

Dorothy Bellamy. 44

CHRISTCHURCH  
GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE



---

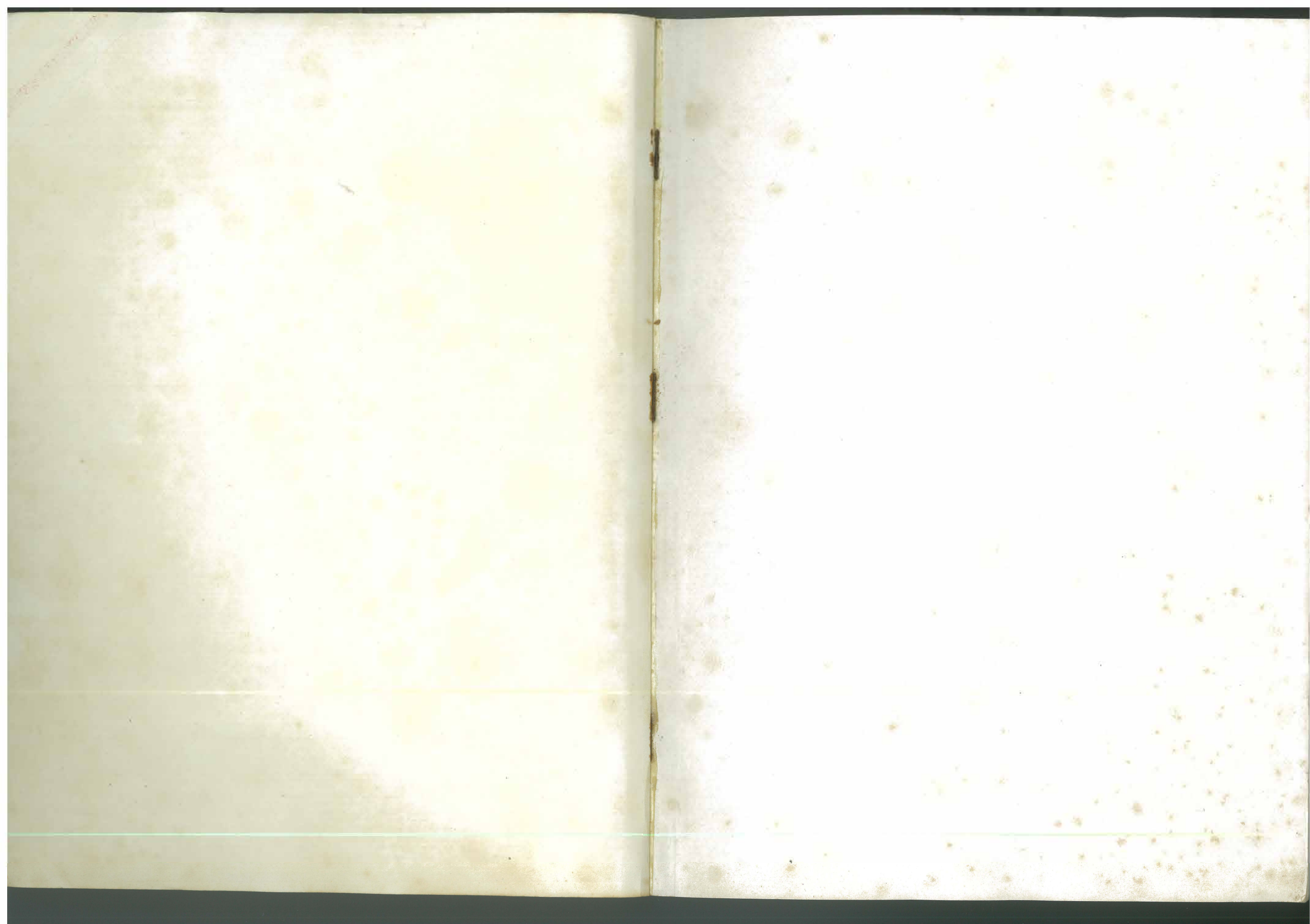
No. 113

---

---

DECEMBER, 1955

---







J. Meager, Form IV.A.

A SILVER STREAM

## CONTENTS

	Page
Club Notes	18
Editorial	2
Examination Results, December, 1954	26
Exchanges	35
Girls Who Left, 1954	28
Honours Won by Old Girls	32
House Notes	8
Literary Contributions	36
New Girls, 1955	29
Old Girls' Association	31
Parent-Teacher Association	30
Prefects' Notes	7
School Diary, 1955	5
School Officers	1
Second Generation	27
Sports Notes	10
Staff Notes	4
Third Generation	28

# Girls' High School Magazine

No. 113

CHRISTCHURCH

December, 1955

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, 1955

CHRISTCHURCH GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL BOARD OF MANAGERS—Chairman, P. J. Lawrence, M.A.; Members, Mrs M. L. Beauchamp, A. E. Caddick, M.A., Miss O. Eslick, Mrs G. Lockwood, B.A., J. E. Milner, Mrs C. H. Perkins, B.Com., Miss M. Samuel, M.Sc., Mrs S. G. Young, M.A.

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.

FIRST ASSISTANT—Miss I. F. Milnes, M.A., Dip.Ed.

ASSISTANTS—Miss A. M. Burns, M.A.; Miss J. C. R. Webster, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss B. A. Waller, M.A., Dip.Ed.; Miss R. M. Anderson, B.Sc., B.H.Sc., Dip.Ed.; Miss E. C. R. Wilson, M.A.; Miss W. L. Anderson, M.A.; Miss N. S. Brown, M.A.; Miss N. Corne; Mrs V. N. McKillop, M.A.; Miss B. E. M. Wall, M.A., L.T.C.L.; Miss S. S. Crawford, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.); Miss E. L. Forne, B.A.; Miss L. M. Lummis, M.A.; Mrs D. Ullrich, B.A.; Mrs M. A. F. Wait, B.H.Sc.; Mrs M. E. Austin, B.Sc.; Miss N. F. Bell, M.A.; Mrs K. C. Carter, M.A.; Miss H. H. Rigg, M.Sc., M.S. (U.S.A.); Miss M. R. Sherratt, B.Com., A.R.A.N.Z.; Miss D. M. Tebay, B.A.; *Clothing*: Mrs Z. E. Price. *Arts and Crafts*: Mrs S. M. Collins, Dip.F.A. *Homecraft*: Mrs G. Anderson; Mrs D. Withington, B.H.Sc. *Physical Education*: Mrs B. M. Tankard; Mrs I. E. A. Schwarz. *Music*: Mr V. C. Peters, O.B.E., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.; Miss R. Griffiths, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L., L.R.S.M.

PREFECTS—Glynnis Cropp (Head), Jillian Hosking (Deputy Head), Joan Bell, Gillian Rodger, Glenis Allan, Rosalind Caddick, Alison Gainsford, Lois Harry, Lynne Heyward, Diana Jarman, Judith Laughlin, Helen McGettigan, Adrienne McKenzie, Jennifer Nottage, Hilary Pointer, Marguerite Prime, Beverley Ross, Vivi Sepp, Diony Sutherland, Janis Sutherland, Elizabeth Thom, Marie Turnbull, Claire Warren.



ACLAND PREFECTS—Beverley Ross (Head), Sally Blomquist (Deputy Head), Carol Birkett, Pamela Burdett, Dawn Dalzell, Janie Harrison, Laura Scarth, Helen Thompson, Helen Wraight.

HOUSE CAPTAINS—*Deans*: Captain, Lois Cooper; Deputy-Captain, Isabelle Leeburn. *Harper House*: Captain, Helen Wraight; Deputy-Captain, Isabel Attwood. *Rolleston*: Captain, Ann Dobson; Deputy-Captain, Rachel Taylor. *Selwyn House* (1st and 2nd Terms): Captain, Beverley French; Deputy-Captain, Glenis Lethaby. (3rd Term): Captain, Glenis Lethaby; Deputy-Captain, Lyndsay Sievwright.

COMMITTEES—*Camera Club*: Mrs McKillop, Miss Lummis, Mrs Price, M. Thomson, M. Price, I. Attwood, J. Stevens. *Choir*: Mr Peters, J. Sutherland, A. Lockwood. *Drama*: Miss Lummis, Miss Bell, Mrs Carter, Mrs Ullrich, Miss Wilson, R. Caddick, D. Jarman, H. Pointer, M. Turnbull, M. Prime. *Library*: Miss Wall, I. Attwood, M. Buckley, R. Caddick, J. Claridge, G. Cropp, M. Ferguson, E. Griffiths, J. Hopkins, J. Hosking, J. Laughlin, M. Leeburn, J. Leggott, E. Livesey, A. Lockwood, A. Macdonald, A. McGrath, A. McKenzie, J. Merrett, A. Pilbrow, H. Pointer, J. Ponton, J. Roberts, B. Ross, V. Sepp, R. Taylor, E. Thom, M. Turnbull, N. Watson, J. Whitely, G. Yandle. *Magazine*: Miss Webster, Miss Wall, M. Turnbull, G. Rodger, J. Hosking, E. Thom, D. Boyes. *Orchestra*: Miss R. Griffiths, J. Sutherland, A. Lockwood. *S.C.M.*: Miss Burns, Miss Bell, Miss Crawford, Miss Cree, Miss Tebay, Miss Wall, G. Cropp, J. Nottage, G. Pratt, V. Parton, B. Gardiner, J. Webster, E. Webster. *Tramping Club*: Miss Crawford, Miss Wilson, H. Thompson, B. Lunn, H. Wraight, B. Heyward, M. Brash.

### EDITORIAL

On August 6th, 1945, a Superfortress took off from a Pacific airfield. A few hours later, the lone aircraft opened its specially-prepared bomb-bay. A long, dark shape, checked by a parachute, spiralled down in the sunny sky over Hiroshima. The first atomic bomb had been dropped.

Ten years later, at a gathering of experts in the field of atomic power, a scientist could say, "The atom is now within reasonable reach of being changed from the most devastating weapon designed by man, to a source of unlimited industrial power."

The thousands of dead and maimed in Hiroshima and Nagasaki were, perhaps, martyrs in a worthy cause, for at this Conference on the peaceful uses of Atomic Energy at Geneva, 1955, the achievements of many countries—Britain, U.S.A., France, U.S.S.R.—were displayed for the first time. Here was proof that the "atom" meant more than

a lethal weapon. Here were models of atomic piles, such as that at Harwell, in Britain, where within a few years, atomic power will begin to take over the work of hydro-electricity; a model of the highly secret, atomic-powered American submarine, U.S.S. Nautilus; displays covering all the surprisingly varied peace-time uses of nuclear energy.

Radio-active isotopes are formed by submitting special substances to heavy radio-activity. These isotopes are instrumental in discovering and curing many types of disease, notably cancer. Nuclear power, already harnessed to drive a submarine, is now being extended to aircraft, though none such are yet known to have flown. By the aid of atomic radiation, Italian scientists have ripened wheat in sixty-four days.

That the atom may be a substitute for other fuels, is perhaps the most important development. The world's supplies of oil and coal will, in the not too far distant future, come to an end. One ton of uranium can do the work of one million tons of coal, and this opens up boundless possibilities to the industrialist.

The question of the possible uses of atomic power is not as remote from us in New Zealand as it may seem at first glance. Cobalt X-Ray units for the treatment of cancer will shortly be in use in Dunedin and elsewhere, and here in our own city, a new field has been opened up, with the use of gamma rays to assist in dredging Lyttelton Harbour. We can no more escape the implications of the discovery of atomic power, than our grandparents could those of electricity.

"What of the future?" Since 1945, incredible progress has been made in the realm of nuclear physics. What further developments will take place in the next ten years? Shall we see the atom harnessed to drive our cars, our washing machines, our television sets, as at least one expert assures us is possible? Will artificial satellites, atom-powered, circle the earth, sending meteorological information to scientists below?

Atomic warfare must come to a stalemate, if, by declaring war on another people, a country lays itself open to destruction and even annihilation by atomic or hydrogen bombs.

With the cessation of the manufacture of atomic weapons, tremendous progress could be made by representatives of the world powers working together for the common good. The hydrogen bomb, an even more potent force for death and destruction, also is an enormous latent force for good. Sir John Cockroft, Director of the Nuclear Research Station at Harwell, has said, "The hydrogen bomb is going to make the present atomic age look primitive when it is reviewed in history."

Perhaps then, we may look forward confidently, not to annihilation, but to a peaceful world, made easier and more pleasant to live in by nuclear power.

D.G.B., VI B1.



## STAFF NOTES

As with most schools there have been considerable staffing difficulties this year, and we are very grateful to those who have come to our assistance in the times of greatest shortage. Without the co-operation of the Teachers' College we should have been even more hard-pressed. The students have given willing help and taken a great interest in the school. A one-time pupil, Miss Joyce Robinson, and Miss Walters have filled gaps at very short notice.

Mrs Lowe, Mrs Withington, Miss McLaren, Mrs G. B. Anderson (Old-girl Gwenda Goodman) and our good friend Mrs Wright (Miss Williams) have all helped in the cookery department.

Miss Cecily Cooper and Miss Jennifer White each spent a term with us. Both these old girls left us for overseas travel.

Newcomers to the staff are Miss Rigg, Miss Sherratt and Mrs Wait. Mrs J. Lucas took over Mrs Austin's work in the third term.

Miss McCaskill was married in March to Mr J. G. Blackman and is living in Dunedin. The marriage of Miss Martin to Dr K. Ullrich and of Miss Leonard to Mr J. Austin took place on the first day of the May holidays. Miss Dalley has been Miss Dalley to us for so long that some of us find difficulty in referring to her as Mrs Gilchrist. We are very thankful to have retained her capable services for a while. We wish all our charming brides very great happiness in their married lives.

We were delighted to have Miss W. L. Anderson back a term earlier than we had expected. During her twenty months' absence she had obtained "Certificat d'études supérieures" in English literature at the Sorbonne; Certificat de traduction (English-French, French-English) with honourable mention at the Institut Britannique (Université de Paris); Certificat de Perfectionnement—Institut de Phonétique (Université de Paris). She also attended lectures in German phonetics and in the pedagogy of oral French. Over and above all this, she found time to teach for a year at the Lycée Jules-Ferry, a grammar school for girls, with a roll of two thousand.

The friends of Mrs Saunderson (Miss J. Fitchett) will be interested to learn that her husband is to take the position of senior Geography master at Waitaki for a year. They and their children Margaret aged two and a quarter, and Catherine aged seven months, will leave England in January.

Miss J. I. Stewart returned from England during the first term to a warm welcome, but not to a life of idle leisure. She spent the winter term teaching French at Iona College. It is gratifying that the extension at Acland is being named the Stewart wing in recognition of her long service to the hostel, and we congratulate her upon this well-merited honour.

The latest news of Miss Shirley Magee is that she has gone to Moscow for a year as governess to the children of a British Air attaché. We hope for very interesting details of her life there when she returns.

We wish to offer Miss Tyndall and her mother our warm congratulations upon the honour conferred upon her brother Sir Arthur Tyndall.

## SCHOOL DIARY

October, 1954—September, 1955

## OCTOBER—

- 7—A School party attended a Concert given by the Vienna Boys' Choir.
- 18—Sixth Form Examinations began.
- 26—28—The Inspectors visited the School.
- 29—School Examinations began.

## NOVEMBER—

- 22—School Certificate Examinations began.
- 30—Carol Concert at the Civic Theatre.

## DECEMBER—

- 8—Display of Work at the School.
- 10—Prizegiving in Civic Theatre.

## FEBRUARY—

- 1—Beginning of School year.
- 24—The Senior School went to see a display by Danish Gymnasts at Wilding Park.
- 25—The Swimming Sports were held at St. Albans Baths but had to be abandoned because of heavy rain.
- 28—The Swimming Sports concluded at St. Albans Baths.

## MARCH—

- 4—A party of Seniors went to a performance of "Richard II" at Abberley Park.
- 11—The Prefects gave a party for new girls.
- 25—Athletic Sports at Lancaster Park.

## APRIL—

- 8—13—Easter Holidays.
- 20—Michael Cotterill, a member of the New Zealand Players' Company, spoke to Senior Assembly about Shakespearean Drama.
- 22—Anzac Services were conducted at School by the Rev. R. A. Lowe who spoke to Senior Assembly, and the Rev. B. R. C. Nottage who spoke to Junior Assembly.
- 27—Harper and Rolleston House Plays.
- 28—Deans and Selwyn House Plays.
- 29—An Inter-School Sixth Form Forum was held at Boys' High School.

## MAY—

- 6—End of First Term.
- 24—Beginning of Second Term.



## JUNE—

- 7—A School party attended a matinee performance of the Hogarth Puppets.  
 9—16—School Examinations were held.  
 17—G.H.S. Mathematics Club were hostesses for the Mathematics Club Meeting.  
 A party of members of the Senior Drama Club attended a performance of "St. Joan" by the New Zealand Players.

## JULY—

- 11—Mid-term Holiday.  
 16—The Sixth Form Dance was held at St. Andrew's Hall.  
 26—29—The Inspectors visited the School.

## AUGUST—

- 5—An Inter-School Sixth Form Forum was held at the Christchurch Technical College.  
 17—The Senior Speech Finals were held.  
 19—End of Second Term.

## SEPTEMBER—

- 13—Beginning of Third Term.  
 21—Senior Choir Members took part in the Choral and Orchestral Festival at the Theatre Royal.

## SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S LETTER

*Thank you so much  
 for your kind message.  
 It gave me much  
 pleasure.*

*Winston S. Churchill*

*April 19 55*

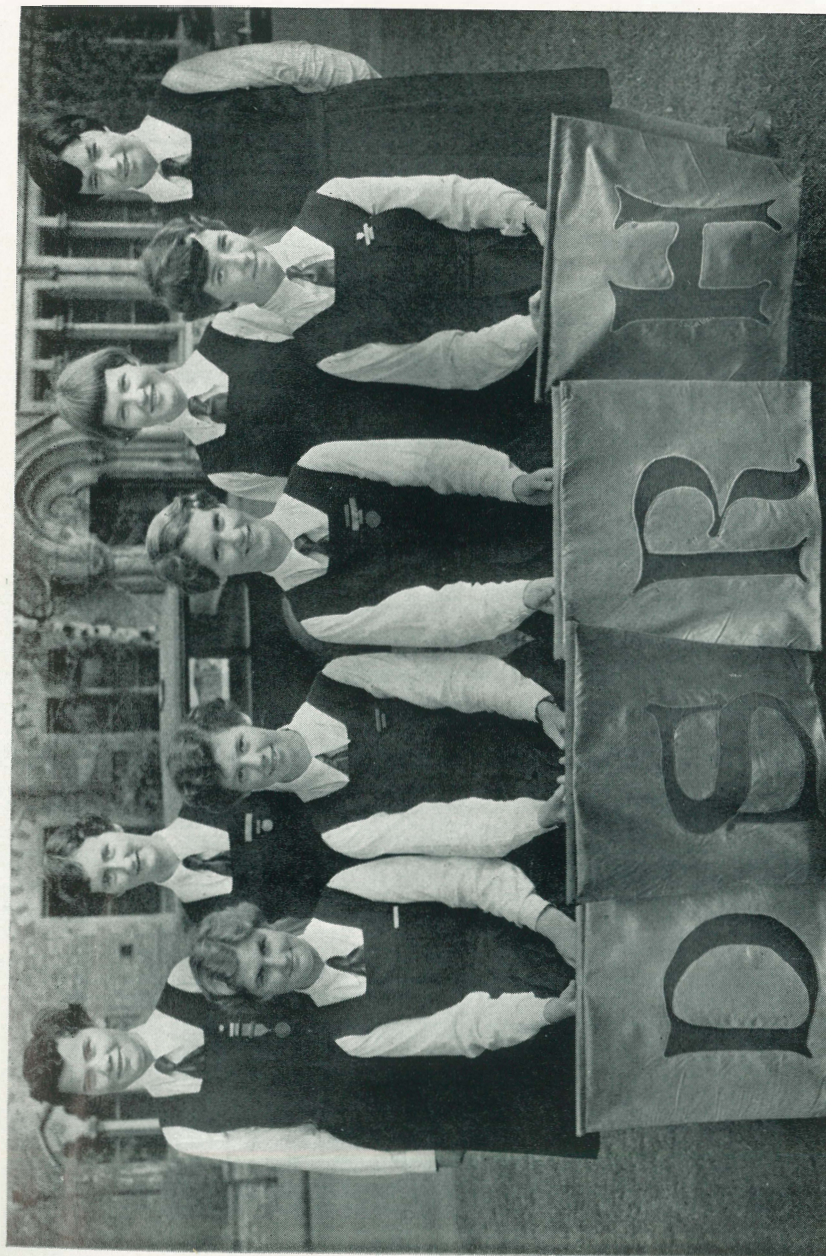


Photo by V. C. Browne.

## HOUSE CAPTAINS

Back Row: Deputy-Captains—I. Leeburn (Deans), L. Sewwright (Selwyn), R. Taylor (Rolleston), I. Attwood (Harper).  
 Front Row: Captains—L. Cooper (Deans), G. Lettaby (Selwyn), A. Dobson (Rolleston), H. Wraight (Harper).





