

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

1969





THE MAGAZINE
OF
SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE
NEW PLYMOUTH



No. 10

1969

Contents . .

	Page
PRINCIPAL'S FOREWORD	4
STAFF	7
ORCHESTRA	8
MADRIGAL	8
JUNIOR CHOIR	10
LIBRARY	10
INTERACT	11
TRAMPING CLUB	12
CHESS CLUB	13
TRAVEL CLUB	13
DEBATING CLUB	13
CRUSADERS	15
DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD	15
SOUTH ISLAND TRIP	16
CURIOUS COVE	18
SPEECH RESULTS	18
RUGBY	20
OLD BOYS' RUGBY	22
SOCCER	23
BASKETBALL	24
HOCKEY	25
TENNIS	28
SOFTBALL	29
SWIMMING	29
CRICKET	29
INDOOR BASKETBALL	31
OLD GIRLS' BASKETBALL	32
STEEPLECHASE	32
ATHLETIC RESULTS	33
ODD SHOTS	35
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS	36
LITERATURE COMPETITION RESULTS	36
PRIZE LIST	51
MAGAZINE EXCHANGES	52

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE

NEW PLYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOLS' BOARD OF GOVERNORS

MR. W. M. SPEDDING, Chairman.

Mr. C. Allen	Mr. R. M. Mills
Mrs. I. P. Greig	Mr. L. M. Moss
Mr. A. W. Lander	Mr. J. S. Putt
Mr. D. J. Little	Mr. O. G. Sole
Dr. C. H. MacGibbon	Mr. R. S. Street

Secretary of the Board of Governors: Mr. W. A. Connor.
Ass'tant Secretary: Mr. J. C. Baylee.

STAFF

Principal: Mr. A. L. McPHAIL, M.A.
Deputy Principal: Mr. A. HUTCHINSON, M.A.
Deputy Principal: Mr. J. N. BARROWMAN, B.Sc.
Senior Assistant Mistress: Miss J. GRANT
Senior Assistant Mistress: Mrs. J. CONNOR

Heads of Departments:

Commerce: Mr. W. G. Potter.
English: Mr. A. G. Page, B.A.; Mr. J. C. Lovell, B.A.
Geography and Social Studies: Mr. D. M. Frank, M.A.
History: Mr. K. B. Wood, B.A.
Mathematics and Physics: Mr. D. G. Ball, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.
Science: Mr. J. P. B. Chapple, B.Sc.; Mr. C. B. Wilks, M.Sc.
Technical: Mr. G. A. Procter, Adv. Tr. C.; Mr. D. T. Guy, Adv. Tr. C., Tech. T. C.

Mr. K. Anderson, M.O.T., A.M.I.M.E.
Miss D. C. Andrews
Mr J. C. Bauld
Mr. P. H. Capper, B.A. (Hons.) (Wales)
Mr. R. F. Chamberlin, Dip. Phys. Ed.
Mr. R. L. Clarke, B.Sc.
Mr. W. A. Crisp, Tr.C., Tech. T. C.
Mrs. B. E. Emmett (Library)
Mr. A. J. Fielding
Mrs. C. A. Fielding
Mr. B. P. Finch, B.Sc.
Mr. R. S. R. Greensill, C. Rem. Teach.
Mrs. E. G. C. Harding, M.A. (Hons.)
Mrs. D. M. Howse, Hc. Cert.
Miss M. A. King, P.C.T., I.P.S.
Mr. J. A. Kennedy, Dip. Phys. Ed.
Miss M. T. Kirkland, Dip. Phys. Ed.
Mr. J. Leishman, E.R.A.R.N.
Mr. D. G. McCrone, M.A.
Miss B. D. McLafferty, A.T.C.L., L.T.C.L.
Miss J. Ogle, P.C.T., I.P.S.
Mr C. R. Perry
Mr. E. J. Piercy, B.Sc (Edinburgh)
Mrs. K. Piercy, B.A. (Hons.) (Leicester)
Mr. A. C. Pratt, B.Sc. (Hons.)
Mrs. J. E. Rae
Miss G. M. Richards, B.A., A.T.C.L.
Mrs. M. E. G. Risch, Std. Ref. (Konigsberg), Dip. F.A.
(Dresden); Dip. Hort. (Berlin)

Mr. W. W. Seastrand, B.A.
Miss A. J. Small, B.A.
Miss M. Sullivan, Hc.Cert.
Mrs. E. M. Sutcliffe
Mr. M. B. Sutcliffe
Mrs. D. H. Walton, P.C.T., I.P.S.
Mr. E. N. B. Watt, Adv. Tr. C.
Mrs M. C. D. Williams
Mrs. K. N. Wilson, B.A.

Part-time Staff:

Mrs. P. F. Capper, B.A. (Hons.) (Wales)
Mr. L. Hall
Mrs. M. H. Harrison
Mrs. P. A. Hickland, P.C.T., I.P.S. (Hons.)
Mrs. G. M. Oakley
Mrs. J. Willison, B.Sc. (Lond.)

Office:

Mrs. C. Haunton
Mrs. W. A. Olsson

Caretaker-in-charge:

Mr J. J. Stoppard

Groundsmen:

Mr. C. F. West
Mr. G. W. Rawlinson

Principal's Foreword . . .

The College is ten years old in December this year. Perhaps it is a time to look back to February 1960, and remind ourselves of the growth that has taken place since then when 139 third formers arrived and immediately began the establishment of our traditions. They learned something of the background of this part of New Plymouth, of Miss Louisa Spotswood's family who lived here and gave us our name. They learned, too, that Miss Spotswood became Mrs. Richard John Seddon, the wife of one of New Zealand's best known Prime Ministers.

Since that time the roll has grown to 1180 and will pass the 1200 mark next year. The staff has increased from six to fifty-three. Buildings and fields have been added and above all each year the College has become more firmly established in the city and its ex-pupils fill positions throughout New Zealand and beyond.

This year has been a break with the past in that the unit system of organisation has been established. This change has not been easy despite the fine efforts of staff and pupils, but we have learned much. Next year things should go much more smoothly. I am certain that the system has very great merit and could be one of the answers to the organisation of large schools which now exist. The full potential of the change will be realised when we have sufficient well qualified staff, suitable buildings and facilities. It is good to know that next year a review of staffing schedules, and I hope, buildings and facilities for large schools is being undertaken. A new code is urgently needed.

In conjunction with the new organisation some experiments in student government have been tried. The two school councils which together make up the College council have met regularly and have done some effective work. I am sure the members have learned much and will put their knowledge to good effect next year. The first task must be to make sure staff and pupils know what the council is doing.

As always we are again concerned with buildings. The fieldhouse has been started and should be ready for full use next February. Not only will it make our physical education schemes much more effective, but it will also allow the whole College to meet together, something we cannot do indoors at present! The contract has been let for extending the staffroom and administration wing. This is overdue. The new facilities will make conditions much more satisfactory. The High School Board has now to consider what new accommodation must be placed on next year's building programme. It seems that we can expect a double unit music suite, a senior biology laboratory, a team teaching room as part of a sixth form complex, and possibly a second engineering shop. Also there must be considered an extension of present playing areas to cope with the growth of the College.

It is pleasing to report that as far as can be seen we shall be fully staffed next year, something most unusual for this time of the year. The easing of teaching loads by improving staff-pupil ratios for young teachers and at sixth form level is a great step forward. If at the same time recruiting can be stimulated, a breakthrough in staffing difficulties will have been achieved. Departmental approval for the appointment of a guidance counsellor for 1970 is a further step forward.

As was forecast last year there has been an amalgamation of the University Scholarship and Bursaries Examinations with a consequent lessening of the very heavy demands on our most able pupils. At the lower sixth level some new courses have proved quite successful, especially that of draughting. Next year we propose to introduce all sixth formers to a liberal studies course and for those who wish it, a course in business mathematics. The growing importance of technicians' qualifications has been recognised and for the first time we have boys presenting themselves for examinations at this level. I am grateful to members of the staff for working enthusiastically to prepare syllabuses and schemes for these new subjects. It is good to have the stimulation of new work all about us.

This year Mr. L. M. Moss gave up the chairmanship of the High School Board, though he does remain a member. The College has much to thank him for, his interest in all our affairs has helped us greatly and we wish him well in his semi-retirement. At the same time we congratulate Mr. Spedding on his appointment to the position of chairman and also Mr. Mills who is now his deputy. As always the Board and the Committee of the Board under Mr. Mills have looked after our interests well and we thank them all most sincerely.

It is difficult to thank the Parent-Teacher Association adequately for their magnificent work for the College. Mr. A. Moss and his committee have supported us in every way and I know all are looking forward to the completion of the fieldhouse. Then a year's rest will be accepted thankfully.

I cannot close this review without expressing my great appreciation of the work of the two deputy principals, Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Barrowman, together with Miss Grant and Mrs. Connor, our two senior ladies. These four in particular have had much to do this year. The staff has given loyal support in what was, early in the year when our experiment was being tried, one of the most difficult periods we have had since the school opened. However we have learned together and by experience. I do thank them all. For those leaving us, my best wishes for success wherever you may go.

Finally to the senior pupils in particular, the holders of office and all those who have accepted responsibility and supported the worthy causes we have adopted, my thanks. Service to others, no matter in what capacity, is something fine, something we all need to do so that we forget ourselves, at least for a while.

My best wishes to you all.

STAFF



Back Row: Messrs. Watt, McCrone, Bauld, Pratt, Finch, Anderson, Capper, Clarke, Chamberlin.
Third Row: Messrs. Greensill, Perry, Sutcliffe, Crisp, Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Small, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Howse, Mrs. Willison, Messrs Lovell, Seastrand, Kennedy, Fielding.
Second Row: Miss McLafferty, Mrs. Walton, Miss Richards, Miss King, Mrs. Capper, Miss Kirkland, Miss Ogle, Mrs. Sutcliffe, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Haunton, Mrs. Olsson, Mrs. Risch, Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Emmett, Mr. Wilks.
Front Row: Messrs. Wood, Potter, Guy, Page, Miss Grant, Mr. Barrowman, Mr. McPhail, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Connor, Messrs. Procter, Deerson, Frank.

SENIOR PREFECTS



Back Row: P. Lucas, A. Boswell, P. Gaze, M. Samue's, L. White, J. King, S. Hunter, D. Dunbar, A. Innes, A. Fleming, B McCall.
Front Row: Mrs. Connor, R. Harvey, Mr. Hutchinson, K. Avery, Mr. McPhail, L. Lovell, Miss Grant, P. O'Brien, Mr. Barrowman.
Absent: C. Francis, D. Jones.

STAFF NOTES

Although we now have a very large staff we have remained a happy team. The space problem has literally thrown us together but we have enjoyed the proximity while guarding our coffee. Next year we hope to have an enlarged staffroom so that our problems will not be so pressing.

In a time of world-wide teacher shortage (except in countries where education is valued highly enough to have adequate finance provided by the people), we have been lucky to have a fairly stable staffing. Three teachers left during the year: Mr. Deerson to America, Mr. Anderson on promotion and Mrs. Ranger. They were replaced, eventually, by Mr. Ball, Mr. Le'shman and Mr. and Mrs. Percy, the latter from the U.K. The illnesses of Mr. McPhail and Mr. Bauld gave us cause for concern but happily both are again in very good health. At this time of writing, mid-October, we appear to be losing only one or two staff-members at the end of the year, so unless there is a spate of

promotions to other fields we will be in a very settled condition at the beginning of next year. New teachers appointed so far by the Board are Mr. Barwood (history), Miss Platt (Commerce), and Miss Short (English and social studies).

Large classes, lack of teachers in certain subjects and inadequate finance for teaching equipment are problems that must be rectified if we are to do our job properly. At election time the political parties have suddenly become concerned with our problems and for the sake of our students we hope that they will honour their obligations. Being optimists we look forward to the happy day when we can give all students that individual attention which some parents, as expressed in Parents' Evenings, seem to think that we can give them now.

We each of us wish our one hundred and fifty or so students a happy holiday, especially the prefects and many others who have helped us during the year.



EAST SCHOOL PREFECTS



Back Row: R. Ritchie, G. Jans, R. Yule, P. Corbett.
Front Row: D. Whittaker, J. Ngatai, Mrs. J. Connor, Mr. A. Hutchinson, M. Thomson, C. Kopu.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

ORCHESTRA NOTES

This year the orchestra was larger and contained a greater variety of instruments than in previous years. We had a refreshing influx of young players who helped to give us a much healthier sound.

Playing in assemblies have been the only performances by the orchestra this year as the Tawa trip failed to eventuate and the Music Festival will not take place until the end of the term. We attempted a mixture of light and classical music this year, and as we became more experienced we reached quite a high standard of music. However I think the orchestra would fare better if more modern music such as film themes were played.

After its introduction to the College last year, chamber music has increased in popularity. This year three groups, consisting of a string quintet, a string quartet and a woodwind trio, were entered in the New Zealand Secondary Schools' Chamber Music competition. Although no prizes were won, the groups enjoyed themselves and gained a lot of experience. The groups will play in the music festival and we hope to enter in the Secondary Schools' competition again next year.

This year has been a very enjoyable and reasonably successful one for the orchestra in spite

of our lack of performances. We hope to have many members returning next year and we should have a good orchestra. Again our grateful thanks go to Miss McLafferty for the time, effort and inspiration she gave to us throughout the year.

Ian Connor (leader).

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Once again, this year the group started off its programme with a major recruitment campaign. This was most successful, and when the group was finally complete it was larger than normal, but by the third term the numbers had diminished by six, making it more compact. Fortunately many of our new members are younger, and will be with us for another year or two. This will be a great advantage to the group next year, as it will not need such intensive training to reach the desired standard. However, in spite of fluctuating membership, the group has done extremely well this year.

The Madrigal Singers' first public performance this year was at the Inter-secondary Schools Music Festival in the first term. The works sung were: "The White Brested Lovely Swan" Arcadelt, "To Thee O Lord" Rachmaninoff, and "The Little White

WEST SCHOOL PREFECTS



Back Row: G. Bond, K. Wipiti, G. Benton, W. Martin.
Front Row: S. Morqan, A. Waters, Miss Grant, Mr. Barrowman, S. Johnson, M. McGregor.

ORCHESTRA



Back Row: P. Jones, M. Collinson, M. Cleland, N. Nodder, K. Walker, J. Hayward, B. Peel, T. Lund.
Middle Row: J. Bennett, F. Farquhar, S. Lockyer, N. Hill, R. Alley, B. Smithers, D. Meads, R. Parkes, R. Hill, J. Fifield.
Front Row: J. Newton, K. Harrison, D. Nation, Miss McLafferty, I. Connor, G. Haldane, M. Samuels, M. Nation.

MADRIGAL GROUP



Back Row: P. Pritchard, K. Walker, J. Hayward, W. Tate, W. Lovell, A. Broughton, R. Alley.
Middle Row: J. Eales, K. Halliday, N. Wallace, G. Turnbull, D. Nation, N. Derry, R. Bird, F. Farquhar, J. Turnbull.
Front Row: D. Kveseth, R. Harvey, S. Rae, J. Turnbull, Miss McLafferty, J. Menzies, J. King, R. Cave, J. Johnston.

Hen", a German folk song by Scandello. As usual the group performed well and was warmly received by the audience.

At the end of the term we were unfortunate to lose our leader, Mark Pritchard, who did a good job for the short time he was with us. We were most grateful for his return to the group, along with that of several of other past members, for our performance at the Recital in August.

It was a great honour for the group to be invited to sing at the Commemorative Recital for the opening of the new Roman Catholic Church. This was our second public performance for the year, taking us many hours of hard work in preparation, but with a most satisfying result. Included in the works sung were: "O Bona Jesu," Palestrina, a modern arrangement of the "Lord's Prayer"; "Farmer What's That in Your Bay," Orlando Lassus; "Sleepers Awake" from a Bach chorale; and a very difficult, eight part, modern arrangement of "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," in which Shelley Rae sang the solo.

During the August holidays a number of the group attended the fourth Annual Secondary School Madrigal Course, this year held in Auckland. It was noticeable that there was a marked improvement in their singing, particularly sight-reading, when they returned, making the Course most worthwhile as well as enjoyable for those who went.

The third term's programme is mainly preparation for the end of year College Music Festival, and the group's first Christmas Broadcast, for which we will be singing a variety of carols and songs. We were disappointed this year not to have an exchange visit and combined Music Festival with Tawa College as in previous years. However, this seemed unavoidable owing to other school activities.

Throughout the year, the group has sung in school assemblies several times, though perhaps not as often as would have been liked. This year in particular we have sung a wide range of works, including not only madrigals, but also many modern works, carols, folk songs, chorales and motets.

The continued success of the Madrigal Singers is undoubtedly attributable to our hard-working conductor, Miss McLafferty, without whose enthusiasm and skill as a musician, we could not have reached such a high standard. Our thanks go to her for all she has done for us and the group as a whole.

Jean Menzies.

JUNIOR CHOIR

This year our Junior Choir has attracted some twenty girls, all 3rd formers. While we would like a greater number of voices, this choir is very pleasant to listen to and should present a high standard of singing at our forthcoming festival.

During the August holidays Mrs. Oakley invited the choir down to Hawera for a day's outing. Arriving by early railcar we were met by Mrs. Oakley and in relays taken to her home for morning coffee and hot savouries. After a short practice, we proceeded to St. Mary's Anglican Church. This proved an interesting experience and we were impressed with the lovely stained glass windows and the whole atmosphere of the church, built in early 1900. Arranging ourselves in the choir stalls, we sang a programme of carols and Bach chorales and were expertly accompanied on the organ (installed

1905) by Paul Johnstone, a student of music at Canterbury University. From St. Mary's we moved to Wesley, another church with lovely stained glass windows, and there we again sang our programme, noting the very good acoustics of the building. Finally to St. John's where we listened to an organ recital by Paul.

After church with Mrs. Oakley we inspected the Chinese Willow Pattern garden in King Edward Park, and attended the competition in the Memorial Theatre. Several Spotswood pupils were performing so we were able to give them our moral support. Time passed all too quickly and after expressing our thanks to Mrs. Oakley we travelled back to New Plymouth by afternoon railcar.

Narita Tioko.

LIBRARY NOTES

This has been a record year for new books as we have added 1,181 books to make our total 6,261. We have borrowed 350 books from the National Library Service and these have been changed twice during the year. The increased number of new books has meant more work for our library staff, but we have been most fortunate in having had a very keen group of library assistants. These pupils have been waiting outside the library doors before 8.15 a.m. each morning so keen have they been to start work accessioning new books. The College thanks the following assistants for their enthusiastic work: Warren Simkin, John Dent, Brian Anderson, Graeme Peterson, Robert Harris, Margaret Will, Linda Connelly, Susan Nicholson and Terry Parks (an indefatigable typist who has now unfortunately left school).

Displays have been popular this year, the most successful being the Book Week display, Murray Whittaker's working model of Benmore Dam and the Captain Cook Collection.



The accompanying photograph shows a working model of a hydro-electric dam. It was built by Murray Whittaker and entered in the Wellington Science Fair. The model won the Electricity Department Prize which meant that Murray received a book prize and a trip around the Waikato Hydro-electric and Geo-thermal power stations.

We are grateful to the following people for donations of books this year.

Mrs. Harrison, B. Fitzpatrick, C. Harvey, G. Harris, R. Pepperell, M. Derry, S. Somerton, J. Buchanan, Mr. Fielding, Mr. R. Avery, Miss Davidson, Miss N. Francis, G. Ward, Mr. O. Vicker, Miss Begbie, J. Boswell, R. Henderson, Tony Parkes, John Dent, L. Adamson, U.S.A. Embassy, Bennett and Co., Longmans, Miss A. Horner.

