

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

1966





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OF
SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE
NEW PLYMOUTH



No. 7

1966

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SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

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Principal's Foreword . . .

This year is notable in that at last a sound and complete school development plan has been undertaken by the Regional Office in consultation with the Board and School. Such a plan has long been necessary, for originally the ultimate roll of the College was to be about 750; then it was raised to 1100, and now it is almost certain to go to about 1400. This school development demands considerable care in planning buildings and grounds, and also in planning the organisation of such a large establishment.

The Department is concerned that when a fourth secondary school is built in New Plymouth, it should be placed in the position most likely to serve the city best. It is hoped that the planned increase in the College roll, together with that of the Girls' and Boys' High Schools, should provide sufficient accommodation to make it unnecessary to build a fourth school until the city's expansion is clearly indicated—say by 1975.

On the material side, the first requirement is for a third, Nilsen type, two-storeyed block to be built in two sections on the old Harkness site on the city side of the Technical Block. This will provide twelve rooms. In addition three flexible, small blocks will be built as the roll increases, one to be attached to each two-storeyed block. These, together with a draughting room, woodwork shop, homecraft room, music room and gymnasium would provide all necessary accommodation. The Department has given approval in principle for all this, and within a fortnight the buildings will be sketched in on a final ground development plan. It is good to have all this settled.

On the organisational side much preliminary work has been done, and when the time comes, two junior schools of forms three to five will be formed, each feeding into the senior school of sixth forms. In last year's magazine I outlined what might happen, and this now will happen.

This year is notable too, for the closer liaison between Board and Parent Teachers' Association. Three members of the Association have attended meetings of the College Committee of the Board, and have made valuable contributions in many ways. I find it most stimulating to have the two bodies most interested in the school, working so well together for the benefit of the students, and I hope that the close liaison will continue.

Though there is much accommodation planned for the future, it is good to report that the new two unit library is being built, and should be ready for use early in 1967. A well stocked library is an essential facility in a school, and we look forward to using this new type situated most conveniently for us all.

There has, as yet, been no ministerial statement on examinations, and more specifically on School Certificate. Teachers themselves asked that an appreciation of the present situation be made and that some form of modification be suggested. It would appear that a single subject certificate will eventually be decided upon, but schools are most concerned that a draught scheme be presented first to be modified and then finalised. Some suggestions have been made which could considerably alter staffing requirements and course-structure, and such alterations cannot be made overnight.

A further point of interest relating to examinations, is that the new University Bursaries Examination has greatly decreased the numbers entering for scholarship, and this is an excellent thing. Now the scholarship entries will come only from the most able in 6A, while the remainder will attempt the less demanding Bursaries examination.

Mention must be made of the fine work of the Parent-Teacher Association, staff and students in raising money for the gymnasium fund. This has been a most successful year and it is to be hoped that building will begin next year. It has been especially encouraging to have such a large number of students prepared to help and contribute ideas and energy to this year's projects, and to all go the school's thanks. As the roll grows, the student council will be called upon to undertake increasing responsibility, and to share in some aspects of administration. If this year is any indication, we can look with confidence to the future.

The school year has been a full one. Academic achievement is our most important task, but to it is added, and must be added, many other things. Sport has occupied a reasonable place, and it is stimulating to report the success of our senior teams. Music and drama have had their share of time and effort, with a visit to Tawa College and the production of "Tobias and the Angel." There has been one special development this year, that of the use being made of individual tutors for those who need help in reading. The school is most grateful to those people outside the teaching service who have been keen to help us, and who have given their time and talents so cheerfully.

There are many matters which could be mentioned in this foreword, but these will be reserved for another occasion. I do greatly thank the Board members for their interest and support this year as always. There is much that they do that no one hears about, and undoubtedly as this and the other schools grow, their responsibilities will increase. The Parent-Teacher Association, under the guidance of Mr. O. E. Sole, has once again supported us magnificently, and to all members I express my grateful appreciation.

Our best wishes go to our senior students who have their examinations just ahead of them. Increasingly does it appear that qualifications are necessary, and to achieve these, students must be prepared to sacrifice leisure time, and to adopt a positive attitude to their work. May they have the success they deserve.

At the time of writing, three members of the staff are leaving us this year. Mr. Naysmith, who has been relieving for most of this year, is returning to the United Kingdom, Mr. Hissey has already departed for the U.S.A. where he will continue his studies, and Mr. Jansen is to take up a position at Freyberg High School in 1967. Our thanks go to all these teachers who have given much time and effort, not only in the classroom, but in many other ways. We welcomed eight new staff this year, and found that all soon fitted into a rather cheerful staffroom.

It is stimulating to be in a young and growing school, and to realize that we will be called upon to put into practice new methods of organisation and control within a year or two. It has been most encouraging to me to have the support and interest of the staff, not only to discuss these new ideas, but also to consider ways by which they can be implemented. For this I thank them all and for their fine work the whole year. To Miss Grant and Mr. Hutchinson go my special thanks, for their work is unending, and most willingly and energetically have they carried out their many duties. The office staff have been pleasant and efficient and very patient. They do much to make our task easier. My thanks too to Mr. Stoppard, who has the interest of the school at heart, and to his care-taking staff. It is good to report that we now have a sound planting scheme for the front of the school and the groundsman Mr. West is gradually getting this part of the school into shape.

Finally my thanks to all student leaders, prefects, house captains, form captains and team leaders for their contributions this year. The efficient running of the school is made easier by their efforts and these are appreciated.

To all, the season's greetings.

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Back Row: Messrs. Procter, Lovell, Crisp, Rowlands, Griffin, MacDonald, Anderson, Jansen, Wood, Herbet, Greensill.
Middle Row: Messrs. Guy, Naysmith, Garnham, Belcher, Barrowman, Miss Ogle, Mrs. Sunde, Messrs. Somervell, Hill, Page, Frank.
Front Row: Mrs. Emmett, Mrs. Haunton, Miss Beck, Miss McLafferty, Miss Grant, Mr. McPhail, Mr. Hutchinson, Miss Pearson, Miss Pollock, Mrs. Hart, Miss Cosslett, Mrs. Connor.

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Back Row: J. George, R. Lobb, B. Sole, G. Winstanley, D. Stedman, B. Martin, B. Bryant.
Middle Row: L. Penny, C. Bond, N. Walker, C. Rogers, W. Parker, N. Braddock, G. Ward, H. McPhail.
Front Row: D. Sole, D. Beardmore, Miss J. Grant, Mr. A. McPhail, Mr. A. Hutchinson, G. Ross, G. Honeyfield.

STAFF NOTES

After a bad start when we had to wait a month or two for two senior teachers, the year has been reasonably stable. They were Mr. Wood, who came to us from Lower Hutt in March, to take charge of our History Department, and Mr. Lovell from Te Awamutu, who took up a position of responsibility in English.

We were sorry to lose our cute Canadian, Mr. Jones, and our wild Welshman, Mr. Hissey, and are grateful for the job they have done. Our thanks, too, to Mrs. Martin, Mr. Naysmith and Mr. Belcher for filling the gaps so admirably. Mr. Naysmith's expert services were much appreciated, also on the soccer field. We wish him a happy retirement when he gets back to England. We are glad to have Miss Cannell back with us after a long illness.

Mr. Jansen's announcement of his leaving

was a blow to us, but we are pleased that he has been promoted. He can expect a few friendly thumps on the back when we visit Freyberg. Another teacher who is leaving many friends here when she goes at the end of the year can expect a cheerful "Hi, Lo" from the staff when we meet her about next year.

Many of our aged band have rolled back the years by performing such feats as rendering "Aura Lee," tootling on woodwinds, tackling the A team on the basketball court, attempting to get within striking range of a hockey ball, and holding the First XI Soccer team to a draw while struggling for air.

So we have had a good year—how otherwise when 98 per cent. of the pupils are so friendly and considerate. We wish the whole 100 per cent. a Happy Christmas.

* * * *

MADRIGAL SINGERS



Back Row: R. Halliday, G. Honeyfield, I. Boswell, P. Alley.
Middle Row: L. Cumming, C. McKenzie, D. Kveseth, R. Barclay, D. Beardmore, N. Walker, J. Menzies, J. George.
Front Row: M. Orr, M. Braddock, Mr. Hill, B. Smillie (Leader), Mr. Jansen (Conductor), Miss McLafferty, Mr. Deerson, F. Farquhar, A. Liley.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

MUSIC NOTES

ROYAL YOUTH CONCERT TRIP

On Saturday, April 23rd at 8 a.m., 20 girls from Spotswood College and Mr. Jansen assembled with an equal number from the Girls' High at the New Plymouth railway station for a trip to Wellington, where we had been invited to sing, with 180 other girls, at the Royal Youth Concert for Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. After an unquiet but uneventful journey, some of us were met at Porirua by Tawa girls, and the rest journeyed right into Wellington, where they were met by St. Mary's and Wellington Girls' College pupils.

Wellington saluted our arrival with a violent earthquake (which did nothing to enhance its reputation) followed by rain and high winds.

Our first practice was on Sunday at 2 p.m. at St. Mary's College. From there, we moved to Broadcasting House for a rehearsal with the composer of the Maori Suite, Mr. Heenan, and the two soloists. That night we had our first full rehearsal at Symphony Hall, with the orchestra and conductor, Juan Matteucci. He really worked us hard, but it was worth it to see real progress in the items. We had Monday free until another long rehearsal at 2 p.m. Apart from a few vigorous foreign phrases and gestures from the conductor, everything seemed to go smoothly.

On Tuesday many took the opportunity of doing some shopping or watching the Queen Mother drive through Wellington. We were due at the Town Hall at 5.30 p.m. for a full dress rehearsal. This finished at about 7.40 p.m. and we had a 20-minute break before entering the hall to await the arrival of the Royal Party, who were due at 8.50 p.m. The hall itself was magnificently decorated with masses of flowers, pot plants and greenery. It was even more colourful when choir, orchestra and audience were assembled. There was a roll of drums as the Queen Mother entered, complete with a splendid array of diamonds and rubies. The concert began and received tremendous applause from beginning to end. At its conclusion the Royal Guest met conductor, organisers, soloists and a representative from each school on stage.

We returned to New Plymouth at 4.30 p.m. the next day after an even noisier journey. Mr. Jansen attempted to disown us, hiding behind his newspaper, but condescended to appear whenever the "Minties" were being passed around.

Our sincere thanks to Mr. Jansen for all his time and hard work rehearsing us; also to the bleary-eyed party of individuals who were at the station to send us off!! We all thoroughly enjoyed the trip and will certainly never forget the wonderful honour of singing before Royalty.

—D.B.

ORCHESTRA



Back Row: L. Ashworth, L. Ewington, I. Connor, B. Peels.
Middle Row: R. Beurepaire, C. McPhail, P. Lewis, P. Alley, B. Smillie, J. Wright, L. Whittle, J. Moody, Mr. G. Jansen, L. Cumming.
Front Row: L. Walker, M. Peperell, R. Seager, B. Stanton, Miss B. McLafferty (Conductor), I. Boswell (Leader), R. Halliday, E. Grace, J. Menzies.

ORCHESTRA NOTES

Once again the senior Orchestra has been affected by the lack of string players. However, although the standard of previous years was not quite attained, I think members, especially juniors, have gained considerable valuable experience and self confidence. This year our conductor has been Miss McLafferty, under the guidance of Mr. Jansen who, although not in the foreground this year has always been there to help. We are all very sorry to be losing him to Freyberg at the end of the year.

The first event in which we participated was the Sing-along in May where we accompanied songs such as "Roll Out the Barrel." Here, I think, a little more practice and organisation would have helped. Then our major event—the return trip to Tawa in June. This went off surprisingly well, as Tawa has a big orchestra, much to the envy of our own members. Here we played "Swandda the Bagpiper," "War March of the Priests" and "Rhondo." An item we all enjoyed was a solo effort from one of our members, Rosemary Beurepaire, who played on her xylophone "Sixteen Going on Seventeen" and "The Girl from Ipanema."

After this, our next major effort for the year was The Festival, in which we played nearly the same programme as at Tawa.

Part of our success I think, I can attribute to the regular accompanying of school hymns at every Thursday morning assembly and sometimes the rendering of a light piece of music afterwards. Our thanks go to Miss McLafferty and to Mr. Jansen for their guidance, help and inspiration throughout the year.

—Ian Boswell.

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

In its fourth year of existence and with twenty-two promising members, the Spotswood Madrigal Singers are setting a high musical standard. To add to the dignity of this group, now popular throughout the province, most attractive new madrigal folders have been introduced. They produce uniformity of appearance as well as solving the problem of losing music. This year we are honoured by the presence of four staff members—Mr. Hill, Mr. Deerson, Mr. Wood and Miss McLafferty—whose excellent voices certainly boost the quality of sound obtained.

During the first term "lighter" music such as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "The Way You Look Tonight," was performed. The Taranaki Post-Primary Schools' Music Festival was the first concert in which the group participated this year, the items being, "Since All Is Passing" and a revival of the ever popular "Echo Song." Just two days later (May 4th) the Madrigal Singers sang in a relaxed mood for the "Spotswood Sing-Along."

The second term was a full one; consequently, much to our disappointment, a few invitations had to be turned down. After featuring at a Choral Festival, we travelled south to Tawa College, where the singers were warmly

received with their items—including a difficult piece "The Silver Swan" and "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways." These were repeated at our own Annual Festival, along with a not altogether successful "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring."

On October 7th the Madrigal Singers, plus some other students, are going to sing for Mr. Jansen's Choral Conducting Examination (F.T.C.L). After his success last year we feel confident that he will be successful and we are willing to assist him. This will be followed by a recital in the Whiteley Church to display to the public the results achieved by a cultural education. The Singers have performed in many assemblies, but although this may be enjoyable to the school, for us it is somewhat inconvenient, as one's voice is not always at one's best first thing in the morning!

It has come as a shock that we are to lose Mr. Jansen, who has been a most proficient and conscientious conductor over the past three years. Our thanks are extended to him, and with him we send best wishes, hoping that he will continue to receive from music all that he has earnestly endeavoured to put into it.

—Beryl Smillie.

THE SING-ALONG

Held in the Spotswood College Hall on Wednesday, 4th May, was a new kind of cultural entertainment for the audience as well as for the pupils of the school. This informal music evening got away to a jolly start when the audience stood up to sing the National Anthem only to find that the orchestra was apparently warming up.

First up was the Girls' Choir, who sang two excerpts of music written by Richard Rodgers. The staff orchestra were the next to perform and what a show too! Their playing was superb (?) The Rangiatea Hostel Choir, led by Chrissie Rogers, produced three enjoyable action songs that set the audience going. The Staff Barber's Shop Octet was well performed. Fancy making the audience stand up to sing so they could sneak out of the orchestra. Everyone was astounded to see these moustached men singing about mud. The next outstanding features came during the intermission when the Madrigal Singers gave a show of their fine work, Rosemary Beurepaire played "The Girl From Ipanema" on her marimba, and Mr. J. Field gave an alto saxophone solo. A bit more singing followed before the next highlight of the evening—two songs from the twenty girls who sang before the Queen Mother in the Royal Youth Concert in Wellington. All this built up to the grand finale—the massed choir singing "Hallelujah, Amen," "You'll Never Walk Alone" (with two excellent soloists) and lastly, the audience joining in singing the march "The Dam Busters."

It was a grand effort and every bit of credit should go to those members of the staff who planned everything so carefully and helped in many other ways—not forgetting of course the excellent co-operation from "us kids."

—Jenny King.

TAWA CULTURAL VISIT, 1966

"Don't forget the cup," Mr. McPhail had advised during the assembly; yet here we were ready to leave, when it suddenly struck somebody that in order to bring the cup back, we had to take it with us first! It was 9.30, July 28th, when we plunged into weather from all seasons (including fog) as we headed south. Almost Wellington at last, but having turned off at Porirua, for some mad reason we were lost! "This way!" "No that way," "What do you say?" Well, after mysteriously arriving at a railway bridge, luckily two knowledgeable senior girls showed the driver the route to Tawa College, jubilant at having raced the other bus—obviously lost somewhere out there—until splish! There it was roaring up the drive first. Our sixty students were welcomed in real windy-Wellington weather by a cheerful crowd of Tawa pupils.

Friday was occupied in constant practice for the concert, a complete rehearsal taking up a good part of the afternoon, whilst that evening the debate was on. The topic, "That our education system does not adequately prepare young people for life" was announced, and the "fight" was away. At times Tawa gripped the audience, but our side was well equipped with Michael, Dianne (the cup winner for the best speaker) and Gavin who, of course, had the facts with his forty-three amendments! Spotswood won the debate, the first victory by a travelling team.

Saturday was a free day, with a trip to Broadcasting House for those who were interested. The evening came all too rapidly; Spotswood hardly had time to welcome Mr. Deerson and Mr. Hill before the first item. The programme was a full one, beginning majestically with the six-part "See the Conquering Hero Comes," by Handel. Then after a lilting "Polka" by the massed orchestra, the Spotswood Madrigal Singers gripped the overflowing audience with the classic "Since All Is Passing," followed by "She Dwelt" and "The Silver Swan." Succeeding two orchestral items came a combined effort of two songs performed earlier in a choir for Her Majesty the Queen Mother. A xylophone solo by Rosemary Beaurepaire was indeed electrifying; something I am sure many Tawa people will never forget. France featured in a special French Choir that sang "Dominique" to relax the onlookers, followed by two other works of this lighter nature. These were the "Tramping Song" from the Tawa Choir, and "Vive l'Amour" from the massed choir.

At the end of the interval the stage was lit up for the "Peasant Dance," performed by Pat Boswell and Joanna Naylor, accompanied by the massed orchestra. The next presentation was a fascinating bracket of Bach for voices, and while on the subject of Bach, the Tawa Orchestra played two more of his works directly afterwards. Spotswood's turn to display its talent showed that the "Shepherd's Chorus" was certainly a focal point of the evening. From this we turned to items by the brass groups, and again, some Bach from the Tawa Madrigals. Two well-known madrigals, "Welcome, Sweet Pleasure" and "My Heart Doth Beg," sung by the combined Madrigal Singers, were extremely successful. And then,

finally, to telescope the merits of the concert into a unified body of strength, the massed choir sang "When the Foeman Bares His Steel" by Sullivan, and "Remember, O Thou Man" by Lang, culminating the qualities of musical achievement attained by both colleges.

The next day, Sunday, at 9.25 we gathered the musical instruments and headed home—tired, damp and almost songless. The memory of a most enjoyable trip; hard work, patience from Mr. Jansen, Miss McLafferty and Mr. Page, the many faces of Mrs. Dickie, whose endless efforts speak for themselves, and most of all the work put out by those through whom such a profitable exchange visit has been made possible. But all's not well that ends well! Bang! A blow-out along the Foxton straights hindered our progress somewhat, but nevertheless we arrived back with a sense of achievement, for we had been satisfied by a portion of what the realms of music have to offer.

—Beryl Smillie.

DRAMA NOTES

THE MAJOR PRODUCTION, 1966

This year many people were agreeably surprised by the polished performance presented by the players of Spotswood College. The play was James Bridie's Biblical comedy "Tobias and the Angel." The producer, Mr. Hutchinson, and the cast began their preparations in March for the opening night on July 2nd. This play was the fifth in the tradition of Spotswood College drama and, as previously, was something different from the usual ran of school plays.

The story concerns the journey of Tobias to Rages to recover a loan made by his father, Tobit, who is now poor and blind. The archangel Raphael accompanies Tobias in the guise of a porter and helps him to get to Rages and receive the money. On the way Tobias meets Sara and falls in love with her. Unfortunately Sara is the victim of the attentions of a demon who has strangled her seven previous husbands. However, Raphael takes care of the demon and Tobias and Sara are married. They return to Ninevah, Raphael restores the sight of Tobit and everyone lives happily ever after. The play shows the transition of Tobias from an immature youth to a responsible man while Tobit reaps the reward for his faith in men.

The garrulous old Jew, Tobit, was ably portrayed by Hugh McPhail, while Warwick Proctor made the part of Tobias live. The archangel, perhaps the most difficult characterisation of all, seemed to bring out the best of Michael Laycock. Diana Quay played Anna, Tobit's nagging wife, with great relish and was most convincing. Jennifer George fitted into the part of the amorous Sara with considerable ease, while her troupe of dancing girls provided a touch of real zest. Don Stedman was an able bandit and Rex Halliday a convincingly fussy Jew, and all of the other characters added to the success of the play.

Behind the scenes, behind the curtains, away from the bright lights was a group of people without whom the play could never have taken place: the scene shifters, led by Mr. Wood, Mrs. Connor's make-up girls, Mrs. George, who organised the costumes, and countless others.

This play was a triumph for Geoff Ward the "light-man." He it was who provided the spectacular lighting effects and flashes of smoke which heralded the arrival and departure of the archangel.

From the cast to Mr. Hutchinson go our thanks, for despite its apparent simplicity, we know it was not an easy play to produce. After all, it takes a little effort to turn 20th century teen-agers into 2500-year-old Jews and 6000-year-old immortals. Add to this only few if any directions from the playwright and you have a rapidly developing headache which no aspirin will cure. The producer also had to cope with the supposed comedians of the cast; it is a great pity that much of the clowning behind the curtains must remain lost to posterity for ever.

From the cast of Drama '66 to our producer and all of those who in any way at all gave up their time to make the Major Production of 1966 a success, go our heartfelt thanks.

—H. McPhail, M. Laycock.

PRODUCER'S NOTE

The choice of the play may best be described as a happy accident, for many plays were sampled in a search for something both entertaining and



educational. A chance mention of Tobias to Mr. Fitzgibbon brought the immediate reaction—"That's a good play." The decision was made.

At first reading the play seemed unconvincing, and doubts were held as to its suitability, but when rehearsals got under way, the subtleties of character and situation became more and more apparent. As the performance drew near there were the usual worries over lines, stage settings and the like, but these were allayed by a successful dress rehearsal, a good first night, and an even better second night.

Thus our story ended, and we all lived "happily ever after." It was an enjoyable experience for producer and cast alike—indeed "it was a pleasure."



THE SPEECH CONTEST

An innovation this year was that the preliminaries were held in English classes. Perhaps the higher standard of the finalists this year was a reflection of the help given to their classes by English teachers. Paritutu won the contest, followed by Moturoa, Motumahanga and Mikotahi.