Photo by V. C. Browne.

## PREFECTS, 1955.

Back Row (left to right): B. Ross, M. Prime, D. Jarman, L. Harry, A. Gainsford, A. McKenzie, H. McGettigan, D. Sutherland, C. Warren.  
 Middle Row: M. Turnbull, V. Sepp, E. Thom, J. Nottage, L. Heyward, J. Sutherland, G. Allen, H. Pointer.  
 Front Row: J. Bell, J. Hosking (Deputy-Head), G. Cropp (Head), G. Rodger, R. Caddick.

On the occasion of Sir Winston Churchill's retirement early in April this year, Form IVB decided to write congratulating him on his successful career as Prime Minister of Great Britain and thanking him for his services to us as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The letter was written by the Form Captain and Vice-Captain, and the other members of the class wrote their signatures on a separate piece of paper enclosed with the letter.

On receiving his reply we were delighted to find that his message of thanks was written in his own handwriting on notepaper bearing the crest of the House of Commons.

This letter is now framed and is hanging in Room 10.

R.B. and B.McG., IV B.

## PREFECTS' NOTES, 1955

Our first public appearance was at the Swimming Sports where we surprised everyone very much with a series of stunts from the diving boards. A team of experienced divers was needed to rescue debris from the bottom of the baths afterwards.

Our actions at the Athletic Sports were not entirely appreciated, because, being competitors of lesser importance, we were compelled to race on a more distant track so that much of the fun of our "Easter Egg Obstacle Race" went unnoticed.

We followed the custom of our predecessors in entertaining the First Years at a party held early in March. Thanks to the initiative of some and the vocal efforts of others we were able to show the First Years something of their future. We also discovered that our staff are very good at bursting paper bags and we do not advise next year's prefects to repeat the challenge on the same terms.

Our social diversions during the second term were numerous. Our own dance was held on Saturday, 16th July. It went off well though those who attended did not have such large appetites as we had expected. We should like to thank the parents who did so much of the work behind the scenes. Those of us who went to B.H.S., Christ's College and St. Andrew's dances, enjoyed ourselves very much.

The annual Staff v. Prefects Netball match was postponed because of illness amongst members of the staff. We hope they will have recovered sufficiently for us to play them in Netball and Tennis before the end of the year.

Room 20 has been brightened by a loan painting each month from the Canterbury Public Library. Despite conflicting opinions about modern art, we should like to thank Miss Crawford for her attempts to improve our knowledge and appreciation of it.

We wish next year's prefects a happy and successful year.

Glynnis Cropp (Head Prefect).



## HOUSE NOTES

### ACLAND HOUSE

Once again the hostel has suffered many staff changes; we were very sorry to lose Misses James, Morris and Stephenson at the end of last year and should like to record our sincere thanks for all that they did for us. This year we were pleased to welcome Misses Jarden, Milne and Sherratt, but were sorry to lose Miss Jarden so soon. At the end of the second term Mrs Hargreaves, our matron, and Miss Harding left. We wish to thank Mrs Hargreaves for looking after us so well during the past year and we hope Miss Harding is happy in her new position.

We are very proud to have the Swimming Cup adorning the lounge mantel-piece despite our limited success in the Athletic Relay. Congratulations go to Margaret Robertson who broke a Hurdle record and was third in the Junior Championship.

Our social entertainments have included a most enjoyable Hostel Dance in the Boys' High Assembly Hall and a very pleasant film evening at Adams House. We also attended the Boys' High School presentation of "The Happiest Days of Your Life" and two Bible Class Socials, one at Knox and one at St. Mary's.

Early in the year we went to Diamond Harbour for our picnic, where members of the Tramway Board picnic treated us to free ice-cream and soft drinks.

At the end of the second term many of us went on an interesting excursion to Arthur Pass.

We were very pleased to welcome Miss Stewart for tea in the dining room with us, on her return; later she took Prayers and gave an interesting talk on her travels.

We hope the new wing will be completed by the end of the year. The extension of the Prep. Room is already finished.

We should like to thank Miss Tyndall for her warm interest in us throughout the year, and the hostel staff for giving up so much of their time to us.

Beverley Ross (Acland Head Prefect).

### DEANS HOUSE

This year has been a successful one for Deans. We began well by winning the Swimming Cup and our congratulations go to D. Sutherland the Senior Champion and P. Breward who was runner-up in the Junior Championship.

To our surprise we again won the Tabloid Cup at the Athletic Sports and came second in the Total Points. We congratulate V. Bushby, the Junior Champion and all those who ran in the House Relay Team where we gained first place. Congratulations to Rolleston for their fine effort!

Because of the hard work of R. Caddick, producer, and her cast, we won the Wallasey Cup for Inter-House Drama. Our play was "Russian Salad" by Phillip Johnson.

Although the Hockey and Junior Netball Cups were a little out of our reach this year, Deans came second equal in the Senior Netball.

The girls showed keenness in subscribing for our sponsored child in Europe and we over-subscribed our £10/10/-. which was very gratifying, as we shall now be able to send a Christmas present as well.

Unfortunately the Conduct Cup is beyond us but our hopes are very high for the Tennis and Total Points Cups which have still to be awarded.

Meetings this year were promptly and well attended. We thank all girls in Deans for their enthusiasm and House spirit which was very encouraging.

Good luck to Deans for 1956!

Lois Cooper (House Captain).

Isabelle Leeburn (Deputy-Captain).

### HARPER HOUSE

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

Harper did well at the Swimming Sports, gaining second place in the Total Points Cup, and we wish to congratulate Deirdre and Felice Bullivant, Junior Champion and runner-up respectively, and the girls who helped win the Inter-House Relay.

At the Athletic Sports, we did not excel but our congratulations go to Rolleston, who won the Cup.

In the House plays, Harper presented "A Marriage has been Disarranged" for the Wallasey Cup. The standard was very high this year, and we thank all the girls who took part.

The results of the Winter Sports matches were good, as the Junior team won the Netball, and the Senior Netball and Hockey teams played very well.

There was a generous contribution towards the collection for our sponsored child, and the surplus amount will be used for a Christmas parcel.

Last year we won the Total Points Cup, Tennis and Conduct Cups, and our hopes are again high.

Congratulations to the other Houses on their sportsmanship, and best wishes to Harper for the future.

Helen J. Wraight (House Captain).

Isabel Attwood (Deputy-Captain).

### ROLLESTON HOUSE

This year has been quite a successful one for Rolleston.

We did not do very well at the Swimming Sports, but our congratulations go to Jennifer Nottage who won the Intermediate Championship.

At the Athletic Sports we kept up last year's good reputation by winning the Cup for Total Points. Our congratulations go to the successful Rolleston competitors.

This year we have been very successful in winter sports, winning the Netball Cup, and the Hockey Cup.

We were placed only third in the Inter-House Drama Competition, with the production of the play "The Daughters of Invention."

Our members have contributed generously this year for our sponsored child, and we reached the goal of ten guineas.

Our best wishes go to Rolleston for a very successful 1956.

Ann Dobson (House Captain).

Rachel Taylor (Deputy-Captain).



## SELWYN HOUSE

Although Selwyn has not had a very successful year we should like to thank the girls for their co-operation and support in all the House activities. It must be admitted that we did not excel at the Swimming Sports or the Athletic Sports, but each girl tried to the best of her ability. The House would like to congratulate Elizabeth Hastie for her record-breaking performance in the Junior Cricket Ball Throw.

The results of the House Plays were surprising considering the youth and inexperience of our cast. Our thanks go to Barbara Lunn for her splendid production. Our play, "Queer Customers," was placed second; only one mark behind Deans' winning play.

The Netball and Hockey teams, although they played ably and keenly, were narrowly defeated in the most important matches.

Contributions for our sponsored child have been good and the Juniors especially supported the cause well.

We are very proud that five out of the eight contestants placed in the Third and Fourth Form Oral French Competition were members of our House.

We admire the sportsmanship of the other Houses and congratulate them on their successes.

In Selwyn, too, the House spirit has been enthusiastic, especially amongst the Juniors. Everyone supported our activities loyally.

Best wishes for 1956!

Beverley French (House Captain)

Glenis Lethaby (Deputy-Captain).

## SPORTS NOTES

## SWIMMING SPORTS

Our Annual Swimming Sports were held on Friday, 25th February. Because of heavy rain, it was not possible to finish the events. However, on the following Monday, the Sports were concluded in fine weather.

Two records were broken and one equalled. In the Junior Championship, F. Bullivant broke the Junior 33½ yards Backstroke record by 2.9 secs., and P. Breward broke the 33½ yards Breaststroke record by 2.3 secs. In the Senior Championship, D. Sutherland equalled the 50 yards Freestyle record.

This year, the number of entries was particularly high and the competition was very keen in the Junior events. The replacement last year of breaststroke style events by straight-out races has proved successful and has brought us into line with other schools.

The Senior Championship was won by D. Sutherland with 15 points, J. Hopkins being runner-up with 5 points. J. Nottage won the Intermediate Championship with 15 points and H. Cook was runner-up with 6 points. D. Bullivant won the Junior Championship with 13 points. P. Breward and F. Bullivant tied for second place with 8 points each.

Hostel won the School-Hostel Relay and should be congratulated on a very fine effort. Harper won the House Relay, and all the Form Relays were well contested. Much to the surprise and interest of the spectators, the Sixth and Upper Fifts Relay was won by Form VIA, for the first time in the history of the School. The Prefects' event was very popular this year.

Deans won the Total Points Cup with 99 points and Harper was second with 95 points. Rolleston gained third place with 76 points, and Selwyn fourth with 56 points.

We should like to thank Mr J. Breward for starting and judging events; Mrs Tankard and those mistresses who helped to make the Sports such a success; and Mrs G. G. Lockwood for presenting the prizes.

Results were:

## SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

50 Yards Freestyle—D. Sutherland 1, L. Gibson 2, A. Gainsford 3. 33.6sec. (equalling record).

50 Yards Backstroke—D. Sutherland 1, I. Attwood 2, A. Gainsford 3. 40.8sec.

50 Yards Breaststroke—D. Sutherland 1, J. Sutherland 2, I. Attwood 3. 43.4sec.

Dive—J. Hopkins 1, L. Arthur 2, J. Merrett 3.

## INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

50 Yards Freestyle—J. Nottage 1, H. Cook 2, G. Harland 3. 35.8sec.

50 Yards Backstroke—J. Nottage 1, H. Cook 2, A. Lockwood 3. 42.9sec.

50 Yards Breaststroke—J. Nottage 1, C. Howse 2, G. Harland 3. 46.2sec.

Dive—I. Henderson 1, G. Harland 2, D. Lunn 3.

## JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

33 1-3rd Yards Freestyle—D. Bullivant 1, P. Breward 2, A. Mikkelsen 3. 20.8 sec.

33 1-3rd Yards Backstroke—F. Bullivant 1, D. Bullivant 2, M. MacDonald 3. 23.4 sec. (a record).

33 1-3rd Yards Breaststroke—P. Breward 1, F. Bullivant 2, W. Pearce 3. 25.3 sec. (a record).

Dive—D. Bullivant 1, J. Driscoll 2, R. Good 3.

## NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

33 1-3yds Freestyle, Junior—M. MacDonald 1, H. Kibblewhite 2, A. Taylor 3. 24 sec.

33 1-3rd Yards Backstroke, Junior—J. Harrow 1, L. Mason 2, B. Crowe 3. 29.2 sec.

33 1-3rd Yards Breaststroke, Junior—L. Allen 1, J. Heyward 2, A. Peaston 3. 29.3 sec.

33 1-3rd Yards Freestyle, Senior—L. Arthur 1, R. Robilliard 2, M. Britten 3. 24.4 sec.

Senior Novelty—D. Jarman 1, M. Webb 2, B. Lunn 3.

Intermediate Novelty—R. Taylor 1, S. Sheat 2, D. Muirson 3.

Junior Novelty—G. Beckett 1, K. Guy 2, A. Laybourn 3.

Beginners' Width—G. Boyes 1, M. Pearce 2, A. Clephane 3.

Neat Jump, Junior—B. Crowe 1, A. Peaston 2, M. Munro 3.

Life-Saving Race (Open)—Race 1: L. Heyward 1, A. Peaston 2, F. Bullivant 3.

Race 2: P. Breward 1, B. Lunn 2, C. Howse 3.

Ribbon Diving (Open)—G. Harris 1, M. Webb 2, D. Bullivant 3.

Third Forms Relay—III B 1, III M 2, III F 3.

Fourth Forms Relay—IV B 1, IV M 2, IV F 3.

Lower Fifth Forms Relay—V L 1, V S 2, V H 3.



Upper Fifth and Sixth Forms Relay—VI A 1, VI B1 2, VI B3 3.

Inter-House Relay—Harper 1, Deans 2, Rolleston 3.

School v. Hostel Relay—School 1.

Total Points—Deans 1, Harper 2, Rolleston 3, Selwyn 4.

One afternoon in March we had a very enjoyable afternoon of swimming in our baths. St. Margaret's College and Avonside Girls' High School were our guests and each school entered two girls in every event. Girls' High School gained  $69\frac{1}{2}$  points, St. Margaret's College  $28\frac{1}{2}$  points, and Avonside 22 points. In every race the competition was very keen. Our congratulations go to St. Margaret's for winning the ribbon diving with a very fine display. Afternoon tea was served at the end of a most successful afternoon.

The following girls were in our School team: Deirdre Bullivant, Caroline Howse, Felice Bullivant, Jan Sutherland, Alison Gainsford, Margaret MacDonald, Jennifer Nottage, Genevieve Harland, Isabel Attwood, Ann Mikkelsen, Ailsa MacDonald, Helen Cook, Wendy Pearce, Pamela Breward, Diony Sutherland.

Swimming colours for 1954 were awarded to Beverley Breward and Diony Sutherland.

Diony Sutherland VI A.

Swimming Captain

### ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Annual Athletic Sports were held on Friday, 25th March, at Lancaster Park. Many parents and visitors attended and afternoon tea was provided. We were fortunate in having fine weather and the track was in good order. As a result there were six records broken and two equalled.

In the Senior Championship, Ailsa MacDonald broke the 75 yards record, her time being 9.2 secs., and she equalled the 86 yards Hurdles record of 12.8 secs. Judith Watson broke the Cricket Ball Throw record, with an excellent throw of 193 ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

In the Intermediate Championship, Gillian Harris equalled the 70 yards Hurdles record of 11 secs.

In the Junior Championship, the Cricket Ball Throw record was broken by Elizabeth Hastie with a throw of 175 ft. 11 in., which exceeded the previous record by 11 ft.  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in. Valerie Bushby made a new record for the 75 yards with a time of 9.8 sec. Margaret Robertson ran the 62 yards Hurdles in 9.6 secs a new record. Reta Tozer broke the record for the 100 yards Junior Non-Championship.

Championship winners were:

Senior—Ailsa MacDonald 20 pts., Beverley French 9 pts., Judith Watson and Adrienne McKenzie 5 pts.

Intermediate—Judith Forster 18 pts., Gillian Harris 14 pts., Joan Tindale 5 pts.

Junior—Valerie Bushby 10 pts., Marion Philipson 6 pts., Margaret Robertson  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pts. The Cup for House Tabloids was won by Deans with a total of 1527  $\frac{1}{2}$  pts; Rolleston 1489  $\frac{1}{2}$  pts. was second; Harper 1470 pts. third; and Selwyn 1383  $\frac{1}{4}$  pts. fourth.

The Inter-House Challenge Cup for Total Points went to Rolleston 210 pts., Deans 160  $\frac{1}{2}$  pts. second, Selwyn 153 pts. third, and Harper 100  $\frac{1}{2}$  pts. fourth.

The Inter-House Relay was won by Deans, and the School v. Hostel Handicap Relay resulted in a victory for School.

We should like to thank Mrs R. W. Glen who presented the trophies; Mrs Tankard for her careful planning and organization and all members of the Staff who helped on the field.

The following are the results:

### SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Cricket Ball Throw—Judith Watson 1, Lois Harry 2, Adrienne Dempster 3. Distance: 193ft.  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ins. (a record).

150 Yards—Ailsa MacDonald 1, Beverley French 2, Adrienne McKenzie 3. 18.7 secs.

100 Yards—A. MacDonald 1, B. French 2, A. McKenzie 3. 12.5 secs.

75 Yards—A. MacDonald 1, B. French 2, G. Lethaby 3. 9.2 secs. (a record).

86 Yards—A. MacDonald 1, A. McKenzie 2, G. Lethaby 3. 12.8 secs (equals record).

### INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONSHIP

Cricket Ball Throw—J. Tindale 1, G. Poore 2, O. Dalley 3. Distance: 134ft.  $9\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

150 Yards—J. Forster 1, Gillian Harris 2, C. Clarke 3. 19.6 secs.

100 Yards—J. Forster 1, G. Harris 2, J. Maxwell 3. 13 secs.

75 Yards—J. Forster 1, G. Harris 2, A. Keenan 3. 9.8 secs.

70 Yards—Hurdles—G. Harris 1, J. Forster 2, M. Frandsen 3. 11 secs (equals record).

### JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

Cricket Ball Throw—E. Hastie 1, M. Philipson 2, B. Eaglesome 3. Distance: 175ft. 11ins. (a record).

100 Yards—V. Bushby 1, M. Philipson 2, H. Davison 3. 12.8 secs.

75 Yards—V. Bushby 1, N. Gordon 2, M. Robertson, G. Merrin 3 equal. 9.8 secs. (a record).

62 Yards Hurdles—M. Robertson 1, J. Betts 2, G. Merrin 3. 9.6 secs. (a record).

### OTHER EVENTS

Discus Throw, Open—W. Tindale 1, J. Nottage 2, J. Watson 3. Distance: 71ft.  $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

150 Yards Senior Non-Championship—H. McGettigan 1, D. Sutherland 2, A. Buchanan 3. 19.9 secs.

75 Yards, Under 14—V. Bushby 1, N. Gordon 2, J. Hutton 3. 9.9 secs.

Senior Three-Legged—G. Lethaby and B. French 1, D. Sutherland and M. McGettigan 2, A. Buchanan and M. Brown 3.

Fourth Form Ball Relay—IV B 1, IV A 2, IV M 3.

School v. Hostel Relay—School 1, Hostel 2.

86 Yards Hurdles, Senior, Non-Championship—A. Buchanan 1, C. Walker 2, H. Wraight 3. 14.8 secs.

70 Yards Hurdles, Intermediate, Non-Championship—M. Beauchamp 1, M. Dyer 2, J. Nottage 3. 12.9 secs.

Senior Novelty Race—L. Sievwright 1, J. Dash 2, M. Brown 3.

62 Yards Hurdles, Junior, Non-Championship—W. Clark 1, M. Philipson 2, R. Tozer 3. 10.2 secs.

Sack Race Junior—B. Heyward 1, S. Bulman 2, H. Frandsen 3.

Junior Three-Legged—M. Keenan and L. Tucker 1, A. Webb and K. Harrison 2, B. McGregor and R. Best 3.



Intermediate Novelty—G. Johnson 1, V. Parker 2, G. Harland 3.  
 Third Form Hurdle Relay—III B and III G 1 equal, III M 3.  
 Junior Obstacle—G. Barrell 1, C. Paterson 2, L. Wills 3.  
 Slow Bicycle Race—D. Roberts 1, J. Crawford 2, B. Crowe 3.  
 100 Yards, Junior, Non-Championship—R. Tozer 1, A. Webb 2, M. Keenan 3.  
 13.3 secs. (a record).  
 Intermediate Three-Legged—A. Keenan and M. Hawkins 1, M. Webb and J. Nottage 2, J. Heasley and J. Andrews 3.  
 Senior Form Relay—Upper: VI B1 1, VI A 2, VI B2, V A 3 equal.  
 Lower: VS 1, VL 2, VR 3.  
 Hockey Dribbling Open—L. Harry 1, J. Nottage 2, A. Gainsford 3.  
 Old Girls' Race—Miss R. Anderson 1, Miss S. Crawford 2, Mrs A. Williams (nee French) 3.  
 Prefects' Stunt—L. Heyward 1, E. Thom 2, D. Jarman 3.  
 Little Visitors' Race—Girls: Julie Brooks. Boys: Peter Read.  
 Inter-House Relay—Deans 1, Rolleston 2, Selwyn 3, Harper 4.  
 House Tabloids—Deans 1, Rolleston 2, Harper 3, Selwyn 4.  
 Total Points Cup—Rolleston 1, Deans 2, Selwyn 3, Harper 4.

This year, for the first time, an Inter-School Athletic Meeting, was held at Avonside, teams from St. Margaret's, Avonside and Christchurch Girls' High School taking part. This was very popular and could well be made an annual event. The competition was extremely close, all events being keenly contested. We found it interesting having different runners to compete against. The school team was Ailsa MacDonald, Beverley French, Gillian Harris, Glenis Lethaby, Judith Forster and Adrienne McKenzie. In the total points, Avonside gained first place, Girls' High School second, and St. Margaret's third.

