.

SECOND GENERATION

JANICE ANDERSON (III A) is the daughter of Grace Youngson (1929-1931).
 PAMELA BREWARD (III F) is the daughter of Rita Olliver (1921-1926).
 PAT BROOKER (III A) is the daughter of Sheila Titheridge (1927-1929).
 FIONA CHAPMAN (III A) is the daughter of Jessie Spiers (1926-1931).
 JANICE CLEMETT (III A) is the daughter of Florence Sneyd (1921-1925).
 ANNE DONOVAN (III B) is the daughter of Iris Young (1926-1931).
 BEVERLEY ELLIS (III H) is the daughter of Leila Thiele (1920-1923).
 JANET GRIEVE (III B) is the daughter of Joyce Govan (1926-1930).
 JENNIFER HEASLEY (III F) is the daughter of Patricia Baker (1927-1930).
 PENELOPE JOHNSTON (III M) is the daughter of Joan Stephens (1922-1925).
 CAROLE KESTVEN (III F) is the daughter of Ngareta Sunckell (1931-1932).
 BEVERLEY MCGREGOR (III B) is the daughter of Mildred Jackson (1922-1923).
 HELEN McLAUCHLAN (III H) is the daughter of Joyce Godfrey (1920-1923).
 FRANCES MILLER (III M) is the daughter of Sylvia Britton (1929-1933).
 SANDRA MOORE (III F) is the daughter of Constance Woods (1924-1925).
 BARBARA RAE (III H) is the daughter of Alice Piercy (1922-1925).
 JENNIFER RICH (III M) is the daughter of Jean Willis (1925-1929).
 MARGARET ROBERTSON (III F) is the daughter of Barbara Jones (1925-1927).

HELEN RUDD (III H) is the daughter of Winifred Thompson (1926-1928).
 JULIA STEVENS (III B) is the daughter of Phyllis Hoffmann (1921-1922).
 JUDITH STRINGER (III F) is the daughter of Valma Walker (1929-1930).
 JOYCE WATKINS (III B) is the daughter of Phyllis Allen (1922-1923).
 LYNETTE WILLS (III M) is the daughter of Dulcie Howard (1930-1933).

THIRD GENERATION

ELIZABETH BEAN (III B) is the daughter of Enid Jakins (1922-1925) and the grand-daughter of Marian Richardson (1888-1890).
 ALISON BRISCOE (III M) is the daughter of Winnie Wade (1918-1920) and the grand-daughter of Bertha Gee (1884-1886).
 BARBARA DRAKE (IV H) is the daughter of Rhoda Suckling (1928-1930) and the grand-daughter of Isabella Layton-Smith (1899).
 ROBYN LECK (III M) is the daughter of Nancy Jones (1930-1931) and the grand-daughter of Alice Osborn (1888-1892).
 LESLEY SMITH (III A) is the daughter of Mary Shirley (1926-1928) and the grand-daughter of Mary Greig (1888-1889).
 JANE WEBSTER (III A) is the grand-daughter of Gertrude Frostick (1895-1897).

GIRLS WHO LEFT, 1953

Aldous, B. J.	Edmonds, L. M.	Hall, N. F.
Allfrey, J. S. A.	Elliot, D. M.	Hampton, R. N.
Anderson, J. C.	Elliott, P. M. D.	Harbison, F. M.
Archer, G. M.	Elmsly, E.	Harbison, L. J.
Armstrong, B. A.	Erridge, G. J.	Harding, D. I. H.
Atkinson, G. A.	Everest E. M.	Harris, G. M.
Austin, A. E.	Everest, J. A.	Harris, M. C.
Baker, E. A.	Fail, B. A.	Harrison, J. M.
Barker, J. J.	Fawcett, E. A.	Hastings, L. I.
Bates, S.	Fisher, R. E.	Hayman, J. P.
Beattie, D. W.	Fisher, V. E.	Henderson, H. M.
Birdling, P.	Flay, L. G.	Hepworth, V. E.
Blackburn, J.	Fletcher, J. A.	Heslop, C. M.
Blackmore, L. M.	Forbes, L. M.	Hosking, R. M.
Brewer, M. A.	Forbes, M. P.	Hulme, J. M.
Brighting, R. M.	Forgie, G. A.	Hunt, A. M.
Brown, D. M.	Foster, D. J.	Husband, L. J.
Brown, M. C.	Frame, J. A.	Hutt, J. F.
Burgess, M. M.	Frost, L. E.	Hyde, D. L.
Calder, P. B.	Gallagher, C. M.	Hyde, P. R.
Campbell, F. A.	Garden, M. J.	Jack, J. M.
Carpenter, B. R.	Garratt, J. M.	Jackson, A. S.
Carr, A. T.	Gibson, O. L.	Janson, J. W.
Carroll, J. M.	Gilbert, N. R.	Johnson, B.
Charleston, B.	Gilbert, R. M.	Johnson, H. C. R.
Curry, P. E.	Gilmour, E. A.	Johnstone, P. A.
Davies, J. A.	Goodman, I. D.	Killick, L. I.
Davison, J. A.	Green, P. M. E.	Lake, P. A.
Denford, J. G.	Greer, M. P.	Larkins, N. G.
Drake, C. R.	Gridgeman, A. M.	Lindsay, B. A.
Eagle, I. P.	Guthrie, J. S.	McIlroy, J. E.
Eagle, M. L.	Hadley, M. L.	McIntosh, E. M.
Eden, E. D.	Hale, B. A.	MacKay, J. R.

McKenzie, E. A.	Parker, M. E.	Steel, A. M.
McLenaghan, H. M.	Parr, P. G.	Steel, B. F.
MacMillan, P. A.	Partridge, M. G.	Stockdale, P. M.
Macpherson, E. A.	Patterson, M. D.	Strang, H. A. I.
McPherson, M. E.	Payne, G. Z. M.	Sutherland, M.
Mahon, J. M.	Peare, J. M.	Swarbrick, F. J.
Marsh, B. S. M.	Phillips, J. L.	Taylor, J. J.
Marshall, P.	Pickering, E. M.	Thackwell, W. M.
Marshall, P. A.	Pinn, A. E.	Thompson, V.
Marshall, P. W.	Preston, N. J.	Thomson, A. M.
Marshall, V. M.	Quigley, B. A.	Thomson, H. E.
Marston, B. M.	Quigley, E. J.	Thomson, M. J.
Martinson, V. J.	Rees, F.	Thomson, M. R.
Matson, E. A.	Reid, S. A. E.	Vincent, M. S.
May, L. P.	Rhodes, P. E.	Waite, A. M.
Mayson, A. M.	Ritchie, C. E.	Walker, B. N.
Mealings, J. F.	Roberts, K. F.	Walker, J. A.
Mee, N. R. C.	Rowe, J. K.	Warren, E. R.
Metcalf, P. I.	Sambrook, P. M.	Waters, J. A.
Miller, J. A.	Sanson, G.	Watson, D. D.
Miller, N. E.	Searle, S. A.	Watson, D. L.
Milne, I.	Sharman, J. A.	Watson, M. F.
Moody, H. P.	Sheehy, M. M.	Webb, P.
Morgan, A. I.	Sherratt, I. J.	Wilder, M. R.
Murphy, J. H.	Simson, M. R.	Wilkinson, L. M.
Nankivell, P. L.	Smith, D. H.	Willis, B. D.
Nicholas, E.	Smith, F. E.	Winder, R. I.
Nicholson, V. J.	Smith, J. S.	Winnicott, S. R.
O'Callaghan, A. J.	Smith, S. A.	Woods, J. A.
Page, S. G.	Smithson, B. H.	Woollett, M. E.
	Staines, G. F.	Wright, D. M.

NEW GIRLS, 1954

- VI A—Griffiths, J. A. (S.).
 VI B—Blomquist, S. L. (H.), Cook, D. J. (R.), Fussell, B. F. (S.), Jenkin, E. J. (S.), Prime, M. L. (D.).
 V A—Brown, M. E. (R.), Campbell, D. A. (S.).
 V R—Brown, M. J. (R.), Forster, J. M. (R.).
 V L—Ritchie, C. E. (S.).
 IV B—Tremewan, J. (S.), Goodman, M. E. (D.).
 IV M—Browse, S. (H.).
 IV F—McNabb, A. E. L. (S.).
 IV H—Petrie, J. K. (S.).
 III A—Algie, C. R. (S.), Anderson, J. I. (S.), Bentley, D. E. (R.), Blackett, B. A. (S.), Britten, N. J. (H.), Brooker, P. J. (S.), Bulman, S. C. (D.), Burns, C. W. (S.), Calder, J. M. (D.), Chapman, F. J. (S.), Clemett, J. E. (S.), Connal, A. A. (H.), Connor, R. A. (H.), Duke, R. H. (S.), Dutton, J. (S.), Edward, P. A. (R.), Edwards, V. J. (D.), Flygenring, E. (R.), Gainsford, J. H. (R.), Green, P. C. (R.), Hampton, D. M. (S.), Inglis, J. A. (D.), Jankovskis, M. G. (R.), Jenkin, R. E. (S.), McKeown, J. D. (S.), McLagan, M. A. (D.), Markham, P. S. (D.), Meager, J. A. (D.), Mears, E. M. L. (D.), Messenger, H. F. (H.), Miles, P. (D.), Oliver, J. R. (H.), Read, C. S. (H.), Riddolls, M. A. (H.), Rodger, M. D. (R.), Russ, A. M. (R.), Smith, L. H. (D.), Sweney, D. R. (R.), Thomson, G. J. (R.), Webster, J. B. (S.), Wilkinson, H. F. (S.).