Our promised and eagerly awaited mezzanine floor has not yet materialised—we hope it will come next year as we need the extra space for books and pupils.

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE INTERACT CLUB

The Spotswood College Interact Club entered its second year of existence with a burst of enthusiasm shown by foundation members and a very large number of new members. The first Annual General meeting of the club was held on Thursday, 27th February, 1969.

Officers elected for 1969 were: President, Bruce McCall; Vice-President: Peter Gaze; Secretary, Jennifer King; Treasurer, Christine Francis; Directors, Robyn Harvey, Marianne Muggeridge, Peter Lucas, Peter O'Brien.

As the club had a much earlier start this year the major projects were undertaken during the first and second terms so they would not coincide with examinations. The club's first project for this year was a school project, that of painting the lockers in "A" and "S" blocks. It was completed successfully although because of lack of participation by

some members took longer than at first expected. The club in conjunction with the New Plymouth West Rotary Club decided that its international understanding project would be to aid one of its former members, Olive Barrett, who is at present working for volunteer service abroad in Tonga. Various materials ranging from crayons and children's story books to carpentry tools were packed and sent to Olive. Then came the major project for the year. The Spotswood College Interact Club was asked to aid the New Plymouth West Rotary Club in the packaging and selling of Maui I oil, the proceeds of which went towards the building of a swimming pool for the Intellectually Handicapped Children's school. By helping in this project the Interact Club raised for itself \$280, part of which was to sponsor a Tongan boy throughout secondary school, the rest being reserved for future projects. Much discussion took place as to a suitable community service project. It was finally decided that the club could undertake to tidy up the Hurdon Cemetery. This project proceeded not without its share of mishaps, the club's main cause for concern being a goat. As a final measure the cemetery had been sprayed with a mixture of weedkillers. However nobody realised that a certain goat grazed in the cemetery and it has since suffered from a rather acute stomach ache. It is as yet not known but the club may have to round this project off by the replacement of one goat.

With more time available this year it has been possible to arrange social events. The first of these was in the form of a car rally at the end of the first term. This proved to be such a great

INTERACT CLUB



Back Row: R. Halliday, J. Turbull, R. Weston, I. Laming, G. Whittaker, R. Mills, C. Rawlinson, R. Johnston, W. Tate, A. Flett, I. Connor, P. Sheat, A. Innes, N. Willans, G. Turnbull, G. Howarth, R. Burgess.
Middle Row: J. Ball, F. Farquhar, G. Haldane, L. Eley, F. Bannister, S. Corkill, J. Ross, E. Carruthers, S. Rae, S. Stedman, K. Gould, E. Bond, M. Tomkins, G. Hampson, J. Julian, S. Hamilton, M. Clague, F. Brewster, R. Fitzpatrick.
Front Row: G. Holmes, L. Lovell, M. Burgess, P. Lucas, P. Gaze (vice-president), J. King (secretary), B. McCall (president), R. Harvey, K. Avery, P. O'Brien, J. Newson, A. Grey, C. Rodrigues.
Absent: C. Francis (treasurer).

success that other events were immediately planned for the following two terms. The car rally was run over a course of eighty miles and ended with afternoon tea at the North Egmont Chalet, all twenty-five cars finishing. It was unfortunate for those participating that an air pageant was held on the same day, nevertheless it was enjoyed very much. At the end of the second term a scavenger hunt was arranged. The twelve cars which took part were given two hours to find a list of articles ranging from a pair of long woollen underwear to a trombone. At the end of this time they proceeded to the Pukeiti Rhododendron Trust for afternoon tea.

The August holidays once again brought another New Zealand Interact Conference, this time in Christchurch. The Spotswood College Club was represented by six of its members, who had a very enjoyable time and came back to report that our club is one of the best run in the country. Speakers at the three-day conference included Sir Edmund Hillary and Rev. Bob Lowe. Members of our club were also invited to attend the charter evening of the newly founded Rongotai College Interact Club. Two members of our club accepted this invitation and presented to the Rongotai College Club a visitors' book.

Club meetings this year have had a very good attendance of approximately fifty to sixty members, and the club has been fortunate enough to secure such speakers at Dr. Jagusch, Mr. A. Castelli (Civil Defence organiser for New Plymouth), Mr. J. McManus (senior fireman in New Plymouth) and Mr. R. Allan.

Now that the Interact Club of Spotswood College has firmly established itself we hope that it will have just as much success in the future as we have encountered this year.

J.M.K.

TRAMPING CLUB

The first tramp of the new year was chosen so as to be suitable for a large party, and a route from North Egmont to Stratford, viewing on the way the Curtis Falls, was selected. Bad weather struck this trip and for lunch thirty wet people squeezed into the four bunk Waipuku Hut. Two attempts to



hold a climb of Mount Egmont were thwarted by the weather, and the next trip was to be the annual Whangamomona trip. This trip always draws large numbers — whether it is the railcar trip or the tramp itself which is the main attraction is undecided, but everyone certainly enjoys this trip.

The first overnigher this year was held on Anniversary Weekend, when a trip to the Moki Hut was held. Three groups were formed, and while two groups went out on tramps, one remained at the hut and laboriously set to and scraped and repainted the hut. Those in the field had successful trips around a triangular route, twenty miles long, encompassing the Moki, Rerekapa and Makarakia tracks. These tracks are the remains of the first access routes into this area of Eastern Taranaki, cut as pack-tracks at the turn of the century and during the depression.

Our next trips were from North Egmont, and on one of these down the Kokowai Stream, a tributary of the Waiwakaiho, the great benefit of



having a Citizen Band radio in the party was shown. As well as being life-savers in an emergency they are also useful for less important matters. We were able to contact New Plymouth and arrange for our transport to pick us up earlier than previously planned as it was obvious we would be getting out of the bush earlier than we had expected.

During the winter term our activities were curtailed somewhat by bad weather and other sporting activities. A successful evening was held at school to which parents were invited. Mr. Capper explained the functioning of the Club and Mr. D. Rawson of the Search and Rescue gave a very interesting talk on bush-craft and safe travel. Slides of the areas frequented by the club gave parents an idea of the type of country used and the attraction of it. A display of tramping and climbing gear had some people wondering about the sanity of climbers. A visit to Okau Falls, 265 feet high, was one trip in the middle term. The falls, understood to be the highest in the North Island, are found sixteen miles east of Ahititi, and although it is only a short walk to reach them they are certainly worth the visit.

Trips planned for the third term will include a bush-beat up the last few miles of the Waitara River to its source, and another to the Waitaanga Falls, 180 feet high, which will be a two day trip. My thanks must go, on behalf of the Club, to staff members, especially Miss Grant and Mr. Capper, and to the trusting and co-operative parents who have provided transport over the year.

I. K. S.



This year saw a slight reduction in our membership but several new players are showing considerable interest. We have continued to meet in Mrs. Risch's room at lunch times this year, and although we had to share it with Art pupils, we found it very satisfactory.

The club took part in three tournaments. The first at Inglewood, the Junior Taranaki Championships, was enjoyed by the twelve-man team, even though several were not placed. Evan Ubels came first in the senior group and over-all, while Malcolm Giles came second in the seniors. Ian Street came 3rd over-all, and was first in his group. Leigh Bamfield came second in his group. We were represented by 2 members at the National Championships and E. Ubels was placed runner-up.

This year we lost the Prentice Cup, but only after a fierce struggle with a score of 12 to 12.5. But next year we hope to have 2 teams ready to

contest it. We could only send one team (Gordon Bond, Malcolm Giles, Julian Lobb and Ian Street, Leigh Bamfield reserve), because of clashes with Rugby and soccer trials.

Our thanks to Mrs. Risch who has devoted many lunch hours to coach and supervise our games.
D. Nation.

TRAVEL CLUB

The Travel Club began the year in an enthusiastic way with meetings in the filmroom every Wednesday lunchtime.

At the first meeting Mr. Frank spoke about the South Island and illustrated his talk with an interesting selection of slides. The following Wednesday we saw a film on the Netherlands, "Land from the Sea." The year continued with an illustrated lecture by Mr. Fielding on Scenery Preservation in New Zealand, which was most informative and interesting; this was followed by a film named "We People of Surinam" which I'm sure we all enjoyed—at least we now know where it is! Next a most delightful trip around South America and Africa, a movie travelogue through the courtesy of Mr. E. M. Frank.

An aptly titled film "Captivated by Siberia" illustrated the rapid growth and development of this country, and among the audience this film proved to be very popular and really captivating; One of the largest ports in the world—Rotterdam, was our next port of call. This busy "Gateway to Europe" was illustrated in an interesting film.

A personal touch came to the Travel Club when Mr. Ball told and illustrated his experiences in Antarctica. We were particularly fascinated by the insight he gave us into the courting habits of the penguins!

A return visit by Mr. E. M. Frank to show us more slides, this time on North America.

Next we were delightfully entertained by a film on a country very similar to New Zealand—Denmark.

At the last meeting we saw a film entitled "Drums across the lagoon."

In the third term the club will operate spasmodically as suitable films become available. By trying to ensure that the programme is both informative and entertaining good attendances have been maintained with a core of "regulars" forming a large proportion of the thirty to sixty pupils who turn up each week.

Finally we would like to thank Alison Mander, Wendy Lynch and Lyn Adamson for arranging the publicity, not to mention those who provided the entertainment!

Wendy Lynch.

DEBATING CLUB

Following the traditions of Spotswood College Debating Club membership increased with a flourish at the beginning of the first term, and then dwindled to a small band of supporters.

In one of its few subsequent democratic flourishes, Pat Scriven was elected President, and Libby Bond Secretary; and at a later date two Publicity Officers were appointed.

Throughout the year a number of both formal and informal debates were held within the club, on such topics as "that pigs are more intelligent than

humans", or "that animals should wear clothes in public". The informal debates, however, frequently reached unexpected heights of informality!

On two occasions we had guest speakers—Mr. Bauld told us of his Training College days at debating clubs, and Mr. Fullarton spoke on debating techniques.

With great enthusiasm a mock trial was arranged, but after two adjournments, the prisoner was released without conviction.

The first outside debate for the year was with Francis Douglas Memorial College, held at FDMC, and viewed by a large audience of boarders and one Spotswood student supporter. We proved there that the idea "that New Zealand should establish a state shipping line for overseas trade" was unfounded. In the junior debate, the Francis Douglas team succeeded in convincing themselves and the adjudicators at least, "that money spent on space research should be spent to better human advantage!"

The Okato College debate was held shortly after the May holidays, and the topic "If you wish for peace, prepare for war" was proven conclusively to be false to the Okato team. The junior topic was once again "that money spent on space research should be spent to better human advantage", and although our junior team argued eloquently, the adjudicators were not persuaded.

A debate with N.P. Boys High School followed, on the topic "that professionalism has ruined sport". This debate was another in which we scored success.

A team travelled down from Manurewa in July, and attempted to prove that "All education is unnecessary", but our senior team continued its unbroken record of successes.

A debate with Sacred Heart Girls' College occurred early in the third term, and although we had suggested such inspired topics as "that tiddly-winks are more necessary to man's moral welfare than crabs", we did manage to score well on the topics they chose: "That World War Three is inevitable" (which statement our senior team demonstrated was untrue), and "that New Zealand and Australia should federate" (which became our juniors' first win).

A further debate with Francis Douglas was arranged, this time extending our activities to three teams.

The SC junior team showed as false the idea "that birching should be introduced in New Zealand as a punishment for unprovoked assault", and following this the Lower Sixth team demonstrated "that the Welfare State is destroying New Zealanders' initiative".

The fact that the Spotswood 6A team contained two lower sixth members did not deter them, and the result of the debate "that the social preparation

of New Zealand school leavers is inadequate" was a draw, leaving unbroken our senior team's record without a defeat.

At the time of writing this, the club was eagerly looking forward to several more debates planned as end of year activities.

The members of the club have maintained a high standard in the presentation of their arguments, and if on occasions the adjudicators were not convinced, it was not for lack of oratory ability on our part, and theirs was the only loss.

Never before has the club been involved in so much outside competition, nor kept up its standard for so long during the year.

Our grateful thanks to Mr. Lovell, Mr. I. Menzies, Mr. Capper, Mrs. Priest, Rev. Ginever, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Archibald, Mr. Stewart, and Noel Bourke, who have acted as adjudicators on various occasions, and to Mr. Bauld, who has taken the chair for us on two occasions. We also appreciate the help and encouragement given to us by Mr. McCrone and many others throughout the year.

L. Bond (Secretary).

CRUSADERS

Something is bugging me! What is life all about? What's living, man? Questions, questions, but no answers. A situation we sometimes think peculiar to the thinking young people of civilised societies. Young people who cannot see very many steps ahead on life's pathway because of the tangled undergrowth of uncertainty and lack of confidence in world leadership; who live in the shadow of a great cloud of dissension, hatred and corruption; whose earnest desire is to see a clear patch ahead, a ray of hope. But they look in vain. The cause of it all? Who can come up with an answer? Whom or what can we blame? Again the search is a vain one—that is of course if we are looking for a scapegoat. If we are honest we acknowledge the fault is man and we are man.

We gasp as man strides ahead in his quest to conquer outer space and we tremble in fear as he loses ground in his effort to conquer inner space.

Traimya Kambipi came from the Western Highlands of New Guinea. He went to a mission school for six years and tried to learn English. He is now a New Guinean member of the House of Assembly—a member of Government. He said "Once I was very mistaken. I used to think—I am young and strong. I must get a good job, a high position. I must earn good money. All these people—my tribe—their lives are no good. I must not be one of them. I must be different altogether. Well, I got the position I wanted, the honour I used to want; I got it from the people. The money I wanted; I've got it. The places I wanted to go; I've been. The sleep, the food I used to want; I'm having now. These have done nothing for me my friends—useless. The money I got I wanted more—the clothes I used to want I didn't like any more. I bought them, but wanted to buy more. The food which I ate passed away and I wanted more. The endless quest for satisfaction and happiness. Vanity of vanities says the preacher; all is vanity.

So whether one comes from the highlands of New Guinea or Drury Lane, the aims and objectives are the same; to find the way—to find the truth and to find the answer to life. Jesus Christ made

the claim that cannot be refuted. He said "I am the way, the truth and the life." John 14:6.

It is very difficult to know where to begin to outline our year at Crusaders. One could begin in February through to December, but the most important aspect would be lost in the telling, and that is the fellowship and the need that is met in the lives of many of the students. To say the weekly meeting is important in the lives of many students would not be an extravagant claim. The weekly prayer meeting reinforces this when aims and desires are expressed and then as the weeks roll by to see the answer to prayer in a very real way.

Staff interest and participation has been heartening with Miss Richards and Mr. Chamberlin assisting the leadership in many ways.

As is common with Crusader Unions we have had our odd outing and extra activity. The beginning of year barbecue was a resounding success with a repeat for 1970. Then the mid-term "squash" with a full programme which included Muri Thompson the Maori evangelist as guest speaker. By the time this goes to print we will have had (D.V.) at Oakura our "Senior Seminar". Add to all this visiting speakers—films—discussions—talks from Mr. Procter, Miss Richards and Mr. Chamberlin and whoosh—there goes the eighth year in the history of the Spotswood College Crusader Movement.

Badges were presented to a group of students this year who have proved faithful and worthy of the honour: Noel Derry, John Hutton, Joanne Johnston, Elizabeth Bond, Margaret Tompkins.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD

Although the numbers of girls working for the Awards this year are not as great, the enthusiasm for the Scheme remains and some excellent work has been done in the various sections. Girls work for their Awards in their own time, and must pass four sections before each Award is won.

A new group this year in the "Design for Living" section has been a "Handywoman in the Home" class, in addition to the usual Floral Art, Home Decorating and Makeup and Hairstyle groups.

Among the Interests which the girls take for six months have been: art, fencing, judo, basketry, dancing, cooking, knitting, table tennis, reading, badminton and many others.

Adventure section journeys are taking place at intervals throughout the year. Beginning with the one-day eight-mile tramps girls have carried on to the Silver overnight tramps, many of which have been planned to include a stay at the Camp Waiweranui Hut in the Egmont National Park. Gold Award adventure requires a 50 mile tramp lasting 6 days and 5 nights. For the first time this was carried out, in the form of a round-the-mountain tramp during the Christmas holidays, undertaken by Carol Austin (the only member of the party working for the Award), Sandra Drake and Irene Krutz. The distance covered was well over 50 miles and the girls can be justly proud of their achievement.

In the Service section many girls have passed first aid examinations at various levels. Four girls who are working for Gold are doing voluntary work at the Hospital every Saturday morning.

DEBATING CLUB



Back Row: R. Hine, M. Collier, N. Derry, Mr. D. McCrone.
Front Row: J. Charman, M. Tomkins, P. Scriven, E. Bond, D. Guy.

Seven girls altogether are working for Gold Awards. This entails several extra activities. Two of these girls attended a residential Leadership course during the year. Five have passed Senior Home Nursing examinations—Geraldine Brown, Carol Austin, Sherrilyn Somerton, Jill Pillette and Jenny King. Raewyn Petley, Sally Holden and Susan Turner also gained this exam during their Silver Award work.

A total of 16 girls are working for Silver Awards this year, and 36 for Bronze.

Although no longer eligible for Awards, assistance for the Meals on Wheels scheme has still been given by College pupils. A total of 35 girls willingly gave their time during the May and August holidays, and their help was very much appreciated by the organisers.

Two ex-pupils have achieved success in Awards this year. Anne Ubels, working through the YWCA, has gained her Gold Award, the first Spotswood girl to do so, and is to be heartily congratulated. Congratulations also to Helen Monaghan who has completed her Silver Award in spite of the difficulties of being moved from place to place in the course of her work.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Rae for their part in the organisation of the Scheme, and also to other members of the staff who willingly act as instructors and assessors. I would particularly like to thank Mrs. Connor for the many hours she has contributed to the Scheme and for the valuable assistance she has given us.

Jillian Pillette.



Following is the list of 22 girls who received Bronze Awards, and 23 girls who received Silver Awards in December 1968.

BRONZE AWARDS: Kay Belton, Maureen Collier, Philippa Conn, Sonja Durinck, Sheryl Dickie, Christine Everest, Joanne Everest, Jennifer Francis, Sheryl Green, Sally Holden, Kaye Halliday, Lesley Horner, Suzanne Johnson, Joy McLeod, Sheryle Morgan, Raewyn Petley, Jocelyn Quay, Sherilyn Stedman, Maxine Smith, Susan Turner, Ruth Ward, Shona Winstanley.

SILVER AWARDS: Margaret Alston, Carol Austin, Anne Bate, Geraldine Brown, Lynette Drake, Elizabeth Duff, Anne Fleming, Christine Francis, Kathryn Gould, Gaye Haldane, Jenny Hill, Cheryl Hamilton, Jennifer King, Christine Lovell, Shona Morwood, Jillian Pillette, Marie Quinlan, Denise Roberts, Sherrilyn Somerton, Sherilyn Stedman, Mary Thomson, Linda Williams, Carol Williams.

SOUTH ISLAND TRIP

Leaving New Plymouth on Tuesday morning of the first week of the August holidays, we set out on the South Island Trip. Ahead of us lay 1,700 miles and 5½ out of six fine days.

After reaching Wellington and after a trip on the cable-car we boarded the inter-island ferry, Maori, and were allotted cabins. As many of us had not been on a ship before, this was one of the unique parts of the trip.