Athletics colours for 1954 were awarded to Barbara Harris.

Adrienne McKenzie, VI A.  
 Athletics Captain.

### NETBALL

At the beginning of this season it was uncertain whether we would be playing Netball or Basketball in the Inter-School Competition. The girls were pleased that the decision was overwhelmingly in favour of Netball.

It was very encouraging to see the large number of enthusiastic junior players. This year a new team, (consisting of Third Form girls only) was brought into the competition. This gave the Third Form players a better chance of winning a position in a School Team. The two Junior teams were extremely good this year.

It was quite a strenuous season as, unfortunately, the Inter-School Competition on Wednesdays often had to be postponed on account of rain. This meant that teams had to play two or more matches in one week.

Congratulations go to the Senior "D" Team, on coming third equal in their grade and to the Junior "A" Team and the Third Form Team who were runners-up in their grades. This year the Junior "A" team won the Cup presented in 1954, for the team winning the greatest number of Inter-School matches.

The final three weeks of the Second Term were taken up with Inter-House and Inter-Form matches. The Senior House Netball honours went to Rolleston and Harper won the Junior House Netball. The Upper Fifth and Sixth Form Netball was won by VIB2 and the Lower Fifth by VR. The Fourth Form winner was IVM, and the Third Form IIIB.



Photo by V. C. Browne.

'A' HOCKEY TEAM



Photo by V. C. Browne.

SENIOR 'A' NETBALL TEAM.





Photo by V. C. Browne.

## ATHLETICS TEAM

Standing from left: G. Lethaby, G. Harris, B. French.  
Sitting from left: V. Bushby (Junior Champion), A. MacDonald (Senior Champion), J. Forster (Intermediate Champion), A. McKenzie (Captain).



Photo by V. C. Browne.

## 'A' TENNIS TEAM

In our annual challenge to Boys' High School, the Senior "A" and "B" teams defeated the boys in thrilling games.

At the end of the season, St. Margaret's College invited the Senior "A" team to participate in a friendly tournament with St. Margaret's, Rangi-Ruru, and Avonside. Girls' High School won the tournament, winning all three matches.

We wish to thank Mrs Schwarz who coached the teams and Mrs Price, Mrs Austin, Miss Rigg and all the other mistresses who have helped with the umpiring.

## TEAMS AND RESULTS

Senior "A"—A. McKenzie (Captain), L. Cooper (Vice-Captain), I. Henderson, G. Lethaby, J. Forster, D. Sutherland, J. King.

Matches played 10, won 7, lost 3.

Senior "B"—S. McKay (Captain), R. Hopkinson (Vice-Captain), J. Forbes, B. Gardiner, E. Warren, L. Sievwright, J. McFarlane, A. Dobson, C. Clarke.

Matches played 10, won 5, lost 5.

Senior "C"—K. Johnson (Captain), H. Hinton (Vice-Captain), D. Cocks, I. Leeburn, G. Johnson, L. Heyward, A. Miller.

Matches played 9, won 5, lost 4.

Senior "D"—M. Frandsen (Captain), J. Taylor (Vice-Captain), G. Poore, E. Toplis, E. Livesey, B. French, V. Stout.

Matches played 10, won 7, lost 3.

Junior "A"—W. Pierce (Captain), M. Riddolls (Vice-Captain), R. Good, F. Chapman, R. Leck, M. Philipson, W. Clark, E. Mears, G. Mogridge.

Matches played 9, won 8, lost 1.

Third Form Team—E. Cross (Captain), T. Mack (Vice-Captain), B. Eaglesome, I. Crombie, J. Gibson, V. Frost, S. Lightfoot, A. Colbert, J. Sage.

Matches played 10, won 7, drew 3.

A. McKenzie, VIA.

## HOCKEY

This season was a particularly wet one and our practice and matches suffered accordingly. However the girls were always keen. The attendance and play of the beginners especially were very encouraging and this promises well for future years.

As usual we entered six teams in the Inter-Secondary School Competitions including two in the E grade. The matches were played with enthusiasm and most teams were evenly matched. The "A" and "B" Teams were winner and runner-up in their respective grades. The following are the teams and results.

"A" Team—J. Harrison, M. Webb, J. Hosking, A. Gainsford, L. Harry (Captain), B. Lunn, A. MacDonald, H. McGettigan, M. Brown, I. Attwood, G. Merrin. Games played 5, won 5.

"B" Team—J. Hill, J. White, A. Dempster, P. Taylor, M. Robertson, D. Lunn, J. Dash, B. Ross (Captain), R. Taylor, J. Barraclough, L. Cusdin.

Games played 7, won 6, lost 1.

"C" Team—V. Methven, J. Nottage, C. Warren (Captain), M. Hales, J. Smith, P. Smith, S. Sheat, E. Hastie, J. Bell, J. Brown, H. Wraight.

Games played 5, won 2, lost 3.

"D" Team—M. Buckley, H. Thomson, H. Frandsen, J. Gainsford, H. Kibblewhite (Captain), C. Howse, A. Taylor, V. Tucker, Y. Lloyd, N. Brown, A. Metcalf.

Games played 6, won 3, lost 1, drawn 2.



"E1" Team—H. Cock, R. Saunders, W. Tindale, A. Mallard, M. MacDonald, R. Smith, N. Hall, L. Scarth, M. Beauchamp, E. Thom (Captain), C. Read.

Games played 6, won 2, lost 2, drawn 2.

"E2" Team—J. Brand, B. Cruse, E. Jenkin, E. Barberel, K. Harrison, S. Moore, V. Bushby, A. McGettigan, J. Tindale (Captain), B. Smith, H. Simpson, J. Crawford.

Games played 6, won 0, lost 4, drawn 2.

Two interesting competitions were played near the end of the Second Term. They were the Inter-Form Six-a-Side and the House Hockey. The latter especially produced excellent games.

Result of the Inter-Form Competition:

Senior Forms: VIA.

Fourth Forms: IVH.

Third Forms: IIIG.

During the August holidays the "A" Team was fortunate enough to play in an Inter-Secondary-School Hockey Tournament at Balclutha. The team was runner-up in the Tournament being beaten only 2-1, by Gore High School in an exciting final.

As training for this tournament, friendly games were played against St. Margaret's and the Boys' High School 2nd XI during the last week of the Second Term. Both games resulted in a draw and were enjoyed by all.

Ailsa MacDonald, Alison Gainsford, Lois Harry and Helen McGettigan (Canterbury Senior Reserve Team), were chosen to play in the Canterbury Secondary Schoolgirls' Team.

Hockey colours for 1954 were awarded to Lois Harry and Ailsa MacDonald.

We wish to thank Mrs Tankard for her untiring efforts to improve the standard of hockey in the School and Mrs Carter, Miss Bell, Miss Cree and Mrs Collins for umpiring matches and taking practices.

Lois Harry, VIB.,

## CRICKET

A large number of girls attended practices in the 1954-55 season and many of them took part in several very interesting Inter-School games.

The standard of play however was not very high but we hope that conscientious practice by the keener enthusiasts of the game, especially by the younger players, will help develop some very good cricketers for the 1955-56 season.

The teams were chosen from the following girls: N. White, J. Robertson, G. Merrin, N. Wemyss, N. Brown, M. Hornby, G. Gates, L. Marr, B. Nicholls, M. McLagan, L. Wills, J. Hosking, L. Harry, M. Andrews, E. Reeves, J. White, A. McKenzie, M. Beauchamp, M. Riddolls, K. Paterson, J. Anderson.

Results of matches:

G.H.S. v. Avonside—Won, 154 runs to 133 runs.

G.H.S. v. Christchurch West—Lost, 84 runs to 34 runs.

G.H.S. 1st XI v. New Brighton High 1st XI—Lost, 75 runs to 37 runs.

G.H.S. 2nd XI v. New Brighton 2nd XI—Lost, 63 runs to 62 runs.

Cricket colours for the 1954 season were awarded to Lois Harry.

We thank Mrs Tankard for all the time she has given up to coaching the girls, and Miss Wall for supervising games.

Lois Harry, VIB.

## SOFTBALL

We have had very enthusiastic players this season. The "B" grade team succeeded in winning their grade, the "A" grade team losing one match. Because of the School Certificate Examinations, "A" grade competition results were incomplete.

This year we have a number of keen juniors who are shaping well. We wish to congratulate Mary Arnold who represented Canterbury in Softball.

The teams were:

"A" Team—G. Harris, B. Harris, M. Arnold (Captain), J. O'Malley (Vice-Captain), W. Tindale, R. Tozer, I. Attwood, E. Pentecost, L. Baker, J. Bradley.

"B" Team—N. Washbourne, J. Tindale, L. Steffens, L. Gibson, B. Smith, C. Clarke (Vice-Captain), L. Arthur, W. Clark, M. Scott (Captain), J. Mogridge, B. Britnall, L. Eden.

"A" Team—Matches played 4, won 3, lost 1.

"B" Team—Matches played 3, won 3.

We are very much indebted to Mrs Schwarz and Mrs Price, for their invaluable coaching, and should like to extend our sincere thanks.

W. Tindale and I. Attwood, VIB.

## TENNIS

During the 1954-55 season the enthusiasm and interest of the girls was high and very encouraging. The Inter-Form Tournament in which each form entered four couples, maintained interest throughout the team.

Teams were entered in all grades in the Inter-Secondary School Competition and they were very successful. The "A" team won their grade, the "B" team were first equal with St. Margaret's while the "C" team (under 15) were runners-up in the Junior Grade.

Interest in tennis in the school was proved by the number of our girls who played on the Canterbury Junior Ranking Ladders. On both the Under 17 and the Under 19 ladders, Girls' High School had more representatives than any other school. In these weekly games the girls gained valuable match experience which has helped to raise the general standard of play.

The Third Form Tournament again proved very successful and we have some promising juniors. The final was a closely-fought game between Margaret Walton, the winner, and Lois Tucker the runner-up.

G. Hopkinson and L. Cooper were awarded their colours for Tennis for 1954.

House Matches Results—Senior, Harper; Junior, Rolleston.

1954 Championship Results—

Senior Singles: G. Hopkinson.

Senior Doubles: G. Hopkinson and L. Cooper.

Intermediate Singles: I. Henderson.

Intermediate Doubles: I. Henderson and J. Vivian.

Junior Singles: J. Forbes.

Junior Doubles: B. Gardiner and C. Howse.

Teams and Results:

Senior "A" Team—G. Hopkinson, L. Cooper, D. Sutherland, B. Ross, G. Lethaby, M. Tyndall, L. Harry, A. MacDonald.

Matches played 4, won 4.



Senior "B" Team—J. McCracken, H. Wraight, H. McGettigan, M. Brown, A. Gainsford, M. Munro, J. Forbes, G. Poore.

Matches played 6, won 5, drew 1.

Junior Team—S. Burrow, V. Tucker, C. Howse, B. Gardiner, J. Watkins, M. Jones, F. Chapman, A. Connal.

Matches played 6, won 4, lost 2.

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

Lois Cooper, VIB2.

### TABLE TENNIS

Table Tennis once again proved to be a very popular game and gave enjoyment to many girls during the winter term. There were 40 entries in each of the Championship Singles and 33 in the Open Doubles. On the whole, the standard of play has improved, and the finals which were played in the gymnasium one lunch hour, produced good keen competition. This improvement in play was due partly to an exhibition of Mixed Doubles and hints given by two old girls, Anne and Sally Horwood and their partners.

Results of the finals of the Championships were as follows:

Senior Singles: Isabel Attwood defeated Gail Poore, 21-14, 15-21, 21-16.

Junior Singles: Patricia Lambourne defeated Barbara Eaglesome, 22-20, 21-18.

Open Doubles: Elizabeth Thom and Margaret Tyndall defeated Isabel Leeburn and Lois Harry, 21-17, 21-13.

## CLUB NOTES

### CHOIR

This has been a busy year for the Senior Choir as we have been preparing for the Festival of Music which was held under the auspices of the Civic Music Council and the National Orchestra. The Festival was the first for four years and for it, the Combined School Choirs gave a concert with the National Orchestra. The concert was conducted by James Robertson and Vernon Griffiths on Wednesday, 21st September. Other schools which sang with our choir were St. Margaret's, Rangi Ruru, St. Mary's Convent, Christ's College, St. Andrew's and Christchurch Technical College. For many weeks before, Mr Peters gave up his time so that we could have combined choir practices after school in our hall. The concert went very well indeed and it was a most interesting experience for us. The Senior Choir owes much to Mr Peters for helping and encouraging us to learn the music, some of which was quite difficult. The songs the choirs sang were "Darkness and Light" and "Messengers of Speed" from a cantata by Vaughan Williams, "Song of the Western Men", "Cantate Domino" and "Laudate Dominum", by Vernon Griffiths, "Jubilare Deo" by C. S. Lang, "In Praise of May" by John Ireland, "Sound the Trumpet" by Henry Purcell, and "The Hunter in his Career" by P. A. Grainger.

On Monday, 15th August, the Senior Choir conducted by Mr Peters, sang several songs at the Parent Teacher Association Meeting in the Training College Hall, and will be singing for the Carol Concert and at the break-up.

Among the additions to the Music Library this year are Six Christmas Carols and Six Traditional Carols by Imogen Holst, "Sing Care Away", Book 4, Arnold's Song Books for Schools, Book 7.



Photo by V. C. Browne.

WINNERS OF THE CUP FOR ORAL FRENCH, 1955.

From left: R. Taylor, M. Prime, D. Jarman, E. Thom.



Photo by V. C. Browne.

### SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row (from left): M. MacDonald, J. Sutherland, P. Breward, C. Howse, H. Cook, F. Bullivant, W. Pearce, A. Mikkelsen.

Front Row (from left): A. MacDonald, J. Nottage (Intermediate Champion), D. Sutherland, Captain (Senior Champion), D. Bullivant (Junior Champion), A. Gainsford.



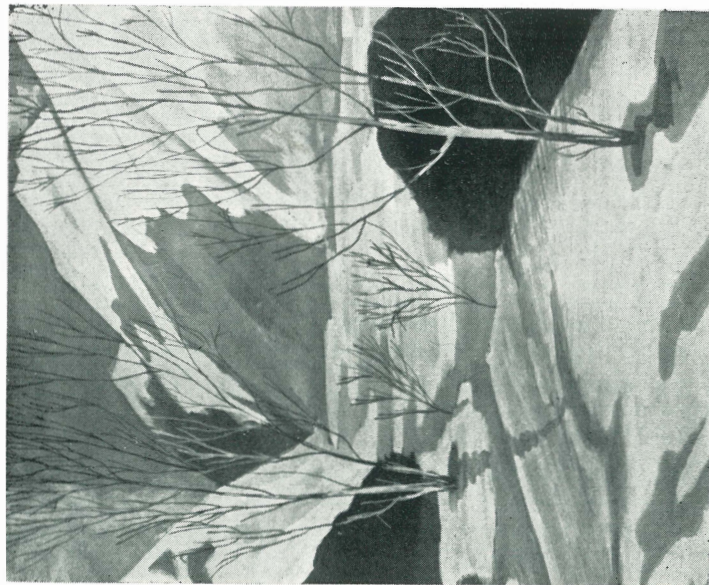


Photo by Frank McGregor

EARLY MORNING, MARGARET'S TARN.  
Jocelyn Stapleton, Form V.S.



Photo by Frank McGregor

ABSTRACT MURAL DESIGN  
Leslie Milne, V.R.

The choir is greatly indebted to Mr Peters for his inspiring leadership. We realise how good it is of him to give up his valuable time to come to the practices we enjoy so much.

We should also like to thank our pianist Anna Lockwood.

Jan Sutherland, VIA.

## JUNIOR CHOIR

This year the Junior Choir has about 40 members attending practices on Thursday lunch hour. Attendances have been good and we are very fortunate to have the opportunity of receiving excellent choir and conducting training from Mr Victor Peters to whom we wish to express our gratitude. During the year we have learnt among other songs, a number of nursery rhymes arranged in canon by H. A. Chambers. These were performed at the Parent-Teacher Association evening on August 15th, and were conducted and accompanied by members of the choir.

Angela Connal, IVA

## STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

At the beginning of this year we were pleased to welcome a large number of new club members. There are at present about eighty girls attending the meetings, and we have six study groups, led by members of the staff.

In the third term of last year the Third Form groups held a picnic at North Beach for the Welfare Children, who also received the proceeds of the Harvest Festival arranged by the Third Formers. Later in the year we hope to give the Welfare Children their annual party.

The Sixth Form girls acted as hostesses to Boys' High School Senior Group in a combined study group at the first meeting of the year.

On the S.C.M. World Day of Prayer, a special service was held in Christ's College Chapel, and was attended by members of University, Training College, and Secondary School S.C.M. Groups. The service was conducted by the Rev. D. D. Thorpe, and Archdeacon Woods gave an address. A tea was held afterwards in St. Andrew's Hall.

The Secondary Schools' Forums for all Sixth Form pupils, held in the first and second terms at Christchurch Boys' High School and Christchurch Technical College respectively were very successful and well attended. Sixth Form girls who are leaving this year are looking forward to the welcome to the University, given by the S.C.M. and the Evangelical Union.

Girls attended a Senior Camp at Tyndale House in the May holidays.

For the Rotary Appeal for the Aged, the Sixth Formers held a sale of sweets in the second term, which was so well patronised that it was repeated again a week later, with an even better result. Our thanks go to Miss Crawford for arranging this very well worth-while venture.

At the beginning of the third term some members from our group attended an Inter-School Party for Fourth and Middle Fifth S.C.M. members.

Our weekly devotional group led by members of the staff and girls has been held regularly before school on Wednesdays at the Chapel of Bishop Julius Hostel.



The girls of the S.C.M. are very grateful to the members of staff for the splendid work that they put into the S.C.M., and to Miss Burns especially for her fine leadership and untiring interest.

J. Nottage.  
E. Thom.

### LIBRARY

Even though we are still waiting hopefully for a new library we are at least partly mollified by the addition of several new shelves. The Seniors have benefited particularly by the forming of a "Sixth Form Only" section. Many of the new books which have appeared in the library this year have been made more attractive by plastic covers. We should like to thank Mrs McColl, Mr Blake and the relatives of the late Miss J. Harris who have given books to the library.

Our most sincere thanks go to Miss Wall who has spent so much time and trouble in keeping the library running smoothly. We congratulate the team of menders who have mastered the fine art of mending library books.

We conclude the library notes with reviews of some recent books.

Glynnis Cropp.  
Jillian Hosking,

#### "KATHERINE" by Anya Seton.

This is one of the most enthralling historical novels that I have ever read. The book is set in the fourteenth century in the time of Edward III and the story is of Katherine, the wife of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. While Katherine herself is not a great historical figure, she is a real person and ancestress of the four great Royal Houses—the Tudors, Stuarts, Hanovers and Windsors.

The fourteenth century is a particularly rich one and the historical events are completely and vividly dealt with. For instance the courts of Edward III and Richard II are described in great detail and there is a fascinating amount of information about the food, clothes and habits of the lords and ladies. The Peasants' Revolt, the risings of the Lollards, and the French War all take their place in the story.

Mrs Seton has endeavoured to take her information from reliable sources and it seems that the events and most of the people are historically accurate. Her amazing thirst for detail has made this a great book. It is very compellingly written and once started it is difficult to put down. The characters are varied—peasants, court people, and even poets, such as Geoffrey Chaucer, Katherine's brother-in-law. I would recommend this book to anyone who enjoys a good historical novel.

H.P. VIA.

#### "CAGE BIRDS" by H. E. Hervey.

This is a story of travel and adventure, escape and danger. The author was a pilot during the First World War, and was brought down over Germany by an anti-aircraft gun. He had the misfortune to spend twenty-two months in German prison camps and although he made many ingenious plans to escape he was not successful. Sometimes he and his friends were discovered before they even left the camp, but sometimes they were caught at the frontier almost within sight of success! Naturally the punishments for these repeated offences became

more and more severe, but in spite of stricter guard and closer imprisonment Hervey still managed to communicate with people outside the camp, dig tunnels, and organize large-scale escapes with daring and dexterity.

Although Hervey suffered many hardships, his sense of humour did not desert him and he managed to see the amusing side of many of the predicaments in which he found himself. Above all he never lost hope and his optimism, cheerful courage, and bright sense of humour, make "Cage Birds" the story of his imprisonment, a most interesting and fascinating book.

E.T., VIBI.

#### "THE CURVE AND THE TUSK", by Stuart Cloete.

This book provides both thrilling adventure and constructive reading.

The story takes place in the Portuguese East African Colony of Mozambique, set against a background of jungle and city. The book shows the disturbances which arise from the mingling of white man and native. In the story of the native Mashupa and his bride N'Tembi the author points out one of Africa's chief problems today, the clash between the European customs of the present and the tribal taboos of the past. Adventure is provided by the elephants, two rogue bulls. They are tracked down by the white hunters, Carew and Maniero, and finally killed after a tense and exciting struggle.