- III B—Ashby, P. E. M. (D.), Barberel, E. G. (R.), Bean, M. E. (H.), Best, R. E. (S.), Blair, A. I. (S.), Brash, M. A. (S.), Brown, A. J. (R.), Calderwood, J. (R.), Carn, J. (H.), Chesterman, A. (D.), Crowe, B. (H.), Davison, H. J. (S.), Doak, E. A. (H.), Donovan, R. A. F. (D.), Gibb, N. D. (R.), Good, R. E. (D.), Grieve, J. M. (R.), Hickling, A. R. (R.), Jones, M. L. (S.), Lawrie, M. K., Lloyd, Y. F. (R.), Lowe, A. E. (H.), MacDonald, M. (R.), McGregor, B. A. (H.), McKendry, P. M. (S.), MacMillan, H. M. (H.), McNaughten, I. A. (H.), McPherson, A. J. (H.), Metcalf, A. M. (S.), Miller, M. C. (D.), Muir, P. A. (D.), Parris, B. E. (H.), Parton, C. J. (R.), Pearce, W. L. (S.), Peaston, A. C. (H.), Saunders, R. M. (D.), Stevens, J. M. (R.), Thomas, R. W. (R.), Watkins, T. J. (D.), White, E. A. (R.).
 III M—Baird, J. S. (D.), Barker, C. J. (R.), Beckett, G. A. (S.), Boyd, J. W. (D.), Brighting, J. B. (S.), Briscoe, A. M. (S.), Broughton, D. M. (H.), Buttle, G. L. (D.), Campbell, B. M. (H.), Clark, W. N. (S.), Duncan, J. E. (D.), Forrest, J. (R.), Frandsen, H. A. (D.), French, J. L. (S.), Hamilton, A. H. (S.), Harris, J. M. (R.), Hooper, M. W. (H.), Jenkin, E. F. (D.), Johnston, P. K. (D.), Laybourn, A. M. (D.), Leck, R. M. (R.), Lord, L. J. (S.), Lusia, L. (R.), McAllister, L. A. (H.), Miller, F. E. J. (D.), Mogridge, J. E. (S.), Murray, A. M. (D.), Newell, J. C. (D.), Nesbit, J. M. (S.), O'Reilly, R. A. (R.), Pashby, B. E. (D.), Philipson, M. McF. (H.), Rich, J. J. (S.), Robertson, N. D. (H.), Stoddart, H. F. (S.), Taylor, A. (D.), Tovey, L. M. (D.), Williams, E. A. (R.), Williams, L. M. (D.), Wills, L. M. (D.).
 III F—Adams, V. J. (D.), Allan, B. L. (R.), Anderson, E. R. (D.), Andrews, J. F. (S.), Breward, P. H. (D.), Butcher, M. L. (D.), Cocks, J. E. (D.), Collier, M. (S.), Dasler, M. J. (H.), Driscoll, J. M. (S.), Happer, E. J. (H.), Heasley, J. M. (S.), Heyward, J. A. (R.), Hughes, C. E. H. (R.), Jackson, M. C. (D.), Johnson, C. M. (H.), Johnston, J. (R.), Kesteven, C. J. (D.), Lawn, M. L. M. (D.), McKinley, Y. D. (D.), Manson, R. E. (H.), Meikle, J. W. (S.), Moore, S. M. (D.), Owen, M. J. (H.), Phillips, G. E. (D.), Robertson, M. E. (S.), Roy, J. M. (D.), Ryde, S. F. (R.), Sloan, A. P. (D.), Skinner, M. E. (H.), Smith, B. D. (S.), Stringer, J. M. R. (H.), Taylor, J. I. (D.), Usherwood, N. M. (H.), Waters, M. L. (D.).
 III H—Adamson, R. G. (R.), Ayers, E. E. (H.), Barnes, M. J. (D.), Belcher, L. A. (H.), Bellamy, D. F. (D.), Brown, N. E. (H.), Chisnall, J. E. (R.), Clark, N. P. (S.), Cusdin, L. E. (H.), Ellis, B. Y. (S.), Gardner, M. S. (H.), Hall, A. V. (H.), Hudson, J. M. (H.), Keast, G. M. (R.), McEvedy, H. M. (S.), McIver, D. M. (H.), McLauchlan, H. J. (R.), MacLeod, L. H. M. (D.), Merrin, G. A. (S.), Methven, V. D. (R.), Miles, P. A. (D.), Miller, B. A. (D.), Nuttall, J. E. (R.), Payne, M. M. (D.), Pierce, J. A. (H.), Quigley, H. K. (D.), Rae, B. A. (S.), Rowley, J. S. (R.), Rudd, M. H. (D.), Sanders, J. W. (S.), Scrimgeour, J. M. (H.), Street, P. M. (D.), Taylor, P. (D.), Walton, J. (H.), White, J. M. (R.).

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION, 1954

The sixteenth Annual Meeting was held at the School on the 16th February, 1954. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs A. J. R. Warren; Vice-Presidents, Mrs C. W. Collins and Mr J. E. Milner; Hon. Secretary, Mrs G. G. Lockwood; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs W. Dalley; Hon. Auditor, Mr G. Milne; Committee, Mesdames J. E. Milner, H. T. Saunders, T. A. Tucker, J. M. Dobson, Dr. E. Mears, Messrs C. G. Crawford, G. G. Lockwood, S. W. Young, C. H. Taylor, J. N. Allen; Country Representative, Mrs Miller (Motukarara); School Representatives, The Principal (Miss J. I. Stewart), Miss E. L. Forne and Miss S. Crawford.

Membership for 1954 stands at 326, to the great satisfaction of the treasurer, and there has been a corresponding rise in income and in attendance at meetings which has averaged 200.

Early in the year, a group of parents finished the seating on the Ross site.

As usual, at the end of 1953, £20 was given to the Prize Fund; £10 to the Social Studies Fund, and £10 towards the evening Prize-Giving ceremony.

The Committee has made an attempt to widen the scope of the Association's meetings and to link them with school activities. In July, the girls gave a performance of their two winning house-plays, and in August Miss Romola Griffiths and Mr V. Peters arranged a very delightful evening at the Training College hall by the orchestra and choir. In May, the Association bade farewell to Miss J. I. Stewart, who, by her active help and her guidance, had always been a tower of strength. In June, Miss R. F. C. Tyndall was welcomed, and we wish her success and happiness in the School. At the May meeting, films of the Queen's visit were shown by Mr A. Gainsford, assisted by Miss A. Burns, and Mrs Maccoll. Other speakers for the year have been Dr. Mears, "Sex Education of the Adolescent Girl"; Professor McCaskill, "The Canterbury Landscape—Your Child and You"; and Mr Beaumont, "The Museum and its work in the Schools". To the speakers, the Lady Principal, and to the Staff, the Association wishes to extend its very sincere thanks for their help and co-operation during the year.

In August, more than a hundred parents of Third Form girls met Miss Tyndall and the Staff at afternoon tea in the Drill Room. This has become an annual function and is much appreciated by parents who are glad to meet the members of the Staff who teach their girls.

The Association rounds off its year with the usual social and Fourth Form party.

Although membership has risen this year, it still represents less than half of the school parents. The Committee would urge those parents who are not yet members to join the Association. G. Lockwood, Hon. Secretary.

CHRISTCHURCH GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

The fifty-fourth Annual General Meeting was held at the School on 15th March, 1954, when the following officers were elected for the year:—

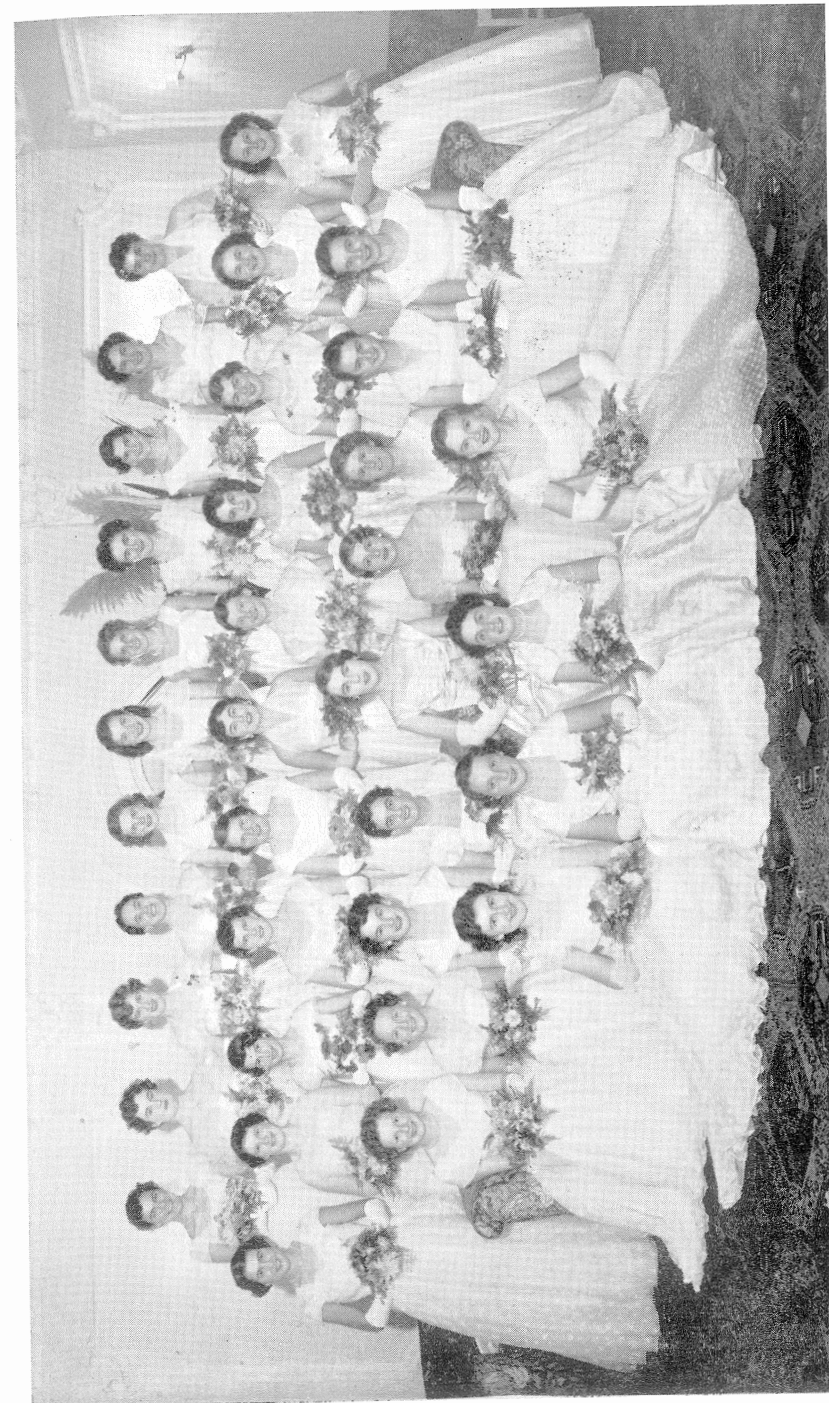
President, Miss O. Eslick; Vice-Presidents, Mrs D. Millar (Dorothy Arnold), Mrs J. Hildyard (Nancy Rice), Miss M. Kissel; Secretary, Miss Margaret Sheppard; Assistant Secretary, Mrs L. Lord (Joy Hitchen); Committee, Mesdames O. Michel (Ruth Harris), J. Kissel (June Stock), Misses J. Mahalm, J. Taigel and S. Page. Community Services Secretary, Mrs N. Greager (Margaret Millar); Trustees, Mrs R. W. Glen (Kuini Marshall), and Miss R. F. C. Tyndall.

The annual membership stands at 296 and the life membership at 497.

