

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

1968





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OF
SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE
NEW PLYMOUTH



No. 9

1968

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SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

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Principal's Foreword . . .

On Tuesday, 12th September, Mr. H. W. Sayers, Regional Superintendent met the College Parent-Teacher Association to discuss the future development of the school. At this meeting he announced approval for the establishment of a unit organisation here to be in operation in 1969. This firm commitment has cleared the air, for now we know what lies ahead. There is much to be done but it is exciting to be part of an experiment which could help in solving the administrative problems of large schools of which there is a growing number. The division into units is only one method of doing this, but it is one which I am sure will bring considerable benefits to our pupils.

In practice what does this mean? First the roll will grow to about 1500 and cope with the secondary school population of this part of New Plymouth. It means that the present pupils will be divided into two equal schools, each under the control of a deputy principal and senior lady. Staff, too, will all be attached to one school or the other and some will be on loan to the sixth form group and to the technical, music and physical education departments. The division will be geographical and it is hoped that movement of staff and pupils will be much less than before, provided we have the rooms to allow this. This division appears to be a simple exercise, though there may be complications.

It will depend on a sound school development plan incorporating building and placing of facilities with the idea of unit organisation constantly in mind. Such a plan calls for music rooms, vocational and standard classrooms, laboratories and office accommodation. Because such facilities could and would be fully used, we hope a team teaching room, language, laboratory and a sixth form complex will be added. Timetabling will be complicated, but perhaps it will not be as difficult as we first thought.

As part of the development plan, the Regional Superintendent has assured us that we will have added to our fine library, a mezzanine floor which will make it an even more effective unit. This is good news. Now all we need for the immediate future is to have B block completed for February 1969, plans for the extended staff room facilities to be what we want, and for the field house to be built.

As is usual, buildings are being erected but while it is a sign of growth and while we are glad to see them going up, it would be good to have the site to ourselves for a while. Perhaps we will in about 1972. The contractors are doing their best to have the second six rooms of B Block completed by February next. The new woodwork shop and technical drawing room are facilities which make the technical unit of the school a large and excellent one. With the addition of a second engineering shop we shall be able to cope with our total expected roll.

The new school certificate regulations are coming into effect this year. One result of the changes is that certain vocations need to alter their educational prerequisites and generally the old total pass requirement is being replaced by one of the new criteria for entry to the sixth viz.: 180 marks with three at 50 per cent plus, or two at 50 per cent plus and two at 40 per cent plus, or 225 marks for five subjects. A second effect is the uncertainty of pupils about their plans for next year. I feel sure that more will reach the sixth but the situation is not as clear cut as it has been.

Because more pupils are likely to come into the sixth and many of these will not be particularly concerned with sitting university entrance examination, it is up to schools to devise courses suitable for the new liberalized lower sixth certificate. Now at last, I feel, we can offer perhaps a physical sciences' course complete in itself a useful background for prospective primary teachers, technicians and all who would like some such basic training. Other subjects have been suggested: liberal studies, statistical mathematics, draughting and short course language studies. Such courses will fulfil needs more than the restrictive university prescriptions.

Thoughts I expressed last year on the possibility of combining the Bursaries and Scholarship examinations into one, appear to be in the minds of others. I feel sure such a single examination with perhaps restricted honours papers will indeed become accepted as the entry to university, and the present entrance examination disappear. I hope this will be so.

It is good to report that we hope to continue the work experience scheme next year at the fifth form level. The boys and girls concerned concentrate on basic subjects for four days a week then spend one day with a selected firm doing a normal adult job. This class will not sit school certificate papers and I commend it to the pupils and parents who wish to get away from an examination which tends to dominate our thoughts.

The school has continued its normal programme of academic work, field trips, cultural and sporting exchanges and the hundred and one activities of a busy community. One matter of special significance was the establishment of the College Interact Club—a group dedicated to serving the school and the community, offering chances of student leadership and experience in running their own business though assisted by two Rotarians, Dr. George Mason and Mr. Neil Harris.

This year as always I have been most conscious of the loyal support of the College staff at a time of uncertainty about the school's future. Now that we know where we are going I am certain that with their help we can look forward to next year with confidence. I do thank them most sincerely, especially Mr. Hutchinson and Miss Grant who have an increasing load with the growth of the school. To those who are leaving may I express the best wishes of us all and to those returning disguised under a different name congratulations.

The school is fortunate to be under the guiding hand of the High School Board and to the chairman Mr. L. M. Moss should go our special thanks for his influence and actions in having the unit scheme approved this year. Mr. Mills and our committee have looked after our interests as they always do, efficiently and cheerfully, and to them my thanks. The P.T.A. with Mr. A. Moss as President must surely feel that at last all their wonderful work is about to be rewarded with the announcement of work on the field house. This school is lucky to have the help and backing of so many people.

My thanks to all the pupils who hold office in the school, the prefects, house captains, the council, team captains and many others. I am sure you will have an increasingly important part to play as the school grows and the fact that we are all sharing in this experiment next year is good. Together we can make it a success. My best wishes to you all.

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Back Row: Messrs. Pratt, Crisp, Berry, Anderson, Clarke, Herbert, Billingham, McCrone.
 Third Row: Miss Pointon, Mrs. Reeves, Messrs. Sutcliffe, Wood, Wilks, Deerson, Garnham, Procter, Medley
 Miss Ogle, Mrs. Capper.
 Second Row: Miss Carmichael, Mrs. Oakley, Miss Pollock, Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. Emett, Miss Begbie,
 Miss Elliot, Mrs. Risch, Mrs. Haunton, Miss King, Mr. Guy.
 Front Row: Messrs. Watt, Frank, Page, Chapple, Miss Grant, Mr. McPhail, Messrs. Hutchinson, Barrowman,
 Hill, Potter.

P
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Back Row: P. O'Brien, M. Johnson, K. Avery, J. Harrison, T. Cook, S. Mason.
 Third Row: M. Fluker, K. Bannister, F. Dove, M. Grant, J. MacGibbon, J. Cleaver.
 Second Row: D. Ropata, K. Lund, N. How, R. Harvey, R. Seager, L. Lovell, M. Potaka.
 Front Row: K. Shaw, Miss J. Grant, C. McPhail, Mr. A. McPhail, B. Walker, Mr. A. Hutchinson, J. Davison.

STAFF NOTES

What dynamic power and purpose! What thrust! What sheer genius! I am referring, of course, to the staff-prefects Rugby team which overwhelmed the assembled talent of the rest of the school by three points to nil. Owing to an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances the staff soccer team was not quite so successful. Anyway, we do enjoy these frays, and I take this opportunity of thanking the students for the great sportsmanship they show. I think that this friendly feeling between staff and school obtains off the field too.

We have again been lucky to have only two staff changes during the year. Mr. Rowlands and Mr. Garnham went to positions of responsibility at Waverley and Patea respectively. Both came to us originally from primary schools and brought with them sound teaching techniques and a deep interest in the welfare of the students. We are pleased they have gained well-merited promotion.

At the end of the year we may lose as many as eight staff members. I cannot mention some of

them in these notes, written in early October, because their plans are not yet definite (as was the case last year with Mr. MacDonald), but on behalf of the staff I wish to record our thanks to Misses Pollock, Carmichael and Begbie and Mrs. Reeves for their pleasant company and ready assistance. We hope we can continue to gain such valuable colleagues.

Next year, binary fission year, will be interesting; we all hope that the new organisation will make for even greater understanding and friendship between students and staff. There is no place for dictatorial attitudes in the secondary schools, except perhaps when the odd student is completely perverse. We want you to develop into responsible and confident adults who can make a contribution to human life.

During the next few weeks may the sun shine upon you and the surf ride high.

A.G.P.



ORCHESTRA



Back Row: J. Hayward, L. Ashworth, R. Pugh, L. Ewington, K. Walker.
 Middle Row: Mrs. Connor, J. Davison, N. Hill, J. Fifield, J. Menzies, K. Pugh, K. Nodder, J. Moody, P. James.
 Front Row: D. Nation, K. Harrison, R. Alley, G. Haldane, Miss McLafferty, I. Connor, R. Seager, L. Stanton.

THANKS

The College expresses its thanks to the people whose names are printed below. These pupils have unselfishly given their time and energy to help other people. Such unselfish effort as this makes community life possible. The college and the community is grateful to them.

Collectors for Corso—15th June, 1968.

Kevin Ashworth, Peter Sargent, Allan Campbell, Peter Mills, Michael Davies, Lorraine Cameron, Raewyn George, Helen Miller, Ken Fitzpatrick, Murray Whittaker, Norma Corkill, Julie Leonard, Diane Charman, Sandra Hetherington, Sue Corkill, Benny Smith, Jeff Buchanan, Marina Been, Janet

Charman, Jocelyn Whanau, Gary Bennett, David Clegg, Brent Markland, Barbara Hammonds, Charles Burgess, Philip Martin, Ross Alley, Timothy Hutchinson, Bill Milner, Sandra Harper, Philip Healey, Margaret Tompkins, Stephen Carruthers,

Collectors for the Blind, Braille Week 27th July, 1968

Robyn Harvey, Pamela Pearson, Jocelyn Whanau, Marina Been, Garth Strachan, Barbara Huffam, Noel Derry, Margaret Tompkins, Rosalind Fitzpatrick, Ken Fitzpatrick, Barbara Hammonds, Janet Charman, R. Steemers, J. Buchanan, Maureen Brbich, Susan Alston, Dianne McDona'd, Sue Corkill, Carol Austin, Mark Eldershaw, Pat Scriven, Kim Walker, Richard Hutchinson, Peter Sargent, Raewyn Holland Jennifer Holland, Robyn Katene, Ashley Broughton.



COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

ORCHESTRA NOTES

This year the orchestra again suffered from lack of players, especially in the strings. However our music improved through the year as the members became more experienced.

Again the highlight of the year was the Tawa Visit which occurred at the end of the first term. This year we made the trip to Tawa and although overshadowed by a far larger Tawa orchestra, we made a creditable showing. The pieces attempted, "The Grand March from Aida" and "The March from Carmen" seemed a little too ambitious at that stage.

The second term saw a marked improvement in the standard of music and this was reflected in a good performance for the School Music Festival at the end of the term. We played the same programme as at Tawa with one or two additions.

This year a chamber music group was formed from the orchestra to perform at the music festival and was very successful. It consisted of Gaye Haldane (violin) Jean Menzies (oboe), David Nation (cello) Rex Halliday (piano) and myself (violin). This style of music has a promising future in the school.

All in all, the year was very enjoyable and, if not spectacularly successful, was reward for our efforts. Our grateful thanks go to Miss McLafferty for the time, effort and inspiration she gave to the orchestra throughout the year.

IAN CONNOR, Leader.

MADRIGAL NOTES

This year the Madrigal Group started at a bit of a disadvantage with only a few of last year's members returning, only one of whom was a male. This made necessary a concentrated recruitment programme and training of most of the new members right from the beginning. When the group was finally complete it was larger than is normal for strict madrigal singing; but had the advantage of making a wider range of music possible. One of the

first works to be attempted was the "Alleluia"—Randall Thompson. This work is difficult for an untrained choir, needing very controlled and careful singing; but the Group managed it very well.

The first public appearance of the Group was at the inter-secondary Music Festival at the Girls' High School. The works sung were the "Alleluia" and "Come Again Sweet Love"—Dowland. The performance was very successful and the Group promised to maintain the high standard of previous years. Soon after was the trip to Tawa where the Group sang "Alleluia," "Come Again Sweet Love" and with the Tawa Madrigal Group sang some combined items.

The only appearance for the second term was our own Music Festival for which the Group sang "Alleluia," "Salutations Angelica"—Arcadelt, "Now is the Month of Maying"—Morley and a comic arrangement of a group of Nursery Rhymes set by Ralph Hunter. All these items were received very well by the audience.

During the August holidays a number of the Group attended the third Secondary School Madrigal course under the direction of W. Walden-Mills, held for the second time at Spotswood College. This proved to be of great value in improving sight-reading and singing techniques, not only in madrigal singing but also in other types of choral work.

During the third term the Group is concentrating mainly on madrigals and carols. The Group is planning to sing at the Gala day where they will show themselves in lighter vein, and at the prize-giving. It has been asked to provide a Christmas programme for elderly citizens at the Methodist Church and to sing at the prison. Our major concern is the Group's first broadcast which will be at Christmas time.

Despite early difficulties, the Group has done very well this year and this is largely due to the able direction of Miss McLafferty. The thanks of all members of the Group go to her, not only for her organisation, but for her excellent and discerning conducting and interpretation. R.H.

MADRIGAL GROUP



Back Row: M. Fluker, S. Brewster, P. James, W. Procter, W. Tate, K. Sole, S. Mason, J. Cleaver, G. Marshall, R. Ward.
Middle Row: J. Menzies, J. Eales, J. King, N. Wallace, D. Kveseth, J. Johnston, S. Rae, W. Marshall, M. Orr, F. Farquhar.
Front Row: C. McPhail, A. King, V. Wallace, R. Halliday, Miss McLafferty, R. Harvey, P. Henderson, Mrs. Connor, J. Davison.



ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

SPEECH CONTEST 1968

WINNERS: Sixth Form: R. Halliday 1, D. Charman 2, M. Collier 3.

Fifth Form: S. Rae 1, D. Roberts 2, P. Scriven 3.

Fourth Form: B. Millar 1, R. Hine 2, M. Jackson 3.

Third Form: J. Charman 1, M. Giles 2, D. Guy and M. Haldane 3 equal.

HOUSE POINTS

Mikotahi 580; Moturoa 568; Motumahaunga 555.

LIBRARY NOTES

We extend our thanks to all the people who have helped the library this year. The efficient running of it depends to a large extent on the voluntary help given by the library assistants and we are most grateful for their efforts. Assistants this year have been B. Anderson, Alison Boswell, Terry Clarke, Charlie Cameron, Elizabeth Duff, Jenny Dutton, Barbara Fitzpatrick, L. Gilbert, Diane Kopa, A. Manning, Shona Morwood, Raewyn Prince, Jenny Stevens, Shelley Rae, Glenys Still, Lyle Turner, Jane Vickers, Murray Whittaker, and Carole Williams.

Because of the abundance of librarians, accession of books has been greatly accelerated, and we have been able to help Mrs. Emmett with filing and cataloguing.

We have, however, been disappointed with the lack of care which has been shown towards new books especially. It is obvious that some pupils do not realise the full value of them. Magazines had been defaced to such an extent that it became necessary to remove them from the library.

Our total stock is now 5080 books (677 of which have been acquired this year). The National Library Service has lent us 250 a term and also books for special displays which we have had. Two of the most striking displays were of the yacht and of the machine-gun. The credit for these must go to Mr. Lovell and Mrs. Emmett, who worked hard to make the much-appreciated displays what they were.

We are grateful to the many people who have given us books for the library. 1968 donors have been Mrs. Sunde, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. MacGibbon, Mrs. Haase, Mrs. Seager, Alistair MacGibbon, Beryl Smillie, Heather Eley, Mary Hammonds, Marcia Derry, Ian Kendall, Valma Knight, Form 4IM (1967), Form 5S3 (1967), Brian Carr, Ruth Ward, Jackie Moody, Ross Priest, Wayne Hoben, Christine Harvey and David Watts.

About halfway through the year we had trouble with overdue books, but, thanks to our system of fines and the concerted effort by librarians, this has been improved.

Sometime next year it is hoped that our library will be extended in the form of a mezzanine floor. Let's hope all goes well, because seeing the rate that the school is growing at present, I'd say that we certainly need the room!

Our special thanks go to Mrs. Emmett for all the time and energy she puts into the organisation of the library.

SHELLEY RAE.

TRAMPING CLUB NOTES

1968 heralded a new era in School tramping. After much careful thought and many many meetings between staff and pupils, the Moki Tramping Club and the Spotswood College Girls' Tramping Club were combined in the Spotswood College Tramping Club where present membership is 12 girls and 25 boys. The motive behind this was the feeling that as Spotswood is a Co-Ed school, mixed tramping logically follows. The boys' superior tramping experience would then be available to the girls.

Two staff members are of course present on all trips with Mr. and Mrs. Capper, newly arrived from England providing the mainstay of staff support.

The newly elected committee of 4th, 5th, and 6th form boy and girl representatives and four office holders decided that the aim of the Club would be "Open up the joys of tramping and climbing to boys and girls attending Spotswood College." We also realised that nearly all the experienced trampers and climbers were in the Senior School and set as the major task of 1968, the raising of the standard of tramping in the Junior School to such a level that by the time they find themselves at the top, they are capable of command.

A progressively more serious series of trips and a Bushcraft and Snowcraft course have so raised the Juniors' standards that by the 3rd term they are organising and leading trips.

Diversification has also been a major theme. Trips have covered snow and ice, bare rock and



Moki Hut, August, 1968.



Bridge over Chasm 1, Moki.

scoria, alpine scrub and tussock and thick native bush. The climb of Egmont early in the year by 30 pupils provided a break from the more traditional school tramping areas. The extensive use of two-way radios has familiarised members with what can be a life-saving device.

By the end of the year about sixteen trips will have been run, major ones being Summit Egmont, Basic Bushcraft, Basic Snowcraft, Overnighter North Egmont, Overnighter Moki and three day repair and bridge building in the Moki, a visit to Okau falls, the highest in the North Island and a probable five-day trip to the Nelson lakes. Other trips have covered Mt. Messenger, Stony River, Headwaters of Waitara river and Pouakais.

My thanks, on behalf of the Club, go to all Staff who have helped us throughout the year, our special thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Capper and Mrs. Connor, also our thanks to patient and trusting parents who have provided transport and let us show their sons and daughters the pleasures of outdoor life.

I hope this is but the first of many most enjoyable years of School tramping.

D. H. FRANKLIN



Tahurangi Hut, Egmont

TAWA VISIT 1968

Nearly seventy pupils left Spotswood for Tawa on Thursday, May 2nd. Such was our dedication that we were even prepared to give up two days of our holidays to making music as the first term ended on Friday. We arrived in Tawa at four o'clock and were borne away by our hosts to get settled in for the next three days. On Thursday night Wellington saw a strange invasion. From the air it would seem as if a two-hundred yard lizard was crawling out of the station and weaving its way through the streets of Wellington until it oozed itself through the doorway of a certain coffee bar. Closer ground inspection would show the lizard to be made up of powerful Spotswood and Tawa hordes, armed to the teeth with guitars and vocal cords, and obviously spoiling for a chance to use them. But they must have liked us at the coffee bar, because free savouries were handed round—of course that could have been a scheme to clog up our vocal cords. By the time we got home most of us were glad to get to bed.

Friday morning, School. Most of the day was taken up with rehearsals, often several going on at

the same time, and here we must acknowledge the great patience of all the conductors, both Spotswood and Tawa. That night we were back at school for the debate, the topic being "that Columbus sailed too far." Despite the convincing proof offered by a Tawa speaker from the floor that Columbus did in fact sail to the Spanish port of Faro (and everyone knows that all you need to do is take the "o" off a Spanish name and you have its English equivalent), the judge did not take his word for it, and the result was a startling draw. This left Spotswood in possession of the cup. After the debate we had mass singing led by the Tawa Folk Club, which has some fine guitarists and blues singers.

I think that by now most of us had forgotten that all other secondary schools in New Zealand had finished work for the term: we were much too busy even to envy them.

Saturday morning and afternoon we had free, and many took the opportunity to inspect Wellington, or at least investigate the inside of a Wellington cinema. Here we must thank Miss Wilde and Mr. White for giving us the opportunity of attending a rehearsal of the National Orchestra. Those who went enjoyed it immensely, and it was marvellous to hear an orchestra of such quality (not that we're knocking the Spotswood and Tawa orchestras).

The concert on Saturday night was due to begin at 8 o'clock, and the hall was full well before then. Those taking part in it who wanted to hear other items had to stand in the foyer and hold open the doors to the hall. The concert was a great success, and all Spotswood items were performed well. After the concert many of us spoke to Mr. Jansen, very suave in Tyrolean hat, who was thrilled with all the items, and especially with the progress the madrigal group has made under Miss McLafferty.

On Sunday we got into school uniform again for the trip back home, which was much quieter than the trip down. In Wanganui there was no old man to hold his hat over his heart at our trumpeter's playing of "The Last Post" as there had been on the way down—presumably because Louis hadn't the energy left to blow any sound out of his trumpet. When we finally arrived home it was marvellous to feel that we had two weeks in which to recuperate before donning school uniform once more.

C. McP.

HUMAN RIGHTS SEMINAR '68

After the Tawa trip had ended, and all the goodbyes had been said, all but two of the visiting Spotswardians boarded their bus and went back to New Plymouth. The two remaining pupils caught the railcar to Napier, to attend the 1968 Human Rights Seminar—entitled "World Citizens 1968—our rights and responsibilities."

This proved to be one of the most interesting, entertaining and stimulating weeks we have ever spent.

Sunday, 5th May:

Evening: Arrived at Napier at 7.30 and were collected and taken first to the Napier Convent, where about fifty girls were billeted, to leave our luggage, and then to the Napier Girls' High where the actual seminar was to be held. Here we met the rest of the course, who were staying at the High

school, and were organised into groups for discussion. We found that people had come from as far as Invercargill and Whangarei, and that we had many field scholars from all over the world. This promised some interesting discussion, and it was extremely late before we all piled off to bed.

Monday, 6th May:

Morning: We were woken by the unfamiliar sound of a hand-bell, rung by a cheerful nun, who slept in a tiny room at the end of our dorm. Breakfast was at 7.45 each morning, and it was a good seven minutes walk from convent to High school, so mornings were dreadfully rushed. The seminar began at 9.00 with a welcome from Mr. Tait, the Mayor of Napier, and then an opening speech by the Most Rev. N. A. Lesser, Archbishop of New Zealand. The first lecture was given by the Ombudsman, Sir Guy Powles, who spoke on "Human Rights Year 1968—Its meaning to the Governments and Peoples of the World." He proved a most interesting speaker and many of his points provided heated discussion in our groups afterwards.

Afternoon: This was taken up with a lecture by Mr. J. G. Male, who is the former Chief, Advisory Services Section, Division of Human Rights, U.N. Secretariat. He spoke to us on "The Work of the U.N. in Human Rights," and was most at home with his subject.

Tuesday, 7th May:

Morning: Mr. Male had mentioned in his lecture that "there was a danger of thinking of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights as distant, technical, abstract, and not applicable to New Zealand." The next two lectures brought things closer to home. Mr. W. J. Scott spoke on "What Human Rights Mean in New Zealand." He began by stating—"In this country a long-established legal and political system guarantees to each of us most of the rights listed in the Universal Declaration of the United Nations." He mentioned that some rights conflicted with others, and that this must be carefully watched; that in some cases we were protecting democracy by anti-democratic means (giving the Security Police as an example), made some comments on the freedom of our mass media; and ended with a comment on the work of the Ombudsman. His lecture was well received and he was kept talking for some time when he had finished.

Evening: Sir Thaddeus McCarthy, LL.M., Judge of the Court of Appeal of New Zealand, gave us examples of "How the Law protects Human Rights in New Zealand." These were (a) freedom from arbitrary arrest; (b) the right to a fair and impartial trial by a properly constituted court; (c) freedom of speech (d) freedom of assembly (e) the rights of privacy, and finally some thoughts on the inter-relation between rights and duties.

This was the most interesting lecture we had had, and Sir Thaddeus was swamped with questions which lasted until well after eleven.

Wednesday, 8th May:

Morning: Mr. H. W. Youren, M.A., LL.M., gave us a lecture on "What Human Rights Mean in Developing Countries". His main points were a definition and location of developing countries and a study of Article 25 (Universal Declaration of Human Rights) —"Everyone has the right to a standard of

living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care, and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control."

Afternoon: This was free and parties formed to go and see the dolphins and the aquarium. Various items were practised for the next evening, when a social was to be held, and a curious air of secrecy hung over the staff table during meals.

Evening: Prof. W. H. Oliver spoke on "Educating World Citizens". This lecture in which he stressed that the aim of education is satisfied individuals; but the basis of many world problems is violent dissatisfaction—was interesting but vague.

Thursday, 9th May:

Morning: The Rev. Father G. Arbuckle, S.M., M.A. (Cantab.), Ph.D., F.R.A.I., spoke to us on "The Principle of Sharing in a Hungry World." This was a well designed lecture in three general divisions: (a) The nature of Poverty, (b) an explanation of Poverty, (c) the Relief of Poverty—the nature of poverty was further divided into physical, mental and spiritual deprivation. His talk was centred around his own varied experiences in the British Solomon Islands and Fiji.

Afternoon: This was taken up by a lecture from Mr. W. T. Ray M.A. (Lucknow), who astounded the Indian members of our group by breaking out in five different Indian dialects, at various times. His lecture was on "The Right to Freedom of Worship," in which he discussed the form and purpose of religions and brought out the dangers in article 18 of the Universal Declaration—"Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion."

Evening: Instead of the lecture on "Unity and Diversity" by Mrs. Tirakatene-Sullivan—a panel discussion on Racial Equality was held, which became



Sir Guy Powles—Ombudsman.

most heated. Main points covered were: definitions of racial equality; N.Z. racial problems; the meaning of race; and a general survey of world problems.

When this was concluded, a social was held, a haka performed by members of the staff being the main attraction.