At half past six in the morning we reached Lyttelton and at Christchurch we were greeted with the only patch of rain during the whole trip. At Christchurch we boarded the Midland bus and began the proper part of the trip.

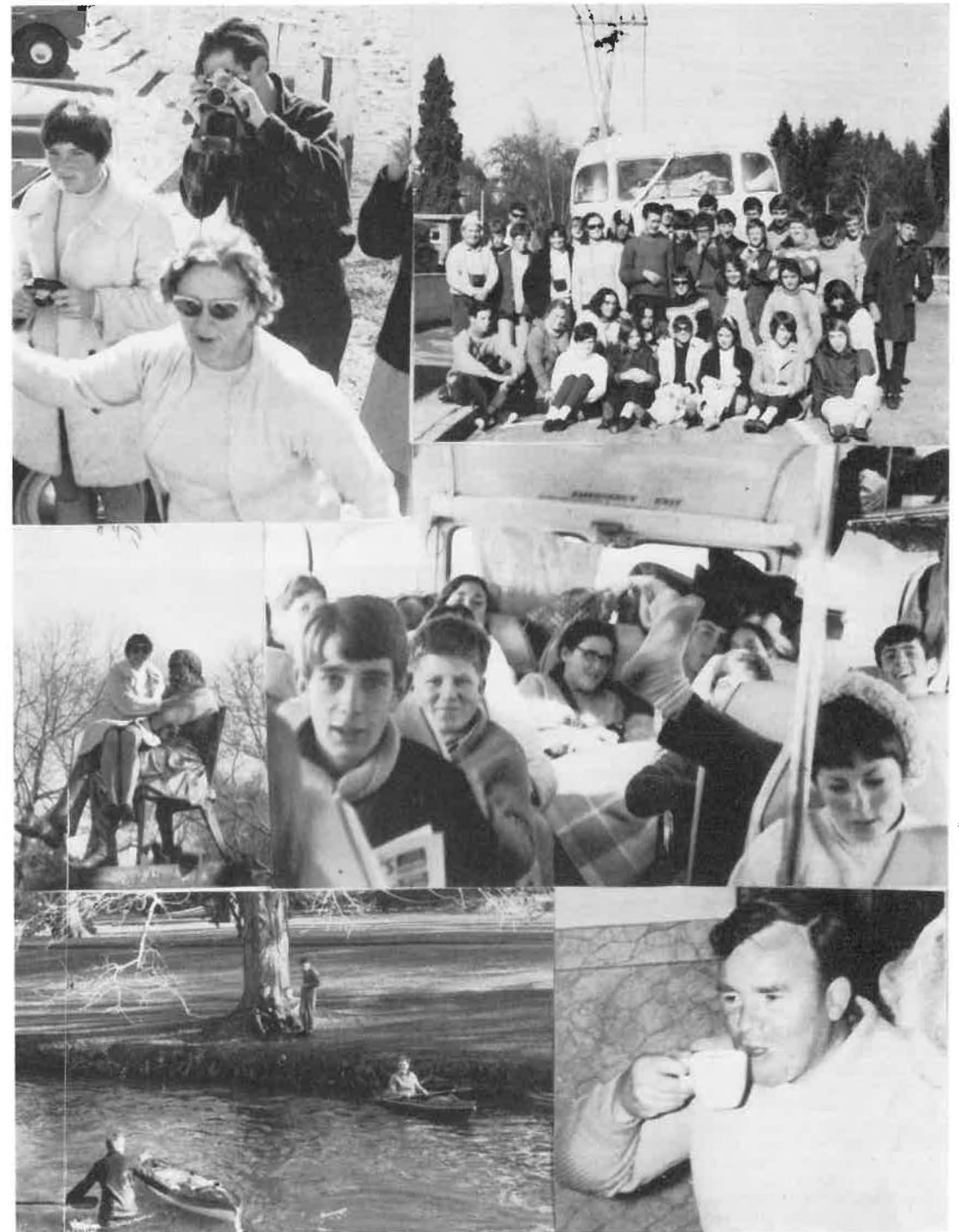
We crossed the Canterbury Plains quickly and after picnicking at Waimate, the bus headed inland along the Waitaki River towards some of New Zealand's largest hydro stations—Benmore, Aviemore, and Waitaki. Our party was shown through the mighty Benmore power house. Late that afternoon after stopping at a sheep run for refreshments (un-scheduled!), we reached Lake Wanaka and soon realised why this region of New Zealand is one of the most picturesque in the world.

Our party stayed at a motor camp in Wanaka that night and after breakfasting at a restaurant and a quick spin on Lake Wanaka in a diesel-powered cabin cruiser, we began the next stage of our trip which would take us to Lake Te Anau.

We visited Arrowtown and viewed the many workings used by the early gold miners, then finally arrived at one of the highlights of the trip—Queenstown on the edge of Lake Wakatipu. This was a real tourist resort. There was everything here: high powered runabouts which you drove yourself, ice skating rinks, parks, golf courses, launch trips, plane trips and of course the sensational gondola ride which we were lucky or unlucky enough to have a ride on. Going up the sheer side of a hill above 1,000 feet above the lake's surface was something that most of us will not forget. After lunching at the Skyline Restaurant at the summit, we then wandered around Queenstown for several hours then began the trip to Te Anau.

The bus took us along the base of the Remarkables which ran parallel to Lake Wakatipu's shore. At about 5 o'clock we reached Te Anau and made ourselves at home at the local camp site.

SOUTH ISLAND TRIP



That night, as the shops do not close until half past ten each night, the financially well-off went on a shopping spree and, like all tourists, fell for the expensive trinkets offered by the natives. At Te Anau we were given an illustrated talk at the Park Rangers' Lodge and then took a launch trip to some of the only "living" caves in the world.

Another climax of the trip was the excursion to Lake Manapouri and across the lake by launch to West Arm whereunder construction is New Zealand's biggest hydro-scheme. From West Arm we went over to Deep Cove on the West Coast by way of the Wilmot Pass—a drop of nearly 3,000 feet in a few miles.

Our party left Te Anau with nearly empty pockets and solemn faces for we now headed towards Dunedin and home. Here we stayed at a motor camp and had a swim at the Moana Pool. From Dunedin we "hit" Christchurch by mid-Sunday afternoon.

Christchurch is remembered by many of us for the "wet" hospitality we received while "rowing" on the peaceful Avon. Water fights in canoes on the Avon can turn out quite disastrously—especially for the unlucky ones.

From Christchurch we returned to Wellington on the Maori and from Wellington to home.

We had been fortunate in that the Midlands Bus Service had supplied us with a very sociable bus driver, Bill Glencross, who made the trip most enjoyable; the South Island had supplied some of its best weather for us and we had had our \$45 (trip price) stretched to its maximum. In fact it was a trip to be remembered.

Raymond Hine.

CURIOUS COVE

On the third week of the August school holidays Spotswood College and Waitara High made the first combined trip to Curious Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound.

On Friday a party of 80 pupils, 40 from each school, and 4 staff members and their families boarded two buses. After a long trip to Wellington we clambered aboard the "Aranui" bound for Picton. At Picton we boarded two launches for the hour trip to Curious Cove where we arrived at 11 o'clock. After supper we went to bed.

Next day, Saturday 6th September, we had an early breakfast and then set out on a day's fishing trip to Tory Channel. During the day we were shown the Old Whaling Station and then stopped for lunch. Later we saw some tame eels. We returned to the Cove in the late afternoon. In the evening we were taught dancing. Then to bed.

The next morning was free but there was a hut inspection with Mr. Barrowman checking them with a baseball bat in hand! After lunch we all went to the recreation hall to play indoor cricket. Dancing in the evening.

On Monday there was a game of Rugby and some indoor games. In the afternoon we went for a hike. Under the expert navigation of Mr. Perry we took the wrong track up a steep hill. After being put right we made our way to the Pill Box. As it was getting late we turned back and set off for the Cove. Dancing once again in the evening.

On Tuesday the launches "Rongo" and "Ra-moana" picked us up and we went to a bay where we stopped and made a ½ hour hike to the Portage.

The unfit (staff) made the trip in a mini-bus. After this we went to see the Outward Bound School. (Hard luck girls, no boys). We then had lunch and went to Picton in the afternoon. In the evening we had frog racing which was won by Twiggy (Wayne Robertson) and Mrs. Perry.

Next day fishing at Ship Cove and then the more energetic of the party went for the 1½ hour hike over to Resolution Bay, while the others went fishing. In the evening we had a quiz which was won by David Barrowman's group (the second youngest member of the party).

On Thursday another cabin check and then we prepared the bonfire. Some of the party went mussels and the brave ones tried them (raw and cooked) for afternoon tea. In the evening there was a full length film called "The Art of Love". Believe it or not, it was comedy.

On Friday we went for our main hike to the top of the ridge behind the camp. In the afternoon we had a table tennis tournament which was won by Christine Dwyer even though handicapped by a twisted ankle. In the evening we had a social and a party.

On Saturday we all woke early to catch the launches back to Picton for the trip home. We caught the Aranui at 10.00 and arrived at Wellington at 1.00. We had afternoon tea at Levin and dinner at Wanganui.

Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Barrowman and Mr. and Mrs. Perry and the two Waitara teachers for being such wonderful chaperones. It was an unforgettable trip for all members.

M. Collier, L. Horner.



SPEECH CONTEST

This year, because of the large number of finalists, the third and fourth form speech finalists were held as separate contests within each school. Results were thus as follows:

Thirds form: East School—1st Stephen Hutton, 2nd Patricia Corbett, 3rd Denise Wharehoka. West School—1st Frances Young, 2nd Carol Bone, 3rd John Skipper.

Fourth Form: East School—1st Anne O'Connor, 2nd Rhonda Clegg, 3rd equal Paula Carter, Harry Duynhoven. West School—1st Lyn Adamson, 2nd Janet Charman, 3rd Neil Haldane.

Fifth and sixth form finals were held as a whole College competition. Results were:—

Fifth form: 1st Bill Millar, 2nd Robin Yule, 3rd Ray Hine.

Sixth form: 1st Phillip Sheat, 2nd Michael Collier, 3rd Bill Tate.

THANKS

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

Collectors for Corso—21st June, 1969.

Graeme Peterson, Brian Anderson, Robyn Meredith, Richard Hutchinson, Norma Ngatai, Carol Hauraki, Charmaine Pirere, Janet Charman, Bill Williamson, Carol Begg, Jennifer Smith, Gordon George, Marianne Muggeridge, Josephine Temara, Annette Burke, Merran Mitchell, Nigel Jones, Deborah Guthrie, John Hutton, Elizabeth Bond, Margaret Tomkins, Robin Yule, S. Muggeridge, Jon Jackson, M. Davies, G. Brown, Jill McCullum, Claire Stephens, Ross Davies, Garry Childs, David Schroeder, David Eden, Garth Strachan, Lance Nystrom, Warren Williams, Grant Elliot, Jeff Buchanan, Bill Millar, David Gaze, Grant Walsh, Peter Mills, Helen Sutcliffe, Gail Emmerson, Patricia Latter, Helen Brodie, Sandra Brodie, Sheryle Morgan.

Collection for Poppy Day—12th April.

Lois Luscombe, Maree Fitzpatrick, Ward Katene, Douglas Moa, Alison Mander, Patricia Corbett, Kevin Wheeler, Michelle Narbey, Richard Hutchinson, Stephen Carson, Graeme Peterson, Brian Anderson.

Collectors for Braille Week—26th July, 1969.

Lois Luscombe, Jane Cameron, Maree Fitzpatrick, Michael Davies, H. Duynhoven, Roxanne Steemers, Fiona Campbell, Warren Williams, Grant Elliot, Chris Frances, Vanessa Pickering Judith Wansbrough, Robert Cox, Janet Charman, Robert Haase, Kathy Kerr, Paul Blackburn, John Hickman, R. Bird, B. Wafer, D. Schroeder, R. Vickers, J. Turnbull, G. Walsh, Graeme Peterson, Sally Holden, Lindsay Sutherland, Patricia Latter, Richard Hutchinson, Robyn Harvey, Margaret Tomkins, Deborah Guthrie, Jennifer Still, Janet Riddick, Janine Read, Ian Wansbrough, Susan Turner, Helen Brodie, Alison Mander, Mary Nation, Marilyn Neuman, Helen Belcher, Christine Hareb, Robin Woodcock, Raewyn Holland, Barbara Smith, Moira Nicholson, Jill McCullum, Paul Gundeson, Peter Sargent, David Eden, R. Davies, Linda Emmett, Lesley Williams, Robyn Luscombe, Patrick Brien, L. Crofskery, P. Scriven.

Collection for Heart Foundation—18th October.

Robyn Low, Suzanne Jones, Helen Belcher, Mary Nation, Marilyn Neuman, Sheryl Cliffe, J. Charman, Alison Mander, R. Hutchinson, Barbara Keenan, Christine Thacker, Graeme Turnbull, John Turnbull, Linda Emmett, Ross Davies, Peter Fowler, Warren Williams, D. Guthrie.



Spotswood Soccer heads to victory.

RUGBY FIRST XV



Back Row: R. Moffit, K. Hunt, I. Connor, A. Flett, P. O'Brien.
Middle Row: Mr. K. Wood, M. Bishop, J. Wilson, A. Innes, I. Brisco, N. Bullot.
Front Row: N. Farrant, S. Hunter, M. Laurence, B. McCall (captain), S. Pope, P. Blinkhorne.

FIRST XV REPORT

Only two players had returned, a new and able team had to be constructed to weather the adversary. The trials were held in summer conditions and out of the rabble came 17 smiling faces, faces whose bodies carried little weight, height, or experience. Mr. Wood sighed, "They're light so they will have to be fit," the team groaned. The first few practices felt like the rack as dormant muscles were awakened.

In our first pre-season match the team showed its potential by soundly beating an older and more experienced Old Boys side 21-12. Our first two competition matches were shaky with a lot to be desired. However under the guidance of Mr. Wood and a will to raise our standard, the majority of the following opponents were felled. This was because of our much inspired rucking and ability to gain more possession. With Shane Parker at No. 2 and Mike Laurence at No. 8, by operating a quick and a long throw in, we gained more than our quota of ball from lineouts. They were ably assisted by the "mid-men", who by wrestling and other devious means, gained possession, this being quite a feat considering our height disadvantage.

Alistair Flet and Russell Moffit were our props. Russell needed a few sharp kicks before he rallied, but once set sailing he was hard to stop. Alistair was a sound player and as a hard worker, covered a lot of territory. Jeff Wilson, as hooker, swung between our two props to gain valuable scrum possession. We all remember one game in particular where the opposition only won the ball a few times. Kevin Hunt and Steven Pope formed our locking pair, although neither were outstandingly dominant, they were usually the pair with the squashed heads at the bottom of rucks. Ian Connor also played at lock, but during the latter part of the season filled the No. 8 berth where his covering play brought relief during tense moments. The other loose forwards were Mike Laurence, Shane Parker and Larry White. Larry's size inspired younger members and his boot gained points in the first half of the season. Shane always enjoyed the tough (or should it be rough) parts of the games, but always gave a good performance. Mike, as vice captain, led the forwards well and was dominant in all aspects, especially in his spectator-thrilling runs. With ball firmly in hand he would fend and weave to the goal line. Thanks must go to Smith and especially to O'Brien, who fitted in when injuries prevented regular players from taking the field.

Possession made available by the hard marking forwards was always used for attacking purposes. The backs employed variety and the dividends paid well. This ability to vary and to attack from all positions gave the required result, 37 tries.

Although on occasions his passes lost ground, Sam Bullot, our halfback covered these few mistakes with prominent penetrating runs from the base of the scrum. Robert Burgess and later Murray Bishop played at first five-eighth. Both preferred to spin the ball and open up play rather than kick. Peter Blinkhorne at second five-eighth proved to be a valuable tackler, breaking down many of the oppositions moves and thus creating attacking moves. His eye for the gap opened the way to try scoring moves. The centre Bruce McCall had his good days. Our wingers Neil Farrant, Ian Brisco and Selwyn Hunter improved throughout the season. Much to their regret their games usually alternated. Although Neil lacked speed he was sound on defence, Ian with a little more zip showed determination on attack. With strong sprinting Selwyn provided thrills, but a pot of glue was sometimes needed to keep the ball in hand. At full back Allan Innes was sound and sure. On attack he featured with the backline preferring to thrill and run rather than kick. His boot gave him 59 points and combined with 5 tries a notable total of 74.

This season four players were selected from the college to play in Taranaki Representative teams. Allan Innes and Bruce McCall gained positions in Taranaki A teams which embarked on a 16 day tour of New South Wales. Mike Laurence and Selwyn Hunter were selected for the Taranaki B team.

INTER-SCHOOL MATCHES

v. Freyberg: Played at Freyberg on a fine day. Winning the toss we decided to play in to a shifting sun. The game was hard and fast, the rivalry strong, but vigorous attacking soon enabled us to put points on the board. The half-time score was 16-6 in our favour and with 15 minutes of play left we led 27-6, but a determined effort by Freyberg stemmed our spree and strained the tired defence as they knocked up 16 points in as many minutes. The relief and cheer arrived with the final whistle. The



score 27-22 in our favour. Tries: N. Farrant, M. Bullot, L. White, B. McCall (3). Penalty: A. Innes. Conversions: L. White (2), A. Innes.

v. Manurewa: A powerful start by Manurewa enabled them to score and convert. After taking time to settle down Laurence burst through to score wide out. Ten minutes later Innes landed a penalty to put us in front. And so the score remained 6-5 until injury time when an unexpected long range penalty by Manurewa put them in front 8-6. Despite the fact that we attacked time and time again, spinning the ball at every opportunity and dangerously in the last few minutes, the defence held and we didn't make it.

I would like to thank the team for their support and spirit which made every game enjoyable, the teachers, parents, pupils and other spectators who supported us during the season, the College for assisting our two representatives in the Taranaki team. To Mr. Wood the team extends their appreciation for his time, devotion and tolerance, also for the experience gained throughout the season.

Record of Games:		
v. Spotswood Old Boys	Won 21-12	Won 11- 6
v. Francis Douglas	Lost 6-20	Drew 9- 9
v. Boys' High A	Lost 14-19	Won 27- 8
v. Inglewood	Drew 6- 6	Lost 11-13
v. Waitara	Won 8- 0	Won 28- 0
v. Stratford	Won 35- 6	Drew 3- 3
v. Stratford	Won 9- 6	Won 16- 6

Inter-School Fixtures:		
v. Freyberg		Won 27-22
v. Manurewa		Lost 6- 8

Points for 252; Points Against 144; Total played 15; Won 8; Lost 4; Drew 3.

B. McCall.

SECOND XV

We started off the season with a hard game against Spotswood Old Boys, with the close win 9-8 to the Old Boys.

The season was a very busy one with trips to Opunake and Stratford. At first the team was well "stacked" but as the season progressed a number of the promising players left to take up positions with the lower grade teams. (I think this was mainly due to the size of the opposition).

The best functioning element of the team was the forward pack who were able to push back larger packs of the other teams. (Several times the team being our first XV). The forwards were led by the vice-captain K. Smith and unrelated assistant R. Smith. The other good players were L. Alley, J. White, W. Robertson and K. Thompson. Although the rest of the pack played well.

The backs didn't have the time of their life as new combinations were being sought throughout the season. Tackling and passing were the weak points in the back line. Our captain and half back fed the ball fast and accurately to the sometimes impatient backs. The outstanding backs were I. Barr, M. Bishop, R. Blinkhorne and N. Willans.