The following meetings have been held this year: 1st February, "Evening Out", which was spent at Scarborough; 20th February, Garden Party at Miss I. Milnes' home; 29th April, Farewell Social to Miss J. I. Stewart; 22nd June, High tea at the Mayfair Lounge and Picture Party at the Majestic Theatre; 24th July, in the afternoon at St. Andrew's Church Hall, Annual Conversazione and talk by Mrs B. A. Abbott on "The Life of the Women of India"; 16th August, Progressive Games; 20th September, Floral Demonstration by Mrs F. N. Hitchin; 1st November, Singer Sewing Machine Demonstration; 26th November, Party for girls leaving School.

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

Margaret Sheppard, Secretary.



DEBUTANTES, 1954

Back Row (left to right): Sally Page, Helen Johnson, Elizabeth Matson, Janette Pearce, Philippa Lake, Debie Brown, Lorna Flay, Valerie Hepworth, Beverley Lyndsey, Mary Patterson, Jean Thomson.
 Second Row: Lyndsay Frost, Anwyl O'Callaghan, Isobel Claxton, Barbara Smithson, Pamela Sambrook, Barbara Walker, Louise Milne, Lorna McBeath, Beverley Hale, Merion McPherson, Jocelyn Jack.
 Third Row (seated): Patricia Pellow, Judith Anderson, Shirley Smith, Rose Warren, Jennifer Walker, Doreen Watson, Julie Mackay, Lorna Blackmore, Judith Waters.
 Seated in Front: Pamela Hyde, Barbara Steele, Alison Steele, Judith Phillips.

HONOURS WON BY OLD GIRLS

Master of Arts: Nancy Evelyn Forbes (Second Class Honours in French), Fiona Hope Macmillan, Lyndall Winifred Miller, Pauline Evelyn Wemyss (Third Class Honours in French).

Bachelor of Arts: Jane Aiken, Philippa Clare Alley, Jennifer Marian Barnard, Diana Rae Graham, Merelle Lorna Stonyer.

Bachelor of Science: Margaret Dawn Hanham, Catherine Merle Noble (Senior Scholar).

Diploma in Home Science: Margery Isobel McCaskill.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Faye Stock, after spending her furlough at home in Christchurch has once again returned to the New Hebrides.

Betty Harrison, after two years in England, left for the Continent with two friends, motored to India, and is now working in Calcutta.

Mrs R. Howells (Gwyneth Parry) has received her Doctorate of Philosophy at the University of Cambridge.

Judith Cardinal topped the Dominion in the recent Nursing State Finals. She gained Honours in all subjects.

Josephine Sheppard, Ngaire Watson, Rita Pentecost, Joy McDowell, Dorothy Keen, Janice Donaldson, Ann Williams, Claire Whitmore all passed the May Junior State Nursing Examination.

Barbara Mahalm was awarded a prize for Junior Medicine and Nutrition at the Christchurch Hospital.

Ivy Fife has been appointed by the City Council as a member of the Art Advisory Committee of the McDougall Art Gallery.

Births

To Mr and Mrs R. Clapp (Joye Hanham), at Hamilton, on November 15th, 1953—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs W. Percy (June Woolley), at Fiji, on February 24th, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs J. Logan (Mavis Barrett), on February 26th, 1954—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs J. Forster (Zelma Templeton), on March 25th, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs A. Wright (June Netting), on June 11th, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs F. R. Thomas (Frances Wilson), on July 25th, 1954—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs E. Johnstone (Joyce Tench), on August 10th, 1954—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs Ambler (Hilary McQuarrie), on August 12th, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs G. Miskimmin (Ngaire Down), on August 20th, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs Lord (Joy Hitchen), on September 9th, 1954—a daughter.

Marriages

HANCOCK-BARLOW: On 17th October, 1953, Merline Joy Barlow to Laurie George Hancock.

LORD-HITCHEN: On 31st October, 1953, Joy Hitchen to Lindsay Lord.

RITCHIE-ROBERTS: On 14th November, 1953, June Roberts to Colin Ritchie.

WISELY-HANHAM: On 17th December, 1953, Valmai Hanham to Baughan Wisely.

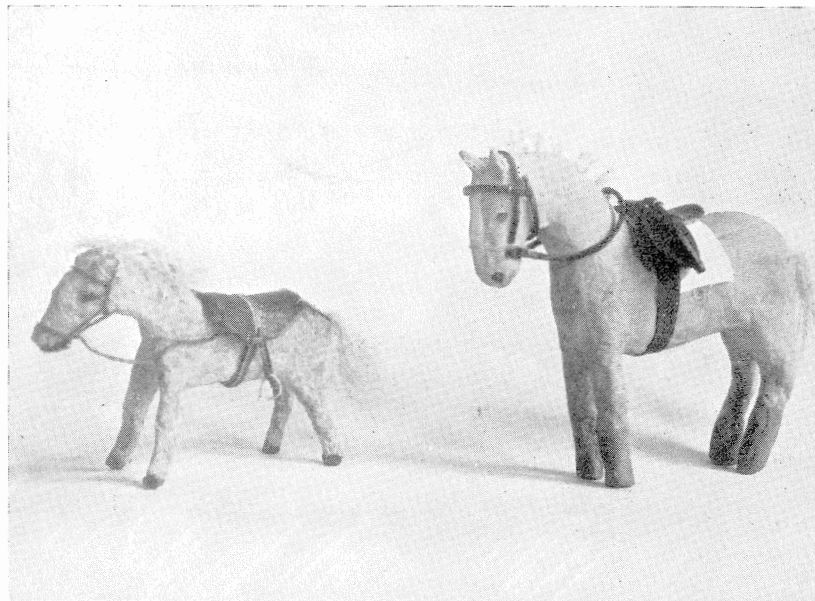


Photo by Frank McGregor.

THIRD FORM WIRE FIGURES.

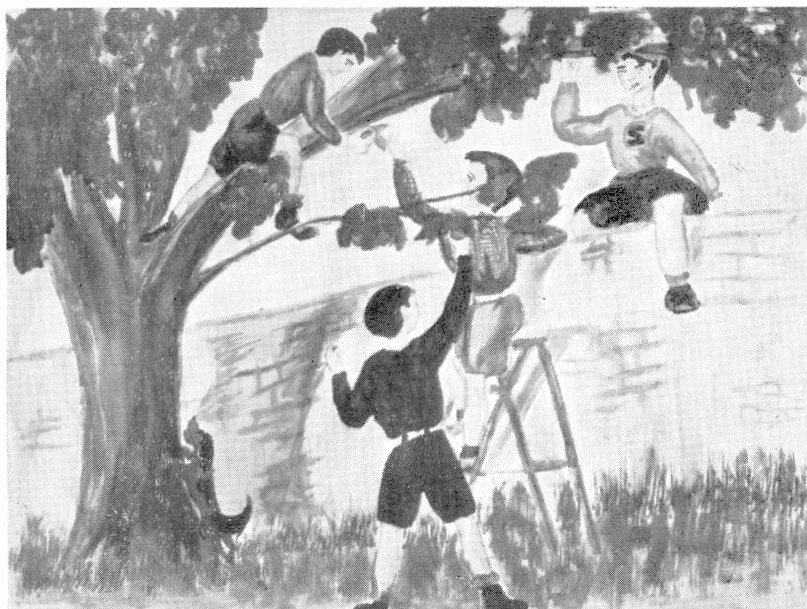


Photo by Frank McGregor.

THIRD FORM PAINTINGS

Jacqueline Meager, III A.—“No baskets needed.”

ELLIOT-JOHNSTONE: On 16th January, 1954, Barbara Johnstone to Gavin Elliot.

GRANT-OWEN: On 4th February, 1954, Elizabeth Owen to Trevor Grant.

TRUSCOTT-MANTON: On 13th February, 1954, Byra Manton to Derek Truscott.

HUNT-CLARKE: On 23rd August, 1954, Dorothy Margaret Clarke to Hugh Peter Hunt.

Deaths

HAMILTON: On 27th October, 1953, Mrs J. B. Hamilton (Kathleen Muff, pupil of the School 1917-1919).

CRAWSHAW: On 20th February, 1954, Mrs E. E. Crawshaw (Elsie Francis, pupil of the School 1905-1908).

BEAVEN: On 11th March, 1954, Mrs A. W. Beaven (Margaret Beath, pupil of the School 1880—1881, 1884).

BRICE: On 11th April, 1954, Mrs Brice (Ngairie Mason, pupil of the School 1942-1943).

HETHERTON: On 13th June, 1954, Mabel Doris Hetherton, pupil of the School 1923-1925, and member of the Staff 1950-1953.

MASON: On 10th August, 1954, Nesta Mason, pupil of the School 1907-1912. Head Prefect 1912; at the time of her death Headmistress of Chilton St. James' School, Lower Hutt.

THANKS

Again we thank the many friends of the School who have helped us this year. We should like to mention Mr K. A. Gough, who judged the Senior Speech Competition; the Rev. R. J. Griffiths and the Rev. D. D. Thorpe, who took the Anzac Services; Mr F. McGregor, for his help to the Camera Club; the Canadian Embassy, for their loan of Silk Screen Prints; and the Examiners for the various prizes.

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with thanks, magazines from the following schools: Auckland Girls' Grammar School, Rotorua High and Grammar School, Waimate High School, Timaru Boys' High School, Wanganui Girls' College, Timaru Girls' High School, Ashburton High School, Waitaki Girls' High School, Avonside Girls' High School, Te Awamutu College, Otago Girls' High School, Napier Girls' High School, Epsom Girls' Grammar School, Wellington East Girls' College, Southland Girls' High School, Rangitikei School, Papanui Technical College, Christchurch Technical College, St. Margaret's College, Takapuna Grammar School, Carrington Hall Students' Association, Seddon Memorial Technical College, Whakatane High School, Wallasey High School, Nelson Girls' College, Otahuhu College, Palmerston North Girls' High School.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Childhood memories stay in our hearts as special treasures, and bring smiles to our lips as we think of them in later years. I shall always cherish the memories of my first Christmases when I was sure there was a Father Christmas.

I remember that quite a long time before Christmas, when the whole world around us seemed to turn into white billowy softness, we would be told wonderful stories of the Christmas Child and the Angels who stood by the head of a good child's bed and threw golden sand into her eyes to give her deep, restful sleep and golden dreams. We children, with all the excitement possible, would write letters to Father Christmas, asking him for the things we most wanted. These letters, written with great care and love, would be placed under our pillows or in a special place where an angel was sure to find them. And of course we always tried to be on our best behaviour as we wished our names to be in Father Christmas's "Golden Book of Good Children's Names." We also started to learn to recite or sing for Father Christmas.