In addition the book contains vivid descriptions of the jungle and its inhabitants—especially the tribal customs of the natives, but it is well worth reading for the story alone.

M.B., VIBI.

#### "NO BED FOR BACON" by Caryl Brahms and J. S. Simon.

This book contains the last word on the Shakespeare/Bacon controversy, according to the authors. It tells the story of how Shakespeare wrote Bacon's plays for him, and touched up Bacon's sonnets on request—although it is a debatable point whether an historian would approve of the rather libellous portrayals of prominent Elizabethans. Here is also the story of the Great Potato Tasting, and the truth about Sir Walter Raleigh's cloaks, besides much information concerning things you might (or might not) want to know about the first Elizabethan age, given in a slightly different light from that of most history books.

This delightfully funny book is the natural successor of Sellar and Yeatman's "1066 And All That." I imagine Mr Sellar and Mr Yeatman would think Bacon was not a Good Thing.

D.G.B., VIBI.

### TRAMP CLUB

This year we have a record number of Tramp Club members but owing to bad weather we have not had many tramps.

The first outing, a boating party on the Avon on 30th March, proved very popular.

The first tramp was at Anzac weekend to the Sign of the Packhorse, when ten senior members left the Takahe on Saturday and walked along the Summit Road to 3YA Radio Station. They arrived at the Packhorse where they spent two nights, and then walked round to Diamond Harbour and caught the launch to Lyttelton.

On 23rd July, there was a tramp from the Takahe along the Summit Road to Marley's Hill. Unfortunately it rained.



Fewer members attended the tramp along the Summit Road from the Sign of the Takahe to the Pioneers' Memorial, and thence along the top and down to Redcliffs.

The highlight of this year for the Tramp Club was a trip to Arthur Pass to see the new Youth Hostel officially opened by Mr McAlpine and Mr Nash. Much to everyone's disappointment there was very little snow but we made the most of what there was. Despite drizzly weather we spent an enjoyable day.

Our thanks go to Miss Crawford who has spared no trouble to make our tramps successful, and to the other members of the staff who have taken an interest in us.

H. Thompson.

### CAMERA CLUB

Thanks to the expert guidance of Mr F. McGregor of the Christchurch Photographic Society and the encouragement of Mrs McKillop and Miss Lummis, all our members have improved their technique in the intricate art of developing and printing. Several of the senior members have made interesting experiments with the enlarger kindly lent by Mr McGregor, until we have sufficient funds to purchase one of our own.

We are grateful to the school for providing us with an up-to-date printing box which replaces the clumsy printing-frames used for many years. Owing to the large numbers of enthusiastic photographers in our club, Juniors and Seniors have to use the dark-room on alternate weeks, which is not a very satisfactory arrangement.

We are proud to be associated with the letter received from Sir Winston Churchill, during the second term as we have been entrusted with the task of making a photographic print of the letter, suitable for publication.

Myfanwy Thomson, VI B1.

### SKETCH CLUB

This year, a Sketch and Crafts Club was inaugurated, and meetings are held under the supervision of Mrs Collins during Wednesday lunch-hour, alternating with the Floral Art Group.

On days when out-door sketching is impracticable owing to weather conditions, the two potter's wheels are kept busy, and many beautiful pieces of pottery have come off them. Basketwork, clay-modelling, plaster-carving and other crafts are also plied.

So far this year, two sketching parties have been organised. The first was to the Carlton Mill Bridge and Millbrook Reserve. A party of twelve or more went one Saturday morning and some quite good water-colour paintings and sketches resulted.

The second trip was organised in conjunction with the Tramp Club, and an excursion was made to Arthur Pass on Saturday, 13th August. Unfortunately a slight drizzle hampered any attempts at sketching but it is hoped that some drawings showing the nature of the scenery will be completed from memory in the third term.

Jacqueline Meager, IV A.

### FLORAL ARRANGEMENT GROUP

Although the Floral Arrangement Group is comparatively new, we already have quite a large attendance at our meetings.

The group has been divided into several smaller sections under the leadership of some of the Senior girls.

We have not been able to have many group meetings this year so far to practise our own arrangements but we have had several very interesting lectures.

The group wishes to thank Mr Belworthy, Mrs McAloon, Mrs Moffitt, Mr Ross Wilson and Miss Black who have all given most interesting and valuable talks. In the third term we are to have a lecture by Mr Humm, Manager of Nairn's Nurseries. This should be most enjoyable.

We are grateful to Mrs Collins who has organised the group and to other members of Staff who have shown an interest in our meetings.

The results of the Floral Arrangement Spring Competitions were:

Junior Group—Alison Hickling (Rolleston), 13 points 1st; Kay Laurie (Rolleston), 6 points 2nd.

Senior Group—Margaret Ferguson (Selwyn), 11½ points, 1; Helen Hinton (Selwyn), 8 points, 2.

Jenifer Merrett, VI B.

### DRAMA CLUB

In the last week of 1954 a group of Sixth Formers presented "The Importance of Being Earnest" which was produced by Misses Lummis and Brown. Although all concerned thoroughly enjoyed rehearsals, painting scenery and back stage work, and the finished production was enthusiastically received, only a section of the school could see it, and then in crowded conditions.

Once again, we are grateful to Mrs Dunbar for judging our Inter-House Drama Competition which was won by Deans with "Russian Salad". Selwyn was second with "Queer Customers" and Rolleston and Harper tied for third place with "Daughters of Invention" and "A Marriage has been Disarranged."

Members of the Drama Club formed parties to "Saint Joan" put on by the New Zealand Players, and to the British Drama League's Festival.

We were fortunate to have Michael Cotterill, of the New Zealand Players, visit School on April 20th, and give us a very interesting talk on Shakespeare and his plays.

During the second term several Drama groups were in progress under the guidance of Misses Lummis, Bell, Brown and Wilson and Mesdames Carter and Ullrich. So far we have seen three very successful productions and hope to see more later in the year.

Rosalind Caddick, VIA.

### ORCHESTRA

This year many new members, especially recorder players, have joined the orchestra and our number has risen to sixteen. There are three first, three second, and two third violins; four recorders, two 'cellos, a clarinet and the pianist. We should like to thank Miss Griffiths for giving up her time to take orchestra practice on Monday lunch hours. We are very grateful for her enthusiasm and encouragement.

At the Parent-Teacher Association meeting on August 15th, we played six pieces. They were "Scipio" by Handel, "Five Waltzes" by Schubert, "Ave



## POUND SALE IN PROGRESS!



POUND KEEPERS FLOOR-WALKER

THE SALE WAS HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL, BOTH FOR  
THE BUYERS AND THE SELLERS.



caw. 68

Verum" by Mozart, "Clown's Dance" by Woodhouse, "Norwegian Suite" arranged by Erik Hansen, and "English Country Dances," arranged by Adam Carse.

The orchestra is very much looking forward to playing at the School break-up.

Jan Sutherland, VI A.  
Leader.

## THE POUND

Tennis racquets, hockey sticks, pencils, rulers, one or two wristlet watches, fountain pens in varying conditions, enough rompers to clothe several Netball teams, cardigans, blazers, overcoats, sandshoes of all sizes, hats of distorted shapes—this motley collection is to be found in the School Pound. You might think at first glance that the School had made an excellent response to an appeal for Corso but, no, it is not that. It is a commonplace sight, day after day, to those whose duty it is to look after the Pound.

Even with such "bargain" prices as hatbands for a penny, cardigans for one and six, blazers in best condition at four shillings and blouses half that amount, the sum of £5/5/- was realised when the annual sale of unclaimed articles was held in the second term. As a hygienic precaution sandshoes were consigned to the furnace. Fines ranging from one penny to sixpence imposed during the first two terms of this year added £6 to this total. Despite this sum, the Pound was not intended as a money-making concern. The purpose of fines is to dissuade girls from regarding the Pound as a temporary store room, which some with more pocket money nevertheless seem to do. The money which is received from fines and sales is paid into a fund which supplies class sets of books for the school.

Miss Corne and Miss Tebay have supervised the Pound throughout the year assisted by Shirley Beadle VIB, Patricia Collins VIB, Barbara Gardiner VL, Winifred Tindale VIB, and Carol Walker VIB, and much convict labour (girls with detentions) has been used for tracking down careless owners.

Patricia Collins, VIB.

## FRENCH NOTES

We were very fortunate in having weekly visits in the second half of this year from either Monsieur or Madame Regnaud. Monsieur came from Lyons to lecture in New Zealand and this year he has been in the South Island. Madame fulfils our ideal of a chic Frenchwoman. We found them a most charming couple, very willing to help us overcome our nervousness in speaking French. We should like to thank Monsieur for lending us his French records and to express our gratitude once again for their useful advice.

We have had the pleasure of seeing various French films, mainly from the French Legation and these too, helped us with our oral work.

Those of the sixth form who attended the monthly meetings of the Cercle Français thoroughly enjoyed them. Prizes awarded by the Cercle Français this year were:

Progress in Third Form Oral French—Elizabeth Webster, IIIA.  
Progress in Fourth Form Oral French—Fiona Chapman, IVA.

In the Inter-School Oral Examination Elizabeth Thom and Rachel Taylor tied for first place and the Bronze Medallion in the Junior Division, while in



the Senior Division Diana Jarman was placed second and Marguerite Prime third. This gained us the Cup for Total Points.

We should like to thank Miss Waller, and to say how much we appreciate the work she did in preparing us for this contest.

We should like also to welcome Miss L. Anderson back to the school and hope that, this time, she will stay with us longer. We are looking forward to seeing her coloured stills of France and to hearing about her travels.

Diana Jarman, VIA.

### SENIOR SPEECH COMPETITION

The annual Speech Competition in the Upper School was held in the School Hall on August 17th and was judged by Mr K. A. Gough.

The subjects this year were "Sport has become a Fetish", "In Defence of Nonsense", "Western Europe 1945, and 1955. A Contrast", and "As a Visitor to America you have to give a talk on Life in New Zealand to people who have read Miss Browning's criticism "Of all the places in the world I should least rather be sick, broke or stranded in, it is this South Pacific Utopia!"

The finalists were Glenis Allan, Deirdre Boyes, Susan Burrow, Beverley Cruse, Jillian Hosking, Esme Knight, Judith Leggott, Anna Lockwood.

Anna Lockwood was placed first and Jillian Hosking second. We are grateful to Mr Gough for again acting as our judge. Both speakers and audience appreciated his most helpful criticism.

### SPECIAL PRIZES AND AWARDS

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

Margaret Britten won an American Field Service Scholarship which entitled her to a year's schooling at the Washington Lee High School, Arlington, Virginia. She left on the 18th July and on her way stopped at Suva, Honolulu, San Francisco and Vancouver, and then flew to Arlington.

Julia Fairbrass won first prize in the Children's Book Week Cover Competition. Julia designed a very lovely cover for Jane Eyre and this can be seen along with other winning covers in the children's section of the Public Library.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS

DECEMBER, 1954

UNIVERSITY JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP: Dorothy Watt.

UNIVERSITY NATIONAL SCHOLARSHIP: Margaret Banks, Margaret Hornby, Sybil Mence.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP—Passed with Credit: Elizabeth Burns, Lyndsay Marr.

GAMMACK SCHOLARSHIP: Elizabeth Burns.

HELEN MACMILLAN BROWN BURSARY: Elizabeth Burns.

POST-PRIMARY TEACHERS' BURSARY: Janet Dobson, Jenifer Griffiths, Rhona Scarth, Jennifer Thom.

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE: B. D. Armiger, L. R. H. Baker, J. W. Bell, E. M. Birkett, N. R. Caddick, J. E. L. Conway, G. M. Cropp, M. R. Dickson, J. L. Eskett, A. M. Frandsen, B. F. Fussell, G. R. Hopkinson, J. M. Hosking, D. Y. Jarman, B. E. Keast, J. G. Laughlin, A. Lewthwaite, H. M. McGettigan, A. F. McKenzie, O. G. Mason, E. M. Pentecost, H. Pointer, M. L. P. Prime, M. E. Richards, J. T. Richardson, G. M. Rodger, B. A. Ross, M. B. Scott, D. H. Sutherland, J. L. Sutherland, P. M. Townsend, M. E. M. Turnbull, B. P. Ward, C. G. Warren, N. Wemyss, L. K. Williams, V. W. E. A. Willmott.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE: R. E. Adcock, G. A. Allan, I. Attwood, L. F. Barrell, E. M. Beadle, S. P. Beadle, D. N. Beale, N. J. Begg, C. L. Birkett, J. T. Bradley, H. J. Brand, M. A. Britten, B. E. Brookes, J. D. Brown, M. E. Brown, M. J. Brown, R. E. Bruce, A. J. Buchanan, M. A. Buckley, M. E. Buller, K. F. Caldwell, S. P. Carroll, J. F. Carter, A. M. Clark, J. E. Clarke, P. F. Collins, L. Y. Cooper, V. L. Crowe, J. H. Dacre, M. J. Dalton, C. E. Darnell, J. M. Dash, J. D. Dawson, C. Y. Dudley, J. A. Fairbrass, M. L. Ferguson, B. A. Ford, B. R. French, L. A. Gainsford, M. L. Garland, M. P. George, J. A. Goodman, M. M. Hales, V. E. Harrison, L. M. Harry, A. M. Hepworth, L. E. Heyward, H. R. Hinton, S. A. Honnor, J. P. Hopkins, A. A. H. Hughes, C. A. D. Hughes, J. A. Johnston, A. Jordan, J. M. King, A. J. Kirk, A. Laffey, I. M. Leeburn, J. M. Leggott, G. J. Lethaby, H. C. Lord, J. M. McArthur, J. M. McCracken, A. MacDonald, D. L. McEvedy, V. A. McGrath, S. F. MacKay, M. McLoughlin, J. M. Merrett, V. D. Milne, H. McL. Milner, D. Muirson, M. E. Munro, J. A. Nottage, T. E. O'Connell, K. M. Paterson, H. M. Patten, J. C. Ponton, G. M. Pratt, H. J. Rawson, M. J. Richardson, J. E. Roberts, M. J. Robertson, R. M. Robilliard, F. M. Robinson, J. M. Seaton, L. A. Scarth, V. Sepp, S. V. Sheat, L. I. Sievwright, N. A. Skinner, J. A. Skipworth, P. D. Smith, C. Sowerbutts, C. A. Spencer, M. M. Stone, J. F. Strathdee, B. E. Suckling, E. J. Taylor, J. M. Taylor, R. P. Taylor, M. E. Thom, M. Thomson, N. W. Thorne, W. E. Tindale, M. J. Tyndall, C. A. Walker, N. A. Washbourne, M. A. Webb, N. K. White, M. G. Yandle, N. J. Young.

### SECOND GENERATION

JUDITH ARNOLD (III A) is the daughter of Joyce Wright (1927-30).  
BARBARA BECKETT (III A) is the daughter of Mabel Ferguson (1922-25).  
LOIS CAVERHILL (III H) is the daughter of Lavinia Clark (1928-30).  
PEGGY CUSACK (III H) is the daughter of Dorothy Young (1925-28).  
BARBARA DUNLOP (III M) is the daughter of Enid McCracken (1931-32).  
JANET EGAN (III G) is the daughter of Mary Lill (1921-22).  
SHIRLEY GALBRAITH (III B) is the daughter of Josephine Jenkins (1925-27).  
HILARY GRIEVE (III B) is the daughter of Joyce Govan (1926-30).  
JUDITH HARRIS (III F) is the daughter of Rita Mason (1916-17).  
JUNE HARROW (III H) is the daughter of Muriel Clark (1926-28).  
DIANA HUDSON (III A) is the daughter of Ngaire Brown (1921-22).  
ELIZABETH MACKAY (III B) is the daughter of Joyce Williamson (1927-32).  
MARY MARTIN (III M) is the daughter of Dorothy Ensor (1921-23).  
SHIRLEY McLELLAN (III A) is the daughter of Hilda Taylor (1925-26).  
JUDITH PASCOE (III F) is the daughter of Dorothy Hobbs (1931-33).  
BARBARA PEDDIE (III A) is the daughter of Susan Orchard (1917-27).  
JILL POWER (III B) is the daughter of Nancy Cade (1933-35).  
PATRICIA READ (III G.) is the daughter of Ira Baynes (1928-32).  
LORNA SAYERS (III G) is the daughter of Gladys White (1917).  
MANON TRUSSELL (III M) is the daughter of Eunice Thompson (1932-36).  
LOIS TUCKER (III A) is the daughter of Margaret Sinclair (1931-34).



MARGARET WALTON (III H) is the daughter of Gwen Neville (1917-19).  
 LYNNE WATSON (III A) is the daughter of Elinor Mooney (1922-26).  
 ANNE WEBB (III G) is the daughter of Marion Alford (1923).  
 ELISABETH WHITE (III M) is the daughter of Estelle Suckling (1920-24).

### THIRD GENERATION

JUDITH ARCHBOLD (III A) is the daughter of Marion Hyde (1928-29) and the grand-daughter of Margaret Sinclair (1901-2).  
 JENNIFER ROSEVEARE (III F) is the daughter of Jessie Powell (1921) and the grand-daughter of Emma Ridgen (1877, 1st year pupil).  
 MARGARET BLACK (III B) is the grand-daughter of Annie Reeve (1889-91).  
 LOUISE ENSOR (III F) is the grand-daughter of Lena Collins (1898).  
 ADRIENNE TAYLOR (III M) is the grand-daughter of Clarice Holton (1902-3).  
 ELISABETH WEBSTER (III A) is the grand-daughter of Gertrude Frostick (1895-97).

### GIRLS WHO LEFT, 1954

Adcock, R. E.	Chesterman, A.	Glanville, P. E.
Airey, N. I.	Christensen, J. M.	Goodman, J. A.
Andrews, B. J.	Clark, A. M.	Griffiths, J. A.
Andrews, M. M.	Clarke, D. A.	Harland, R.
Anker, J. E.	Clarke, J. E.	Harris, B. E.
Anson, S. J.	Clephane, L. D.	Hepworth, A. M.
Armiger, B. D.	Cole, R. A.	Higgins, C. S.
Arnold, M. L.	Conway, J. E. L.	Hillsdon, N. M.
Ashcroft, L. A.	Cook, D. J.	Hopkinson, G. R.
Austin, E. B.	Crampton, M. J.	Hornby, M. E.
Baker, L. R. H.	Crowe, V. L.	Horwood, S. F.
Banks, M. M.	Cummings, J.	Houghton, M. E.
Barrell, L. F.	Cummock, O. Y.	Hughes, A. A. H.
Best, L. A.	Dalton, M. J.	Hughes, C. A. deL.
Birkett, E. M.	Davies, P. M.	Inglis, D.
Botting, B. G.	Davison, G. M.	Inglis, J.
Bradley, J. T.	Dickson, M. R.	Jenkin, E. J.
Breward, B. M.	Dobson, J. M.	Johnson, H. M.
Britnell, B. D.	Doussett, J. C.	Johnston, J. A.
Broughton, D. M.	Drake, B. E.	Johnstone, P. M.
Brown, M. E.	Duurloo, L. A.	Jordan, A.
Brown, P. W.	Duurloo, L. E.	Keast, B. E.
Browse, S.	Dyer, L. S.	Kirk, A. J.
Bruce, R. E.	Eder, S. E.	Laffey, A.
Bruce, S. P.	Eskett, J. L.	Launder, E. D.
Buckley, J.	Findlay, P. E.	Lewthwaite, A.
Buller, M. E.	Ford, B. A.	Lilley, P. J.
Burns, E. W.	Frandsen, A. M.	Lord, H. C.
Busch, R. A.	Friend, M. A.	McArthur, J. M.
Buttle, G. L.	Fussell, B. F.	McCracken, J. M.
Caldwell, K. F.	Garland, M. L.	McEvedy, D. L.
Campbell, D. A.	Gates, B. F.	McGrath, V. A.
Capstick, C. A.	Gates, J. M.	McLoughlin, M.
Carlisle, C. D.	Gibb, S. J.	McNaughton, E. M.
Carlyle, D. G.	Gibbens, J. P.	McQuarrie, J. K.
Carter, J. F.	Gibson, C. A.	Maffey, J. C.