Finals results were:—

Sixth Form: A. Muggeridge 1. The School System; J. George 2, Alcoholism; N. McPhail 3, China. Highly Commended: D. Beardmore, B. Smillie.

Fifth Form: R. Ward 1, Freedom from Fear; J. Hughes 2, The Space Race; D. Charman 3, Art Today. Highly Commended: P. Boswell, R. Beaurepaire.

Fourth Form: O. Barrett, Hunger, and R. Harvey, Boxing, 1 equal; L. Gloag, The Younger Generation, 3. Highly Commended: M. Tucker, M. Samuels.

Third Form: P. Scriven 1. Blood Sports; J. Tullett 2, T.V. Advertising; M. Orr, 3. The Titanic. Highly Commended: K. Gould, R. Herdson.

DEBATING CLUB, 1966

At the first meeting of the Debating Club this year we were pleased to welcome many new members and to see the old hands back again. It was notable that the majority of the members were serious; this was very good, but at the same time a better response from the juniors would have been appreciated. Officers elected for the year were Peter Borrell (president), Josephine McEwan (secretary) and Diane Charman and Wayne Love as committee members. The club met each Thursday at lunch-time and after each meeting a debate was held. Most proved to be interesting, although finding suitable topics was sometimes difficult. We suggest next year a small committee be elected primarily for the procuring of topics.

There was keen competition for a place in the team to represent Spotswood College at Tawa. The first choice was Michael Laycock, Dianne Charman and Gavin Sutherland, who proved to be the better team at Tawa by victoriously walking off with the cup for the best team, and also the cup for the best speaker won by Dianne Charman. This year we chose the topic "That the education system of New Zealand does not adequately prepare young people for life ahead," and Tawa chose the affirmative side. We were very proud of our team and hope that the club will keep up its record of successes in the future.

Our thanks go to Mr. Page, who has given much of his time to the club. His advice and helpful criticism were always very much appreciated.

—J. McEwan (Secretary).

LIBRARY NOTES

Teacher in Charge: Mr. J. Lovell.

Librarians: Mrs. B. Emmett, Mrs. A. Olsson.

Assistants: L. Penney (head librarian), C. Mace, J. Harrison, L. Petrowski, D. Quay, L. Cumming, C. McPhail, D. Charman, F. Archer, J. Hill, V. Wallace, A. Ubels, J. Hughes, B. Gordon-Stables, I. Evans, C. Longstaff, C. Bennett, C. Julian, M. Alston.

During 1966, 244 new books have been accessioned, bringing our present total to 3625. This is supplemented each term by a loan from the National Library Service, but our stocks are still inadequate, falling far short of the recommended ten books per pupil. We have not greatly increased our numbers, as many books have had to be withdrawn, many have been lost, and we have had few donations. Because of the ever-increasing price of books, our grant has not allowed us to purchase the desired number of new volumes.

The most exciting item in the library news this year has been the decision to build a new library at the front of the school. Progress is being made on this, and it is hoped to be ready for use next year. The school will benefit greatly from this new facility.

This year we have been grateful to Mrs. Olsson, who has helped Mrs. Emmett with the office work and organisation. I am sure that many people, not having a knowledge of the inside workings of a library, fail to realise the amount of work necessary in the ordering, accessioning, cataloguing and repairing of books. The efficient running of the library has been aided, as in previous years, by a conscientious group of pupil librarians. Our thanks go to those pupils who supervise the library after school. Overnight loans of reference books have been extremely valuable, especially to senior pupils.

Unfortunately we are still bothered by those careless few who take advantage of the library, but who abuse their privileges. Thus each year we are confronted with the problem of missing books. Considering the struggle we are having to build up an adequate number and variety of good books, the loss of these is relatively great.

It has been customary for pupils leaving the school to acknowledge the valuable service provided by presenting a book. To avoid unnecessary duplication it is preferable to donate a sum of money. We are extremely grateful for any such gifts but during the past year we have had few, and would recommend this generous gesture to those pupils leaving school.

We are grateful to Mrs. H. M. Bacon for her gift of books.

—Lois Penney.

CURIOUS COVE TRIP

On Friday the 2nd September a party of 44 pupils, two staff members and their families climbed aboard two buses. We were on our way. After an uneventful trip we arrived in Wellington where we all eagerly clambered aboard the "Aramoana" (a new experience for most of us). For many of us this was perhaps the most enjoyable part of our trip. From Picton we left by launch for the Cove, where we arrived at about 11 o'clock. After supper and the allocation of cabins most of us managed to get to bed by midnight.

Saturday morning was spent settling in and those energetic members of our party fished or played table tennis. After lunch we hiked to the pillbox (an old American fort about two miles along the beach) and from here we were able to see the "Aramoana" go past on her way to Wellington. We returned along the beach and the brave ones among us tried mussels, both raw and cooked, for afternoon tea. Most of us spent the evening learning to folk dance. To our disgust the lights petered out at ten o'clock, a daily occurrence as we soon learnt.

A Friendship launch called for us next morning and we spent the day out fishing. Garry Cursons had the best catch of 12.

We spent Monday morning preparing the bonfire for the barbecue. In the afternoon the boys and the energetic girls went on a tramp. Frog races were something new to most of us, but we soon learnt and this proved to be one of the most enjoyable evenings of the trip. Kevin Loasby ended up the winner, defeating Mr. Barrowman, and thus gaining the shield.

* * * *



THE MOKI PALACE

Tuesday was spent sightseeing in the Sounds. In the afternoon we visited Picton, which set out to rob us, but left little impression on any of us. A full length film starring Jerry Lewis (ha-ha) occupied the evening.

The table tennis tournament was begun while others played relays. The afternoon was spent preparing for the evening's concert which proved to be a great success.

Thursday, to the disgust of several of the girls, was spent fishing. Mr. Barrowman had the biggest catch, but Rosalind Fitzpatrick caught the biggest fish. Dancing lessons were followed by a barbecue and a party put on by the best gamblers. The chaperones tactfully left the hall and the party was enjoyed by everyone.

On Friday morning the table tennis tournament was completed. Daran Winstanley won this. In the afternoon we all played Housie. (Some people are just born lucky.) A formal social was held on Friday night. Everyone enjoyed this, but we all piled into bed early.

Next morning we were all up early. At 8.30 sharp, a launch called for us. At Picton we all boarded the "Aramoana" and left for Wellington. The trip back was quite rough and only a lucky few of us weren't seasick. However, once in the bus everyone recovered and settled down for a good sleep while the bus carried us slowly home.

Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Barrowman and Mr. and Mrs. Rowlands for being such wonderful chaperones (on all occasions). Thank you also to everyone at the Cove who made our trip so enjoyable. I'm sure everyone will agree when I say the trip was unforgettable.

—L.H. C.R.



BEATING A WAY THROUGH THE BUSH

TRAMPING CLUB

Since the last magazine the club has undertaken some major tasks. Last December we went on the Waitara Wander, a tramp of 50 miles up the river from Purangi. Heat forced us to abandon this after 40 miles, but we nevertheless had an enjoyable week, ending with a one-day trip along the Moki Track and back.

The first tramp of the new year was an excursion to Whangamomona, recorded elsewhere. Next came a trip up Maude Peak in the Pouakais, and at Anniversary week-end a working party on the Moki Track, improving the track for carrying timber for building our hut, an operation which became the main business for the year. At Anzac week-end we explored the Mangaowata, a tributary of the Waitara. On this trip our camp was invaded by two kiwis, and the resulting chase in the dark was about the most exciting in club history.

Building the hut can be divided into five phases. The first involved track clearing and cutting 12 yards of new track out of the solid rock in a gorge. Phase two was the building of a 65-foot long suspension bridge. Next we had to collect and carry 600 feet of timber and corrugated iron a distance of two miles from the road and to the hut site. In May we built the main part of the hut, and were able to sleep in it after four nights. Finally came the finishing touches—the bunks, the chimney, the lean-to and the furniture, mostly made from the materials available in the bush. This had been a magnificent club effort, well supported by parents and friends, so that the total cost was less than £15. The whole operation has taken about 21 days, spread over nine expeditions.

In the third term we have held a training course for third form boys involving cliff-climbing, crossing a flooded river, exploring a ridge, and, of course, cooking. The seniors had a very enjoyable day finishing the hut, which will be officially opened on Labour week-end. Later we hope to visit a 265ft. high waterfall at Okau and hold an expedition on Mt. Egmont, to which we will invite girls. The main event of the summer will be our week-long summer camp in the first week of the holidays, which we hope will become an annual event.

AS YOU LIKE IT

The bush on the opposite side of the gorge rose up in tiers, displaying its hues and shades in the late afternoon sun and the trumper's world was, as usual, a small one, only a chain or two wide and curving away behind and before to close green horizons. Was it the view from this position, seated on the edge of the track which made it seem to have been such a wonderful day? Or was it the lack of haste, or the variety of entertainment or the new faces? Whatever it was, the sunlit bush, the mossy, muddy track and the faint splash of the water at the foot of the cliff beside the track had never seemed lovelier. There remained only the final clean-up of the camp site, the tramp back to Whangamomona and the rail trip home.

Right from its inception this Whangamomona Excursion had been blessed. The Pataka Track and Saddle had been beautiful when the club first crossed it in bright sunlight on Rerekino III, and that was when it had been suggested as a trip to introduce new members to the joys of the hill country. Just this once, we could be glad that the Auckland railcar left New Plymouth at 2.35 a.m. and returned at 11.23 p.m.—it left sixteen hours for tramping from Whangamomona. Excursion fares were cheap enough for the boys, a group of twenty-eight wanted to come, and above all, the weather was good—dry but not hot.

It had been a dramatic day; a comedy in one act and an infinity of constantly changing scenes and situations with a prologue set in a half-conscious dream world on the New Plymouth station at 2.30, and an even quieter epilogue in the same place where the actors squinted sleepily at parents before going home to continue their interrupted dreams. Even the curtain of darkness separating the play from its prologue and epilogue had its dramatic atmosphere; in the morning expectant and interested as stations were counted; in the evening thoughtful and sleepy, a benediction to a communion by boys with their purpose, to a Te Deum to their energies and to a service of worship to life. The actors, of course, were word perfect and played their parts with naturalness and vigour, giving a convincing performance, convincing one that happiness is a natural state found in natural surroundings and that boys are the natural creatures to find it.

The Mangare Saddle rises about 400 feet and takes a fair bit of life out of anyone climbing it. The track was wide, 12 feet or more, and the party broke up into wide conversational clusters. Allan Bailey, who loves to be at the front and had the greatest number of tramps to his credit, was cutting a forlorn figure at the back, but he had some fellow fifth formers with him and Ken, and conversation is never quiet nor lagging when Ken is around. Colin was at the head acting as public address system, for the leader had lost his voice but made a trip through the party from rear to front to meet the new faces in daylight. The trip revealed the first breakdown—Graeme, the fair-haired one, was in sandals and limping from the first blister—so we stopped halfway up for repairs. Martin, the small one, reappeared from under his pack, and it may be that John broke his silence at about this time. If he did, it would have been out of character to say much, so he probably only smiled. Selwyn the Hunter was talking about his goat or pig-hunting expeditions in the area. From this point on the track was in bush, with gorges developing below on the right. Up front the talk was of the signs of earth-moving machines and road repairs. Would the slip at the end of the tunnel have been cleared, thus robbing us of the romance of crawling through the narrow gap between the slip and the tunnel roof as we emerged at the far end.

It hadn't. In fact, when we first looked in, we couldn't see the far end at all. But slowly our eyes detected a faint glow and we went in.

The lower intensity could have been the result of the poorer morning light; the first time we had seen it had been on a bright afternoon. We picked our way over the uneven floor and rose to the exit. Fresh falls had occurred and the gap over the top of the slip was too narrow to crawl through with a pack on, so off they came. Colin went through and we called up Shorty to act as a relay porter. Then one after another we crawled and wriggled out—first a pack, then a person—till twenty-five minutes later we were all through and standing on the slip in the cutting at the tunnel mouth, standing four feet above the tunnel roof looking down at the arches of the tunnel lining. We got some dramatic photos of what looked like trapped miners emerging from a mine disaster.

The track down the valley to the river crossing is a magnificent sight on a fine day. The visible world is enclosed by bush-covered ridges and a blue sky. Below lies the stream as the path picks its way round several side valleys and over various slips and wash-outs. The beauty was lost on the party, though, as the main vegetation was black-headed hook grass whose seeds attach themselves to the hairs of the legs or socks. Dialogue would run something like this:

Voice: "Ow! What's this?"

Another voice: "Oh, look at my leg!"

First voice: "They're all over me leg."

Pause, with plaintive murmuring.

Distant voice (Ken's): "Aaah! Hook grass."

And so on, till finally the party arrived at the stream crossing, then out came the knives and axes for the boys' first shave. The careless ones would simply scrape the leg, allowing the hooks to fall into the sock where they became embedded with the pointed end sticking out to scratch the leg for the rest of the day.

Meals were not a success. Peter was supposed to watch the rice and stir it, but he forgot or handed it over to someone else, so it burnt. Jimmy was hardly more successful with the porridge which resolutely refused to thicken. The tea leaves in the billy refused to sink for all Robert's tapping and the jellies didn't set for tea so we had them as drinks instead. And, by the way, we didn't have enough billies to boil the sausages, potatoes and peas, so we had to have the dessert first, then the sausages, then the potatoes and finally the peas. It's not every tramping club that has a four-course dinner like that one. Between courses there were other pursuits—Bill peeling the potatoes and throwing them over the creek to the cook, and Allan mountaineering up the cliff, cutting steps as in a snow-field. All alone on the upper levels of the bank overlooking the stream sat the other John; he was clearly the unobtrusive type. He had had his sausages, thank you, and was waiting for his potatoes, but nevertheless was off like a shot when Jimmy yelled, "More sausages!" Clearly, he wasn't lonely or upset. Kevin was though.

"Please sir, have you got any spare knife or fork and that?"

"No, sorry. Didn't you bring any?"

"No, sir. I didn't know I had to."

"What, didn't you read the notice?"

"Oh, no sir."

"I suppose you haven't got a plate either?"

"No, sir."

"Well! You're a clot, aren't you. Here, hang on. Use this one."

"Thank you, sir."

Why bother planning a tramp! And he didn't even enrol in time to be included on the excursion ticket.

We went gorging. Gorging is a new sport combining the pleasures, discomforts, dangers and thrills of tramping, swimming, tree climbing, mountaineering and surfing in shark-infested waters. You need a gorge, say 100 feet deep, preferably with sheer walls about six to ten feet apart. A shingle bottom helps at first till the party gets daring or else so wet that it doesn't care, and it is useful if every now and then the gorge wall has a side gorge or sloping portion so that the party can get out when it is faced with a 30-foot waterfall. At this point a hundred feet of rope is a worthwhile addition and tomahawks make useful step-cutters in papa rock. It doesn't matter how little water is flowing in the gorge; even a trickle can form amazingly deep holes in places. For extra fun, have a few shorties in your party and one or two fully clothed or carrying their change of clothes in a leaky pack.

We crossed two log jams and a mud patch or two, then decided to change into our togs. There was some amusement watching the leader getting his underclothing over his muddy boots without changing the colour too much. Then came the first wade through a pool and comments like this from Ian: "Ooh, isn't it funny the way it comes up between your toes," and, "Look at it squirting out of my boots!"

Then came the big log jam where the gorge narrowed to four feet, and a long, deep-looking pool lay at the bottom. Some of the party climbed down it.

"How deep is it, sir?"

"Don't know. I'll take my pack off and try it."

"Hang on, sir." It was John the secretary. "I haven't got a pack. I'll go in."

He scrambled down and lowered a foot in, further and further and further. He stopped as the water mounted to his chest. There was subdued conversation and suggestions from the faces peering over the logs above about finding a ledge or swimming, etc., etc. Then suddenly, swoosh, a mad scramble by John, and a shout, "Look out! An eel. It bit me! On the leg!"

But the leader had already been bitten himself, so all the comfort John got was an unsympathetic, "Where's the blood? I don't see any blood."

There was a great commotion above.

"There it is."

"What a beauty."

"Where?"

"There—look—by the bank."

It lay there with its head breaking the water, calmly examining us, then idly swam away, till a barrage of stones burst all around it. The final comment was from the humorist, "Who's going first?" But we didn't go. We went back, climbed up the gorge wall, walked down the track a bit and got back into the gorge below the pool.

Round two of the struggle was even more exciting. There was a chain or two of gravel bottom and then a pool. It was waist deep to an adult, and much comment occurred when the leader's pack was seen to lift and float. But Ian's didn't; it filled with water, and on the far side, after complaining of its weight, he seemed somewhat surprised when it was tilted and the water poured out. Then came another pool even deeper. No one thought of Shorty; he was No. 3 in the party, a position indicated by an arm extending above the water waving a black skivvy, and a face barely discernible above the billows. We rescued him, and he promptly dropped his dry skivvy in the water. Several more of these pools followed. They were quite easy going for the ones at the head of the party, but they had clear water to pass through and the leader at least was of average adult size. Shorty and Martin had quite a time. Lloyd provided some extra entertainment in the murky water thus:

Ken: "Hey, there's a rock right in front of you!"

Lloyd: "Where? Aah!" A short splashing and Lloyd rolls off the rock, hidden just under the surface, rises and rescues his pack, rapidly filling with water.

All good things come to an end, and this gorge trip finished at a long pool which was over even the leader's head. It seemed that the boys had had enough, so we climbed on to the track again. In two hours we had covered half a mile, but there were no complaints except when we walked into a nettle. A quarter of an hour later we were pulling off our boots and hanging clothes on the fence at a stock yard about a mile downstream from our meal site.

Bill's lunch was sodden, as were Graeme's and Ian's trousers, but we all helped out and had a merry time. Early concern over wet clothing dissipated as sun and body heat got to work. Afterwards wet set out for a stroll of about a mile in the open country downstream to the Honey-pot Pool.

You couldn't honey-pot in it that day. The dam had been broken down and the water level had fallen a couple of feet, revealing thick deposits of grey mud. But down we went. Raymond had to be dunked for using un-Moki-like language earlier in the day, and Morrie had to be initiated into the club with the customary

mud pack and wash. The solemnity and exclusiveness of the ritual was somewhat marred though by Forky and Shorty, who threw some of the mud and so earned a message also. This led to further skirmishing and fouling of the pool. There remains the vivid picture of Robert, blue eyes twinkling, standing in mud to mid-thigh, his cut-down jeans dragged down by the weight of mud to reveal underpants of a decidedly grey tint, and with a kind of grey tattoo hardening on his face. Still, most of it washed off, except the smell, and that remained even in the railcar.

The trip back to our camp was broken by exploration of a couple of tunnels cut under the track to take the water of gorges. One of the party was drying out by the rather novel method of wearing only underpants, and he had a busy afternoon avoiding cameras, but he was finally caught in one of these tunnels. While on the subject of tunnels we must mention the group of five who left early after tea to excavate the slip so that we could get through the big tunnel more easily. They had done a fine job by the time the rest of the party arrived, and we were almost able to stand upright as we went in. And so to Whangamomona in the fading light with Keith leading and letting his speed build up too much on the downhill.

Lighting was especially good. You come round the last corner in the railcar and are dazzled by the six lights of the little settlement. It is a scene painted in three shades of blue; a dark blue sky overhead, darker blue hills around and navy blue buildings silhouetted against them. Later the hills turn grey, then green, and finally the sun strikes over one ridge and illuminates the bush on another. The light is red on green and the total effect is a golden fringe to the trees. Then there is the green light in the gorge, changing to a sort of brown light in the deepest parts. On the way out again the sky behind is a flaming red and the last rays of the sun are gilding the valley as you come out of the tunnel. Later still the road is a misty white under your feet, for the moon is obscured by clouds, and that green fog ahead is dust around a signal light. Then come the lights of the silent settlement and the painful feeling of asphalt under tired feet on the main street.

Waiting rooms are not intended for tramping club meetings, but there the day unwound and ran down. We changed, we dressed Alan's three blisters which he hadn't mentioned before, we talked over the lessons of the day, and the future. There was a quiet session of jokes, then the rumble and light of the railcar and, very soon, sleep.

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE AUSTRALIAN TOUR, 1966

At six o'clock on Saturday morning, August 27th, a group of eager students gathered at the school in the cold and blustery wind to begin the Australian tour. After a long bus trip to Auckland we finally boarded our Qantas 707 aircraft at Mangere International Airport. Taking off at 4.30 we flew to Brisbane and into brilliantly fine weather. Cleared through Customs, we were met by Bob Rogers, who transferred us to hotel by bus.

The following day we travelled to Surfers' Paradise and there enjoyed a lunch and swim at the Beachcomber motel. Surfers' is a thriving town full of hotels, motels and tourists all the year round. Although it was winter, the temperature was 74deg. F. and many people were in the water. That afternoon we visited the porpoise pool at Tweeds' Head where we saw Jack Evans' trained porpoises give a large crowd a delightful show of their skill. On returning to Brisbane we stopped at the Currumbin Bird Sanctuary where most of the group were able to get their friends to take pictures of themselves with kangaroos.

Touring round Brisbane and its outskirts on Monday we visited several places, including the Golden Circle Pineapple Cannery, Oasis Gardens, Queensland University and the Koala Bear Sanctuary.

Early on Tuesday morning we were taken to the airport by bus. There we boarded an Electra to travel to Sydney where we spent the rest of the day being able to do whatever we wished.

On Wednesday we left by bus in the pouring rain and travelled down the Princess Highway to the Port Kembla Steel Works, where we spent most of the day being shown round the main buildings, including the huge No. 4 blast furnace and a half-mile long building which housed the strip rolling mill. At four o'clock we left the works, and moved on to Moruga, stopping there for an overnight stay and the next day went to Bega for lunch. Then over the Brown Mountains to Cooma. That night we saw a film of the Snowy Mountain Scheme, returning to our hotel at nine o'clock.

After an early breakfast on Friday morning we boarded our bus and listened to a welcome over the Cooma Radio Station. The welcome was arranged by our bus driver, Roy Glass, who knew almost everyone, everywhere we went. Leaving Cooma we went to the Eucumbene Dam in the Snowy Mountains and then on to Jindabyne for lunch, where we saw a new dam under construction. In the afternoon we travelled to the Thredbo alpine village where most went to

the top of Mt. Crackenback in the chair-lift. Returning to Cooma we stayed there the night, and the following day moved in to Canberra. After a day of sightseeing we had seen most of the interesting places, including the War Memorial, Parliament House, the Hall of Science and the Anzac Memorial Drive. Following an overnight stay at Queambeyan we returned to Sydney along the Hume Highway.