With great excitement and almost bursting with joy, we would sit around singing carols and gazing up at our wonderful huge Christmas tree. I can almost see it now; covered with dainty colourful bells, stars, balls, misty sprays of Golden Angels' hair, the glistening chains and stars representing silvery moonlight, little figures of angels, sweets, nuts, glazed ginger biscuits and dozens and dozens of colourful burning candles, reflecting their golden rays on to the fragile glass and crystal ornaments. This specially joyous and holy feeling and atmosphere can only be obtained in a world which is covered with feet and feet of soft snow glistening in the moonlight and filled with the distant sound of church bells. I shall never, never forget it.

Then we would all be waiting around the Christmas tree for Father Christmas to come. We knew he had a long, long way to travel from amongst the soft clouds, and had hundreds of good girls and boys to visit. We knew he would arrive amidst jingling of sledge bells in a sledge drawn by a great number of reindeer.

Suddenly there would be a knock at the door and Father Christmas would walk slowly in with a huge bag on his back, simply bursting with wonderful things such as dolls, trains, books, sweets and toys of many descriptions. We then sang or recited to Father Christmas, sat on his knee and talked to him till it was time for him to go. He would leave amidst joyful carol singing, promising to come back next year if we were as good as we had been that year. We would wave to him with hearts full of happiness, these words ringing in our hearts and minds, "The Christmas Child has not forgotten us."

V.S., V R.

CLOUDS

Clouds drifting ever onward through the arc
Of sky, as drifts through sleep a fleeting dream:
Clouds racing, striving, silver-tipped and dark
Through thunder-stricken skies where furies play;
Clouds thrown like swansdown on a bowl of cream,
Pink-flushing in the sun of early day.

At sunset, clouds in splendour, burning, gold,
Where birds wheel, black against the fiery sky;
And pallid clouds that cluster and enfold
The mountains. Every cloud is Beauty's art—
Changing, lost forever to the eye;
Remaining but a memory in the heart.

C.E.D., V A.

THE BUTTERFLY

A beautiful insect,
The butterfly,
She goes flitting past,
A flutterby;
With beautiful wings
And colouring gay
She sits in the sun
Or loves her play:
She lays her eggs
On green cabbage leaves,
Dancing and swaying and
Rocked in the breeze.

R.D., III A.

JOYS OF THE WILD

I shut my book with a slam and tossed it down on the camp-stretcher. How could I possibly resist that seagull, wheeling and mewing above the tent? The wind rustling in the yellow lupin, and the muffled thunder of the sea added their appeal—and I needed no second bidding!

Those Christmas holidays our family was camping at Kairaki beach in a secluded clearing in the scrub. The weather had been glorious, and that day was no exception. Having told my family I was going on an exploring ramble, I collected my notebook and pencil, my old straw hat, and an apple to keep me from absolute starvation. As I picked my way carefully across the grass—I had forgotten my sandals—the seagull completed its final circle, and glided lightly away towards the beach, as though leading the way.

The path I took led through sandhills covered with wild lupin bushes and young pine trees. Almost everywhere I looked, fine white spiders' nests adorned the scrub. Some were covered with little holes indicating that the young had already crawled away. And what were those marks in the sand? Of course, rabbits' footprints! I had seen a brown rabbit scuttling away through the undergrowth just that morning. If only the sand had been wet, I might have been able to make a plaster cast. Suddenly I heard a high, piping whistle which I recognised as a grey warbler's. Sure enough, there was the little fellow himself, flitting and darting in front of me.

Now the track opened out into a sand valley, with clumps of tussock rippling in the breeze. From here I could see the vast rolling sands and crested seas stretching to infinity. Not a sign of human habitation marred the peace and beauty of these wild solitudes. How gloriously, gloriously free! My heart leapt to the skies, and any cares I had had, slunk away through my toes.

In a moment all my suppressed exhilaration burst free. I was drunk, drunk with pure joy and freedom; I had been intoxicated by the sea, the sky, the tussocks and the gulls! I tossed my old straw hat in the air as I madly ran, or rather flew, down the warm sandhills. Who was there to care that I sang at the top of my voice and acted like a mad hatter?

The hard wet sand tingled under my bare feet and I could feel the wind in my streaming hair. A flock of white-fronted terns seemed to feel the same way about life as I did, as they wheeled and soared in perfect harmony. Anxious not to "miss the bus" a greedy black-backed gull swooped down, only to the disappointing discovery of no food. When each rippling wave rolled back before it rippled in again, it left a stretch of soft sinking sand. What a delicious sensation

to squelch in it, and make foot-prints on sand which might have lain once on Hawaii's golden shores!

At last I sobered a little. As I sprawled in the sandhills, I dug my feet into the soft sand and watched it trickle out between my toes. In front of me, I had a free display in miniature of the principles of erosion.

Lying on my back I dreamily watched the fluffy white clouds drifting lazily across the deep blue expanse. Why, that one was almost shaping into the North Island! Did Maui really fish it up from the ocean depths? I would have flung it back if I had been he. Not that I really cared! All the same . . . And so my thoughts and fancies roamed on.

Suddenly I was roused from my dreams by a shrill whistling cry. For only a moment was I startled, for glancing up I saw a flock of pied oyster-catchers formation-flying. For some inexplicable reason oyster-catchers in flight send a peculiar thrill up my spine.

Already, the sun was sinking well down into the West and the lining of every cloud blazed red and gold. Every foamy wave sparkled with a golden crest. Sorrowfully I realised that I must soon return to camp.

Turning from the glory and radiance, I gazed in the opposite direction at a contrasting scene. A land of mystery and shadows unfolded before me, and an aged pine stood out in black, forbidding silhouette. Against the fading blue sky, purple cloud streaks tapered finely into the dim and misty distance.

As I surveyed all this from a sandy peak, I felt buoyed, elated and strangely purified by the magic of Nature. And even if I must leave now, it would all be waiting here tomorrow.

Ah, how delicious! My mouth watered and my nose twitched, for as I neared the tents, the smell of sausages and bacon frying over a camp fire wafted to me on the breeze.

I became aware of a dark shape soaring above me, and mewing gently—yes, my seagull . . .

J.A.C., IV A.

SEAGULL

Symbol sweet of freedom and of joy,
Bird of rocky coast and sandy shore,
When I watch you soaring to the skies
I cast away my cares and with you soar.

Against the azure heavens just a fleck;
Now circling down towards the golden sands,
Gliding with the fresh and salty winds
That sweep across the sea from distant lands.

What acrobatic tricks you can perform
Turning, twisting, curving with such ease:
How lithe and slender is your body white
Swooping, diving towards the foamy seas.

Skimming lightly over crested waves,
Floating, rising, falling on the swell,
Alighting gently on the glistening beach,
Overturning seaweed, stone and shell.

Infectious is your eager zest for life
Which I have caught from watching you today;
You leave behind intoxicating joy
Within my heart, although you sail away.

J.A.C., IV A.

THE NECKLACE

Bridget soon decided she loved her grandmother more than anyone else in the world. She had only met her grandmother for the first time yesterday, but the comparative brevity of their acquaintance mattered not at all. Bridget simply could not help vowing herself body and soul to the service of this wonderful, laughing grandmother who smelt of such a fascinating perfume, who played the piano and sang so beautifully, and whose eyes and voice spoke only her adoring love of her two grandchildren, albeit she often spoke in a strange tongue. For grandmother and grandfather—who was also very nice, of course, but rather scared Bridget because he had a bristly moustache and was a Professor of Mathematics—Bridget was hopeless at sums—grandmother and grandfather were German and had been allowed to visit their English son-in-law and grandchildren only for three weeks, as a special concession.

The first few days of her grandparents' visit seemed to Bridget to be all laughter and music and caresses and being called "Liebe Kleinele." Every morning the grandparents would give Bridget and her young brother Richard new presents; tiny carved dwarfs, rabbits and Christmas angels—grandfather even gave Richard a real boomerang, and on Tuesday, the fourth day of the visit, grandmother called Bridget into their bedroom and unlocking a little jewel box, she took out the most beautiful necklace Bridget had ever seen. It was a very narrow silver chain and each of its tiny links was worked in the most wonderful twisty shapes. "It comes hundreds of miles from a little village in the Black Forest to tell you of my love," said Bridget's grandmother. "You will take great care of it, nicht wahr?" Bridget couldn't reply. Never had she seen, let alone possessed, anything so beautiful. The necklace was quite utterly perfect said her fingers, caressing the delicate chain.

That was Tuesday's first wonderful happening. Shortly after breakfast Bridget's very best friend Susan rang up to say she'd actually swum three strokes in the baths yesterday, and to celebrate the feat her parents were taking Susan out for lunch to a "posh" restaurant in the city, and would Bridget like to come too? Bridget was again almost too thrilled to say "Thank-you." Not only would she have a grand dinner with Susan's jolly parents, but also a marvellous opportunity to show off her new necklace.

When Bridget, plus the necklace, at last arrived at Susan's place, it was too early to set off to the restaurant at once, so the two girls romped on the lawn and took turns on the swing to "work up an appetite." Once at the restaurant, Bridget could think of nothing but the glorious treat her tongue was getting. Potatoes mashed in *real* butter and chicken salad were indeed Olympian fare in the utility England of food rationing, but the dessert was the lunch's crowning glory. It was "Peach Melba", and Bridget felt just like a duchess at the Ritz as she swallowed spoonful after spoonful of the delicious confection. Never had she had such a wonderful day in her life! It was a million times better than all her ten birthdays and Christmases rolled into one. First of all the perfect necklace, and now "Peach Melba!" Bridget combined the two by putting another spoonful of Peach Melba into her mouth with her right hand, and feeling for the silver necklace with her left. Immediately the dessert in her mouth tasted like sawdust and she felt she was going to choke . . . her necklace was no longer there!

Susan's parents took one look at Bridget's by now almost green face and asked what was the trouble. Lunch was immediately finished and the party retraced its footsteps home, looking always down at the pavement in case Bridget had lost her necklace on the way to the restaurant. They scrutinised every blade in Susan's lawn, but still the necklace couldn't be found. At last Bridget went home.

"Yes, thank you, I had a simply glorious time," she said to all enquiries. "Yes they all thought the necklace was simply lovely, yes, I've just put it upstairs in my handkerchief drawer to keep it safe." She was feeling quite sick with fear lest they discover anything was wrong, but they didn't.

When Bridget went to bed that Tuesday night she suddenly remembered how beautiful the necklace was and how she'd lost for ever the only perfect thing she'd ever possessed—ever since its loss she'd felt nothing but a growing terror lest her grandmother should find her out and never love her again, but alone now in bed, Bridget cried and cried because she thought that perfect beauty had gone out of her life for ever.

The following days passed with torturing slowness. Before Tuesday, Bridget had always been skipping at her grandmother's side, showing her all her secret places in the rambling old garden, or learning lovely new German songs on the piano, or just telling her about her everyday life at Prep. School. But now Bridget hardly dared look at her grandmother's face because she winced at the sad glance of her grandmother's reproachful eyes dumbly asking why Bridget now always pleaded, "having an awful lot of homework," or "simply got to tidy my bedroom."