Friday, 10th May:

Morning: The last panel discussion was held—the subject being "The problems of the Individual in the modern world."

When this had finished the Seminar was summed up and closed.

Afterthought: The next seminar along similar lines is to be held next year in Dunedin, and we recommend it to any interested sixth former as a most interesting and valuable experience.

D.C. & V.W.

DEBATING NOTES

The debating club began the year in an enthusiastic way with meetings every Tuesday lunchtime.

The club suffered several changes in official positions, Rex Halliday began the year as president, Alan Berendsen was elected after his resignation, but was then succeeded by Diane Charman. Pat Scriven then took up her position as club secretary.

As a rehearsal for the Tawa debate, the Spotswood team, Rex Halliday, Michael Collier and Diane Charman challenged the Boys' High School to a debate, with the same topic as that for Tawa—"That Columbus went too far." Spotswood took the negative side and won, with Diane Charman being placed as best speaker.

Club enthusiasm mounted to a peak for the annual debate with Tawa. The debate resulted in a tie, and Spotswood retained the cup. Michael Collier also won the cup for best speaker, both cups going to Spotswood for the fourth successive year.

After this debate, the attendance dwindled considerably. In a particularly depressed period the Boys' High challenged Spotswood. For this debate there was a slight difficulty in finding junior and senior teams. The former consisted of Ray Hine, Janet Charman, Pat Scriven, and the senior team of Rex Halliday, Diane Charman and Michael Collier. The topics were junior, "That increasing violence in U.S.A. is inevitable," and senior "That Kangaroos make better pets than Elephants." This gave valuable experience to the junior team, and an opportunity for a light-hearted debate for the seniors. Spotswood teams won both debates.

The third term saw a growth in attendance, especially among junior members, which was very heartening as the Debating Club has, in the past, tended to become a senior monopoly.

Owing to pending exams the place of the formal type of debate was taken by a series of very informal verbal riots, which stimulated argument from the shyest of members.

The year has been a pleasingly successful one aided by the attendance of Mr. McCrone, and the enthusiasm of Mr. Page in organising the inter-school debates and by his helpful criticism and encouragement, for which we are most grateful.

PAT SCRIVEN.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME FOR GIRLS

Last year 51 Spotswood girls gained Bronze Awards in the Duke of Edinburgh Scheme and this year 34 of these are working for their silver awards. In addition 43 girls are now working for Bronze Awards. The interest level of the scheme has been well maintained and we hope for a good number of awards at the end of this year and in future years.

The scheme is divided into four sections: 1. Design for living. 2. Interest—among the interests which girls are taking are: arts, judo, archaeology, fencing, basketry, dressmaking, knitting, and soft-toy making. 3. Adventure—many girls are now planning adventure trips—Silver Award girls must do a 16 mile overnight trip organised by themselves. 4. Service—during the August holidays 24 girls helped with Meals on Wheels—Several of these for the second time or else people who are not actually working for awards but are anxious to help. This is very pleasing.

Thanks are due to many members of the staff who willingly act as instructors and assessors for the scheme. We would especially like to thank Mrs. Connor for the many hours she has contributed to the scheme, and for the valuable assistance she has given us.

The names of those who gained awards last year are: BRONZE AWARDS: Beverley Adams, Margaret Alston, Carol Austin, Glenys Autridge, Anne Bate, Marina Been, Patricia Bowen, Trudy Boyce, Lesley Boyer, Geraldine Brown, Raewyn Burmester, Eve Carruthers, Roselyn Clark, Maureen Cousins, Lynette Drake, Elizabeth Duff, Anne Fleming, Christine Francis, Carol Garcia, Kathryn Gould, Gaye Haldane, Cheryl Hamilton, Jennie Hill, Carolyn Hills, Jolene Hughes, Lyn Jans, Sheryl Julian, Jenny King, Deborah Kveseth, Wendy Love, Christine Lovell, Marilyn McAlpine, Ann McCurdy, Barbara McKenzie, Helen Monaghan, Jenny Morgan, Shona Morwood, Judy Mumford, Hiranga Pahuru, Jillian Pillette, Marie Quinlan, Denise Roberts, Sherrilyn Somerton, Glennis Southall, Mary Thomson, Janet Tucker, Alice Wairau, Jocelyn Whanau, Carol Williams, Linda Williams, Lynda Williamson.

Anne Ubels gained her Silver Award, working through the Y.W.C.A.

TRAVEL CLUB

During the second term, the head of the social studies department, Mr. Frank, suggested the formation of a Travel Club. The object of this club, which meets at lunch-time on Wednesdays in the film-room, is to provide entertainment of educational value in the form of films and guest speakers. Kim Walker and Ross Alley made posters and distributed them around the school.

The first meeting rounded up a good audience for Mr. Capper, who spoke on his homeland, Great Britain, illustrated with fascinating slides. The following Wednesday Mr. Chapman gave up his lunch-hour to talk to the club on Ecuador and also showed slides. Mr. McCrone was next on the agenda

with slides and a talk on Western Samoa, followed by another talk and some more slides on Tasmania by Mr. Barrowman. Mr. Frank journeyed around Scandinavia the following week with slides. The next week a film "Listen to Steel" on the different methods on producing and casting steel made a change. Another film "Food or Famine" gave us much food for thought.

Every week so far has mustered a good audience, even the time when the publicity boys forgot the publicity! The club seems to be well on its way and we hope it will continue throughout next year. We commend this club to all who have a natural curiosity about the world in which we live.

JOCELYN FIFIELD, 4P

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE INTERACT CLUB

An indication of the need for an organisation of joint effort by the young people of the world is the phenomenal growth in membership experienced by the Rotary-sponsored Interact organisation, since its inception in Melbourne, Florida, United States of America on 5th November 1962. Less than six years old it now boasts a total membership of some 2,200 clubs with 58,000 members in 60 countries, encompassing every continent and functioning effectively in schools and communities of every size and character. New Zealand alone has 15 clubs from Invercargill to Warkworth, and among the most lately established is the Spotswood College club, which also has the added distinction of being the first co-educational club in New Zealand.

What is Interact? To quote from the standard Interact constitution—"Interact is a worldwide organisation of young men and women dedicated to service and international understanding." However a wider insight into its purpose is provided by the accepted goals of all Interact clubs:—development of leadership, thoughtfulness of and helpfulness to others, awareness of the importance of home and family, respect for the rights of others, acceptance of individual responsibility, recognition of the dignity and value of all useful occupations, gaining of increased knowledge of community, national and world affairs, and action towards the advancement of international understanding and goodwill. The ideals may sound lofty on paper, but they are not too far reaching for any person who wants to play a positive part in the community.

The means of achieving these aims are left entirely to the discretion of the members and for most of the 35 foundation members of the Spotswood College club this is proving a new experience. Meeting procedure, club organisation and meeting and enlisting the aid of businessmen within New Plymouth has seemed to occupy the members' time during the short period the club has been firmly established. The club itself, was officially formed on the 5th June, and although the list of accomplishments is not very impressive, the experience and knowledge gained by the present members should stand the next year's club in good stead.

The first "feeler" project was the renumbering of all the classrooms at Spotswood College, and, owing to the enthusiasm and abundance of the workers, the project was completed quickly and quite successfully. Not without its share of mishaps, a combined car washing project with the New Plymouth Boys' High School Interact Club proved profitable and establish-

ed the club financially. The members who participated washed, polished and cleaned some 33 cars during the morning and appeared to have a good time in the process.

The August holidays loomed up and with them the New Zealand Interact Conference, held this year at the New Plymouth Boys' High School. Some members of the Spotswood College Club attended, more as observers than active participants, but no doubt benefitting from the numerous discussions. The three-day conference ended with an enjoyable social evening.

The Spotswood College Library was the venue for the presentation of the certificate of organisation to the club, on September 14th. About 70 guests attended, including the Mayor, Mr. Honnor, representatives from the school, prominent Rotarians and a guest speaker, Mr. Te de Joux from Wellington. After the initial addresses and the handing over of the Charter, the club was presented with gifts and badges and the members were introduced. The conclusion to a successful evening was a supper in the school music room.

Meanwhile contact with an Interact club in Argentina is being established as part of the international programme, and the club has been fortunate enough to secure such speakers as Mr. Graeme McGregor of the Taranaki Herald, Mr. Pat Connell, Public Relations Officer and Mr. Robert Pugh, a consultant engineer on the Kapuni development scheme to address the members. Future projects to round off the year's activities include a proposed project in the Kaitake ranges, combined with New Plymouth's two other Interact clubs.

It is to be hoped that this year will be the beginning of a useful association between the Spotswood College Interact Club and the community of New Plymouth. D.V.J.

BOYS' CRUSADERS, 1968

Lord I thank Thee for the Greatness
Of Thy love's unfailing springs;
Let my heart be always singing
Everywhere, for everything;
Only for Thy glory living
Serving Thee in humblest ways;
Keep me Lord Thy heart from grieving
Teach me Lord to live Thy praise.

(S. F. Forest).

Well that short piece of verse more or less sums up our Crusader approach for 1968. It would be very easy to be despondent about the comparatively small number of boys from the school who attend Crusaders. Similarly it would be a simple matter to become disheartened at the attitude of people towards spiritual things; the general weak resistance by the church at the gradual but sure whittling away of Sunday for sport and other activities; the deadness of the church when secular music (Pop) is required in St. Paul's Cathedral to give it LIFE! We can give praise that our God is a changeless God, John the Apostle writes in his first epistle, "God has given us eternal life and this life is in His Son, Jesus. He that has the Son has life, he that has not the Son has not life." This life of which John speaks is LIFE viewed from any angle. As it was in the beginning Crusaders today stands for Christian truth as portrayed in God's word the Bible and by the example set by Jesus Christ, who showed us what God is like.

As seems to be the accepted pattern for the beginning of a Crusader year 1968 was ushered in with a combined barbecue at Inglewood. This was a most enjoyable outing. All the schools from Hawera north, where Crusader unions are active, were represented. It was at this event that Mr. Alex Black who was chairman of the movement in Taranaki and a member of the National Council gave his last message to a representative Crusader gathering. To say Mr. Black has been missed since his tragic death would be an understatement. However it is no understatement to say that the inspiration given and the example set, as a Christian by Mr. Black will not be forgotten.

Our 1968 leaders were Mr. G. Procter and Mr S. Hill both members of the staff.

The only badge holder for the year was Alan West.

Membership of the Union stood at 30 with the attendance fluctuating. This roll is larger than for 1967. However the significant aspect has been the spiritual growth of those who have been faithful members. The desire of the leaders has been to have as many boys as possible take an active part in the meetings. This has been achieved to a large extent.

Then of course the prayer cell which meets regularly on a Tuesday. Four or five regulars at this meeting have achieved more than they could realise. The following maxim is worth remembering:

No prayer—no blessing.

Little prayer—little blessing.

Much prayer—much blessing.

New lesson material published by Scripture union, Sydney, was used this year and proved to be most helpful and worthwhile.

We had our usual round of visiting speakers which included missionaries on deputation and local clergy. Films were also shown at various times.

We endeavour to hold a "squash" once a term. This year the most memorable time was in the second term when Miss Pollock (Girls' leader) and her flat mates were host. What a meal and what a time!

We now begin to gather our thoughts and energies for 1969. This we do prayerfully trusting that all who shared our Crusader activities for 1968 will be strengthened in their Christian life and consequently will in turn contribute something worthwhile to our society.

GIRLS' CRUSADERS NOTES

The Girls' Crusader Union got off to a good start this year with a barbecue and film evening at Inglewood. This outing was also enjoyed by the Boys' Crusader Union and members of other Taranaki unions.

This year we have been meeting every Thursday at lunchtime in the comparative quiet of the typing room in the new B block. Here, we have been able to pray together, discuss a wide variety of topics including problems facing young Christians, and generally become spiritually enriched.

On other occasions we have combined with the Boys' Union in the technical drawing room, and more recently in the new film room. At these times we have been entertained either by a movie

film or a guest speaker. These include a missionary from New Guinea, two young members from the Youth with a Mission, and an aborigine from central Australia.

At the start of the year, a committee of senior girls was formed to help plan the activities of Thursday lunchtimes. We soon felt there was a need for the fifth and sixth formers to get together and discuss things at a higher level. The Crusader Badge was one such subject and means that the wearer has accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour and has given her or his life completely over to serving Him.

Prayer meetings have also been a weekly interval activity. Although attendances have been small, there has been a great feeling of fellowship and real benefit has been gained by all who have taken part.

JANET DAVISON, Junior Leader.

MARGARET SAMUELS, Secretary.



Chess had been played in previous years at the college, but never has there been a real club with regular activities, as we were soon to learn when Mrs. Risch started the club in February of this year. It was quite surprising to see a great number of pupils attending the chess meetings in the Art room during the lunch hour. While playing friendly games, and also teaching those who had never played before, a chess potential was discovered which previously had not been realised.

Mrs. Risch had plans for the club, and to give more incentive for regular attendance and stronger play, a championship tournament was prepared which had to be played within a certain time in order to have placings for further ventures.

By this time the club had started a small library of chess books, a number of chess clippings from Newspapers and journals, approximately eight chess sets, ranging from small travelling sets, over small wooden and plastic sets to some which are quite elaborate. Most of these sets, are private property, but gladly lent to other players. Lent, yes—but taken? Well anyone who knows school boys, knows that the fights were not always on the chess board.

During the May holidays two of the top players (Ian Dowman and Evan Ubels) entered for the Junior Taranaki Championships, directed by Mr. Bowler of the New Plymouth Chess Club. I Dowman and E. Ubels were placed first equal and thus qualified to enter the Semifinal National Championships in Wellington which were held during the August holidays. C. E. Ubels won 5 games out of 8 and was placed fourth, and I. Dowman won 3 games.

Flourishing with a regular attendance of 33 members, including four girls and a few hangers on, who think they can't afford 5 cents per term, the Spotswood College Chess Club was now strong enough to be able to enter 3 teams into the Taranaki Annual Schoolchildren's open teams tournament held at Inglewood High School on September 21st, 1968. It was a big day! 20 teams, representing Primary Intermediate, and secondary schools from Taranaki, each team consisting of four players.

The secondary schools competed for the Prentice Cup. This was the first attempt of Spotswood College for this cup, and Spotswood was the most strongly represented school. It resulted in the college's A team's win with 20 points, its nearest rival being Inglewood B team with 16 points.

We enjoyed the morning and afternoon tea, provided free for over 80 children. The top player, E. Ubels, was presented with the cup and also with a book on "Chess Openings" for the club library. It was a grand day for the Spotswood pupils, and in high spirits the teams were taken home by Mrs. Risch and the N.P.C.C. members. As a surprise the successful players were treated to a delicious home-baked apple pie on the following Monday lunch hour. That shows you the advantages of a club mother!

Well, the Chess Club continues to meet every lunch hour in the Art room under the supervision of Mrs. Risch, and since everybody tries hard to win, the standard of play should not stop rising.

The club welcomes newcomers, boys and girls, and the old members will gladly teach all interested in the ancient game of chess. If you think it is slow, boring and only for geniuses, you are in for a surprise!

Chess Club members: 6A: I. Dowman (A team), J. Corkill (A), J. Mercer (B), J. Winter (A); 6B M. Collier; 5S2 E. Ubels (A); 4P1: Ian Cousins; 4A1: B. Scott, J. Lobb (B), P. Legge; 4A2: C. Allerton, B. Bint, P. Gow, P. Hutton (B), L. Jennings, C. Smith (B), 4A3: B. Morris (C), G. Bond (A), V. Douglas, M. Eldershaw, J. Harvey, B. Lander, D. Smith, K. Thomson, J. White, Robyn Clark; 4A4: G. Curd, G. Strachan, Patricia Mosley; 3P1 M. Giles; 3A2 Andrea Deakin, Patricia Letter; 3B2 M. Whitacker.

THE CURIOUS COVE TRIP

On Friday, 30th August, two buses with a party of fifty-four and two staff members, accompanied by their families, left New Plymouth and the pouring rain behind. We lunched at the "Shangri-la" in Wanganui and near dusk arrived at the Wellington Harbour. We eagerly boarded the "Aramoana" and after a rather windy but enjoyable crossing, we disembarked at Picton at about 10 p.m. We were then herded sleepily onto a Friendship launch and after a further hour we reached our destination. (How curious, there was nothing very curious about it—except its name, but the original name was Kahikatea Bay). Cabins were allocated and after a welcome supper we tried to sleep out the remainder of the night.

Saturday (overseas): After a fishy breakfast we were given time to restore our cabins to some sort of order before a day's fishing trip to Ship Cove where we explored Captain Cook's memorial. While the remainder fished, an energetic seven tramped from Ship Cove to Resolution Bay where they were picked up by the "Rongo" returning from their fishing trip. After tea there was a social evening.

Sunday. Was a free morning for a General Clean-up. Before breakfast some boys "broke the ice" with an early morning swim. This cool example was followed by three girls later on that day. In the afternoon we tramped to a point a couple of very muddy miles further down Queen Charlotte Sound (The Pillbox). After the evening meal another social evening was held along with two short films left by the previous party.

Monday: Sightseeing filled the programme and in the morning we set off for the "Cobham Outward Bound School," Anakiwa, before moving on to some free time in Picton. Leaving Picton about an hour later, we were dropped at a small bay, where we walked over a hill to the Portage Hotel. We walked (or ran) back to the awaiting launches while the teachers hitched a ride in a van. Back at the Cove that evening we enjoyed folk dancing and a quiz which was held in the hall.

Tuesday: Mr. Barrowman surprised several cabins by taking shots of early morning scenes. Throughout the morning a speedboat roared around the cove waters. That afternoon we indulged in a "little stroll" up to the top of the surrounding ridge and down via another route.

Wednesday: We went on another fishing expedition, travelling to the mouth of the Tory Channel, to the Porana's farm where we watched the tame eels from a bridge erected from a whale's jawbone. In the evening we played Frog races, one of Mr. Manning's many enjoyable games.

Thursday: Was very wet all day and so we played indoor cricket and started a table tennis tournament. That evening we participated in the usual dancing, supper and promptly to bed.

Friday: The bonfire and barbecue which had been planned were cancelled because of the wet. In the morning the table tennis tournament was finished and Kevin Jones became the champion and also the finals of the Indoor Cricket. During the afternoon we finished decorating the hall for our final social evening, completed our packing and prepared items for the concert. After supper we had a modern dancing party in honour of a birthday.

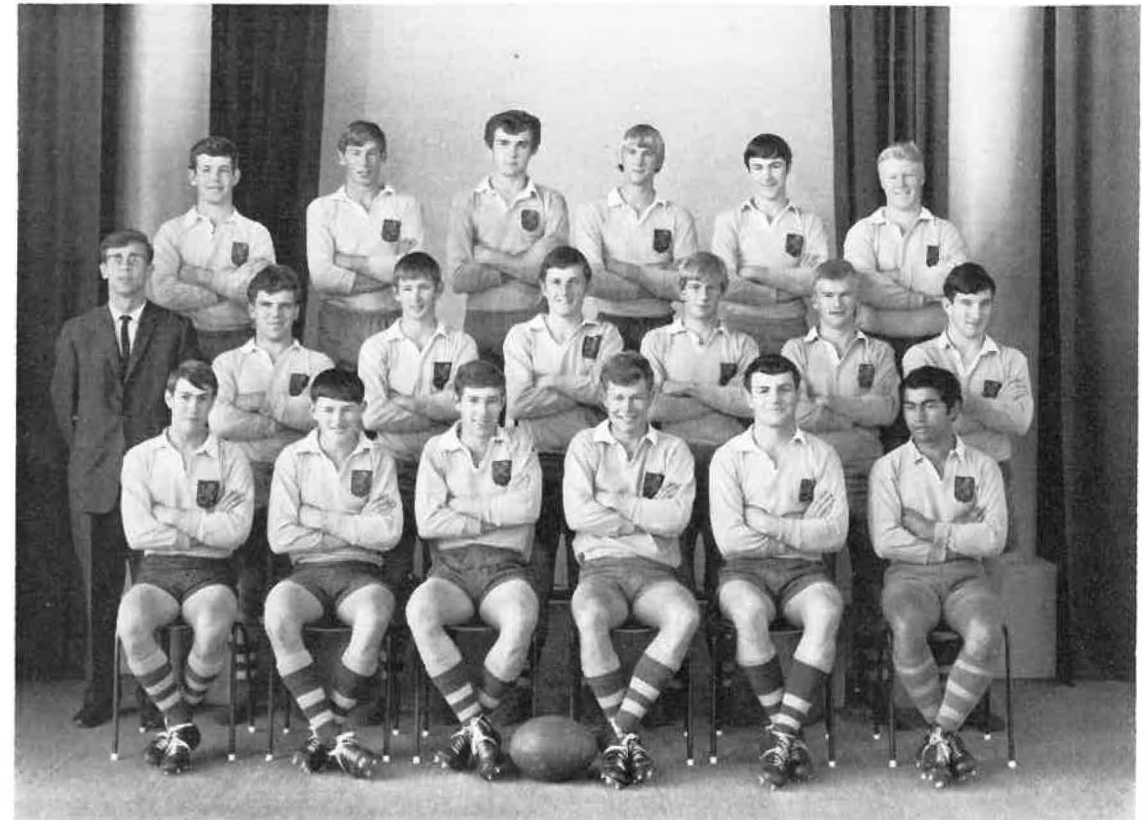
Saturday: Up early to catch the launch which left the cove for Picton at 8.30 a.m. At Picton we once again boarded the Aramoana bound for more liquid sunshine in New Plymouth. We passed the Wahine lying off the Wellington shoreline. We left our lazy thrills behind in the Sounds at 1.30 p.m. on Saturday the 7th September.

Our thanks must go to Mr. and Mrs. Barrowman and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson for making this enjoyable week available to us. We hope that future parties will have as much fun as we did.

L. PENNEY
E. DAVIES.

RUGBY

FIRST XV



Back Row: K. Brodie, P. Cole, G. Sutton, K. Blinkhorne, W. Procter, P. O'Brien.
Middle Row: Mr. B. Wood (Coach), B. McCall, J. Cleaver, L. O'Keefe, J. Winter, K. Shaw, D. Lawrence.
Front Row: M. Fluker, A. Innes, M. Johnson (Vice-Captain), B. Walker (Captain), T. Carley, D. McDonald.

RUGBY REPORT

Although unable to win competitions in any of the Junior Grades, the School still had a very successful Rugby season.

This year saw for the first time, a team entered in the fourth grade open competition. The grade had sixteen teams in it from clubs as far south as Rahotu and as far east as Stratford.

Although not world beaters, the fourth grade side had, by the end of the season, settled into a fairly even side and ended up fourth in the B division of the competition.

Their slow start in this area was due to two features. Firstly it was not realised by the School, how early the fourth grade competition began, and secondly we suffered because of our inability to field a team over the May holidays, which meant that we had to start from scratch again when School opened for the middle term.

If it is decided to continue fielding a team in this grade, then we will have to look at both of these factors very carefully.

As has been the case for the last few years, the School has continued to field very good teams in the more junior 6th, 7th and 8th grades.

The sixth grade team completed the competition as runners-up, a very pleasing result, and both the 7th and 8th grade teams finished well up the points table.

The fifth grade, unfortunately, failed to achieve very much success at all, although the boys themselves enjoyed their games.

This year the 1st XV had probably the most successful season to date. While losing some of its games, it convincingly defeated some of the strongest competition in the Secondary Schools' Grade, including Stratford High School, by a score that was difficult for the Stratford team to believe.

One wonders, however, about the benefits of the Secondary Schools' Grade and its rather stilted and stylised form of play. With the small number of teams taking part in the competition and the very strong possibility that this

number will diminish still further, it may happen that teams will meet their opponents at least three times during the season. If this occurs, then a very strong consideration must be given to the disbanding of the Secondary Schools' Union and to entering the Taranaki Unions' 3rd and 4th grade competitions, as Hawera High School have done.

There have been regular opinion polls for the last few years on the advisability or inadvisability of the Secondary Schools' Grade keeping a points table, as other grades do, to see which teams ends up as the "Champion". In the past, points tables for this grade have been wiped and this may have detracted from the games. In Taranaki particularly, we are competition and "Champion" minded, and the lack of this "healthy" enthusiasm may have been missing from this grade.

The last point to consider for the season is the actual size of Rugby squads in each grade. This year, because of awkward numbers, it was necessary to have smaller squads at each grade than has been usual in the past. Instead of the usual 23-25 players at a given grade, these were cut down, particularly in the more senior grades, by 5-7 players.

The 1st XV had a squad of 18, the fourth grade a squad of 19 and the fifth grade a squad of 19. While this appears to be small when you take into account possible injuries and illnesses during the season, it cannot be denied that for the players themselves, there are some big advantages. These advantages include a greater benefit in team spirit and combination and the very strong point that the less able boys were not left standing on the sideline week after week. All boys played Rugby and were able to do so regularly because of the smaller squads, and this surely is our prime aim—to give as many boys as possible the opportunity to play as much Rugby as possible.

R.G.

FIRST XV

The trials produced two forward packs of practically equal ability with some promising backs, thus giving the selectors a difficult task.

Mr. Wood was the instrument by which a team to represent the School had to be moulded, and after much headache and obvious strain he selected his squad of 18 players.