Monday was spent touring Sydney and many interesting places were visited, among them being Botany Bay, Bondi Beach, the Sydney Opera House and the A.M.P. Building, where we went to the top and had a magnificent view of Sydney.

A long bus trip on Tuesday took us to the Jenolan Caves, which are similar to Waitomo, but in my opinion not as good. Retracing our steps we arrived back at our hotel in King's Cross late that evening.

The next two days were free and all took advantage of them. Some went with friends who showed them other interesting places which the tour had omitted, while others went to the Taronga Park Zoo and on the harbour cruise. Travelling from one place to another was easy. If you wanted a taxi you just put out your hand and one would pull up. For about 30 cents you could go almost anywhere. However, most of the time we walked round the thousands of shops buying clothes, shoes and souvenirs.

Our hotel was in King's Cross, where there are over 100,000 people living in a square mile. Some shops stay open for hours, and at 4 in the morning you can still see people wandering round window shopping. Most of us went pin bowling at night where we had a lot of fun and some came away with high scores.

Rising early on Friday morning we had a quick breakfast and were taken to the airport where we boarded our B.O.A.C. aircraft for Auckland. When we were finally cleared through Customs and changed our Australian money back into New Zealand currency we boarded our bus and travelled to New Plymouth. From start to finish we had travelled over 7000 miles in two weeks and between us taken over 2300 photographs.

Our thanks must go to Hooker Bros., who arranged our trip, and to Mr. and Mrs. Procter who looked after us all the way.

—G. Lobb, 6A.

MANUREWA TRIP, 1966

Mix a group of rugby players, a few choice soccer maniacs, several basketball players and a depleted girls' hockey team together. Add the confined space of a bus plus two and a-half guitars and what have you—a lot of noise. Throw in (gently) two staff members and a bus driver and what do you get—a lot of quieter noise.

With these basic ingredients the 1966 trip to Manurewa began. Shortly, over the sobbings of the multitude who had been unfairly deprived of a day's school, a soprano voice could be distinguished. Charles Winter had begun his 1966 Music Festival. In an attempt to draw him out, Fluker began singing. To the relief of the majority, the Maori girls broke into song, and after many determined, if painful attempts to fight back, the boys lapsed into silence.

Activities in the latter part of the journey consisted mainly of "Cecil" spotting—in this case road labourers. We disturbed many a hard-working man slumbering peacefully on his shovel. The replies to our cries of "Cecil" were highly original if unprintable.

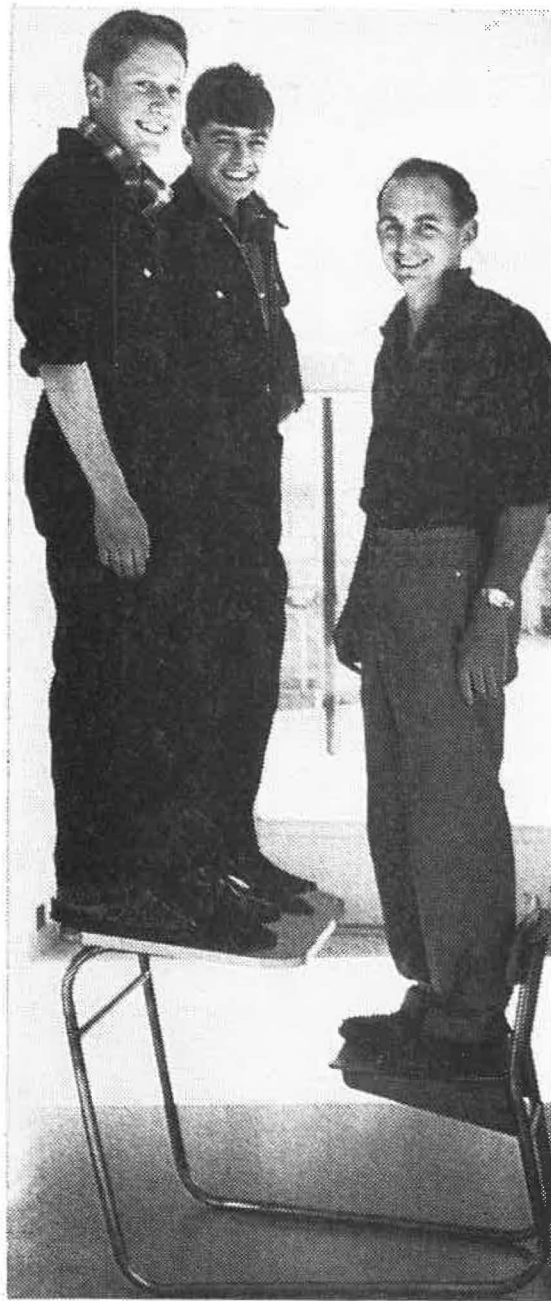
Friday was the free night, and I have no doubt that everyone was in bed by 9 p.m. After we had played our games, patched up the injured and buried the dead we proceeded on a sightseeing tour. Unfortunately 1966 was not a vintage year for buses and we were forced to abandon one for another.

Having watched several planes land at Mangere Airport, we braved the sparrows in the lounge in an attempt to order coffee. At the social on Saturday night it became apparent that hockey was not the girls' only recreation.

Next morning, amid tears and cheers, we headed back to the metropolis. We had barely left Manurewa when our front window shattered. We appeared to have been hit by a stone but it was only after much discussion that we abandoned the idea that Charlie's singing had been the cause. The real reason is obvious—we were ambushed by Viet Cong disguised as Viet Cong lurking in the rice paddies bordering the Waikato River.

It was a fatigued and slightly damp group that finally clambered off the bus at about five o'clock, having chanted appropriate prayers to their gods for their safe deliverance. Our thanks to the staff who accompanied us and to all those in Manurewa who made our stay there possible.

—P.W.B.



STRENGTH AND INDESTRUCTIBILITY are the keynotes of this new desk unit which has been designed by a Spotswood College engineering master. Two fifth form pupils (from left), Robert Buchanan (16) and Terry McGregor (16) help the designer, Mr. D. T. Guy, test the strength of the unit at the school.

CRUSADER REPORT

Girls' Crusader Union this year has been a most fruitful one in all ways. We have an average attendance of about thirty girls at our Thursday meetings in the Music Room. We have also had a number of combined meetings with the Boys' Union in the Technical Drawing Room, at which we have had talks and slides by visiting missionaries.

A barbecue at Oakura was the first major event of the year. Other major events were: A panel discussion on the existence of God with Rev. Pilkinton as the guest speaker; this was of interest to about 100 students. A group of very talented American youths visited the Union in May and we provided them with the largest audience that they had had in New Zealand. Miss Laycock, our Crusader Travelling Secretary, also visited us and gave us an interesting account of some of the Crusader camps.

Perhaps the highlight of the year was the Labour week-end camp led by Mrs. Jansen ("Cookie"), Mr. Jansen and Rev. Fauchelle from Eltham. Fun was had by all, but most important, it was a chance for us to mingle with others in Christian fellowship.

Besides the growth in activities on this nature, our Union has grown spiritually. Five badges were recently awarded to members, bringing the total number of badge holders to eight. A committee of seven girls was formed at the beginning of the year and these girls met every Tuesday before school and discussed the activities of the Union and prepared the Thursday's meeting. A prayer group which met every Wednesday interval was the nucleus of our Christian activities.

The aim of our Union is contained in the motto and found in Acts 1:8 Witness as unto Me." We feel, in some measure, this has been accomplished during 1966 and the drawing aside with God, to be able to discuss among ourselves our relationship with Him, has enriched our lives and drawn us very close together.

As a Crusader Union, we are very grateful to Mr. Jansen for all the work he has done during the year and as he leaves us this year to take up a post at Freyberg, we wish him the very best and pray that God will richly bless him as He has our Union this year.

—Jennifer George, Junior Leader.

BOYS' CRUSADERS

This year has been a successful one for the Boys' Crusader Union in our school.

We began with the usual barbecue at the Oakura River mouth. A full bus of Crusaders, sausages, sandwiches and drink combined with much enthusiasm made up the ingredients for a successful evening. After the eating and beach games, we retired to the Oakura Hall where we had a sing-song and film, returning home around 9 p.m.

At the beginning of the year about 35 boys met each week, but as the year went by the numbers decreased. This was unfortunate but nevertheless did not detract from the pleasure and fellowship enjoyed by the faithful ones.

We had this year as leaders Mr. Procter and Mr. Hill. Junior leader and only badge holder was Noel Braddock. Badges were presented in November to Rex Halliday, Colin Giddy and Jeffrey Eales.

The Technical Drawing Room was the venue again on each Thursday at 12.15 p.m.

As seems to be the pattern each year we enjoyed a variety of visiting speakers. Perhaps the highlight of the year was the visit by the American Teen Team sponsored by Youth for Christ. About 700 of our pupils assembled in the hall for this occasion. This team presented a varied programme with the emphasis on music and song. We were left with the impression that although Christianity is a serious thing, it is far from stodgy and boring. On the contrary Christians are happy because they have something to live for. Missionaries and ministers assisted by speaking at our meetings or making up panels for general discussions.

During the middle term we combined with the girls and travelled to Inglewood where we enjoyed a panel, film—and oh yes, supper. The panel provided much food for thought, particularly on the "Boy, Girl" question.

What have we tried to do at Crusaders this year? At every meeting we have presented Jesus Christ in some way, believing firmly what the Bible teaches where it says "He that hath Jesus Christ hath life and he that hath not Jesus Christ hath not life." We have tried to encourage boys to follow the Crusader motto, "Witness unto Me." To many people religion is stuffy, boring, out of date theories. But to people who have really tried Christianity there is no turning back because they have found it real and vital in their lives.

We look forward to 1967 and another year of Crusader witness.

Pre-Vocational Guidance Course

This year has seen a change in programme for a selected group of fifth formers. For the first time at this school, probably for the first time in New Zealand, school children at the fifth form level were given regular vocational training as part of their schooling, prior to entering employment.

Eight third-year students, four girls and four boys, who did not wish to participate in the School Certificate examination, took part. Each student had to choose two jobs at which he, or she, would like to work during the year. One day a week, for six months, was then spent in each type of employment. The pupils worked a normal working day, working the same hours as other employees in the firm.

At this stage I would like to thank the many firms and organisations which made themselves available to take students into their midst. Without them and the efforts of the Labour Department, this scheme would never have been possible.

Typical of the jobs taken by the students were brick laying, carpentry, glazing, sheet metal work, panel beating, joinery, shop machinist, laminated timber worker, nursing, library assistant, assistant in a printing works, kindergarten teaching, and clothing machinist.

The three main objects which the scheme hoped to achieve were firstly to give the children some sort of pre-employment training in jobs that they were interested in taking up as a life-time career.

Secondly, to help children discover for themselves whether they have the aptitude and dexterity necessary to do the type of work that they are thinking of taking on.

And finally, to help children bridge the very wide gap between a work environment or a school environment. In all of these aims the scheme has been a success and now will become a regular and important part of our school programme.

—R. Greensill.

Hereunder follow reports from five of this year's students:

1—

Every Wednesday, instead of being at school, I go to work from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Masterprint Ltd.

This is part of my school programme in the fifth form working at two different jobs for six months each. I do this for a year. For the first six months I worked at the Central School National Library Service.

At Masterprint Ltd., my present employers, many different kinds of work are being done.

These include the printing of invitations, wedding cards and school stationery, pamphlets, labels, and even our own Spotswood College report books. For this work all sorts of different machines are used. Some fold up paper of different sizes, others print lines, and still others cut off the paper which is not needed on some of the books. Finally there is a machine that does the stapling.

The job I do most is the interleaving of various kinds of paper, with some machine work, which requires neatness and the ability to handle paper.

I have greatly benefited from this Pre-Vocational Guidance Course scheme and really recommend it to others. It has helped me to mix with all age groups and to understand the kind of work my employers expect of me. It has helped me to mature and overcome some of my school girl habits, so that when I have a permanent job at the end of the year I'll have no difficulty in settling down.

—Carol S. Schroder, 5K.



CAROL SCHRODER AT MASTER PRINT

2—

I am employed by L. H. Johnson Motors Ltd. in the Panel Beating Department.

I have to do what any panel beater apprentice would do. A panel beater must be good with his hands for this kind of work because of the accuracy needed in the finish of the work after beating it out. I think panel beating is a good job for a person who likes to fix up the body-work of a car. In this kind of work you don't have to be as precise as a fitter and turner, but you do need to be accurate and have a good eye for finishing work.

At Johnson Motors I start work at eight o'clock in the morning and firstly another boy and I clean the shop out, then do odd jobs. Next I sand off all the fibre glass on repaired cars with the sanding machine. After I have finished that, my job is to dismantle smashed mudguards and bonnets, boots and other parts. When these have been removed from the cars I go and help other men with their individual jobs. The last hour at work I carry on making a tool box I am making for myself if there aren't any other jobs to do. I finish work at five o'clock.

I think that this Pre-Vocational Guidance Course is very good because it gives you an idea of what work is like and what kind of work you would go in for. We work every Wednesday for about six months at two different firms. My firms were Burrell and Wood, Stainless Steel Company, and Johnson Motors Ltd. in the Panel Beating Department.

—Bryan Wilson, 5K.



BRYAN WILSON AT JOHNSON MOTORS

3—

For one day a week, for the last six months of this year, I have been employed by the National School Library Service, which is situated at Central School in Lemon Street, New Plymouth. My position is that of Junior Library Assistant who in the library carries out a variety of routine tasks such as stamping and issuing books, receiving returned books and shelving them, writing tickets out for new borrowers, stamping, labelling new stock and doing minor repairs and covering new books.

I have found while working there, that the work of a librarian entails these three things: Firstly, accuracy is needed because a close check must be kept on all the books that go in and out of the library; second patience, because the work can be very complicated and requires this ability when checking issues and returned loans; finally attentiveness, in looking for mistakes in loans, incorrect carding and shelving.

This was my second job. My other job was for six months as nurse at the New Plymouth Public Hospital for one day a week.

The scheme has helped me decide what I would like to do at the end of this year when I leave school. I have decided to be a nurse doing the same type of work as I did earlier this year.

—Jocelyn Vercoe, 5K.



JOCELYN VERCOE AT THE NATIONAL LIBRARY SERVICE

Every Wednesday is work day. On this day, as part of a Pre-Vocational Guidance Course, I go to work at a clothing factory called See Jay Productions Ltd.

I catch the twenty to eight bus to get into town, arriving at work before eight o'clock, so that I will have time to change into my apron and slippers.

The sort of work which is carried out in the factory includes the making of different kinds of clothes such as summer shifts or dresses, boys' and girls' summer shirts and shorts, in many styles and sizes, and a lot of other clothes designed for the teenager.

Mr. Chapman, who is the manager of See Jay Productions, cuts out the patterns in his own styles and then gets the girls to sew them. There are twenty-three girls working in the factory.

My work in the factory includes finishing work, such as machine sewing of buttons and button holes, helping to mark out patterns on the materials, trimming and many other necessary jobs which must be done before the garments are ready for the shops.

This is the second job which I have been working at this year. For the first six months I worked at the New Plymouth Public Hospital, nursing in the children's ward and the women's medical ward.

I think that the Pre-Vocational Guidance Course which I am doing is quite a good idea, because it is better to know what work is like and find out about the work which you may like to take on when you leave school.

Next year I plan to work at the New Plymouth Public Hospital, doing the Community Nursing Course.

—Judy Stevens, 5K.

Every Wednesday morning I catch the 7.10 a.m. bus and go out to Fitzroy. I arrive there about eight o'clock. I am working at Roebuck's Lamination plant, where they make wooden beams for buildings.

The beams they make are for roofs and floors. Roebuck's also make other wooden products like crash rails for highways and roads.

The work that I am doing is glueing together 6 x 2 and 12 x 2 timber for beams. First of all we get the 12 x 2 timber for beams. Then we splice it. That means we take a bevel off each end of the timber. Then it is paired with other lots of timber which have also been bevelled. After that, they are glued and cramped. When the glue is dry the cramps are taken off, and they are dressed on four sides by a machine. Then they are brought back, sanded and painted.

The hours at which I work at Roebuck's factory are from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., the same hours as all the other employees.

This is the second job at which I have worked. For the first six months I worked one day a week at Henry Brown's Ltd. as a shop machinist, making window frames, door jams, doors and other moulded timber fittings. I think that the scheme is a very good idea. It helps us get an idea of what we might like to be when we leave school and helps us get ready for work.

—Ross Hills, 5K.

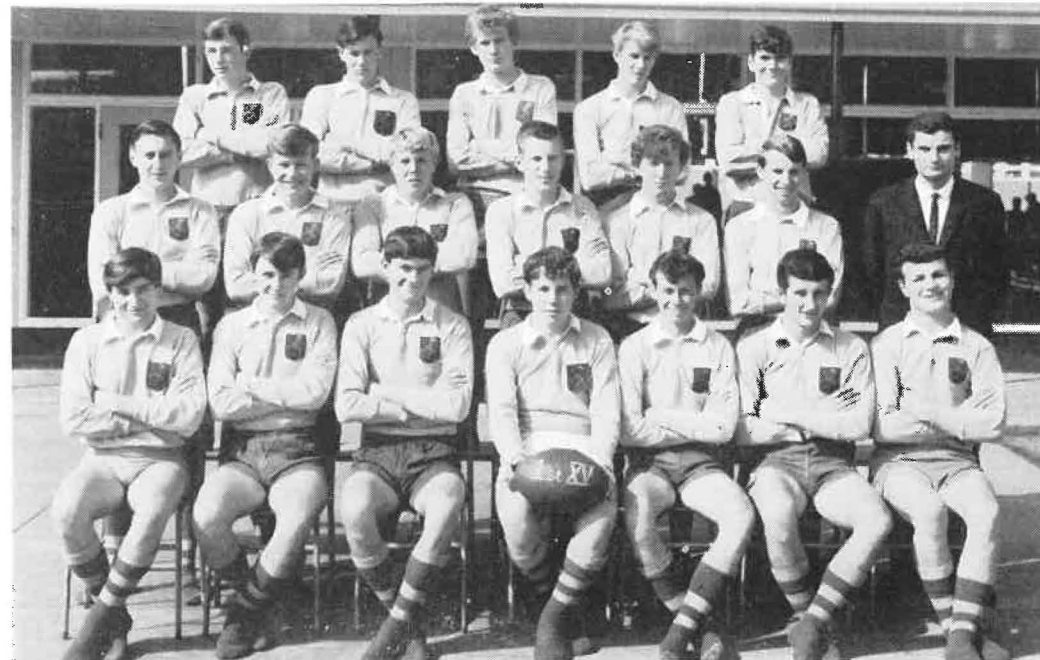


JUDY STEVENS AT THE SEE JAY CLOTHING FACTORY



ROSS HILLS AT ROEBUCK'S LAMINATION PLANT

RUGBY



RUGBY FIRST XV

Back Row: T. Taylor, J. Fluker, G. Fitzpatrick, K. Blinkhorne, M. Churchill.

Middle Row: W. Love, B. Walker, G. Nixon, N. Braddock, C. Winter, B. Martin, Mr. Sommervell (Coach).

Front Row: G. Lobb, H. McPhail, G. Ross, R. Bracegirdle (Captain), P. Hallot, W. McCurdy, T. Carley.

RUGBY NOTES

FIRST XV

After a relatively successful start, the season progressed in a series of ups and downs. The main fault in the team was a lack of consistency, especially in the forwards. When the forwards did get going, they were able to hold any opposing pack, but too often they took too long to get going. Tries were often lost because the ball was not gained from the quick ruck. G. Nixon would be the pick of the forwards, with Winter, Love and Fitzpatrick giving great support at times.

The backs were an unlucky lot. After a poor start P. Tallot developed magnificently and played some really good games. The inside backs were solid if not quite as speedy as some others. G. Ross directed play well from first five. The outside backs were very fast and very strong runners, B. Walker in particular—he had an excellent season. J. Weir was a little hesitant in the early games but he too developed into a strong runner and had a good season. At full-back J. Fluker rarely made a mistake. John was the best player this season. He was consistent throughout the season and the team had confidence in him.

All round a good season. The most successful since the school began. An unfortunate number of serious injuries often reduced the full effectiveness of the team. With a little more

dedication to our play we could have won most of our games. We thank Mr. Sommervell, who coached us throughout the season and who had to bear with some disheartening displays at times.

—R. Bracegirdle (Captain)

—G. Ross (Vice-Captain)

The full record of games played:—

	1st Round	2nd Round
v. Francis Douglas	Lost 9-6	Lost 15-8
v. Boys' High "A"	Won 9-5	Lost 11-0
v. Inglewood	Lost 14-3	
v. Stratford	Lost 5-3	Lost 11-0
v. Waitara	Won 9-3	Drew 6-6
v. Boys' High "B"	Drew 3-3	Won 20-6

Inter-School Matches

v. Opunake. Won 21-9.

v. Freyberg. Won 14-9.

v. Manurewa. Lost 11-12.

FIRST XV

(Coach's Report)

This season has been the best yet for our First XV. The season commenced early with a trial match between two fifteens, and from this a squad of 21 was chosen to represent the School. It was felt previously that the First's needed something to distinguish them from lower grade school teams, and this has been achieved by playing them in yellow jerseys and green shorts.

It was indeed fortunate that 21 were

originally chosen because the team had many injuries throughout the season and at the end had to borrow one or two fifth grade players. Steven Scholes pulled out with leg trouble, Ralph Bracegirdle broke and dislocated an ankle, Wayne Love was injured in just about every possible way, Bruce Walker suffered serious concussion, and so on.

The players in general were dedicated at practices and I cannot remember a practice when more than two players were absent. I am convinced now that the players own emotional "build-up" to a game is the most important factor in deciding the result of a game. Had our players thought more about the coming game and gone on to the field with more determination to win, then almost all games played could have gone our way. I feel that a game of Rugby is only enjoyed when you have made a determined effort to win, in spite of the final result.

Nevertheless some games were excellent. The enthusiasm before the Freyberg match won the game for Spotswood, although Freyberg was probably the better team.

Some of the Highlights of the Season:

Spotswood played the most determined game ever seen at school, in the first round, when it beat School "A" by nine points to five. Three of our players left the field with injuries, and at the end the ground was somewhat reminiscent of a battlefield.