Marr, L. A.	Roberts, L. M.	Thom, J. A.
Marriott, M.	Roberts, R. N.	Thomas, L. N.
Marshall, J. M.	Robertson, M. J.	Thomas, V. M.
Marson, M. D.	Robinson, F. M.	Thomson, J. A.
Mason, O. G.	Sanderson, B. M.	Thorne, N. W.
Mence, A. S.	Scarth, R. M.	Tomes, M. J.
Miller, R. E.	Scott, M. B.	Tonkin, A. S.
Milne, J.	Scott, M. J.	Torrence, H. R.
Milne, V. D.	Seaton, J. M.	Townsend, P. M.
Munro, M. E.	Sheehy, C. J.	Urquhart, J. G.
Newell, J. C.	Simpson, L. J.	Videon, J. M.
Norrell, N. E. E.	Simpson, M. McK.	Walker, D. L.
Norton, P. A.	Skinner, N. A.	Ward, B. P.
O'Connell, T. E.	Sloan, D. R.	Washbourne, N. A.
O'Malley, J. S.	Smith, B. K.	Watt, D. M.
Palmer, H.	Smith, D. M.	Wemyss, N.
Parton, C. J.	Smith, P. A.	Weston, L. E.
Pateron, K. M.	Sowerbutts, C.	White, N. K.
Patten, H. M.	Stead, T. R.	Whitlow, J. D.
Pentecost, E. M.	Steffens, L. A.	Williams, L. K.
Phillips, V. N.	Stevenson, K. V.	Williams, V. G.
Poulsen, D. J.	Stone, M. M.	Williams, Y. L. C.
Price, J. J.	Strathdee, J. F.	Willis, H. C. A.
Rait, D. B.	Stringer, E. A.	Willmott, V. W. E. A.
Reeves, E. M.	Suckling, B. E.	Wilson, J. M.
Richards, M. E.	Taylor, D. L.	Woods, B. E.
Richardson, J. T.	Taylor, W. L.	Young, N. J.
Rieper, P. Y. P.	Thackwell, J.	Young, P. A.

### NEW GIRLS, 1955

VI A—Knight, E. V. (R.).  
 VI B1—Boyes, D. G. (D.).  
 VI B2—Burdett, P. R. (S.), Watson, J. M. (R.).  
 VI B3—Chambers, E. M. (H.), Dalzell, V. D. (S.), Hill, J. E. (H.).  
 V R—Pine, D. P. (S.).  
 V H—Thomas, H. (R.).  
 IV A—Read, J. D. (H.).  
 IV M—Davidson B. M. (S.), Hoban, A. C. (D.).  
 IV F—Holland, M. (R.), Reading, L. S. (R.).  
 IV H—Muir, W. O. (R.).  
 III A—Aitchison, A. S. (S.), Anderson, P. (S.), Archbold, J. H. (D.), Arnold, J. M. (S.), Blazey, V. (H.), Boyes, A. G. (S.), Burrow, H. F. (R.), Bushby, V. M. (D.), Cranefield, B. A. (S.), Crouch, V. L. (D.), Dodd, E. D. (S.), Duke, L. S. (S.), Ebert, P. D. (H.), Foster, C. M. (D.), Giles, M. L. (D.), Guy, K. W. (S.), Hudson, D. M. (S.), Kinnaird, M. A. (S.), Knight, L. M. (S.), MacKinnon, M. H. (D.), McLellan, S. (S.), Mason, L. E. (D.), Mathieson, N. W. (D.), Morris, N. M. (S.), Muirson, G. (S.), Mullins, D. J. (S.), Peddie, B. A. (D.), Richards, L. C. (S.), Roberts, P. A. (D.), Robins, E. E. (H.), Shephard, C. V. G. (H.), Tucker, L. E. (R.), Watson, L. (H.), Webster, E. H. (S.), Wootton, R. M. (D.), Young, R. M. (D.).  
 III B—Bennett, K. L. (S.), Betts, J. E. (R.), Billcliff, P. M. (H.), Black, M. G. (H.), Boyd-Wilson, H. M. (D.), Brittenden, W. J. I. (H.), Bullivant, D. S. (H.), Carlisle, D. R. (R.), Clephane, A. G. (S.), Cooke, J. E. (R.), Cox, B. D. (D.), Fowler, M. D. (H.), Galbraith, S. D. (H.), Gerrard, M. D. (D.), Greening-Crombie, E. I. (R.), Grieve, H. J. (R.), Guild, A. J. (S.), Hutton,



F. J. (H.), Jankovskis, I. I. (R.), Jensen, E. S. (R.), Kecnan, M. V. (S.), McClymont, M. E. (D.), McDonnell, A. A. C. (H.), Mackay, E. A. (R.), Mills, B. L. (R.), Munro, M. E. A. (R.), Power, J. L. (H.), Pugh, J. M. (S.), Rathgen, E. J. (S.), Rhodes, A. C. (H.), Rowe, L. M. (S.), Smith, B. I. (D.), Tadge, E. F. (S.), Turner, B. E. (R.), Williams, M. E. (R.), Wilson, B. A. (R.).

III G—Adams, J. M. (S.), Barlow, P. M. (R.), Barrell, G. R. (D.), Buchanan, J. A. (H.), Burgess, R. F. (S.), Corbett, A. E. (S.), Cutler, J. F. (D.), Dunlop, N. J. (R.), Egan, J. M. (H.), Frickleton, P. N. (H.), Gordon, N. I. (R.), Hall, J. L. (H.), Hayes, N. C. (R.), Kearney, B. C. (H.), Laybourn, F. A. (D.), Loader, O. P. (R.), McGregor, R. M. (D.), Malcolmson, L. R. (R.), Mallard, A. F. (R.), Mikkelson, F. A. (R.), Narbey, M. E. (H.), Paterson, C. A. (H.), Paynter, L. A. (D.), Peare, H. M. (S.), Read, P. F. (H.), Rogers, D. J. (D.), Rose, R. M. (D.), Sayers, L. R. (S.), Shaw, A. G. (S.), Stickle, R. K. (H.), Stitt, P. M. (H.), Veitch, V. M. (D.), Webb, E. A. (H.), Winter, L. M. (R.).

III M—Beasley, J. F. (R.), Booth, M. L. (D.), Brown, A. M. (D.), Brown, G. McK., (H.), Cameron, A. (H.), Campbell, E. J. (H.), Cox, J. M. (H.), Cross, E. W. (R.), Cuthbertson, E. D. (H.), Dunlop, B. E. (R.), Field, A. M. (R.), Findlay, R. L. (R.), Frost, J. N. (S.), Frost, V. M. (H.), Gibson, J. M. (H.), Houghton, G. R. (S.), Johnson, E. M. (H.), Keats, N. D. (R.), Knights, P. A. (S.), Lester, L. A. (S.), Mack, T. E. (H.), McNeill, S. M. (R.), Malcolm, K. (S.), Marshall, R. (D.), Martin, M. E. (R.), Matthews, B. E. (H.), Sage, J. M. (H.), Sheehan, P. A. (H.), Simpson, H. W. (S.), Taylor, A. G. (H.), Townsend, J. E. (R.), Trussell, M. G. (D.), Ward, L. F. (H.), White, E. E. (R.), Wilson, B. J. (H.).

III F—Alexandre, A. E. (D.), Brown, C. M. (D.), Daugherty, B. J. (H.), Ensor, L. R. (D.), Fulford, B. A. (S.), Gregg, P. M. (R.), Hampton, J. L. (S.), Harris, J. A. (D.), Hendy, M. D. (H.), Hudson, L. C. (D.), Knight, B. J. (R.), Leadbetter, M. (S.), Lightfoot, S. M. (H.), Loader, B. R. (R.), Lucas, P. J. (D.), McLean, E. H. (H.), Manderson, H. R. (S.), Mazzoleni, J. (D.), Oldfield, G. M. (H.), Parfitt, Y. (D.), Pascoe, J. F. (R.), Pegley, J. L. (D.), Price, L. W. (S.), Prosser, J. A. (S.), Ragg, J. M. (H.), Reed, L. M. (H.), Rogers, H. P. (S.), Roseveare, J. A. (H.), Sparks, R. J. (S.), Thomson, R. J. (D.), Watts, H. R. (D.).

III H—Absalom, D. (S.), Andrews, E. M. (D.), Arundel, J. (D.), Barnett, C. A. (S.), Beckett, B. (S.), Bergh, M. T. (H.), Blade, J. H. (R.), Burrell, N. R. (D.), Caverhill, L. S. (R.), Cooke, C. J. (R.), Cusack, P. E. (D.), Dingwall, W. P. (D.), Dodge, P. A. (R.), Eaglesome, B. N. (S.), Gutteridge, G. A. (S.), Harrison, M. K. (H.), Harrow, J. C. (D.), Hay, J. L. (D.), Heald, N. A. (R.), Hobbs, I. R. (D.), Keast, L. H. (R.), Lambie, H. M. (H.), Larkins, M. C. (R.), McClure, V. M. (H.), McGettigan, M. A. (D.), McGrath, J. M. (R.), McPherson, B. R. (H.), Markholm, J. D. (D.), Mills, N. A. (D.), Purton, G. F. (S.), Skurr, A. P. (R.), Smith, G. A. (D.), Tallott, I. M. (D.), Waites, D. P. (D.), Walker, H. M. (H.), Walton, M. (H.), White, W. B. (D.).

#### PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION, 1955

At the seventeenth Annual Meeting held at the School on February 16th., the following officers were elected: President, Mr J. E. Milner; Vice-Presidents, Dr E. Mears and Mr C. H. Taylor; Hon. Treasurer, Mr T. A. Tucker; Hon. Secretary, Mrs C. D. Spencer; Committee, Mesdames W. H. Burrow, A. J. Gainsford, G. Guy, J. E. Milner, M. Rodger, Messrs J. N. Allen, C. C. Crawford, W. J. B. Cropp, A. C. Howse, G. G. Lockwood; Country Representative, Mr



Photo by Green and Hahn.

DEBUTANTES, 1955



L. J. Chambers (Springston); School Representatives, The Principal (Miss R. F. C. Tyndall), Miss R. M. Anderson, Miss M. R. Sherratt; Hon. Auditor, Mr G. Milne.

For 1955 the membership stands at 325.

The following meetings have been held.—March 9th., Address by the Dean of Christchurch, the Very Reverend Martin Sullivan; April 20th., Social Evening; June 8th., Miss C. E. Robinson, M.A., "Educational and Vocational Problems and Prospects for our Daughters"; July 27th., Mr Wiseley of Canterbury University College, "Notornis Country"; August 15th., Concert by School Choir and Orchestra, and Physical Education Demonstration; October 12th., Panel Discussion.

In March, elections were held for appointments to the Board of Governors, and Mrs G. G. Lockwood, Mr A. E. Caddick and Mr J. E. Milner were elected as the Parents' Representatives.

Repairs have been made to the seating on Ross Site.

On Wednesday, August 3rd., the annual Afternoon Tea Party was held in the Drill Room, when the Third Form parents met Miss Tyndall and the Staff. Over one hundred parents came and we were encouraged to observe an increase in courageous fathers. The P.T.A. are most grateful to Miss Tyndall and the staff for giving their time to make this function so successful.

At the end of last year £20 was given to the Prize Fund, £10 to the Social Studies Fund and £10 towards the Prize Giving. During the year donations have been received from Mr Mence, Mrs Warren and Mr and Mrs Gibb.

The main undertaking of the P.T.A. this year has been the organisation of an appeal, in conjunction with the Old Girls' Association, to form a fund for the benefit of the School. By the time this is printed, the appeal will have gone out to hundreds of homes and we hope that we may have started something that will be of lasting value to the School.

In conclusion, the P.T.A. are very grateful to Miss Tyndall, the Staff, the speakers at our meetings, and all those who have helped us during the year.

C. D. Spencer, Hon. Secretary.

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

The Fifty-fifth Annual General Meeting was held at the School on the 14th March, 1955, when the following officers were elected for the year:—

President, Mrs J. S. Hildyard (Nancy Rice); Vice-Presidents, Mrs D. Millar (Dorothy Arnold), Misses O. Eslick and M. Kissel; Secretary, Miss Margaret Sheppard; Assistant Secretary, Miss Ida Hamilton; Committee, Mesdames O. Michel (Ruth Harris), D. Sheppard (June Taigel), W. Staff, Misses J. Mahalm and S. Page; Community Services Secretary, Mrs N. C. Greagor (Margaret Millar); Trustees, Mrs R. S. W. Owen (Phyllis de Feu) and Miss R. F. C. Tyndall.

The annual membership stands at 316 and the life membership at 505.

The following meetings have been held this year: 7th February, "Evening Out," which was spent at Scarborough; 26th February, Garden Party at Miss I. Milnes' home; 27th April, Talk by Miss Havelaar on the "Save the Children Fund"; 20th June, Buffet Tea at the Mayfair Lounge and Picture Party at the Majestic Theatre; 23rd July, in the afternoon at St. Andrew's Church Hall, Annual Conversazione and talk by Sub-Inspector J. C. Fletcher on "Aspects of life in the Police Force"; 15th August, Mannequin Parade; 11th October, Film Evening; 25th November, Party for girls leaving school.



Twenty-nine debutantes were presented by the Lady Principal, Miss R. F. C. Tyndall, to our President, Mrs J. S. Hildyard, at the Annual Coming-Out Dance held at the Winter Garden on Wednesday, 25th May.

Ida Hamilton (Assistant Secretary)

### HONOURS WON BY OLD GIRLS

*Master of Arts:* Jane Aiken, Philippa Clare Alley, Cissie Agnes McLagan, (First Class Honours in Latin).

*Bachelor of Arts:* Rosamunde Alison Noel Connal, Nada Margaret Dick, Shirley Greenwood, Joan Marion Hartley, Ann Margaret Lyall, Susan Margaret Ruddle, Judith Diane Smerdon, Lynley Edith Taylor, Rosalind Eleanor Watson, Shirley Marian Wells, Jennifer Lucy White, Zoe Irene Wicks.

*Master of Science:* Catherine Merle Noble (First Class Honours in Mathematics).

*Bachelor of Science:* Gwenda Frances Sheat (Sir George Grey Scholar), Elizabeth Stevenson.

*Bachelor of Home Science:* Margaret Rose Till.

### NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Mrs R. G. S. Powell (Wendy Cameron) with her husband and children, Judith and Peter, has returned to New Zealand and is living in Oamaru where Mr Powell is Assistant-Engineer to the Waitaki Power Board.

Mrs G. Ward (Mary Weir) is now living in Sydney where her husband is a teacher at Knox Grammar School.

Elsie Caverhill is in England on a working holiday and has also made a tour of the Continent.

Claire and Nola Brown of Omihi, Judith Clark, Lorna Clark, Jennifer Nicholas, and Anne-Marie Moore are on trips to England and the Continent. Joan Buchan has attended a Girl Guide camp in Norway as a New Zealand representative, before touring the Continent. Jennifer White is spending several months in Bermuda before flying to London and France.

Rosamunde Connal has gone to England to further her musical studies.

Edna Graham, who took up a Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music London in 1947, spent four years there and has since had an outstanding singing career in England and Europe. She has sung at Covent Garden, with the Glyndebourne Opera, the Sadler's Wells Company and the Carl Rosa Company in leading parts. She was selected by Sir Thomas Beecham to take a leading role in the opera "Ermilene."

Recently she took part in competitions in Munich with some of the most prominent singers in Europe and has been heard in a British Broadcasting Corporation programme of the New Zealand Music Society in London, over Station 3YC.

Tui Uru won a prize at the City of Sydney Eisteddford, 1955, when she was placed first for the English traditional folk song.

Mrs A. Williamson (Betty Smith) gained her B.Sc. degree in 1953, and is now doing research work in Reading, Berks., England.

Nancy Ball is working with a Methodist Mission in the Solomon Islands. She herself trains the girls and boys who are sufficiently advanced to become teachers, and periodically she travels by boat around her island of Choiseul to inspect the twenty-two schools in her charge.

The following extracts from a recent letter give us some idea of her life there. "Our local school begins with Morning Worship at 6.30 a.m. The children from the far end of the village have over a mile to walk to school.

On wet mornings they come huddled under banana leaves or native umbrellas, made from folded leaves sewn together. These umbrellas do not last long and if they are not put out in the sun frequently, soon get mildewed.

We have two three-quarter hour periods till 8.15 a.m. All children with sores, ulcers, coughs etc., then go down to the hospital for treatment. A bell is rung at 8.30 for games, marching or drill. The girls play basketball on the court near our house. The boys play football (soccer) or do drill or semaphore. We have half-hour periods until 10.30; ten minutes break and English reading and spelling until 11.30.

The village children all go home. Many of them spend the afternoons in their gardens which are some distance away, or look after their younger brothers and sisters.

The station boys have an hour for lunch (usually potatoes and rice) before they go to their gardens, make copra, weed the plantations or do whatever work needs doing. They work until 5 p.m. when they are free to do what ever they like but as it is usually dark by 6 p.m. they cannot play football for long.

The girl boarders also work in their gardens every afternoon from 12.30 till 5 p.m. except Wednesday and Saturday. Wednesday is handwork afternoon and they must do two or more articles of native work before they get any sewing material. They make all their clothes by hand. When their stitches are very small like machine stitches, they are taught to use the hand-sewing machine. The girls make flax mats, soft plaited baskets, string bags, rope for carrying firewood, and umbrellas.

The girls all learn to care for the orphan and motherless babies who are in our care. Some the these babies' mothers are lepers. The babies are taken from their mothers at birth and brought to us. These babies grow up into healthy children and do not get leprosy unless they live with someone who has the disease. The girls take turns in looking after these children.

A crocodile came up our creek about a week ago and had several ducks for his tea. The boys set a trap under the bridge and baited it with a dead dog. One of the teachers had five shots with a shot gun. The crocodile did not return. If Abednego had had a rifle he could have killed it. We think it was wounded and may have died.

The reefs are uncovered now about mid-day. The girls love to collect sea-urchins, octopus, seaweed and sea anemones for their tea. Octopus is very tasty but I rather think the others are acquired tastes. Not for me anyway! Once was enough."

### Marriages

SHEPPARD—TAIGEL: On 20th November, 1954, June Beverley Taigel to David Cyril Ashley Sheppard.

DENNIS—KUMMER: On 6th January, 1955, Renetta Kummer to Arthur Dennis.

SEALBY—DIXON: On 19th February, 1955, Janie Margaret Dixon to Joseph Maurice Sealby.

FRENCH-WRIGHT—KENNEDY: On 26th February, 1955, Frances Elizabeth Kennedy to Ian Renwick French-Wright.

WADDELL—VOICE: On 26th March, 1955, Pamela Margaret Voice to Alaster William Waddell.



DUNBAR—METCALF: On 21st May, 1955, at Parramatta, Sydney, Margaret Rhoda Metcalf to Bruce Dunbar.

JAMES—DICKSON: On 21st May, 1955, Beatrice Rose Dickson to Kenneth Charles James.

OFFICER—HOWIE: On 22nd August, 1955, at Invercargill, Gwen Howie to William Officer.

EDWARDS—SHEPPARD: On 10th September, 1955, Alice Margaret Sheppard to Robert Edgar Edwards.

### Births

To Mr and Mrs M. Barnett (Mavis Sheat) at Christchurch, on 28th August, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs L. Hancock (Joy Barlow) at Hamilton, on 21st September, 1954—a son.

To Mr and Mrs D. Lowery (Nancy Riches) at Leeston, on 19th November, 1954—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs W. I. Birch (Anne Merrett) at Christchurch, on February 9th, 1955—a son.

To Mr and Mrs M. Kelly (Frances Caverhill) at Motueka, on 2nd April, 1955—a son.

To Mr and Mrs N. Hattaway (Mary Malthus) at Christchurch, on 6th April, 1955—a son.

To Mr and Mrs J. Chilton (Lorna Perham) at Christchurch, on 25th June, 1955—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs B. Marshall (Beverly Cotton) at Christchurch, on 4th August, 1955—a daughter.

To Mr and Mrs N. Miller (Ann Wilson) at Christchurch, on 14th August, 1955—a daughter.

### Deaths

TAIT. On 16th August 1955. Mrs J. Tait (Frances George). Pupil of the school 1881-1882.

FURNESS. August 1955. Mrs R. P. Furness (Elsie May Evans). Head Prefect of the school. 1897-1902.

### WELLINGTON BRANCH

The Wellington Branch is now in its sixth year and has a membership of 93. As many of our members are mothers of young families, attendances vary according to winter ills and school holidays, but the average attendance is 36. Three of our members are overseas at present.

Officers for the 1955/56 year are:—

President: Mrs F. G. Gooch (Valmai Miller); Vice-Presidents: Mesdames P. A. Loe (Doris Butters) and C. L. Worboys (Beatrice Lomas); Secretary: Mrs A. N. V. Dobbs (Gwen Stephens); Treasurer: Mrs J. C. Price (Lyla Marriott);

Committee: Mesdames W. N. Purchase (Pat Senior), D. N. Humm (Agnes Campbell), and A. M. Warren (Molly Pine).

We should be pleased to welcome any "Old Girls" visiting Wellington or coming here to our meetings which are held on the third Wednesday of each month (except December and January) in the University Women's Club Rooms.

We should like to send greetings to present pupils of the School and best wishes for their chosen careers to those who are about to join the legion of "Old Girls."

Gwen Dobbs (Hon. Secretary).

### THANKS

We wish to thank the many friends of the School who have helped us in different ways during the past year.

### EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with thanks magazines from the following schools: Timaru Girls' High School, Christchurch Boys' High School, Whakatane High School, Epsom Girls' Grammar School, Wellington East Girls' College, Takapuna Grammar School, Napier Girls' High School, Christchurch Technical College, Palmerston North Girls' High School, Wanganui Girls' College, Christchurch West High School, Te Awamutu College, Papanui High School, Marlborough College, Ashburton High School, Rotorua High and Grammar School, Waimate High School, New Plymouth Girls' High School, Wallasey High School, St. Andrew's College, Timaru Boys' High School, Linwood High School, Wairoa College, Pukekohe High School, Otahuhu College, Nelson Girls' High School, Avonside Girls' High School, Otago Girls' High School, Waitaki Girls' High School, Auckland Girls' Grammar School, Southland Girls' High School, Rangi-Ruru School, St. Margaret's College, Seddon Memorial Technical College.



## LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

## BE A BIRD-WATCHER!

Two thousand five hundred feet above sea level, or down by the shore itself—it makes no difference where—bird-watching is one of the finest hobbies there is. If you, too, have had the experience of stalking an uncommon bird, or watching nest-building, you will know what I mean.

For many years now, it has been my favourite hobby, and one of the most important things I have learnt is that it is not necessary to go far afield to bird-watch. In our garden at any rate, there are plenty of birds to feed and observe. Some people are scornful of common birds like sparrows and starlings, but even they are interesting. Apart from blackbirds, thrushes and finches, there is the occasional visit of a fantail or grey-warbler, or perhaps a flock of waxeyes. Then when on fine summer days in the holidays I have cycled out a couple of miles into the country for the fun of it, there are invariably skylarks, yellow-hammers, or possibly a stray kingfisher.

Only recently, however, I had the wonderful opportunity of watching native birds in their natural surroundings in the bush, when we spent two nights under the snow-bright peaks of Mount Cook. One morning when I woke soon after six, I lay listening to the dawn performance of the Symphony Orchestra of the wild—admission free. The mountain tops were touched a warm gold by the first rays of sunshine, and across the scintillating grass, the bush fringe beckoned. And suddenly I yielded, and slipped away from camp.

As I sat motionless on a lichen-covered log, in the cool, green depths of the bush, birds came nearer and nearer. Friendly little black-and-yellow tomtits twittered to me from a couple of yards' distance. A pair of rifleman flicked and darted from branch to branch on a black beech, as if they were putting on a special display for me. For several minutes I puzzled myself trying to identify a chirping not far off. I crept stealthily after it, but it eluded me, luring me further on. Eventually I saw it sufficiently to be sure it was a little brown-creeper.

Returning through the bush, I was arrested by a harsh cheeping sound. What was it? The thrill of the unknown descended upon me as I peered through the tangled growth of a young beech tree. Nor was I disappointed, for perched on a branch, with an anxious grey-warbler hovering over it, was a young shining cuckoo. Many a time had I heard the well-known story of how the cuckoo places her egg in the nest of some poor little bird, who is forced to raise the greedy intruder instead of her own. And here I was, an eye-witness of the very thing. The young cuckoo, with its shining green and gold plumage and barred breast, was almost twice the size of its browbeaten foster-mother.

Thus when we left Mount Cook, I took with me, besides happy memories, quite a number of entries in my nature diary.

Now, what of the birds of the seashore and estuary? Only a few miles from Christchurch, the Estuary at Pleasant Point especially at sunset provides remarkable bird-watching. On one occasion I was there when the tide was still fairly well out on the flats, and numbers of birds were feeding on the grey mud stretches. Pukekos, strutting stiffly on long red legs, fossicked among the rotting weed. Conspicuous against their blue-black plumage, their white tails flicked up and down and I could hear their peculiar cries, a mixture between a honk and a screech.

In a pool left by the previous tide, a pair (or was there a third behind those rushes?) of reef herons waded silently through the water, the reflections of their slate-grey plumage shivering beneath them. A high-pitched yelping above me made me look up, to see a flock of pied stilts passing overhead. How ridiculous they looked with their long legs trailing out behind! As they alighted by the water-line I noticed that there were a few pied oyster-catchers fishing from

the shallow waters. And, of course, there was the ever-present congregation of red-billed gulls. Among them, apart from a few big black-backed gulls, was a stray godwit, with his speckled brown plumage and long upturned bill.

Thinking I might find the last year's nests of some pukekos, I splashed over to an area of swamp grass. All I discovered however, were a few feathers. Several times I began to sink ankle-deep in the ooze, which made me think of Carver Doone meeting his unhappy death in the bog. I had given up hope of finding anything, the landscape around had changed considerably.

The sun had sunk well down in the sky—just a rim above the dark pine plantation. The tide too, had changed. Where earlier there had been grey, barren wastes, the water was now creeping up inch by inch in a sparkling sheet; I could hear a weird bubbling noise as it ran into all the crab-holes. Gliding up silently with the tide was a black swan, solitary and regal, while above, the silhouetted form of a white-fronted tern performed acrobatics. A pair of grey ducks skimmed low across the estuary, and faded away, away, away . . .

Suddenly, a kingfisher swooping down in front of me, jerked me back to my senses. If I didn't hurry, darkness would descend upon me. Soon I was back to the car. Maybe my legs *were* covered with oozy black mud which wasn't exactly odourless, and my clothes *would* need a good wash, but it had been well worth while.

Can anyone who has had experiences like mine, deny the infinite joys of bird-watching?

J.A.C., V. S.

## WRITTEN IN THE FIRELIGHT

The fire is low. Searing the blue night  
The wild west wind pursues his ruthless race  
Over the stark grass and through the trees that stand  
Like silvered spectres welded to the earth.  
No moon, no stars—naught but unending space.

Flaming, red and gold, and russet brown,  
Like leaves of warmer days, fancies fall  
To ash before the breeze of thought can snatch them,  
Brown as the scent of bracken when the rain  
Soaks the rich, dark earth and there is silence;  
Brown as the chirp of crickets in the grass;  
As acorns and horse-chestnuts, oak leaves dead,  
And riverbeds where freckled fishes lie.

Golden as the snapping, scented gorse;  
As summer sunshine, honey-breathing air  
And grain and thrushes' songs.  
Red as rosehips, strawberries sweet and wild;  
Poppies swaying, silken, in the corn;  
As heaven, blushing deep at morning's kiss;  
Ripe clustered apples bending every tree;  
As poor man's weather-glass.

Mellow, glowing as the harvest moon  
That carpeting the stubble-fields with rose  
And silver, tints the sleeping hills  
Leaving on every stook a shining veil,  
And turns the glimmering lake to amethyst.

Fiercer the night wind blows; the air is chill.  
A thousand frozen raindrops sting the pane.  
Colours bow to darkness—the fire dies.

C.E.D. VI B1.



## ANDY

The first thing we always did when we got to the farm in the summer holidays was to go and see Andy. Before we visited the horses or the dogs, or rushed down to the river to see if our dam had withstood the winter's floods, we would run along the track, over the cattle-stop, through the pines, to the old hut. No matter how much everything else had changed in a year, Andy was always the same. When we arrived he would be busily engaged in chopping wood or digging his garden, and not till we were almost on top of him, would he turn round. Then he pretended that he had not expected us until the next day. When I was older I realized that each year he was afraid we would have grown up and changed. We never did—at least not while we knew him.

I never knew Andy's other name. When we asked him he would answer 'Methuselah', or 'children should be seen and not heard', but in a nice voice. That was his fascination—he mixed truth and imagination up so much and with such vividness that we could not distinguish the difference. He told us he had been a sailor, and whether this were true or not, I don't know, but he certainly looked like one. His face was burnt brown, his hair a bushy white shock standing on end, and his eyes, under thick brows were blue as any sea. He walked with a slight roll, and was full of sea stories—of sea serpents, big as a boat, of pirates, of sharks, and of treasure.

And in spite of our powers of reason, we believed him implicitly. Only in a Fourth Form Latin examination did I discover that R.I.P. on a gravestone meant 'Rest in Peace' and not 'Return if Possible', as Andy had instructed us. We firmly believed that if we fell down the well, we would land up in Australia.

Andy loved his cows. He wouldn't even look at a horse; dogs he barely tolerated; sheep he called 'silly dumb creatures'; but cows were his friends. He knew them all by name and nature and had infinite patience with them. I think he liked them better than humans. I have seen him spend hours with a troublesome heifer and when we frightened a cow by lying in the loft above the cowshed and dropped cherry stones, so that it might upset the bucket of milk, a purple and irate cowman chased us with a pitchfork, until we thought we should drop.

It was Andy who taught us how to milk. I was not very successful because I forgot what I was doing, and would instead watch him in the next stall. I marvelled as I watched his thick gnarled old hands suddenly become gentle and sensitive, heard his cracked voice singing snatches of old tunes with words of his own, while the milk swished rhythmically into the bucket.

Once I happened to be at the farm over New Year, and was walking past the hut when I saw a dapper figure emerge. I could hardly believe that this vision in a shiny dark-blue suit and tie, could be the Andy who usually appeared in ancient clothes, patched for some obscure reason, in bright red flannel. It seemed that he was going to town! 'How odd,' I thought, 'I can't remember Andy ever going to town before.'

I soon became wiser. It appeared that this was his annual fling. Never leaving the farm all year, he hoarded his pay—which he kept knotted up in a red handkerchief—and then went to town on New Year's Eve. Some kind friend always brought him home penniless and dead-drunk, and deposited him in the cow paddock. This had become quite a ritual. After about two days he appeared quite sober, if a little disillusioned, and quite prepared to repeat the performance the following year.

Andy is dead, and I don't know how he died. He just wasn't there one year. When he became too old for farm-work, he went to a Home for Old Men. We think he died of pneumonia there. But somehow I can't think of Andy in an

Old Men's Home. I remember him best leaning on his spade as he spun yarns, to which we listened with rapt attention. I remember him for his courage, his gentleness, his quaintness, and—for just being Andy.

J.M.H., VIA.

## A SILVER STREAM

(See Frontispiece)

A little stream, a silv'ry veil  
Of floating misty spray.  
Then sparkling, dancing in the sunlight,  
Leaping o'er the tiny stones  
Where the fern-fronds bend and whisper.

On that cushion of velvet moss  
A rhinestone necklace shines silver-blue  
'Midst a chain of golden stars.  
Then look how the curtain of silv'ry water  
Slips over a cool, fern-fringed precipice  
And divides into long, shining tassels,  
Fine-ribbed with white.

Under the pathway it plunges;  
Leaps into the sunlight and on down the hill;  
And now we have lost it  
Among the dark pines;  
As it tumbles below to the river,  
And rushes away to the sea.

J.A.M., IV. A.

## LEARNING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

I can still remember my first French lesson four years ago in Dunedin. The mistress entered the room, pointed to me, and said something in what was presumably French. Now, my French was of the variety consisting of one phrase "Parley-vous frongsay?" to which the correct answer was, of course, an emphatic "Nong!" and a shake of the head, so that I had not the least idea of the meaning of the rapidly-pattered words with which she addressed me. Then she addressed another girl and another until at last, one, either forewarned of the matter, or a better guesser than the rest of us, hesitantly got up and shut the door, for which she was rewarded with a few dazzling sentences, understood neither by her nor by us. And then the teacher turned to the board, wrote on it a few words "Je parle français" and repeated it clearly and distinctly. Phrase followed phrase with a baffling swiftness and after ten minutes, I knew, or thought I knew, that French was beyond my grasp. Later, it was all straightened out, but that first lesson I remembered with dread for some time.

My first Latin lesson a year before had been no such exhibition of virtuosity, but rather a feat of memory. The teacher came into the room, and, without as much as a "Good morning", proceeded to explain that Latin nouns were declined in six cases, singular and plural, each of which had a separate and distinct meaning and then wrote the declension of "puella" on the board, telling us to learn it immediately. Needless to say, most Latin lessons were alike—we were set some piece of work and told to learn it. This was really a trial—a trial of strength and of memory.

As it is, I carried from that year, a faultless engraving on my mind, of the five declensions of nouns and the four conjugations of verbs, but of real Latin



I knew little—it was an effort to compose a simple sentence and a “Nauta puellam agricolae amat” was a feat to be admired.

But it was also in this class that one of the lighter moments took place—I can remember roaring with laughter on being told that the Latin for twenty was “wiginty”. I thought that was terribly humorous, though in its proper spelling, “viginti” looks a little more dignified. And I remember too, after learning to decline “miles”, a soldier, how we bored each other with constant repetitions of “Me-lit-a-bus (militibus) and it caught fire.”

My first, really first, German lesson was undertaken at home with a few texts entitled “German by Yourself” and “Teach Yourself German.” I struggled gamely for a few intermittent lessons, assisted by my mother, but it was too much, for both of us, and we soon gave up. I don’t think that this self-instruction did much good, but with the aid of Grimm’s Law I could read a little German, and just managed to disentangle the Gothic script. But my first lesson at school was almost effortless, and I seem to have progressed reasonably well, although I can see pitfalls in the future. But it has been said that the third language you learn is easier than the first, and so on in sequence. It is to be hoped this is not a fallacy.

But learning a foreign language is not all trial. There are the great moments when for instance, reading a piece of French prose, you find, to your amazement, that instead of having to translate each word into English, you can understand it without translation, and, provided that the vocabulary is not too difficult, you can read it almost as quickly and easily as you can English. Then, too, comes the day when an elaborate Latin construction or complicated French idiom sails into your mind, and you find yourself muttering “it was favoured by Fortune to the brave” or “give me with which to write.” It is then you know you have arrived. You have become acclimatized, and the words you are going to use, come ready to your mind, springing like Minerva, fully-armed, from the head of Jove.

D.G.B., VI B1.



### MORTIMER

“Mortimer” was the name we chose  
Because as a kitten he struck a pose  
Of aloof disdain for our childish pranks.  
Our efforts to please him received no thanks.  
When at last he consented to play with a ball  
He would suddenly stop, disregarding all  
And stalk off with hauteur—a tigerish stride—  
As if we had injured his sensitive pride.  
Birds, mice and rats—once a rabbit,  
Were brought to show it was not his habit  
To waste his time in human domains  
Like sitting on laps and playing ball games.  
Food—our Mortimer never begs,  
He neither meows nor rubs against legs,  
But sniffs at his dish with a critical air  
As if it was time the milk was there!  
When visitors come he meets their gaze  
Never inflating at words of praise  
Like “Nice Puss”, “Black Puss”, “Pussy come here!”  
But his eyes develop a cynical leer.  
He sits in the room, an ebony Sphinx  
Never revealing what he thinks!

C.W.B., IV. A.

## THE BOOK OF ANGELINA

### Chapter I

1. And in the year 1952, it came to pass that a great plague of the young of the Philistines, from the North, and from the South, and from the East, and from the West, drew near to the great doors of the Halls of Learning, and the wise ones did lean out of the windows, and with one mighty shout they did say, “Ugh!”

2. From afar one of the great ones saw the forward act of a Third Former. Yea, she did enter by the front door; and she was seen from afar by a prefect, who did pour out her wrath upon the unfortunate one.

3. There stood the innocent new one in fear and trembling, before the keeper of laws, and her joints were loosened, and her knees smote one against the other. But the prefect took pity on her and said, “This time thou shalt go scot free, but be warned.”

4. Then saith the child unto her comrades, “Of a truth, I say unto you, reproach hath broke my heart, I am full of heaviness.” And there was much weeping and gnashing of teeth.

### Chapter II

But yea, when Angelina was in her second year at this place, her actions did surpass all words, and many rules she broke with great gusto and no repentance. Thus over all that year we draw a veil.

### Chapter III

1. Now when the up and coming schoolgirl grew to be a Fifth Former, her heart was full of fear, and she dreaded the passing of time.

2. And the summer of rejoicing passed into the winter of sombreness and springtime of dread, for there was passing over the Halls of Learning, the great shadow of Zorobabel, which is being interpreted, School Certificate.

3. But it would be beyond all expectation in the eyes of the wise ones that School Certificate would not be forgotten on occasion.

4. Thus it came to pass that on one fateful day, she did enter into the school room, and she did slam the door, and the noise thereof was as a great clap of thunder; and straightway did follow the august one (She whose name must not be mentioned) and her wrath did descend upon the head of that foolish one.

Here ended the Fifth Form.

### Chapter IV

1. But when Angelina came into the Sixth Form, then was she full of wisdom and great virtue; and she did study exceeding hard.

2. And thus drew near the end of Angelina’s school career; her face was lined with knowledge, and her back was bowed under the weight of many years of carrying her school case.

3. And there was not one man who would say of Angelina, “Yea, is she not a peach?” instead they did say unto her, “Lo and behold, how intellectual thou lookest. Peradventure thou wouldst make a good school teacher.” Then went she rejoicing on her way. And thus it came to pass that Angelina did spend all the years of her life in the Halls of Learning.

Selah.

J.N., VI. B.I.

## WHERE THE HEATHCOTE WINDS ITS WAY TO SEA

The silvery Heathcote winds its way to sea;  
The cool translucent waters beckon me;  
Green sward beside; and weeping willow tree,  
Casting its peaceful shade invitingly.



When noon-day sun beats hot on city street,  
A-throbbing with the tramp of weary feet,  
There is a haven of tranquillity,  
Down where the Heathcote winds its way to sea.

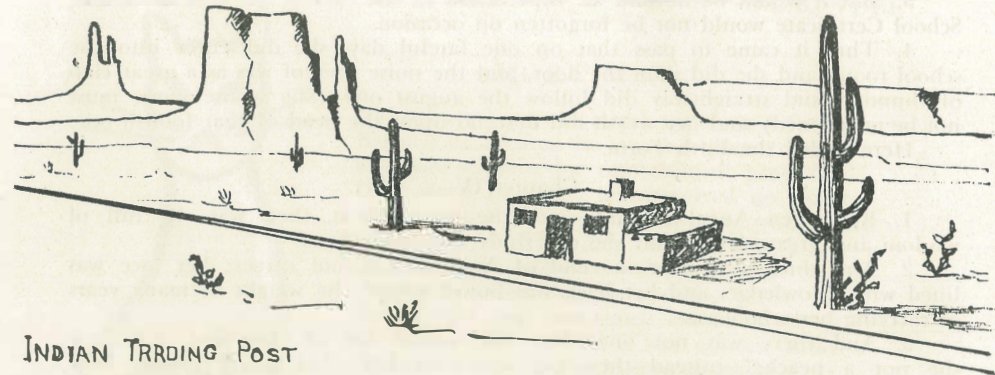
A.M., III. G.

## TRAMPING

There's nothing like a cloudy day  
With a bracing breath in the air,  
To be tramping along with a pack on the back  
Whither, I know not where.  
To be tramping along with a pack on the back  
And a ruffling breeze in the hair.  
To be tramping along wearing good, stout boots,  
Away from the bustle and glare.  
To be in the town on a dusty day  
Is hot, and hard to bear,  
But to be on the hills on a blust'ry day  
Is a pleasure beyond compare.  
So all I ask is a cloudy day  
With a bracing breath in the air,  
To be tramping along with a pack on the back  
Whither, I know not where.

B.S., III. B.

## INDIAN TRADING POST



INDIAN TRADING POST

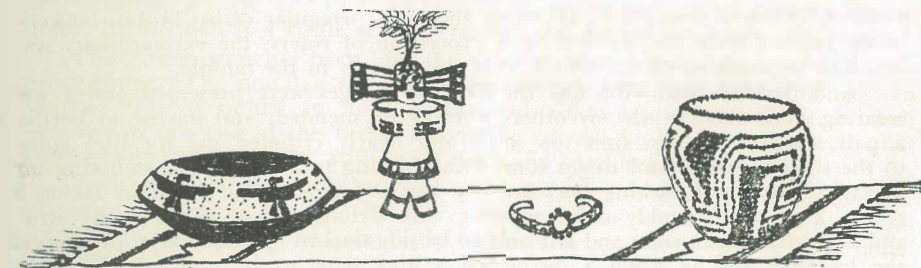
Between the towering mountain ranges of California and Colorado lies the Great American Desert—the Indian Country. It is a land where the sun beats down mercilessly from a turquoise sky on to the hard-baked red earth beneath. It is a land where strange outcroppings of rock-like gigantic sky-scrapers loom under a canopy of floating cloud castles, where saguaro cacti are like branched pillars in a vast cathedral, and where the purple sage covers thousands of acres with a misty mauve haze.

This is the country of the ancient Red Man—of Navajos, Zunis, Hopis, Pimas, Papagos and a dozen other tribes. They were here long before the first bearded trapper plodded his way along mountain streams hunting for beaver, and long before the first pioneers came to establish their homes.

These Indians maintain their own identity; they do not seek the white man's towns and civilisation but live in lonely groups beyond the roads, in the desert they love. From time to time they come to the highway, a ribbon of concrete that the White Man has laid in the desert along the old Santa Fé Trail from Los Angeles to Denver. There, at the trading posts, they sell the crafts of their ancient culture.

When I look at the souvenirs on my bookcase, vivid pictures of the painted desert and the lonely trading posts flash through my mind. My Kachina doll, carved like a totem and painted in bright colours, is the religious symbol of the Zuni warrior god. The black pottery bowl with raised carvings of the thunder-bird, a symbol of good luck which many Indian tribes have, was made by Hopis who mine the black earth in their region of the desert. My black and white Pima basket is intricately woven from bear-grass and shredded yucca leaves, and my little Chimayo rug is woven from coarse wool, clipped from the Indians' own desert sheep. But, my most prized possession of all is a turquoise bracelet made by the Navajos who mine the turquoise and silver in the canyons of this region. The turquoise is set in a curved band of beaten silver on which have been carved some ancient sign-language symbols.