The next fortnight was one of the most wretched Bridget had ever experienced. She was terribly sad at having lost the beautiful necklace in the first place, she was terribly afraid her grandmother would hate her if she found out, but Bridget also now began to feel another emotion, that of the most bitter resentment. Why had she ever been allowed to experience this wonderful love between her grandmother and herself, why had she ever been given the silver necklace at all if they were both to be heartlessly snatched away from her so soon?

"I don't believe Jesus is loving or kind at all, it's just lies," she muttered bitterly to herself at Sunday School that week. What was the good of praying? Bridget had been silently praying to find her necklace again almost continuously since its loss, and nothing had happened. What was the good of living in the first place if one had to be happy only to have all one's happiness destroyed?

Every night-time, when her grandmother came to sing her to sleep, Bridget longed to tell her everything and implore her to go on loving her even though she had lost the necklace, but every time Bridget felt too afraid, and every morning she woke up with heavy misery still in her heart.

It was the very last day of the grandparents' visit and throughout the long day Bridget was desperately thinking how she might put everything right again at the very last minute. When her grandmother came to kiss her good-night she sang Brahms' lullaby, "Guten Abend, Gut' Nacht" to Bridget, and when it was finished and she was preparing to leave, Bridget suddenly heard herself say, "Grossmama, I have lost the necklace," even before she'd finally made up her mind to confess. She began to cry.

"Lost the necklace? Ach, that is very sad, nicht wahr? But it is no crying matter. When I go back to Germany, I'll see the silversmith in the Black Forest and ask him to make you another one. Will that make you happy again, meine liebe Kleinele?"

And then Bridget hiccupped and explained that she wasn't crying just because she'd lost the necklace, but because she was so afraid Grossmama would never love her again. Her grandmother could only kiss her a hundred times and tell her in a funny mixture of German and English that the necklace was only its symbol and not the actual love between them at all. A thousand necklaces could be lost, but the love would endure.

Then she was silent. The two of them just sat quite quietly next to one another on Bridget's bed, and Bridget's faith in love, in beauty and in human goodness was miraculously restored.

SUPERSTITION

Golden wattle,
 Little tufts of yellow fluff;
 Feathery, fairy, sulphur dust.
 The softly singing wind
 Blows through your cool green fronds,
 And on your old gnarled trunk.
 How could there be the superstition
 That you bring bad luck
 In a house?

C.B., III A.

DRAGON-FLY

A Dragon Fly upon my knee is sitting looking up at me,
 He seems to be in an awkward fix with his little legs like jointed sticks,
 With two of them he rubs his head—
 His eyes are brown, his mouth is red,
 His wings are coloured like the rain;
 He lifts them and flies off again.

A.H., III H.

The RESTORATION OF NATIVE BUSH NEAR CHRISTCHURCH

"Out of an intense and inborn love for the beautiful forest and plant life of this country, I have worked unceasingly for the setting aside and protection of all the remaining areas of bush which this road will make accessible to the people."

Those were the words of H. G. Ell of the Summit Road, who for more than thirty years worked to fulfil a dream. Before his death in 1934 he had restored some of the bush on the Port Hills, battled against odds to construct a road along the summit, and built three rest houses for the benefit of trampers who enjoyed roaming the hills and admiring the scenery.

After Mr Ell's death, the Reserves Department in conjunction with the Summit Road Scenic Society, carried on with the restoration of the bush. Approximately three hundred acres have been planted with many thousands of New Zealand natives—matipos, kowhais, veronicas, pines, pohutukawas, manukas, at Victoria Park. Another 200 acres takes in Thompson's Park and Skellerup's Reserve, both of which border the Summit Road. At the time of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation a new park was dedicated, this being called "Elizabeth Park". With the planting of many thousands of New Zealand shrubs and trees in this area, there will be continuous afforestation from the Sign of the Takahe to the Sign of the Kiwi, although it will be many years before the trees will have grown sufficiently for us to appreciate their full beauty and grandeur.

C.R., V L.

TO A PIED FANTAIL

Breast of buff and back of brown
 Spreading tail of white;
 Never resting, ever flitting
 In and out of sight.

Always cheerful, always lively,
 Full of joy are you;
 Merry chatter of no matter,
 Latest gossip, too.

Through the sombre, silent forest
 Twittering, you dart
 Gathering and spreading news,
 And twitt'ring still, depart.

Darting up and swooping down,
 Snapping moths and flies:
 Little dappled restless cloud
 Against leafy skies.

Never can the thoughtful pigeon
 Cast a solemn spell
 O'er the bush-clad mountain valleys,
 If you're there as well.

Breast of buff and back of brown
 Spreading tail of white;
 Never resting, ever flitting
 In and out of sight.

J.A.C., IV A.

VERDICT

It was one of those days when the smallest happening will send the imagination racing up and down the range of possibility. As Louise sat in the small white-painted room the pungent smell of disinfectant prickling her nostrils, she watched faces. Faces which showed fear, boredom, even surprise. Nervous but restrained conversation flowed through the room. These were people awaiting a verdict, the finding of a tuberculosis examination. This was the second X-Ray and Louise was one who had been recalled for a second photograph, by a short commanding note.

Louise got up, took her comb purposefully from the outside pocket of her satchel, and threw her navy-blue blazer down on the creaking wicker chair, and walked to the mirror. It was one of those mirrors with a cigarette advertisement pasted on the top, and in the small area of remaining glass Louise had the impression of a distorted and seemingly pallid face. She combed her hair forcefully, intentionally avoiding her own eyes.

The nurse in charge had told them that the doctor would be ready in a few minutes, but already half an hour had passed.

"I expect they're deciding where to send us . . . I wish I hadn't seen 'Iris'. Somerset Maugham made a gloomy picture of a sanatorium . . . wonder if New Zealand ones are better? . . . I'll write a novel . . . several . . . become a famous author . . . It will be a shame not to go to University, I was looking forward to getting a degree."

From where she sat, Louise could see emergency patients being taken into the Casualty Ward opposite.

" . . . Pity I'm not a casualty—probably be over faster—this might mean a lifetime in a sanatorium. Most tuberculosis patients die a lingering death . . .

... No more swimming! I was hoping to get into the Club Tournament team. Why did I ever make such a fuss about training?—it wasn't really bad."

The air had grown suddenly cold. Louise went back to her chair and put on her blazer, fingering the red monogram on the pocket.

The others were silent now. The waiting, the suspense, combined with the antiseptic atmosphere had subdued them.

"... Footsteps!"

The door of the waiting room opened slowly. The drill-clad doctor moved into the centre of the room. Louise gritted her teeth behind a forced smile. She looked at the hospital linoleum and covered a worn patch with the toe of her shoe.

"We had to check up again—you all moved a little in the first X-ray. You are all quite clear, so we won't need you again. Good afternoon!"

M.P., VIB.1.

"CULTURALLY SPEAKING"

"In some countries, notably Germany and Italy, the cultural capital was not the administrative capital—Munich and Florence had achieved cultural leadership over Berlin and Rome. It was possible that Auckland might become New Zealand's cultural capital, leaving Wellington to be the administrative Berlin."—Mr M. K. Joseph, from *"The Press."*

For Plunket, Ranfurly and such bric-a-brac
O sportsmen! fight no more on field or track,
but let's hold a contest to decree
which shall be our cultural city.
(Pray forgive the rhyme
if at any time
it goes into decline).
Now cities, here's your chance
your reputations to enhance
and prove who's culturally in advance;
whose actors most oft do cry
to school-parties and the sky
the works of Shakespeare, Shaw, and Fry;
whose music is least out of tune,
who's printed most poetry since June.
So cities, to your task.
Wear not modesty's bashful mask,
but let's bring the glory home,
not to Auckland-Athens, but to Christchurch-Rome.

M.H., VI. A.

MY BUS COMPANIONS

I pulled myself up on to the bus with the aid of the side rail and handed my ticket to the bus driver, who snipped it and handed it back to me with a smile. I then walked or should I say, tried to walk, down the narrow passage, clutching wildly at the rails as the bus started up and jerked with the changing of gears. As I went I collided with various passengers, and after apologising most profusely to each one in turn, I finally reached a vacant seat at the back of the bus. I sat down, red-faced, tucking my satchel behind my legs and tried to calm down a bit.

Next to me a dark, intense-looking youth was holding forth on the subject of Jane Austen to a frankly bored, young girl who was dressed in a light-blue

gaberdine suit with matching beret and gloves. By concentrating I was able to shut off extraneous noises and listen.

"Trivial. There's nothing to her writing, Diana. Just a hotch-potch of village gossip. She was the most limited writer of the eighteenth century and that's saying something!"

"Of course she was limited." That was the girl in the blue suit. "Nobody realised that better than Jane herself, but, unlike most of us, she accepted her limitations, positively flaunted them. Limitations or not, I adore her novels!"

The young man lapsed into silence, looking very sulky, and the girl watched the houses as they flashed by.

I then had the feeling that someone was staring at me and looked round to see a grubby-kneed little boy of eight or nine years regarding me very intently. From the amount of mud on his clothes and body it was evident that he had been playing rugby. His two companions on either side of him were equally muddy and the little, round tubby one was staunchly sticking up for Canterbury, while the one whose hard yellow eyes peeped from under a shock of straw-coloured hair decried Canterbury, saying that they would not have a chance against the "Swedes". The grubby-kneed boy remained neutral saying at intervals, "Wait an' see!"

Opposite this group on the other side seat was a small well-scrubbed boy, who took a stump of a comb and parted his hair. He then brushed down his jacket, examined his knees, smoothed his socks over his garters, and prepared to alight.

"Fauntleroy hisself," jeered a young man in a sunburst tie, to his companion.

The small boy appeared not to have heard, but as he stepped down he made a pointed and unprintable remark. It took the young man a second or two to reconcile what had been said with the boy's pale prim face. By then the boy was lost in the dust which the bus left behind it.

The men further up in the bus could now be heard talking of the "Saturday Meeting."

"Confidentially," said one in a loud penetrating whisper, "Desperado's a cert." At this moment my stop came into view and I pulled the cord, and when the jolting and squeaking of the bus subsided, I alighted.

As I walked homewards, I thought how fascinating my journey home each night was.

K.P., V A.

WORDS

Words!
Words of kind intent
Have kaleidoscopic colours
And sing magic melodies.

Words!
Words of cruel talk
Have a bitter caustic sting
And harsh, destructive powers.

Words!
Gossamer, ephemeral,
Fragile waves of sound,
Carry with careless delicacy
The striking hardness of steel.

E.B., VI A.