The first round win against Waitara was an excellent one. This was the first occasion that Waitara had been beaten on their home ground for some considerable time, and our First's followed this up with a very good draw against them in the second round.

The most spectacular and entertaining match was played against Opunake at school. The First's defeated Opunake by 21 points to nine. The 21 points included six tries, none of which were converted. Five of these tries were scored by our wingers. The rucking of our forwards and the running and passing of our backs was superb.

The Manurewa trip was disappointing. There was almost no life in the team on the field and the "three in a row" against outside teams could have been achieved easily had the will to win been there. As it was the game was only just pulled out of the fire by Manurewa in the last minute when they clinched a 12-11 victory.

Many players showed promise as the season progressed. The most improved player would undoubtedly be Peter Tallot, who as each game progressed, showed more and more form at half-back. Bruce Walker impressed on attack and John Fluker was sound at full-back. Hugh McPhail showed glimpses of a good loose forward, and he too improved as the season progressed.

The forwards were ably led by Ralph Bracegirdle and later Graham Nixon, who took over the role admirably. He was the outstanding forward in the pack.

Graham Ross, who took over the captaincy later in the season, directed play well from first five, and his tackling and defence saved the team time and time again. In addition he kicked many goals.

Although no players were chosen for the Taranaki Secondary Schools team, G. Nixon and T. Carley performed creditably in the trials and Tom, if he returns, should have success next year.

My thanks to the team for their support and their many enjoyable games.

—R.I.S.

FIFTH GRADE RUGBY

There was only one division in the fifth grade Rugby competition this year, in which our team was placed fifth. However, even to get fifth placing was surprising.

The fifth grade team started the season with 21 players and ended with 14. This was not through injury. Despite this lack of spirit amongst some, the team had staunch supporters who turned up to every practice. Another reason for the surprise at our effort was that, due to lack of numbers, boys had to play in unaccustomed positions. Generally they adapted themselves well. Credit particularly must go to Ian Kendal, on his ever-improving form as half-back.

Dave Brosnan was the "hard-head" of the team and did much valuable work in the tight, and although our forwards were lacking in hard-rucking types, they were quick to capitalise on any opposition breakdowns. Our backs were good performers, particularly the inside backs with Keith Fitzpatrick doing valuable covering and cleaning up work, saving us on many occasions.

Five players, K. Fitzpatrick, W. Proctor (backs), D. Lawrence, W. Morris and K. Shaw (forwards) were nominated for the North Taranaki fifth grade representative team trials. Of these K. Shaw was selected for the rep. team.

Our improving form over the season pays tribute to our coach, Mr. Wood, who despite the lack of real talent to work upon, formed quite a reasonable team, and our thanks go to him for his time and efforts.

Members of the team: Brown, Arden, Kruty, Parks, Gush, Belton, Proctor, Fitzpatrick (vice-captain), Kendal, Shaw (captain), Williams, Franklin, Joel, Sutton, Mills, Brosnan, Lawrence, Morris, Stuck.

—K.S.

SIXTH GRADE RUGBY

The team had a reasonably successful season, winning six of the ten games played and losing and drawing two.

We started off the year with eighteen players, all of whom were very keen, and as a result practices were very well attended and a fine team spirit was evident.

At one stage of the season our hopes of winning the competition were high, but the loss of two games, one against School Central and a draw with Francis Douglas Blue, put an end to any chances we may have had.

Our top points scorer was Lyn O'Keefe, who made a very valuable contribution to our team. Other young players to impress were K. Win-

stanelly and K. McCracken.

Our best performance of the season was against School Red and Francis Douglas Red.

Representative honours were gained by G. Cleaver, K. McCracken, N. O'Keefe, W. Jury in the A team and K. Winstanelly in the B team.

Our thanks go to Mr. Greensill and Mr. Crisp for their efficient organisation and coaching of the team.

Players were: G. Cleaver (captain), W. Jury, K. Winstanelly, W. Gush, D. McDowell, G. Bazant, N. O'Keefe, I. McMillan, D. Lilley, R. Cowley, G. Weir, K. McCracken, J. McArthur, T. Cook, G. Riddick, M. Bennett, J. Paul, M. Johnson, B. Robertson.

—J. Cleaver.

SEVENTH GRADE RUGBY

This year the seventh grade Gold team was entered for the "A" division competition. The team had an excellent season, winning eight out of the ten games to come second in the competition.

All players played well, and although we were quite light in the forwards, we were never outplayed.

We were sorry to see M. Raskin leave the team. M. Fluker and T. Rapley well deserved their places in the Taranaki North seventh grade team.

We thank Mr. Wilks for the time he has spent in building our team up.

The team was: M. Fluker (captain), S. Hunter (vice-captain), J. Ramsay, G. Tilly, T. Rapley, R. Dunlop, P. Archer, G. Plant, K. Smith, M. Paul, A. Innes, E. Kemsley, J. Davies, S. Parker, M. Scholes, R. Wells, D. Field, M. Raskin.

—M. Fluker (Captain)

EIGHTH GRADE RUGBY

The eighth grade squad had an outstanding season, becoming the first school team to emerge as the outright winners of a Rugby competition.

Once again we were in the "B" division. This was hardly surprising as our heaviest front row man weighed all of 6st. 8lbs. The season's record was eight wins by more than 15 points, two draws, and the other close game against our chief rivals, "Pridham House." A large group of players regularly turned out to practices, which were usually conducted against the much larger seventh grade teams.

As the season progressed the team developed into a spirited, skilful and determined side who combined well, with strong forward movements and clean running back play.

Two grand features of the season were the fine records of no injuries, and the gaining of North Taranaki eighth grade representative honours by three of our players, P. Blinkhorn, N. McNeil and K. McColl. Congratulations to these boys, and to the squad as a whole for a very fine performance all round.

—M. R. Herbert.

8th GRADE TEAM



Back Row (left to right): N. McNeil, J. Macleod, K. McColl, D. McLean.
Middle Row (left to right): K. Smith, R. Herdson, T. Smith, J. Charteris, N. Willins, J. Hammersley.
Front Row (left to right): H. Ritchings, G. Wilson, D. Fields, M. Bishop (Vice-Captain), P. Blinkhorne (Captain), P. Brisco, J. Weston, R. Oakey, J. Hutton. Coach: Mr. Herbert.

SOCCER



FIRST SOCCER XI

Back Row: Mr. P. Deerson (Manager), P. Borrell (Captain), R. Grant, D. Stedman, M. Laycock, J. Mercer, R. Sweeny, Mr. H. McLaughlin (Coach).
Front Row: W. McCulloch, T. Jorgensen, N. Tito, A. Miles, R. Collett, C. Brill.

FIRST XI

With only a limited number of players capable of playing senior Soccer, it seemed possible that the First XI might be relegated to the Schools' Division. However, a victory in the B section of a senior seven-a-side tournament assured the team of a place in Taranaki senior Soccer.

The two players who remained from last year, Grant and Borrell, were the hard core around which the team was built. Grant, undoubtedly the most brilliant forward the school has ever had, became the spearhead of the forwards. His masterly skill in the controlling of the ball, combined with the power of his left-foot shooting, made him the highest scoring player in junior Soccer.

A hard-working inside forward who originally missed selection, A. Miles proved his worth. Despite his size, W. McCulloch is the most promising player from the junior school.

N. Tito, who seems to have an intense dislike of over-exerting himself, made a valuable contribution to the effectiveness of the team with his careful distribution of the ball.

The backs, dominated by Borrell, played a too-defensive style, and it was only towards the end of the season, with the adoption of the Continental system, that they co-ordinated fully to give the team greater midfield control.

Jorgensen, who played a major hand in defence, has yet to learn to apply more intelligence to his game.

After only two seasons in senior Soccer, the team's record is truly an impressive one: Played 26; Won 22; Lost 4.

The team recognises and is most thankful for the services of manager Mr. P. Deerson and coach Mr. H. McLoughlin in this most successful season.

—P.W.B.

SECOND XI

This team did not, at any time during the season, unite. Most players preferred to work as individuals and when they did combine, failed to finish off possible scoring movements. As the final results show, the team came out at the end of the season with a fairly even record.

Out of a total of ten games, four were lost, two drawn and four won. Goals against totalled 28 and those for, 32.

The team's thanks go to Mr. Naysmith for giving us some valuable hints.

—K.L.

THIRD GRADE SOCCER

The third grade had a very good season this year. Even better results could have been

achieved had there been a more consistent turn-out to practice. We thank Mr. Deerson, who was always out to practice and to give us encouragement.

Our hardest game was against Hawera; we were down 2-0 at half-time but we scraped home to win by 3-2.

Our best win was our last game against New Plymouth Boys' High School whom we beat by four goals to one.

Outstanding players were: Peter Duckett, Ross Halliday, Graham Eden and Ian Lind.

The team was: I. Lind, G. Marshall (captain), G. Eden, R. Halliday, C. Winstanley, C. Tiddy, E. Buchanan, G. Haworth, B. Peel, P. Duckett.

—G. R. Marshall.

BASKETBALL NOTES

FIRST TEAM

This year the First Basketball team succeeded in being placed in the Senior A Grade division for the North Taranaki Basketball tournament. Although we found some of the competition games tough, we had our share of wins, and once beat the eventual winners Kia Ora. We had several upsets during the season, namely the loss of our captain Raewyn Scott, who did much for the team, and our promising defender, Tiddy Walker. We obtained much benefit from the presence of four Rangiatea girls in the team this year. Our annual game against Freyberg took place at Spotswood in good conditions and at half-time Spotswood were leading

by four, but Freyberg proved the fitter team and were eventually the winners by five goals. In July the team travelled to Manurewa and defeated them in wet conditions by 24-14. In the Taranaki Secondary Schools' tournament at Hawera, Spotswood were placed fourth against tough opposition. All players enjoyed the season immensely and our thanks go to Mrs. Smith for her patience and understanding while coaching us. The team consisted originally of Raewyn Scott, Alison Conn, Raeburn Barkely, Nancy Toaho, Ruth Goldsmith, Alice Wairau, Tiddy Walker and Dianne Sole. Later Charlotte Kara and Susan Flett were added to the team.

—Dianne Sole.

THIRD FORM

This year the Third Form Basketball team played many outstanding games. The first game for the start of the season was against Opunake. We won 32-12. Later on during the season we went to Hawera for the Inter-Secondary Schools' Competition with our Senior A team. There were many hard games but the most difficult one was against Patea, whom we had to beat to come first equal with Girls' High School and Patea. After a strenuous game we emerged victorious, the final score being 10-7.

On behalf of the other members of the team, Constanca Kopa, Denise Roberts, Miriama Morgan, Irene Krutz, Clara Potaka, Suzanne Oakes and Tally Kaihe, I would like to thank Mrs. Smith, who gave up her time to coach us.

—Josephine Tupaea.

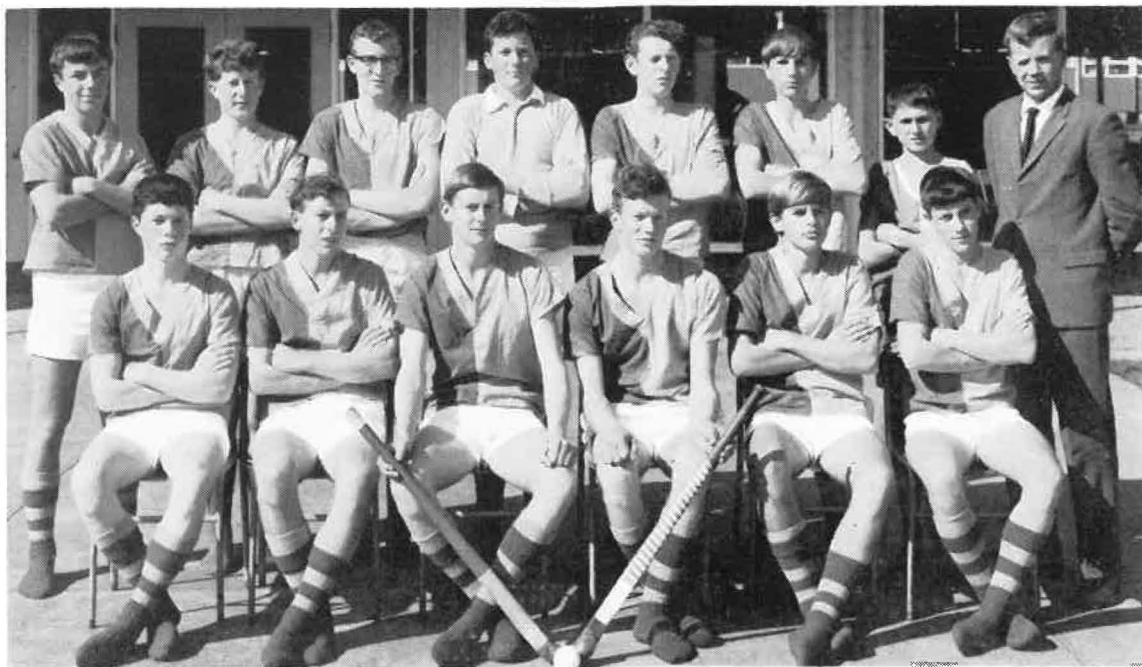


GIRLS' BASKETBALL "A"

R. Barclay, T. Walker, S. Flett, C. Kara, R. Goldsmith, A. Conn, A. Wairau, D. Sole (Captain), Mrs. L. Smith (Coach).

HOCKEY

BOYS' HOCKEY FIRST XI



Back Row: P. Lucas, I. Duncalf, T. McCracken, B. Borchart, L. Mundell, P. Alley, O. Telfer.
Front Row: A. Muggerridge, C. Sharpe, A. Green, G. Honeyfield (Captain), S. Mason, R. Humphreys.

GIRLS' HOCKEY FIRST XI



Back Row: J. George, C. Glenn-Campbell, C. Mace, J. Fowler, M. Stott, M. Hammonds, P. Lobb, Miss Pearson (Coach).
Front Row: J. Davison, R. Lobb (Vice-Captain), B. Sole, G. Winstanley (Captain), C. Bond, M. Muggerridge.

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year interest in boys' hockey at the college has doubled! It is pleasing to note this increased interest in such a skilful sport and credit for this must go to our physical education teacher, Mr. C. Hissey. Two goals arrived at the college halfway through the season, enabling the four hockey teams to get the necessary goal practise. Lack of grounds hampered the teams' practices but this is to be rectified next year, we hope!

FIRST XI

The improvement in this team's standard of hockey was evident from the first game of the season. The forwards and halves combined well, and they scored over 130 goals for the team while the excellent defence stopped the opposition from scoring more than 15 goals throughout the season.

Congratulations go to S. Mason for being selected for the Taranaki Colts' team and to G. Honeyfield for getting into the Taranaki Secondary Schools' team. It must be realised that the upper age limit for the Colts' team is 23 and therefore the standard of play of a secondary school pupil must be high if he gets into this team. We would like to thank all the parents who willingly gave up their time and cars to transport us to and from our games.

The team was coached by Mr. C. Hissey, to whom we are greatly indebted. We were all sorry to see Mr. Hissey leave but we hope that he enjoyed coaching us as much as we enjoyed being coached by him. We would like to thank him for giving us his time and energy to coach us. A special thanks must go to Mr. A. Corbett for arranging for some of us to play senior hockey and giving us a few valuable hints. Those who were privileged to play senior hockey gained experience that was reflected in the teams' play. The team must be commended on the spirit in which they practised and played.

Two seven-a-side teams went down to the Hawera Tournament but the experience and strength of South Taranaki hockey was too much for us. Practise games during the season were had with N.P.B.H.S. "A" and N.P. Combined Senior. In all the team had a highly successful season. We won the North Taranaki Third Grade Competition, but were beaten by Te Kiri 4-0 in the Taranaki final. Out of the thirteen games played we won 12, drew one and lost one.

Results (College score first):—

Team	1st Round	2nd Round
v. N.P.B.H.S. "B"	10-0	8-1
v. Inglewood "A"	6-4	1-2
v. Stratford "B"	13-1	16-0
v. Okato	16-0	13-0
v. Spotswood "B"	10-0	8-1
v. Waitara	13-0	1-1

It was disappointing for the team to be unable to get an inter-school game. The season was ended on a high note when we defeated Inglewood in a practise game 2-1.

Members of the team: P. Alley, B. Borchart, T. Duncalf, A. Green, G. Honeyfield (captain), R. Humphrey, P. Lucas, T. McCracken, S. Mason, A. Muggerridge, L. Mundell, C. Sharpe, D. Telfer.

—C. T. Honeyfield.

SECOND XI

The college was able to enter a second team in the North Taranaki Third Grade Competition this year. This team began with very few players of any experience and consequently lost its first competition games. However, the players were very keen and their enthusiasm kept them going until they had gained more skill and combination. By the end of the season they were much improved and were winning matches against teams who had beaten them in the first round.

The team is to be congratulated for its enthusiasm and team spirit, and it is grateful to Mr. Lovell for his coaching and encouragement.

Members of the Second XI: David Griffiths, Peter Fisher (captain), Robert Johnson, Alistair Dore, John Tullet, Neil Brill, Peter Gill, Grahame Marshall, Wayne Clarke, Robin Fleming, John Hickman, Bruce Gowan, Kevin Hoare, Stephen Stewart.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

This year two teams were entered in the Taranaki Secondary School Girls' Competitions. The season began very well for the "A" team. With a few changes from last year's team and excellent coaching given by Miss Pearson, the team really proved themselves one to be reckoned with. They came second to Inglewood in the competition. Of the nine games played they won eight, one score being 24-0.

Apart from Saturday competitions, the team had two other enjoyable games against Opunake and Manurewa. We had hoped to improve on last year's win and a draw, but instead we lost both.

The team also participated in three other tournaments this season. In the Hawera tournament they played well and were second in the division and in the Richard Cup Tournament they were third. A team was entered in a Secondary School Girls' Tournament at Tauranga during the first week of the August holidays and we are grateful that our coach gave up her time to accompany us. Of the four games we won two, drew one and lost to Opunake, who were the winners of the section.

The "A" Team for this season was: G. Winstanley (captain), R. Lobb (vice-captain), J. George, G. Putt, C. Mace, P. Lobb, C. Glenn-Campbell, B. Sole, M. Stott, M. Hammonds, C. Bond.

Our thanks go to Miss Pearson, who coached us well. She has given us a lot of encouragement and because of this the team played well throughout the entire season, which has certainly been one of good results.

The "B" team also had a good season. The team has many good players, some of whom are new to the game and will surely be promoted to the "A" team next year.

The "B" team was: J. Davison (captain), J. Harrison (vice-captain), J. Fowler, M. Muggerridge, J. Wright, A. Ubels, A. Kerr, M. Tucker, C. Bracegirdle, J. Tucker, G. Autridge.

—G. Winstanley.

My thanks to the teams for their co-operation and enthusiasm this year. I would like to compliment the travelling team on their excellent behaviour.

S. Pearson (Coach)



TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: L. Haylock, S. Mason, G. Honeyfield, D. Lilley, D. Kopu.
Front Row: L. Lovell, B. Martin, B. Moss, D. Sole.



CRICKET FIRST XI

Back Row: A. Muggeridge, P. Borrell, R. Grant, C. Rawlinson, R. Burgess, Mr. G. Procter.
Front Row: T. Carley, H. McPhail, J. Fluker, G. Ross, J. Cleaver, M. Fluker.

BOYS' TENNIS

The highlight of the season was the trip to Freyberg in April. Although the team lost, everyone played very creditably and those who are returning next year will undoubtedly look forward to turning the tables when Freyberg visit us.

Another feature of the season was the Inter-Secondary Schools' Tournament in April. Our boys went well considering the very high standard of play.

There were several matches played against the Boys' High, the matches always being evenly contested. David Lilley, the team's No. 3 seed, was the most consistent player, having considerable success against Freyberg and the Boys' High.

Our thanks go to Mr. Guy who gave up much of his time to arrange and supervise our matches throughout the season.

The team was: B. Martin, G. Honeyfield, D. Lilley, S. Mason.

—B.W.M.

GIRLS' TENNIS

During the 1966 season the girls experienced a reasonable amount of success in their tennis. The highlight was the annual tournament against Freyberg, this year played at Freyberg. The team consisted of Bonnie Moss (top), Lorraine Lovell, Lesely Haylock and Dianne Sole. We found the standard of tennis too high for us and Lesely was the only one to win her singles, and with David Lilley won her mixed doubles. All other matches were lost, but we gained much experience and enjoyment from this tournament. Our thanks go to Mrs. Day for organising trips to the Girls' High, and Sacred Heart for games after school which were very beneficial to Spotswood who enjoyed much success. The team travelled to Opunake for the Inter-Secondary Schools' Tournament, Bonnie and Lorraine playing in the singles and Lesely Haylock and Dianne Sole in the doubles. We again did not meet with much success, but enjoyed the games. Inter-House tennis has prevailed throughout the season and much interest has been shown here. The tournament which is being planned at the moment for the end of the year seems to hold much interest and it is hoped that it will be a success. Our thanks to Mr. Guy for his interest throughout the season.

—Dianne Sole.

CRICKET — FIRST XI

This was, for the First XI, an extremely successful season. However the team was playing in a grade that was far below the standard that it should have been playing in, and this accounts for the rather ridiculous scores prevalent in the score-book. Many games were won outright in less than five hours. The standard of play was unable to improve because of this, and when sterner opposition was encountered the team was in severe trouble. However before the main game of the season—the encounter with Freyberg—the First XI was able to play Tawa, and the high standard of their play meant that Spotswood was able to rise also for the main game.

The bowling was very strong in all departments, speed and spin being well represented. Rod Grant had some very good bowling figures and had batsmen in trouble in every game in which he played. With more swing he would be very hard to keep out. Hugh McPhail and Alan Muggeridge were the "spin twins" and very able and proficient at that. This combination of a leg-spinner (Muggeridge) and an off-spinner (McPhail) changed the course of many games, McPhail taking several near hat-tricks, and the hat-trick once.

The batting was of a high standard. With John Fluker's marvellous eye and range of shots (haymaker included) and the unpredictability of the next four that followed, anything could and often did happen. However, there was a solid core upon which the innings was usually based, notably R. Grant, G. Ross and T. Carley, and the rest, who were by no means poor batsmen. The fielding was usually tight, with few dropped catches.