Lastly on behalf of the team I would like to thank our coach Mr. Perry for giving up his precious time during the season for attending all practices (although sometimes by himself).

The team was:—

N. Willans (captain), K. Smith (vice captain), R. Smith, K. Thompson, R. Blinkhorne, I. MacIntosh, R. Maetzig, W. Robertson, J. White, M. Bishop, G. Jans, W. Williams, N. Willans, L. Alley, I. Barr, R. Johnstone, M. Nicholls.

Over-all a reasonably successful and a most enjoyable time was had by all in this rough game commonly known as Rugby.

K.S.

FIFTH GRADE

The record book shows that we played eleven games, won four and drew one, but this does not give the full story at all. It does not show the games that we played with teams, who, although they were at the top of the ladder, held on only by the slim margin of a runaway try, nor the dogged way that we drew 3-all with another "successful" side.

We had our difficulties during the season too, with injuries. Our captain, Doug Katene, literally knocked himself out one game and spent some time in hospital. We were seldom able to go on to the field with adequate reserves on the sideline, and this put great pressure on our key personnel. All players made a mighty effort. We are very grateful to those who "stood in" at short notice to help us field a team, even he who tried to trap the oval ball soccer fashion right by our own goal-line!

The records will never show either, the good feeling of coming off after a hard, clean game, sore perhaps, but content with a good effort. The coaches, Mr. Frank and Mr. Wilks also lost a pound or two on the sideline every Saturday. We are all looking forward to next year's Rugby, hoping to capitalise on our experience this year.

SIXTH GRADE

This year the 6th grade had a sound but rather disappointing season, only managing to gain 4th equal position in the championship. Through losing narrowly to teams we had to beat early in the season, we found we had lost the spirit needed if we were to be successful. However, with good wins over other teams, and then beating the competition winners Francis Douglas College (their only loss of the season), spirits were high, but it was too late.

With a fairly light forward pack we were forced to make the most of our chances especially when up against a heavier pack. However, near the end of the season they had moulded into a good pack ably lead by P. Corbett, G. Adlam, P. Ballinger, M. Kearvell. There also was some good work done in the tight by R. Byers, J. Thomson and R. Richings.

During the season with a bit of chopping and changing, our backline moulded into a fairly reliable, defensive and attacking machine. Our half-back first-five relationship became better as the season wore on and some good breaks resulted, supported by wings, C. Williams and H. Heremaia, and inside backs M. Bazeley and M. George.

Goal kicking was weak, but A. Gadston assumed the role of full-back well with some fine attacking play. We were later helped out in the goal kicking department by W. Whitmore.

Our thanks to coaches Mr. Capper and Mr. Seastrand for the time and effort given to us.

Our congratulations to C. Williams, J. Arden and P. Ballinger who were picked for the North Taranaki representatives.

The team was: A. Gadston, H. Heremaia, C. Williams, M. George, M. Bazeley, G. Howarth, J. Arden, R. Hendry, M. Kearvell, G. Adlam, P. Ballinger, W. Whitmore, R. Byers, P. Lines, J. Thomson, R. Richings, M. Williams, J. Bocock, I. Moody, J. Arden.

SEVENTH GRADE

Despite some disappointing results throughout the season the team performed creditably on several occasions and an enjoyable season was enjoyed by all.

The forwards though often outweighed, on days played exceedingly well. The backline was always looking for opportunities and chances.

Practices were usually well attended but perhaps a more concerted effort could have been made.

Our congratulations go to K. Hunt and J. Innes for being selected for the North Taranaki representative squad.

Our thanks go also to the efforts of Mr. Crisp and Mr. Watt.

Team members were:

B. Tanner (captain), K. Hunt (vice captain), G. Peters, S. Carson, P. Williams, J. Ballinger, J. Burke, C. Frewin, L. Paul, J. Innes, T. McGovern, J. Nuku, D. Priest, K. Riddick, N. Nodder, A. Lund, D. Olley.

B. Tanner.

SPOTSWOOD OLD BOYS' RUGBY

This year four teams were fielded: fourth, third, junior and Senior B grades. Both Senior B and third grade finished near the top of the competition.

Congratulations to Graeme Nixon and Bruce Sutton for their selection in the Taranaki Third and Colts' teams respectively.

Next year it is hoped that we will receive Senior A status which will boost the club greatly. However, to do this, we must have support from the lower grades and we welcome all school leavers to join or apply to me for information.

Finally I would like to thank all coaches and committee members for the effort and time they put in for the betterment of our club.

Dennis Sole (Secretary).

SOCCER

FIRST XI



Back Row: W. McCullough, L. Caspersen, S. Tooley, W. Martin, E. Ubels, D. Birrell, G. Bond.
Front Row: C. Erueti, J. Collett, Mr. Page (coach), K. Parkes (captain), B. Mummery, R. Bird.

SOCCER

Association footballers in the school had a good year in spite of difficulty in obtaining coaches. When Mr. Anderson gave up coaching prior to his leaving the College, Mr. Page called a public meeting and help was obtained from Mr. C. D. Blackburn, Mr. D. Paul, Mr. A. Seeling, Mr. J. Marshall of Moturoa A and Mr. V. Long of City. We appreciate greatly the help of these men who made it possible for soccer to remain at strength in the school. The other coaches were Mr. Page and Mr. Chamberlin. Jeff Collett and Evan Ubels refereed one or two games and others offered. It is good to see First Eleven boys helping in this way and we must use their willing services more in the future. The school had six teams this year, the same number as Rugby.

FIRST XI

This team had an extremely successful season, winning the T.F.A. Trophy for Senior B soccer and coming second in the Dr. Brown Shield Competition which is the middle division of senior soccer. In the T.F.A. Trophy series we won all our matches and scored over ninety goals to seven against. Our only loss this season was in the middle division when we went down 2-3 to City A.

The two inter-school games provided stiffer opposition than we were used to at that stage of the season. Freyberg High School gave us a fright in the first half but we gradually gained that ascendancy and won 7-5. Manurewa H.S. came to us with an unbeaten record to match our own and the match showed how exciting soccer can be. We drew with them 4-all but I think I can say without bias that Spotswood looked the slightly better side.

Throughout the season the punctuality, attendance and decorum on the field were highly praiseworthy.

The team was: K. Parkes (capt.), B. Mummery (vice-capt.), R. Bird, G. Bond, D. Birrell, J. Collett, C. Erueti, L. Caspersen, B. Gardiner, W. McCullough, W. Martin, S. Tooley and E. Ubels. Coach: A. Page.

SECOND XI

This team won about half its matches. The team was: D. Birrell (capt.), J. Cooper, I. Battersby, B. Gardiner, Edhouse, Fitzpatrick, G. Insull, R. Ormiston, J. Scott, G. Miles, M. Old, and G. Wilde.

SOCCER—4B

Although we won only four games this season, all games were enjoyable and the boys played hard. Fourteen games were played, four won two drawn, and eight lost. Forty one points were scored against us and we scored twenty seven. Our practices were well attended.

BASKETBALL

GIRLS "A" BASKETBALL



Back Row: B. Keenan, W. V. Uden, M. McGregor, M. Tahī, Miss Kirkland.
Front Row: P. Conn, L. Rupapere, J. Elliot.

BASKETBALL 1969

Spotswood College Reserve A Team was a comparatively new team this year, only having two players from last year.

Goal Keeper—Maureen McGregor played extremely well throughout the season. A member of last year's team, she played with determination and was alert at all times.

Goal Defence—Barbara Keenan, a new member this season, was a very calm player. Barbara and Maureen showed outstanding jumping ability and positional sense in the goal circle.

Wing Defence—Winnie Van Uden, improved throughout the season. She was always in position when needed, making many good interceptions to set the team on attack.

Centre and Captain—Linda Rupapere showed speed, and excellent court play in every game. Her play was always of a very high standard, giving the team confidence on attack or defence.

Wing Attack—Judy Elliot. This was her first year in the team and at Spotswood College. Judy has a great deal of potential, with speed and good play around the circle. She will be a great asset to next year's team.

Goal Attack—Phillipa Conn, was an extremely valuable member of the team. Her goal shooting

was superb at all times, and she employed the new stepping rule in the circle to her advantage.

Goal Shooters—Denise Roberts and Mihi Tahī. Denise maintained a high standard of shooting during the short time she played. Mihi replaced Denise during the season. Mihi improved greatly throughout the season. Phillipa and Mihi combined well in the circle, especially against Manurewa and Spotswood Old Girls.

We played in the local schools competition against teams from Girls' High, Sacred Heart and Okato. We finished up runners-up to N.P.G.H.S. A.

On the 21st June the Taranaki Inter-Secondary School Tournament was held at Waitara. The games were hard, and close scoring resulted. We were placed 1st equal with N.P.G.H.S. A, being rewarded with the Harold T. Trimble Shield.

Spotswood Reserve A and B were the visitors at Freyberg High this year. The Reserve A teams of both schools were evenly matched, but Freyberg proved to be better in the second half and won 24-20. The Reserve B game was a victory to Freyberg.

We were the host to Manurewa High, and in the Reserve A game both teams showed splendid team work. Spotswood however, had the advantage

throughout the game, especially in the goal circle. The match ended in our favour. The Reserve B team played well to beat Manurewa 14-6.

The game the team was looking forward to all season was against Spotswood Old Girls. Throughout the game the goalies from both teams shot well, but our defences worked hard at all times to bring School on to the attack. The final score was 26-21 to School.

We also went to Opunake to compete against their school teams. Rain continued to fall at regular intervals as we battled against our opponents. Both teams showed good ball control in the rainy conditions, Spotswood teams managing wins.

The final game of the season was Spotswood A versus Rangiatea. As usual the enthusiastic Rangiatea supporters lined the court. Both teams took a while to settle down, but Rangiatea took the lead in the second half with School right behind. Rangiatea proved too strong and fast for School, with victory going to them.

Many thanks to those girls from Reserve B and C who played for us on several occasions during the season—Lorraine Lovell, Alison Boswell, Anne Fleming, Clara Potaka and Connie Kopa.

On behalf of the Reserve teams I would like to thank Miss Kirkland for the coaching, time and encouragement she has given us throughout the season.

Linda Rupapere.

BOYS' HOCKEY



With no regular Saturday schoolboys' hockey fixtures, the team had a disrupted year. Fortunately most of the team managed to play for the New Plymouth Combined Club at the weekends, and through this they gained some practice and skills. The New Plymouth Combined Third Grade became composed entirely of Spotswood and ex-Spotswood players.

Attendances at school practices were inconsistent, and it was in an air of disorganisation that we left for Freyberg.

With Spotswood winning the toss, the first XI played a fast interesting game, and considering the opposition, did very well. Having had little practice, and playing against an experienced and competent team, the first half showed both teams testing each other, with good driving attacks by our forwards. The game seesawed from one end of the

HOCKEY FIRST XI



Back Row: Mr. Lovell (coach), I. Duncalf, M. Bevin, J. Tullet, P. Fowler.
Front Row: K. Avery, G. Strachan, P. Lucas (captain), R. Weston, W. Morgan, P. Taylor.

field to the other, with a lot of play in both circles. By half time the score was 1-0 to Freyberg.

Spotswood took the field in the second half in high spirits, only to be rather disillusioned by two quick goals following some excellent teamwork from the Freyberg forward line.

Spotswood then settled down to a concentrated defence, looking for the opportunity of a quick attack. Two or three breaks were made and infringements gained in the circle. The first two penalty corners missed, but on the third attempt good following in by Ian Duncalf, resulted in a convincing goal. More Spotswood attacks followed with some rather unlucky misses from hard hits from the edge of the circle, particularly from Barry Morris and John Tullet. Good goal keeping by Freyberg prevented us from getting more points on these attacks. After this Freyberg again took command and our backs and goalie were hard pressed to stop some penetrating drives by their forwards. At one stage Freyberg's centre forward got so enthusiastic he forgot to stop and ran into our goal knocking it over. Although his efforts were well received by the spectators, the ball did not go in because of good goal keeping by Morris Bevin. Minutes later Morris was not so lucky when Freyberg gained a beautiful goal off a short corner. Five minutes before the end of the game Freyberg broke through again, and

despite hard play by fullbacks K. Avery and K. Sharpe the ball once again managed to penetrate our defence and give Freyberg another point.

With good play by all the team, the match ended with the score at Freyberg 5, Spotswood 1.

Two weeks later, some more practices and the substitution of Colin Leach into the team as centre half because of the absence of Ian Duncalf, a reshuffle of positions, and we ran out onto our new hockey field (something that we were blessed with early on in the season), to challenge Manurewa. The weather was cold, but the team started off in fine spirits, and by using John Tullet as a roving half, and Colin Leach and Philip Taylor to back up the forwards all the time, we maintained an attacking attitude throughout the game, but by ten minutes before the end it was a draw 1 all.

Realising our position, we put in an all out effort, finally winning the game 2-1. Goals went to B. Morris and I. Duncalf. Although Spotswood had the upper hand, we were not able to complete our scoring drives on many occasions.

Our last school match was played against Opunake on their own ground. In dismal wet conditions we took to the field and commenced battle. With some strong attacking drives by I. Duncalf, R. Weston and B. Morris, with constructive play by the wings G. Strachan and J. Coxhead. By halftime the

score was 2-1 to Opunake, the goal going to P. Lucas. Playing against a superior team, and in terrible weather conditions, the team played a mainly defensive role in the second half, the game being marred at one stage by an error on behalf of one of the referees. This was soon cleared up however and the game continued in good spirits. Excellent play by the halves C. Leach and J. Tullet, with solid backing by K. Sharpe and K. Avery, and good goal keeping by M. Bevin (who in many ways was a mainstay in our team), resulted in a final score of 5-1 to Opunake.

Although the team had its troubles and only a small number of competitive matches, I think some enjoyment was gained.

My thanks to Mr. Lovell and Mr. Pratt for coaching and forfeiting their time, and to the team which was practically a new one due to the loss of many past years' players.

The team was:

I. Duncalf, P. Taylor, B. Morris, J. Tullet, R. Weston, G. Strachan, P. Lucas (captain), M. Bevin, K. Avery, P. Fowler, B. Morgan, K. Sharpe, J. Coxhead, C. Leach (half a season).

P. Lucas.

GIRLS' HOCKEY



The girls' hockey year began with the Rickard Cup at Stratford in which a 7-a-side team was entered competing against some of Taranaki's best teams (Miss Andrews' included). We did better than we expected, especially as we were then inexperienced as a team and had played together only in practices. Unfortunately we were not entered in the Secondary School Girls' competition, but we still had some very enjoyable games with Freyberg, Opunake, Manurewa and Okato. It is hoped that next year further games will be arranged.

The Freyberg game, the first major one of the year, was a disaster, Spotswood losing 9 to nil. However we gained valuable experience and played much better against Opunake, losing only by 3 to

GIRLS' HOCKEY



Back Row: H. Larsen, M. Collier, S. Stedman, L. Horner, B. Bennett, Miss Andrews.
Front Row: M. Clague, M. Thompson, J. Newson, S. Turner, D. Murfitt.
Absent: M. Muggerridge (captain), C. Francis, F. Newton, C. Coxhead.

TENNIS TEAM



Back Row: Mr. A. Page, C. Kopa, F. Erb, Miss D. Andrews.
Front Row: K. Harrison, R. Moss, T. Winitana.

nil. Possibly our best game was the one played against Manurewa, where, on one of the coldest days of the year we went down to the visiting team by only 1 goal to nil.

Thus, after a slow start, the team gradually took shape and by the end of the season, thanks to Miss Andrews, herself a Taranaki and North Island rep, we were in a position to beat Okato 6 goals to nil.

I would like to thank Miss Andrews on behalf of the A, B and C teams for coaching and encouraging us to play our best. All teams showed definite improvement, with better combinations developing between the backs and forwards. Team members attended practices regularly and it was disappointing that neither the B nor C team had any games organised. I hope that those hockey players returning to school next year will show the same enthusiasm as has been apparent this year.

We also had two inter-house matches with East winning the 1st 2 goals to 1, and West winning the last 2 goals to nil.

Spotswood A Team: Maureen Collier, Lesley Homer, Marianne Muggeridge (capt.), Sherylyn Steadman, Chris Francis, Francis Newton, Jill Newson, Mary Thomson, Cherie Coxhead, Susan Turner and Denise Murfitt.

M.M.

GIRLS' TENNIS



The girls' tennis team this year missed the faithful support of Lorraine Lovell who spent the first term in Australia. The Freyberg team visited us in March, for the first time, with six players in each team. Although our teams lost 16-8 we had most enjoyable games. We were considering travelling to Tawa with the cricket team, but as Tawa were resealing their courts the trip didn't come off.

Many thanks to Miss Andrews, Mr. Page and Mr. Perry for giving up their time after school to coach not only the teams but all those taking an interest in this sport. The girls' team this year consisted of Rosemary Moss, Fiona Erb and two hostel girls, Connie Kopa and Tui Winitana. The boys team was Bill Tanner, John Innes, Ray Hine and Evan Ubels.

Rosemary Moss.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL



Back Row: C. Potaka, I. Taukiri, N. Kirikiri, M. Thompson, Miss Kirkland
Front Row: A. Callaghan, H. Harding, L. Rupapere, J. Elliot.

SOFTBALL

For the first time, Spotswood College entered a girls' softball team in the Inter-Secondary Competition. It was held at Opunake High School on the 22nd March. The girls, all from Rangiatea Maori Girls' Hostel, played very well during the competition. The team was successful in winning the competition with N.P.G.H.S. runners-up.

We would like to thank Mr. Kennedy and Miss Kirkland for their time in coaching us, and Mrs. Connor and Mrs. Risch for their transport and support at Opunake.

The team was Linda Rupapere (captain and short stop), Judy Elliot (pitcher), Adrianna Callaghan (catcher), Nina Kirikiri (1st base), Clara Potaka (2nd base), Marguerite Thompson (3rd base), Merryl Duder (right outfield), Hoki Harding (centre outfield), Kathy Manahi (left outfield), and Ivy Taukiri (reserve).

Linda Rupapere.

SWIMMING

This year, with the change-over of organisation of the college, competition was run on an inter-school basis—East against West. Once again, the sports were blessed with fine weather, perhaps a little too hot for the vast amount of spectators.

More records fell this year, the majority going to Russell Moffit of East School. Competitors were well supported by their respective schools. Outstanding performances were produced by:—Girls: P.

Conn, K. Nodder, D. Harding, S. Winstanley; Boys: R. Moffit, R. Byers, B. Sutherland, A. Flett.

West School won the day's events by a considerable margin.

The feature race of the day between the superior prefects and the staff resulted in an overwhelming victory for the prefects despite the vast amount of cheating by the staff.

A team of 13 swam at the North Island Inter-Secondary Schools Swimming Sports at Palmerston North, along with 13 other North Island Schools. Although competition was hard, the team managed to bring home two titles and one record. Our thanks to Mr. Kennedy and Miss Kirkland for their time in accompanying the team.

Congratulations to Russell Moffit on his New Zealand Junior 440yds freestyle record and his nomination for the 1970 Empire Games training squad.

A.M.F.

CRICKET - First XI

The 1968-69 season began in mid-October and stylish early form was notable among the more experienced players. With this encouragement, our early games were soundly won, and it wasn't until we met Boys' High School that we suffered defeat by 12 runs on the first innings.