From this pack of layabouts, a fighting fit team had to be produced and this, unfortunately, was done by hard training. The result—many an unprintable phrase uttered by the pack of layabouts who were rapidly transformed into a prize winning team.

Unlike last year, our first games were convincing victories, in particular our 17-3 win over N.P.B.H.S. A. These victories were due to the driving of the forwards, possession of the ball and the backs' ability to score tries.

Although our forwards were sometimes lighter than the opposition, they never looked the underdogs. They were prepared to fight it out (refer Stratford game, no names mentioned) and play the Rugby they had been taught. We won as much ball as the opposition, with Gavin

Sutton taking some good ball at No. 4 in the lineout. Gav's height was an advantage, but at times he was prepared to have his feet firmly planted on the ground. Later we used Keith Brodie at No. 2 where a lot of valuable ball was obtained, although it was invariably held up. Tom Carley proved to be invaluable as a loose forward and also as a hard worker in the tight. Tom's ability to score tries from loose play gave him a total of six for the season. Our props were hard headed, in particular Mike Johnson, who had to put up with a lot during the season. Maybe it was his unorthodox style of movement, but we were lucky he was on our side. Peter O'Brien was a solid lock, but injury left him on the sideline far too often. John Winter was our other lock, and although shorter and lighter than Gav, John was one of the players of the team. You never saw him in a ruck or maul—he was usually on the bottom, with or near the ball. Our loose forwards, Keith Brodie, Tom Carley, Kerry Blinkhorne, Ken Shaw and Dave McDonald, all had good games, but the last two found they were playing in a variety of positions. Kerry was unlucky in that soon after he began to show real promise, a broken cheekbone put him out for the rest of the season. (It was broken at practice—imagine what they were like.) David Lawrence proved to be an exceptional hooker, but his general forward play could have been tighter.

Now to the backs, who went from brilliant at the start of the season to just above average at the end. At half-back, Jeff Cleaver showed how a half-back should play in many outstanding games. With his long accurate pass and his ability to make play, Jeff was the pick of the backs, although he was sadly missed at the end of the season as he was out with concussion. At half and first five-eighth, Malcolm Fluker played well with his running style of play, but unfortunately his passes weren't consistently good. Alan Innes, perhaps a little young, has gained much valuable experience and will prove an intelligent five eighth when he returns next year. Paul Cole at second was a hard determined man, scoring two excellent tries from good following up; he also had Don Clarke's boot, but much to our disappointment, not his accuracy. Our centre was Bruce McCall who developed throughout the season into a good attacking player. He also played on the wing, much to his disgust. Wingers Warrick Procter and Bruce Walker took their chances and their nine tries apiece reflected the team's ability to spin the ball in the backs. Full-back Lyn O'Keefe played some very good games, but had others, like most of the team, at the opposite end of the scale. His boot gave him 44 points, and with his two tries, this gives him a total of 50 points for the season which was a good effort.

Overall the forwards were our strong point and I feel they were somewhat let down at times by the backs' inability to tackle and to tackle well. But the backs, even though not firmly settled in permanent positions, played some good football despite the fact that they were too eager to criticize and not eager enough to listen.

This year the School had four players selected to play in the Taranaki Rep. teams. Warrick Procter in the A team, with Tom Carley, Keith Brodie and Bruce Walker in the B team. This is the largest number the School has ever had in the Rep. teams.

Inter-School Matches:

v. Freyberg:- A game played in mud and rain to produce a three-all draw. A game that was fought (literally) in the forwards, while the backs huddled together mid-field under cover of umbrellas, raincoats and parkas. Despite the conditions, O'Keefe landed a penalty to make the result a good indication of the game.

v. Manurewa:- We travelled to play the game in sunshine and a relaxed atmosphere. As usual we settled down and started playing half-way through the second half. From an initial break by O'Keefe, Carley was able to score with the try being converted. At this stage it was 6-5 to them with only minutes left. Mr. Wood was pacing, tending the wounded and pulling his hair (his nails had gone) and generally hiding, afraid to watch. But in the dying stages, after a misskick at goal, some good following up and an awkward bouncing ball for the opposition. Spotswood gained its final try to give us a 10-6 victory (Mr. Wood was still trembling when it was all over).

I would like to thank the boys for their support and following throughout the season; for their attendance at practice and their smart turnout on Saturdays, which made us look a team. To Mr. Wood, the teams thanks and appreciation for what he has done and for his style of Rugby which is reflected in the team's performance. He taught us running Rugby and this shows in the final analysis of our record.

Points for 179; Points against 70.

Tries for 39; Tries against 3.

So to Mr. Wood our thanks for his time, effort and his style of Rugby.

Record of Games:-

v. Boys' High Sch. "B"	Won 11-3	Won 14-0
v. Boys' High Sch. "A"	Won 17-3	Won 3-0
v. Francis Douglas		Won 20-9
v. Waitara	Lost 0-5	Lost 9-14
v. Inglewood	Lost 3-9	
v. Boys' High Sch. "C"	Won 38-0	
v. Stratford	Won 19-0	Lost 6-9

Inter-School Fixtures:-

v. Freyberg	Drew 3-3
v. Manurewa	Won 10-6
v. Opunake	Won 20-6
Total Played 15; Won 10; Lost 4; Drew 1.	
	B. Walker (Captain).

SECOND XV

The 1968 season was the first in which a college team has played in an open grade competition. With 13 other teams, the Spotswood Second XV made up the 4th grade competition. This meant that many heavier and older boys would get a regular Saturday game.

The initial squad looked very promising, although it contained some boys new to the game. We won our only pre-season match

against Spotswood Old Boys and things looked good for what turned out to be a busy season of 19 competition games.

For the first five games, the team played well, winning one, drawing one and losing only narrowly to some strong teams. But then troubles arose. In the next few games many promising players came and went and this inconsistency set play back. Rucking and tackling lapsed badly and the team suffered a few thrashings (Star 54-0), but slowly, as a core of keen hard working regulars developed, things began to pick up again. Rucking, tackling and general play improved, and this is shown in the fact that we won 6 of our last 8 games.

There were many fine individuals in the team to begin with, but as the season progressed individuality became team work. The forwards, led by E. Thomas, met many bigger packs and generally held their own from set play, but rucking and slowness to the loose ball were our early downfalls. All the forwards played well at times, but special mention must go to P. Ngatai, who was the real worker in the forwards.

The backs were always given good service by Sam Bullot, who at times, took much punishment in tidying up loose play. His quick darts from set play earned him many well deserved tries. R. Burgess was reliable, playing well throughout and guiding the backline. Rob was never afraid to tackle and many other backs should have learnt a good lesson. S. Hunter was always handy, showing good speed, and M. Davies was probably the most improved back for the season. M. Bishop was generally sound at full-back, many times under a lot of pressure from the much bigger opposition.

In all this was a good season's Rugby enjoyed by all, in a grade which provided for just that. Of the 19 competition games, we won 7, drew 1, scored 182 points for and had 236 scored against, and finished 4th in the "B" division.

Our thanks to Mr. Frank and Mr. Greensill, who spent much time in moulding a team, sometimes having only a few to work with, and giving their Saturday afternoons up for some indifferent showings. Thanks also to those who played when we were short.

Regular squad: E. Thomas (Capt.), P. Ngatai, G. Hart, T. Davies, R. Johnston, J. Paul, M. Bishop, R. Burgess, S. Hunter, M. Davies, G. Lovelidge, P. Amon, W. Robertson, G. Weir, N. Bullot, G. Cursons.

E.T.

FIFTH GRADE

With a young and relatively inexperienced side, the fifth grade experienced a disappointing season, but still managed to gain third place in a rearranged competition. There were no easy games during the season, but although being beaten by wide margins on occasions, the team enjoyed their Saturday mornings.

The forwards, although reasonably mobile, lacked the necessary weight, and inability to win possession placed the team at a disadvantage.

Individualism in the backs was the main scoring potential, with the halfback pairing of N. Willans and B. Woodcock very prominent in this aspect of play. At fullback, Peter Blinkhorne gave some immaculate displays, his tackling being a delight to watch. Congratulations to Peter on his making the fifth grade Representative Squad.

With more regular and efficient coaching, and attendances at practices, the team could have performed more creditably. However, with fluctuating team membership this was not always possible. Here I must thank all those who willingly helped us out when we were short.

The team was: D. Meehan (Capt.), P. Blinkhorne, R. Wells, M. Collier, G. Benton, M. Nicholls, B. Woodcock, N. Willans, I. Connor, D. Shearer, S. Pope, W. Donald, B. Carr, K. Hunt, G. Nicholson and M. Moses.

D. Meehan.

SIXTH GRADE

The sixth grade squad had an exceptionally good season, coming runners-up in the North Taranaki A Division by one point. From eleven games we totalled one loss, one draw and nine wins. Total points for were 168, against 72.

As the season progressed, the team developed into a spirited, skilful and determined side, with excellent combination between strong forward movements and clean fast running back play.

Injuries were few, and dedication was a prominent quality of the players. On several occasions, boys gave up other championship sports in order to play for their team. The record is a reflection of this sacrifice, but our sincere thanks must be added. Congratulations on

achieving a superb team spirit, well skilled ability and a high level of fitness. Congratulations also to the seven boys who gained Taranaki representative honours: A. Wilson, P. Briscoe, P. Priest, I. Barr, R. Smith, D. Katene and B. Lewis. The other boys in the squad were A. Plant, K. Askew, N. Farrant, A. Jans, A. Marr, R. Stewart, N. Williams, K. Thompson, P. Morgan, K. Smith, T. Smith, A. Brodie, D. Peterson and N. Braddock.

Finally, many thanks for a very fine performance all round. M. R. Herbert, P. A. Copper.

SEVENTH GRADE

We had a very good season with a total of eight wins and two losses. This made us runners-up in the competition. During the season we had the record of having only one try scored against us.

The team was coached by Mr. Crisp and Mr. Watt, both of whom did a very fine job.

We had only one unpleasant incident during the season, which was when Russell Blinkhorne broke his leg in the deciding game against Francis Douglas College.

We were well represented in the North Taranaki Representatives by G. Rogers, T. Whitmore, G. Howarth, J. Arden and L. Harvey.

The team was as follows: G. Rogers, R. Blinkhorne, L. Harvey, J. MacLeod, N. Williams, G. Kerr, G. Howarth, J. Arden, D. Drewery, B. Jury, B. Reid, T. Whitmore, W. Paul, L. Dumbell, K. Williams, G. Lawrence, P. Claringbold, W. Katene, R. Richings, R. Okey (Capt.).

R. Okey (Capt.), W. Katene (Vice-Capt.).

SOCCKER FIRST XI



Standing: Mr. Deerson (Coach), G. Bond, R. Collett, I. Blackmore, L. Chadwick, W. McCulloch, Mr. Berry (Coach).
Seated: G. Collett, D. Solomon, B. Gaw (Captain), P. Gerrard, K. Parkes.

SOCCKER

SPOTSWOOD FOURTH GRADE "A"



Back Row: R. Ormiston, J. Burgess, L. Caspersen, M. Hayton, B. Sutherland, S. R. Hill (Coach).
Front Row: G. Insull, D. Birrell, C. Erueti, B. Gardner, G. Miles.
Absent: T. Te Ruki, S. Fletcher.

FIRST XI

The Soccer First XI started the season extremely well, defeating all but one of the teams in the Senior B competition, and although we lacked senior players, we were always able to hold our own against older teams. Unfortunately we were not able to play in the last round of the competition because of the August holidays which took away a lot of our players to representative games. Had we played, our chances for success would have been high, as this year we have many good players, especially in the forwards.

Parkes, at centre forward, had a very good season, scoring the majority of the goals. He was well backed up by J. Collett and J. Bond, who seemed to be an extremely good combination. L. Chadwick and D. Solomon, our two wingers, handled the ball well and were able to place the ball in good position for our inside forwards. W. McCulloch at right half was an asset to the team, as he kicked many very long through balls which often resulted in goals. I. Blackmore, in goal, started the season well, but seemed to become casual towards the end.

B. Mummery, P. Gerrard and R. Collett on defence played well all year, saving many an imminent goal.

The inter-college games weren't as successful this year as they had been in previous years, drawing against Freyberg and losing to Manurewa.

We would like to express our thanks to Mr. Deerson, who put in a great deal of his time for the benefit of the team. We would also like to thank Mr. Berry for his time at the beginning of the season, even though we did not appreciate his effort until months after.

B. Gaw, (Capt.).

SECOND XI

This year the team did not have a very good season at all. We had only two wins. This was because the teams we played were in a higher grade, except for N.P.B.H.S., which was the only team we managed to beat.

The team improved as the games went by, but still didn't manage to become good enough to penetrate through the back lines of opponents.

The team used the wings many times and many good goals came from there.

The team consisted of 5th form boys, and although we didn't have many wins, we all enjoyed playing the game.

Many thanks to Mr. Deerson and Mr. Berry for an enjoyable season and taking the time to coach us.

E.D.B.

FOURTH GRADE A

The most successful of our soccer teams this season was the 4th Grade A team who won all its fourteen games to come first in their competition.

A good forward line and supporting half-backs enabled the team to get 122 goals. The backs and the goalkeeper showed their ability on many occasions and only 8 goals were scored against them.

The main factor in their game was that they were almost always superior in their passing, thanks to the guidance of coach, Mr. Hill. Six of the boys were selected for the Taranaki

Under-14 team which played at the tournament in New Plymouth last August holidays. They were L. Casperson, C. Erueti, G. Miles, R. Ormiston, G. Insull and B. Gardner.

The highest amount of goals they scored in one game was fourteen and the lowest amount was three, although in most of the games they were clearly superior. The game against our 4th grade B team will be remembered for its relative equality between the two sides.

G.M.

FIFTH GRADE

The team comprised: Wayne Malcolm (Captain), Keith Adair, Stephen Berendsen, Paul Marinier, Brian Anderson, Kim Drake, Robin Pitwood, John Pulford, Peter Lowe, Owen Lowe, Glen Seeling, Graham Peterson, Colin Jackson, and Patrick Brien. The coach was Mr. Page.

We lost more games than we won, but we enjoyed the games and improved greatly throughout the season, beating a team which had beaten us 10-0 at the start of the season.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL "A"



Back Row: M. Morgan, T. Kaihe, G. Booker, M. McGregor.
Front Row: D. Kopa, A. Conn (Captain), L. Rupapere.



BASKETBALL

This year's A team was the same as last year's except for two new members. We once again played in the local school competition against teams from Girls' High School and Sacred Heart. We were not as successful as last year, but we still did well, coming runners-up. The members of the A team this year were: Goal Keep—Maureen McGregor, who played extremely well throughout the whole season and was unlucky in spraining both her ankles the day before the Mahurewa trip. Maureen is very quick on her feet and had a very quick eye for spotting the ball. Goal Defence—Tally Kaihe was a new member this year, and proved a very valuable member to the team. She had an extremely good season, being a very good defence player. The other new member this year was the Wing Defence, Diane Kopa. Diane is a very sound player, having a very good season and playing up to a high standard throughout the whole season. Our centre this year, another member from last year, Linda Rupapere, was an extremely valuable member and was probably the most outstanding player of the team. She could play any position and was the player who bucked the team up when they were losing. The Wing Attack this year was Gill Booker, another player from last year. Gill was a very sound player, always being where she was needed and played to a high standard all season. Miriama Morgan, this year's Goal Attack, was an excellent shooter and very useful outside the goal ring as well. Her most outstanding game was against Manurewa, where she missed only one goal out of the twenty-seven attempts. The Goal Shoot, Alison Conn, another player from last year, played with consistent skill.

The other teams which did well in the local competition, were in the Senior A grade. Spotswood A gained second place both in the competition and the closing day tournament. In the Junior B grade, Spotswood B1 and B2 gained first and second place respectively in the closing day tournament. I would like to thank all coaches of teams, who spent a great deal of their spare time coaching the teams.

We were the hosts to the Opunake teams this year, with Spotswood A and B both winning their games, while the third form team lost. I would like to thank Philippa Conn for filling in

for the A team and playing a tremendous game. The A team won 21-19 after a very close and even game. Our B team was by far the better team, winning 31-5. The Opunake Third Form team won.

Then came the Inter-Secondary School's tournament held at Opunake, in which the A team and the third form team took part. We had very good, close games, finally being placed second out of ten teams. The third form team did not have so much luck, being placed seventh.

We were also hosts to Freyberg College this year. In the Reserve A game, both teams were very evenly matched, with Spotswood having the better luck by getting two winning goals. The first half showed us that we'd have to work hard to beat the Freyberg team, as their defences were extremely good and the team was very fit. The half-time score was 7-6 to Freyberg. With extremely good, solid work by the Spotswood defence in the second half, we managed to win the game by 18 goals to 16. The Reserve B game ended in a 14-all draw, Spotswood being down by 8 goals at half-time.

Another extremely close game of the season was against Spotswood Old Girls. It was a very even game with our defences working hard. Spotswood Old Girls won 23-21, but both teams enjoyed the struggle and I hope next year it is our turn to win.

Then came School versus Rangiatea game. Enthusiastically Rangiatea players with their efficient supporters lined the court and awaited the beginning of the game. The game got off to a flying start, the ability being well balanced on both sides. The first half was dominated by Rangiatea, as they led by five goals. The Spotswood team played hard, gaining several goals in a row, making the score even. During the second half, Clare Potaka was replaced by Tally Kaihe and the game finally came to a tiring conclusion, the score being 12-11 to Rangiatea. The Rangiatea team was Diane Kopa, Connie Kopa, Clara Potaka, Margaret Potaka, Linda Rupapere, Mihi Tahī, Pat Tutaki.

The last game of the season was against Manurewa, at Manurewa. After being down 14-13 at half-time, we worked much better and more solidly in the second half, managing to win the game 28-25. The two outstanding players of the game were Miriama Morgan and Linda Rupapere. Much credit must go to Miriama, whose goaling was superb.

There was only one upset and that was the loss of Maureen McGregor the day before our Manurewa trip, but many thanks must go to Lynette Dryden who filled in and played extremely well.

On behalf of the Reserve teams, I would like to thank Mrs. Reeves for giving up her time to coach us and for the encouragement given to us.

HOCKEY

BOYS' FIRST XI



Back Row: R. Ward, J. Hickman, P. Lucas, A. Green, J. Duncalf, G. Marshall, Mr. Billingham (Coach).
Front Row: K. Sharpe, B. Morris, S. Mason, T. McCracken, D. Telfer.

GIRLS' FIRST XI



Back Row: Miss Begbie, M. Tucker, M. Muggeridge, K. Harrison, C. Francis, K. Lund, S. Steadman.
Front Row: A. Ubels, J. Davison, J. Cameron, M. Cousins, R. Seager.

BOYS' HOCKEY



With the continuing shortage of hockey fields at the College, the five hockey teams of the School were forced to share one field. As a result, the boys' first eleven played its home games on Peringa Park and the second eleven played on the Racecourse. We were again very fortunate in having three coaches available to coach the two hockey teams—Mr. Lovell as supervisor-coach, Mr. Billingham as coach of the first eleven and Mr. Pratt as coach of the second eleven.

Inter-house hockey became fully established this year, with competition games among four seven-a-side teams, each representing a house.

FIRST ELEVEN

The first eleven had the busiest season since its formation—fifteen competition matches, two inter-school meets and the occasional friendly match. Six of last year's first eleven had returned and were supplemented by five new members and training got under way in early April. With a squad of only eleven players, members were able to play practically every game of the season. In the first competition round, four games were won, one lost and one drawn. This was a typical result of each of the three rounds. Competition matches were played against the four strongest school hockey teams in Taranaki, and a Te Kiri team.

The highlights of the season were the two annual inter-college fixtures against Manurewa High School and Freyberg High School.

We defeated Freyberg 6-3 and Manurewa 7-0, maintaining our unbeaten record in inter-college meets.

In both games, the first eleven played in a style typical of that of the season, with the forwards emphasising short passing movements. McCracken, at centre forward, used his speed and penetration to spearhead thrusts inside the circle. Graeme Marshall, Ian Duncalf and Peter Lucas formed a good goal-scoring combination on the right flank, scoring five goals between them against Freyberg. Left wing John Hickman used his speed to advantage and was particularly skilful at goaling the ball from a skirmish inside the circle. Doug Telfer, at inside left, played soundly, making the most of a difficult position. He combined well with left half Barry Morris in defence, to break up right wing attacks. Barry Morris and the two full-backs, Kevin Sharpe and Phillip Taylor, all young players, learnt much and improved their play through the season. Our last resort, goalie Roger Ward, was most dependable, with his quick reflexes, and made many fine saves.

Our game against Manurewa was rather scrappy, the first eleven finding constructive play difficult against a rather unskilled and unorthodox team, but in the match against Freyberg, played on a good ground with firm refereeing, each team was able to play its own style of hockey and the game was fast moving, exciting and well played. It was perhaps our best game of the season.

Congratulations to Barry Morris and Kevin Sharpe on their selection to the Taranaki fourth grade team, and to Steve Mason for selection to the Taranaki Colts.

Many thanks to our coaches—Mr. Lovell, Mr. Billingham and Mr. Pratt for their advice and support throughout the season and to the parents who were willing to transport the teams to our games throughout Taranaki.

Team: J. Hickman, D. Telfer, T. McCracken, G. Marshall, I. Duncalf, B. Morris, S. Mason (Captain), P. Lucas, P. Taylor, R. Sharpe, R. Ward. S. Mason.

GIRLS' HOCKEY



This year the School entered three teams in the Secondary School Girls' competition. The A team was entered in the senior division and the B and the C were entered as A and B in the junior division.

The A team competition matches got under way with a slow start. However, after the first few games we began to show our coaches in practice what we had learnt in theory. The only setback of the team, however, was the inability to play as a team, showing the capability to play as several individuals.

Inter-school matches this year totalled three; the first being against Opunake, the second a visit from Freyberg and the third was a trip to Manurewa. The match against Opunake was one in which we gained much experience. With a score of 4-2 against us, we realised that no matter how high the score, it is no indication of the game played. Thank you for the tips Opunake. Freyberg match was most enjoyable, with Freyberg the victors once more. The game against Manurewa, however, was of a different kind until support came from the sideline. After we heard the faithful voices, we began to pick up, so thanks cheerers and thanks Manurewa.

Also played this year was the Rickard Cup for all A teams of secondary schools. This was one of our best performances of the year, as we came fourth amongst eight teams.

Another delightful game was played against the battling beauties of Rangiatea. Grossly outnumbered for cheerers (about five versus fifty) we managed to win 4-0, but we played a team of girls who had hardly any hockey experience, so it just goes to show what you can do if you try. Keep it up Rangiatea and we'll meet again next year.

Members of the A team: O. Barrett, J. Cameron (Capt.), M. Cousins, J. Davison, C. Francis, K. Harrison, L. Horner, D. Murfitt, M. Mugeridge, R. Seager, S. Stedman, M. Tucker, A. Ubels.

The B team this year showed much skill throughout the season. Keep it up girls, you will make a fine A team in the future.

Team members were: Maureen Collier, Gillian Lobb, Robyn Katene, Heather Larsen, Jenny Francis, Ruth Ward, Linda Thompson, Alwyn McLeod, Susan Turner (Capt.), Barbara Grey, Sandra Drake.

Our C team has caught on to the game very well and will make a worthy A team when their time comes. Keep at it girls.

Team members included: B. Bennett, L. Cameron, M. Clague, C. Harvey, D. Grey, P. Harris, W. Stone, S. Stone (Capt.), C. Lattimer, L. Whitmore.

We would like to thank Miss Begbie, Miss J. Velvin, Miss Ogle and all others who gave up their time, especially parents who provided transport, to give us some terrific help and support throughout the season, even though we had some disappointing results. Thanks everyone for an enjoyable season.

Jocelyn Cameron.

BOYS' TENNIS

This season was another rather uneventful season for the Boys' Tennis Team. Early in the year, competition and challenge matches were held to select a team for our summer trip to Freyberg College, Palmerston North. The team selected was: Steve Mason, Trevor Cook, John Harrison and Warren McCulloch. Although overall Spotswood College lost the tennis to Freyberg this year, the boys' team played good tennis.

In April an inter-secondary schools tournament was held on the College courts, and some members of the boys' team competed with considerable success.

This, combined with the inter-house tennis matches, has done a lot to boost interest in tennis at the School, and it is anticipated that next year tennis will be strengthened.

Our thanks to Mr. Herbert for his interest and coaching, which was much appreciated by the team.

S. Mason.

GIRLS' TENNIS



The Spotswood Girls' Tennis team has had a fairly relaxed year. The five members were: Bonnie Moss, Jocelyn Cameron, Lorraine Lovell, Rosemary Moss and reserve, Fiona Erb. Earlier in the year we visited the Girls High School, Mrs. Reeves solving our transport problem, and there we managed to win 7 out of the 8 games. Then Sacred Heart visited us a few weeks later, and playing well, we won 8 out of a possible 9.

In the middle of March came the most important highlight of the year, the trip to Freyberg High School in Palmerston North, which lasted three days. Once again the girls played excellent tennis, winning 4 out of 6 games. Unfortunately the boys didn't have similar luck and the final points favoured Freyberg.

Recently the team suffered the loss of Jocelyn Cameron, and at this point I would like to congratulate Jocelyn for making the Taranaki team.

My thanks, on behalf of the team, to Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Reeves for their enthusiasm and encouragement.

Bonnie Moss.