The highlight of the season was the winning of the game against Freyberg. Freyberg batted first, scoring 142. Spotswood then batted, scoring 132, mainly because of strong rearguard action. Freyberg batted again, scoring 94. That left Spotswood 105 runs to get in 57 minutes and John Fluker and Rod Grant saw this done with seven minutes to spare.

The Record: Played 10, Won 7, Lost 3. Freyberg and Francis Douglas were beaten once, Waitara twice and Boys' High School teams three times. We lost to Boys' High School once, Francis Douglas once, and Tawa. Four wins were outright, three wins were on the first innings.

STEEPLECHASE NOTES

On the 5th of October this year our School Steeplechase was held over a heavy course and under overcast conditions. The Senior course was South Road, Seaview Road, Cook Street, Omata Road and school grounds. The Intermediate course was South Road, Seaview Road, Cook Street, Omata Road and a shorter distance of the school grounds. The Junior course was South Road, Blagdon Road, Omata Road and the school grounds. Some of the finishes were very close and the results were as follows:—

Senior (3¼ miles): G. Miller 1, L. Gush 2, A. Hills 3. Time, 19min. 18sec.

Intermediate (2¾ miles): B. Hill 1, T. McCracken 2, C. Dungan 3. Time, 16min 45sec.

Junior (1¾ miles): P. Blinkhorne 1, W. McCullough 2, G. Hall 3. Time, 10min 31sec.

Soon after the race the team to run at Francis Douglas College was announced. It was:

Senior: G. Miller (captain), L. Gush, A. Hills, D. Brosnan.

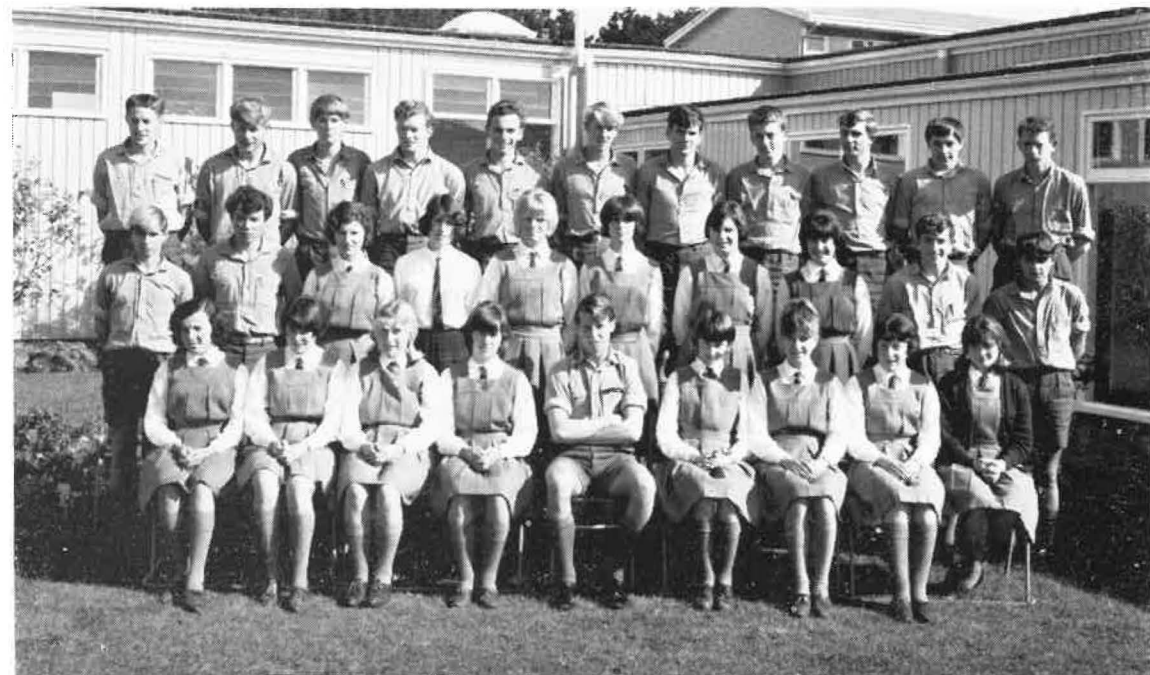
Intermediate: B. Hill, T. McCracken, C. Dungan, T. Cook.

Junior: P. Blinkhorne, W. McCullough, G. Hall.



SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: S. Pearson, P. Boswell, A. Fleming.
Middle Row: M. McAlpine, B. Hill, C. Roberts, J. Greenway, C. McCullough, G. Nixon, L. Turner.
Front Row: W. Proctor, L. Lovell, R. Bailey, R. Barclay (Captain), B. Bond (Captain), M. Thomson, J. Paul. **Absent:** A. Flett.



ATHLETICS

Back Row: G. Miller, B. Walker, K. Fitzpatrick, G. Honeyfield, G. Lloyd-Smith, K. Blinkhorne, M. Curchill, B. Hill, T. Taylor, W. Procter, L. Gush.
Middle Row: K. Parkes, L. Walker, A. Luscombe, B. Smillie, P. Evans, W. Love, J. Fowler, P. Henderson, A. Miles, T. McGregor.
Front Row: A. Crow, J. Dutton, G. Booker, A. Boswell, B. Martin, J. Wilson, L. Lovell, I. Krutz, P. Boswell.

SWIMMING

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height,
Junior Girls				
55 Yards Freestyle	S. Pearson	L. Turner	M. Thomson	35.7 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	A. Fleming	M. Thomson	S. Pearson	47.3 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	C. Lovell	S. Pearson	M. McAlpine	48.8 sec. (Record)
Relay	Motumahaunga	Mikotahi	Moturoa	2min. 51.4sec. (Record)
Intermediate Girls				
55 Yards Freestyle	C. McCullough	C. Roberts	P. Evans	37.0 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	C. Roberts	P. Evans	J. Hughes	42.0 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	C. McCullough	J. Hughes	J. Eynon	47.5 sec.
Relay	Mikotahi	Motumahaunga	Moturoa	2min. 41.7sec. (Record)
Senior Girls				
55 Yards Freestyle	P. Boswell	R. Barclay	G. Winstanley	40.9 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	P. Boswell	R. Barclay	D. Beardmore	47.9 sec.
Junior Boys				
55 Yards Freestyle	A. Flett	G. Sutton	S. Hunter	30.9 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	I. Blackmore	J. Paul	J. Sutherland	45.6 sec.
110 Yards Freestyle	A. Flett	J. Sutherland	J. Paul	73.1 sec.
55 Yards Breaststroke	J. Paul	C. Winstanley	I. Blackmore	49.9 sec. (Record)
Relay	Moturoa	Motumahaunga	Paritutu	2min. 35.0sec. (Record)
Intermediate Boys				
55 Yards Freestyle	P. Fraser	W. Proctor	B. Hill	32.0 sec.
110 Yards Freestyle	G. Fraser	K. Mischewski	R. Farrant	72.0 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	G. Fraser	M. Wesley	W. Proctor	48.3 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Backstroke	K. Mischewski	B. Hill	T. Rutherford	40.5 sec.
Relay	Mikotahi	Motumahaunga	Moturoa	2min. 26.3sec.
Senior Boys				
55 Yards Freestyle	G. Nixon	B. Bailey	J. Greenway	29.7 sec.
55 Yards Backstroke	J. Greenway	B. Martin	J. Fluker	40.2 sec. (Record)
55 Yards Breaststroke	J. Fluker	J. Halliday	B. Martin	52.4 sec. (Record)
Relay	Paritutu	Motumahaunga	Mikotahi	2min. 16.7sec.
Open Events				
Girls' Dive	F. Dove	C. Lovell	W. Kinloch	2min. 38.6sec.
Boys' Dive	G. Nixon	Askew	I. Blackmore	81.8 sec.
Boys' 220 Yards Freestyle	A. Flett	G. Fraser	G. Nixon	44.5 sec.
Girls' 110 Yards Freestyle	S. Pearson	C. McCullough	C. Roberts	10min. 41sec.
55 Yards Butterfly (mixed)	S. Pearson	J. Paul	C. Roberts	
Flying Squadron		Motumahaunga	Paritutu	
Final House Placings With Points				
	Mikotahi 223	Motumahaunga 134	Paritutu 90	Moturoa 81

Athletic Results

Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height, Distance
Junior Girls				
75 Yards	A. Boswell	I. Krutz	J. Dutton	10.5 sec.
100 Yards	A. Boswell	J. Booker	I. Krutz	13.8 sec.
220 Yards	A. Crow	D. Jones	P. Jones	32.1 sec.
80 Yards Hurdles	B. Stone	M. McAlpine	J. Garret	14.7 sec.
Shot Put	D. Roberts	A. McCurdy	I. Krutz	25ft. 0in. (Record)
Long Jump	L. Crawford	M. Muggerridge	J. Salisbury	12ft. 7in.
High Jump	W. Kinloch	P. Henderson	D. Roberts	4ft. 2in.
Relay	Paritutu	Motumahaunga	Moturoa	61.2 sec.
Intermediate Girls				
75 Yards	L. Whittle	I. Wilson	S. Flett	10.6 sec.
100 Yards	J. Fowler	S. Flett	J. Davison	14.0 sec.
220 Yards	P. Evans	J. Davison	J. Wilson	29.4 sec.
Long Jump	P. Evans	T. Walker	S. Flett	13ft. 7in.
High Jump	W. Love	P. Revell	P. Tahu	4ft. 4in.
Shot Put	R. Goldsmith	T. Walker	N. Taoho	25ft. 3½in.
Discus	L. Askew	O. Barrett	J. Hughes	73ft. 9in.
Hurdles—80 Yards	P. Evans	L. Lovell	C. Mace	13.7 sec.
Relay	Motumahaunga	Moturoa	Mikitahi	61.4 sec.
Senior Girls				
75 Yards	A. Luscombe	P. Boswell	J. George	10.4 sec.
100 Yards	A. Luscombe	R. Barclay	R. Barclay	13.7 sec.
220 Yards	A. Luscombe	P. Boswell	G. Winstanley	30.0 sec. (Record)
Shot Put	C. Rodgers	R. Barclay	F. Thompson	26ft. 3½in.
Discus	R. Lobb	C. Rodgers	D. Beardmore	77ft. 4in.
Long Jump	B. Smillie	S. Inglis	S. Clark	11ft. 6in.
High Jump	B. Smillie	S. Inglis	S. Clark	4ft. 1in.
Relay	Motumahaunga	Moturoa	Mikitahi	61.4 sec.
Open 440 Yards	P. Evans	J. Dutton	J. Fowler	69.8 sec. (Record)
Junior Boys				
100 Yards	S. Hunter	R. Knight	W. McCullough	13.1 sec.
220 Yards	K. Smith	S. Hunter	W. McCullough	28.7 sec.
440 Yards	S. Hunter	K. Parkes	R. Knight	65.2 sec.
80 Yards Hurdles	K. Parkes	A. Farrant	G. Hooper	13.4 sec.
High Jump	D. Watts	G. Hooper	B. Clark	4ft. 2in.
Long Jump	K. Smith	R. Knight	P. Blinkhorne	14ft. 11in.
880 Yards	K. Smith	P. Blinkhorne	J. McCleod	2min. 29.0sec.
Relay	Mikitahi	Paritutu	Motumahaunga	57.1 sec.
Intermediate Boys				
100 Yards	B. Walker	T. McGregor	M. Williams	11.6 sec.
220 Yards	B. Walker	T. Taylor	M. Williams	27.1 sec.
440 Yards	K. Blinkhorne	T. Taylor	T. Cook	58.4 sec. (Record)
Discus	A. Miles	W. Proctor	M. McCleod	32ft. 10½in.
Shot Put	M. Churchill	T. McGregor	A. Miles	106ft.
Javelin	G. Ruakere	A. Miles	K. Farrant	4ft. 8in.
High Jump	P. Duckett	K. Blinkhorne	R. Cowley	16ft. 3in.
Long Jump	K. Blinkhorne	K. Herbert	W. McCurdy	36ft. 3in.
Hop, Step and Jump	B. Hill	K. Blinkhorne	T. Taylor	2min. 15.0sec. (Record)
880 Yards	B. Hill	Motumahaunga	Moturoa	51.0 sec. (Record)
Relay	Motumahaunga	Paritutu	Moturoa	
Senior Boys				
100 Yards	G. Honeyfield	J. Halliday	L. Walker	12.1 sec.
220 Yards	B. Martin	L. Walker	G. Ross	59.5 sec.
440 Yards	L. Walker	B. Martin	G. Egarr	
Discus	G. Millar	A. Hills	B. Gowan	32ft. 6in.
Shot Put	J. Greenway	B. Bailey	G. Nixon	119ft. 7in.
Javelin	G. Ross	W. Love	G. Fitzpatrick	4ft. 7in.
High Jump	G. Millar	P. Fleming	P. Fisher	17ft. 4in.
Long Jump	J. Halliday	B. Martin	G. Honeyfield	36ft. 8in. (Record)
Hop, Step and Jump	G. Ross	G. Lloyd-Smith	G. Nixon	2min. 11.9sec. (Record)
880 Yards	G. Millar	L. Gush	A. Hills	52.1 sec. (Record)
Relay	Mikitahi	Moturoa	Motumahaunga	
Open 110 Yards Hurdles	W. Proctor	H. McPhail	C. Brill	17.2 sec.
Open Mile	G. Millar	B. Hills	L. Gush	5min. 13.9sec.

SPOTSWOOD OLD BOYS RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

The 1966 season was not a spectacularly successful one for the club, taken all round, but for such a young establishment it can be justifiably proud of itself, and the college can also be proud as it provided the majority of the players from its ranks and taught them a good deal of their Rugby.

The third grade team finished fifth in a 12-team competition, winning eight games, drawing one, and losing seven, scoring 140 points (23 tries, 13 conversions, 14 penalties and one field goal) with 109 against.

Major contributor was Brian Reeve with 39 points, mainly from his power-packed boot. (Unfortunately we have lost Brian through a transfer to Wellington. As the club secretary, he did a grand job and will be quite a loss). Top try scoring honours went to Mike Wheeler and Paul Mason (another loss) with four each.

Injuries were another problem to the club on the whole, with broken bones galore, but the club's insurance scheme helped the boys out considerably.

Unfortunately there are no fourth grade figures available, but these chaps showed a marked improvement towards the end of the season and were winning more games than they were losing after a slow start.

Representative honours were gained in third grade teams by Russell Jeffries, Denis Sole, Bruce Sutton, Mike and Spencer Wheeler, Brian Reeve, Trevor Fitzpatrick and Vivian Wilson; and in the fourth grade by Angus Eruti, Basil Morris, Steven Glen-Campbell, Keeran Roberts, Graham Webber and Keeran Bishop.

Next year we hope to be able to have flood lighting for practices, and we look forward to having with us all of those footballers who are leaving college.

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

On behalf of the Association's three basketball teams, I have to report a very successful season's games.

The Club had teams entered in three grades this season, and lack of a coach did not lessen the teams' successes. Our first team won the Northern Division Championships in the Reserve Grade, and travelled to Stratford to compete in the Taranaki Championships. Locally, our two other teams proved themselves proficient players and gained much experience from their games.

This year the Club was invited to travel to Auckland with another local club for a week-end of basketball, and though we were not successful in our games, all girls had a most enjoyable time.

Our season finished on a high note with a very exhausting game against the School's First team, in which their superior fitness and basketball proved to be our downfall.

I now take the opportunity to thank the school for its lively interest and these girls for

their friendly rivalry during our basketball season, and extend a warm invitation to intending new members next year.

—Barbara Clegg.

INDOOR BASKETBALL

With four players who had played last season, the indoor basketball team looked as though it was going to have a very successful season. It wasn't quite as successful as we had predicted, but it was an enjoyable one.

The squad was E. Taylor, J. Cleaver, K. Fitzpatrick, G. Fitzpatrick, C. Rawlinson, I. Duncalf and I. McMillan.

The team played in the Men's "B" Grade of the N.P.I.B.A. competition. We didn't have the success we expected, but we did come runners-up to a new team Waterski in the "B" Grade. We had two very close games with Waterski but lost them both narrowly and one other to another new team Ufala B. A fourth defeat was suffered when the team failed to field five players during the holidays and so lost by default. Out of 18 games played in the competition the team won 14, lost four with some 650 points for and 350 against. We played two games against Francis Douglas which we won convincingly.

At the end of the season the team entered the Taranaki School Boys' Tournament held at Hawera. The team played in the "B" section for boys, and lost to Wanganui Boys' College (16-27), Hawera High School B (14-25) and beat Stratford (22-20).

Two very outstanding performances were recorded this season. Keith Fitzpatrick and Jeff Cleaver were selected to represent New Plymouth at the North Island Championships. Keith had very good positional play and an excellent jump shot. He scored over 350 points during the season. Jeff was a very hard worker and helped back up other players well, but he lacked one advantage, height. Jeff scored over 250 points during the season and set up a match record of 30 points.

As guards, Ted Taylor and Gavin Fitzpatrick were reliable and teamed well. Gavin used his height to advantage and was rarely out-jumped. Ted teamed well with the shoots and gave them good ball most of the time. The regular centre was Chris Rawlinson, who was capable of some very good basketball. The other two regular players, Ian McMillan and Ian Duncalf, were both new to the team and lacked experience, but tried hard. Ian should develop into a good player as he is only a third former.

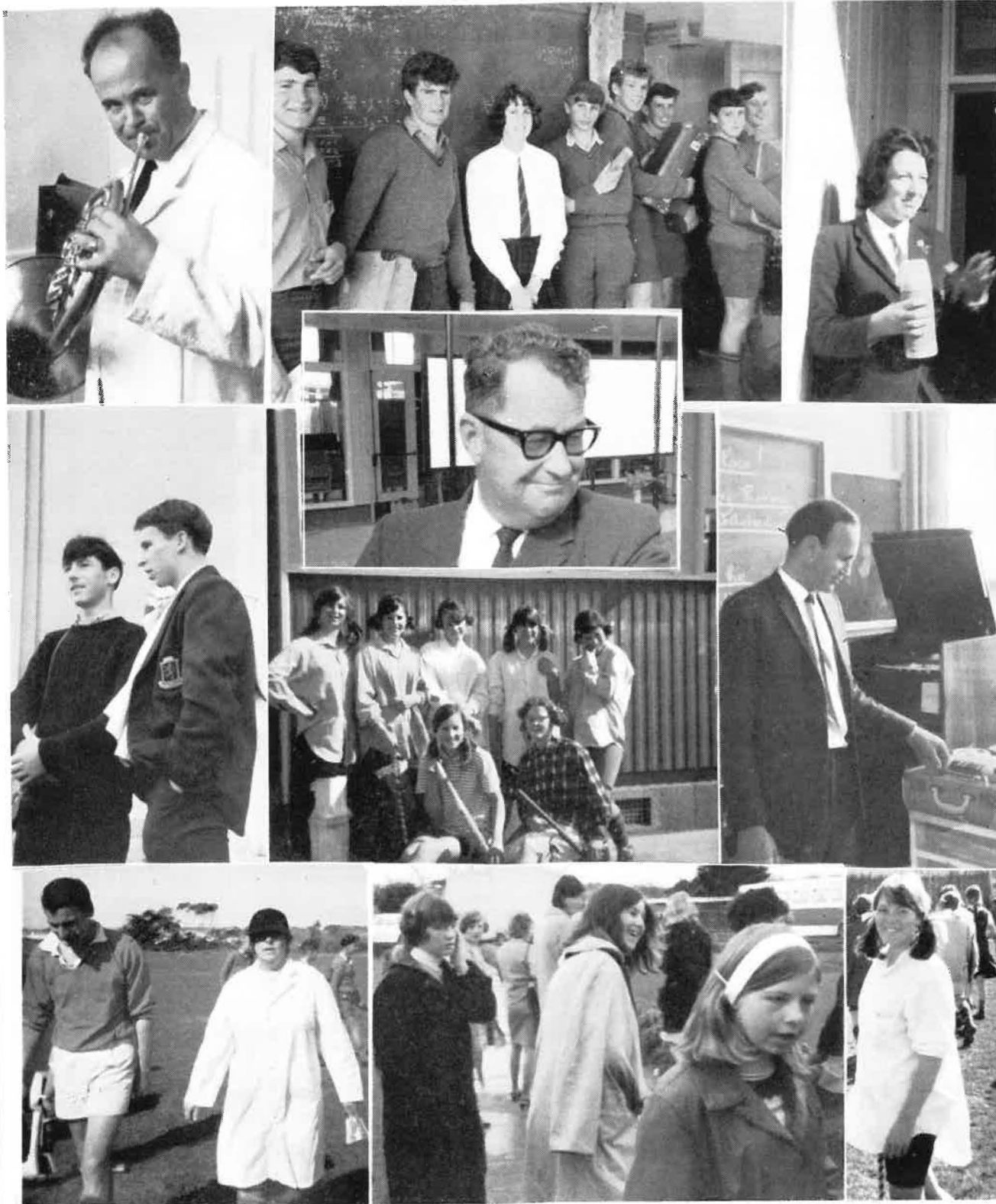
The team would like to thank Mr. Hissey and Mr. Mac, who coached us during the season.

Final Analysis: Played 23, Won 17, Lost 6; For 930; Against 470.

Runners-up: Men's "B" Grade.

—E.P.T.

ODD SHOTS



ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

IBERIA

(Pictures from Debussy's Orchestral Work of the same name).

I 'On the High-Ways and By-Ways'

Castanets clattering,
Tambourines rattling,
With bright bursts of brilliant colour,
Over Spain's sunny high-ways,
Dancing,
Laughing,
Laughingly dancing.

Through shady by-ways,
Creeping,
Watching,
Watchfully creeping,
With bassoons whispering warning,
Violins eerily answering.

Then splash! Into splendid sunlight,
Again!
As blaring horns
And blinding trumpets
Boisterously praise the brilliant daylight.

Shadows fall,
Laughter dies,
As light of day
Gives way
To calmer evening.

II 'Fragrances of the Night'

Shimmering violins,
Moorish melodies,
Melancholy,
Lazily entwined,
Whisper their song,
Dissolve,
And echo.

A nocturne of nostalgic beauty.

Velvet darkness,
The rich harmonies of deep strings.

Quietly,
Through the night,
From a distance,
Bells,
Heralding the sun.
The Iberian light appears,
Sleepers awake to a new day,
A day of Festival!