As with all secondary school teams the older members leave and must be replaced by new faces; this season we were unfortunate to lose M. Fluker, T. Carley, T. Wey, K. Brodie, J. Cleaver, T. Mc-

SWIMMING TEAM



Back Row: Mr. Kennedy, B. Sutherland, R. Thompson, M. Thompson, R. Moffit, S. Winstanley, R. Byers, N. Nodder, Miss Kirkland.
Front Row: P. Conn, J. Lile, S. Manning, A. Flett, D. Harding, R. Hill, A. Mack.

Cracken, and playing coach T. Medley. There was a slight slump in form as the team rebuilt its strength. The new members to the team were W. Martin, I. Barr, B. Morris, P. Fowler, and playing coach W. Seastrand.

The team was reasonably successful in the local competition, winning 6, losing 4, drawing 1. The inter school fixtures against Tawa and Freyberg were of mixed fortune, as we won the former and lost the latter.

The first school match was against Freyberg on our own pitch. It was a solid tussle but we collapsed badly in our second innings and lost by 39 runs.

Scores: Freyberg 1st innings 94—Bowling for Spotswood G. Rawlinson 5 for 39, G. Bond 2 for 10, W. Martin 1 for 28; A. Innes 1 stumping, 2 run out. Spotswood 1st innings 117—Batting for Spotswood R. Burgess 35, M. Bishop 28, W. Martin 12, B. McCall 11.

Freyberg 2nd innings 108—Bowling for Spotswood C. Rawlinson 5 for 28, W. Martin 3 for 63, G. Bond 2 for 6.

Spotswood 2nd innings 47—Batting for Spotswood R. Burgess 11, B. Morrie 12, I. Barr 10.

Two weeks later we had a sardine trip to Tawa where we enjoyed beautiful weather and various degrees of cricket. We slumped in our first innings but solid batting in our second, and keen fielding enabled us to gain a 50 run victory.

Spotswood 1st innings 46—Batting for Spotswood B. McCall 10, R. Ormiston 8, A. Innes 8.

Tawa 1st innings 95—Bowling for Spotswood C. Rawlinson 3 for 28, G. Bond 2 for 6, B. Morris 2 for 34, W. Martin 1 for 24; 2 run out.

Spotswood 2nd innings—Batting for Spotswood A. Innes 61 (not out), W. Martin 32, C. Rawlinson 15, I. Barr 14, G. Bond 10.

Tawa 2nd innings 41—Bowling for Spotswood W. Martin 4 for 19, C. Rawlinson 3 for 6, B. Morris 3 for 27.

It was disappointing news to hear that our captain Robert Burgess could not be with us this season, we wish him well in his future career. To Mr. Medley and Mr. Seastrand we express our thanks for time and knowledge over the past season.

B. McCall,

CRICKET FIRST XI



Back Row: R. Ormiston, W. Martin, C. Rawlinson, I. Barr, Mr. Seastrand (coach).
Front Row: G. Bond, A. Innes, B. McCall, R. Burgess, M. Bishop, P. Fowler.

BOYS' "A" INDOOR BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the season the team consisted of eight, four of these (C. Rawlinson, B. Gaw, I. Duncalf, K. Wipiti) being in the "A" team last year also. After the grading games in late March, in which we performed shakily and far from our best, we were placed in the "B" section of the N.P.I.B.A. for the rest of the season, we applied the "zone defence" which we found somewhat more practical than "man to man", although we did occasionally switch to this.

The team appeared to be lacking in drive and conscientiousness at this time—a very prominent feature until later in the year. Ability and natural talent were not utilised; individual skills could not be tied together to produce "clicking" movements. Everything seemed to break down around half-way or the attacking zone.

Even though these natural talents were there, our ability to exert them did not become evident until towards the season's end. Then, suddenly, in early August the jig-saw fell into place. In two magnificent games, we narrowly, but deservedly I feel, defeated the two top teams—Waterski and Celtics "B". Fast, accurate passing, precise block-

ing and moving into position were backed up by tremendous driving into the basket by K. Wipiti, and near-flawless set shots by C. Rawlinson, especially, and also I. Duncalf and R. Halliday. B. Gaw played a reliable game and without him we would certainly have lost many points.

Our next venture was the Inter-secondary's at Waitara in which we did very well. However, our first game ended in the grave. During the second half we were informed that all our points (the score then being 20-12 to us) were to be wiped. This was because of the incompetence of the referees and officials in not knowing how to handle the situation according to N.Z.I.B.A. Rules. The outcry was over Bruce Gaw who had left school some time earlier that year, but had continued playing for us and had done so in this game against N.P.B.H.S. In the end we went down 24-15. Later we asked a N.Z. Referee and found out that the game should have been replayed.

The next game was against Hawera High, by far the most formidable opponents of any team there. The champions for some years now, Hawera found it a demanding game but, with a height advantage, natural talents and developed skills, and a better first half game, they defeated us by 24-19. Points in the second half alternated and the game could have gone either way if we had held our

BOYS' INDOOR BASKETBALL



Back Row: I. Duncalf, K. Wipiti, P. O'Brien, S. Hunter.
Front Row: R. Halliday, C. Rawlinson, N. Ramsay.

own in the first 5 minutes, after which we trailed by 7 points. This was the climax of the season, with everyone turning out inspiring performances.

Individually, each boy seemed to have unique talents. I. Duncalf (vice-capt.) was consistently good and excelled at setting play up. He has a good set-shot and a promising drive. K. Wipiti is probably the most talented in the team. He is endowed with an advantageous height and seems to have overcome the idea that basketball can be won by pleasing the crowd with style and that bucket-shots are sure goals. It's pleasing to see him fitting into the team better. R. Halliday is one of the few who realise that this is a game requiring thinking as well as physical skills. Nippy on his feet, he has an accurate shot.

We were fortunate in having Larry Pence from Colorado with us until June. He taught us all something and obviously showed us just how clumsy some of our techniques are. The other boys in the team all played well and improved tremendously, especially Peter O'Brien who only started in July. All lack experience and will have future opportunities to gain this.

Our thanks go to Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Finch for coaching us, and the school for making the basketball court available to us, also the few regular supporters who followed us wherever we went.

GIRLS' "A" INDOOR BASKETBALL

The season of indoor basketball began in April and went through to September. The Spotswood College team played one night a week in the "B" division at either the Army Hall or Star Gym. Over the season the team won half the number of games they played.

Many thanks to Miss Small who gave up her free time to coach the team. She proved to be a valuable member of the team and played some outstanding games. The advantage was her good ability which seemed to be contagious and soon the other members of the team, Barbara Keenan, Winnie Van Uden, Donna Jones, Christine Thompson and Maureen McGregor were playing just about up to her standard. Without Miss Small behind the team, encouraging us, we wouldn't have been such a success.

Thanks also to Chris Rawlinson, Ross Haliday, Ian Duncalf and Peter O'Brien who also assisted in the coaching.

Miss Small and Barbara were the main points getters, with Winnie and Donna close behind. Christine and Maureen seemed to lack the ability to shoot as well but proved to be good solid guards, saving many a goal though scoring high in their fouls. Christine, however, left the team during the season but with keen enthusiasm the team remained intact.

The winding up of the indoor was with the Inter-Secondary Schools' Tournament which was held at Waitara on Saturday, 27th September. The original team was unable to get out so Sheryl Hamilton, Sheryl Morgan, Shona Winstanley and Phillipa Conn combined with Barbara and Maureen to make

an extremely successful team. All members teamed well, with Phillipa getting a large majority of the points. The team eventually won the competition with ease. This was the first time the competition had been won by Spotswood College.

Unfortunately the indoor basketball was very poorly supported by Spotswood College pupils. With more encouragement the team would definitely have improved and team spirits would have risen.

The main hindrance to the team was the lack of members.

Maureen McGregor.

OLD GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The club had a bad start, we could not muster up enough ex-Spotswood girls for three teams. The girls decided they would have to open the club (up until then it had been a closed club for ex-Spotswood girls only). We got our three teams and for the first time in three years a coach, Mrs. Janette Watson.

Janette had a big job ahead of her. Our top team had done very well when it first started up, but without the help of a coach could not keep up with the other teams who had good coaches and good combinations. We started the season by losing the first four games, then we had our first win. This gave us the confidence to go on to 4th place on the competition ladder.

Our second and third teams did very well in their grades, even though there were a lot of new girls in the teams. Next year we hope to see our second team top of the Reserve Grade.

Our annual game against Spotswood College was, as usual, a good even game, but we could not keep up with the fit young school girls and they had a well deserved win. Maybe next year it will be our turn.

Now a note to school leavers: we need more ex-Spotswood girls for our club. Please don't go and join other clubs. We need you and your friends. We will be meeting sometime in February so keep an eye on the paper for our notice of meeting.

STEEPECHASE

The annual College cross country event was held this year on Friday, October 10. Five hundred and fifty boys ran in very windy and cold conditions over distances of two miles for the juniors to three miles for the seniors.

Results:—

Junior: 1st W. Katene, East, 15 min. 14.8 secs.; 2nd P. Tippins, East, 15 min. 15.23 secs.; 3rd B. Cummings, East, 15 min. 27.4 secs.

Intermediate: 1st J. Ballinger, East, 17 min. 40 secs.; 2nd D. Gaze, East; 3rd P. Corbett, East.

Senior: 1st P. Ballinger, East, 17 min. 8.2 secs.; 2nd J. Bocock, West, 18 min. 45 secs.; 3rd K. Smith, East, 19 min. 31 secs.

East School triumphed with 1400 points to West's 749 points.

Taranaki Secondary School Cross Country Championships

The following boys were chosen to represent Spotswood College in the Taranaki Secondary Schools' Cross Country championships held at Spotswood.

Junior: W. Katene, B. Cummings, C. Frewin, J. Skipper.

Intermediate: J. Ballinger, D. Gaze, P. Corbett, E. C. Smith.

Senior: P. Ballinger, J. Bocock.

Results:—

Junior: C. Frewin 7th, W. Katene 8th, B. Cummings 18th. These 3 boys were second in the junior teams event.

Intermediate: J. Ballinger 3rd, P. Corbett 12th, D. Gaze 17th.

Senior: P. Ballinger 1st, J. Bocock 7th.

It was unfortunate that we could not field a team of four in the senior event as we would almost certainly have won the teams' event.

ATHLETICS

Inter-School Results:

EAST 1084 points.
WEST 764 points.

Championship:

Boys—

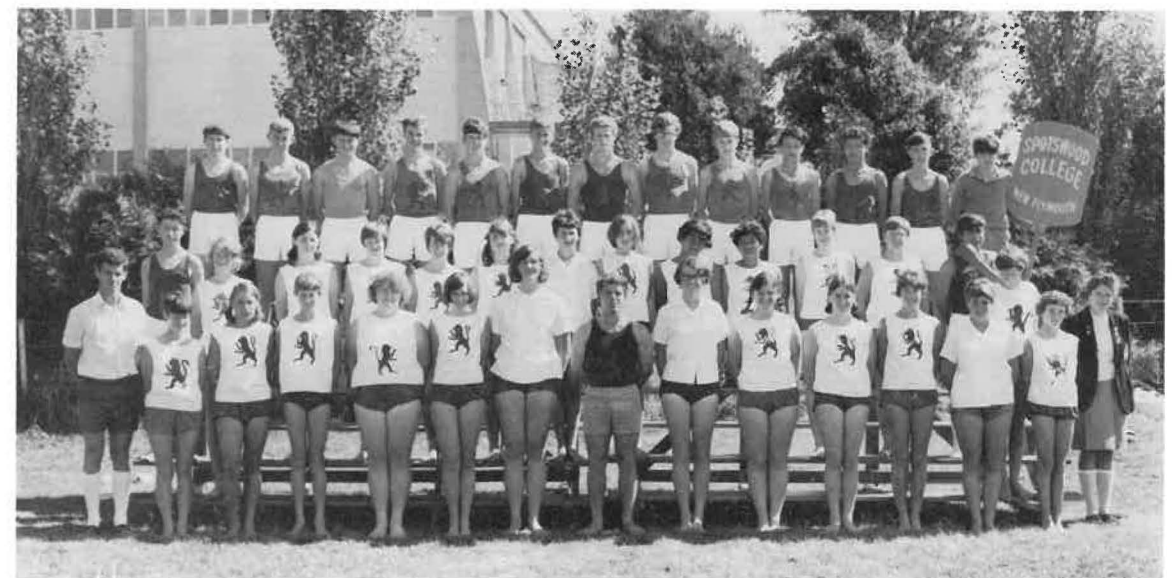
Senior: L. White 26 points.
Intermediate: K. Braddock 19 points.
Junior: C. Erueti 25 points.

Girls—

Senior: M. Muggeridge 17 points.
Intermediate: M. McGrigor 20 points.
Junior: J. Elliot 26 points.



ATHLETICS' TEAM



Back Row: M. Bazeley, I. Connor, A. Innes, D. Gaze, G. Jans, P. Corbett, S. Hunter, K. Adair, K. Braddock, C. Heremaia, W. Katene, P. Ballinger, R. Paul.

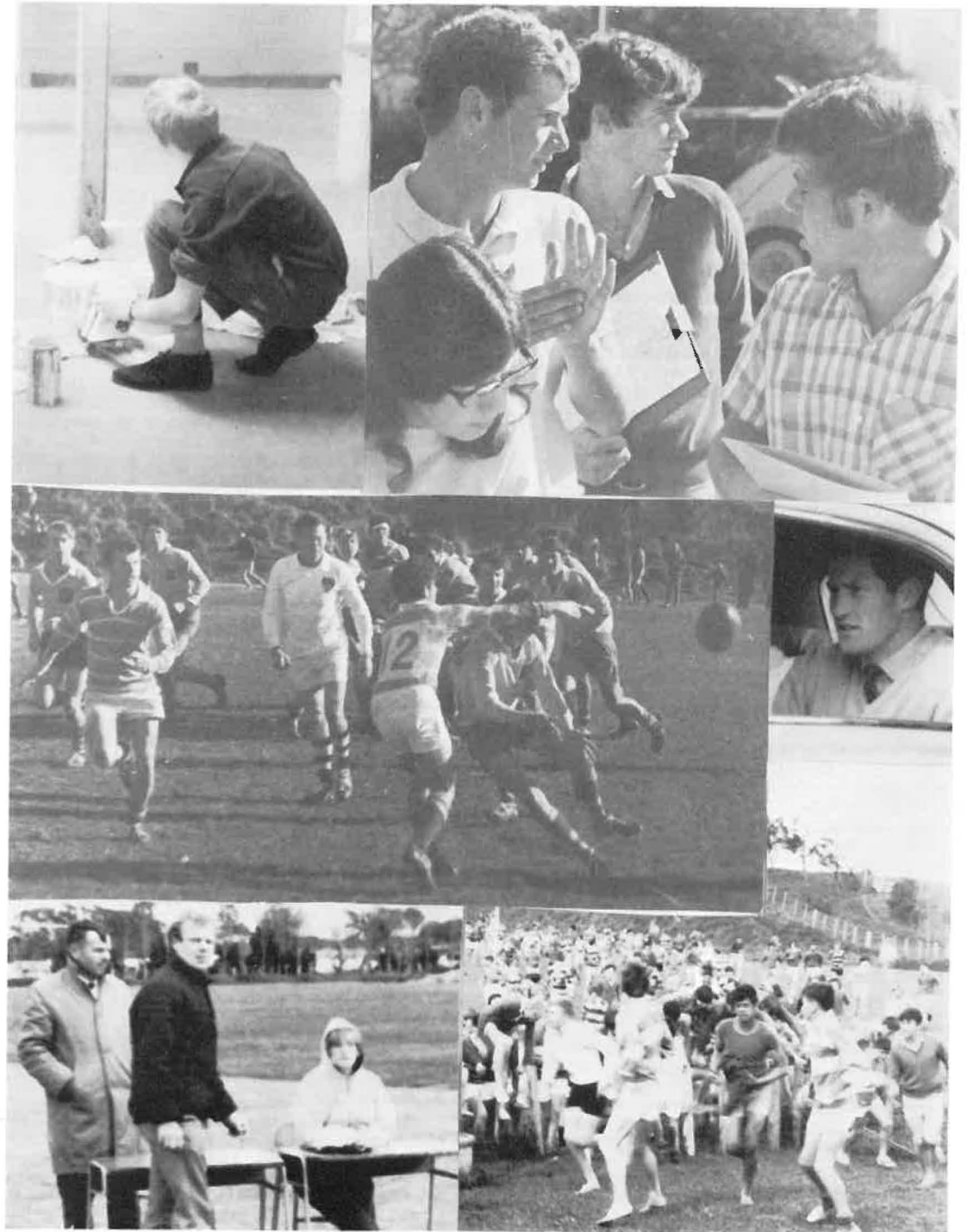
Second Row: B. Read, L. Gadsden, L. Penney, J. Revell, W. Marshall, A. Glenn-Campbell, D. Guy, C. Burgess, J. Elliot, H. Wanakore, L. Horner, K. Nodder, C. Erueti.

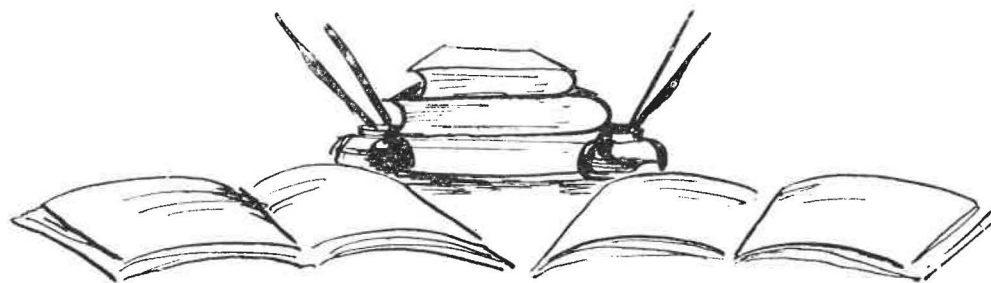
Front Row: Mr. R. Chamberlin, J. Alley, M. McGregor, S. Manning, J. Vickers, M. Burgess, B. Armstrong, B. McCall, J. Pillette, D. Roberts, A. Boswell, C. Everest, M. Thomson, S. Moses, B. Claire, Miss D. Andrews.