CRICKET — First XI

The season started off with two grading matches which we won convincingly and we found ourselves in the A grade of the Senior B division.

Playing in this grade has enabled the boys to develop their style with the use of good pitches, hard opposition and two day matches.

We were aided during the Christmas holidays by K. McCracken, A. Brodie, Mr. B. Howe, Mr. I. Somervell and J. Fluker, who had left at the end of last year, until they moved to their various places in February.

New boys to join the team were B. McColl, T. McCracken, K. Brodie, G. Bond and T. Wey.

The team had moderate success in the local competition, winning 2, losing 2 and drawing 4, but won both school fixtures, one outright and the other on the first innings.

Our first school match was against Freyberg at Palmerston North. We won this match on the first innings and were very unlucky not to win outright. Spotswood was put into bat first on a rather heavy wicket and this deteriorated during the game.

Scores—Spotswood 1st Innings 123—Batting for Spotswood, T. Carley 59, A. Innes 28.

Freyberg 1st Innings 96—Bowling for Spotswood, J. Cleaver 6 for 29, C. Rawlinson 3 for 26.

Spotswood 2nd Innings 125 for 8 declared—R. Burgess 30, K. Brodie 26 not out, C. Rawlinson 21.

TENNIS TEAM



Back Row: L. Lovell, J. Harrison, T. Cook, Mrs. Reeves, Mr. Herbert.
Front Row: J. Cameron, S. Mason, B. Moss, R. Moss.

CRICKET FIRST XI



Back Row: Mr. T. Medley (Coach), B. McColl, R. Burgess, T. McCracken, K. Brodie, M. Bishop, G. Bond.
Front Row: C. Rawlinson, T. Carley, M. Fluker, J. Cleaver, A. Innes.

Freyberg 2nd Innings 98 for 9 at close—Bowling for Spotswood, T. Carley 4 for 26, C. Rawlinson 3 for 25, R. Burgess 1 for 16.

The following week we were hosts to Tawa Colledge and the team was determined to avenge its rather frightful defeat at Wellington last year.

By this stage of the season the team was playing its best cricket and we had some strong bowlers upon which we relied heavily. Our fielding was also very good.

The pitch was in perfect order and we took advantage of the wicket after winning the toss and batting first.

Scores—Spotswood 1st Innings 127—Batting for Spotswood, J. Cleaver 44 not out, T. Carley 19, M. Bishop 17.

Tawa 1st Innings 61—Bowling for Spotswood, J. Cleaver 5 for 20, T. Carley 3 for 15, C. Rawlinson 2 for 11.

Spotswood 2nd Innings 96—Batting for Spotswood, M. Fluker 43, T. Wey 14, J. Cleaver 13. This left Tawa 163 to win.

Tawa 2nd Innings 70—Bowling for Spotswood, J. Cleaver 4 for 19, M. Fluker 4 for 28, T. Carley 2 for 15. This gave Spotswood an outright victory by 92 runs.

Our congratulations to Jeff Cleaver, Tom Carley, Alan Innes and Malcolm Fluker who were selected for the North Taranaki Secondary Schools team, and to Tom Carley and Malcolm Fluker for their selection in the Central Districts Supporters Colts side.

Our thanks go to Mr. Medley who coached and guided us well during the season.

M. Fluker.

'A' INDOOR BASKETBALL

The squad consisted of six players, these being Jeff Cleaver (Capt.), Warrick Procter, Bruce Gaw, Chris Rawlinson, Ian Duncalf and Kevin Wipiti.

The season started with two grading games in the N.P.I.B.A. competition, which placed us in the A grade, after recording a win and a loss. Our style of play was then changed, with a man to man defence being employed rather than the slower and more stereotyped zone defence.

We came third in this competition, however we managed to defeat the runners-up Ufala A quite convincingly, and came within 8 points of beating the leaders Celtics. On the other hand, we lost to a lower placed team, Kaitake, which proved that the team wasn't as consistent as it could have been.

We entered two other tournaments, these being the Queen's Birthday Tournament held in New Plymouth, and the Taranaki Secondary Schools Tournament held at Inglewood High School. In the former tournament we found, to our surprise, that we had been placed in the A grade section with our first game being against "Crewcuts" of Auckland, which contained no less than four N.Z. senior representatives. Predictably, we got well beaten by the taller and more experienced opponents, but only after the team gave them a close tussle in the first half. The other two games resulted in a win and a loss. Although the standard of this section

was very high, it gave our members valuable experience, which it is hoped, they will use in future basketball games. We also played in the A grade section at Inglewood, but were beaten by Hawera High School in the first and last game by 10 points.

Some outstanding individual performances were once again recorded during the season.

Warrick Procter was a particularly accurate shot and got a good proportion of all baskets scored by the team. His guarding and rebounding was good and his driving for the basket would be on par with any other player in New Plymouth. Our congratulations go to Warrick, who was once again selected for the N.P. representative team.

Jeff Cleaver combined very well with Warrick and scored many valuable baskets. He was a hard worker and often set up players for shots. He coached and captained the team.

Chris Rawlinson, Bruce Gaw and Ian Duncalf were steady players, defending well and always making a valuable contribution to the teams' performance. However accuracy and confidence in shooting could be improved in their play.

Kevin Wipiti often made use of his height and did some outstanding guarding during the season. However, he must think more about fitting into the team pattern, instead of playing as an individual, but this is because of his comparative lack of experience combined with his natural exuberance for the game.

The small size of our squad was due to the disappointing attitude of some of the members of the B and C teams in not wanting to play for the A team. The gap between A and B grade in New Plymouth is still substantial, but to play against opposition better and more experienced than yourself is helpful in more ways than one.

The team thanks Mr. Berry and other members of the School who gave valuable support throughout the season.

Jeff Cleaver.

GIRLS' "A" INDOOR BASKETBALL

A Girls' Indoor Basketball team was entered for the first time in the New Plymouth competition. We played in the C grade, winning all but two games, which resulted in winning the competition. Most of the points for the season came from the shooting of M. McAlpine.

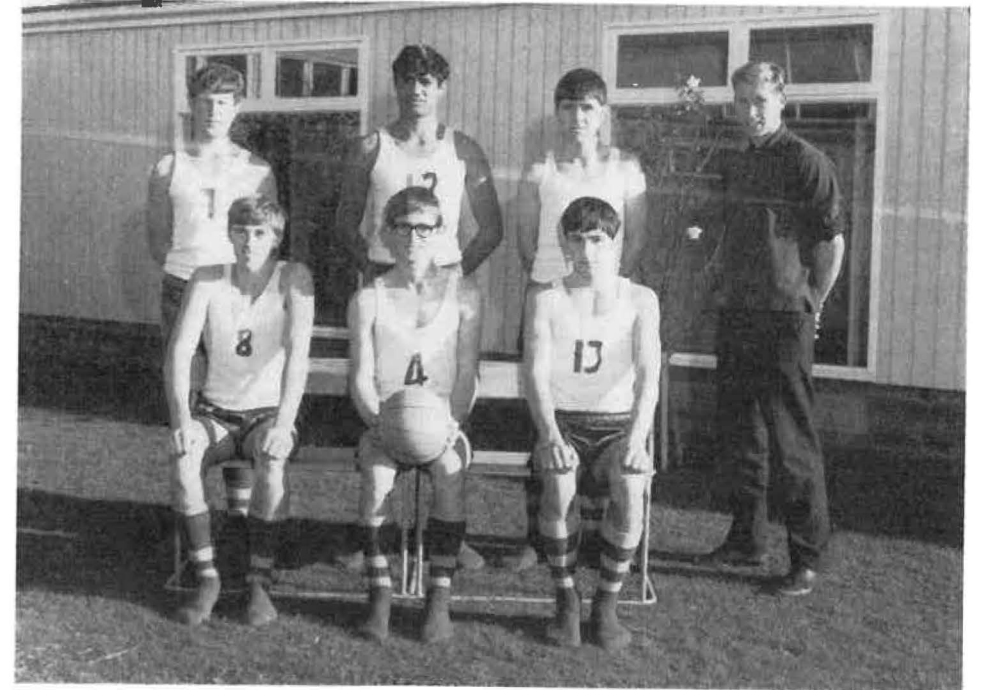
S. Pearson, L. Dryden, M. McAlpine and R. Harvey were selected to play for the New Plymouth B grade representative team and also for the New Plymouth under-18 representative team, which played in various tournaments in New Plymouth, Palmerston North and Waitara.

Thanks to Miss Pointon and Mrs. Emett for accompanying the team to all games. Thanks also to coaches J. Cleaver and W. Procter, for producing a much improved team.

Team: L. Dryden (Capt.), R. Harvey (Vice-Capt.), S. Pearson, M. McAlpine, H. McGregor, J. Cameron and L. Morris.

L.D.

BOYS' INDOOR BASKETBALL "A"



Back Row: I. Duncalf, K. Wipiti, C. Rawlinson, Mr. Berry (Coach).
Front Row: B. Gaw, J. Cleaver (Captain), W. Procter.

GIRLS' INDOOR BASKETBALL



Back Row: J. Cleaver (Coach), M. McAlpine, L. Harris, J. Cameron, W. Procter (Coach).
Front Row: S. Pearson, R. Harvey, L. Dryden (Captain), H. McGregor.

STEEPLECHASE

This year the School steeplechase was held over a new course, which was made in an attempt to incorporate more cross-country. Following a lap of the top field it went through Spotswood Primary School to the main road and followed the road around the back of the School to Blagdon Road to join with the clay track leading onto the bottom field. From here the swamp was encountered. This had successfully been made into a major obstacle by a few of the weaker seniors of our School who had somehow prevented themselves from running. But by doing this, they had the privilege of experiencing (by sight and sound) quite a spectacle involving the misfortunes of many unsuspecting runners, although it is believed that most thirds did re-surface. From the swamp, the course went over the back, following tracks around the pond and coming out by the top field. The juniors finished from here onto the top field, while the course for the rest involved another lap around the road (which some even did) before it finished on the top field after coming straight across from the bottom field. The intermediate course was a slightly shortened version of the senior course (as was the course of many seniors) with the senior course being approximately 3½ miles, the intermediates 3¼ miles and the junior 2 miles.

In the senior race B. McCall looked a definite prospect at the start, but after one lap of the field, fatigue set in and he was soon gathered in. T. Cook and B. Hill ran strongly to finish first and second respectively, quite a few minutes

ahead of the rest of the field. It might be noted that they planned the course. T. McCracken was third, followed by T. Smith.

W. McCulloch ran a very good race to win the intermediate race. He was closely followed by P. Ballinger. In the juniors, B. Sutherland won, in front of D. Gaze and A. Gadsen.

Results:—

Senior: J. Cook 1, B. Hill 2, T. McCracken 3, T. Smith 4, K. Shaw 5, W. Procter 6.

Intermediates: W. McCulloch 1, P. Ballinger 2, J. McLeod 3, I. Connor 4, J. Whitehouse 5, B. Vickers 6.

Juniors: B. Sutherland 1, D. Gaze 2, A. Gadsen 3, C. Heremaia 4, J. Beard 5, W. Katene 6.

House results: Moturoa 1, Motumahaunga 2, Mihotahi 3, Paritutu 4.

The Taranaki Secondary Schools Cross-country Championships were held at the Burnside Showgrounds in Hawera on Saturday, 12th October. Although Francis Douglas dominated most races, Spotswood runners had some success on a course characterised by its numerous deep swamps. In an upset result, P. Ballinger finished third in the Intermediate race, ahead of some of Taranaki's best harriers. In the Junior race, D. Gaze finished 5th, 15 seconds behind the winner.

Our Placings were:—

Junior, 2 miles. 5th D. Gaze, 12th B. Sutherland, 16th A. Gadstone, 23rd C. Heremaia. Team 2nd.

Intermediate, 2½ miles. 3rd P. Ballinger, 21st J. McLeod, 23rd I. Connor.

Seniors, 3 miles. 7th B. Hill, 11th T. McCracken.

ATHLETICS



Back Row: T. McCracken, T. Cook, M. Nicholls, L. Chadwick, P. Cole, B. Hill, W. Procter, B. Walker.
Third Row: A. Innes, P. O'Brien, J. Hill, N. Farrant, B. Gow, I. Connor, S. Hunter, T. Carley, K. Winstanley, D. Katene, M. Berry (Coach), I. Brisco.
Second Row: S. Johnson, S. Drake, L. McGregor, K. Nodder, T. Kaihe, F. Dove, L. Lovell, J. Davison, A. Boswell, L. Horner, P. Harris, A. Roche.
First Row: K. Parkes, K. Shaw, R. Blinkhorne, B. McCall, S. Dumbell.

SPOTSWOOD OLD BOYS' RUGBY CLUB

This year has seen the Old Boys' Club achieve the most successful season since its formation.

A milestone was reached with the entry of a team into the Taranaki Senior B competition. After a series of hard fought games the team had the distinction of finishing runner-up. This result gave great satisfaction to all team members, who had stuck to the task throughout, recording wins against sides from many old established clubs.

The Club also fielded teams in the Junior open, third and fourth grades. The junior team was considerably weakened by the fielding of the Senior B team and did not enjoy great success, but played regularly every Saturday during the season. The third grade team finished first in the B division and this young team should remain together next season when they are expected to be a serious threat to the top teams.

The Club's youngest side, the Fourth grade, ended the season midway on the points table and also promises well for the future.

Representative selections were gained by Russell Jeffries and Bruce Sutton in the Taranaki Colts, Graeme Nixon and Angus Erueti in the Taranaki Third grade, and by Wayne McCurdy in the Taranaki fourth grade.

With the Club going from strength to strength new members are essential and all players leaving College are assured of a very warm welcome next season.

SPOTSWOOD OLD GIRLS' BASKETBALL ASSN.

This season the club fielded three teams again, one in the Senior, Senior Reserve and Intermediate Grades.

Bad luck seemed to strike once more for, apart from injuries the club lost its most experienced player, Janice Scott, to the Papakura club, which certainly must have benefited from her membership. Janice was one of the foundation members of the Club and since the first meeting she had devoted much time and energy to building up the Club and its members.

Several new senior grade players joined us this year as well as some beginners but we would still like to see more school leavers taking an interest in the Club and coming to our Annual General Meeting at the end of February.

The Senior team had a good hard season in the Saturday morning club competition and ended up in third place. The Senior Reserve team played particularly well in its first year in the higher grade and came close to winning the Cup. The Intermediate team played well but perhaps did not do as well as

it would have if all of its members had come regularly to practices.

Congratulations to Janice Slater who was selected for the Senior North Representative team.

Our battle with Spotswood I was held on a Saturday morning early in the season and was watched by quite a large crowd. As usual, the game was hard and tough, with neither team relaxing for a second, (except maybe, for some of the Old Girls to catch their breath) and although we ran out winner 23 to 21, the score was so close at times that I thought we had lost. I know that next year's game will be as exciting.

The club sent one team to the Auckland Catholic tournament and although they didn't do very well, the weekend was enjoyed by all.

Being able to use the School Hall and courts for practices is wonderful—thanks to Mr. McPhail.

I hope next year brings us a little more luck and also that there will be a substantial increase in our membership from Spotswood basketball enthusiasts leaving school this year.

SALLY MOSS, Secretary.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

The first meeting of the school council for 1968 was held on Tuesday, October 1st. The council consists of representatives from each form, plus the head boy and head girl and their deputies. It has met mainly to discuss problems that will accompany the division of Spotswood into two separate schools for next year.

One of the first matters to be discussed naturally enough, was the naming of the two schools. Here it was decided to hold a competition in which the best entry would gain a prize.

The method for dividing present pupils into the separate schools for next year was also discussed and the popular feeling was that each school should contain all courses. Present forms would be divided in such a way that 3A1 would go to school A, 3A2 to school B, 3A3 to school A and so on. There will probably be two houses in each school and provision will have to be made for limiting each school to two houses. This may mean that some present pupils will have to change their houses. Sport and cultural activities within each school will be left to the individual headmasters.

A new prefect system was also considered by the council. It was felt that there should be fifth form prefects in the junior schools who would be under general prefects in the senior school.

These are the main problems the council has discussed.

JANET DAVISON
CHRIS. McPHAIL

SWIMMING SPORTS

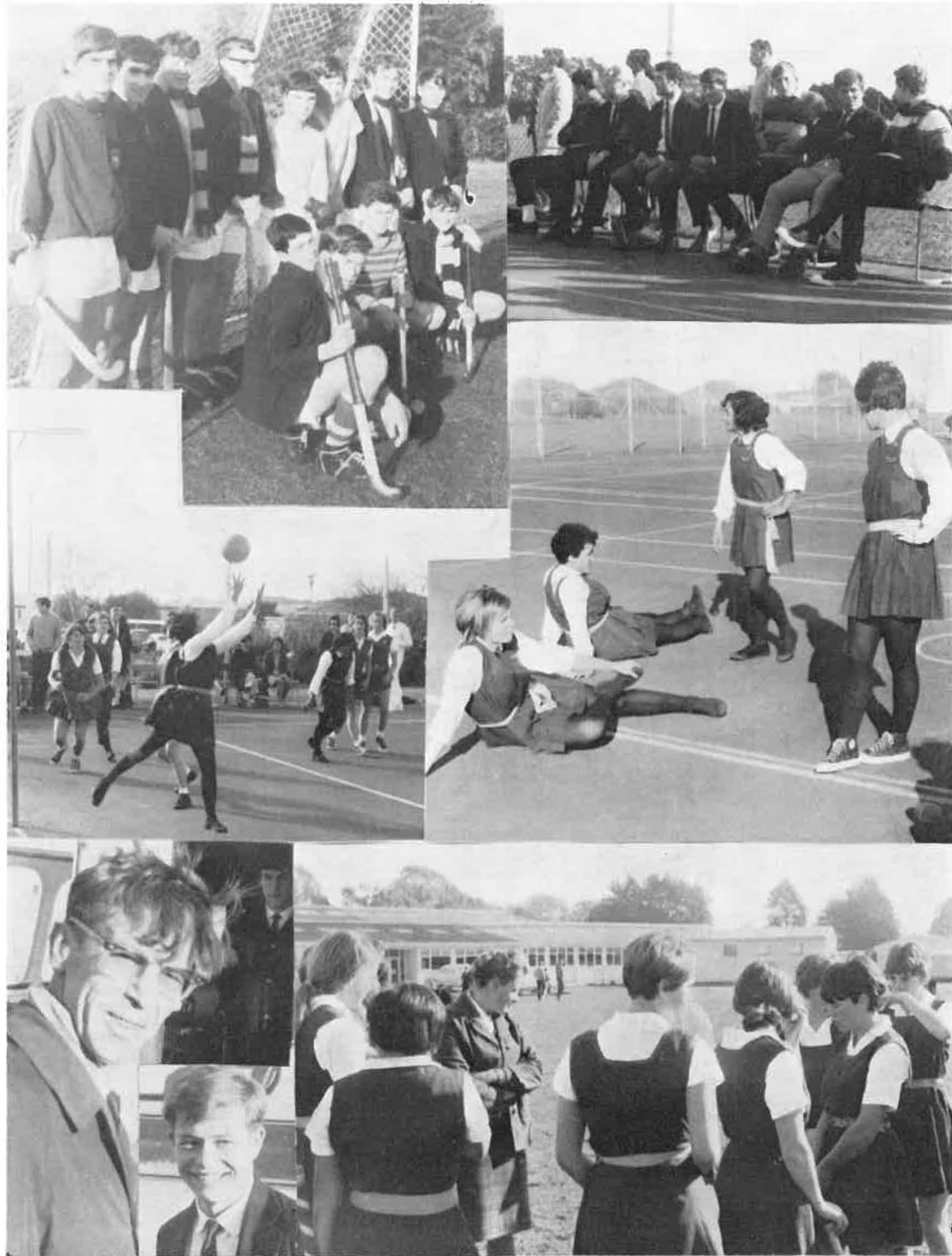
Event	First	Second	Third	Standard
Junior Girls—				
55 Yards Freestyle	K. Nodder (P)	S. Winstanley (Mh.)	L. Tucker (Mh.)	34.5 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	L. Tucker (Mh.)	S. Winstanley (Mh.)	K. Nodder (P)	42.5 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	S. Winstanley (Mh.)	D. Harding (P)	A. Mack (Mo.)	43.8 sec. (R)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	Motumahanga	Paritutu	Moturoa	2 min. 39.2 sec. (R)
Intermediate Girls—				
55 Yards Freestyle	P. Conn (Mo.)	B. Lile (Mo.)	C. Hamilton (Mh.)	33.5 sec. (R)
55 Yards Backstroke	P. Conn (Mo.)	C. Hamilton (Mh.)	M. Thompson (Mo.)	40.5 sec. (R)
55 Yards Breaststroke	P. Conn (Mo.)	C. Lovell (Mi.)	M. Thompson (Mo.)	44.5 sec. (R)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	Moturoa	Motumahanga	Paritutu	2 min. 27.4 sec. (R)
Senior Girls—				
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Pearson (Mi.)	G. Muir (P)	J. Booker (P)	35.5 sec. (R)
55 Yards Backstroke	G. Muir (P)	S. Pearson (Mi.)	L. Dryden (Mo.)	46.4 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	S. Pearson (Mi.)	G. Muir (P)	C. Lovell (Mh.)	45.8 sec. (R)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	Moturoa	Motumahanga	Paritutu	2 min. 30.4 sec. (R)
Junior Boys—				
55 Yards Freestyle	G. Benton (Mh.)	R. Buchanan (P)	W. Katene (Mi.)	36.7 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	T. Arbuckle (Mi.)	R. Byers (Mh.)	P. Blinkhorne (Mi.)	40.9 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	R. Byers (Mh.)	B. Bint (P)	G. Benton (Mh.)	49.6 sec. (R)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	Motumahanga	Paritutu	Mikotahi	2 min. 31.6 sec. (R)
Intermediate Boys—				
55 Yards Freestyle	I. Blackmore (Mi.)	S. Hunter (Mo.)	G. Carncross (Mo.)	33.6 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	W. Paul (Mi.)	S. Parker (P)	J. Sutherland (P)	39.0 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	W. Paul (Mi.)	G. Carncross (Mo.)	J. Sutherland (P)	48.4 sec.
4 x 55 Yards Relay	Mikotahi	Motumahanga	Moturoa	2 min. 20.5 sec.
Senior Boys—				
55 Yards Freestyle	G. Loveridge (Mo.)	J. Paul (Mi.)	W. Procter (Mh.)	32.5 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	A. Flett (Mh.)	J. Paul (Mi.)	P. Gaze (Mo.)	37.4 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	J. Paul (Mi.)	A. Flett (Mh.)	W. Procter (Mh.)	44.5 sec. (R)
4 x 55 Yards Relay	Motumahanga	Mikotahi	Moturoa	2 min. 12.8 sec. (R)
Junior Boys—				
110 Yards Freestyle	R. Byers (Mh.)	S. Herbert (Mh.)	T. Arbuckle (Mi.)	1 min. 20.4 sec.
Intermediate Boys—				
110 Yards Freestyle	S. Tooley (Mi.)	W. Paul (Mi.)	G. Plant (Mh.)	1 min. 19.3 sec.
Senior Boys—				
110 Yards Freestyle	A. Flett (Mh.)	S. Paul (Mi.)	K. Shaw (P)	1 min. 11.8 sec.
Open Events—				
Girls' Dive	F. Dove (Mh.)	C. Lovell (Mi.)	L. Tucker (Mh.)	
Boys' Dive	I. Blackmore (Mi.)	J. Paul (Mi.)	A. Innes (Mh.)	2 min. 23.9 sec.
Boys' 220 Yards Freestyle	A. Flett (Mh.)	R. Byers (Mh.)	S. Herbert (Mh.)	1 min. 15.3 sec. (R)
Girls' 110 Yards Freestyle	B. Lile (Mo.)	K. Nodder (P)	P. Conn (P)	36.5 sec.
Mixed 55 Yards Butterfly	A. Flett (Mh.)	P. Conn (Mo.)	J. Paul (Mi.)	2 min. 49.1 sec.
Flying Squadron	Mikotahi	Motumahanga	Moturoa	Paritutu 275
Result—	Motumahanga 485	Mikotahi 394	Moturoa 299	