HATS

Although school uniforms do, to a certain extent, make all the pupils of the same school look alike, individuality is found, especially in felt hats, which are an important, even an indispensable part of our school attire. Most hats are very alike when new, but after they have survived one, two or even three winters, they are individuals.

Old hats can be divided into classes. "Shovel" hats are perhaps the most common, their peculiar features being the high narrow crown, and systematically waving brim.

"Petit" hats are also frequently seen; they are the type that cannot stand up to Christchurch fog, and shrink until they barely fit. Their brims invariably turn sharply up at the back and down at the front, sometimes indeed so sharply that the wearer cannot see under them.

There is also a type of hat which has, according to the owner, a brim too stiff (or too soft) to turn up, and which must be worn with the brim a straight line all round.

A few unfortunate individuals own hats which have been bought to allow for shrinkage but which have not shrunk.

These hats must try their owners severely, because if, like other hats, these would shrink, they would fit perfectly.

"Bonnet" hats, which are merely corruptions of the "Petit" style, fit closely to the head, but instead of turning down at the front they fan out, framing the wearer's face, then sweep back and turn up at the back.

There are many other varieties, but none as easily definable as the ones mentioned above, and of course there are many girls whose hats are definitely unique. However, officials should be thankful that they do not have to contend with beret styles. As far as felt hats are concerned, they themselves decide the way they are to be worn, they refuse to fit at any other angle, and the owners have no choice but to adopt the dictated style.

E.T., V S.

TO MUSIC

"Music hath charms." I wonder who
The poet was who said that. Too,
I wonder if he ever rose
With frozen fingers, icy toes,
To practise scales before 'twas light,
With wrath the grinning keys to smite;
Quite loathing his pianoforté,
So smug, so polished and so haughty.

To make of me a great musician
Is my fond mother's wild ambition.
So here I sit and yawn and shiver,
My nose is red, my nerves a-quiver.
"Music hath charms?" Oh, wretched man!
I'm sure his poems didn't scan.
No charms in it can I discover,
In short, I am no music lover!

M.B., V A.

HATS.



A "Shovel" hat.



A "Petit" hat.



Bought to allow for shrinkage.



It won't turn up!



A "Bonnet" hat.



Definitely unique!

E.T., V S.

EARLY MORNING MAGIC

Luring, fascinating, the flat sands stretched
 Into the distance, unbroken, save
 By the cloudy water of an estuary.
 Behind me lay the imprint of my feet,
 Where I had dug my toes into the cool
 Squelching mud. Here a terrified crab lay
 Round-eyed and helpless, exposed to the sky.
 There a kingfisher, a stray streak of blue,
 Dived from its high driftwood branch to the shore
 To scoop a water snail up in its bill,
 And dash it against a steely grey rock.
 Friendly and coaxing the sea lapped against
 My bare feet, falling back to lap again.
 From a hollow, two godwits rose startled;
 Caught in the first rays of the rising sun
 Like swift golden arrows from Cupid's bow,
 They flew towards the safety of the reeds.
 With necks stretched out and wings flapping madly
 Two ducks flew over, far far above,
 Heading for that jewelled ball, the rising sun,
 Led by a strange, silent, unearthly call.

J.S., IV A.

WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW

I
AO-TEA-ROA

Thus this great Pacific Ocean
 Throwing far and wide its waters,
 Covering a thousand secrets,
 Only it can tell the story
 Of a great and wondrous happening;
 How New Zealand was uplifted,
 Lifted high by great upheavals,
 Lifted clear from swirling waters,
 Till it lay a new land waiting
 Wild and free, a land of promise,
 Waiting for a race to claim it.
 Then from far across the ocean,
 Came a dark-skinned race of people,
 Blown miles from their homeland,
 Hungry, weak from days of sailing,
 Eyes tired and strained with watching,
 Watching for a land they'd heard of;
 Then they saw it through the sea mists,
 Saw the land they'd hoped and prayed for,
 Saw the white cloud rolling o'er it.
 Shouted in their native language,
 "There is Ao-tea-roa."

J.M., V F.

II
MAKING FUDGE

So she hastened to the kitchen,
 From the cupboard took a saucepan,
 Took a bright and shining saucepan,
 And she put it on the table.
 From the "fridge" she fetched the butter,
 Fetched the icy yellow butter,
 On the scales she weighed two ounces.
 Next she fetched the silvery sugar,
 Fetched the white and gleaming sugar,
 Added milk unto the sugar,
 Creamy milk two breakfast cupfuls.
 To this mixture added cocoa,
 Rich and soft and brown the cocoa,
 Cocoa from the sunny Gold Coast.
 On the heated ring she put this,
 Watched and shook it oft and briskly,
 For ten long and weary minutes,
 Lest she burn the precious mixture.
 Added drops of sweet vanilla,
 Fragrant, sweet and brown vanilla.
 Beat until her arm was weary,
 And the fudge was soft and creamy.
 In the buttered pan she poured it.
 Turned and cleaned the dirty dishes,
 Set the kitchen in good order.
 Next she scored and set a walnut,
 On each square of fudge so creamy.
 Lastly, on a dish of silver,
 Bore it proudly to the family.

M.J., III F.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

Several years ago, a musical friend of mine, some years older than I, decided that my knowledge and appreciation of classical music was shockingly inadequate, and persuaded my mother to buy me a season ticket for the current Promenade Concerts given by the National Orchestra. I was thrilled for I had never before been out so late on a series of evenings. My friend tried to tutor me in the sections and instruments of the orchestra and I endeavoured gallantly to absorb all her learned terms, but when I arrived at the theatre I quite forgot all her instructions in my delight. I listened to that programme feeling as though I were in heaven, applauding enthusiastically after each item and only refraining from applauding between movements because of the firm pressure which my friend kept on my arm.

All the pieces in the first half of the programme were unfamiliar to me but then the Orchestra played a series of Strauss waltzes. I was delighted—this was familiar ground and I clapped heartily at the end of the item. I turned to my friend with enthusiastic remarks on my lips. She was sitting hunched up in her seat with an expression of extreme boredom and some disgust on her face. Her feelings were unmistakable. I, knowing her very thorough musical education and my complete lack of one, was appalled. I was more ashamed of myself afterwards when she met an equally learned friend. They picked all the programme to

pieces and were very disdainful, while I stood miserably in the background, remembering my foolish remarks made during the interval to a learned gentleman whom I very greatly respected. I went home covered with shame, quite deaf to my friend's discussion.

At the following Prom. concerts I determined to be very critical also and cheerfully decried the failings and foibles of the Orchestra. I was sometimes slightly daunted by my friend's contrary opinions, but began to feel that my education was progressing famously.

After those informal concerts which had seemed, to me, the most classical, I was taken to the regular concerts given by the orchestra. After several of these, my friend remarked that I always seemed quite absorbed by the music. She seemed to think that perhaps I had some musical appreciation after all. I did not dare to tell her the truth. I greatly admired a certain young 'cellist and spent my time watching his handsome and, to me, Grecian god-like profile. For several concerts I continued to use this method of concentration. However, it palled after a time and I had to find something else to watch. I finally chose the tubular bells: these fascinated me and I waited all through the programme to hear them. Finally, last year, I studied the conductor and enjoyed his amusing habit of flapping an upstanding lock of hair with his baton when he grew excited.

My classical education is still progressing under the tuition of my friend. She, not knowing my dreadful preoccupations, evidently thinks that I am becoming quite learned and I have no desire to disillusion her.

M.T., VI B.1.

LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

You may have noticed at odd times during your school career that for some unknown reason many harmless pleasures are denied girls and that there is a variety, a wide variety of ways in which you may earn detentions. Need I say more? Let us take it for granted then that a few unfortunates have been caught in pursuit of their innocent pleasures by one of those unsympathetic, hard-hearted, suspicious, dogmatic busy-bodies, by a prefect—namely me. The first victim is typical of all law-breakers in the school—she is innocent.

"Why were you talking in assembly?"

"What, me? talking in assembly? Oh, Belinda, you know me; you know I wouldn't dream of talking," she says in reproachful wide-eyed innocence. Once upon a time those wide eyes would have deceived me, but, case-hardened cynic that I am, I ignore them.

"I was next to you at the time. It's no use denying it."

Ignoring this completely she goes on, "Dad asked if you'd like to come to the match with us again this Saturday. If you would, we'll pick you up in the car at the same time as last week."

Bribery and corruption! What *would* Sir Robert Peel have said? Bristling with righteous indignation I thunder, "Millicent!"

"Yes, Belinda?"

"Why were you talking in assembly?"

"I wasn't. At least, I only said two words. You wouldn't give me a detention for that, would you? Only two words?"

"I would. When can you do it?"

"Can't."

"Oh!" This should not surprise me any longer but it always is rather a shock.

"Monday lunch-hour I've got net-ball, Tuesday Choir, Wednesday detentions, Thursday Camera Club, Friday Drama."



Photo by Frank McGregor.

FOURTH FORM PAINTINGS
Pat. Miller, IV A.—"Lunch-time Repose."



Photo by "Star-Sun"

FOURTH FORM PAINTINGS
Judith Crawford, IV M.—"A Busy Street."



Photo by Frank McGregor.

FOURTH FORM PAINTINGS
June Cummings, IV F.—"Uninvited Visitors."

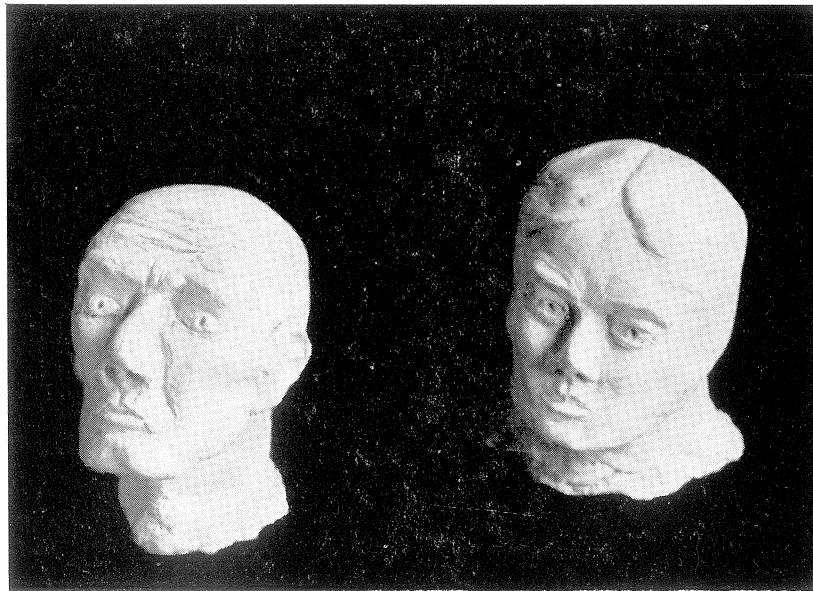


Photo by Frank McGregor.