ATHLETICS' RESULTS

Event	First	Second	Third	Standard
Junior Girls—				
100 Yards	J. Elliot (E)	A. Glenn-Campbell (E)	J. Revell (E)	13.6 sec.
220 Yards	B. Claire (E)	H. Wanakore (E)	L. Gadsden (E)	31.5 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	K. Medway (E)	S. Moses (E)	C. Burgess (E)	15.9 sec.
High Jump	O. Manning (W)	D. Guy (W)	L. Gadsden (E)	4ft. 2in.
Broad Jump	B. Claire (E)	J. Elliot (E)	K. Medway (E)	12ft. 11in.
440 Yards	J. Alley (W)	B. Claire (E)	J. Moses (E)	1min. 12.3sec. (New Event)
Shot Put	J. Elliot (E)	M. Thompson (E)	A. Glenn-Campbell (E)	82ft. 9in.
Discus	J. Elliot (E)	M. Thompson (E)	A. Glenn-Campbell (E)	36ft. 9½in.
Relay	East	West		59.6 sec.
Intermediate Girls—				
100 Yards	L. Horne (W)	C. Everest (W)	M. McGregor (W)	13.4 sec.
220 Yards	K. Nodder (W)	L. Penney (W)	M. McGregor (W)	31.1 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	M. McGregor (W)	K. Nodder (W)	L. Horner (W)	15.7 sec.
High Jump	D. Whittaker (E)	S. Johnson (W)	J. Pillette (E)	4ft. 5in.
Long Jump	M. McGregor (W)	L. Horner (W)	W. Van Uden (W)	13ft. 5½in.
Shot Put	B. Armstrong (E)	J. Pillette (E)	D. Harvey (E)	32ft. 1in.
Discus	K. Nodder (W)	N. Hill (E)	J. Pillette (E)	62ft. 10in.
440 Yards	L. Grafton (E)	L. Penney (W)	J. McCullum (E)	1min. 13.9sec. (New Event)
Relay	West	East		58.1 sec.
Senior Girls—				
100 Yards	A. Boswell (E)	M. Muggeridge (E)	I. Krutz (W)	13.7 sec.
220 Yards	M. Muggeridge (E)	I. Krutz (W)		32.1 sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	M. Burgess (E)	R. Harvey (E)		16.5 sec.
High Jump	M. Reid		A. Grey (E)	3ft. 10in.
Shot Put	J. Vickers (E)	T. Walker (E)		39ft. 1in.
Broad Jump	A. Boswell (W)	(R. Harvey (E) M. Muggeridge (W) M. Thomson (E))		12ft. 7in.
Discus	D. Roberts (W)	I. Krutz (W)	T. Walker (E)	72ft. 7in.
440 Yards	D. Jones (E)	T. Walker (E)	J. Vickers (E)	1min. 18.5sec. (New Event)
Javelin	D. Roberts (W)	East		71ft.
Relay	West			61 sec.
Junior Boys—				
100 Yards	B. Read (E)	K. Adair (E)	C. Erueti (E)	12.3 sec.
220 Yards	B. Read (E)	R. Paul (W)	R. Blinkhorne (E)	27.9 sec.
440 Yards	R. Blinkhorne (E)	S. Pope (W)	W. Katene (E)	64.7 sec.
880 Yards	W. Katene (E)	R. Pope (E)	R. McGregor (W)	2min. 37.7sec.
One Mile	W. Katene (E)	J. Taylor (E)	R. Line (W)	5min. 20.3sec.
80 Metre Hurdles	K. Adair (E)	C. Erueti (E)	M. Bazley (W)	13.4 sec.
High Jump	J. Gosnell (E)	S. Pope (W)	R. Paul (W)	4ft. 10in.
Broad Jump	K. Adair (E)	C. Erueti (E)	R. McGregor (W)	15ft. 10in.
Triple Jump	C. Erueti (E)	R. McGregor (W)	M. Old (E)	33ft. 5½in. (New Event)
Shot Put	K. Jones (E)	S. Pope (W)	B. Gardener (E)	40ft. 6in. (New Event)
Discus	C. Burrell (E)	D. Christiansen (E)	R. Thompson (W)	83ft. (New Event)
Javelin	K. Jones (E)	C. Erueti (E)	B. Okey (E)	102ft.
Relay	East, 52.9sec.	West, 55sec.		52.9 sec.
Intermediate Boys—				
100 Yards	K. Braddock (E)	L. Harvey (W)	D. Paul	12.0 sec.
220 Yards	K. Braddock (E)	G. Jans (E)	L. Harvey (W)	26.9 sec.
440 Yards	I. Connor (W)	K. Braddock (E)	I. Caspersen (E)	1min. 3.1sec.
880 Yards	I. Connor (W)	D. Gaze (E)	P. Corbett (E)	2min. 22.1sec.
One Mile	D. Gaze (E)	P. Corbett (E)	I. Connor (W)	5min. 11.1sec.
110 Yards Hurdles	R. Simon (W)	R. Smith (E)	C. Williams (E)	17.1 sec.
High Jump	E. Smith (E)	D. Waugh (E)	B. Fowler (E)	4ft. 10in.
Broad Jump	I. Barr (W)	G. Jans (E)	I. Caspersen (E)	15ft. 8in.
Triple Jump	C. Heremaia (E)	W. O'Donnell (W)	P. Corbett (E)	33ft. 8½in.
Shot Put	R. Prout (E)	R. Moffit (E)	W. Robertson (E)	35ft. 2in.
Discus	G. Jans (E)	R. Prout (E)	J. Berry (E)	83ft. 5in.
Javelin	C. Heremaia (E)	L. Harvey (W)	W. Martin (W)	123ft.
Relay	East, 51.8sec.	West, 54.0sec.		51.8 sec.
Senior Boys—				
100 Yards	H. White (W)	B. McCall (W)	K. Parkes (W)	11.1 sec.
220 Yards	B. McCall (W)	K. Parkes (W)	I. Brisco (E)	25.4 sec.
440 Yards	K. Blinkhorne (E)	I. Prisco (E)	R. Ballinger (E)	57.5 sec.
880 Yards	P. Ballinger (E)	J. McLeod (W)	I. Whitehouse (W)	2min. 23.2sec.
One Mile	R. Ballinger (E)	J. McLeod (W)	I. Whitehouse (W)	4min. 59.1sec.
120 Yards Hurdles	N. Farrant (W)	K. Blinkhorne (E)	K. Parkes (W)	18.1 sec.
High Jump	L. White (W)	S. Hunter (W)	N. Farrant (W)	5ft. 5in. (R)
Broad Jump	K. Winstanley (E)	L. White (W)	K. Parkes (W)	18ft. 4½in.
Shot Put	L. White (W)	B. McCall (W)	B. Gaw (W)	46ft. 7½in. (R)
Discus	L. White (W)	P. O'Brien (E)	A. Innes (E)	92ft. 4in.
Javelin	A. Innes (E)	B. Gaw (W)	B. McCall (W)	136ft.
Triple Jump	B. Gaw (W)	B. McCall (W)	K. Wipiti (W)	34ft. 5½in.
Relay	West, 48.4sec.	East, 50.2sec.		48.4 sec.

ODD SHOTS





ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

LITERATURE COMPETITION, 1969

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

Third Form Prose: Jahna Carstens.
Third Form Poetry: Ropu Wawatai.
Fourth Form Prose: Linda Penney.
Fourth Form Poetry: Janet Charman.
Fifth Form Prose: Jacqueline Potaka.
Fifth Form Poetry: No award.
Sixth Form Prose: Roderick Bird.
Sixth Form Poetry: Kathryn Gould.

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

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND

The human mind is surely a most remarkable and beautiful thing. It is the first form of life that has developed on this planet able to contemplate itself without reference to some higher plane of intelligence. Without it, all life on this planet is meaningless, since there is nothing or no-one to contemplate life's meaning. It is capable of a subtle dimensionality of thought, in that it can "sit back" and view itself, analyse its findings, and having done so, tell itself what it is like. In fact, the human mind has a subtlety beyond even its own comprehension. We know so little about the mind's operation that it is more meaningful to consider some of the capabilities of the mind. I find it fascinating to contemplate the power of the mind.

As I see it, there are three possible manifestations of this power. Firstly, there is the effect of the mind on the body in which it is housed; secondly, there is the effect of the mind on other minds; and thirdly, there is the effect of the mind on other objects.

The first manifestation is a relatively simple and straightforward one, of which most people recognise the possibility if not the existence. The study of psychosomatics, that is diseases of the body caused or affected by disturbances of the mind, is a most important part of medicine today. I see no reason why this effect should not be possible. After all, the mind (in emotions, personality, etc.) is very much associated with and affected by the endocrine system of the body.

The hormones are responsible for the balance and regular functioning of the body, and so it is conceivable that a mental disorder could have an effect on the staticity of the body.

The second manifestation includes such less widely recognised phenomena as E.S.P. and telepathy. I am quite sure that such things can no longer be ignored or totally disbelieved. There is a large amount of evidence to support the occurrence of E.S.P. and telepathy, and I think that any reasonably intelligent person can see that there is something in it. Explaining how such phenomena occur is, however, a very different matter, and one which I am certainly not qualified to tackle. Most of us must be content, for the present, anyway, merely to speculate. I feel that the idea that the brain emits vibrations which may be picked up by another brain is more than just the idealistic philosophical catch-phrase that it sounds, since telepathy must entail some form of propagation of energy, and we know that space and our atmosphere is full of many different forms of waves and vibrations. However, this must remain conjecture, since we know so little about such forms of travel. For example, we do not even know how or why a positive charge attracts a negative charge and repels a positive charge, which is fundamental to our most basic concepts of electrostatics and matter itself. Thus we can only speculate on such possibilities. I feel, however, that we should try more to develop telepathy, or "positive thinking" to see if such phenomena can be developed. The power of the "Group Mind" is a most fascinating thing. I am sure that a large group of people, all concentrating on a single thing or aim, could produce an amazingly strong force. Surely this is more or less what prayer is. Admittedly prayer does not produce many indications of such a strong force, but I think that this is because of a lack of conviction in prayer, and of universality and co-ordination of application. I often wonder if the ancient prophets and teachers of religion had the insight to realise this great potential.

The third manifestation is disregarded by the majority of people as being far too unrealistic. This is the idea that thought can be concentrated on an object to actually bring pressure to bear on the physical laws of our environment as we know them. For example, some Tibetan lamas are reputed to be able to defy the laws of gravity

and make themselves float on air. This sort of thing is admittedly very hard to accept as being even possible. However, I feel that we know so little about the mind and about the universe and the laws which govern it that we should not be too hasty to discount these ideas. The concepts which we have in physics are only logical arrangements of data developed from past experiences and therefore any predictions which we make about the behaviour of objects in our physical situation can only be probability indications. Everything we know depends on things which happened in the past—we do not even know how high the probability that we assert is. Even our logic is a series of steps of probabilities, and, while it is the only means we have of existing successfully in our environment, we must think of it in this true perspective. So I think we must not shun these seemingly illogical, unreal speculations if we are to gain even a glimpse of the true power of the mind. We must be prepared to venture out from our sheltering wall of logical reasoning—the human mind reveals little to logic worshippers—and experiment with possibilities. Only in this way can we ever hope to explore the mysteries of the human mind.

R. BIRD.

EARLY MORNING

the rain trickles down the pane
 making patterns like a crosswork quilt.
 dark clouds yawn and weep tears over the city—
 while people sleep.

somewhere a small child is crying
 waking his tired mother.
 the pathetic miaow of a cat cuts like a siren—
 disturbing only me.

everything is grey and dead.
 the buildings are grey, the light is grey,
 the air is grey
 and the sleepers feign death.

the rain trickles down the pane
 and I trickle with it—
 my thoughts diluted.
 I join the other sleeping ghosts—
 wrapped in my shroud.

KATHRYN GOULD.

FUTURE REFLECTED

Quietly people, over my shoulder you see
 A man and his living, a madman like me.
 "No-one loves me, wants me, or cares."
 His shrill voice calls to the grass.
 "I'm beating my fists upon the soft green.
 No-one stops me, punishes or sees."
 Contorted and pained, a face of blue mould
 Watch the insanity of a seventeen year old.
 His heartbeats were numbered
 When he first took the gun
 Held it to his temple and pulled back his
 thumb.
 The gun was not loaded
 But society rules,
 That those who hate living
 Can only be fools.

Does an I.Q. of 200
 Save any from the fate.
 Of imprisonment of living
 Behind wires and grates.
 A seventeen year old
 Dribbling on the grass.
 Screaming for freedom
 When sanity is past.
 He looks like me.

KATHRYN GOULD.

I was in the garden when the moon crept
 up softly on the pale ashen sky.
 You stood among the trailing vines and
 tangled creepers, watching me.
 Your eyes spoke nothing.
 They did not need to—
 For the beauty of tranquillity
 is not often captured.
 Stillness hung like a net
 shrouding our lives.
 I rose and left for the silence
 was too much.
 And you followed me with your eyes
 To the rimu gate. But your gaze
 could go no further
 Struck dumb by magic.

KATHRYN GOULD.

In a garden. The month is . . . what does
 it matter, I am happy. I can feel the icy clean-
 liness of the frosty dew crunch beneath my feet,
 the gentle breeze tussles my loose locks, the
 birds sing, but I am an intruder.

I do not belong here simply because it is
 beautiful. I come, like all men, from an ugly
 world of hatred and greed. I thought that all
 feeling which I ever had possessed had long been
 drained painfully from that shell, my body. I
 can no longer feel for others, I have seen so
 much suffering, rancour and lust.

I see a flower. No special bloom, just a small
 white flower which had somehow forced its tiny
 roots down a crack in our concrete jungle and
 quietly grown. I stop in my tracks. A flower,
 what is a flower? I turn and my eyes quickly
 scan the pavement piercing into every nook until
 at last—a flower. Dumbfounded I can only stare,
 but for the first time ever I can feel, yes, really
 feel; I walk slowly back and crouch beside the
 bloom.

Never had I seen anything so beautiful; so
 white and pure in such a dark world. A faint
 buzz catches my attention—a bee. It slowly
 circles above this new-found thing of beauty and
 finally settles. I watch the bee slowly unfold
 its sucker and pierce into the flower.

I realise now that like humans this flower
 was just part of a system—to provide life to that
 bee.

I wondered if the flower felt pain. Men are
 used, men feel pain. A young tramp staggers by;
 I feel nothing. Struggle; struggle; how can I
 escape from struggle? Anxiety, distortion, pain
 —oh to free myself.

I slowly rise and through tear-filled eyes plot
 the path of my life ahead. I turn to take a final
 glance at that flower, just as a boy shuffles over
 it, breaking its stem, destroying its life.

I know now where I must go.

T. WALKER.

I am a willow planted beanpole
 There is nothing more to stay
 I slink into my slumbers
 All night and all day.
 I find the mood refreshing
 It cuts me to my soul
 And should the people listen
 I say it's for the gold.
 But no-one understands me
 And no-one comes my way,
 I'm just a little motion
 Among the hurling waves.
 I feel the world grow smaller
 My toes are cramped inside
 But all that's left are feelings
 And they compress to size.
 I see a strange reflection
 It is a happy face.
 What ridiculous predictions
 Have taken his frown's place.
 Where can thoughts be living
 Is it where the people die?
 Nothing's made for no-one
 But who is left be-hind.
 I feel it in the mornings
 Before the sun goes down
 That all the people listening
 Will be the first to drown.

TO A CRITIC

Oh, she said and died
 The little girl she expected her to be
 She was not quite.
 The poems she writes are wrong.
 They're not nice or even right.
 All she says isn't her at all.
 She used to wash the dishes and
 Say her yeses and noes the
 Way she should
 But now she writes poems
 That defile society and myself—
 What I stand for.
 Oh, she said, the girl who wrote
 You should not die.
 My poems come from mind
 And the paper eats the words,
 But nothing I say I mean
 Nothing they say is true.
 They reflect images
 Given to me.
 The ones you forced me to reverse
 From your insistence on their truth.
 Do not read the words, only find the mind
 Do not ban the pen, and make me blind.
 There is not time for pettiness.
 Oh, the lady said and tried to hide.
 Her smile was thin and she didn't mean it.
 Neither did the girl.

KATHRYN GOULD.

MODERN MUSIC

Music—the art of expressing or stirring emotion by a melodious and harmonious combination of sounds—is a mirror, a mirror of the thoughts and actions of the people and events of the time the music was written. True, it is the expression by a few, but it is usually about the many. Like drama, which shows people's reactions to a set of circumstances that are

contemporary (and whose reactions can only be appreciated by people who can understand these circumstances) a song can be appreciated only if you know what it is about. Music, like drama, is contemporary. By looking at the different types of drama, it is easy to see along what lines people were thinking when a certain play was written. To see this we need only look at 18th century Queen Anne drama, which was purged of any gross licentiousness and in which order was emphasised. This was a time in history when every effort was made to be moral. (Note also, the appearance of the sonnet as a fixed form of poetry.)

Eighteenth century drama may seem a long way from modern music, but remember that the same people who were artistically inclined to drama, were also (in many cases) the same (or similar) people who wrote the music of that time. So when we see works by the "angry young men" of the 1950's in the form of "Look Back in Anger," we also see such songs as "The Eve of Destruction," "What Have They Done to the Rain?" and "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?"

I feel most strongly that it is in the music of today that young people can identify themselves, just as they have always done.

Therefore, when "Tiptoe through the Tulips" rocketed to the top of the 1926 hit parade, people were feeling just as the tune and words of this song suggest. They were happy, they imagined themselves in fields of green, leading a nice girl to a bed of roses. They had just won a war and were merry—the Roaring 20's. Come 1944 though, and men and women with tears in their eyes were sentimentally singing "The White Cliffs of Dover." The angry side of the 1950's has been dealt with, but this last decade also saw the rise of such "rock-n-roll" artists as Elvis Presley and Cliff Richards. They tried to sing gay, "mushy" love songs, but the seeds of discontent were also being sown at this time—seeds which have germinated in the modern music of today.

Modern music is complex, just like the age in which we are living. We have Bob Dylan and Simon and Garfunkle protesting about anything from war to the lack of communication between people today; we have the Beatles singing anything and everything, and making vast amounts of money by doing so; we have the traditional folk and blues singers such as Pete Seager and Tom Rush; we have the "bubble-gum-rock" trash; and then we have the hard driving frenzied rhythm-blues, which beat out an indistinguishable combination of words and music. Each different style of music has its own group following, each trying to identify themselves in the sounds they hear.

I know that young people of today see a lot in their music—it is one of the few things that they can understand today. The frenzied crescendo to which the music builds itself is the same frenzy in which modern youth is involved today. The music is beating, their brains are beating, and their arms and legs are beating, beating in time to the music and then beating up a Negro and leaving him in the gutter. Then they are drained of all their energy, the electric guitars are unplugged, someone with a traditional acoustic guitar steps forward and they begin to

contemplate. The singer tells them quietly of all the misery and hate in the world, misery and hate caused by grown-ups, then within the youths grows a dislike and distrust of what they see as "wrong," so then the electric guitars are plugged in again, and the frenzy begins anew.

Grown-ups question what young people see in their music, for the same reason that young people question what older folk see in their older music. Older folk have no trouble in understanding their music, just as young people have no trouble in understanding a bearded figure who screams out about a "Purple Haze." This is what the young people see in their modern music, they see (just as teenagers did thirty years ago) themselves. Often they do not like what they see, but this is not the point. They see themselves in love, in peace, in conflict, in hate. They all see themselves differently, at some time or another, depending upon which musical mirror they are looking into, but they see what they imagine only they have the ability or the right to see, and all the time they imagine that what they are seeing no one else has seen before—especially not the grown-ups who criticise them so much. In fact the grown-ups have seen it all before, only thirty years ago, but they are the only ones who are now mature and old enough to do something about it.

ROD CORBETT.

THE SACRIFICE

Grey thoughts walking slowly by a funeral hearse,
 Ponderous and grim with the slow silent march,
 Mankind carries his perished hope to the grave.

Death lingers hopefully in the dust of poisoned crops,

The human soul lies like carrion,
 Wrapped in fluttering newspaper.

The eyes of the world see nothing,
 (If they have ever strained to look),
 Burnt black and brittle, staring at the sky;
 A mist of scientific venom dissolves all monuments to life,
 And returns them to the consuming earth.

FEMALE SPITE?

The cat-like cruelty
 Of my uncertain age.
 Mesmerised I watch the distance,
 and you.

... then I strike!
 Furious feline claws
 Dig deep into a living soul,
 Wickedly precise,
 Evil game, like a cat with mice.

Barbs of painful words
 Brandished for fun,
 The devil laughs and cackles and leers.
 Lurking vampires
 stole my tears.

The prey is attacked and broken,
 Its body bruised like a battlefield.
 Starving desolation
 wraps its bony fingers
 about the corpses of tortured emotions
 And on its defenceless crutches
 Shamefacedly lingers.