As I look back over the desert scenes—the strange horizons, vivid colours and the fascinating people, I hope I shall some day return to this lonely land where time stands still.



C.W.B., IV. A.

## THE DRAGONFLY

A flash of iridescence  
Hovering, hovering,  
Hovering over the swamp;  
Black eyes protruding,  
Fragile body quivering.  
Cellophane wings, geometrical,  
Hovering, hovering,  
Hovering over the rushes;  
Rising, now falling  
Down without warning.  
Lustrous black on a warm stone  
Resting, resting,  
Resting motionless, sun-drenched;  
Now folded wings idling,  
Thorny legs spreading.  
Twig-like, segmented, mottled,  
Waiting, waiting,  
Waiting, irradiant blue;  
Serious, contemplating,  
Then off! swift as lightning.

J.S. V. S.



## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember the day when . . . ?

After five years of school there is so much to remember—yet the days have flown so quickly it seems that I am still at the New Girls' Party trying desperately to manoeuvre a most elusive balloon into a waste-paper basket with a ruler. Or it is raining and I am galloping heavily round the gym out of time with the music and confidently believing I am "impressing" the harassed prefect on duty.

In my first years many things stand out very clearly—the dread of Assembly on Fridays because it was always asked who had been talking after the bell—and I invariably had; the isolation at exam-time when desks were moved for the first time and I didn't even dare to pick up my ruler; the going to a theatrical performance and finding afterwards that I had been sitting on my panama hat; the excitement of watching Inter-House Relay races with subsequent sore throat and burning hands; my first dive off the board—the most perfect flop ever done; jumping off the three-metre board at the Centennial Pool to find my button had snapped off and my costume was around my middle; serving an entire game of double faults.

And later—the feeling of importance at being in Senior Assembly; the superiority over new girls who seem to get smaller every year; a certain friend riding into Victoria Lake fully dressed, and the sight of her panama emerging; the smell of hydrogen disulphide; geometry theorems; irregular verbs; broken beakers; being Julius Caesar and stabbed by a procession of rulers; the extraordinary way in which my cooking efforts always went flat or split in the middle.

And this last year—the day the Prefects' badges were presented and I was wearing court shoes while my others were being mended; and having to borrow a pair which were two sizes too small and nearly crippled me for life; going to the shop before school to get some meat, getting to the gate, remembering my elevated status and rushing back for my hat and gloves; the dread of taking a rowdy form to Assembly each morning; the determination to be really strict and issue detentions right and left only to be side-tracked by some naive questioner; the horrified feeling when I discovered a grey hair at the end of that term; and going to town and hearing a Third-Former whisper to her mother— "Look, Mum, there's one of our Prefects"—and remembering doing the same thing when I was in the Third Form.

But most of all I remember the companionship of my class-mates, the lasting friendships formed—and it seems now five years of laughter.

D.J., VI.A.

## MY CHILDHOOD HOME

Along an English country road, beside a spinney, stands a little white house. It is the house I loved in my childhood.

The rose-wreathed front door leads straight into the sitting-room which is tiny, green-carpeted, and smells faintly of lavender. At one end of the room is a large, gilt-framed picture of a deer-hunter at sunset with his dog, his horse and his kill. At the other end, above a large open fire-place, are three shelves. These are crowded with ornaments of every description. Some are glass, some pottery, some brass and some silver, but the two I like most are the china milkmaid and the red earthenware apple-boy. The milkmaid's head is made so that the slightest touch sets it nodding in the most captivating way, and the sight of the Italian apple-boy's merry bronzed face always fills me with delight.

The ceiling of the room is low and oak-beamed. There are three green-covered, well-worn armchairs round the fire, an old and surprisingly tuneful piano in one corner, and, by a latticed window, a little wicker work-table.

A door leads from the sitting-room to the kitchen, which also is small and very cosy and warm. There is no modern stove but a large, old-fashioned range suitable for cooking a turkey on a spit. The fender is brass and there are brass ornaments and a cuckoo clock on the mantelpiece. A pair of bellows hangs by the fire and there are seven horse-shoes and a fox's brush festooned over the doorway, "for luck". Along one wall is a neat little sink and along another is a quaint bandy-legged table and four three-legged stools.

There are two bedrooms in the house, the one leading from the kitchen, and the other being the attic, whose one window peeps like an eye from the red-tiled roof. Both have twin-beds, flowered curtains, and china wash-basins and jugs which have been dry for many years.

In place of the basins and jugs is a modern bathroom painted in peach so that it always seems to be full of sunshine. Sunshine itself, however, cannot outdo the splendour of the flowers in the garden of the little house.

Golden and red hollyhocks stand like sentinels at the doors. Roses ramble about the trellis-work arches bending across the crazy-paving that winds among the flowers. There are lilies, lupins, pinks and pansies, carnations, candytuft, delphiniums and daisies—every flower imaginable, but the most arresting thing of all is the apple tree in May. It is covered with the most delicate pink blossom which flutters like confetti to the green grass. The tree sweeps low over a moist little dell that glitters with dew, and where primroses and violets grow in spring-time. In this dell is a rustic seat where one can dream for hours, undisturbed.

The garden stretches back into the spinney from which it is separated by a privet hedge. The nostalgic scent of privet still takes me back to that hedge. In Summer it is wreathed in honey-suckle and wild-roses and in Autumn with bryony. At one end of this hedge among the currant bushes is an old well, that although seldom used now, still yields pure and sparkling water.

Perhaps it is the light of memory which invests this house with glamour, or perhaps it is because I am so far away, among houses which have no old-world atmosphere and charm, that this little house is to me the most beautiful house in the world.

C.E.D., VI. B.I.

## THE DANCE DRESS

Count the cherry stones and see,  
Which dancing dress would best suit me,  
Silk, satin, cotton—Oh!  
None of these are right, I know.

Chiffon, tulle, and crisp pale net,  
These are lovelier still, and yet  
I'd like to win an admiring glance  
When I go out to my first dance.

Sleek, black velvet might look too old,  
Taffeta in stiff wide fold?  
Lace-a-foam? Or organdi?  
None of these I think for me.

Count the cherry stones again,  
Count them slowly one to ten,  
There's an extra one! Ah, now I see,  
Nylon is the stuff for me.

J.P., IV. H.



## IN THE LIMELIGHT

Children love to be in the limelight. If they can't become the centre of attraction by being pretty or talented, they whine and talk loudly; their one idea is to be noticed.

Little girls love to go on the stage. When I was four, my mother enrolled me in a baby dancing class. We did not learn very much, but once a year all the mothers made their little girls pretty frocks, curled their hair, and took them to the theatre for the recital.

We had great fun. On arriving at the back of the theatre we ran about, shouted and provoked the anger of the stage manager and all his helpers. Even at our tender age, we looked on them as people who were merely employed to make the stage fit for us to dance on.

At last, with fluffy cardigans round our shoulders, we stood in the wings, getting in everyone's way, but nevertheless feeling very grand and beautiful.

When now I see children on the stage "all becurled" as my mother puts it, with sickly, toothless smiles all over their made-up faces, I think, "What precocious horrors they are!" And when I hear their mothers saying how sweet each other's children are, I say to myself, "Thank goodness my mother wasn't like that." It's with a shock I realise how alike we are.

I can't forget my annoyance, and the flush of my cheeks making my rouge glow even more, when my mother insisted on my putting on a coat over my ballet dress. I wanted to show the audience that they were actually seeing among them the beautiful angel-child they had admired behind the footlights. I felt that I ought to remind them that it was not every day they saw a child who "was on the stage". I remember how we used to try to leave some of our make-up on over night so that the other children at school the next day would know that there were actually girls in their class, of their age, who were "dancers", staying up regularly till twelve o'clock at night, and that they should recognise us as having more knowledge and experience than they themselves. It was a grand feeling to be able to say offhandedly to someone who asked, "What's the latest you've ever been to bed?" "Oh, twelve o'clock."

I don't think we ever felt as happy on the stage as we did afterwards, although we were too young to feel self-conscious. When we mingled with the crowd, we knew that they could see us as we could see them. When we were on the stage, we could not see other people in the front, and there was always some doubt as to whether the audience could see that we had make-up on, or that our hair was curled, or that we had sequins on our dresses.

In public, at any time we remembered, we stood with our toes turned out, because that was what we learnt at dancing.

The night of the recital ranked with Christmas and birthdays. Looking back, I can see that it wasn't our love for dancing, as some parents fondly imagined, that made us so elated on recital night. It was being dressed in pretty frocks, with hair curled, and make-up on; it was the thrill of being on the stage, being more important than all the aunts and relations who had come to watch; in short, being in the limelight.

B.M. V. S.

## MUSIC

Preludes, Fugues, Gavottes, Sonatas,  
Songs without words, Minuets, Cantatas;  
These are what I have to play  
Several hours every day,  
Practice, practice, never rest—  
If I wish to pass the test.

M.W., III.B.

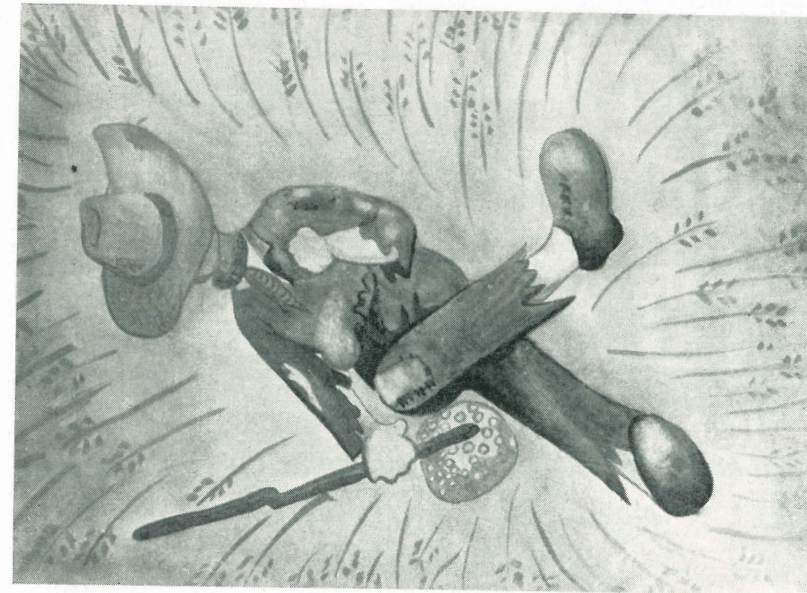


Photo by Frank McGregor.

## THE TRAMP

Elsie Shallcross, V.R.



Photo by Frank McGregor.

BOOK ILLUSTRATION FOR  
'HANSEL AND GRETEL'

Ann Johnson, V.R.



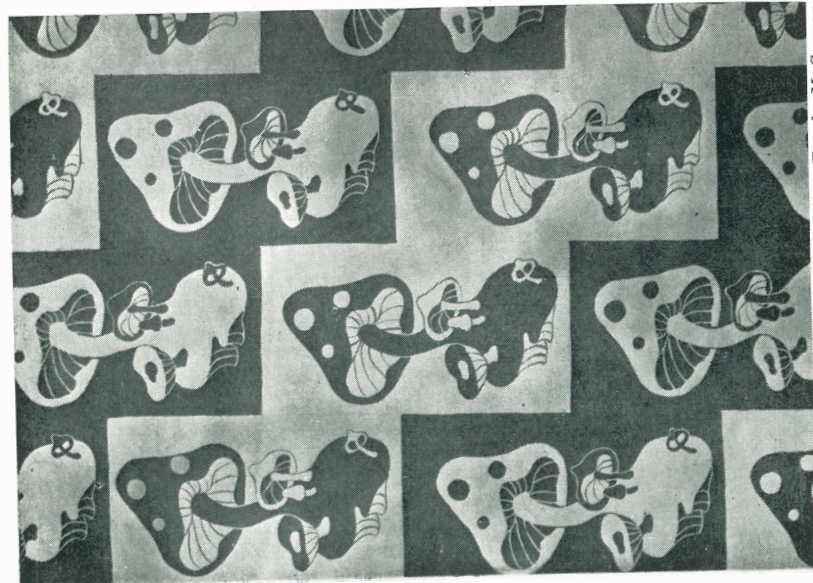


Photo by Frank McGregor.  
COUNTERCHANGE DESIGN FOR FABRIC  
PRINT.  
Carole Walker, VI.B3.

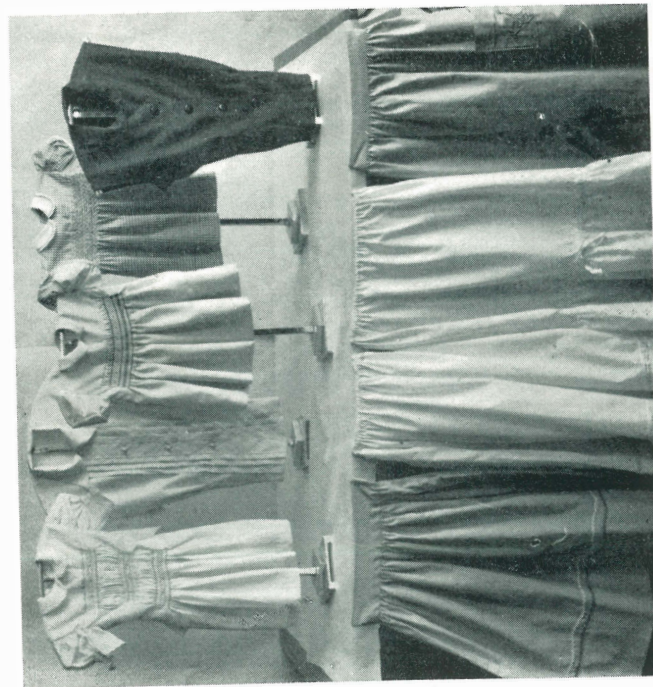


Photo by Frank McGregor.

REPRESENTATIVE WORK FROM THE DRESSMAKING  
CLASSES.

## MODERN ART

One day when taking my usually pleasant walk down to put my lunch in my locker, I was suddenly confronted with a ghastly medley of colours glaring at me from a frame near the main stairs. Taking a closer look at this 'picture' I found out that it was "Modern Art." Among the medley of colours I could discern an elephant. It looked extremely unelephantine but that was all it could have been, and I also saw a bird which looked a little like a fish but more like a bird than a fish.

Well, imagine my horror when I read in the explanation below that one was meant to enjoy its happy colour and design (in other words its ghastly self), and there was no hidden meaning, which was my only hope of getting something sensible out of the 'picture'. It took me some minutes to recover from this astonishing discovery and it then occurred to me that I could do better if I just spilt the paints. Indeed, I once heard that a man presented his small son of eight with paints and paper and just let him splash about. To cut a long story short, that small boy's painting won a prize for "Modern Art."

Now then, if I could do just as well if I spilt the paints, and a small boy could win a prize, couldn't everybody do it? If so, is it an "Art?"

L.W., III. A.

## CITY STREET

Confetti dots that move  
Idly on city street;  
Green, pink, brown,  
Unimportant  
Little dots of confetti  
Drifting up lanes  
Darting round corners:  
Purposeful  
Confetti on a city street.

A pink dot strikes out on its own  
Bravely.  
One little lolly-pink dot  
Independent,  
A bright red streak swoops  
From a corner,  
Pounces masterful.  
The pink dot stops—  
Too late.

The red streak passes onwards, passes swiftly onwards . . .

What a hustle,  
What a running,  
What a flurry,  
What a cluster of little dots  
Consternation!

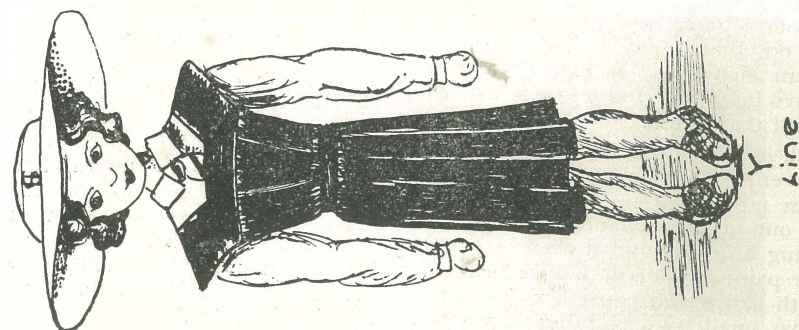
But after all who to notice,  
Who to miss one silly dot,  
One silly little lolly-pink dot  
Of confetti  
On a city street?

E.K., VI. A.

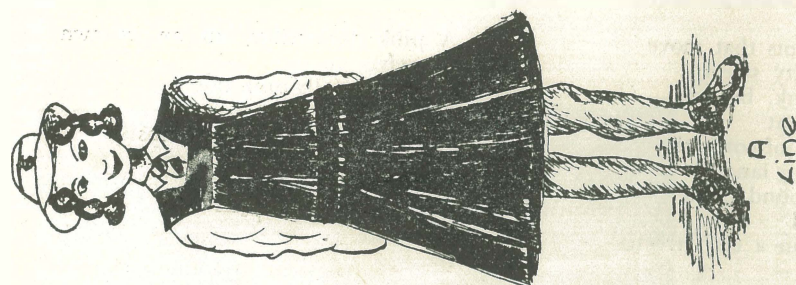
## "AND SO—AD INFINITUM"

I have often wondered why it is that at the present you are quite old enough, yet in two years' time you are two years older and still quite old enough. It may have something to do with birthdays, but I don't know. Perhaps that is because mathematics is not my line. However, under our system of counting forwards, there would come a time when the burden of years became too onerous. Then a little back-peddalling would seem necessary. The Greeks and Romans had that idea, but carried it to the extreme—if one can believe Roman History books, they counted backwards all the time.



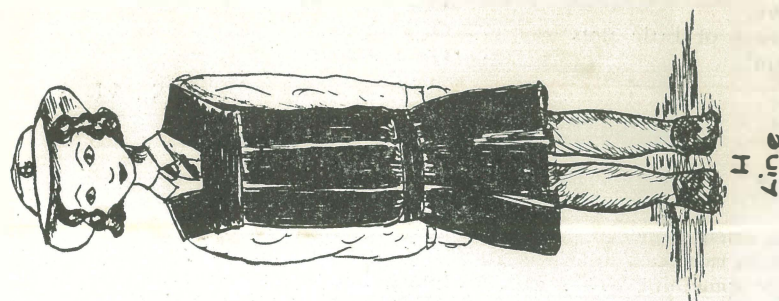


D.M., IIIA.



FASHION NEWS

FASHION NEWS



H line

No doubt you have all heard of Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman who developed a sore throat from propounding his principles to the plebian mob. Cicero was born in the year 106 B.C. (backward counting) and was slain in 43 B.C., sixty-three years earlier it would seem. If you don't believe me, look it up in the Encyclopaedia Britannica—I did.

Comparing our system of counting with that of the Romans, we see that although theirs has some advantages, ours is much more useful. Under this Roman system of counting, the length of a child's life, it would seem, must needs be pre-determined by the parents. Thus, if the infant is sixty years old at birth (pre-determined age), and he happened to live seventy-five years, he would be minus fifteen years at death. In which case the child died fifteen years before he was born. This would, of course, tell on the mother's life and would be most awkward. Of course the child should have thought of that and despatched himself at the appropriate time.

This system caused many Romans to die by their own hands or any other suitable weapon—they were exceeding their time-limit, and explains why so many Greek and Roman heroes died young. At birth they were octogenarians or thereabouts; their valiant deeds were done sixty or even seventy years later; therefore, on this backward-counting scale, they died at twenty or even younger.

Let us consider some of the victims of this barbaric scheme. You will remember that at the battle of Philippi, after the death of Julius Caesar, Cassius and Brutus (Brutus was the man whom Caesar told how many pigs, actually he called them "brutes", he ate at dinner. He said, "ate two", just before he died) both died on the nasty, sharp points of swords. Their time-limits were running out. Brutus said he saw Caesar's ghost, but it wasn't. It was his inferiority complex, caused by his being so young on account of his time-limit.

Caesar himself was killed because his time-limit ran out before he entered the senate-house—the Romans refused to be ruled by a man aged minus—I forget how many minutes. The story of Metellus Cimber's brother was just a carefully planned alibi to make the people think it was the work of conspirators—they even fooled Mark Anthony. Actually, Caesar knew all about it, he'd probably asked them to do it for him. What do you think he went to the senate-house for, when he knew they were waiting, if it wasn't to finish off the business of his time-limit?

Of course, if the time-limit had been non-existent then, we wouldn't have "Julius Caesar" to enjoy how we may. We might not have a few geometry theorems if Archimedes had not overrun his time-limit so grievously, and had died at the right time, instead of waiting to be despatched by a Roman soldier.