ATHLETIC RESULTS

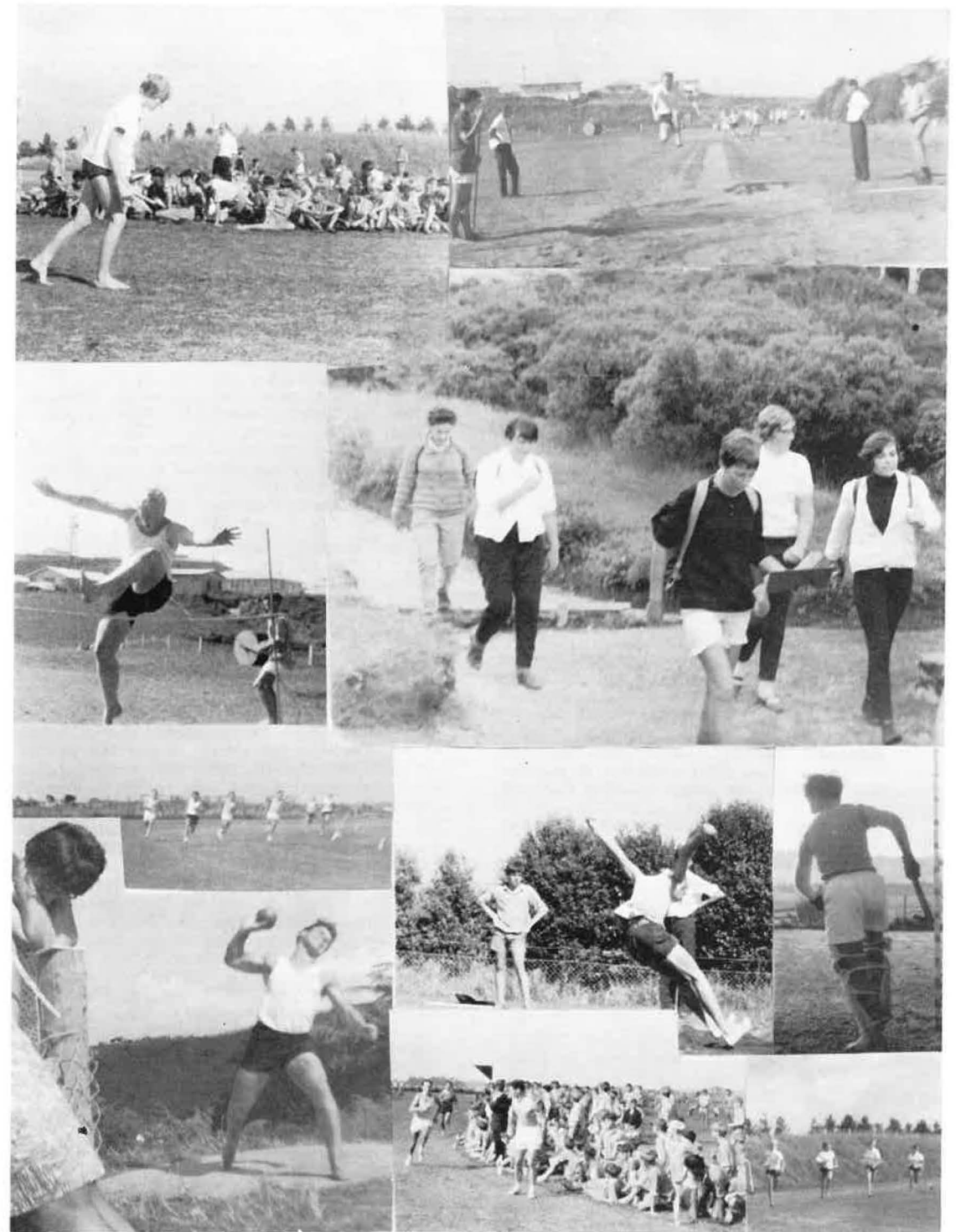
Event	First	Second	Third	Standard
Junior Girls—				
100 Yards	L. Horner (Mi.)	Glenn-Campbell (Mh.)	W. McGregor (P)	12.4 sec.
220 Yards	L. Grafton (Mo.)	L. Luscombe (Mo.)	L. Horner (Mo.)	29.9 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	K. Nodder (P)	W. McGregor (P)	Glenn-Campbell (Mh.)	15.5 sec. (R)
Long Jump	S. Johnson (Mi.)	L. Horner (Mo.)	D. Finn (Mh.)	Distance, 13ft. 0in.
High Jump	A. Deacon (P)	S. Johnson (Mo.)	B. Mills (Mi.)	Height, 4ft. 4in.
Relay	Paritutu	Motumahanga	Mikotahi	58.4 sec. (R)
Intermediate Girls—				
100 Yards	A. Borrell (Mo.)	A. Roche (Mh.)	S. Drake (Mo.)	12.8 sec.
220 Yards	M. McGregor (P)	S. Drake (Mo.)	P. Harris (Mo.)	30.0 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	M. McGregor (P)	S. Drake (Mo.)	A. Roche (Mh.)	15.8 sec.
Long Jump	S. Harrison (Mo.)	W. McGregor (P)	T. Kaihe (Mh.)	Distance, 13ft. 10in.
High Jump	T. Kaihe (Mh.)	L. Cameron (Mo.)	M. Jackson (P)	Height, 4ft. 5in.
Shot Put	I. Krutz (Mh.)	L. Ruapapere (P)	B. Armstrong (Mo.)	Distance, 31ft. 0in.
Discus	O. Roberts (Mo.)	C. Williams (Mh.)	E. Wairu (Mo.)	Distance, 68ft. 11in.
Javelin	T. Kaihe (Mh.)	L. Ruapapere (P)	L. Ruapapere (P)	Distance, 60ft. 4in.
Relay	Motumahanga	Paritutu	Moturoa	58.4 sec.
Senior Girls—				
100 Yards	T. Boyse (P)	F. Farquhar (Mi.)	J. Davison (Mo.)	13.4 sec.
220 Yards	J. Davison (Mo.)	D. Johns (Mo.)	P. Henderson (Mo.)	31.9 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	F. Dove (Mh.)	L. Lovell (Mh.)	F. Farquhar (Mi.)	15.7 sec.
Long Jump	G. Dove (Mh.)	P. Tahoe (Mo.)	P. Henderson (Mo.)	Height, 4ft. 8in.
Shot Put	T. Walker (Mh.)	P. Tahoe (Mo.)	T. Boyce (P)	Distance, 25ft. 1 3/4 in.
Discus	O. Barrett (Mh.)	T. Walker (Mi.)	A. Sears (Mo.)	Distance, 74ft. 6 1/2 in.
Javelin	T. Walker (Mi.)	C. Treanor (Mo.)	K. Bannister (Mh.)	73ft. 10in. (R)
Relay	Paritutu	Moturoa	Motumahanga	60.5 sec.
Junior Boys—				
100 Yards	M. Nicholls (P)	I. McIntosh (Mo.)	D. Paul (Mo.)	11.9 sec.
220 Yards	M. Nicholls (P)	D. Paul (Mo.)	R. Blinkhorne (Mi.)	27.3 sec.
440 Yards	R. Blinkhorne (Mi.)	D. Katene (Mi.)	B. Vickers (Mi.)	62.2 sec.
880 Yards	B. Vickers (Mi.)	D. Clegg (P)	P. Katene (P)	2 min. 31.2 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	L. Dumbell (Mi.)	L. Casperson (Mi.)	C. Heremaia (Mi.)	15 sec. (R)
Long Jump	L. Casperson (Mi.)	I. Barr (Mh.)	C. Heremaia (Mi.)	Distance, 14ft. 3in.
High Jump	S. Pope (P)	T. Arbuckle (Mi.)	D. Waugh (P.)	Height, 4ft. 4in.
Triple Jump	D. Katene (Mi.)	C. Heremaia (Mi.)	R. Blinkhorne (Mi.)	Distance, 33ft. 1in. (R)
Relay	Moturoa	Paritutu	Mikotahi	54.3 sec. (R)
Intermediate Boys—				
100 Yards	K. Parkes (Mi.)	S. Hunter (Mo.)	G. Vickers (Mi.)	11.2 sec.
220 Yards	K. Parkes (Mi.)	I. Briscoe (Mo.)	S. Hunter (Mo.)	25.9 sec.
440 Yards	K. Parkes (Mi.)	S. Hunter (Mo.)	I. Connor (P)	57 sec. (R)
880 Yards	S. Hunter (Mo.)	W. McCulloch (P)	K. Smith (Mh.)	2 min. 26 sec.
High Jump	S. Hunter (Mo.)	N. Farrant (Mh.)	K. Winstanley (Mi.)	Distance, 5ft. 6in.
Long Jump	K. Parkes (Mi.)	K. Winstanley (Mi.)	W. McCulloch (P)	Distance, 17ft. 10in.
120 Yards Hurdles	N. Farrant (Mh.)	A. Innes (Mh.)	C. Williams (Mh.)	17.4 sec.
Triple Jump	W. McCulloch (P)	K. Winstanley (Mi.)	A. Innes (Mh.)	Distance, 37ft. 4in. (R)
Shot Put	G. Weir (Mh.)	R. Prout (Mo.)	D. Morgan (Mh.)	Distance, 36ft. 6in.
Discus	A. Innes (Mh.)	G. Weir (Mh.)	R. Prout (Mo.)	Distance, 106ft. 7in. (R)
Javelin	K. Winstanley (Mi.)	A. Innes (Mh.)	M. Dutton (P)	132ft. 4 1/2 in. (R)
Relay	Moturoa	Motumahanga	Paritutu	51.1 sec. (R)
Senior Boys—				
100 Yards	W. Procter (Mh.)	B. Walker (Mh.)	B. McCall (P)	10.7 sec.
220 Yards	W. Procter (Mh.)	B. Walker (Mh.)	B. McCall (P)	
440 Yards	W. Procter (Mh.)	B. Hill (Mo.)	J. Cook (Mi.)	54.1 sec. (R)
880 Yards	B. Hill (Mo.)	T. Cook (Mi.)	T. McCracken (Mi.)	2 min. 05 sec.
Open Mile	B. Hill (Mo.)	T. Cook (Mi.)	T. McCracken (Mi.)	4 min. 43.8 sec. (R)
120 Yards Hurdles	W. Procter (Mh.)	R. Gaw (Mh.)	M. Fluker (P)	17.8 sec. (R)
Long Jump	W. Procter (Mh.)	P. Salisbury (Mi.)	K. Blinkhorne (Mi.)	Distance, 19ft. 7in. (R)
High Jump	W. Procter (Mh.)	P. Cole (P)	K. Blinkhorne (Mi.)	Height, 5ft. 5in. (R)
Triple Jump	W. Procter (Mh.)	B. Gaw (Mh.)	D. Salisbury (Mi.)	Distance, 42ft. 8in. (R)
Shot Put	L. Chaelwyth (Mh.)	P. O'Brian	T. Carley (Mi.)	Distance, 33ft. 6in.
Discus	W. Procter (Mh.)	B. Walker (Mh.)	B. McCall (P)	101ft. 5in. (R)
Javelin	B. Gaw (Mh.)	W. Procter (Mh.)	B. McCall (P)	Distance, 139ft. 3in. (R)
Relay	Motumahanga	Paritutu	Mikotahi	48.1 sec. (R)
Result—	Motumahanga 222 1/2	Mikotahi 159	Moturoa 137	Paritutu 121 1/2

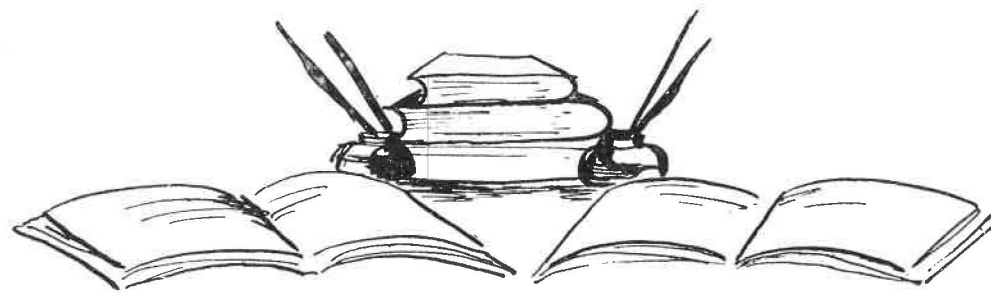
MANUREWA '68

CAMERA: MR. DEERSON



ODD SHOTS





ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

LITERATURE COMPETITION, 1968.

Pupils are reminded that any original writing, whether prose or poetry, may be handed to Mr. Lovell at any time during the year for this competition. The editor thanks all competitors for their contributions. From the many entries the following gained prizes:

Third Form Prose: G. Medway

Third Form Poetry: D. Birrell

Fourth Form Poetry: R. Ward

Fourth Form Prose: J. McLeod

Fifth Form Prose: L. Jarvis

Fifth Form Poetry: P. Scriven

Sixth Form Prose: S. Mason.

We thank The Daily News who contribute each year to the prizes for this competition.

JOE'S DECISION

It was the first time that Joe had been abroad. His mother seemed not happy about this at all. She told him that his father was going to fight in Vietnam. Joe still could not understand why his mother was unhappy. Joe liked fighting. His favourite game was fighting with his little gun with Peter, David and Paul. He had a few friends and his parents were very new neighbours for that little town.

The only things that Joe missed were his friends. "Never mind," said his mother while she was packing few belongings, "there are many boys there with whom you will enjoy playing."

Joe only knew that his mother and he would stay in Thailand for a while. He knew nothing about this country. His father told him they had better stay there because it was more peaceful than other countries in that area and not too far from Vietnam. He could spend some weekends with them when he had free time.

They bought a little house in Nakhon Sawan, a city not far from Bangkok, where houses were very expensive. His mother took a job as a tutor for some children who were not very good at English. She did not get much money from her work. But things were much cheaper there than in U.S.A. She found it very difficult in the first month to understand what people said because she didn't know Thai at all. After a while she could understand some sentences and Mrs. Aruvong who told her to call her Nisa because Thai people called the Thais by their first

names, helped her a lot about language. The Thai were very friendly and always gave her a smile. In "the land of smiles" she felt that life was not as hard as she had thought before.

Joe was sent to school and learnt the same as the others. He could get on with his work very well and was very happy at school because he had a lot of friends who liked playing his favourite game. His mother said a little child like him could adapt himself easily. He could speak Thai much better than his mother. After six months, if they did not see him when he was speaking or writing, they could believe undoubtedly that his work was done by a Thai child.

The Aruvong family, who Joe called Koon Udom and Koon Nisa were very kind to him. He learnt that in Thailand they addressed the elderly or respectable people "koon" instead of Mr. or Mrs. in his language. About paying respect which they called "wai," Koon Udom showed him by joining his hand in the shape like a lotus which was the flower used for worshipping the Buddha. It was the first time Joe knew that there were different ways of wai; the ends of the middle fingers touched his forehead when he paid respect to his parents and old relations, at the nose level for elderly or superior people, at the chin level for the same age and at the chest level when younger ones paid respect to him.

Now Joe had been living there and waiting for his father for many months but he had never come back. One day his mother told him that his father had died. After that she was very sad, quiet and became sick. Koon Udom and his wife were their best friends and helped them whenever they could. But unfortunately it was too late. She died only two months later. Before she died, she asked them to look after Joe because he was very young. Her cousin, who Joe called Uncle Fred, was not well off. His father was only a private soldier, so, of course, nothing much was left to her after his death. She said when he was older he could decide by himself whether to live in Thailand or go back to U.S.A. by the money he would get from selling the house.

After her funeral, Koon Udom persuaded Joe to stay with them and let the house to get money for him. At first he missed his parents very much. But they were very good to him and tried to make him happy. Sometimes they took him to some lovely places. Joe liked rice-farms, green grassland, and temples. Koon Udom said that temples were very

important and regarded as sacred things. Some of them were very old, they had been built more than 1000 years before U.S.A. was independent. So Joe was soon as happy as he had been before his parents' deaths.

Time seemed to fly when one was happy. Joe had been living with them for nearly eight years. He would be fourteen next day and he would tell them about his decision. He had enough money now and Uncle Fred had sent a letter to ask him about this. It was very hard for him to do. Sometimes he thought of going back to his own country. They said it was very modern and wealthy. He would like to see people of the same nation. But he loved Thailand too. This peasant peaceful country with friendly people who made him feel as if it were his own home. How could he leave? He knew well that Koon Udom and Koon Nisa loved him very much as if he were their son, who had died a very long time ago and that they would like him to stay with them for ever. He thought when he lay in bed but soon went to sleep before he could make up his mind. He dreamt about the places in Thailand where he had been with Koon Udom and Koon Nisa.

It was a very wonderful day. In the morning he gave fourteen sets of food to fourteen monks, the same number as his age. Koon Nisa had got up very early to prepare the food for him because monks left the temple before the sun rose. They gave him a large amount of money for his birthday. They said that if he would go to U.S.A. it would be useful for him. He could see some tears in Koon Nisa's eyes and she turned her face suddenly. He could see love and care in her big black eyes. He had seen this before from his mother. Now he made up his mind. He told them that he would still stay with them. As soon as he finished his words, he saw her tears again. Although she was sobbing and her tears poured down, she also smiled with happiness. Koon Udom smiled too. Joe knew how lovely the world was.

VIMONRATANA SIRIVIRIYAKUN



1st in Art Competition.—L. Bluett.

FATHER OR TIGER?

I sit here under the tree,
As lonely as I can be.
Stand up, look round and round.
The thin, huge trees, but not a sound
I ask, "Where's my father?"
But, it's the question with no answer.
I ask "What will I do?"
And I receive the same result too.
"Did I get lost, or has he left me?"
Oh! No! No!" I cry, "It couldn't be.
He's looking for me through the jungle.
But why I think of Hansel and Gretel.
Listen! Something's behind that tree.
But such dim light, I can't see.
I hear it move. Oh! my father!
Instead of him, there's a tiger!
Eyes close, ears shut, stand still,
Can't shout, can't cry, as if I were killed.
"Boom!" The shot makes my eyes open
wider,
Oh! He's there not far from the dead tiger.
Education is life,
Life is giving,
And giving is Happiness.

VIMONRATANA SIRIVIRIYAKUN

THE POINT OF EDUCATION

Education. What is education, the very important ingredient in today's modern, rushing world? Is not education simply having the ability and knowledge to sustain life? It has been said that one doesn't begin to learn until one leaves an educational institute—be it a high school, or a technical college or a university. Education isn't mathematics, or geography or advanced audio lingual Italian; it is knowing how to live with people—people of another creed, another culture or another colour. Education is being able to appreciate an incident through another's eyes; education is having the time and patience and good sense to attempt to understand someone else's problems, and solve those problems to the best of one's ability so that the results will best benefit that other person. Education is learning to live in harmony and understanding with one's neighbour.

Education cannot be explained in a textbook or illustrated on a blackboard. These mediums, with a teacher can only bring to one the material needs for this world; they cannot equip one to live a fruitful existence. The spiritual ingredients for life are not easy to obtain. They must be gleaned from the humdrum everyday existence, slowly and painfully. These qualities are never completely one's own. Always one can learn something new, every moment may bring an exciting experience. Thus education has no end, it has no point, it is indefinable. Education is a delicate sense, which cannot be inherited, but is a necessary ingredient of life.

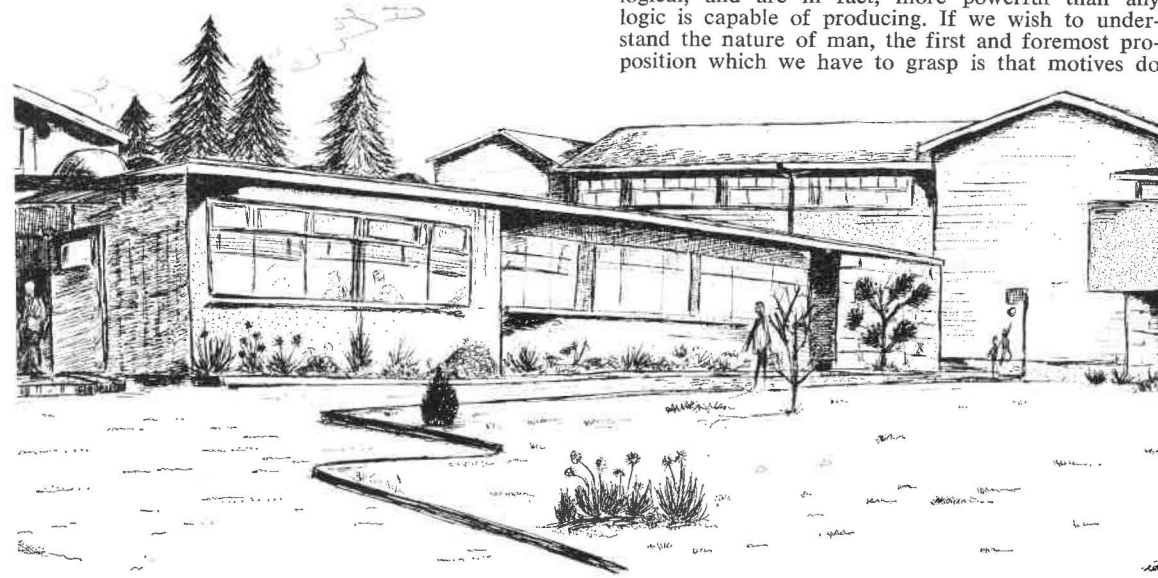
K. BANNISTER

TO MAKE PROGRESS MAN MUST FIRST BE IGNORANT

Ignorance in the twentieth century has become synonymous with stupidity, yet if there is one lesson that man has learnt from his ever increasing pool of knowledge it is that the more he learns the less he knows. Men are no longer wise but learned, and never before has the quantity of knowledge been so emphasised and still we look on a lack of knowledge as ignorance, and ignorance as stupidity. The paradox is becoming increasingly important and significant as there has never been such a great variance in philosophies and religions, nor has wisdom been such an indefinable quality. So we know more and more and less and less, we pretend to be wiser yet we cannot find a common set of values upon which we can base, and by which we can evaluate our knowledge.

What is wrong you may say. Knowledge is the foundation of understanding, from knowledge springs appreciation, tolerance and capability. You would be right, ideally. Ideally in the sense that it does only under ideal conditions. The knowledge of the pedant may be useless only because it is misdirected not miscreated, it lacks faith because it makes no room for ignorance.

We are progressing, not just materially but also spiritually. We see more evil only because we recognise more evil. This is spiritual progress. Still we are lacking in ignorant faith. This is not a purposeless ignorance, nor is it a conceived ignorance. What we lack, or more correctly, what we need more of, is a sense of direction completely dependent on our faith in what we cannot prove. Faith is not blind, ignorance is not necessarily blind. Children can be ignorant but not blind, it is when the faith of childhood is replaced by an empirical cynicism that we lose our ignorance—we replace it with blindness. The trusting ignorance of the small child is replaced by a self-deceiving cynicism or blind ignorance.



1st in Art Competition.—L. Bluett.

These are sweeping generalisations but generalised not on the average of all, but because to most people these do apply. Hopelessly I cannot, no-one can, define faith, thankfully not. The myth of conscientious guidance applies to almost everyone, we believe too often in the validity, even the inviolability of our own consciences. We even have a logic of the conscience, some call it rationalisation. We should never be able to define the common denominator of our conscience, of each conscience and it should be far ahead of us, accessible only through the faith of our beliefs manifested in our actions.

Progress depends upon direction, direction depends upon aims, aims depend upon horizons. We can see the horizon only after appreciating all that which we know to be between us and it, by seeing over it.

Believe this not for it knows not what it says; the pen is not lying only the ink.

G. STEWART.

THE NATURE OF MAN

The study of the nature of man is the study of motives. We can only see the outside of a man; but when we want to know what goes on inside, the actions of man are the only data from which we can start; from them we have to infer his thoughts and feelings, so as to realise the state of mind prompting the actions which are all that we can observe. The question is often fraught with insuperable difficulties. We do not know why other people do certain things. We often do not know why even we ourselves do the things that we do; though in our desire to be logical, we invent reasons for them, which are sufficient to satisfy our thirst for reason.

The obsession of logic lies at the root of much misunderstanding of human character. We try to explain actions by reference to logical motives; and we fail, because the motives are very commonly not logical, and are in fact, more powerful than any logic is capable of producing. If we wish to understand the nature of man, the first and foremost proposition which we have to grasp is that motives do

not spring from intellect but from feeling: that the world of human life is governed, not by reason, but by passion, emotion and sentiment.

The fundamental needs of the human being are the same as those of other animals—maintenance and preservation of the individual and maintenance and preservation of the species. These requirements are carried out through the same agency as in the rest of the vertebrates, that is, by instinct, which when fully mobilised and brought into consciousness we call passion or emotion. But it is very often not mobilised, and not brought into consciousness; and we then do not realize what motives have prompted our actions.

Human nature and actions are of course infinitely more varied, methodical and adaptable than those of the lower animals. They are not initiated by reason, but they are carried out by reason. Intellect, the more superficial aspect of human nature, is the means whereby the behests of emotion are performed. Emotion is the driving force, intellect is the instrument which it often uses; it is not itself a force or a motive. It is, however, often by far the most conspicuous element in the state of mind which leads to action. The action is attributed therefore to the faculty of reasoning, instead of the deep and obscure emotion which lies buried in the recesses of the unconscious. In the human mind, what is most easily seen is what is most on the surface and least significant. The strongest forces are those which are buried deepest and which we have in common with other animals. To understand characters and human nature we have continually to be shredding off the externals and to see beneath them. The true significance of a motive of human nature might almost be said to be inversely proportional to the ease of discerning it.

S. MASON

THE AGONY OF CHOOSING

"No! Oh please God, no! Stop it! Don't go on!" Maryon moved her lips, strained to speak; to scream, but no sound came. Into the fluid numbness of her mind a sound rasped and scraped; a voice. Words formed, and she recognised her father's nasal tones.

"... and so, darling, your mother and I have decided to separate, and eventually get a divorce. We know how you must feel it's hard for us too. However, the last, and most important decision is for you to make; will you stay with your mother, or will you come and live with me? Darling, please don't cry. Believe us, we are sorry. Its the only thing to be done, though. Please realise that."

So it was out. Neatly explained, and wrapped up. She fought no more with herself, strained no more to scream or cry out. There was no emotion left; she could hardly believe that she could feel such emptiness; be so void.