BRIGHT

The colours of summer
 Burn out from every shop window,
 Clothing dazzles,
 People trying to be sun-gods
 —or something.

Each so different,
 They are all the same.
 Colour of geraniums,
 Prostituted geraniums.

BEACH SCENE

Waves rise and fall
 Wooing the flickering passion of a new day.
 Grey hesitant light seeps through the dormant air,
 The mist crawls back to the virgin caves of the night.

Sand flirts sleepily with the sea
 Which pleads endlessly in soft whispers
 Like the carefree boys
 playing with the waves by day,
 and the summer-struck girls by night.

PAT SCRIVEN.



1st in Magazine Art Competition.—Peter Kirby.

It was autumn. The world was one of contrasting harsh and muted colours. The soft water-colour grey of the sky, the grey of pigeons' wings, threw the mottled, textured grey of the stone walls of the church into almost wintry relief. Grey. And green. Green grass in the graveyard; large green mushrooms of foliage on green-brown tree trunks; green moss on the stone church walls. Green. And grey.

Not here the colour, the warmth, the vividness that autumn can be. Not here the red leaf, the yellow, the gold.

Mary felt out of place in her red poplin overcoat. She felt conspicuous, uncomfortable. Almost sacrilegious. But it had been a bargain, at two and sixpence, her red poplin coat. And who was she to turn down a bargain. She reflected, not bitterly, that beggars can't be choosers, and how much more than a beggar was she. So she stood in the graveyard, like an errant autumn leaf amidst the green and grey, and felt uncomfortable.

From where she stood, she could see the queues of gravestones, and noticed, as she always did, that they were all grey, hard and unfriendly, and rough to the touch. There were no glossy marble headstones, no slabs of white to temper the sobriety, the sombre uniformity. Mary wished for some white—death to her was featureless, monotonous, grey, enough. She wished she had the courage to ask that she have a white marble headstone on her grave, but shrank from the picture of it being her name on the one headstone that was different, that was conspicuous. She wished that she had never bought the red poplin coat.

Shivering, half with misery, half with the cold which chilled the air, she wrapped the coat tight around her, and looked up at the grey sky, no longer soft, but rapidly darkening, heavy with the promise of rain. A tear slipped unnoticed down her cheek.

Then, a small hunched figure in an oversize, second-hand, red poplin coat, she shuffled down the nearest line of headstones, and stopped before the one second from the end. It was identical to its neighbours, and as completely characterless. Mary put the small bunch of wild flowers she carried in the mossy jam jar filled with rain water that stood beneath the inscription. She read her mother's name, and perhaps she thought of God.

The seasons followed each other, and autumn came again, bringing the same greenness and grey skies. There was still no alien red leaf, yellow or gold. And still no white marble headstone to shout out in the silence. But there was one more grey one.

LEONIE JARVIS.

MANAPOURI

The peaks, the inescapable majesty
Knitted in superb monuments to their creator.
Bare rock to which no lichen may cling
Wooded valleys—cold, wet emitting a fragrance
Sensuous as that of a woman.
One sees the picture mirrored another time
in the listless but living lake
Vibrant with life of a phylum lower and
often lovelier than ours.

The birds that hover
The plants that bend to the task
As the yellow flower-power is captured
From the sun ring.
We can see life at its best
Foliation at perfection
Peace stemming from the silence
The beauty, the oneness that nature has breathed
on.

Progress—noise, dirt, wealth.
The picture is tainted, lost.
There were but a few who saw beyond
the silver that nature's Judas kiss reaps.
Gone too is the peace and the chance
to live in sanity of quiet.
Look again.
Mirrored no longer, but distorted by
the pulsating life of trained water,
the dam.
The light of civilisation has turned out
the light of life as man conquers his world.
We who lose, are sorry.

CHRIS FRANCIS.

A TIME TO FORGET

Mandy sat in the corner of the room sipping at her drink through a multi-coloured straw. She watched the people coming in from the cold, buttoned up in their coats and scarves. Autumn is definitely here, she thought, looking out the window at the lonely day, watching the leaves on the trees in the square as they were whipped from the branches by the wind and swirled high up into the air in whirlwinds before being scattered in all directions across the road. The ground beneath the trees was a carpet of leaves—a maze of autumn colours.

Mandy sat there twiddling the straw round and round in the empty glass. Her mind was in another world and she looked out the window now, without seeing anything. She was jerked back into reality when the door slammed as some poor frozen person came in from the cold. She watched for a minute as the person ordered a hot coffee, before picking up her coat to leave. As she slipped out the door, the cold westerly wrapped around her, rushing through her coat as it did through the branches of the trees. She wound her scarf tigher round her head but it was useless in this strong wind. She wandered across the empty road on to the square, smelling the musty aroma that rose from the rotting carpet of leaves that felt spongy beneath her feet. She looked up at the tall, bare trees, wondering at their lost beauty. The beauty that was torn away by the wind. Their slender trunks felt cold to her touch.

It didn't usually take long to get there and today was no exception as Mandy hurried to get out of the cold, stopping only once, as she always did, to pick one of the roses from a bush growing on the roadside. The massive oak that stood there sheltered her from the wind and the rain that was starting to drizzle down. Kneeling, she placed the rose beside a small white stone on the ground, then sitting down she pulled her coat further around her and sat head in hands staring at the tiny toadstools which had pushed their way up through the carpet of leaves to

view the new world from their single limb. A lonely bird battled against the strong wind. It landed with a squawk high up in the oak—the wind had won. Mandy looked up through the maze of leaves and branches. On fine days she liked to see the light being filtered through, shining down in streaks on to the leafy floor beneath the oak. Today there was no light.

Time always passed so quickly. Mandy lost count of the minutes, often hours that ticked by as she sat there. For her this was a place of the past, a place full of memories. At home her mother would complain at her being so late. "I wouldn't mind so much if it was fine Mandy, love," she said. "But in this weather." Mandy listened without comment.

On Sundays Mandy got up early, dressed and returned to her place beneath the oak. All morning she would sit there either reading from her well-worn poetry book or just sitting there, remembering.

The day dawned fine and clear with no sign of the cloud of the day before. If it hadn't been for the leafless trees Mandy would have believed summer had returned. The road was still empty as she walked slowly through, past the few shops. When she came to the rose bush there were no blooms. The bush was completely green! Surely I didn't pick the last one yesterday," Mandy asked herself. "I don't remember." The bush was empty. Then, suddenly, she remembered the date. She could hardly believe it. It was a year today! A whole year had passed since that day! Jonathon had lain beneath the oak for a year. Mandy walked on in a daze. It seemed like yesterday and yet yesterday it had seemed like eternity.

When she arrived at the oak she found the stone half covered in leaves. She looked at the ground—all the toadstools had disappeared and a branch which had fallen from the oak now lay crumpled beside the massive base of the trunk. Still dazed from the realisation of the past year Mandy could only stare in disbelief at her surroundings. Could she believe that all this had happened over night? She looked down at the stone remembering the words which were engraved on it, but which were now half hidden by the leaves:

"Jonathon Shadbolt,
Died June 1968,
Aged 19 years."

Is it trying to tell me something? Is it telling me to forget you? Mandy whispered aloud, asking herself, angry at the thought that someone should want her to forget.

She ran from the place, blinded by tears, stumbling on the soft ground. The wind arose and blew more leaves over the stone until it was lost among them forever, forgotten.

WENDY FRYER.

AN ACCIDENT

A siren suddenly started its wailing chorus in the distance and got steadily louder and louder. Two more added their notes to the harmony, all three eventually cutting out like a ragged end to a song. I attended the only victim—a man in his mid-twenties, and found a great fissure flooded with a wet, and yet sticky sub-

stance. Trying to stop this seemingly everlasting surge with my hand's pressure, the cavity felt like a crevasse and my whole pressure puny. His life forced its way out demanding an urgency I was unable to meet with these cadaverous hands of mine, yet all around me, in me and through me—an inexplicable sensation of finality.

JOCELYN FIFIELD.

SATURDAY MORNING

Saturday morning was dawning when I looked out of the window. The moon still lingered above. Like a fiery round ball of mysterious light, it penetrated the lost and lonely sky. Finally, it glided silently behind a sleeping cloud. Hundreds of faraway stars flickered brilliantly among the revolving heavens like illuminated dots. As I looked towards the east, a feeling of warmth and satisfaction surged through me. A breathtaking picture greeted me on that early morning. The sun was beginning to emerge from over the horizon. Thin, glittering lines of crimson, purple and pink wound together and streaked artistically across the soft, golden rays of light silhouetted against the dark, empty sky. Finally, the sun climbed higher over the lifeless city and gradually enveloped it in a silvery coat of light, which brought the picturesque scene to life and marked the start of a new day.

JACQUELINE POTAKA.



OLD AGE

S. Lockyer.

AUTO WRECK!

Trickles of blood widened to a steady flow.
It spattered the freshly shattered glass and
formed sticky globules in the gutter.

The creaking of the rubble still continued as
an afterthought.

The luminescent pink of the lights flashed in
the inky sky.

Flames of blue, yellow and red intertwined
with the gush of fatal petrol seeping its path
through every air-space.

A mass of iron was the only recognition of
the once-vehicle.

Within a radius of three hundred yards, traces
of the wreck could be identified. Flakes of green
paint encircled the massacre. A huddled few
crowded round the stiff bodies strewn with rugs.

NANCY WALLACE.

THE DANCE

The prospective dancers stroll on in,
To meet their friends, they hope, within,
But under whirling lights who can tell
Tom from Dick or Fred. The coloured lights
change:

Blue, red, purple, yellow as people on the floor
gyrate

And rhythm of the tune pulsates.
But wait, the sound has stopped,
Has someone made a fuse go pop?
It's dark, they stop and stand around
Free to talk, but for how long?
The lights flicker, the singer starts:
Not to be heard, the drums thump.
Power returns,

Guitars join in,
The dance continues.

ANDREW STEDMAN.

WHERE WILL IT END?

The 1st World War has come and has gone;
The 2nd World War has also passed on;
The 3rd World War has already begun,
With the slaughter of men—that seems to be fun.
Yet through our blind and foolish eyes
We see nothing that we despise.
While men all over this wretched place
Are killing, destroying the human race.

The guerrillas, the raids, the army brigades,
The riots with guns and petrol grenades.
They kill their own kind like the venom of snakes.
Little they know of their bitter mistakes.
Remember, two sides and you've got you a fight
With killing and bloodshed—for nothing but spite.
You can't tell me that that isn't war,
Yet its something that we all badly deplore.

What do we do to escape from this mess?
Pray to God and hope for the best?
People have done that for hundreds of years,
But there's still been the usual, blood, death
and tears.

We all must learn to live as one,
Not to keep peace with a knife or a gun.
Will we all die in a bloody pool?
We will if we don't stop being so cruel.

IAN MOODY.

HAIKU

Smoke curling upwards
Forming the deadly poison
From a cigarette.

The weeping willow
Its boughs green tinged with new life
Praises another spring.

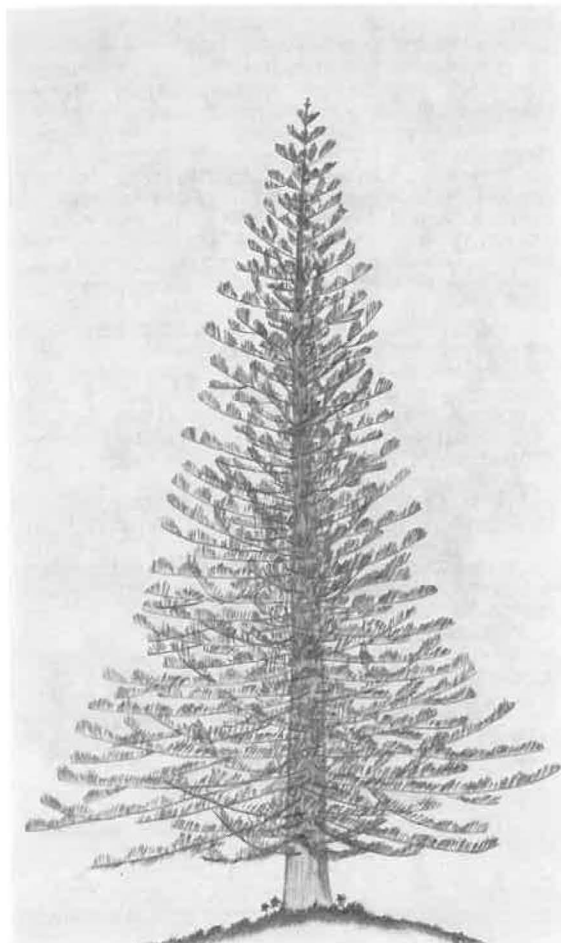
A lone fleecy cloud
Like silken cotton candy
Rides the bluest sky.

ALAN CLIFFE.

FREESIA

She saps the blood of the glowing sun,
And rebukes the salt-lacquered breeze,
She shakes her head disdainfully,
As she dances 'neath the swaying trees.
She sings to the wind-swept grasses tall,
She woos them with songs of love,
And her scarlet and golden resplendent array,
Reflects the blue above.

LYNNE ADAMSON.



2nd in Magazine Art Competition.—Lois Baldock.

Romeo
and
Juliet

Were to meet by chance
where Capulet had invited guests to dance,
and were to discover that Juliet
was the daughter of Romeo's only hate—Capulet.
Till the early morn, in Juliet's garden,
Did Juliet swear her love for Romeo
and Romeo for Juliet.
And went they hence,
to the church of the friar Laurence—
Where they were to be combined in holy marriage.
Later it was known to Juliet,
That she to Paris
Was to be married:
But because of her hate for him
She begs of the friar—
a remedy
to halt the marriage;
This he does
and her sleep continues for two and forty hours
and during this sleep
the form of Death is taken.
And the Friar
sent word,
by way of letter
to Romeo.

But Balthazar, servant to Romeo, having seen
the (mock) burial of Juliet,
Tells this to Romeo,
who leaves at once
to seek the body of his love.
And, being left early,
misses the Friar John
who bears the letter.
And Romeo sees Juliet,
Lying there, her body lifeless,
Takes the dram of poison
kisses her hand
and dies.
Juliet wakes from out her death-like sleep.
Not a drop of poison left,
So a dagger, she holds
and with momentary strength,
thrusts it deep
into her heart,
and
dies.

And though this story be filled with woe,
Juliet will remain, forever, beside her Romeo.

JULIET EALES.

The Arc of Walpur rose—majestic
Above the mob
That milled,
Heady with delight,
Between its textured limbs.
Huge whorls of streamer
Flung themselves in strangle holds
Athwart its iron arms
And pigeons,
Not conversant with the joyous majesty of
the occasion,
Profaned its head,
as usual
With tokens
Warm and white.

J. CHARMAN.

Man, carrying the cross of life,
Mourning, grieving,
Lost in the tides of time,
Wavers,
Loses the thread
and dies in the web
of life.

D. GUY.

THE WINTER BEACH

Along the grey and gloomy beach
A lonely seagull flew,
An angry, sullen sea beat time,
The stormy wind whistled as it blew
About the smooth-swept, grassy dunes.
Scattered driftwood marked the rise
And fall of tides too numerous to recall.
A sideways-scuttling crab defies
The sound and fury. The screaming gull dives,
And falls like a lightning flash.
Silent sky is eloquent. The boom
And thrash of waves that crash
And stroke the steadfast shore
Resurges and resounds. The sky,
Filled with dismal, lowering clouds, hangs heavy
As lead, foreboding cliffs, high
Towards the dark, rain-filled clouds, stand,
Stalwart and resentful,
Bedecked with greenery and edged with sand.
The far distant horizon
Merges with sky, and all is one . . .

L. PENNEY.

NOCTURNAL JOE

Old Joe he was determined
to run away each night,
Now, no-one knew, where he went,
But, without a doubt would return unkempt.

His coat inlaid with burrs
His tongue hanging out with
Thirst,
"Here! old boy quench your thirst."
But first
Where do you go each lonely night?
Who do you see
Who do you fight.

But Joe wouldn't tell,
He left the air in silence.

KEREN WHEELER.

"THE BEAN"

Beneath the beams of glowing gold,
Thrusting its shields forth strong and bold,
Grateful to the dampened earth,
Fruits, mysterious, green give birth.
Proud, stiff-necked silent knight.
Dignified, with unconscious might,
Indifferent to the roguish weeds,
Haughtily relating noble deeds.
Till man's sadistic herbivorous need
Abases her being—she is a weed!

LYNNE ADAMSON.

THE GRAPEFRUIT TREE

The small spiral of living decay.
Small yellow leaves.
Crumpled like hands,
Reaching for something.
Like a drowning man
It holds on to life.

The roots hidden beneath greenery,
Are they dying?
Can they cling to their very mode of existence?
Can they touch the straws and remain,
For what is there?
Life.

The thin green branches
Bend, weakness is the only thing it has ever
known.
Fragile yellow leaves seem dead.
Blue fertilizer—brown decay.
Can it exist?
For something which is really nothing—
Life.

DAVID BIRRELL.



3rd in Magazine Art Competition.—Fiona Campbell.

THE SCARECROW

I stand through the cold and wintry months,
A wet bedraggled heap.
The wind tears at my tattered rags
And bends my sodden shape.
When Spring arrives, I get new clothes
And am made to stand erect.
Beneath the sun, I keep my watch
Over the fields I must protect.
Where once was brown and barren earth,
A green sea now appears.
And songs of birds in hedge and tree,
Are music to my ears.

STEPHEN BERENDSEN.

THE PAPER BOY

"Eve-ning Po-ost!" The cry of the tousled little Maori paper-boy echoed down the narrow main street.

"Sunday Sports!" came the plaintive answer reverberating round the corner. The little Maori boy took up his own cry again and, leaving a big pile of newspapers lying in a corner by a shop door, swaggered up the street. He confronted a short man who was leaning against a window and chewing and, imitating the motion of the man's mandibles to a nicety, drawled: "Paper?" The short man did not seem to notice the youngster's audacity and mumbled consent while fumbling in his pocket. With a professional flick the paper-boy whisked a paper from under his arm and in one motion folded it neatly and presented it to the short man. The short man grunted thanks. He immediately opened the paper and skimmed the news items. The Maori boy sauntered on up the street selling his papers to the Sunday night town walkers. In a surprisingly short time he was back again, having sold all the papers he carried.

Next to the shop where the paper-boy had deposited his big pile of papers was an hotel. Men were filtering through the open door of the public bar on the street, some coming out immediately after they had purchased a bottle while others decided they'd like to have a long merry evening with their pals.

Now the little paper-boy had a better idea. Walking into the bar in the wake of a lean man with a limp, he was greeted with a roar of laughter as first one then another noticed his perfect imitation of the limping man. Glimpses of the youngster could be seen as he walked round inside selling his papers.

Five minutes later the little Maori was out on the street once more, only to replenish his supply of newspapers from his pile and swagger in again behind some ignoring person.

Outside there was a lull in the street-walkers so the action of the stocky man with the tanned skin passed unnoticed. Shuffling past the bar he saw the pile of newspapers lying unheeded. He bent down and picked up a newspaper, quickly folded it in half and in half again and stuffed it into his pocket. A furtive glance; the laughter in the bar continued, the roar of the speeding cars passing down the street went on. He shuffled back the way he had come in his long coat and shoes with the worn-down heels.

A few minutes later a respectably dressed man in a suit beheld the newspapers. He stood

beside them for a while then, reaching into his pocket, drew out a coin and placed it on the pile. He walked off with a paper under his arm. His was a guilt-free conscience.