III 'Holiday Morning'

Ding,
Bells peal out,
Dong.
Violins gleefully,
easingly,
Laugh at the rising sun.
People come out.
Excitement rises.
Flamenco dancers stamp,
Whirl,
To the fiery

Rugged strength,
Clinging vegetation,
Shingle slides,
Ice.

Deep gorges gouged from solid rock
By erosion's powerful and patient hand;
Great boulders precariously perched, waiting
For someone, some thing to disrupt their
equilibria.

Rugged strength—
Mighty mass of rock, blowhole of cataclysmic
chaos
Beneath the frail surface of this Earth.

Alpine grass, mosses, stunted trees
Desperately eke out an existence—
Nature's enigma. Clinging vegetation,
Unnatural in this harsh environment of stone.

Fragmented rock, pouring down the gradient
with time:
Creating sounds far from the cacophony of our
daily life,

Indeed a timeless relic of a timeless past.
Shingle slides, regularity within the disorder,
Symmetry surrounded by upheaval: a theme
Within the symphony of shapes.

Ice—Treacherously beautiful,
Deceptive, fatally deceptive,
A delusion of nature,
White—clean, dazzling,
But hard, and fast,
Deceptively so:
Fatally deceptive.

Philip Alley, 6BM.

THE WIND

The wind of change whistled over the lands,
Forming Negroes into bands;
Equal rights for men, it said,
And no man fought and lost his head.

The wind swept on and stirred the klan,
Equal rights they wished to ban;
The klan rode out in gowns of white,
And many a tree bore fruit by night

The wind of change in the East is Red,
And batters hard the Western head;
The people slave from dawn till night,
Far too cowed the wind to fight.

Over the world the wind is sweeping,
Leaving many a person weeping;
For the wind of change is a wind of sorrow,
And who knows what it may bring tomorrow.

Margaret Samuels, 4A1

Fury
Of Spanish rhythms.

Laughter,
Feasting,
Holiday bells,
reckless rhythms,
In a clashing flurry of joyous sound.
R. A. Halliday, 5S1.

INTERMEZZO

The sky had turned into a vivid splash of clashing colours and was spinning madly round and round, throwing long arms of red and purple into the sea which had ceased all movement and just made a dull and continuous roaring sound. And there in the middle of it all she stood, a lone figure on the blood-red sand. The girl looked all around her and an icy chill descended upon her. Where had everybody gone? Where were the mussel-gatherers, the fishermen, the surfers, the sunbathers? And that sky! That awful whirling kaleidoscope of colour that refused to remain still even for a second!

Then, slowly, the ground began to grow firm beneath her feet and the scene around her telescoped into focus. She instantly recognised the long brownish rocks that she had so often compared with recumbent iguanodons, and the marram grass which grew in large patches all over the beach. Yes! This was where she came to swim every afternoon during the summer months, but what had caused it to change like this! The sand was still red and the sea was without waves of any shape or size. And oh! In heaven's name, where were the people? Such a feeling of fear and apprehension struck her that the girl sank on to the sand and began to sob spasmodically but this only emphasised a headache which she had become aware of a few minutes beforehand.

Nothing seemed to make sense any more. The sand, which had looked so dry, felt wet and sticky under her knees and there seemed to be a strange pressure on her chest which forced her to breathe far more deeply than she would normally have done. She looked up and strange shapes seemed to swell and recede all around her. These stygian figures seemed to place this whole experience in its natural setting. She was having a nightmare. That was it! And now that she knew she would wake up and laugh at it all. But nothing happened! The shadows from Hades still continued to torment her. They nibbled her hair and slapped at her neck, then they were dragging her backwards and were smothering her with their black folds. She wanted to scream but her efforts were completely taken up with trying to catch her breath. Her arms flailed wildly as she tried to defend herself but the shades merely melted under her blows to well up elsewhere. Fishhooks were tearing at her arms; white, carved, fish-hooks. In desperation she grabbed at one and felt it bite into her palm but the pain was nothing more than a split-second memory, for all she was now aware

of was the feeling that she was going to be violently sick—and everything dissolved into nothing.

When the girl opened her eyes again the roaring sound had stopped and the heavens had ceased to cartwheel. She was aware of a great deal of activity around her and she realised that she was lying on the black sand at the water's edge.

Her head still ached painfully while in her clenched fist she felt a sharp pain. She unclenched her fingers and was disturbed at the effort it cost her. There, in the shaking palm of her hand, lay a small, jagged piece of pippin shell, but no matter how hard she racked her brains could she remember how it got there. All she could remember was that she had been swimming and then everything had gone black—and now she was lying on the beach surrounded by faces.

"What happened? I know I was swimming—but what happened?" One of the faces, that of a dark-haired youth, loomed closer.

"You were hit by my board!" he said. "Boy! You gave me a fright! You were out for so long!"

"Was I?" she said slowly, and the small piece of shell slipped between her fingers on to the sand.

Diana Quay, 5S1.

HIGHER EDUCATION

Entrance will give us a place, perhaps.
The rest will pay taxes to Her Majesty, from which
E'en fewer might get a bursary,
A studentship, a bond—four years' hard labour.

The Radicals, with beards,
And duffle coats escape. The studios—
Their eyes will fail them, and, bespectacled
Our future Ministers of State
Will graduate, with book-knowledge,
To begin the long road to retirement.

G. R. Sutherland, 6A.

PORTRAIT OF A CITY

Like the end of a cycle,
The Friday night curtain rises,
A million souls are drawn to the city,
Fading into the crowds,
As they disappear in the blazing metropolis.

Individuals are no more,
Just forms moving along the streets,
The lonely, the worried, the carefree,
All become small,
Futile beings in a great universe.

With irresistible power and magnetism,
The rows of shops come to life,
And the unrestrained magic
Grips every wandering heart,
In the pulsating nocturnal world.

A group of girls lounge sullenly
On a crowded street corner
Adorned with brash mini-skirts,
Like cats they preen their long dyed hair
Under the flashing neon lights

Their boyfriends with lank long hair,
Greasy black jackets and skin-tight jeans,
Sit revving motor-bikes in boring monotone,
With languid cigarettes dangling between
their lips.

Look past their superficial nonchalance,
Watch them in their decadence,
No thought is spent on morality;
Life's for kicks, life's for the present,
Little do they know, little do they care.

See them again in thirty years time,
Life has come into focus now,
They can only regret the past,
The adolescent femme fatale is gone,
And in its place a cowed soul.

Old maids are they now,
No decent man would have them,
The fostered hopes have turned cold,
Filling the disillusioned hearts with grief.

And the city pounds on,
Unrelenting, no sympathy here,
But slowly, ever surely
The wild spirit dies,
As gradually dawn breaks,
And the fading city sleeps.

Pat Scriven, 3A1.

VIRTUOSO

The grand piano stood highlighted against the stark bareness of the stage. The deep-seated auditorium was overflowing with the sound of social chatter. Ladies draped in the best money could buy, stared disdainfully ahead or tittered politely behind their hands. Men, suffering from no such restraint, laughed heartily at their own brand of joke. The air was full of a sense of well-being and expectancy.

A sudden fanfare jerked back prospective woolgatherers to reality. Merciless footlights glared at the wings daring their victim to enter. A lonely figure appeared, diminutive and silent. Of all his emotions, fear holds the whiphand. His legs refused to obey all commands as if a sudden stroke had severed contact with his better emotions. His lips and mouth, as is so often described, parched and dry and yet his forehead was wet with perspiration and he swallowed nervously. So the lonely figure appeared to stand hesitantly and unsure.

Ghostly faces greeted him in front of a dark sea which moved and rustled. It welcomed him yet threatened to engulf him.

He was saved from an ignominious fate by the sight of the piano, his willing slave waiting to be conquered. Reassured, the fear

vanishes and breathing rapidly he crossed the vast, friendless stage to the grand.

His fingers rippled the keys and he drifted into a timeless oblivion of magical days and warm gentle nights, swaying trees and gently falling raindrops. The piano glowed, moved and sprang into life under his touch, responding to his every thought and mood. He was filled with rapturous emotion on entering this exalted heaven. Together they merged, pouring out tender notes, the imposing notes, the triumphant notes which danced out like wild fireflies, captivating and bewitching the audience.

A profound silence descended on the auditorium as the last note trailed away and lasted a full five seconds. Then applause, thunderous applause, applause that built up into a deafening crescendo.

The sunlight was dimmer now as it filtered gently through the window, falling softly on the worn upright piano with its cracked keys and wood dimmed of any lustre. The passionate longing, the dreams of greatness fled away, as if on Mercury's wings. He was left only with dreary, unending scales A, B, C Sharp, D, E, F Sharp, G Sharp, A - - -

D. Jones, 4A1.

MAN versus WIND

The wind echoes its almighty cry, man shivers in his puny clothes,
The wind laughs, man has met his match,
No missile, no gun, no dam, no boulder can subdue the wind,
The wind is free, the wind is uncontrollable.
Man is scared.

The leaves, the dust, the trees are allies of the wind,
They join in its crusade against man,
They slap his face, get in his eyes, fall on his house,
They try to beat back, kill their enemy.
Man retreats.

He retreats to his wind proof, central heated home,
But the wind is relentless it brings the snow in its sweeping embrace, and piles it around his retreat,
The wind then blows the oil tanker off the road, no central-heating now.
Man is cold.

A flying branch, a crack, the window gives way,
In a shower of glass in comes the wind,
Glass cuts man, rips off his clothes, rips open his fortress.
Man is scared.
Man is cold.
Man is dead.

D. H. Franklin, 3A1.

THEY

He had wandered in calmly enough, and the vault did not seem too terrible, even with its musty smell, and shadowy corners. The ominously-shaped boxes stacked around the wall seemed harmless in the light of day. The low ceiling was flat, and not domed, as it appeared from the outside. Somewhere from away to the back, came the trickling sound of water, and in the middle of the tomb stood a carved likeness, supposed to be the founder of this family, and the builder of this tomb.

"He must have been a giant of a man." The visitor stepped back to gain a better view, but as he did so, he caught the back of his head on a projection of the ceiling. He cursed the ill-found blank who had built it and rubbed the sore patch. He turned accusingly towards it, but suddenly he seemed out of place. He became a schoolboy, bashful and apologetic for bumping into a superior. A hush had fallen over the place. Everyone was looking at him, waiting for him to apologise. Then he snapped out of it and cursed again. There were no people he told himself, he was alone. While stumbling around like this, he bumped himself in the small of the back, on the statue.

"Damn, Damn, Damn and blast you; you stupid damned hunk of stone!!!" He picked up a rock and threw it at the statue. It was a childish action, and again he felt guilty at what he had done. He was being watched again. He felt it. It was as if they were all pressing in on top of him, and demanding he apologise. Well he wouldn't he told himself. The feeling of being observed was now so strong that he began to accept it. He scuffed his shoes petulantly along the floor towards the water where it fell from a crack in the rock. For a moment, he was puzzled. "How is there water there," he asked himself.

"This tomb is above ground. It must be to keep the air damp in here," he said, "though God knows why!"

"They would know why," he said looking accusingly about him, and then questioningly. At once the feeling of being surrounded grew stronger. The desire to give in to them became stronger as he did so. They wanted him to give in.

He would have run from the tomb, but he had now lost the power to do so. His mind and brain were so numbed with what he was going through, that he had lost control of his body. He sensed that the minds and spirits of the dead were all around him, but could not touch him. As he accepted the picture, he became more aware of his circumstances. He was almost in open communion with them now. He noticed the absence of any names, and realised that this was because his mind had no name in the physical sense. "The mind needs no name to control it," they told him. They also told him that his body knew nothing of what was happening. It was lying on the floor in a

disorganised heap.

"Only you have the power to reawaken," they told him. "We command you to give that body a name!"

The man, or the mind of the man, knew that if he gave his name, then they, the spirits of the dead would be able to enter and control his body. "I must reawaken that body," said the mind of the man, "for it alone can protect me from them." And the body stirred and arose, complaining of a severe headache, and it stumbled into the light of day, and they, the spirits of the dead, fled from the flesh which had shaped them.

A. Muggeridge, 6BG.

REQUIEM

Though oft' praise is close,
And spirits soar infinitely,
The life of old gathers its fungus,
As it rots in the distance and close by,
The heart, black and white,
Pains as the sword of toil strikes.
Deep, deep in the flesh of years gone by.
Slowly it turns, turning life itself away.
Until only the mahogany shell is left.
Out of sight, out of hearing,
The soul still toils on,
Destined to work forever,
Until the skies downward fall,
Drawing a black hand over spirits and souls.

Moira Beer, 3A1.

WHITEBAIT

Come with me. We're going to have a look at a plateful of whitebait. From a distance it's a jellied mass of white death dotted with specks of black. And the little black dots stare fixedly at you, bewildering and sad. Each tiny form lies helpless, moulded to its neighbour and transparent so that you can see right through the still heap until there are only dull white and opaque tails. Perhaps suffering stabs out from the wee eyes, or perhaps resignation to their fate, as though they know and understand the cruelty of human beings.

How sad that these poor creatures have become the victims of man's craving selfishness, and will never be gay, little streaks of light in the water again, their bodies will never flash silver in the sunlight again, instead they will lie limpid and watery in a china grave, awaiting further destiny.

What right has man to outwit those simple lives just to satisfy his ego? It is cowardly to get pleasure from catching little fish over fifty times smaller than yourself. Fishermen shamelessly destroy about a dozen harmless souls for just a couple of greedy mouthfuls.

It is terrible that man's greed and lack of sympathy allows him to exploit such pitifully helpless creatures merely for enjoyment.

Sharleen Stobie, 5S1.

A CHILD'S ACCEPTANCE OF BEAUTY

In my youngest days I used to sit
On the velvet undergrowth of the riverbank,
My hands stained with the green blood of grass
which I had savagely torn from the brown
earth.

I sang my evil demon child's song,
And broke the mirror surface of the emerald
river

With a stone, savagely thrown;
A stone to rebel against the boundaries of the
river,

To send frightened wavelets scampering across
the now broken crystal pool.

Beauty surrounded by unseeing child's eyes,
And I, in my armour of disdain, refused to
accept that beauty.

In the dark mossy depths of the river
My rejecting eyes saw only evil serpents beneath
the diamond waters,

My eyes saw only the danger of waters,
Filled with ooze and murk, and the symbol
"beauty" echoed

With a dull hollowness in the corridors of my
child's mind.

But soon, I became a saddened clown,
In the circus of my own world.

The symbol "beauty" again rose, but I had my
child's fear wall down,

And the lush greenness of the riverside flowed
over my disdainful child's mind and washed
evil from within.

My bloodstained hands no more brought guilt
into my heart.

I made the grass my friend,
The green and the brown

No more did I shatter the gentle water with a
hate-flung rock: They too, I befriended.

A rock was flung by a devil child, back in the
mists of a dawning life;

Still I sang my demon child's song,
But at last I know now not to push,
Nor to hurt,

But to let beauty tread its own soft velvet path,
And to bow my demon child's head till it has
passed.

Susan Lander, 4B1.

THE JOY OF THE CHASE

The torrential icy rain pelted mercilessly
down on the lone figure fighting his way up
the sodden bush track. His staggering gait
showed up his fatigue; all day he had pushed
his way through the tangled supplejack and
torturing bush lawyer in his quest for game.
Unfortunately deer dislike the rain and seek
shelter, so his day had been fruitless.

On every step through the increasing mud
and water his spirits dropped and his rifle
became heavier. His parka had lost all its water
resistance earlier in the day and now it kept
more water in than out.

His body was crinkled white from water and
his long black hair was hanging like tangled
rope, mud encrusted. His face was no longer
brown with sun tan, but white and blue grey
with cold.

The heavy pack on his back tore at his
shoulders and the gravel in his boots rubbed and
ground at his ankles.

Without warning the roar of rain on his
hood stopped, and the dull green-brown of the
bush took on a new hue, the air was warming
and drying; his faithful hound began to yelp
and whine with joy.

Slowly the dark bush lightened and thinned
to tall scrub and then to tussock grass. There
was a soft breeze which chilled his drying body.
His hands lost their numbness.

He was beginning to search for a camp
site when, without warning, a mighty stag rushed
away in front of him. His dog jumped and sprang
but did not follow. A few yards further on the
beast stopped, displaying his majestic twenty-
point head with the elegance of royalty, the
black mane on its throat wavered softly.

Th hunter dropped his load and quickly
slammed a round in the breech of his rifle;
quietly he worked the well oiled bolt.

Th bead of the sights coincided with the
animal's neck. A roar carried forth from the
gun and reverberated around the mountain
valleys, the stag fell, a writhing crumpled heap
in the tussock.

A look of extreme satisfaction formed on
the hunter's wrinkled face. The beast was no
lenger the beautiful form it had been minutes
before, but to the hunter this prize was the
ultimate aim of his hard day.

N. Banks, 4A1.

SO LET IT BE

Why this worry, why this glumness my friend?
The world is stored with beauty not to end
Because of change. Human weaknesses part, not
they,

From spoiling a perfect life that passed this way.
Look with open hearts to receive an endless
power,

That may destroy these tyrants before the hour.

Oh! be saved by rejoicement full.

A life that falters not, can still

Be lived by those who repent.

So let it be.

Forgive the ways of the world, but judge not
they;

A time will come, when those, that day,
Shall look up in amazement there to see
The Glory of God. His children will together be
United from many places; to at last receive
That saving grace for sinner's who believe.

Beryl Smillie, 6BM.

STORM

The wind increased intensity,
Th air decreased in density;
The trees began to sway and bow
As clouds swept o'er the mountain's brow.
Down the side they fell towards
The waiting earth below; onwards,
Tumbling,
Rumbling forth the thunder's call;
Lashing,
Flashing out the lightning's ball.
The storm, it struck
And began to pluck
Nature's work from the ground;
Throw it to and fro and 'round;
Tossed it down and smashed it,
Mashed it,
Crashed it.
Then the storm triumphantly,
Upon its head,
Placed the victory crown - - -
Then went to bed.

J. Hutton, 4P1.

IT HURTS TO REMEMBER

It had been a trying day, but for me it was not ended. There were clothes to sort, valuables to list and papers to go through. I changed out of my sombre black frock into an old jumper with a pair of worn jeans and placed my weary body in front of the writing desk which had stood where it was ever since I could remember. In it lay the record of my heritage, waiting to be torn apart by my eliminating fingers. First there were the title deeds and the family tree occupying the top drawer, then the cheque books, family contacts, photographs and other petty items, which are often found in a family desk, filling the second and third compartments. Only one drawer remained—the fourth and bottom, which in all my sixteen years of life I had never witnessed anybody open. I hesitated. Perhaps it wasn't supposed to be opened. If so then should I? My decision was quickly for the affirmative as I rebuked myself for becoming sentimental at such a time. The drawer, which I slowly opened, as from years of disuse the sides had cramped firmly, revealed to me only two objects. The first was a bundle of school reports, my father's, and I read through the list of firsts and seconds, excellent remarks which he had never mentioned to me as way of rebuke for the poor marks I so often obtained. The second article was a hardbound blue book, which proudly displayed the following 'Royal Canadian Air Force Observers and Air Gunner's Flying Log.' The first page informed me that Dad had qualified as a navigator, bomb aimer, gunner and astro. The following pages followed his progress at Prince Albert in Canada, operations in Dusseldorf, Boulogne, London, Berlin, Magdaburg, Leipzig, Laon, Rouen, Aachen, Anglers, Duisberg, with many more all repeated many

times. My father had once told me that during the war he had been stationed at Canada and had been so dumb as a pilot that they made him a navigator—but this—this was unbelievable. Many times I had seen those rows of medals that he had worn proudly on his chest, only now, the day he'd been buried, did they have their full significance.

K. GOULD, 3P1.

SHIPWRECK

As the waves pounded the distant offshore reef, I noticed the dark form of a sailing ship being battered furiously towards it. Knowing I could not prevent its destruction, I sat there hoping it would not be wrecked. Wave after wave smashed against the ship driving it nearer and nearer to the protruding reef.

And then suddenly surging from beneath the depths of the ocean, rose a wave which towered high above the fragile craft. With fury and thrust the wave leapt upon the doomed craft engulfing it completely.

With the might of elephants it drove shoreward towards the reef with the ship in its wake. As the wave smashed headlong into the savage reef, a riot of spray burst skyward, and the little ship was torn apart in a flurry of anxiety.

As a lull eventuated, the scene was one of destruction and grief, with remains of the ship lying idle upon the now calm reef.

Darryl Maclean, 3A1.

Hunger

Hunger starves the children,
Hunger kills them all,
Hunger attacks the strongest
Who with the weakest will fall.
Hunger kills the families,
Hunger drives them mad,
Hunger not of food my friend,
Hunger of knowledge to be had.
They cross the road without waiting,
They fail to see the bomb,
They estimate their failings,
But die because they were wrong.
They kill for the sake of killing,
They turn against their God.
They never seem to care
Until to Hell they slowly plod.
They blame the world for denying,
Their selfish sacred rules,
They curse their God for failing,
Because he made them fools.
A little knowledge given friend,
Is all I ask of you.
A little knowledge given friend,
Will make them wise and true.

K. Gould, 3P1.

THE STORM AT SEA

It heaved restlessly, as if to spit up all hate on mankind, and fell, as if a great problem weighed down upon its shoulders.

It was a million murky greens, right down to its black forbidding depths. It hissed and roared, moaning like a caged animal. The wild wind screamed and tore at the waters, and the sky pressed down, frowning upon the surface. It seemed as if God was having his revenge, threatening with his power, in the form of nature, on this sinful world.

The sea was turbulent, a boiling mass of spray and foam, violently crushing them within its huge arms. Tossing them. Ignoring their screams of terror, torn from their lips by the tempest. Their small insignificant lives snatched from them and forced down under.

The mighty heaven opened, poured forth its miserable song, and the wind's mirth showed little mercy. The waves bowed down as it roared past and accepted the heaven's offerings.

It raged on till darkness and grew tired. The weary winds departed. The clouds collected themselves and disappeared, and the waters fell and rose no more. It gave up its victims and cradled them to the shore, gently pushing them forward. The wavelets whispered encouragement, but they did not rise; only lay lifeless among the rotting seaweed and uttered no sound. Everything was peaceful, save the mournful cry of a lonely bird, who watched them and lamented at their death.

P. Pearson, 4P1.

THE CAPTIVE

He ran his tiny hands around the imprisoning bars, and whimpered. There was a cold, unfriendly smell in the steel bars, and as he gazed out at the outlines of the trees and the dark undergrowth he could sense a forbidding smell in the air.