Then the emptiness passed and her mind became sharp and alert; everything she saw, everything she thought, registered with astonishing clarity. She became suddenly aware of her parents sitting before her; of her mother, her beautiful, popular mother, for once unsure of herself, nervously playing with her elegantly manicured fingers, and smiling embarrassedly. She became aware of her father, suave, social, goodlooking, yet practical and completely independent.

Neither of them were in the least dependent, she reflected, but if they, as two people, had had to get married it could only have been to each other. Then an inner voice began to scream silently within her:

"Why had their marriage not succeeded, for her sake! Why couldn't they think of her. How could she choose? She wanted, she needed both of them. She was theirs and they were hers, and she could never choose between them."

Then the tears came—tears of panic, of despair. Tears of self pity. She hid her face, and cried. When she raised her head again, her parents had left the room. Then, again through her misery, her mind began to work, to flash from thought to thought. They both loved her, she knew that. They both wanted her, she knew that too; she now began to regard with contempt the many expensive gifts and privileges she had had from each over the past few weeks, for she now realised that her parents had known for some time what was to come, and both had tried to bribe her into choosing that particular parent.

She wondered bitterly, despairingly, how they could be so blind, to think that she could be tempted by material possessions and adult privileges. Had they, finally and completely, lost the beauty of love; pure and simple love? Had they forgotten its priceless value?

This, then, is what life had done for two people, what wealth and possessions had destroyed for them. They had attempted to do the same for her, she saw, for she remembered accepting the gifts with pleasure, and satisfaction, but with little gratitude. No they were making her choose, not through love, but through material gain, and she could not choose. For she realised that she had not lost as much as they had. She still could love. She still loved. She could not choose.

It was easy to put the rope around her neck; to kick the chair away. There was no note. Why write messages for blind people?

L. JARVIS.



1st in Art Competition.—L. Bluett.

EVENING

Night whispers
 Through the aging rays of sunlight,
 The haze of dilute light
 Shifts and drifts on
 into memory
 Day slips black gloves
 Along the fingers of darkness
 Hypnotized mentality
 Of the man
 who sits watching, entranced,
 Grips, slows,
 With the night,
 That c'ambers in
 Over the fortresses of the horizon.
 Shadows glimmer in the emptiness
 Many people hide in insignificance
 Unchallenged by the infinite black
 Till the moon disappears.
 An eerie wind,
 Colourless breeze picks up the crumpled
 disappointments of the day
 Nags and tacks at crinkled newspapers,
 As the news of the world
 Is swept un-noticed into nowhere.

PAT SCRIVEN.

AGE

A man walks,
 The breeze has blown from his feet,
 He is old, a becalmed ship
 in the sea of time.
 Sagging legs,
 Weakened muscles
 Tell the story of deflating life
 Skin folds like a shroud
 About his silent empty face.

PAT SCRIVEN.

BLANK

The moment has gone,
 Lost to the past
 The poetic thought
 —vivid inspiration
 So rich in tone
 Like wine-coloured velvet
 Has gone with the change of mood
 Thoughts that reached me
 With spontaneous haste
 Have wandered exhausted
 away.

PAT SCRIVEN.

MENTAL POISON

I walked alone
 Through a misty fie'd,
 Beneath a purple sky.
 Laughing a cold and heartless sound
 I watched the flower die.

ROSE

You know you are so beautiful
 As you preen yourself in the showery rain,
 Delicate folded red on a slender stem
 Loveless unsatisfying,
 For I can only look.
 But I see and realise
 How superficial you are,
 I could crush your succulent petals in my
 hand,
 And they would bleed as I had bled
 When I clutched your feline thorns.

MUSHROOM

A small round head
 Pushed its way through the dark damp earth
 So scrubbed and fresh,
 Like a baby child—
 Whitely translucent
 It stood on its single leg
 And watched the world through invisible
 eyes.

PAT SCRIVEN.



2nd in Art Competition.—M. Muggeridge.

MOMENTOUS OR MOMENTARY?

We walked, and looked, and laughed a lot,
 Amongst the press of people. Dodging small boys with
 sticky lollipops; and larger ones with hot dogs
 dripping sauce, weaving past couples, holding hands,
 not caring—we loved it all.

My friend would point out some bright shining
 frippery and pleaded with me to buy. She cajoled,
 implored, for unless both bought, she could not.
 "Go on if you want to," I roughly said, and her
 eyes lit up, "Then you . . ." But I shook my head
 and turned on my heel; clasp my hands, clamp-
 ing my lips, keeping my secret.

But then I saw it; a candyfloss cloud of pink and
 white, and strength and reserve were gone. I
 opened my purse and shut my eyes, and drew out
 the last shining coin, I bought and bit. The sen-
 sation was sweet, but for a mere split second, then
 it was gone. Hurt, I bit again, taking more this
 time, filling my mouth with this billowing luxury. For
 what recompense?

Embittered, clutching the flimsy stick, I pushed
 back into the crowd. My day's sun had ceased to
 shine. When once I would have laughed, I frowned
 as a mother-of-five tried to rank and file them. I
 tutted as an old man bumped into me. I snapped
 at a young boy who, with his terrier and its leash,
 had become wound about my legs. I glared at my
 friend as she waved goodbye and ran gaily to the bus-
 stop.

I hated the whole world as I began the arduous
 walk home, sighing and longing for the irretrievable
 past.

M.T.

MISUNDERSTOOD

And they live their little lives
 Complete
 And stare down their noses
 At defeat.
 And tell us not to
 Try again.
 They say our Youth is against
 The Game
 And we're too young to live
 Alone.
 We need their guidance
 And their brains.
 But the price we find is far
 Too high.
 It's Freedom gone and never gained
 And they look on us from
 Way up high.
 And comment on how they're
 So sly
 And they tell us where to live
 And die.
 But their ears stay
 Closed
 To our screaming voices
 And our pleading hands are
 Never seen.
 Even though we keep our faces
 Clean,
 They never see and never hear

Our riots prove that we're not
 Reared
 Like little ladies and
 Gentlemen.
 But can't they know or don't they
 Care
 That all we want is a voice
 In affairs.
 And if they let us free from
 Them
 We'd live in a world of
 Peaceful men.
 But they put their thumbs on top of
 Us.
 They keep our brains and sap
 Our blood.
 They think their thoughts and tell
 Us ours.
 We're the teenage world they call
 No good.
 The growing ones,
 All misunderstood.

K. GOULD

SONG TO THE CHILDREN

Quiet little children, don't you fret.
 The wars have ended,
 You have a future yet.
 Seek little ones, you may find
 A reason for ringing
 The message high.
 Men have met,
 Sanelly seen,
 Children are young,
 And need grass that's green.
 Grow little people, into men,
 And never make
 War again.

TO GOD

In winds of reverence they bow and sing
 And God's allowed in when three bells
 ring.

K. GOULD

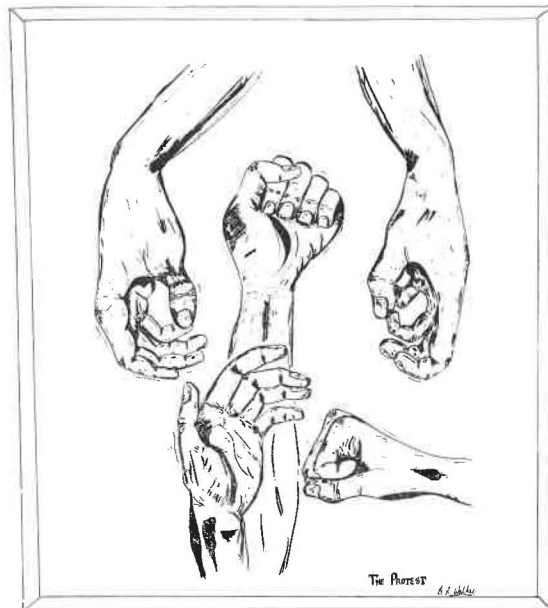


3rd in Art Competition.—J. Heremaia.

DID I GROW?

And it's nice to be
Called Adult,
To talk to face
And not grovel
Explanations
When you know
The answer plain
And clearer
Than the speaker
Who thinks he is
Divine because
He has more
Years
Though less than
You in
Mental powers.
And it's
Satisfying to
Argue intelligently
After years
Of suppressed
Meditation
With no-one listening
Closely or even
Pretending to care.
And it's good to
Tell them
What you think
And not what
They expect
To hear
From minds they
Find too young
To like
With thoughts
They never dare.

K. GOULD



4th in Art Competition.—B. Walker.

DEATH BY BREATHING

I can feel the air breathing,
Lifting and sighing.
It has tentacles
Reaching out to grab
And suffocate me in its pulsations.
I can see the people,
Dragged down by its throbs.
They breathe in then they breathe out—
In, out, in, out, in, out.
The air is killing the people,
They are becoming machines,
Watch them live.
Watch them die.
In and out they breathe,
Setting the pattern,
Living the pattern.
The people are becoming
Part of the air.
I can see them breathing,
Lifting and sighing.
They have tentacles
Crying then dying—
Reaching out—
Trying to suffocate me.
I will not become part of the mass,
So they grab wildly
Lunging and plunging
They grasp my body,
Holding and scolding.
But my mind is still free—
It drifts, unrestrained and unconforming
While my body breathes
In, out, in, out, in, out,
Submitting.

K. GOULD

ITS HOT, LITTLE RAT, RUN

Light and heat to infinity, shimmering heat waves,
The wells are dry, the green-brown leaves of the gum
are dry. They crackle under your feet. The gum
trees no shade give, their branches are bare and
dry, their leaves no longer there. Their roots stretch
and stretch but there is no water, there will be no
water for a long time. The great sun has no pity
for the earth and its miserable creatures.

A small, inconspicuous rat scurries into its dusty
hole. Before it there is nothing, behind it there is
nothing.

But the rat has a morsel of food. He is a born
scavenger, he can find food but will he be able
to anymore.

But wait! The rat is nervy. He looks this way
and that. His tail twitches nervously. His hair stands
on end. A great red and yellow haze covers
the sky. The rat is still, petrified! He knows he can-
not run from this thing, it moves too fast for
even the fastest of animals.

Intense heat strikes him, he must run, run as
fast as he can take himself. But he is too slow, for
this, too slow, the poor rat will be dead soon.

The great haze has now gone. Its trail of destruc-
tion left behind. A charcoal earth, lifeless.
Among the black and brown is a tiny skeleton, a
sign that life was once there. It will be there again.

JOY McLEOD.

The sun gives life to some, and some it kills.
To the weak flower it raises from a bed
It's kind; but to the wanderer of hills
In deserts, there its symbol is the dead.
The wind also has a variable mind
To some beneath a sail it gives a lift,
Yet others, standing in its way, do find
That it is mean, has strength and power to shift
That thought immobile, strong and fast 'gainst
storm,
But what is left when wind has passed lacks form
So to my life you are the wind and sun
Which crowd the atmosphere about my heart
And kill my spirit. Yet they light its run.
For I was yours to keep or kill from start.

ANONYMOUS

THE FLOWERING IRIS

The long strong slender stems
Of dull green and yellow hues
Twist, twine towards the sun
Beneath a petal canopy.
The breeze blows slow across the lawn
And the stems rock gently from the base.
But the wide, lengthy, leaden leaves
Bend down and rest upon the ground,
Firmly denying the slightest quiver.
Stealing colour from the sun,
Each stem is tipped and flower coloured.
All buds point proudly to the sky,
Concealing their secret from you and I.

E. UBELS

LAST MINUTE BATTLE

You sit with the light on your face,
Struggling to concentrate.
The page seems to be in a foreign language—
The knowledge you cry for is unobtainable,
A year wasted.
Full of parties, the beach, late nights,
A last minute scramble to do an essay
Now it is too late.
The alarm clock ticks spasmodically, it seems
to whisper
'I wasted time, now does time waste me'
Its face takes on bizarre proportions—
There is a crash; it lies shattered on the floor.
You lie sobbing on the bed.
Exams are mere days away and you must try to
learn . . .

But you know it is too late.

MARIA YOUNG

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

There he was again, a solitary figure on the
wharf. He was beginning to bend a little from the
base of his spine, which was barely covered by an
old jacket, which when it had been bought was big,
but now was several sizes too small. The patched
pants and cap were pitifully thin but he had not the
money to buy new ones and would not accept charity.

His weather-beaten hands were protected from
the icy wind by mittens and his face, wrinkled with
age, was protected by the rim of his cap.

The only pair of boots the old man owned were
aged, like himself, and allowed his toes to protrude
through the weakened leather.

When one gets near him there is an unmistakable
aroma of salt and fish. Once he would have looked
up and greeted you if you were this close but not
now.

No, he isn't an embittered senile man, but one
who, after an active life on the sea, had been struck
blind and forced to become a land-lubber. He had
not yet realised this fully, and one could often catch
him day-dreaming.

Jock, that was his name would grope for the
line, throw it out then wait for the familiar tug. He
had to fish, it was the only income he received and
besides that was what the children expected.

Yes, the children, old Jock smiled as he thought
of the village children, who came from the slums
and whom he lovingly fed his catches, from the day.

After their meal they would discuss life, many
of them wishing themselves dead but they were
ashamed at their selfishness as their troubles were
minor, compared to their friend Jock's blindness.

Jock was also made more cheerful as his blind-
ness seemed trivial to these children's problems.

That is why he never told the children about the
pains in his chest and it came as a shock to them
when they learned that he had died on the wharf
with his beloved rod which had brought him so
much happiness.

It probably explains also why Jock was an un-
forgettable character to them.

MAXINE SMITH

FROM WHERE TO THE UNKNOWN

It rose like a fiery ball from hell,
Enlightening the heavens as it passed by
Gold, orange and splashes of blood
Explode in a radii off the glowing fire,
Giving warmth and comfort, replacing the dark,
A pleasure to children. Yet another day
For the lonely, helpless and down at heart,
But it passes through the vast blue depths,
Slowly but surely as the time ticks by—
To fall over the edge of the world
Into the sea, far beyond to the unknown.

D. ROBERTS

OUR SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

Ours is the only invisible gym in New Zealand.
It was planned by a well-known architect called God.
He is noted for his planning all over the world. Of
course he was helped by the Road works and the
Town Planners.

The gym floor is covered in realistic-looking
grass. Its running tracks look very much like roads
and its Rugby and soccer fields look very real. Its
roof is usually grey but sometimes it is various shades
of blue. It is equipped with showers on bad days,
heaters on fine days, an excellent bog and steep hills
for cross-country runs. It also has gravel roads for
the people who leave their sandshoes at home.

The whole school can fit into our gym and
watch practically any sport they like. The fields
are made of a substance like mud and grass for
realistic playing of soccer, hockey and rugby.

R. ASHCROFT.

THE BUG (A Climber's Excuse)

I'm sorry to say
IT, happens both ways
At work or play
For school is play
Or so they say.
IT, is the bug.
They sit there staring
Glassy eyed
While teachers glaring
They don't know why
Or what or how
The bug has struck.
Tomorrow we're free
From this heavy world of drudgery,
Freer than democracy
Free from hypocrisy
And hate—only fate
Will cast its shadow
On the figures in the mellow
Morning light.
May the bug thrive,
The bug has attacked
And the bug will stay
Through thick and thin
It'll never wane.
—Leaves work undone,
The grass grows high
While climbing high
Amongst the sails
From French to Moncrief,
In a fickle land
Of life and death
More death than life
But death to those
Who know not how
And where to go.

P. JAMES

OUTSIDE THE CINEMA AS THE AUDIENCE EMERGES

The theme music of the film can be heard softly under the clattering of the chairs as people wearily stumble to their feet. A soft murmur of voices filters through the cinema.

The people emerge, blinking, into the sunlight. Like a miniature protest march they walk slowly outside. Some stretch to loosen their limbs, troubled with pins and needles. A few yawn, "It must have been a boring film," while others chatter loudly about the exciting pieces. A handful think, silently and dreamily about it. One can tell by the expressions on faces what the person thought of the film. Tired and bored faces, wide-eyed and excited faces, puzzled and mystified ones.

Buses arrive and everyone rushes to be first on. The last wait impatiently. Motor-bikes and push-bikes scatter with their individual riders, all travelling at different speeds. Cars arrive to collect the younger people, others are parked waiting patiently for their drivers. Everybody disperses in different directions, some hurry, some wander, while a few are hesitant and do not know what to do but finally everyone has gone.

All is quiet. The cinema stands alone displaying the coloured photos and posters. The grand film of the year has come—and gone. Maybe they will extend the season.

BARBARA RAYNOR

THE CAPTURE

He stood silhouetted against the flashing golds and reds of the fading sunset, watching over his wild herd, as a shepherd over his flock. He was small but well muscled, with broad sloping shoulders and short strong legs. His small ears pricked forward intelligently, and his dilated nostrils suddenly caught the scent of danger. He whinnied shrilly, his warning to the herd, and whirled, his golden body catching the last rays of the sinking sun, his silver tail pluming out gloriously behind him.

I crept forward, with the fading sound of the retreating herd ringing in my ears. The stallion had whirled to face me. His ears were flat against his head. My breath was coming in short gasps as my heart quickened. My gaze fell on his rolling eyes, which showed fear and hate. My lasso whirred but was drowned by his vicious snorting and the impatient stamp of his glistening hooves. The lasso snaked out, then fell true, half way down his trembling neck.

He screamed and rose, pounding the air with flaying hooves. Again he rose, his glistening eyes flashing with fear. I fumbled with the rope, at last able to secure it round the stout tree base. He stood trembling, humbled by a mere rope. Another loop fell in place round his neck. He was now secure.

My hand reached up as I spoke gently to him. My aim was to slip my rope over his head and round his nose. In this way I could lead him back to camp, for, each time he pulled back, the rope would pull sharply on his nose. His hoof darted out, barely missing my leg. I moved slowly, and at last my rope sat in place. He quivered so I tightened my grip on the rope, until he was humbled and powerless.

I swung my leg over the saddle, and took a hitch in the rope round my saddle horn. I had found myself a real stallion, but I had yet to lead him back to camp. I gazed at his quivering body and frightened eyes, and wondered if I was doing the right thing by taking him from his natural surroundings and teaching him to be man's slave.

KATHY EGARR

Thunder and lightning played with the small Boat, as one does with a ping-pong ball,
And the heavy-footed waves
Crashed onto the frail craft.
Suddenly all was quiet,
Asleep were the waves, but
Before the punished yacht could
Recollect its wits, the rain
And thunder came on to its
Second round, the dark leaden
Sky lit with lightning streaks.
The wind made the sails like harps, once
Again rain, thunder and lightning withdrew.
Although death was looming up
Into the near future,
The small yacht with the wind as
A comrade, skimmed over the dead waves,
And all was dull and still, the sea-gulls
Singing chants, faded away.

RUTH WARD

TIDY

From his feet
To his immaculate shoulders
I could find no fault.

E. DAVIES

DANCING LIGHTS

The ground forever moving
Around the dancing crowd,
Not individual people,
But a mass of swaying objects,
Clinging like a herd
Of defenceless animals,
Afraid to venture out
In case some disaster
May be imposed on all
But soon the people are vivid
They now have faces of their own,
Under lights continuously changing
In colours of every season
Selecting different conspicuous shapes
Cringing from the light.

J. BIRD

MISUNDERSTOOD

A subdued face,
Cowering behind a rock.
Inside a turmoil of uncontrollable thoughts.
Repentance! For what?

THE HILL

A shadow of green
In the still, stagnant waters.
Beauty, a reflection upon
Nature's achievements as a creator.
This simple formation
Caressed by all who tread,
Envelopes a multiplicity of feelings
Cast by the unwary.

NANCY WALLACE.

CIVILIZATION'S RETREAT

A humble gathering depicting sincerity,
Stood contemplating the waking hours of dusk;
The illumination of the fairytale lights soon to
withdraw their presence.
Slowly, painstakingly, rejecting the rude construction,
Into the depths of the underlying turf.
Civilisation's retreat.

NANCY WALLACE.

THE STEEPLECHASE

October 24. Fine day. Curious the number of sprained ankles and assorted ailments occurring lately. Seniors started first, followed respectively by intermediates and juniors. The start was a light-hearted one with much joking and banter. The pace however, was hot. After about half a mile the main bunch became more strung out, the pace slowed, the bantering faded. The road seemed to get harder beneath our feet and the air which we had previously been able to breathe easily, came in short gasping breaths.

Jog, jog, gasp, stagger—we continued the race, many cursing the stupid ritual they were performing; "of all the stupid idiotic things (gasp) to take part in (pant) this is the worst contrived by the

school—why do we, the elite 6th form, have to participate in such a ridiculous occupation?" "Honour and glory of the House and School, etc." "Tradition." "Anyway don't waste your breath, save it for running."

Already the pace and sun were beginning to tell, many were now walking or stopped completely. "Oh, well, that's one less to pass anyway." Five minutes later the "exhausted" person came storming past blowing hard and striding mightily.

Through the bog then boys, this way. A minute later—"Curse it, wrong way." Plunge through brambles and mud to reach other side. "That puts us 10 places back now, who suggested that way?" No comment. Emerge on next hill slightly worse for wear but glad to see overtaker fared worse than we did.

At a lurching stagger the first lap completed, only another 1½ miles to go. At this point a furtive figure was seen to detach itself from the runners and mingle with the crowd of spectators. "Blooming cheat!" was the only thought that crossed our minds. Indeed, we were occupied with running the second lap. "It's no good, you blokes, I'm finished" gasped one. "Aah, you can do it," scornfully; bravely the unfortunate struggled on, but his progress became slower and slower.

With trembling legs (will this ordeal never end) and faltering steps we neared the finish line. Oh! the final humiliation—the entire girls school were lined up in an extended "V" forming a corridor through which we had to stagger, the culminating blow. A teacher confronted us and handed out place tickets to those stalwarts that finished the race. We arrived back at the changing sheds to meet the ones who terminated the run half way through, all looking "as fresh as daisies." The last straw was when a fellow runner began cursing profusely the officia's who "gave out the tickets." He explained that, "after running 3½ miles, the so-and-so's wouldn't give me a place ticket!"

The race was over for another year and a good thing too.

S. A. STEWART

BRIGHT LIGHTS AND THROBBING MUSIC

A haze of cigarette smoke,
Dimming the bright lights,
Threw shadows upon the swaying curtains,
The sharp features of the excited crowd,
Shadowed by the blinding lights.
Rhythmic tapping forever echoing,
Along the polished floor.
A cloud of heat rises,
From the tightly packed crowd,
Swaying to throbbing music,
Like a serpent at sea.
The Go-Go Girl,
Hair flowing down along her shoulder,
Mini-skirt barely covering,
Her sun-bronzed skin,
The music changes,
The Go-Go girl turns,
Like a tossing sea
Her hair following the graceful curve of
her body.
The crowd surge out,
They fill all space,
Frenzied by the change of tune,
They follow the Go-Go girls.

KATHY EGARR

RAIN CYCLE

A thin whisp at first.
Then the tell-tale fluff appearing
A giant b'ob of potential wetness
Black as night, approaching steadily,
Growing quickly, massing, enlarging.
Darkening, threatening, quickly coming!
Behind it, a haze.
Then it arrives.
Big splashes of water.
Falling, tumbling, playing.
It hits the ground.
Scatters for cover.
Quickening pelting, louder and louder!
The gutters are full of it!
Madly roaring rain.
Running, jumping, sliding,
Down the drains, forming puddles, lakes, seas.
Rivers flowing, speeding,
Madly tearing, streaking!
Round the corners, through the trees.
Slowly widening, slowing,
The force is in control.
Slowing to a crawl,
Tiring, panting, resting.
Meeting the sea with its continual waters,
Widening again, boundless, free.
Deeper, warmer, heavy.
The sun,
Beating down,
Getting drowsy,
Floating, vapour rising,
More vapour joining, communing,
The grey whisp again,
Compressing, widening.
Greyer, darker, roaring,
Blackening, thickening,
Getting damp, moist, wet.
Then it pours.
Down, down, down!
Continuing its endless cycle.

R. ASHCROFT

FREE

They cantered across the dusty plain
The wind blew out their tails.
They flew with wind
They fought the rain
The blood within them boiled
Their stock was wild
It showed in their heads
As they lifted them to neigh
Then away again they went
Across the dusty plains.
Just one.
The bravest of them all
Could stand upon the hill.
He was lord and master
Of the band that stood below.

LYNETTE CONSTABLE

LIFE

A tiny smile of recognition
A glimmer from the past,
An incident to stir the mind
And to leave the heart at last.
Why is life so painful?
So cruel and unconcerning.
It strikes with hate, like lightning
And leaves a fatal yearning.

MARGARET JACKSON

THE CRICKET AND THE ANT

(Translated from the French of La Fontaine)

The summer was in flower,
The fields lay simmering in the heat,
The cricket filled each hour,
With singing in the golden wheat.
"The sun is bright and gay,
The birdsong is drifting from each tree,
Why bother to work today?
Come, have fun and sing a song with me!"
"No, not I friend, though,
The skies are blue and the day is long,"
Replied the ant, "and you know,
That summer, like winter, comes and then is
gone."
"So I work now, my friend,
I am storing grain, and no time to play,
As winter is just round the bend,"
"Pshaw!" laughed the cricket, and danced away,
But when the ice cold hand,
Of old grey winter, clad in steel mail,
Had its iron grip upon the land,
The cricket was frozen in the gale.
"No food! Not a tiny seed,
O corn, and the grass is so cold,
My teeth hurt and bleed,
And all the leaves are twenty weeks old."
"Friend! Give me aid!"
Cried the cricket with broken voice,
"I cannot eat a grass blade!
I am so cold I have no choice,
For you have stored some wheat."
The ant considered this plea,
And her suspicion was complete,
As she thought of his summer gaiety.
"What did you do when
Summer was here, and food wasn't scant?"
"I sang," murmured her friend,
Rather sadly, to the stern looking ant.
"You sang, my friend?"
Said the ant, a stern look on his brow,
"If you lived by singing then,
You can live by dancing now."