SIXTH FORM CLAY MODELLING
Two heads by Jan Sutherland.

"Do you mean to say you keep every Wednesday for detentions?"
 "Yes, but I'm engaged for the next ten weeks."
 "Then you can do mine on the eleventh Wednesday."
 "Holidays." That one word uttered with magnificent aplomb is crushing but I will not give in without a struggle.
 "You had better do some work at home."
 "Oh, Belinda, we've got exams!"
 "In a month."
 "But I've started swotting already. Really I have."
 "A detention will make a pleasant change. Hand it in on Monday please."
 With that I retreat, colours still flying, giving her no chance to speak again, for one who seeks an opportunity "and will not take when once 'tis offer'd, shall never find it more."

M.H., VI A.

LAST MINUTE RUSH

(With apologies to Browning.)

We sprang for our cycles, both Susan and me;
 She pedalled, I pedalled, both furiously;
 "You'll be late!" Mother cried (with our lunches she flew);
 "Late!" ticked my watch, and my heart sank anew;
 Over four miles to go. Would our brakes stand the test?
 And into the roadway we pedalled abreast.
 Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 With hearts thumping loudly, and taut stricken face.
 I clutched the elastic and pulled my hat tight,
 Felt for the middle—set monogram right;
 My red eyes streamed teardrops, my hands the frost bit,
 Nor found Sue the journey more pleasant a whit.
 'Twas half past at starting; but while we drew near
 The bus stop, Opawa, our hearts filled with fear;
 For over the bridge a red bus we did see—
 This showed we were late as plain as could be;
 From the clock in the tower we heard quarter hour chime,
 Then Sue broke the silence with—"Yet there is time!"
 So on we went rushing, both Susan and I,
 Stopped at the crossing, a goods train crawled by;
 The broad sun above smiled a pitiless smile,
 Impatient and fuming we waited the while;
 The stop sign was lifted, the signal was right,
 And "Pedal!" gasped Sue, "Cranmer Square is in sight."
 I glanced at my timepiece—one minute to go—
 And earnestly prayed the school clocks would be slow;
 We pushed on the pedals with feverish speed,
 To the traffic around us we gave little heed;
 But the trees of the Square they seemed just the same,
 Like a floating mirage to my poor reeling brain.
 Three cheers, we had done it! My heart gave a bound,
 My poor legs shook feebly and fell to the ground;
 I rounded the corner—and froze in my track,
 While an unpleasant shiver stole slow down my back;
 I groaned in dismay; the mad dash was in vain;
 For a prefect with pencil poised, sweetly said—"Name?"

A.L., VI B.2.

A SIXTH FORMER'S HOBBY

"Oh do, please!" my elder sister pleaded beseechingly.
 "No!" I stated very firmly.
 "I'll set the table for you tonight, and dry the dishes."
 "No!" I said again—this time with more vigour.

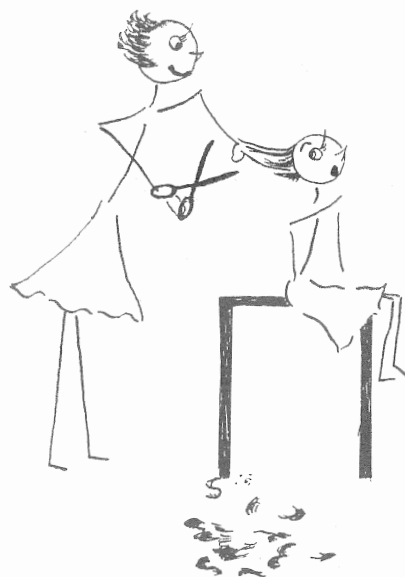
She had been pleading to cut my hair for two months now, but I had escaped triumphantly. All the sixth-formers with unfortunate younger sisters had cut their hair. She was the only one who hadn't. She would cut my hair! She would cut it better than any other sixth-former! I would be the parading guinea pig!

This time she tried a more successful approach. Blackmail! She would tell my younger brother the uncomplimentary things I had told her about him, unless I let her cut my hair.

I am now sitting on the kitchen table, surrounded by brushes, combs and scissors. Snip! I jumped and shivers crept down my spine. Just as well it was holidays, my hair could grow a lot in two weeks. Snip! This time a little ear as well! I looked in horror at the furry shavings on the floor before me. After five minutes more of agony, I was finished. The comb ran through my hair exceedingly fast. With knocking knees I looked in the mirror.

It wasn't so bad after all!
 In fact I quite like it.

C.B., III A.



C.B., III A.

FREDDIE

Two frogs once sat on a water lily pad,
 With a Roly Poly Poly O;
 But O! indeed they did look sad,
 With a Roly Poly Poly O.

One said to the other, "Alas 'tis too late,
 Our poor friend Freddie will meet his fate."

"'Tis true indeed," replied the other,
 "But there's nothing to help our poor old brother."

"I know!" said the elder with a sudden idea,
 "Listen to me now and you will hear."

"We'll have a concert on the next day but one,
 "And we'll sing Freddie's song just for fun."

And when the day dawned bright and fair,
 Freddie was seated in a lily pad chair.

When the choir began to sing,
 Freddie forgot his aches and sling.

He was up with a jump and began to dance,
 Over the lily pads he did prance.

And you can be completely sure,
 With a Roly Poly Poly O;
 That that was Freddie's only cure,
 With a Roly Poly Poly O.

(In singing this ballad the chorus would be repeated after each line.)

H.R., III H.

MOUNT COOK DIARY

SEPTEMBER 2nd: Left Christchurch at 8.30 in a brand new bus equipped with a radio and a mike. Spent our last civilized moments at the Hermitage, before setting off on a precarious, bouldery journey to the Ball Hut, twelve miles away. Arrived at 5.30 p.m.

FRIDAY 3rd: Started out enthusiastically, but ended flattened. The three professional skiers made skilful use of the tow, while the vast majority floundered—mainly seatwards. Who lost her torch down that dark hole?

SATURDAY 4th: Rainy in morning, cleared later, and we had several good runs. Life greatly enlivened by the arrival of a band of young larrikins, who made free use of our skis, the mess-room, and the wash-room.

SUNDAY 5th: Our visitors departed early—4½ hours of glorious ski-ing out on the glacier—that Red Indian tan grows deeper.

MONDAY 6th: Yet another fine day—skied all day on various parts of the anatomy—bruises increase, trouser seats decrease. The pudding record now stands at three helpings.

TUESDAY 7th: Great excitement over the scheduled arrival of a new party—would it be boys or girls? Betting high in favour of boys. Unfortunately we were doomed to disappointment, but gay crowd of Wellington College girls arrived. Much amusement when E.B. and J.D. changed places with the mistresses for a day.

WEDNESDAY 8th: Another fine day; the tow collapsed with a disintegrated radiator, so we were reduced to that waddling arrangement, herring-boning.

THURSDAY 9th: The last day of a wonderful holiday. Spent morning skiing and in the afternoon we trudged to see the Hochstetter Icefall, an impressive cascade of ice-blue chunks. It looked as if someone had ploughed a smooth glacier face. The guide found an ice-cave, the largest he had ever seen, under a snow hill. It was about thirty feet long, five feet high, and ten feet wide. The ice was deep blue, and the water from the melting ice formed long hanging icicles. After a satisfying snow fight we returned home for a super farewell dinner—B.B. broke her old pudding record—it now stands at four. Will she ever be able to eat custard, jelly, apricots or “sinker” again? and then some items. Imagine a fairy god-mother dressed in a gossamery parka and ski-boots being wafted into a land of cigarette-smoking Cinderellas with Prince Charming a typical milkbar cowboy hero! Had our only bath during the week, when the guides demonstrated the efficiency of the Ball Hut Fire Brigade—capable of soaking several layers of clothing.

FRIDAY 10th: Someone fell over a bucket at 5.45 a.m. (was that the one they sang so much about?). At 8 a.m. ready for bus—a motley collection of brown faces with large white owl-like circles round eyes and a colourful array of sox, caps and slacks back to front. Our advice to future parties is to take a flour-bag each cut à la Klu Klux Klan. It would prevent that screaming nose and that boiled saveloy effect.

J.D. and E.B., VI A.

BALL HUT

At last the banging, lurching bus stopped. It had taken us an hour and a quarter to cover the twelve miles up the glacier, and the old bus had creaked at every jolt. The road was scraped out of the hills of rubble left by the Tasman Glacier.

As we struggled up the slope from the bus stop with our luggage, I surveyed Ball Hut. Just a fair-sized corrugated-iron hut, clinging to the top of a long, snow-covered slope with craggy rocks and stretches of deep snow rising steeply behind. In the background Mount Cook loomed, a long plume of snow flying off its towering peak.

As we drew nearer, someone skidded down the ice-coated steps, missed us by a quick sideways jump and clattered through a door marked “Equipment Room”. It was a matter of minutes before we had thrown our luggage on our chosen bunks, clumped out of the hut in our hob-nailed boots, and slithered down the same icy steps to have our skis fitted.

We decided to practise on a gentle slope above the garage while everyone else was away on the Ball Glacier ski-ing grounds. I could see no reason why, if I bent my knees and leaned forward, I should not be able to keep the skis under me. It didn't work. For one thing, those skis had a rooted determination to go their own sweet way. For another, the snow showed a deep and clinging affection for me. I gave it up, sat on a rock and watched Father and Anne wallow helplessly in the sugary whiteness.

We were exhausted and wet when we went in for lunch, but recovered quickly when we learned that the others were going to ski on the long slope in front of the Hut, because the sun was off Ball Glacier and the snow was beginning to glaze over.

We started down this slope on a zig-zag course, and soon got so hot that we wanted to discard most of our clothes.

I could not stop or turn properly so to stop I sat down, and to turn I lay down, swung each foot round in turn, then levered myself upright with my ski sticks. However, we all made great progress, and went to bed that night tired and happy.

J.S., IIIB.

THE MERMAID

The mermaid swam round in the sea,
Her golden hair was flowing,
Her pallid face looked wistfully
At the ship as it was going.

On board she saw a handsome man,
She longed to go and meet him;
She swam about, it was her plan
To catch his eye and greet him.

She swam down under the sea again
To tell her sisters three,
She had lost her heart to a man in a boat
And would never more be free.

“I'm going to swim to the surface again
And follow the ship to the land.
I'll be near him at his work each day,
For I'll live on the golden sand.”

“Sister, sister, do not go.
If you step out of the sea,
You'll melt to foam, so please don't roam
Away from your sisters three.”

She went defiantly out to the shore,
She scrambled out of the water,
She called his name, he turned to see
Her floating as foam on the water.

B.B., III A.