He was young, and curiosity had made him enter the trap, lured by the juicy, inviting apple. He had taken only one bite when the door clanged shut and he was imprisoned.

And now, several hours after he had entered, someone came and looked in through the bars. The prisoner ran in panic round the cage, but finding no escape, crouched in a far corner, shivering with fright. The person slid some slices of apple in through the bars, but to the little prisoner they no longer smelt inviting, so he left them, and looked up at the other imploringly, begging him to let him go. The person noticed the sad brown eyes, and could not meet them. He stood up in the grey dawn, pondering and trying to make a decision. The silence was broken only by a few birds singing in joy of their freedom in the trees.

Then the boy knelt by the cage, struggled with the bar, and then slid it back. The

prisoner noticed this, and tentatively pushed the door. It swung open. The captive stood for a moment, wondering if this was a trap, but the temptation was too much, and the young opossum ran out to freedom, leaving the trap, and a smiling boy.

J. Cooper, 3B1.

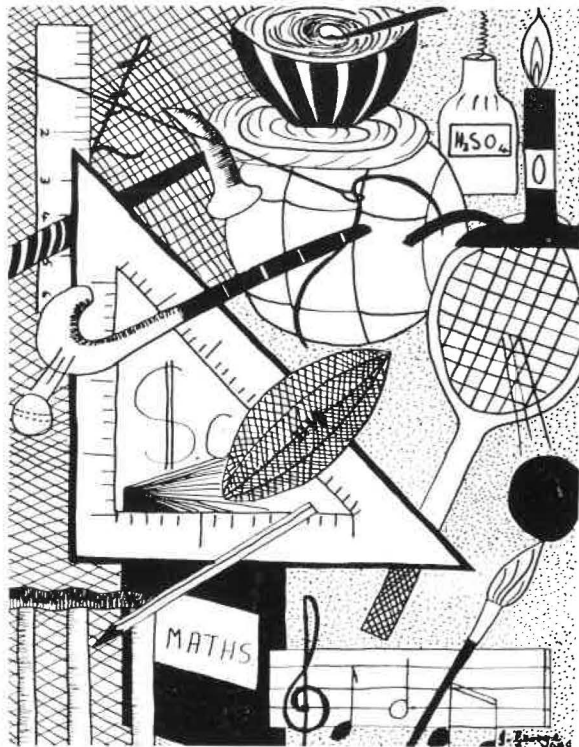
SEA'S VICTORY

It's blue.
But grey;
A sudden death-bed
For ocean-travellers.
And mocks
Their desperate tries
To fight its furies—
But, to no avail.
Clammy depths
Drag man down,
Luring him with watery smiles.
He lingers, then accepts
The invitation.
Repents, too late.
Man is gone;
And his grave, his love.

M. Tucker, 4P1.



1st in Magazine Art Competition—Marianne Muggeridge, 4P1



2nd in Magazine Art Competition—Jennifer George, 6BG

THE RIVER

The early morning sun glittered off the clear cool water. The river swirled down around pale sun-baked rocks. Eddying into large still pools, the water stopped for a minute or so, and then, urged on by the current, gushed off down the river again. Surrounding willows with drooping branches stood out against the pale blue sky. A group of insects buzzed over the water next to the silvery sand.

An angler stood, and cast his thread like line into the deep water. With the help of a nimble wrist he sent the lure skimming across the water beneath the willows. Gradually, beside a rock, I made out the slender outlines of a fish. Peering deep into the water I saw the trout rise slowly toward the lure.

With an agile leap the trout struck and the line tightened, within seconds trace and tortured trout tore downstream. The enthralled angler leapt into the river and expertly tightened the drag as he watched the line leaving a veil of spray as the fish sped on.

Eventually the exhausted fish lessened its speed and the angler wasted no time in shortening the distance between them. Then after a frenzied struggle in a shallow pool the trout was forced to kneel beneath his ruler's cane. It was then that he slid the net steadily under the fish and lifted the limp form on to the bank.

As the fisherman bled his fish the birds continued to sing, unaware of this drama taking place beneath their wings.

P. Gaze, 4P1.

TO THE WOMAN'S WEEKLY MY NEW KITCHEN

"Mum! Mum! It has come."

"What has? dear."

"The letter has just come through the teleprinter. Please can I open it? I think it is it!"

"You think it's what?"

"The letter mum, you know, about us moving."

"Oh all right you may open it . . . pause . . . well what does it say?"

"Yippee, we are moving. Mars here I come!"

This delightful little episode occurred three decatrones ago, and now we are happily installed in our new home or metrodom as it is called here. Everything is utterly ultra-plus up here, and our 1990 home on Earth is completely obsolete.

The thing which intrigued me most of all was the new kitchen or should I say the lack of one, for strictly speaking there is not kitchen in our home on Mars. There is merely a set of devices along one wall in the utility room. This particular room is "out of this world," with the most fantastic equipment. It is deodourised and has a stabilised temperature. The preparation of a meal is done from a remote control

Pat Scriven, 3P1.

THE SLUG

He oozes his way on a stream of slime,
Glinting silver in the morning sun,
A bird is perched in a tree up above,
Watching his movements with a greedy eye.
A helpless creature of ugly design,
Having no aim but to live, and die,
By instinct alone he palpitates along,
A cylinder of moving flesh.
Sliding through the dewy grass,
Happy in his element,
The slug moves liquidly,
Small and boneless.
Stuck on a sawdust heap is he,
Lifelessly he tries to free himself,
The morning sun turns hot and fearsome,
Baking him on the spot,
The beauty of his silver trail is lost,
And his body dry and dead.

computer. The hardest work in arranging a meal is for the rook to set the computer into action by pressing a few buttons. All foodstuffs used for the meal are ordered through this computer, and are delivered by guided missile from the community nutritional centre, each item having its caloric content frosted on the transperifane packages.

My first meal consisted of cucumber cutlets, roasted potatoes and onions, frosted peas and creamed potatoes. All I had to do was to put the potatoes and onions in the infra-red roaster, and the cutlets on the solar grill. One press from the humidifier and the peas were defrosted. A press on another button and the remaining potatoes were cubed by a laser beam cutter. By the time Father arrived in the space-mobile from work, the meal was served. To make it look appetising I cut up some parsley under the atomic blast chopper and sprinkled it over the potatoes.

When the meal was over we disposed of our duralon fibre dishes and cutlery into a monster vacuum system, which sucked away most of my worries. The remaining articles were put under a blast from the liquid oxygen atomiser and these came out shining and sterilised.

I thought this was the answer to any woman's prayer but looking at some things up here I was astounded to see that my equipment was already old-fashioned.

Oh well! I don't mind being old-fashioned and I am really looking forward to receiving some parcels from my friends on Earth containing some of those almost forgotten cooking ingredients like flour and sugar so that I can again try my hand at baking.

I hope this article will enlighten your readers of the efficient meal service we have here on Mars.

J. Hughes, 5N.

MIDNIGHT SWIM

The cool, clear water closed softly over my head and swirled gently round my body as I slid into the river. The sliver image of the moon was mirrored perfectly on the glassy surface. This was heaven. All alone, just the surrounding water and the stillness of the night air to keep me company. Not that I needed any on such a perfect night. This was what I wanted; to be by myself. The crowded, bustling city had reached its limit as far as I was concerned. I had felt I had just had to get away from it for at least a weekend and so, here I was. Camping, single-handed, in the most beautiful piece of land for miles around.

Doing a slow, relaxed crawl-stroke, I headed for the far bank of the river. The thoughts of the past hectic week I had just managed to live through, all left me, as I glided silently through the water.

Next moment, the peace was shattered by a piercing gunshot. The bullet skidded across the water not more than five feet in front of me. I instinctively ducked under the water, and strove madly for the bottom, seeking the protection of the stony depths. My thoughts raced wildly and my mind was in an extreme state of confusion. With my lungs almost bursting I broke surface about 25 yards further along the river. I glanced all around me, but it was too dark to see either of the banks, let alone anybody standing anywhere with a rifle. So, I headed for the bank on which my camp was situated, and clambered carefully up the slope. I groped my way through the trees, shaking like a leaf, not through the cold, but from shock, and then entered the clearing which served as the site for my tent. However, as I neared my tent I was startled once more, as I felt a strong, cold hand grip my bare shoulder. My reflexes acted so suddenly my knees went weak and my whole body froze. I stood like a stone, until I heard a gruff voice say:

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to pack up and leave this place. It's too dangerous for a young girl like you!"

I turned my head sharply and was confronted with a strange face.

"I - I beg your pardon!" I stammered.

"That shot into the water; it was me, I'm afraid, and I must apologise." I must say he looked sincerely apologetic. "You see, there is a wildcat which has been causing a big disturbance around these parts recently, and naturally, not expecting to see anyone doing any midnight swimming here, I shot at the first moving object I saw in the water!"

Was I relieved! With the man's help, I collected my gear together, and left the beautiful serenity of the riverside and drove once more through the stately trees which lined the lonely road.

Perhaps the city wasn't too bad after all—it was a lot safer, anyhow, and I guess you should be grateful to accept what you already have.

M. Tucker, 4P1.

THE MAIDEN OF LIFE

Here I lie,
A veil seems to be falling over my eyes,
The black veil of death.

Oh! life sweet life
Soon you will be gone.
You are not a screen of black
But a cloud of pink mist,
In that mist is a maiden.
She is life.
She lures you on
Through dark and treacherous jungles,
Through bogs and quick sand.
Oh! she is beautiful,
Her skin is smooth and white,
Her hair is the sun itself,
And her face is the glory of dawn.
So you want her
And you follow, follow
Onward, with father time
Who is after her too.
She takes you through bliss
And hours in Paradise,
To the Garden of Eden
Then on to Heaven.
Gives you rolling hills
To lie on and dream,
With skies of blue and trees all around.
But the mountains of ice,
Canyons miles deep,
Deserts and sea storms
Must all be conquered.
With her in your eyes,
By your side ever,
They can and will be crossed.

Now, slowly into darkness
She brings me,
Only to go and leave me alone
And never to see her again.
Goodbye, sweet maiden,
Goodbye forever.

Ann Scholes.

THE STORM

The wild winds lashed at the copse of gnarled pohutukawas which clung tenaciously to the brink of the cliff, bending them like whiplashes. The howling gale, shrieking and sighing through the gaunt boughs, eerily resembled the wails of a forlorn Irish "banshee." The whole raging scene was bathed now and then by the pale moon which flitted through the wind-shredded clouds. Intermittent flashes of lightning, distant row but ever coming closer, played on the turbulent sea and for brief seconds silhouetted the staunch pohutukawas clinging to the cliff. Thunder boomed and rumbled across the heavens like distant canon fire.

Then came the inevitable rain. Great black clouds, belching thunder, rolled up, dowsing the fleeting moon with dreadful, fingerless hands, and pouring with a vengeance their pent up fury on to the hapless earth. The prelude was over, the awesome might of the storm was unleashed.

R. Burgess, 4P1.

TREES

Tall and brooding, they stand and sway,
Gaunt and haunting, thin green spires,
Like wild shoots of flame in the night,
Gnarled and twisted, bent and inspired,
They stand and sway.
Dark and impressive,
Like giants of old,
They stand and freeze in the night,
In the winds icy cold,
In the wind's icy cold.
Why do they grow so tall and stark,
Staring impassively, like eyes in the dark,
And tomorrow we know they're going to fall,
(No longer standing so big and tall)
To the bushman and his axe.

No longer will they stand and glare
Looking so impressive there,
With a whomp and a thud into the ground,
For tomorrow they come tumbling down,
And life shall end.

P. Lucas, 4A.

HOUSE OF MIRRORS

"Open the door," he yelled, "before it's too late."

But his cries were not heard over the noise of the show folk, all doing their jobs on their twisted stalls and the people crying with delight or glooming with despair.

His fists beat hard against the wall, but it was no good, he was trapped, he was sure there was no way out. Everything about him looked the same, he was alone. At this moment he could have just sat down and cried with shame. After all he was the one who had said that this was an easy task.

As his lonely eyes looked round only he was reflected, only his misfortune was seen.

Slowly he rose; he could see his face clearly now. The wrinkles of fear could be seen, this was torturing him. He must find a way out, some way. If there was a way in, there must be a way out.

In mad fury, he rushed around pushing at all the walls, nowhere did he find an exit into the screaming crowd of the fair. Exhausted from hopelessness he collapsed to the floor.

After a time, not knowing how long he had been there, his eyes spotted what seemed to be a glimmer of sunlight from under a mirror. Without further thought he rushed to the glimmer, with a forceful push the mirror gave way, and he found himself in the crowds outside.

Relief spread across his face, relief from the horror of the house of mirrors; as he realised that this had indeed been no easy task.

C. Miscall, 4B2.

PLEA OF THE PAPER DART THROWER

Oh Sir! Oh Sir! Lay down your cane,
This accident I can explain;
The reason for this situation
Is simply faulty navigation.
The paper dart you confiscated,
From its course had deviated,
For when curving through the air,
A crosswind caught it fair and square;
This caused the change of destination,
And thus provoked this disputation.
I had not planned to hit your head,
But my friend Jamie Jones', instead.
To throw the dart at all was wrong,
I hope your face won't hurt for long.

A. Miles, 5S1.



3rd in Magazine Art Competition—Brian Sulzberger, 3A2

LITERATURE COMPETITION 1966

Although a special effort is made in October, students are reminded that work done at any time during the year may be entered. If your teacher gives you a good mark for a composition, copy it out neatly and give it to Mr. Lovell. He will keep it for the competition.

From the many commendable entries received this year the following gained places.

Third Form Prose: K. Gould 1, D. Maclean 2, J. Cooper 3, R. Clarke 4.

Third Form Verse: P. Scriven 1, D. Franklin 2, M. Beer 3, S. Harper 4.

Fourth Form Prose: D. Jones 1, M. Tucker 2, R. Burgess and N. Banks equal 3.

Fourth Form Verse: M. Samuels 1, S. Lander 2, A. Sutherland 3.

Fifth Form Prose: D. Quay.

Fifth Form Poetry: R. Halliday.

Sixth Form Prose: A. Muggerridge.

Sixth Form Poetry: P. Alley.

Our thanks go to the "Daily News," who contributed three guineas towards the prize money.

MAGAZINE EXCHANGES

Hawera Technical High School, Waitara High School, Inglewood 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, Herculunga College, Francis Douglas Memorial College.

PRIZE LIST 1965

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Girls: Junior, Judith Wilson. Intermediate, Margaret Legge, Susan Flett. Senior, Pam Smith.

Boys: Junior, Bruce Walker. Intermediate, Ted Taylor. Senior, Gary Miller.

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Girls: Junior, Sue Pearson. Intermediate, Coraleen McCullough. Senior, Carolyn Roberts, Caroline Robinson.

Boys: Junior, Alistair Flett. Intermediate, Barnett Bond. Senior, Stephen Bond.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

Girls: Third Form, Donna Clarke; Fourth Form, Janet Spence; Fifth Form, Margaret Watson; Sixth Form, Charlotte Rogers.

Boys: Third Form, Graham Hills; Fourth Form, Peter O'Brien; Fifth Form, Larry Gush; Sixth Form, John Borrell.

HOUSE AWARDS

The Faye Hill Cup for Interhouse Basketball: Moturoa, Jan Hunter.

The Sole Cup for Interhouse Tennis: Moturoa, Jan Hunter.

The Chris Hamill Cup — Girls' Interhouse Softball: Motoura, Jan Hunter.

The Barribal Cup — Girls' Interhouse Hockey: Moturoa, Jan Hunter.

The Natalie Cleland Cup — Spotswood and Rangiatea Basketball: Rangiatea, Charlotte Rogers.

The Honnor Cup for Interhouse Rugby: Motumahaunga, Malcolm McAlpine.

The F. V. Morine Cup for Interhouse Athletics: Motumahaunga, Charlotte Rogers, Malcolm McAlpine.

The Borrell Cup for Interhouse Soccer: Mikotahi, John Borrell.

Interhouse Speech Cup: Mikotahi, John Borrell, Pat Boswell.

The Dr. and Mrs. Andrews' Award for Interhouse Drama: Mikotahi, John Borrell, Pat Boswell.

The Sargent Trophy for Interhouse Music: Mikotahi, John Borrell, Pat Boswell.

Interhouse Shield for 20 Events: Mikotahi, John Borrell, Pat Boswell.

SPEECH CONTEST

Third Form, Robyn Harvey; Fourth Form, Jolene Hughes; Fifth Form, Jennifer George; Sixth Form, Jan Hunter.

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

Third Form, 1st Christine Francis, 2nd John Sutton and Alan Sutherland; Fourth Form, 1st Diana Quay, 2nd Christine McPhail; Fifth Form, 1st Philip Alley, 2nd Lois Penny; Sixth Form, 1st Christine Lewis, 2nd David Wilkinson.

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Third Form: Special Merit in Homecraft and Clothing, Alison Boswell.

Fourth Form: Special Merit in Homecraft and Clothing, Sharon Williams. Merit in Homecraft, Marlene Scott. Special Merit in Maths, John Weir.

Fifth Form: Merit in Clothing, Raewyn Ashworth. Merit in Homecraft, Barbara Gilbert. Merit in Shorthand/Typing, Lynne Kay. Merit in Woodwork, Robert Gordon-Stables. J. C. Riddell Prize for Special Merit in Engineering, Kevin Smith.

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS

3A1: 1st equal Lorraine Lovell, Brian Johnson, 3rd, Judith Mumford.

3A2: 1st equal Margaret Samuels, Dianne Jones, 3rd, Peter Lucas.

3A3, 1st Heather Clarke, 2nd David Allerton.

3B1: 1st Kerry Avery, 2nd Carol Bennett.

3B2: 1st Stephen Kerr, 2nd Graham Hills.

3B3: 1st Catherine Lobb, 2nd Sue Pearson.

3K: 1st Barry Turner, 2nd Gary Northcott.

3L: 1st John Hutton, 2nd Carol Garcia.

4A1: 1st Christine McPhail, 2nd Roger Ward.

4A2: 1st Dennis Krutz, 2nd equal John Mercer, Karen Lund.

4A3: 1st Ruth Goldsmith, 2nd Michael Johnson.

4B1: 1st Louise Whittle, 2nd Raymond Dunlop.

4B2, 1st David Griffiths, 2nd Greig Tilley.

4B3: 1st Jennifer Weir, 2nd Margaret Legge.

4K: 1st Bruce Young, 2nd David McDowell.

5A: 1st Lois Penney, 2nd Raewyn Lobb.

5B: 1st Geoffrey Berry, 2nd Lynne Kaye.

5C: 1st Isobel Gray, 2nd Jan Holden.

5D: 1st Dale Loader, 2nd equal Helen Gardner, Chrissie Rogers.

5E: 1st Graeme Bezzant, 2nd Barbara Gilbert.

5F: 1st Allan Williams, 2nd Kevin Smith.

Lower Sixth Form: French, Barry Bryant; Maths/Mechanics/Physics, Dorothy Beardmore; Geography, John Borrell; Music, Bruce Alley; Biology, Joy Rookes.

Upper Sixth Form: English, Christine Lewis; History and Geography, Kathryn Procter; J. N. Barrowman Prize for Maths, Bruce Lynch.

SPECIAL PRIZES

1. **J. A. Snell Memorial Prize:** Wayne McCurdy, 4B1, in Engineering; Robert Buchanan, 4B1, in Engineering; David Griffiths, 4B2, in Woodwork.

2. **P.T.A. President's Prize for Head Girl (Mr. O. G. Sole):** Jan Hunter.

3. **Board Chairman's Prize for Head Boy (Mr. L. M. Moss):** Denis Sole.

4. **Dux Cup (Presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Aderman):** Kathryn Procter.

5. **Principal's Prize, Dux Medal and Book:** Kathryn Procter.

COMMERCIAL EXAMINATION RESULTS 1965

Public Service: Junior Government Shorthand, Typewriting and English—
Passed: Janice Wright, Lesley Walker, Kaylene Senior, Dale Loader, Lynn Kay, Isobel Gray.

Partial Pass in English and Shorthand: Raewyn Jury.

Partial Pass in English: Maree Hallmond, Phyllis McCarthy, Jennifer George, Carolyn Walsh, Merle Stott.

Chamber of Commerce Examination: Regional Subject award to:
Kaylene Senior, Shorthand; Lesley Walker, English.

1965 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE RESULTS SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

I. H. Biddle: Typewriting-Jnr., Office Practice.

G. M. Bowen: Office Practice, English.

K. J. Dawson: English, Arithmetic.

G. D. Egarr: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

G. M. Fitzpatrick: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

J. A. Fluker: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

L. D. Frank: Typewriting-Jnr.

P. H. Gayton: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

J. A. George: Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting-Jnr.

J. A. George: Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting-Jnr.

I. M. Gray: Shorthand, 80 w.p.m., Typewriting-Jnr., Office Practice, English.

T. E. Henderson: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

R. S. Jury: Typewriting-Jnr., Office Practice.

L. Kay: Shorthand, 90 w.p.m., Typewriting-Jnr., Office Practice, English.

G. J. Lovell: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

R. A. Lucas: Office Practice.

M. A. McAlpine: Bookkeeping.

P. D. McCarthy: Office Practice, English.

J. McNeil: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

K. S. Morgan: Office Practice, English.

L. E. Plant: Shorthand, 70 w.p.m.

S. F. Richards: Bookkeeping.

K. F. Roberts: Bookkeeping.

C. Rogers: Shorthand, 90 w.p.m.

K. J. Senior: Shorthand, 90 w.p.m., Office Practice, English.

H. M. Shoemark: Office Practice, English, Arithmetic.

D. M. Sole: Bookkeeping.

M. M. Stott: Typewriting-Jnr., English.

G. R. Sutherland: Bookkeeping.

L. A. Walker: Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting-Jnr., Office Practice, English.

N. N. Walker: Office Practice, English.

C. L. Walsh: English.

J. A. Wright: Shorthand, 70 w.p.m., Typewriting-jnr., Office Practice, English.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

The two dances that have been held for the pupils have been most successful, although more support from the boys would have been appreciated.

Freyberg Social — 6th July

While the winter sports teams were resting from Freyberg the first social was held. The excellent music provided by the band, the Nite-Lites, made the evening the success it was.

Carnival Dance — 29th October

This was probably the most ambitious undertaking that a dance committee has ever taken on in the school's history. Many of the usual formalities were lifted, and this was probably the reason for the success. However, this could not have been achieved without co-operation from Mr. McPhail and members of the staff. The dance committee would like to thank them for their co-operation.