MALCOLM GILES

IN THE BUSH ON A WET DAY

Not a bird sang. The only sounds I could hear
were the staccato of ranks of raindrops beating back
the trees and falling heavily on leaves. My own
breathing, often a crack of a twig, a shuffle of
leaves or a squelch as I pulled my feet, warmly pro-
tected in heavy boots, out of a pool of ankle-deep
mud as I progressed onwards, always thinking about
a hot cup of coffee, a hot bath and a good night's
sleep as a reward.

Acrid odours of rotting vegetation lingered in
the boring almost melancholy atmosphere. It was
hot and muggy, not refreshing as an April shower
usually is in the green restful bush. I could smell
the humidity as rain seeped into the drinking soil,
providing life-giving moisture to the plants, now
straining but wilting under the pressure of the driv-
ing rain.

Trees and bushes consisting of rich and light
shaded green leaves with brown, black and greyish
branches, were contrasted occasionally by subtle

greens, reds, whites and yellows of delicate tree blos-
soms and weeds. The sky, sometimes visible when
the tree tops parted, was dark, heavy and threatening
sea'ing in these colours.

However, with all this around me, I felt secure
seated in my oilskin and protective clothing. Some-
times this positive security was threatened when a
raindrop dripped down my back creating a cold
sensation and a shiver. I felt warm even despite rain-
drops occasionally dripping down my back, for my
insides and sa'iva felt like a radiant fire, and this
internal warmth drove me on.

It was raining harder now, and the large trees
strangled with gristly vines, the small bushes, oc-
casional colours and the slushy soil beneath my feet
gradually became obscure until I was unconscious of
my surroundings. I was happy though, as, even seen
in this condition, the bush fascinated me as being
beautiful and interesting.

GREG MEDWAY

THE CONGREGATION

Row after row, day after day, they sit there—in
their customary strict, alphabetical order—watching,
listening. Flanking the room on all sides they sit;
not evenly spaced, but close together with only an
occasional gap between them. They stare at their
companions at the other side of the room, never
speaking, but eloquent, always listening. Inter-
mingling with the old are the new, lively ones; their
bright splashes of colour modern-looking and with a
gl'assy outlook. With jackets boasting many colours,
these Silent Ones, their names—as their shapes—
of different lengths, look about with a typical,
knowledgeable appearance. Faces, full of vivid ex-
pression, can be read at a glance. Deep inside,
though, their stories are not as revealing as their
outside view may lead you to believe. But often
they are plucked from their seats and are roughly
stamped on, then taken outside; sometimes absent for
days on end.

As the years unfold they become old and worn-
looking, although the knowledge and memories they
retain inside are as full of life and as valuable as
ever before. Hard countenances the majority have,
some fancy and smart, others dull and plain, they
all sit, day after day, row after row; forever listen-
ing and watching.

Would you have the patience and forbearance
to be a library book?

L. PENNEY

RAIN

The sound permeates my eardrums
That staccato beat
The merciless constancy,
Of the blessing from heaven that sustains
mankind.
In unconscious depths my sleep is thwarted
By the voluble thundering, smashing, crashing
with my mind.
The uncanny crescendo—a waterfall's descent
And the dulled impression of my awakening—
Rain.

DAVID BIRRELL

THE EXILE

Squinting eyes in the tanned, leathery face of the
noble looking Mexican Indian scanned the parched
distance as he halted his horse on a rocky outcrop,
and gazed over the once dear and familiar scene.
Each landmark brought back some memory, and the
Indian sat while his dark, unseeing eyes fixed on
the landscape. So near, yet . . . so far; for the white
men had long since commanded all the ranches
and pasture lands surrounding his small home state.
On'y . . . how it had changed since that day when
the white inhabitants had grouped together and driven
off the Indians. Beaten them up and, jeeringly had
left them to crawl away from their own country,
dispirited and shameful . . . and angry. Not wanted.

But, as he had been grudgingly forced to admit,
not all whites were bad—just as a dog or horse was
not necessarily bad because of its colour. For he
had been helped to recover by a white man, and this
he could not overlook.

He remembered Tom's explanation and his own
bitter words: "Pah! white men bad. All of them,
we kill, like a hawk kill a little bird, like the panther
kill small animal." Disgusted, he had spat out the
words.

"Sure, sure!" kind Tom had said, "But what about
me, I'm a white guy—you gonna kill me off too,
huh?" and Tom had grinned, broadly and patiently
as he had tried harder to explain.

No, the Mexican moved restlessly on his horse's
back, that could not be overlooked.

Brushing his hot forehead, he impatiently pushed
back his broad straw hat. An old, faded red scarf
with an intricate Indian design adorned his neck,
and his blue jacket and rawhide trousers were
threadbare with continual hard wear.

The searching of his roving eyes suggested that
he was looking for something which had since dis-
appeared. Beads of sweat glistened on the burnished,
copper colour of his forehead. On his face, while
yet impassive, there was a tough, hardened, look and
the lines around his mouth showed determination,
etched there perhaps by the actions of the all-pos-
sessive white men who were his enemies. Dangerous,
scornful thoughts concerning the white settlers
brought a scowl to his cracked lips and a bitter look
to his eyes—fiercely bright and with a murderous
shine.

Motionless, he continued to sit haughtily on his
old horse, which at an almost indiscernable move-
ment from his still rider, moved away, slowly, tiredly;
as though thinking his master's same regretful
thoughts.

L. PENNEY

WIND

Birds flying free
Trees elegantly swaying
Cows lying and eating
Chi'dren excitedly playing.
Night draws in
All life stops
Nothing can be heard
But wind in the tree tops
Lights go out
Serenity and peace
But the winds in the tree tops
Never cease.

DONALD DAWSON

THE DUMP

The warm early morning sun was beaming down on the vast expanse of trash in the city dump causing it to steam. It was a typical scene: maggots making use of a decaying bird, a long greasy rat scuttling among the heaps of rubbish for something to satisfy his insatiable hunger. On the track above the crash of a truck emptied spoil, squashing a rat and squirting a small amount of blood down the generally mucky slopes. The hardly pleasing odour of dead food and rats was a familiar but revolting smell.

A pathetic figure, clad in an old grey overcoat, picked amongst the garbage like a raven looking for worms. Nothing was left unturned as the scavenger made his tracks down the slope. His bristly face grinned at the sight of a valuable find—a rust-covered spade. He retraced his steps up the dishevelled slope, hoping that tomorrow he would be as lucky as he had been today.

DAVID BIRRELL

THE FOREST CREATURES

The forest creatures once so free
Are now a servile breed,
Since man evolved from ape-like beasts,
To hunt and kill with greed.
They once had freedom of their land
To love and die in peace;
But man and dog destroyed this Eden
That God preached nought would cease.
In their minds men still devise
New ways to lure and slay.
Perhaps the woodlands may be free, one day,
Of beast and dog—and man?

JOCELYN FIFIELD

THE SPIDER

With precise ingenuity the spider spins its web of silk. The silk comes from the end of his body, but is made inside him. Delicately he slowly spins a longer and longer piece of web. His long legs protruding from the side of his body feel his surroundings like a doctor feeling for a broken bone. If he can not get a piece of his web to catch onto a branch he will try and try again until it is fixed in place. Soon the main supports for the web are up. Carefully balancing on one of the threads he starts to move around in a circle. Every move is made slowly and cautiously. All parts of his body are needed in the construction of the web. When, finally finished he moves to the outside of it and waits for an unsuspecting victim.

On the ground he moves fast and surprisingly so for he runs sideways. On his web he is as graceful as an acrobat. On the ground he is just as good with his dodging and his skill to move in another direction in a split second. Whenever danger threatens he moves to cover with such great speed that it is hard to watch him. The spider is one of the very few who knows so many tricks and has such fantastic skill.

M. OLD

THE SHAPES OF NATURE

The soft sunlight, filtering through the tall grasping trees, casts shadows upon the immaculately fresh green undergrowth. The air is cool, but the dead leaves on the ground, as they gradually rot away, leave a dank, stale smell.

The overhanging trees are reflected on the mirror-like surface of the river, and jutting out are sharp, grey rocks, concentric circles forming from them. The flat rocks, easily visible through the clear water, are the refuge for all small creatures, in time of danger.

On the other side of the river, from the tall bank ferns sprout and gradually turn a ripe green. Below, the dark, ominous gloom, tells of the uninviting depth.

As the sun blazes fiercely down, one by one, the children dip into the clean refreshing water. Excited shouts, exclamations and indignant cries exit sharply, and mingle with the harsh vibrating echo of a passing lorry. Suddenly, a strenuous water fight begins. Drops of wet crystal balls shatter upon the coarse sand.

On the small, sloping shore, the large grains penetrate the body and crunch underfoot.

Gradually, as time wears on, silence reigns, but for the monotonous song of the crickets, and the raucous motor of an occasional passing car. The night songs begin.

ANTHEA DOUGLAS

TO A HUMAN

Brawny man, both tall and strong,
Shields eyes from glinting sun.
And I down here midst stalk and corn,
Curse all that he has done!
A refuge safe down here for mine,
Laid bare to prying eyes
One fleet slash of stinging knife,
And so, my family dies!
With all his strength, his skill, his speed,
He'll scythe this paddock bare.
Never knowing, caring less,
The tragedy he caused here!

J. CHARMAN

HAIKU

Terror stalks the night,
Green lamps glow in unison,
Cats on the prowl.
Crash of anger,
Silver moon hides her face in shame,
Glow behind a cloud.
Light is dying,
Soft eiderdowns of grey fall
Sad skies are crying.

J. CHARMAN

RADIO HAURAKI

Christine Lewis, a former pupil of Spotswood College found, to use her own words, "that Varsity is the last place on earth where one can afford to be disorganised," so she has left Auckland University, and is now running the copy department of Radio Hauraki. She has sent us the following article:

DO I LOOK LIKE A SWASHBUCKLER?

It was curiosity that first led me to the grey building, the second floor of the grey building that housed the biggest controversy New Zealand had seen in generations.

And Radio Hauraki didn't disappoint me. Let's face it, I hadn't really known what to expect, but whatever it was, it was completely satisfied by my first evening with Hauraki.

Enthusiasm hit me like a tidal wave as soon as I entered the studio. It was everywhere—in the frantic fumbling of the technicians, the bubbling presentation of the Good Guys, in every cramped corner of the filing cabinets, in the eagerness of the directors to show me around and tell me of Hauraki's ideals. Idealism is a word that should be edited from most of today's world situations, but, paradoxically it was there, idealism there, in commercial radio.

Immediately I wanted to help them, to work with them for the same ideals. For months I worked all day and all night with them, one-finger-typing letters, tinkering with an upstart coffee machine, making up bunks in the Tiri. For months our morale leapt and tumbled with every wave that hit the Tiri moored in the viaduct, with every political wave that came from the Marine Department and the N.Z.B.C.

And then one Sunday night we were free, free to commence our kind of radio, for the young people who wanted our kind of radio—or we thought we were free. But now that Sunday night is history; the drama of the harbour chase is a memory, the cold confusion of the cells is almost forgotten, the tension in the courtroom something to be looked back on with a grim relief.

A few weeks later we were on the air, broadcasting the programmes we had visualised and worked for for so long. At last we were being heard; our signal was bouncing round New Zealand carrying with it personality radio, bright entertainment, news and the happy sound of youth broadcasting to youth.

But sixteen months and a small ship were incompatible. The night of January 27th was a stormy one, the clouds brooding across a lightless moon, the waves angry as they chased the little ship onto the rocks of Great Barrier. Yes, we were shipwrecked, and from all over New Zealand calls, telegrams and cards of sympathy came flooding in. With the Tiri, Hauraki was sunk, with the hole in the bottom of the boat there came a hole of hopelessness; in the hearts of those at Hauraki.

For six weeks nerves were as raw as the jagged board on the Tiri's hull. But the enthusiasm and drive that was Hauraki was still there, and with a new ship came new hope. The Tiri 2 sailed without fuss, without drama. But the Tiri 2 sailed with pride, and its own quiet triumph. We were broadcasting again, with a stronger signal, and personality radio was beaming into towns and cities all over New Zealand once again.

And now—what happens now. Are all the adventures over? No, now we walk the most delicate tightrope of all. We must, with a small staff, outweighed about ten to one with problems, try to run a radio station 50 miles away from the transmitter. Now we must wait for the final decision, now we must put more hope into every word we broadcast.

You ask what keeps us all here, working seven days a week, twelve hours a day for enough money to keep us only in batteries for our transistor radios? We stay because we know you like us, because you want and like our kind of radio, because you are young New Zealanders and you deserve entertainment that's bright and brisk and happening. We stay because we are young New Zealanders, because it is exciting and rewarding to bring you swinging sound. Idealistic? Yes. Optimistic? Very!

All we ask of you is that you share a little of our enthusiasm, that you in New Plymouth, in Spotswood College take part in the hope we have, that if you like our radio and want our radio, to tell us. Because it is your support and your sympathy that keeps our idealism alive; you are the people we want to make happy with our sound, with the sound you like to hear.

No, I'm not a pirate. I don't wear a black eye-patch, nor wave a cutlass and carry a parrot on my shoulder. I'm a young New Zealander, giving the talent I have to you. Some of you may remember me from a few years ago.

Now I ask you—do I look like a swashbuckler?

CHRISTINE LEWIS

PRIZE LIST 1967

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Girls: Junior, Maureen McGregor; Intermediate, Pam Evans; Senior, Judy Fowler.

Boys: Junior, Ian Briscoe; Intermediate, Alan Miles; Senior, Bruce Walker, Warrick Procter.

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Girls: Junior, Shona Winstanley, Phillipa Conn; Intermediate, Sue Pearson; Senior, Coraleen McCullough.

Boys: Junior, Wayne Paul; Intermediate, Alastair Flett; Senior, Barnett Bond.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

Girls: 3rd Form, Phillipa Conn; 4th Form, Linda Rupapere; 5th Form, Jocelyn Cameron.

Boys: 3rd Form, Ian Sykes; 4th Form, Ian Duncalf; 5th Form, David Lawrence.

HOUSE AWARDS

Honour Cup for Interhouse Rugby: Motumahaunga, Jeffrey Cleaver.

F. V. Morine Cup for Interhouse Athletics: Motumahaunga, Robyn Harvey and Jeffrey Cleaver.

FORM LISTS

Interhouse Speech Cup: Motumahaunga, Robyn Harvey and Jeffrey Cleaver.

Sole Cup for Interhouse Tennis: Motumahaunga, Robyn Harvey and Jeffrey Cleaver.

Faye Hill Cup for Interhouse Basketball: Moturoa, Barbara Sole.

Chris Hamill Cup for Girls' Interhouse Softball: Moturoa, Barbara Sole.

Denise Barriball Cup for Girls' Interhouse Hockey: Moturoa, Barbara Sole.

Borrell Cup for Interhouse Soccer: Mikotahi, Steven Mason.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrew's Award for Interhouse Drama: Mikotahi, Rosemary Beaurepaire and Steven Mason.

Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood and Rangiatea Basketball: Spotswood, Alison Conn.

Jaycee Cups for Debating and Public Speaking: Spotswood, Peter Borrell.

Interhouse Shield for 20 Events: Motumahaunga, Robyn Harvey and Jeffrey Cleaver.

No competition was held this year for the following:

The Sargent Trophy for Interhouse Music
Joy Rookes Interhouse Trophy for Original Composition and Solo competitions in Music.

SPEECH CONTEST

Third Form: Ray Hines 1, John Innes 2.

Fourth Form: Alan Innes 1, Jennifer King 2.

Fifth Form: Robyn Harvey 1, Bonnie Moss 2.

Sixth Form: Diana Quay 1, Rex Halliday 2.

ART COMPETITION PRIZES

Marianne Muggeridge 1, Peter Guild 2.

LITERARY CONTEST

Third Form: Prose: Barbara Leong; Poetry Gwenda Bracegirdle.

Fourth Form: Prose, Margaret Tompkins; Poetry, Leonie Jarvis.

Fifth Form: Prose: Robert Burgess.

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

Lower Sixth Form: Prose, Diana Quay.

Upper Sixth Form: Poetry and Prose Philip Alley.

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS:

Third Form: English/Science, Floortje Van Paasen; Shorthand/Typing, Carla Warden; Music, Christine Jury; Social Studies, Keith Thomson, Frances Hotter, Noeline Hill; Science/French, Gwenda Bracegirdle; Technical Drawing, Russell Prout, Paul Christiansen; Music, Kim Walker; Science, Maureen Collier; Typing, Christine Halford; Social Studies, David Henchman; Commercial Practice, Stephen Tooley.

Fourth Form: For Outstanding Effort, Maureen McGregor; For Service to the School, Jocelyn Whanau; For Outstanding Effort, John Cooper, For Outstanding Effort, Stephen Komene; French, Deborah Kveseth; Science, Keith Smith.

Fifth Form: T. Guy Prize in Engineering, Robert Buchanan; For Service to the School, Margaret Barriball; For Outstanding Effort in Homecraft, Helen Whiting; English, Robert Burgess; Kidd Garrett Prize in Engineering, Kerry Avery; Woodwork, Kevin Herbert; For Excellence in Homecraft/Clothing: Valma Knight; Taranaki Farmers' Wholesale Prize for Woodwork: David Lawrence.

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS

3P1: Peter Schroeder 1, Andrew Stedman 2.

3A1: Murray Duke 1, Ian Sykes 2.

3A2: Sharon Lockyer 1, Owen Harland 2.

3A3: Leonard Jennings 1, Barry Morris 2.

3A4: Duncan Tullett 1, Philip Taylor 2.

3B1: A.ison Kemsley 1, Janice Martin 2.

3B2: Valma Carter 1, Kay Williams 2.

3B3: Susan Nicholson 1, Joyce Ngatai 2.

3B4: David McCracken 1, Kevin Ries 2.

3B5: Grant Brodie 1, Brian Carr 2.

4P1: Ian Whitehouse 1, Jennifer King 2.

4A1: John Hayward 1, David Franklin 2.

4A2: Russell Herdson 1, Neil Farrant 2.

4A3: Carol Austin 1, Murray Dutton 2.

4A4: Sandra Stone 1, Constance Kopa 2.

4 Comm.: Gillian Lobb 1, Sandra Drake 2.

4H: Lynette Ireton 1, Irene Krutz 2.

41M: John Cooper 1, Kenneth Herbert 2.

41W: Alan West 1, John Hammersley 2.

4K: Janice Fitzpatrick 1, Brian Barron 2.

5S1: John Hutton 1, Michael Collier 2.

5S2: Paul Richards 1, Colin Quay 2.

5S3: Ross Williamson 1, Ronald Sewell 2.

5S4: John Henchman 1; Graham Hills 2.

5N1: Atiria Walker 1; Margaret Tucker 2.

5N2: Diane Ropata 1; Carol Treanor 2.

5B1: Margaret Barriball 1, Alison Liley 2.

5B2: Christine Miscall 1, Valma Knight 2.

Lower Sixth: Shorthand/Typing: Louise Whittle; Geography, Sharlene Stobie; English, French, History and German, Christina McPhail; Mathematics and Physics, Warrick Procter; Mechanics, Raymond Dunlop; Chemistry, Roger Ward.

Upper Sixth: Maths and Add. Maths, Geoffrey Ward; French, Anne Whittaker; History-Geography, Lester Mundell; Physics, Rex Humphrey; Biology, Janet Harrison; Chemistry, Alastair MacGibbon.

SPECIAL PRIZES

- Janice Rawley Prize for English:** Philip Alley.
- J. A. Snell Memorial Prize:** John Cooper 41M Engineering; Harley Price 41W, Woodwork.
- The Harry M. Bacon Prize** for pupils showing best all-round promise in the Arts. Girl: Diana Quay; Boy: Rex Halliday.
- R.S.A. Prize:** Geoffrey Ward.
- P.T.A. President's Prize for Head Girl** (Mr. O. G. Sole): Barbara Sole
- Board Chairman's Prize for Head Boy** (Mr. L. M. Moss): Geoffrey Ward.
- Dux Cup** (Presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. Aderman) Philip Alley and Alastair MacGibbon.
- Principal's Prize—Dux Medal and 2 Books:** Philip Alley and Alastair MacGibbon.

MAGAZINE EXCHANGES

Hawera Technical High School, Waitara High School, Ing'ewood High School, Opunake High School, New Plymouth Girls' High School, New Plymouth Boys' High School, Te Awamutu College, Central Hawke's Bay College, Paeroa College, Manurewa High School, Tawa College, Kuranui College, Penrose High School, Heretaunga College, Francis Douglas Memorial College.

Boys

Baird, James A.
Bennett, Peter G.
Berendsen, Stephen I.
Birrell, David P.
Brewster, Bernard M.
Burgess, John C.
Dawson, Donald A.
Giles, Malcolm L.
Gould, Frederick G.
Gundeson, Paul D.
Haldane, Neil J.
Herbert, Shane
Holder, Stephen
Medway, Gregory J.
Miles, Graham O.
Pope, Steven W.

Boys

Barnett, Bryce
Patten, David
Elliot, Grant
Frewin, Chris
Glentworth, Kevin
Hart, Neil
Hutchinson, Richard
Jones, Kevin
Lowe, Owen
Lowe, Peter
McIntyre, Garry
Malcolm, Wayne
Nystrom, Lance
Oliver, Bruce
Ormiston, Ross
Paul, David
Pulford, John
Saleman, Glen
Sutherland, Barry
Williams, Brian

Boys

Adair, Michael
Ballinger, Jeffrey
Blackburn, Paul
Clarke, Kerry
Emmerson, Peter
Fowler, Peter
Hayton, Mark
Jackson, Colin
Lowe, Neil
McNeil, Wayne
MacDonald, Angus
Morgan, William
Tilleysort, Stephen
Williams, Warren

Boys

Allerton, Paul
Buchanan, Jeff
Bungay, Noel
Clegg, David
Coxhead, John
Davies, Michael
Evans, David
Fletcher, Stewart
Gover, Colin
Gredig, Philip
Hallett, David
Hill, Carey
Lynch, Roger
McKenzie, John
Poppowell, Peter
Sargent, Peter

3P1

Girls

Cash, Rowene N.
Charman, Janet M.
Corkill, Norma M.
Davies, Elizabeth K.
Douglas, Anthea N.
Gray, Dianne C.
Guy, Denise A.
Hammonds, Barbara
Hill, Raewyn J.
Jones, Jennifer M.
Larkin, Carolyn P.
Leonard, Julie E.
McConnell, Andrea M.
Mack, Andrea C.
Meredith, Joanne E.
Penney, Linda M.
Tucker, Lynette R.

3A1

Girls

Adamson, Lynne
Baldock, Lois
Coxhead, Cheryl
Dalgleish, Rae
Edwards, Raewyn
Erb, Fiona
Horsup, Donna
Kerr, Kathy
Lloyd-Smith, Vanda
Luscombe, Lois
McCracken, Lorraine
McCullum, Jill
McGregor, Wendy
Martin, Johanne
Moss, Louise
Thompson, Julian

3A2

Girls

Bailey, Suzanne
Benton, Sheree
Bevin, Linda
Campbell, June
Deakin, Andrea
Fitzpatrick, Maree
Francis, Gillian
Guilford, Margaret
Hoben, Leonie
Kirikiri, Nina
Jones, Barbara
Latter, Patricia
McCone, Judith
Maskelyne, Claire
McLean, Raewyn
Nicholson, Moira
O'Connor, Anne
Putt, Carol
Revell, Jeannie
Sharrook, Diane
Sutherland, Lindsay

3A3

Girls

Allan, Margaret
Bolton, Ann
Burke, Lynette
Callaghan, Adrienne
Clyma, Ann
Duncalf, Margaret
Finn, Dianne
Gordon, Janice
Haase, Robyn
Maddox, Robyn
Murray, Queenie
Rae, Linda
Sheat, Julie
Steele, Sandra
Steele, Roxanne
Van Uden, Winanda
Watson, Glenyssa
Wesley, Julie
Yule, Brenda

Boys

Allan, Richard
Barriball, Eric J.
Bazely, Malcolm W.
Blinkhorne, Russell L.
Borges, Charles H.
Burmeister, Murray
Ellacott, Rex F.
Herbert, Neil D.
Hermaia, Charles
Hare, Graham
Heydon, Evan
James, Graham R.
Keenan, Gregory T.
Long-Taylor, Christopher
Markland, Brent C.
Marriner, Paul R.
Martin, Philip J.
Niwa, Paul R.