MY FIRST AEROPLANE JOURNEY

Mother said, when I arose that exciting morning, that according to the look of the sky I should have a nice smooth journey to Dunedin. I did not have time to look at the sky, for, the night before, while setting the alarm for five-thirty, I had neglected to wind the clock. Consequently the alarm had failed to ring and at twenty minutes past six I tumbled out of bed and hurriedly dressed. I say hurriedly, for the previous night I had ordered a taxi for half-past six as I was supposed to be at the National Airways Centre at 6.35 a.m. I cannot remember whether I had any breakfast or not. All that stands out clearly in that mad rush is the memory of my trying to look and sound as though I flew to Dunedin every week. Still doing up my coat, I scrambled into the taxi at approximately half-past six to begin the eventful day.

When I arrived at the Air Centre I found, to my dismay, that I was at the end of a very long queue—all waiting to have their luggage checked. I became slightly worried as I watched the hand of the clock creep nearer and nearer to 6.40 a.m. which was the time of departure for my bus. Perhaps one of the officials had seen my anxious countenance and had taken pity on me—I do not know—for to my immense relief the official asked for all the passengers on the Dunedin flight to step out of the queue and have their luggage weighed.

When at last I was seated in the bus, I, as inconspicuously as possible, took my little bottle of Dramamine from out my bag. Hastily I swallowed two pills and offered up a silent prayer that they might be allowed to work on me.

After a cold, rather uninteresting bus ride, we arrived at the Christchurch Airport. There, having received my seat number, I bought myself a cup of tea which was doomed to remain almost untouched as it was not cool enough to drink until a few minutes before my departure time.

On boarding the aeroplane, I found, to my delight, that mine was a window-seat right over the wings. This position, I had been informed by experienced air travellers, was the most desirable one in the whole aeroplane. The wings, I was told, took most of the force out of the inevitable bumps which one feels when the aircraft first takes off. I had as my travelling companion an ex-Air Force man who told me how pleasant air travel was.

We taxied down the runway and then without any apparent effort we were airborne.

I was just beginning to enjoy the smooth flight when we went down with a bump to meet the earth. Just as suddenly we rose again. This did not worry me as I had been told that these bumps occurred shortly after being airborne, and that they would continue at intervals until we had crossed the Rakaia. My knowledgeable companion told me that this was just routine and everything was going perfectly. By the time we had reached the coast I was beginning to feel slightly worried. The bumping, instead of decreasing after crossing the Rakaia, was increasing. My neighbour then told me that once we were over the sea the air pockets, which cause the bumping, would be less frequent, but this was not so.

After we had passed Timaru and my companion had remarked that we were unusually far from the coast, I began to get thoroughly scared. We were not moving along smoothly between the bumps as before, but in a series of little bumps followed by one or two large ones each of which seemed to bring us closer to the sea.

I am afraid that it was about this time that my pills failed to work. My neighbour was sorry for me, but said, rather boastfully, that air travel never affected him. A short time later, he made a hasty departure towards the rear of the cabin. When he came back, I knew I had company in my sufferings.

Up the Dunedin Harbour we bumped, over the hills and on to the aerodrome. With weak knees and a thankful heart I alighted—not very impressed with the supposed comfort of air travel.

G.A., V M.

EBERNEEZE

There was a man named Eberneeze,
Who never could control a sneeze;
At races, pictures, football too,
All you would hear would be "tishoo!"
One day when rowing on the lake
A little slumber he did take,
Drifting along without a care;
A great sneeze took him unaware.
It shook the boat and tipped him out,
Just as a big shark swam about.
Its cruel jaws were open wide,
It took our Eberneeze inside.
And that was the fate of Eberneeze,
Who never could control a sneeze!

B.B., III A.

ON RAINY DAYS

I do not like those rainy days,
The puddles in the street;
The rain—it wets you, through and through
And gives you cold, wet feet.
You get that clammy feeling too
Which makes you long for heat.
Umbrellas, too, are nuisances
When you are in a hurry—
They poke you here and poke you there
And put you in a flurry.
You have to wear those ghastly g'loshes,
That's what you're always told;
Or else you'll go to bed with father's
Hanky, and a cold.

L.H.S., III A.

THE LEGEND

One Saturday afternoon, in early spring, the Waiau Field Club met at McClelland's Bush, which is on the banks of the Waiau River. The afternoon was fine but large black clouds were gathering behind Mount Palm. Soon after everyone had arrived the club broke up into groups of two or three to hunt for insects to study during winter evenings when the weather would change to cold rain or glistening snow.

Margaret and Gregory spent the afternoon searching for wood wetas in decayed logs with no success, and therefore, when they reached the top of a hill and saw another patch of bush in a valley, they scrambled hopefully down to it. Here their luck improved. Eagerly they searched, and placing large specimens in their tins gave them a thrill as they were sure no one else would find such large insects in the smaller patch of bush.

Quickly the time fled until it was almost dusk. Gregory, who had been in a hollow by a stream, searching, suddenly became aware of the dusk falling about him and stood up to tell Margaret. But where was Margaret?

Alarmed, Gregory sprang up the bank hoping to find her just over the top, but she was not there. He was sure she had been there a little while ago and therefore could not have wandered far.

"Margaret! Marg-aar-et!" he called, but there was no answer. Just a dead silence. Seized with fear he clutched his collector's pack and began running through the bush shouting her name.

Presently the bush thinned out and he came upon a large two-storeyed house. It looked as though it had once been a fashionable house, but now the red paint was blistered, the iron on the roof was loose, and the dry grass from deserted birds' nests hung down from the ledges and shutters.

"Perhaps Margaret is here," he thought, and he boldly entered in through the open door. Thinking the kitchen to be the most likely place for her to be, he went to the back of the house along a dark passage. But the kitchen was empty.

Disappointed, he made his way back along the passage. Then Gregory, instead of coming to the front door, found himself facing a flight of stairs. It was strange. He did not remember passing them before. Cautiously he ventured up them. "I don't like this place," he thought.

When he turned to go back he got mixed somehow and found himself in another corridor. This place was like a maze. It was taking him where it wanted. Perhaps Margaret was lost here too.

Gregory was terrified. He remembered the story his grandfather had told him as a child. It was a Maori legend. A large house had been built in a valley where an evil spirit lived, and the inhabitants had been forced to leave, one family after another as misfortune fell upon them. At last no one would buy the house and it fell into decay. It was said if two people entered the house one of them was changed into something which hunted the other down. The something was a vague frightening form that lurked just outside the wildest dream.

Gregory sweated. Madly he ran along corridors, through rooms, down stairs and up stairs. It was in an old dusty room containing covered furniture that he realised if Margaret were in the house she would be hunting him down. The old story became vivid in his mind and frighteningly true.

He ran on, treading softly. Always he had the feeling that something was just behind him, around the last corner. At last he found himself in the corridor leading to the old kitchen. Madly he rushed for the door and peered inside. Margaret was sitting on a stool, crying quietly. She was still the same Margaret with her tousled black curls. Slowly she rose and gazed out of the dusty window, her blue eyes glistening with tears. As she stood there, her red lips trembling, he stepped inside.

"Margaret, Margaret," he called softly, his fears vanishing as he went towards her, but she only screamed and screamed and screamed.

It was he who had changed.

J.S. IV A.

AN ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLE

(With apologies to Cynewulf.)

Lo, a monster am I who devastates the earth;
Men live in fear of me; and children
Wake at night screaming from a nightmare filled
With horrors of my work:
They see my scaly skin, my nostrils wide
From out of which belch smoke and fire to burn them.
He lives to rue the day whoe'er sets eyes on me
And I on him.
Can'st thou not reason out what I must be?

J.C.P., V B.

THE MOREPORK

From his sentry post he hooted,
Shattering the silver silence,
Echoing through the bush-clad valley:
And, answering, another hooted
Through the purple twilight calling
Till again the silence falling,
Wrapped the gorge till dawn reveille.

J.A.C., IV A.

TRIOLET

Scarlet, gold, black,
Fire in the grate.
Blue smoke up the stack.
Scarlet, gold, black,
Embers falling back
Dying, to their fate.
Scarlet, gold, black,
Fire in the grate.

E.T., V S.

ADVENTURE—HUNTING THE "MOATAKARIA"

This strange animal, the forerunner of the cow and horse, believe it or not, is a large, oblong animal, with one short leg in front for leaning on, two other rather useless legs also in the front, and a square wheel at the back.

If milk is required from this animal, which is very temperamental, it has to be taken forcibly thus:—

The "would-be milker," has to step forward one step cautiously, then if by any mischance, the moatakaria turns round, he will find it most necessary to immediately take at least six steps backwards—large ones, at that. If the hunter is very fortunate, he will only land in a typical New Zealand gorse-bush, but will most probably land in the Avon, or if the incident occurs in the North Island, in the Wanganui. Then the unfortunate hunter will cheerfully rise, remove any prickles, or wring out his wet clothing and continue the hunt.

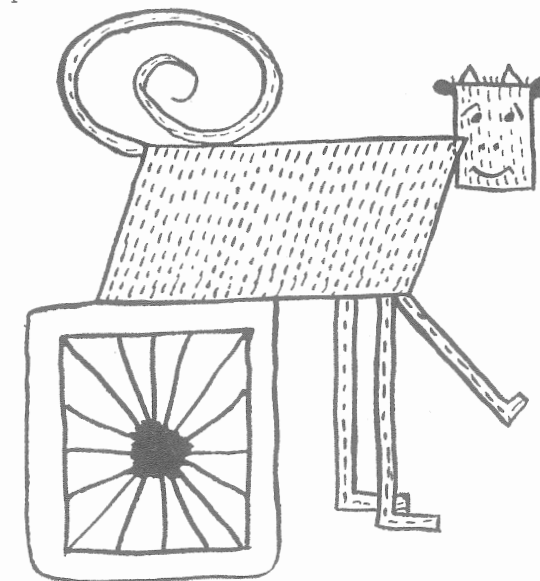
By this time the moatakaria will be at least one hundred miles away, but if the hunter is New Zealand-born, he will undoubtedly catch up with it, or see another one, in at least six weeks. He will see his quarry next on the hills at Wellington or the Bluff and after having swum the Straits, either from Picton or Stewart Island, he will put the nearest telegraph pole in the animal's wheel and thus catch it.

I hope no future hunter of this exquisite species will make the horrible mistake of trying to mount this animal to try to tame it, because he would probably never get over the tail which never shifts from its present position. Oh dear me, no, that part of the animal is purely for decoration. But to return to the milking—the mouth of the animal must be forced open by forceps, or hammer and tongs, and then sixpence in farthings must be put in the provided slot and the milk-bottle collected from the right front leg of the beast. These bottles are entirely made of unbreakable glass and there is no method that I know of for getting the milk out!

Thus we, I hope, have showed you, you lucky hunters, how to hunt this most useless animal.

Do not despair!

J.M., V A.



J.M., V A.