The decorating of the hall after the Carnival had to be completed in a hurry, and even then it was not finished until 6.30 p.m.—leaving little time for some to get changed and be back by 7.15 p.m.

The evening's music was provided by the Trends and the frequent visits of some people to the coffee bar showed how stimulating their music was.

The music room's television set and the outside coffee bar were popular throughout the evening and Mr. Somervell and his class must be congratulated for the way they ran these.

The announcement of the Carnival Queen was the highlight of the evening. Voting for the 27 contestants had taken place during the previous fortnight.

The results of the competition were:—
1st Judy McDonald.
2nd Pam Lobb.
3rd Tiddy Walker.

After a drinking competition from a soft drink bottle, with a restricted exit for the liquid, the evening ended in a jovial tone.

G.H.

FORM LISTS

6A:

Bailey, Brian E.
Braddock, Noel F.
Bryant, Barrie
Honeyfield, Graeme R.
Jamieson, Alan F.
Lobb, Geoffrey B.
Love, Wayne
McPhail, A. Hugh
Martin, Bruce W.
Mills, Barry D.
Parker, Wayne C.

6BM:

Alley, Philip A.
Barry, Geoffrey D.
Bezzant, Graeme M.
Bond, Barnett
Boswell, Ian M.
Egarr, Graham D.
Fitzpatrick, Gavin M.
Fluker, John A.
Halliday, Jack
Henderson, Trevor
Humphrey, Rex S.
Joel, Thomas F.
Lilley, David P.
MacGibbon, Alistair

6BG:

Borrell, Peter W.
Bracegirdle, Ralph
Kendall, Ian
Laycock, Michael J.
Morris, Wayne D.
Muggeridge, Alan J.
Mundell, Lester K. J.
Nielson, Tony J.
Sole, Kenneth H.
Walker, Leonard S.
Biddle, Irene H.
Croskey, Leonie
Eley, Heather
Gardner, Helen M.
George, Jennifer A.
Grant, Maria C.
Gray, Isabel M.
Hammonds, Mary E.
Harrison, Janet M.
Haylock, Lesley A.

551:

Berendsen, Alan K.
Erewster, Stephen D.
Cavane, Wayne H.
Cook, Trevor
Dunlop, Raymond J.
Fitzpatrick, Keith
Halliday, Rex A.
Harrison, John A.
Hart, Kevin B.
Hill, Bruce M.
Loasby, Kevin
Lynch, Ross A.
Mason, Stephen H.
Miles, Allan R.
Procter, Warrick G.
Ward, Roger M.

552:

Been, Dirk
Brosnan, David
Churchill, Murray
Cooper, Geoffrey
Dungan, Christopher
Fisher, Peter
Fluker, Malcolm
Gayton, Denis
Herbert, Kevin
Hewson, Grant
Johnson, Michael
Keenan, Rae
Krutz, Dennis
Mercer, John
Marshall, Wayne
O'Sullivan, Tony
Ramsay, Ian

Ross, Graham L.
Scholes, Ross D.
Stanton, Brian J.
Stedman, Donald J.
Sutherland, Gavin
*Wilkinson, Denis E.
Barclay, Raeburne M.
Beardmore, Dorothy A.
McEwan, Josephine
Sole, Dianne
*Tulloch, Lynda M.

Parks, Rodney J.
*Rae, David J.
Sharpe, Colin
*Spranger, Max D.
Tallott, Peter G.
Ward, Geoffrey W.
Winter, Charles F.
Greenway, James M.
Bond, Carolyn F.
Hitchcock, Lynne B.
Lobb, Raewyn A.
McAlpine, Gaylene
Smillie, Beryl J.
Sole, Barbara J.

*Kircher, Pat
Kitchingman, Marie E.
Kopua, Rautu
Lobb, Pam A.
Luckin, Janice E.
Lucas, Raewyn A.
Mace, Christine O.
MacKenzie, C. O.
Penney, Lois J.
Pepperell, Megan
Petrowski, Lynette F.
Rogers, Chrissie
*Senior, Kaylene J.
Stott, Merle M.
Thompson, Elaine P.
Walker, Leslie A.
Walker, Nancy
Winstanley, Gail Y.
Wright, Janice A.

5- Williamson, Ross
5- Collins, Miranda A.
5- Davison, Janet A.
5- Kay, Janet
5- Lewis, Pauline R.
5- Lund, Karen A.
5- MacGibbon, Judy M.
5- McPhail, Christina
5- Morgan, Jenny M.
5- Loasby, Kevin
5- Lynch, Ross A.
5- Mason, Stephen H.
5- Miles, Allan R.
5- Procter, Warrick G.
5- Ward, Roger M.

553:

Asquith, Paul
*Bailey, Alan
Bennett, Mervyn
Brown, Gregory
Cleaver, Jeffrey
*Cotter, Murray
*Denney, Kim
Dore, Alistair
Fleming, Robin
Gowan, Bruce
Grant, Rodney
Gredig, Kevin
*Griffiths, David
*Guild, Peter
*Gush, Larry
*Healey, Geoffrey
Jury, Wayne

581

Bowen, Graham
Archer, Faye
Askew, Lyn
Bel, Lia
Boswell, Patricia
Bowen, Patricia
Clark, Lynley
Cowan, Joan
Frank, Lorraine
Grace, Elizabeth
Hamill, Adrienne
Hawkin, Karen
*Heap, Kathryn
Honeyfield, Caryll
*Inglis, Susan
*Kendall, Suzanne

554:

Blinkhorne, Terry
Bloore, Alan
Borchart, Barry
Buchanan, Robert
*Clarke, Max
Clarke, Wayne
Eales, Jeffrey
*Eruitt, Wayne
Farrant, Russell
*Fraser, Geoffrey
Giddy, Colin
Gredig, Maurice
*Haase, Graeme
Hills, Ashley
Jans, Neil
Jorgensen, Trevor

5N:

Autridge, Glennys
Ballinger, Shirley A.
*Beaurepaire, Carolmary
Beaurepaire, Rosemary
Booker, Vivienne
Bracegirdle, Cheryl E.
*Drew, Maureen
Eruitt, Vicki
Flett, Susan
Fowler, Judy
Hill, Jenny
Howarth, Beverley
Hughes, Jolene
Johns, Marion
Lambert, Adrienne
Loader, Diana

5- MacArthur, John
5- McCracken, Trevor
5- McGregor, Alan
5- McGregor, Terry
5- McMillan, Ian
5- Miller, Garry
5- Nixon, Graham
5- Parkes, Ronald
5- Riddick, Graeme
5- Robertson, Bruce
5- Ruakere, Graham
5- Standing, Garry
5- Scholes, Steven
5- Sweeney, Robert
5- Walker, Bruce
5- Woods, John

Kerr, Anne
Liley, Alison
Luscombe, Allison
MacCarthy, Phyllis
*Martin, Diana
*Maskelyne, Laurel
*Mack, Colleen
*Naylor, Joanna
*Prouse, Heather
*Rowland, Gloria
*Scott, Marlene
*Stuck, Kathleen
*Taoho, Nancy
*Walsh, Carolyn
*Waite, Anne
*Whittle, Louise
*Simonsen, Vicki

Knight, G.
Lloyd-Smith, Graham
*Loveridge, Boyd
*McCurdy, Wayne
*McLeod, Max
*Marsden, Murray
*Martin, Peter
*Mischewski, Kelvin
*O'Brien, Peter
*Peters, Leonard
*Pittwood, Peter
*Reed, Basil
*Smith, Nigel
*Waipapa, Raynor
*Williams, Michael

Love, Wendy
McConnell, Judy
McCullough, Coraleen
5- Moody, Jacquelin
5- Moss, Bonny
5- Perkins, Bronwen
5- Popata, Diane
5- Samuels, Louella
5- Scott, Raewyn
5- Seamark, Joy
5- Shoemark, Heather
5- Southall, Glenys
5- Uebel, Anne
5- Waata, Moehau
5- Williams, Martha
5- Winter, Dorothy

5B2:

Anderson, Colleen
Andrews, Jocelyn
*Barker, Lynette
5- Barriball, Margaret
Battersby, Judy
Cadger, Nancy
Carley, Sandra
*Cawthray, Jan
Chambers, Julianne
Field, Nancy
*Goldsworthy, Alison
*Griffin, Maree
5- Gush, Dianne
Harris, Katherine
Hine, Anne
Hume, Carina

Katene, Lesley
*Klatt, Alison
*Lilly, Ann
Mitchell, Karen
O'Byrne, Lorraine
Pahura, Hiranga
Putt, Glenys
*Riddick, Barbara
Ritai, Mary
Roberts, Carolyn
Rosser, Ruth
Rowe, Heather
*Smith, Loraine
Spence, Janet
Tiuka, Judy
Walker, Margaret

4P1:

Burgess, Robert A
Collier, Michael F
Gaze, Peter D.
Hutton, John L.
James, Peter C.
Laming, Ian J.
Meehan, Donald R.
*Morgan, William R.
Sutherland, Alan R.
Weston, Raymond B.
Wyke, John B.
Campbell, Moira G.
Douglas, Suzanne M.
Dove, Francine M.
Dryden, Lynette A.

Dutton, Jennifer A.
Eley, Lynn
Francis, Christine M.
Garcia, Carol M.
Gilshnan, Jeanette M.
Harvey, Robyn C.
Huffam, Barbara T.
McGregor, Heather A.
Muggeridge, Marianne H.
Pearson, Pamela J.
Rae, Shelley A.
Reeve, Lois E.
Tucker, Margaret J.
Walker, Tiddy A.

4A1:

Armstrong, Kevin
Ashworth, Kevin
Banks, Nicholas
Corbett, Roderick
Hart, Gregory
Hickman, John
Johnson, Brian
Lucas, Peter
Parker, Glenn
Peel, Brian
Pritchard, Marr
Quay, Colin
*Raskin, Morrison
Stewart, Stephen
Topless, Robert
Winstanley, Colin

Bennett, Barbara
Booker, Jillian
Boyce, Trudy
Farquar, Faye
Harrison, Kathleen
Henderson, Pamela
Jones, Diane
*Kinloch, Wendy
Lovell, Lorraine
MacKenzie, Barbara
Mumford, Judith
Rookes, Marion
Samuels, Margaret
Scholes, Ann
Stedman, Sherilyn
Williams, Linda

4A2:

Archer, Philip
Ashcroft, David
Duckett, Peter
Flett, Alister
Johnston, Robert
Kemsley, Eric
Loveridge, Graeme
Malcolm, Michael
Marshall, Graham
Mills, Rodney
Moss, David
Paul, John
Robertson, Alex
Barrett, Olive
Bird, Gail
Clarke, Heather

Clarke, Donna
Coxhead, Margaret
Hitchcock, Margaret
How, Noreen
Jans, Linda
Kibble, Janferie
*Laing, Anita
Long-Taylor, Jayne
McAlpine, Marilyn
Miller, Kaye
Potaka, Margaret
Sears, Carolyn
Sinclair, Jean
Stone, Linda
Wood, Sandra
Yule, Carole

4A3:

Allerton, David
*Berridge, Dennis
Black, Ronald
Carley, Tom
Ewington, Louis
Field, Donald
Gerrard, Philip
Jamieson, Wayne
Loader, Robert
Marshall, Geoffrey
Okey, Ronald
Pomeroy, Kenneth
Priest, Derek
Ward, Bruce
White, Raymond

Bird, Helen
Dawson, Lesley
Evans, Pamela
*Eynon, Jennifer
Gloag, Elizabeth
Ibbotson, Elizabeth
Jones, Daphne
Kara, Charlotte
McEwan, Anne
Pinhey, Jacynthe
Sinclair, Janice
Stone, Brenda
Tahu, Paula
Uren, Teresa

4B1:

Balsom, Vicki
Bennett, Carole
Crawford, Linda
Hammersley, Cushla
Hodges, Lynda
Holland, Jennifer
Humphreys, Adele
Lander, Susan
Lobb, Catherine
McCarthy, Jocelyn
McDonald, Pauline
McConnell, Mande
Moulden, Karen
Pearson, Susanne
Ramsdale, Lynda
Riddick, Nancy
Salter, Joy

Sole, Janine
Stevens, Jennifer
Ward, Carol
Avery, Kerry
Belton, John
Brill, Carl
Collett, Rodney
Cowley, Rex
Forsyth, Michael
Gecrse, Allen
Gredig, Wayne
Prout, Steven
Ruakere, Barry
Rutherford, Timothy
Salisbury, Peter
Watts, David
Wesley, Michael

4B2:

Pell, Rodney M.
*Drew, Thomas
Eden, Graham
Green, Alan
Guild, Raymond
Hall, Graham
Henchman, John
Hills, Graham
Holden, Gary
Kennedy, Michael
Kerr, Stephen
O'Keefe, Lynn
Sutton, Gavin
Tito, Ned
Topless, Allan
Young, Frederick
Russell, John

Kindberg, Graham
Boswell, Alison
Bound, Julie
Coeman, Vicky
Doherty, Marlene
Haase, Lynne
Knight, Velma
Kopa, Dianne
MacKenzie, Gayle
Miscall, Christine
Mummery, Diane
Mong, Janice
Northcott, Janice
Street, Joy
Turner, Lyle
Velvin, Susan
Winitana, Rose

4B3:

Arden, Rodney
Barnes, John
Briscoe, Peter
Drake, Paul
Fields, Donald
Hamilton, Denis
Lankshear, Denis
Lawrence, David
Lind, Ian
McCracken, Ken
McColl, Ken
McNeil, Neil
Paul, Mark
Pepperell, Steven
Tate, Bill
Thompson, Neil
Willans, Neil

Bungay, Judy
Clark, Maureen
Cox, Annette
Edwards, Carol
Evan, Ivy
Gordon-Stables, Betty
Hanscombe, Cheryl
Harris, Diane
*Hock, Yvonne
Longstaff, Christine
*McDowell, Jennifer
*Petch, Carol
*Pretney, Marilyn
Read, Anne
Reed, Carleen
Tutaki, Patricia
Wilson, Judith

4K/5K:

*Bishall, Arthur
*Kurth, Raymond
*Loveridge, Keith
*MacAlpine, Ian
*Mattock, Bryan

*Northcott, Gary
*Smiths, Hank
*Trevor, Barry
*Warren, William

4K:

Hills, Ross
*McDowell, David

*Weir, John
Wilson, Brian

5K:

Brunning, Shirley
Cummings, Gail
Davy, Laurel
Eden, Karen

Kearwell, Sheryn
McKee, Sandra
*Salisbury, Julie
Whiting, Helen

4K:

*Saunders, Judith
Schroder, Carol

Stevens, Judith
Vercoe, Jocelyn

3P1:

Bloore, Garry
 Connor, Ian
 Derry, Noel
 Hill, John
 Howarth, Graeme
 Innes, Alan
 Lewis, Brian
 Main, Allan
 Shear, Philip
 Smith, Keith
 Whitehouse, Ian
 Bond, Elizabeth
 Bone, Marilyn
 Brewster, Frances
 Burgess, Maree

3A1:

Alley, Lyndon
 Bates, Graeme
 Brbich, John
 Claringbold, Peter
 Drewery, David
 Franklin, David
 Holder, David
 Halliday, Ross
 *Knight, Roger
 Lovell, Warren
 MacLean, Darryl
 Plant, Geoffrey
 Ramsay, Neil
 Rickerby, Neville
 Stuck, Trevor

3A2:

Bluett, Leigh E
 Bryant, Nigel J.
 Burton-Wood, Peter
 Clement, Rex
 Clyma, Martin
 Dempsey, Graham
 Duncalf, Ian
 Farrant, Neil
 Faulkner, John
 Hayward, John
 Herdson, Russell
 Hoare, Kevin
 Kirby, Peter
 McIsaac, Grant
 Malcolm, Garry
 Needham, Bruce
 Parkes, Kenneth
 Sutherland, James

3A3:

Ashton, Graham
 Braddock, Keith
 Bullock, Neil
 Davies, John
 Dutton, Murray
 Grant, Ashley
 Heremai, Jimmie
 Kerr, Graeme
 Parker, Shane
 *Roberts, Basil
 *Read, David
 Scholes, Murray
 Sulzberger, Brian
 Wilson, Jeffrey
 Wright, Robert

3A4:

Ashworth, Lloyd
 Blinkhorne, Peter
 Butler, Carl
 Ellis, Garry
 Fisher, Ian
 Gray, Kevin
 Green, Alex
 Hoben, Wayne
 McLeod, John
 Peters, Ian
 Read, David
 Wells, Richard
 Wilson, Philip

Cave, Robyn
 Corkill, Susan
 Cumming, Diane
 Fitzpatrick, Rosalind
 Gould, Kathryn
 Haldane, Gaye
 Harper, Sandra
 Hetherington, Sandra
 Jarvis, Leonie
 King, Jennifer
 Kveseth, Deborah
 Maule, Marion
 Menzies, Jean
 Scriven, Patricia
 Tomkins, Margaret

Tullett, John
 Williamson, Gary
 Armstrong, Beverley
 Avenall, Rosanne
 Baines, Keryn
 Been, Marina
 Carruthers, Eve
 Coates, Beverley
 Gray, Alison
 Hamilton, Cheryl
 Hills, Carolyn
 Potaka, Clara
 McCurdy, Ann
 Thacker, Christine
 Whanau, Jocelyn

Ubels, Evan
 Whelan, Peter
 Whittaker, Bryan
 Bell, Gail Jane
 Bennett, Barbara
 Burch, Yvonne
 Clague, Margaret
 Clarke, Wendy
 Drake, Lynette
 Etherington, Jennifer
 Johnston, Joane
 Julian, Sheryl
 Rodrigues, Christine E.
 Ross, June
 Williams, Carol
 Williamson, Lynda
 Roberts, Denise

Austin, Carol
 Bate, Anne
 Boyer, Leslie
 Brown, Geraldine
 Burnside, Annette
 Fleming, Anne
 Garrett, Jenny
 Green, Christine
 Gilroy, Susanne
 Lovell, Christine
 Morwood, Shona
 Pidgeon, Ann
 Thompson, Cheryl
 Vickers, Jane
 Wilton, Glenys

Harvey, Diane
 Kopa, Constance
 Morgan, Miriama
 Oakes, Suzanne
 O'Donnell, Melda
 Reid, Marcelle
 Roberts, Denise
 Somerton, Sherilyn
 Stone, Sandra
 Thomson, Mary
 Tupaea, Josephine
 Waters, Alison
 Whitmore, Leoni

3COM:

Adlam, Ester
 Anderson, Marilyn
 Ansford, Coryn
 Benton, Lois
 Bolton, Kay
 Bridle, Thelma
 Clark, Roselyn
 Drake, Sandra
 George, Alison
 Harris, Patricia
 Heap, Phyllis
 Hume, Sharon
 Jones, Pauline
 Klenner, Susan
 Kyle, Charmaine

3H:

Adams, Beverly
 Alston, Margaret
 Belczacki, Christine
 Castle, Colleen
 Colman, Donna
 Crow, Alice
 Groucott, Pauline
 Gudopp, Shirley
 Humphrey, Christine
 Hunt, Sharon
 Ireton, Lynette
 James, Raewyn
 Johns, Glennys
 Kaihe, Tally
 Krutz, Elaine
 Krutz, Irene
 Larsen, Kathleen

3I1:

Bel, Richard
 Blackmore, Ian
 Boyce, Brett
 Bungay, John
 Clarke, Brett
 Cooper, John
 Dumbell, Shane
 Herbert, Philip
 *Hooper, Gary
 Horner, Ian
 Hunt, Kevin
 Hunter, Selwyn
 Kyle, Paul
 Loverdige, Gary

3I2:

Amon, Peter
 Askew, Kevin
 Bishop, Murray
 Brill, Neal
 Buchanan, Earle
 Byers, Dennis
 Charteris, John
 Christianson, Paul
 Cloke, Maurice
 Cursons, Gary
 Davey, Mitchell
 Eynon, David
 Hammersley, John
 Hunt, Garry
 Julian, Russell
 Kearwell, Laurence
 Langman, Kevin
 Marr, Anthony
 McCulloch, Warren

3B5:

Barron, Brian
 *Calvert, John
 Carley, Ross
 *Curran, John
 Ellison, Graeme
 *Gould, Kenneth
 *Gush, Warwick
 Komene, Stephen
 Loveridge, Richard
 Slater, Harold
 Weir, Gordon
 Waipapa, Quenton

Loasby, Diane
 Lobb, Gillian
 Lowe, Suzanne
 McDonald, Judith
 McKay, Catherine
 *Ngeru, Alyson
 Pilette, Jillian
 Quinlan, Marie
 Smith, Delphinee
 Smyth, Jennifer
 Solomon, Sharon
 Spence, Faye
 Sutton, Audrey
 Thomson, Lynda
 *Wilmshurst, Diane

Marshall, Wendy
 Maule, Janet
 McIsaac, Brenda
 Miller, Lynda
 Mundell, Sharon
 Orr, Margaret
 Pepperell, Robyn
 Pruden, Carol
 Rookes, Barbara
 Rowland, Shirley
 Shaw, Lesley
 Smith, Carol
 Tah, Mihi
 Takamori, Juanita
 Thoumine, Maria
 Walker, Christine

McIntyre, Stephen
 Maskelyne, Trevor
 Morgan, Peter
 Moses, Mervyn
 Nicholson, Graeme
 Price, Harley
 Price, Milton
 Priest, Ross
 Rogers, Dennis
 Rumbal, John
 Sharpe, Christopher
 Smith, Alan
 Telfer, Douglas
 West, Allan

Morgan, John
 Morrati, Kevin
 Mummery, Bruce
 O'Donnell, Gary
 Peterson, Dennis
 Pritchard, Peter
 Reed, Dennis
 Robertson, Wayne
 Rogers, Garth
 Sanson, Raymond
 Schrider, Royce
 Slater, George
 Smith, Kelvin
 Soar, Calvyn
 Simonson, Jeremy
 Whittaker, Royce
 Winstanley, Kerrin
 Woodcock, Bruce

Fitzpatrick, Janice
 Frost, Suzanne
 Healey, Lavinia
 Jones, Lesley
 Katene, Robyn
 MacDonald, Janette
 Saunders, Rosemary
 *Taylor, Shirley
 *Waters, Margaret
 Whiting, Joan
 Whitaker, Jean