Boys

Barlow, Kevin
Deakin, Roderick
French, David
French, John
Perrett, David
Shearer, David
Upson, Denis
Williams, Nigel

Boys

Butler, Peter
Casperon, Alexander
Childs, Garry
Duynhoven, Harry
Eden, David
French, Karl
Insull, Graeme
Jenvey, Keith
Okey, William
Pitwood, Robin
Pritchard, E. Philip
West, Allan
Whitmore, John

Boys

Brill, Iain
Burrell, Grant
Cameron, Charles
Christiansen, Bruce
Clarke, Terry
Erueti, Michael
Hook, Clifford
Katene, Ward
Lind, Robert
Old, Mark
Petersen, Graeme
Taylor, John
Thompson, Gary
Whitaker, Murray

Boys

Arbuckle, Antony D.
Byers, Ross
Cloke, Roger E.
Dent, John R.
Farrant, Geoffrey O.
Fitzpatrick, Kenneth
Forsman, Neville C.
Gardner, Barry K.
Giddy, Wayne K.
Guppy, Robert S.
Hamilton, Keith T.
Ireton, Russell J.
Johns, Rodney O.
Mackintosh, Jeffrey S.
Murch, Phillip L.
Neuman, Stephen

3A4

Paul, Robert R.
Salter, Barry G.
Thompson, Bryan G.
Walker, Stephen J.
Waugh, David
Williams, Paul M.

Girls

Alston, Susan
Bennett, Elizabeth A.
Brbich, Maureen P.
Jones, Jennifer A.
Martin, Sheryl A.
Pirere, Charmain
Stone, Wanda J.
Sutherland, Marie L.
Marriner, Paul R.
Wright, Julie S.
Woodcock, Robin L.

3A5 (Vocational)

Girls

Donald, Barbara
Giddy, Kay
McGovern, Margaret A.
Manu, Melvina
Old, Sheryll
Tiako, Mary

3B1

Girls

Blyde, Jennifer
Clegg, Rhonda
Evans, Dale
Garner, Carol
Glenn-Campbell, Adele
Guild, Jennifer
Gush, Vicki
Land, Carol
Lloyd, Betty
Lucas, Lynette
Meyer, Anne
Narbey, Michelle
Robinson, Judy
Shearer, Linda
Wildbore, Suzanne

3B2

Girls

Begg, Carolyn
Bullot, Sandra
Cadger, Deborah
Custers, Paulette
Horgan, Pauline
Jury, Cynthia
McCulloch, Te Ngaio
McDermott, Susan
Mackintosh, Josephine
Manning, Anne
Marr, Annette
Mitchell, Merran
Prince, Raewyn
Smith, Jennifer
Smith, Marlene
Still, Glenys

3B3

Boys

Simkin, Garry
Taylor, Murray A.
Te Ruki, Antony T.
Warner, Philip N.

Girls

Bate, Jane
Brown, Delwyn G.
Burke, Annette M.
Frost, Rosemary A.
Gilbert, Lynn P.
Simkin, Wendy
Tiro, Raewyn
Wemyss, Maureen J.
Wheeler, Karen L.
Williams, Marie J.

Boys

Anderson, Brian R.
Bocock, John
Forsythe, Brendan G.
George, Max R.
Gray, Wayne
Grey, Ian C.
Hunt, Kelvin E.
Lines, Peter
McGovern, Kerry J. L.
McLeod, A. Raymond
Nuku, John
Parkes, Terence B.
Priest, Dennis
Shaw, Carl
Smith, Benjamin I. J.
Smith, Leslie D.
Wells, Kevin N.

Boys

Bishell, Alfred
Brien, Patrick
Burke, John
Campbell, Ronald
Culling, Gary
Davey, Allen
Dickie, Paul
Drake, Kim
Holden, Paul
Kearvell, Mark
Lawrence, Gary
Olley, David
O'Neill, Terrence
Rangi, Clarence
Riddick, Kelvin
Seeling, Glenn
Sole, Kenneth
Whitmore, Wayne

Boys

Alley, Ross L.
Ashcroft, Richard J.
Barr, Ian W.
Cliffe, Allan M.
Cousins, Ian J.
Dumbell, Lee R.
Hine, Raymond T.
Innes, John G.
Lyon, Colin W.
Millar, William L.
Richings, Rocky J. C.
Schroeder, Peter J.
Smith, Robert B.
Stedman, Andrew J.
Tanner, William C. O.
Walker, Kim N.

Boys

Avery, Peter G.
Earr, Alan J.
Davison, Trevor J.
Duke, Murray
Gadsden, Adrian T.
Harland, Owen E.
Horn, Murray J.
Jackson, Ian W.
Jones, Nigel C.
Legge, Peter D.
Lobb, Julian R.
Lobb, Paul G.
Loader, Christopher G.
Muggeridge, Stephen R.
Nation, David L.
Paul, Wayne D.
Scott, Barry K.
Simmons, Paul L. G.
Sykes, Ian H.
Tooley, Stephen N.

3B4**Girls**

Askew, Patricia M.
Berry, Anne L.
Bracegirdle, Kerry
Hoeta, Patricia P. M.
Jones, Suzanne M. M.
Langman, Yvonne D.
Low, Robyn M. B.
McKay, Jane H.
Moa, Kahurangi A.
Rowland, Kay M.
Stewart, Nola K.
Walsh, Sandra J.

3B5**Girls**

Falk, Susan
Lake, Donna
McCullough, Dennise
McDonald, Dianne
Malcolm, Lynette
Priest, Margaret
Reynolds, Elaine
Schroder, Helen
Trevithick, Mary

4P1**Girls**

Andrews, Eileen E. G.
Bracegirdle, Gwenda M.
Constable, Lynette D.
Eales, Juliet B.
Fifield, Jocelyn R.
George, Raewyn J.
Harris, Sherrylyne
Jackson, Margaret A.
Leong, Barbara A.
McLeod, M. Joy
Manley, Dayle P.
Riddle, Linda M.
Smith, Maxine
Van Paassen, Floortje J.
Wallace, Nancy
Ward, Ruth T.
Willans, Sally P.

4A1**Girls**

Alldridge, Rosemary A.
Brodie, Helen
Collier, Maureen K.
Collins, Juliet E.
Fryer, Wendy
Hill, Noeline L.
Horner, Leslie M.
Jones, Heather C.
Lattimer, Cherie M.
Lobb, Sharon G.
Moss, Rosemary P.
Patrick, Christine A.

Boys

Allerton, Christopher
Battersby, Ian
Benton, Gavin
Bint, Barry
Broughton, Ashley
Brouwers, Constant
Gallienne, Robin
Gaw, Phillip
Green, Warren
Hutton, Peter
Ibbotson, Clive
Jennings, Leonard
Lobb, Campbell
MacIntosh, Ian
Moody, Ian
Read, Garth
Sargent, John
Smith, Colin
Yule, Robin

Boys

Bond, Gordon
Bryant, Nigel
Douglas, Verrill
Eldershaw, Mark
Harvey, John
Lander, Brent
Martin, Wayne
Morris, Barry
Robertson, Craig
Smith, David
Stone, Campbell
Thomson, Keith
White, John

Boys

Adlam, Garl N.
Bamford, W. John
Bennett, Gary J.
Bevin, Maurice V.
Curd, Garry T.
Harvey, Les R.
Hoyle, David J.
Katene, H. Douglas
Mills, Peter M.
Nicholls, Murray W.
Strachan, Garth G.
Taylor, Philip A. L.
Tullett, Duncan S.
Wilde, Greyam R.
Wipiti, Kevin T.

Girls

Adams, Linda C.
Belton, Kay
Berridge, Marjorie A.
Bird, Joan M.
Brett, Marie A.
Burnside, Coleen D.
Carter, Valma S.
Crockett, Julie R.
Egarr, Kathleen A.
Everest, Christine L.
Feakins, Marilyn A.
Fluker, Alison M.
Green, Margaret
Halliday, Kaye D.
Hareb, Christine
Hartley, Lorna R.
Holland, Raewyn C.

4A2**Girls**

Barker, Beverley
Bennett, Jennifer
Conn, Phillippa
Cousins, Carol
Grafton, Lynda
Johnson, Suzanne
Kircher, Gail
McLeod, Alwyn
Mills, Beverly
Potaka, Jacqueline
Pugh, Kelly
Reed, Pauline
Turner, Susan
Winstanley, Shona
Wood, Keren

4A3**Girls**

Black, Mary
Booker, Raewyn
Castle, Raewyn
Clark, Robyn
Durrick, Sonia
Fitzpatrick, Barbara
Francis, Jennifer
Green, Jill
Haase, Kay
Harding, Dianne
Jones, Donna
Keenan, Barbara
Meredith, Linda
Pritchard, Phillipa
Rogers, Deborah
Sutherland, Janita
Thomson, Christine
Wairau, Elaine
Weir, Dianne
Wyke, Phillipa

4A4**Girls**

Cameron, Lorraine F.
Church, Jennifer R.
Davey, Patricia H.
Gush, Sandra T.
Kara, Virginia H.
Manahi, Kathleen K.
Mosley, Patricia M.
Nodder, Karoline D.
Rennie, Patricia A.
Sole, Jennifer E.
Still, Jennifer A.
Wilson, Helen C.
Winitana, Tui

4 COM. 1**Girls**

Hotter, Frances A.
Jorgensen, Frances D.
Jury, Christine A.
Kemsley, Alison J.
McGregor, Maureen F.
Marr, Judith
Martin, Janice F.
Ngatai, Joyce K. T.
Oliver, Wendy M.
Quay, Jocelyn M.
Raynor, Barbara D.
Riddick, Marilyn J.
Salter, Christine A.
Sands, Colleen C.
Thompson, Shona C.
Warden, Carla
Williams, Kaye D.

Girls

Biddle, Margaret
Chamberlain, Christine
Clarke, Irene
Cofker, Gaylene
Duder, Merryll
Edwards, Peggy
Foreman, Raewyn
Gush, Amber
Harrison, Shirley
Hendy, Barbara
Hitchcock, Glenis
Holden, Sally
Holmes, Judy

Girls

Adlam, Marjorie
Brown, Dianne
Cash, Sharolyn
Connelly, Linda
Dickie, Sheryl
Everest, Jo-anne
Flett, Pam
Green, Sheryl
Halford, Christine
Hanscombe, Carol
McDonald, Carol
McVicar, Cherry
Moa, Yvonne
Miller, Helyn
Nicholson, Susan

Boys

Barnes, Robert H.
Brisco, Ian J.
Brodie, Grant I.
Buchanan, Ian P.
Carr, Brian I.
Collet, Jeffrey H.
Cook, Alan J.
Croy, Ross J.
Donald, Warren G.
Edhouse, Bruce S.
Fitzpatrick, Ross
Garner, Kevin J.
Graham, Peter B. H.
Hancox, Garry J.
Humphrey, John C.
Kyle, Larry I.
Leighton, Kevin J.

Boys

Ardern, John
Ballinger, Paul
Campbell, Alan
Corbett, Peter
Doherty, Alan
Evans, Douglas
Gaze, David
Greenway, Ashley
Hackett, Edwin
Hancox, Gavin
Hanover, John
Henchman, David
James, Brian

Boys

Arbuckle, Ross N.
Berry, John
Carlson, John L.
Evans, Kerry L.
Farley, Ross A.
Fawcett, Robert A.
Fitzpatrick, Barry
Garner, Garry R.
Harris, Jim
Healey, Philip J.
Hoskin, Henry
Kyle, Jeff
Langman, Keith D.
McLean, Ivan C.

4C2**Girls**

Horgan, Christine
Johns, Heather
Johnson, Maureen
Jury, Dianne
Jury, Josephine
King, Vickie
McGovern, Lee
Petley, Raewyn
Priest, Sandra
Smith, Barbara
Stonier, Veronica
Ward, Lorraine
Williams, Karen

4H**Girls**

O'Byrne, Sharon
Parr, Kathryn
Pepperell, Pamela
Petch, Christine
Pickering, Vanessa
Piggott, Raewyn
Prestney, Pam
Roberts, Patricia
Saunders, Dale
Smiley, Heather
Taylor, Lynette
Turner, Lyn
Townsend, Rachael
Wansborough, Judith
Will, Margaret

41M**Boys**

Maclean, Neil R.
Maddox, Peter
O'Donnell, Wayne M.
Mondahl, Peter
Payne, Donald N.
Pratt, Eric P.
Prebble, Tony N.
Price, Ronald J.
Priest, Peter S.
Prout, Russell M.
Ries, Kevin L.
Sharp, Kevin T.
Smith, Edwin C.
Spranger, Ross W.
Wildbore, Douglas L.
Williams, Carey A.

41W-1**Boys**

Jans, Greg
Jury, Bruce
Johnston, Mark
McCracken, David
O'Donnell, Edward
O'Neill, Garry
Read, Barry
Richardson, Darrell
Southall, Rodney
Vickers, Brian
Williams, Murray
Williams, Murray
Woodd, Leighton

41W-2**Boys**

Martin, Brian E.
Prestney, Colin C.
Read, Brian T.
Simkin, Garry
Simon, Ross J.
Stewart, Russell J.
Vickers, Jeffrey B.
Walpapa, Reg. W.
Walsh, Raymond M.
Waswo, Graeme
Welsh, Douglas S.
Whitmore, Tony
Williams, Barry T.

Boys

Alley, Lyndon
Bloore, Gary
Claringbold, Peter
Connor, Ian
Cooper, John
Derry, Noel
Drewery, David
Franklin, David
Halliday, Ross
Howard, John
Hill, John
Howarth, Graeme
Innes, Alan
Lewis, Brian
Lovell, Warren
MacLean, Darryl
Sheat, Philip

Boys

Bluett, Leigh
Dumbell, Shane
Duncalf, Ian
Dutton, Murray
Farrant, Neil
Faulkner, John
Hales, Antony
Herdson, Russell
Herbert, Phillip
Horner, Ian
Holder, David
Hunter, Selwyn
Johnston, Robert
Kirby, Peter
Meehan, Don
Mills, Rodney
Morgan, Peter
Plant, Geoffrey

Boys

Blinkhorne, Peter
Boyce, Brett
Brbich, John
Clarke, Brett
Clement, Rex
Corbett, Rodney
Flett, Allistair
Geary, Lindsay
Grant, Ashley
Gredig, Wayne
Guild, Ray
Heremaia, James
Hills, Graeme
Hoare, Kevin
Holm, Murray
Hunt, Kevin
Johnston, John
Kerr, Graeme

Boys

Ashworth, Lloyd
Brill, Neil
Briscoe, Peter
Bullot, Neil
Carley, Thomas
Carncross, Gavin
Collet, Rodney
Collins, Matthew
Clyma, Martyn
Davies, John
Ewington, Louis
Fisher, Herbert
Gaw, Bruce
Gerrard, Phillip
Green, Allan
Holden, Gary
Lawrence, David

551

Smith, Keith
Ubels, Evan
Whitehouse, Ian
Williamson, Gary

Girls

Bond, Elizabeth
Burgess, Maree
Fitzpatrick, Rosalind
Gould, Kathryn
Haldane, Gaye
Hamilton, Cheryl
King, Jennifer
Kveseth, Deborah
Menzies, Jean
Scriven, Pat
Tompkins, Mary
Whanau, Jocelyn

552

Price, Harley
Pugh, Robert
Ramsay, Neil
Rickerby, Neville
Simonsen, Jeremy
Stuck, Trevor
Tullett, John
West, Allan

Girls

Armstrong, Beverley
Been, Marina
Cave, Robyn
Brewster, Frances
Drake, Lynette
Grey, Alison
Mumford, Judy
Reid, Marcella
Scholes, Ann

553

Kyle, Paul
Loveridge, Graeme
Moa, Patrick
Malcolm, Garry
Marshall, Graeme
Mummary, Bruce
McIsaac, Grant
Needham, Bruce
Parker, Shane
Paul, John
Smith, Trevor
Wansborough, Ross
Watkin, John
Watts, David
Whelan, Peter
Whittaker, Brian
Winstanley, Colin
Ruakere, Barry

554

Loader, Robert
McLeod, John
Marr, Anthony
Moss, David
O'Keefe, Lynn
Okey, Ronald
Price, Milton
Priest, Derek
Salisbury, Peter
Scholes, Murray
Solomon, Douglas
Sutherland, James
Sutton, Gavin
Well, Richard
White, Ray
Wilson, Jeffrey

Boys

Amon, S. Peter
 Askew, Kevin C.
 Bishop, Murray B.
 Blackmore, Ian F.
 Braddock, Keith P.
 Buchanan, Earle D.
 Bungay, John C.
 Byers, Dennis A.
 Christiansen, Paul C.
 Cloke, Maurice J.
 Ellis, Garry E.
 Fisher, Ian S.
 Hammersley, John J.
 Kearvell, Lawrence C.
 Langman, Kevin C.
 Loveridge, Garry T.
 McCulloch, Warren A. F.
 Maskelyne, Trevor J.

Girls

Austin, Carol A.
 Bell, Jane G.
 Bennett, Barbara
 Bone, Marilyn J.
 Burch, Yvonne M.
 Burmester, Raewyn A.
 Carruthers, Eve N.
 Clague, Margaret A.
 Coates, Beverley
 Corkill, Susan
 Duff, Elizabeth C.
 Fleming, Anne
 Green, Christine A.
 Hampson, Gayle J.
 Harper, Sandra A.
 Hetherington, Sandra J.
 Hills, Carolyn J.

All Girls

Bate, Anne J.
 Bennett, Barbara D.
 Bishop, Diane M.
 Clarke, Roselyn J.
 Clarke, Wendy M.
 Coxhead, Margaret J.
 Dawson, Leslie P.
 Dutton, Jennifer A.
 Farquhar, Fay C.
 Gray, Janet M.
 Harvey, Christine L.
 Harvey, Dianne J.
 Hitchcock, Margaret A.
 Julian, Sheryl A.
 Kibble, Janferie A.
 Kopa, Connie L.

All Girls

Alston, Margaret
 Anderson, Marilyn K.
 Belczacki, Christine A.
 Benton, Lois
 Bolton, Kay
 Burnside, Annette S.
 Colman, Donna D.
 Dorfinger, Annette
 Drake, Sandra M.
 Gilroy, Susanne E.
 Harris, Patricia
 Hyland, Judith
 Ireton, Lynette F.
 Johns, Glennys B.
 Jones, Pauline J.
 Klenner, Susan P.
 Lowe, Suzanne J.

Girls

Ansford, Coryn
 Adams, Beverly J.
 Adams, Helen I.
 Boswell, Alison A.
 Brown, Geraldine L.
 Crow, Alice J.
 Gudopp, Shirley H.
 Harris, Lynette E.
 Holland, Jennifer A.
 Hume, Sharon A.
 Hunt, Sharon R.
 Kaihe, Tally
 Kopa, Diane S. R.
 Krutz, Irene H.
 Marshall, Wendy
 Miller, Lynda E.
 Mardon, Rosemary A.
 Morgan, Sheryl A.

555

Moses, Mervyn D.
 Nicholson, Graeme B.
 Parkes, Kenneth M.
 Peters, Ian
 Peterson, Denis M.
 Pritchard, Peter C.
 Read, David F.
 Reed, Dennis J.
 Robertson, Wayne B.
 Rogers, Garth A.
 Slater, George
 Smith, Kelvin J.
 Whitaker, Royce C.
 Wilson, Philip R.
 Winstanley, Kerrin D.
 Woodcock, Bruce W.
 Wright, Robert

5N1

Jarvis, Leone A.
 Johnston, Joanne E.
 Kyle, Charmaine J.
 Lobb, Gillian E.
 McCone, Lynn
 McCurdy, Ann
 Morwood, Shona J. L.
 Potaka, Clara F. M.
 Roberts, Denise M.
 Rodrigues, Christine E.
 Ross, June L.
 Stanton, Leslie G.
 Thacker, Christine B.
 Vickers, Jane K.
 Williams, Carol A.
 Williamson, Lynda A.

5N2

Lile, Beverley J.
 Lile, Josephine B.
 Loasby, Diana
 Lovell, Christine G.
 Maddox, Christine
 Mellow, Joan M.
 Morgan, Miriama
 Pilette, Jillian L.
 Rupapere, Linda
 Sharrock, Christine M.
 Stone, Sandra L.
 Thomson, Lynda D.
 Thompson, Cheryl J.
 Waters, Alison P.
 Whitmore, Leoni J.
 Yule, Carol A.

5B1

McCarthy, Jocelyn A.
 McDonald, Judith O.
 McIsaac, Brenda
 McKay, Catherine M.
 Mundell, Sharon I.
 Murfitt, Denise E.
 O'Donnell, Melda J.
 Pepperell, Robyn L.
 Pidgeon, Anne D.
 Quinlan, Marie
 Rae, Shelley A.
 Roche, Audrey A.
 Smith, Delphine L.
 Smyth, Jennifer F.
 Somerton, Sherrilyn M.
 Stevens, Jenny M.
 Thomson, Mary L.

5B2

Mummery, Diane B.
 Orr, Margaret E.
 Reed, Carleen M.
 Rookes, Barbara A.
 Rowlands, Shirley I.
 Smith, Anne F.
 Spence, Faye
 Sutton, Audrey A.
 Tahí, Mihi
 Tahu, Paula
 Thoumine, Maria E.
 Turner, Lyle E. A.
 Tutaki, Patricia
 Uren, Theresa
 Walker, Christine
 Walker, Margaret J.
 Winitana, Rose M.
 Young, Maria M.

Boys

Barron, Bryan
 Cursons, Gary
 Davey, Mitchell
 Dickie, Wayne
 Ellison, Graeme
 Hoben, Wayne
 Hunt, Gary
 Komene, Steven
 Ngatai, Peter
 Priest, Ross
 Sic, Ivan
 Smith, Alan
 Telfer, Douglas
 Weir, Gordon

Boys

Berendsen, Alan K.
 Brewster, Stephen D.
 Brodie, Keith M.
 Chadwick, Leslie R.
 Cole, Paul R.
 Cook, Trevor G.
 Corkill, John W.
 Dowman, Ian A.
 Halliday, Rex A.
 Harrison, John A.
 Hill, Bruce M.
 Lynch, Ross A.
 McDonald, David C.
 Mason, Stephen H.
 Mercer, John A.
 Procter, Warrick G.
 Sole, Kenneth W.

Boys

Armstrong, Kevin J.
 Avery, Kerry A.
 Bloore, Alan G.
 Collier, Michael F.
 Gaze, Peter D.
 Hickman, John R.
 Hutton, John L.
 James, Peter C.
 Johnson, Brian C.
 Johnson, Michael J.
 Laming, Ian J.
 Lucas, Peter M.
 McColl, Bruce M.
 Pritchard, Mark W.
 Richards, Paul A.

Boys

Ashworth, Kevin
 Burgess, Robert
 Cleaver, Jeff
 Hart, Gregory
 McCracken, Trevor
 Rawlinson, Chris
 Stewart, Stephen

Girls

Autridge, Glenys
 Balsom, Vicki
 Barrett, Olive
 Bennett, Carole
 Boyce, Trudy
 Douglas, Susanne
 Dryden, Lynette

Boys

Banks, Nicholas
 Blinkhorne, Kerry
 Cavaney, Wayne
 Fluker, Malcolm
 Kemsley, Eric
 O'Brien, Peter
 Peel, Brian
 Walker, Bruce

Girls

Booker, Jill
 Cameron, Jocelyn
 Collins, Miranda
 Conn, Alison
 Cousins, Maureen
 Ibbotsen, Elizabeth

5B3**Girls**

Fitzpatrick, Janice
 Gray, Barbara
 James, Raewyn
 Jones, Lesley
 Katene, Robyn
 Pirikahu, Carolyn
 Saunders, Rosemary
 Shaw, Lesley
 Solomon, Sharon

6A

Stewart, Glen T.
 Ward, Roger N.
 Wey, Anthony R.
 Winter, P. John

Girls

Bannister, Kaye J.
 Charman, Diane C.
 Davison, Janet A.
 Goldsmith, Ruth O.
 Grant, Maria C.
 King, Andrea N.
 Lund, Karen
 McGibbon, Judith
 McPhail, Christina
 Seager, Rhonwen
 Siriviriyakun, Vimonratana
 Wallace, Vivienne

6BP

Shaw, Ken
 Sutherland, Alan R.
 Tate, William G.
 Thomas, Elwyn E.
 Weston, Ray R.
 Willans, Neil R.
 Wyke, John B.

Girls

Dove, Francine M.
 Harrison, Kathleen H.
 Harvey, Robyn C.
 Huffam, Barbara F.
 Jones, Diane V.
 Lovell, Loraine M.
 Moody, Jacky A.

6BH

Eley, Lynne
 Francis, Christine
 Garcia, Carol
 Glen-Campbell, Carolyn
 Henderson, Pamela
 Hill, Jenny
 How, Noreen
 Lander, Susan
 Lobb, Catherine
 McEwan, Jeanette
 Muggeridge, Marianne
 Pearson, Sue
 Snowdon, Ngaere
 Stedman, Sherilyn
 Tucker, Margaret
 Ubels, Anne
 Walker, Atiria

6BC

McAlpine, Marilyn
 McGregor, Heather
 McGregor, Judith
 Moser, Deborah
 Moss, Bonny
 Muir, Glenys
 Pearson, Pamela
 Potaka, Margaret
 Reeve, Lois
 Ropata, Diane
 Samuels, Margaret
 Sears, Carol
 Simonsen, Vicky
 Treanor, Carol
 Williams, Linda
 Williams, Martha
 Wood, Sandra