At the end of the year 1 B.C., people wanted a different method of counting because they didn't like negative numbers. Accordingly, after a great deal of thought, the present system of counting was evolved. It has, as yet, been in use for only one thousand nine hundred and fifty-five years, nine months, twenty-two days, sixteen hours, fourteen minutes, eleven and three-fifths seconds. The other system had millions of years of use. It was simple enough for an amoeba, which divided at the end of its time-limit. This grew to be such a habit that amoeba are still dividing.

The only Englishman ever to use the backward system during a year A.D. was Merlin the Magician of King Arthur's day. Unfortunately, I have never met the fellow, and so can not tell you his time-limit. As for myself, I would rather be without a time-limit of that type, although I know one cannot live—ad infinitum.

J.M., IV. A.



## RURAL SYMPHONY

The grind of machinery threshing the grain,  
 The drome of a silvery, overhead 'plane.  
 The yelp of a puppy, joyous in play,  
 The laughing of children sliding in hay.  
 The squawking of magpies high in the trees,  
 The rustle of ripe oats swayed in the breeze.  
 The screech of an owl calling his mate,  
 The squeak of the hinge on an old wooden gate.  
 These are the sounds that one hears on a farm,  
 That give to the country its joy and its charm.

C.W.B., IV. A.

## AFTER THE SHOWER

The sweet smell of damp earth; blue mist that drifts  
 Upwards from the river; glistening grass; great rifts  
 In cloud; sunshine-falls—warm gold that lifts  
 Lit rainbow vapour-curles. In puddles lie  
 The scattered fragments of a broken sky—  
 And why? An August shower has just blown by.

J.A.C., V. S.

## A JUNGLE IN MY BEDROOM

I am concerned to find that I have a jungle growing in my bedroom. Each time I look into my room, the infernal jungle has grown bigger and stronger. Soon I shall not be able to get into my room at all.

I wonder how much the jungle has grown in the last quarter-hour. Perhaps I had better go and look. You know, this jungle is going to present great difficulties. For instance, how am I to get rid of it? I have tried hacking the stalks with the carving knife but have only succeeded in causing large amounts of red and purple sap, which smells horrid, to pour on to my new Axminster carpet.

This is not very pleasant!

Ouch! I have got to the top of the stairs. I shall attempt to enter the bedroom. Bother! That door will not open. Yes it will. But what an awful noise. It sounds suspiciously like a tree falling. Now, I shall squeeze through the door . . .

Heavens! Where is the bed, and the bookcase, and the dressing table? They are completely gone! No, not quite, I can just make out the bookcase in the corner.

What a transformation! There are creepers festooned all over everything. The wardrobe is completely smothered. There is a huge spray of mauve orchids draped over the reading lamp and the bed is entirely blanketed with exotic flowers and leaves. There is a fly-catcher flower entwined round the window and in the centre of the room are three palm trees inclined towards the light over the dressing table. The chair by the window is sprouting lumps of vivid orange fungus. The general effect is most colourful!

There is not much light in here, owing to a banana palm which is growing by the window. I'll just find the light switch and that ought to improve it. Here is the switch, covered in cobwebs, but the light hasn't gone on.

There are huge rope-like creepers hanging from the pictures and they make the going rather awkward. I'll just get the carving knife and cut a few of

them away. Incidentally it was a rubber tree that fell down when I opened the door. Now, there's an interesting thing, a blue toadstool. I'll fetch my book on Flora and Fauna off the dressing-table and look it up. Here is the carving knife but the blade is useless, creepers have twisted it up. I'll use the sabre from above the bed instead. Now, away we go! These *are* tough creepers. Anyway, there is the book I wanted. Hmm . . . No! Nothing about blue toadstools.

But, just look at that. I see before me, perched on a creeper a bird . . . pink wings and lovely red feet. It also has a surprisingly sharp sort of whistle. I'll catch it and examine it. It's growing quite dark though; I can hardly see. Bother! The bird has vanished. I have thought of something though; weed-killer! I have a bottle downstairs. It's fairly strong and might exterminate this jungle. I'll hop down and get it. Down I go. Here is the bottle; nearly full too. Upstairs again. Through the door . . .

Well! Look at that. There is no jungle at all! I must have been dreaming!

R.Y., III. A.

## THE FOUR ELEMENTS

Earth.

Our Planet.

Like a mustard seed or a grain of sand on the surface of the globe  
 Is this little sphere in the universe.

As uncontrollable by us as the winds and waves that beat upon it,  
 Is its journey in space.

Air.

A cloud

Of gas which surrounds our Earth, which wraps it in a blanket,  
 Giving it power to support life.

A protective covering enfolding it, shielding it from cosmic rays and meteors  
 Which bombard it from outer space.

Fire.

The Sun.

A ball of hydrogen fusing to helium set in the universe,  
 Emitting light, heat, and powerful, invisible rays.

A giant magnet drawing all the planets within its field;  
 Controlling their movements in outer space.

Water.

The sea.

A constituent of all things which fly, creep, or run upon the earth;  
 The substance without which plants cannot live.

It forms the clouds; it covers the mountains in a white crystalline blanket,  
 And rushes down the hillside in a mighty river.

H.H., VI. B.1.

## A CAT'S LIFE

"What are you doing on that bed?" I hear those fearful words and open one sleepy eye, giving a black look almost as black as my own fur. The sentence is repeated with the black look returned. With a sigh, I stretch myself as though reluctant to say "Good-bye" to sleep, and jump down from the bed.

No sooner am I outside, than Mistress sees me and, because I am in a bad mood, I run away from her to the foot of the fence. When Mistress is very



near me I give a defiant "Meow", tear up the tree and disappear over the fence. I hear a grunt of disgust from the other side of the fence as I go off to explore, feeling triumphant.

Click! What's that? It sounds like the refrigerator door in the kitchen! Then I hear Mistress calling, "Imp, Imp." No need to call! I am over the fence in a twinkling, down the tree and into the house like lightning. My four paws make a thumping noise on the floor as I gallop through the hall and into the kitchen where I can smell—MEAT! I purr loudly as Mistress says, "Yes, it's coming, old chap." After pulling out a drawer she puts a dainty morsel on the corner of it so that I have to sit up on my hind legs to get the meat. Then, with my eyes "glued" to the bench (in case some meat falls over the edge), I rub round Mistress's legs.

My breakfast seems a long time in coming but at last Mistress gets my saucer from the cupboard. I go mad, racing round the room, until my meal is put on the floor by the stove, and I run over to it. Yum! Yum! Soon I have gobbled up all the meat, afraid I shan't be in time for the next helping. I look up expectantly to meet Mistress's horrified gaze. "You little — !!!" she says. "No, there's no more, you greedy boy," and with that she puts the meat dish back in the 'fridge, closing the door with a final "click".

I sit looking hopefully at my Mistress, until she takes pity on me and finds some lovely yellow custard which I eat greedily. Before I have finished Master comes in and I lap up the last drop to his remark, "My, we wouldn't take you to dine at Warner's," which isn't very complimentary because they make just as much noise as my lapping with their things called knives and forks.

After sauntering into the hall I sit down to wash myself and am left in peace for a while.

"Take your rubbish outside!" Rubbish indeed! I have just caught a little grey mouse and I am so pleased with myself that I take it inside and deposit my prize on the carpet for all to see. But nobody pats me on the back or gives me an extra stroke and says, "Clever boy." Instead my lovely, half-dead mouse is thrown outside and Mistress goes off to disinfect her hands. What for? I don't know and don't care, being more interested in the lovely taste of this tender mouse.

As soon as I have finished, I go to see my girl friend who lives down the street. She is a beautiful orange colour with green eyes just like mine. We play and romp for awhile, until a little something inside tells me that it's getting near tea-time, so, with a very gentlemanly purr and the promise to see Ginger after dark, I trot off home.

After my scrumptious tea of custard and ice cream, Mistress chases me outside where Ginger is waiting under the japonica bush. We are so happy that we decide to treat Mistress to a serenade but after we have sung for only a few minutes, a window is thrown open and the orders to "break it up" are given in a pained tone. Very disappointed and hurt, Ginger and I separate. Consoled with the thought that peacefulness is, at last, not far away, I curl myself into a ball on the spare bed.

There are not many of these moments in this, a cat's life.

L.F., V.S.

## DETENTION

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

Behold her, single in the room,  
Yon solitary Girls' High lass!  
Writing and sighing by herself,  
The only girl in class,  
Alone she sucks her pen in vain,  
And dips her nib to scratch again;  
Oh listen! 'tis the only sound  
That breaks the silence so profound.

A mistress enters in the room  
And sits down at the table near,  
She's brought the book for Jill to sign  
And waits the memory work to hear.  
Outside, the girls cheer long and loud,  
For Deans has won and they are proud—  
She sighs because she's missed the game,  
Then dips her nib to scratch her name.

L. M. IV. M

## " OHINETAHI "



Many hundreds of years ago there lived a Maori chief who had a number of sons and only one daughter. In his daughter's honour he named his pa "Ohinetahi," which means "the place of one daughter."

This beautifully-situated little pa is said to have been the only one which withstood Te Rauparaha's attack. Out on what is now known as Manson's Point



is a little bay which is sacred to the Maoris, where white people have been known to dig up greenstone relics of that gory battle.

Some time after the arrival of the white man at Port Cooper, all the Ohinetahi Maoris peacefully joined the Maoris of Rapaki, where their descendants are today.

In 1853, T. H. Potts chose a block of land which included that historic little pa and in 1866, he built a stone residence which he named "Ohinetahi."

L. E. III. F

### TRIOLET

Clematis white,  
Glist'ning with dew,  
Starry and light.  
Clematis white,  
Trailing from sight,  
Shaded with blue,  
Clematis white,  
Glist'ning with dew.

C. W. B. IV. A

### TEMPLE BASIN

(With apologies to Rupert Brooke.)

These I have loved;

White hills and vales at sunrise  
Swathed with soft mist; and sparkling, sunlit air;  
Grey roof with hanging ice-spikes; the strong crust  
Of frozen snow, and many-coloured clothes.  
Primuses; and the blue smoke of cooking fat;  
And sizzling bacon roasting in iron pans;  
And frying eggs; and cocoa steaming hot—  
Lying in tiered bunks waiting for breakfast;  
A cloud of feathers from a sleeping bag  
As some one starts to move; the rough bundle  
That serves as pillow; beyond, the lobby with skis  
Scratched, but waxed in readiness for the keen  
Excited frenzy of many people;  
The wash in cold water; sitting on hard forms  
For meals; the oily smell of old rope; keas' cries.  
And when the evening comes, the purple haze  
Over the mountains; tillies; a pack of cards;  
Contented, tired people; friends long to be  
Remembered.

C. W. VI. A

### PEARL FISHING IN SCOTLAND

Although it is usually assumed that pearls are obtained from the South Seas, it is not widely known that pearl fishing is carried on in Scottish rivers. Scottish pearls are easily distinguished from the spectacular, showy Oriental pearls by their sheen and violet-grey tinge. The rivers of Scotland have been fished for pearls from time immemorial and, in fact, some fine specimens can be seen today in

the Crown Jewels of Scotland in Edinburgh Castle. It is also on record that a necklace of Scottish pearls took twenty-three years to assemble and sold for £1,200.

There are only a handful of pearl-fishers left today who search the rivers of Central and Northern Scotland in their flat-bottomed boats for the mussels in which these gems are found. The men examine the river bed through a tin with a glass bottom. When they wish to raise a mussel they use a forked stick.

In the late autumn at the end of the season some of these men return to the town of Perth, where they sell their season's catch often worth several hundred pounds to the local jewellers who use the pearls to make rings, brooches and necklaces which are highly prized by local people and visitors.

P.E., IV. A.

### AVAUNT, FOUL FIEND!

Oh! Cold Germ! thou who grip'st my throat,  
With hoary hands of choking steel,  
And mak'st my body ache and throb  
From running nose to chilblained heel;  
Temper thy strength, thy wrath forbear,  
And takest thou my ringing sneeze  
And hacking cough away with thee,  
For they are only sent to tease.

All through the cold and wintry days  
Thou comest unseen to torture me.  
Thy marks, the red and painful nose,  
The bloodshot eyes, are plain to see.  
Aspros, lemons, Irish Moss,  
Are feeble weapons of defence;  
Nothing, not the strongest brew,  
Will prevail to drive thee hence.

Summer soon will be at hand  
So I humbly beg of thee,  
Go and menace someone else!  
Get thee gone and leave thou me!

E.T. VI B1.

### THE CAT'S PREY

Nearly sixty years ago, my grandfather brought the property on which he now lives. It is situated in a gully where there are numerous cabbage trees that he estimates to be of great age. He left them standing, but some months ago a neighbour, Miss C —, complained that one adjacent to her property looked rather unsafe and asked to have it cut down. My grandfather agreed and much to their surprise, it consisted of a mere shell. A few days later, one of the many cats of the neighbour's household, came up the garden with a large lizard-like creature in its mouth. Miss C — came down the steps sometime later to find on the path what she thought to be a dangerous reptile. It was about eight inches long, the colour of dry earth, and had four legs. Instantly she thrust it down the storm-water drain. Some time later she rang up my grandfather to tell him about it.

"Why, bless my soul!" he creid. "Didn't you know it was a tuatara? It must have been living under the hollow tree and eating the pith."



Miss C — was quite upset at what she had done, and when the story was spread around the neighbourhood, she was so annoyed at the abuse fired at her she said that if the Curator of the Otago Museum wanted the tuatara, he could go out to Lawyer's Head where the storm-water drain enters the sea to search for it.

But whether it really was a tuatara, who can tell?

M.P., III. G.

### THE LADY OF SHALOTT'S LAST SONG

What is life when one can't see  
The things that God hath made to be?  
What use is it to live in a world  
When all you see is just unfurled  
In a glinting mirror's glassy glaze,  
Where beasts and men are but a haze?

When all the world but a shadow seems,  
When all I see, I see in dreams,  
Of the life outside my lonely tower,  
The tree—the rose—and woodland flower;  
What is life when one can't see  
The things that God hath made to be?

H.B., III. A.

### WEST COAST TRIP

It is possible to go from Westport to Karamea and back quite comfortably in a day. We made an early start one day in early winter, when the mornings were just beginning to glitter frostily.

For the first twenty miles we followed a tar-sealed road running parallel with the inevitable West Coast railway line and not far from the sea. The road led through several small settlements, usually clustered around a railway station or near some dairy factory. It was fascinating to whirl past these houses at fifty miles an hour and catch just a glimpse of a frowning woman, a laughing child, two gossiping neighbours, or a stolid old man on a bike, and to wonder who they were, what was most important in their lives, and if they noticed and wondered about us at all.

Presently, we turned aside from the bitumen and began to wind along a shingle road, following the curves of a hill. After some miles we came across a relic of the 'good old days'—a miners' 'ghost-town'. I was eager to see it, having read so much about them. But I was disappointed. A few old, lichen-covered shacks, tilting sideways tipsily, a smell of damp and rotting, the monotonous drip-drip-drip of a tap, and a feeling of loneliness and desolation were all I could see or feel—not one ghostly shiver thrilled me.

We drove on until we came to some crossroads where a notice said—Karamea 20 miles. We looked down the road indicated and felt puzzled—it seemed to disappear into the bush at the foot of an enormous hill—we looked up, and there, miles up was a tiny, white line—like a goat-track—the road to Karamea. Well, it seemed rather foolish to turn back after having come so far, so we started the car once again and began to follow the 'goat-track' up the 'mountain'.

The guide book says the Karamea Bluff is nine miles long but I am perfectly willing to swear it is at least ninety. The road is narrow, the corners sharp and endless. We wound round and round and round, our heads were dizzy, our stomachs uneasy and once, oh horror! we swung round a corner and came

face to face with a huge, red petrol truck. The driver, quite unconcerned, backed his monster to a wider part of the road and sang out a cheerful "How do!" to us, white and trembling.

Indeed, if we had not stopped at the summit we would not have really realized how beautiful the scenery was. As far as we could see, bush-covered hillsides folded against one another, the greens, sombre, fresh and vivid. Occasionally we caught the glint of a waterfall as it rushed noisily down. Two fantails fluttered past us and a stolid brown weka stalked unheeding by.

Once over the Bluff, with a sense of relief and renewed cheerfulness we followed the road, now fringed with giant ferns and gloomy, as tall trees met overhead keeping out the light, until we shot from this cool dimness into Karamea valley dazzling in the sun.

The township hugs the hillside. A thriving little community it seemed, with a new school, a smart hotel, and—with one more subscriber—a twenty-four hour telephone service. The climate is windless, warm and sunny nearly all the year round. In May they were picking spring flowers and oranges were ripening. Apart from a sea route which is unreliable in most weathers, you can leave Karamea by 'plane or by motor transport over the 'Bluff'. We were told that the 'plane is by far the most popular means of travel.

We spent two or three hours there then reluctantly started back. In spite of our misgivings the trip home was uneventful. To our relief we had the inside track on the Bluff.

We stopped to look at a lake, right on top of the hill, very beautiful and calm and still.

At last we were back on the smooth tar-sealed road. No one spoke and it was peaceful without the roar of the car travelling over shingle and the spattering of gravel on the mudguards. The motor growled, 'soon be ho-o-mme, so-o-on be ho-o-mme! It was warm and sleepy in the car.

At half past seven we drove into Westport, where the street lamps were winking coolly through a misty rain. Tired and stiff, we clambered out, shut the car in the garage and trooped into the house.

M.B., VI. B.1.

### WOOL AWAY!

On the occasion of Godfrey Bowen's shearing demonstration to the University Senate at Lincoln College, August 25, 1955.

(With apologies to Godfrey Bowen and Sir Walter Scott)

Oh, young Godfrey Bowen's come out of the west!  
Of all the fast shearers his speed is the best;  
And save his good cutter, he weapons had none—  
He said, "I can show that this job can be fun."  
He stood all unarmed and he stood all alone,  
There never was a shearer like young Godfrey Bowen.

The Senate was seated on forms for the show;  
Said Godfrey, "the secret is in the 'long blow,'  
Just sweep up the back from the tail to the head  
And the fleece falls away like a soft feather-bed.  
The sheep will not fight if you hold her just right;  
With slow waltzing movement she will not take fright."

The Senate's eyes popped at the skill and the ease  
That parted the sheep from her curly, warm fleece.  
She sat all bewildered while 'blows' rained around—  
In a trice her thick overcoat lay on the ground.

Then up stood Sir David, the Senate's chairman  
And smiling approval, their thanks he began.



"Today we have had the wool pulled from our eyes—  
This amazing dexterity is a surprise.  
The speed with which sheep and her wool came apart  
Just shows it's no trade and no craft but an ART!"  
Then Godfrey acknowledged the thanks of his guest  
And all but the shivering sheep were impressed.

C.W.B., IV. A.

### TO SPRING

O Spring, with all your splendid host,  
Come with a shout and gladsome boast.  
The joy of living now winter's done,  
The scent of flowers, the warmth of sun.

The tiny birds with ruffled wing,  
With joyous heart about to sing.  
A little lamb a-frisking there,  
A dainty foal beside a mare.

H.B., III. A.

### ON A STORMY NIGHT

On a stormy night  
When the winds bring sleet,  
I snuggle down tight  
On a stormy night.  
While the elements fight  
I'm warm 'neath my sheet,  
On a stormy night  
When the winds bring sleet.

### HARVEST HEAT

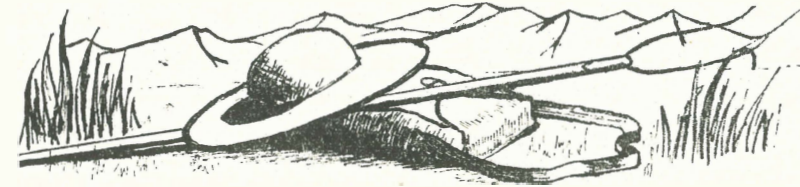
It was mid-summer and the last crop of grain was ready to be harvested. In spite of the heat I walked from the farmhouse to the cornfield to watch the grain harvest being brought in.

The heat was tremendous, the sun beating down relentlessly from a cloudless sky; and high overhead a skylark poised motionless for an instant, its song faltering as if with exhaustion in the heat; then up and up into the azure heights it resumed its flight. The field of ripened wheat gleamed through the shimmering heat like a sea of molten gold. Beyond the motionless grain, mountains writhed in the haze.

I moved towards a line of poplars bordering a portion of the field and lay down in the inky-black shadow they cast upon the dusty grass. At that moment the harvesting machine rumbled across the field before me, disturbing the drowsy peace and sending frightened rabbits scudding across the dust. The grind

of the working harvester was now mingled with the monotonous song of cicadas as they chanted their enjoyment of the golden warmth.

The farm-hands, anxious to finish the day, worked steadily in the stifling atmosphere. The last cut was completed, and the brilliance of the red machine disappeared down the road leaving the field to resume its former drowsy silence; and I reluctantly followed homewards in its wake, as the brilliant scene faded in the falling dusk.



M.A.R., IV. A.



Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is faint and mostly illegible due to fading and the quality of the scan. It appears to be a list or a series of notes.