By the time the Maori boy again emerged from the pub a considerable pile of coins had grown and the papers had diminished. Content, he stuffed the coins into his pocket, picked up the few remaining papers and went on his way.

"Eve-ning Po-ost!" The cry echoed down the unresponsive facades of the tall buildings flanking the narrow street and was lost in the roar of the passing cars and the laughter issuing from the pub.

L. PENNEY.

A DAY TO BE REMEMBERED

On the golden sands of the wind-swept beach the broiling sun beat down monotonously.

The sea, a shimmering haze of turquoise blue, glistened, while ripples of foam flecked the surface. Overhead two screeching gulls wheeled and pirouetted with the ease of ballerinas.

A cluster of finely shaped rocks, weather beaten and old, hid behind their gaunt backs a shallow pool, fringed with limp strands of seaweed and indented with exquisite shells.

In the shadow of the overhanging cliff, a boy and a girl basked together in the sunlight while at their feet a transistor grated out its harsh notes, breaking the tranquillity of the scene.

It was a day to be remembered for its joy and sense of security. All at once the teenager leapt to her feet and ran lithely to the edge of the ocean.

Plunging in she swam with brisk easy strokes out into the deeper water, her body gliding with an easy grace among the waves.

On the shore her boyfriend watched with admiration as her supple limbs moved in controlled automation.

It only took a fraction of a second, just long enough for one short scream, the thrashing of her body and the slicing of the water by the ugly evil fin.

Yes, it was a day to be remembered by those whom she had dearly loved.

JILL McCULLUM.

LOST VIRTUE

The wind rustling through her hair brought an invigorating feeling of freedom and for just a few moments she felt unfettered from the great burden weighing down on her mind. But then it returned, that gnawing torment of bitter resentment. Her lips pursed as the pain of self persecution became more acute. Red raced across her eyes and clouded into a haze of stormy unreality.

Her body tensed as those minutes of her downfall were relived yet again and her clenched fists grew white under the strain of their tautened muscles. What had she let herself do? Why had she done it? Yes, it had been fun—but what of the consequences? She shuddered and tossed her head to try to dispel these nagging questions. But it was no good. You had to face up to reality some time.

Then the wind stopped blowing and in that instant of peacefulness her troubled eyes alighted on something before her. The bridge! Should she go and end it all, right now? A jump and then nothing . . . A distant clock chimed six o'clock. It wasn't as though she had done something really bad. After all there were hundreds just like her. But the shame of it. The gossip if people found out. No one would speak to her, they'd just stare and whisper behind her back. Why had she done it? It wasn't that she had needed the money . . .

JULIE LEONARD.

THEY DON'T WANT HIM

A gnarled and withered hand groped unsteadily for the little faded calendar above the bed. The figures presented a vague haze to the heavy eyes. How many more intolerable, deathly weeks would it be? He did not know.

Pain flooded the old man's weathered, shrunken face; his toothless mouth hung limply open as his weakened arm fell to his side.

The room smelt of death.

Through the heavily draped windows a beam of light managed to filter and with eyes squinted he raised his heavy head slightly to glance around the room and spent minutes remembering. His gun hung on the wall, roughly hewn chair in the cobweb-infested corner and his budgie lying dead in his cage. He had not been fed since the old man was forced to retire to his bed.

Death loomed low over the ghastly scene and as he lay there on a pile of damp, rotting bedclothes, spasms of pain racked his body, gnawing at every frail bone. He was hungry and frightened—afraid of what lay ahead. He winced at each unfamiliar noise and shuddered coldly as the rats traversed the bare boards of his room. They had taken over his home and there was nothing the stricken invalid could do. His old tom cat was dead—or so the old man believed. Yes, he had heard the screech of car tyres and knew that beneath that hot rubber lay George—his sole companion.

The world had treated him cruelly. He was despised and feared by the young children he heard playing gaily beneath his window. He had only wanted to be helpful—to be needed and cared for. Where had he gone wrong?

Muttering a humble prayer the old man closed his weary eyes.

Maybe they would care for him in the other world.

JENNIFER JONES.

THE MADDING CROWD

The glaring beam of footlights makes it impossible to see the features of any member of that sea of dark, anonymous faces called an audience. They sit still and silent like some great, lifeless body and only the occasional crackle and rustle of a paper bag reminds the actor that living people are watching his performance.

Only when the curtains drop and the lights snap on do the people come to life. As they stream out of their seats and down the aisle

there seems to be a curious sameness about them. The men slouch in their shoddy black suits and the women glide silently in their sleazy dresses. Their pale, pasty faces, sunken eyes and glazed expressions suggest that they are all accustomed to breathing dirty, grimy, smoke-filled smog, to waiting in endless queues for buses, to use the same old routine every day with never a change, never a break from life-long boredom and tedious monotony. They come to the theatre to escape from the slovenly life and endless drudgery to which they are submitted. As they slither and slide out the glass doors they enter a world of blazing, flickering neon lights; dark, dank alleys, whirring parking meters and shops with merchandise they cannot afford displayed in the blank, faceless windows.

Suddenly, with a violent splash, traffic screams to a halt and a man lies splattered under the wheels of a car. The crowd looks with interest as his horribly mutilated face is shown and he screams with agony and then slumps. It is probably the only interesting thing they will see all week.

H. BUCHANAN.

His paunch flowed in even lines over his trouser belt. Beady green eyes stared out of a great, red expanse of face.

One small boy exclaimed, "Look at the giant mummy! He's huge!"

"Poor man," said an old lady to her friend, "he's more like a ball than a man."

But he didn't care, as he walked down the street. He was going to see Mary, she understood. She understood that he couldn't help himself. Whenever he was upset he ate. And he was always upset because he was so fat.

"A vicious circle," he thought bitterly.

But it was true, and everyone knew it. He wasn't strong, either in limb or in mind. His movements were clumsy; his mind a muddle.

He passed a lady he knew, but they stopped, together, a short distance away from each other.

"Good morning, Mr. Bumble," she said.

"Morning, Miss Ices, how-how are you?" he inquired.

"Oh-so-so. How's your diet coming along?" Miss Ices again.

"Not so well. I can't seem to stop eating. But I'll slim down yet."

But even as he said it he knew, and Miss Ices knew, that he never would. That he was stupid, ugly, and weak . . . weak . . . weak!!!

"Oh well," he consoled himself, "Mary understands. Mary knows. Mary doesn't care if I'm fat."

His waddle quickened, he was nearly there.

As he thought of Mary, waiting for him, patient as ever, he forgot his size, he didn't notice the snide remarks, and suppressed giggles. He stumbled up the three steps to his door and went inside. As he shut the door a furry shape wheeled itself in and out between his short, pudgy legs. It meowed . . . Mary had welcomed him home.

JAHNA CARSTENS.

FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

In 1823 they came, marching in long files, their red coats blazing like individual little flames; 300 of the best troops of that area. They did not have to fight, for who but a fool would oppose the great force of the infantry of the occupier. All seemed quiet in the town. But was it?

In his hiding place in the town in a room lit by spluttering smoking tallow lamps he planned, then waited. Waited for the enemy until he was in the town.

In the street, watching the sweating dust-covered troops marching into the town stood the proud upright figure of Major Wilson, commanding officer of the 2nd Battalion. Of these men he was proud. They were, he boasted, the best men north of Bombay. Suddenly behind him from the room of one of the simple mud and straw houses he heard a shout. He wheeled about in time to see the glint of the knife's blade as it whizzed through the air towards him. He screamed as it struck him. Blood spurted from the ugly wound. Then he fell dead, with a gold handled knife through his heart.

As if a signal had been given the gallant hundred jumped from their positions on the roofs armed with knives, swords and spears against the muskets of the army. The battle was not as successful as he had hoped, so before all his men were whittled away by the redcoats' roaring blazing muskets, he decided that he would escape so that later he would come again with a greater and stronger force.

In the safety of a doorway he planned. With him he would take but few. One of the "strong" ones, a "wise one" and the healer would accompany him.

Down a side alley they ran until they were past all of the houses until they reached the fields.

Lieutenant Bond suddenly realised that it had stopped. There was no more yelling and screaming, no more gunshots, no more clash of metal against metal. Around him lay the debris of war, the dead bodies, the now useless weapons, and the blood staining the soil red. Over to his right one of the mud and straw houses was blazing, but no one was trying to stop it. The only people around were the troops all exhausted, and several of them wounded. What would they do, rest here among the dead bodies or retreat to the deserted campsite 30 miles away. The few turned to go, but when they saw the advancing line of older men, women and children armed with knives, swords or clubs they knew that this was the end.

Onwards he fled, past the fields into the open country towards the mountains, where he knew that he could rest and build up a strong army from the few wandering tribes that inhabited the area.

They travelled for many days onwards, upwards into the mountains. Every now and then another of the wanderers would join the party in their trek through the horrible, inhospitable country where the gods and demons dwelt. Over ridges, through valleys, but always further and

further into the mountains. Rocks were continually tumbling around them. They were tired, hungry and scared of what might happen next.

They camped one night in the hole of a cliff. Over their crowded bodies they pulled tattered pieces of leather to try and keep their starved bodies warm. During that night the earth bent slightly. The mountains trembled around the fugitives and slowly but surely the cliff began to fall. To them it seemed to take a year to fall. Slowly but surely a great lump of rock seemed to peel away from the cliff face. It fell, blotting out the stars like a huge hand and came down upon the small huddling party, crushing them and killing them in a second.

Now he is free.

A. DUNGAN.

MIDNIGHT ROTORUA

Shivering, shuddering, soaring.
Geysers stretching onwards.
Never tiring;
Strength not weakening.
Searching on forever.

Falling, irritating force.
Sprays of sinking fury.
So lifeless,
so limp.
Drooping, dragging down.

Wilderness of loneliness,
Smothered in steam.
Mudpools rambling on.
Hopeless agony,
An endless decaying death.

Stealthy, creeping, wheeling.
Steam in quiet serenity.
Over the bottomless pools.
Aimless wonder,
An observant eye.
Surging over;

Strangling.
Where the spray flies free.
And the retiring geyser
Slumps in defeat.

ROPU WAWATAI.

BROOKLANDS

The sweet fragrance of rhododendron blooms,
And the lifeless blooms, that lie on the cold ground,

In a never ending sleep.
The tall trees sway to a light breeze, that dances over their heads,

I walked on, feeling sad, yet underneath,
The feeling of the arriving spring exhilarated me.

Tiny pink blossom petals float slowly down stream,
Wondering what the next turn in the stream will bring them,

Will someone fish them out, or . . . ?
Will they stay there, just floating?

The laughter of happy children playing in the aging boats,

Broke the silence and rang in my ears,
I picked a lonely daffodil,
Its bright lemon colouring made my face shine.

Overhead the sky became grey instead of blue,
A duck flew silently overhead,
Giving out a cry of lonely solitude,
And night brought its dark blanket over Brooklands.

G. PRUDEN.

MY PLACE

Light blue, dark blue,
clear blue, swirling blue,
water deep, water shallow,
water blue.

Dark green, light green,
grass green,
rolling hills, wild hills,
green hills.

Sea smell, salt smell,
flower smell, green smell,
silent smell.

TINA BALSOM.

MY PARADISE

Hot warm moist breeze,
Flowers bending, soft green leaves;
A hill, a green hill, banana trees,
Waves sparkling silver, waters green.
Blue hills, salty sea,
The wind in the coconut trees.
Fishing lazily in the sun,
Swimming hazily, work all done.

Sunlight filters through tall green trees,
Oranges tanned, lemons to squeeze.
Relax in the sun's continual rays,
And dive about in the coral maze.
DRINK from a sparkling cool fresh stream,
Lie on the cold dry sand and dream,
In PARADISE, a land of cream!

D. SCHROEDER.

I PROTEST—TO NEW ZEALAND TEENAGERS

Tell me, what is the use
Of your protest songs.
Do they change the world,
Or thousands of wrongs?
What have you put right?
What action was spurned?
What act was passed
By a dead protest word?
Have any wars been ended
By your songs about pain?
You're complaining in comfort,
With the money you've gained.
Do you think that by verse
That you'll put the world right?
You've just made it worse:
You should know that's not right.
You're murdering hope,
And young values are sinking
Killed by the loss
And despair in your thinking.
You think that a word
Will make men live in peace,
But the troubles you sing about
Always increase.
Do you think men won't criticize
When you do the same too?

You're wrong, it's only natural
To comment on what's new.
Now, I'm telling you something—
You've got no right to protest,
As long as you have food
And a warm place to rest.
You owe the money you've earned
To the starving and the dying.
If it's in their name
Then your songs you should be crying!
ROBYN MEREDITH.

THOUGHTS OF A DYING SOLDIER

The progress of mankind
Has led him higher and higher
Up into the mountains
Of death, destruction and fire.

The faint blue land of better times
Is fading out of sight
The human race climbs blindly on
Its never ending plight.

The evil things and dreaded dangers
On the hopeless path
Will wipe him out; leave nothing but
A ghastly aftermath.

Man, through his own stupidity
Has but himself to blame
The rustling water, the wail of wind,
Is all that will remain.

So now I die; with me mankind,
Will die in agony,
The empty globe, in empty space;
In empty eternity.
STEPHEN HUTTON.

SILENCE

Silence is old train rails,
Silence is old dried up creeks,
Silence is empty water pails,
And, when no-one speaks.

Silence is frost,
Silence is in a deep coal mine,
Silence is when someone's lost,
Silence is silence all the time.

GAY PRUDEN.

THE EMIGRANT

As I walked down the long windy street,
And heard the people try to keep with the beat,
I was a man who felt very old, not too tall and
not too bold,
For I was leaving the city and I wasn't told.

I kept on walking till I came to a road,
And then I saw a small, young toad,
He seemed to be just like me,
But I was tied and he was free.

Then I lingered all alone,
Beside my old grey home,
Where I shall live no more,
Because I was ready to leave this shore.

When I stepped on the boat ramp,
I could see a distant camp,
I was the only one there,
The boat was nothing but bare.
Somewhere way up high,
I can hear a soft lullaby,
Somewhere over the distant blue,
A thousand miles away where your dreams
come true.

HAYDN TE RUKE.

A ghastly thing of evilness,
Lingered on his mind,
An answer to the wicked thing,
No mortal man could find,
A thirst for death and murdering,
Inhabited his brain
A phantasm before his eyes,
Drove the man insane,
An Angel in a crimson cloak,
With murder in her eye,
Held a blood-stained dagger out,
Cursing God with a scornful cry,
The Angel called and tempted him,
To take the cursed knife,
And venture out in the Christian world,
And take a Christian life.
He stole upon a Christian man,
Praying at the cross
And killed him with the wicked knife,
Suffering no loss.
God's anger came upon him,
And tolled the church's bell,
And sent his blighted wretched soul,
To the fiery wrath of Hell.

P. LEONARD.

A LETTER FROM TONGA

OLIVE BARRETT writes to Spotswood on her
adventures with the Volunteer Service Abroad.

ASSIGNMENT

A dingy little room consisting of two sets of windows, two doors, four lots of shelves and two rows of long desks made up the class-room in which I would be teaching for nearly a year. Into those forms and desks piled 40 little cheeky brown faces aged 8-9 years, coming from the wooden houses that lined the beaches and wharves or from the Tongan whares scattered around the surrounding plantations. My basic assignment, to teach these children of Class 4A as much English as I could as well as to give Oral English and Music lessons to Classes 4B, 6 and 5. This arrangement, like many other things, was to be changed as the year progressed. To others with V.S.A. work in mind, be prepared to have to adapt and to accept these many changes and rearrangements that will be made, especially in the earlier stages of the year. In fact, you could be posted to a totally different area after arrival. Luckily for me, the major changes were made and settled in the earlier stages of the year.

The school itself consists, now, of some 500 students and is divided into two sections—Primary

and Senior, with classes ranging from primer one to standard four. I teach in the Senior Section. We have thirteen teachers—ten of whom are Tongan teachers, and most of them have had no training in the teaching field. Most spent a year teaching in order to help the church.

Our school grounds are made up of the huge Catholic Church and Fathers' home, whilst a boarding house for girls from the outer islands as well as the home of some eighteen Catholic Sisters is attached to the grounds. These sisters are really tremendous to work for. They have been helpful in many ways and look after us well.

All was very exciting, though often confusing, during my first term of teaching. There were so many new things to be learnt about this different life before I could really get down to work. At home I was learning gradually what was expected of me and what was not done by Tongan custom as well as fitting in with my family and learning to get along without many of the household items we often take for granted. At school I was experimenting with my teaching in order to find the best approaches and to get to know my students, writing out charts for almost all my lessons in an attempt to make up for the lack of text books (no students have text books), gathering material to do what I could to transform that dull class-room into a less dull class-room, learning what Tongan I could to help me explain to those eight-year-old youngsters what things like "That work is untidy" or "Fold your arms" means. Yes—there was so much to know that I'm sure I was doing more learning than my pupils at this time. During the second term it was about fifty-fifty.

Whilst now, 3rd term, there is a complete switch. The students are doing most of the learning. These first months then, were mainly "settling in" months. As Sister Joseph, our Tongan headmistress had informed me, after about a month of hearing English spoken each day again, I should notice that the children will have picked up most of the English that they had forgotten over their long Christmas holiday—this is what happened towards the end of the term, then the rough going of the first months had almost smoothed out. It was still too early in the year, however, to expect the children to speak only English in the class-room, although we were aiming towards that.

Each month we would all gather for a teachers' meeting and arrange sports activities, picture nights for the students, and how to improve our teaching and the running of our school. Students are forbidden to go out to movie shows and such at night, unless they have been especially arranged by the school.

I often felt exhausted after my day's work—it was hot at this time of the year and there were far too many mosquitoes around for my comfort. Sometimes I'd take to cooling off in the sea on the opposite side of the road running in front of the school grounds, but found it too unpleasant to continue; the water being warm itself does not cool me off and the coral can be very cruel on one's feet.

It was at the end of the first term that I felt ready to look towards extra curricular activities. I didn't have to look far, there were many openings. In this way I'm glad that I'm in a busy village situated near to Nuku'alofa, the main centre, for

I feel from what other V.S.A.'s have told me, that if I had been posted to an outer village it would have probably been very hard for me to get clubs going, have regular sports practices, get to the homes of weaker students and so forth simply because the population is wider spread in the villages and it is often hard to get the students together, except during the school day by way of school-buses.

When at College, I could never really understand just why the teachers should have that examination frown on their faces each time examination season loomed up, after all, it was we, the students, who had to do all the work and sit the flipping exam. After my first experience of setting, organising, supervising and marking examination papers throughout the last two weeks of the first term, however, I understand only too well why the teachers looked the way they did.

By May I really felt that I could do with a break and so, along with other V.S.A. friends, off I went to 'Eua, an island south of Tonga Tapu. It was good to see hills again—Tonga Tapu is completely flat except for a couple of bumps which the Tongan people claim are hills anyway. We had a wonderful holiday. Stayed with our "Tongan mother's" brother and his wife. He's the headmaster of a little two roomed school there. Because his Tongan whare was too small for us, it was on the hard concrete floor of that school room that Linda, Margaret, our Tongan mother, and I made our beds with only a thin tapa cloth separating us from the cold concrete floor. It was on the children's desks that we had our meals. We went everywhere on horses. There was fruit galore everywhere, fresh water pools to swim in and white sandy beaches to picnic on. It was great.

After my first term of teaching, I sort of had a pretty fair idea as to how I should organise and present my work so I was now keen to get my after school activities going. It wasn't long before I had a programme that looked like this:—

Monday: 8.30-2.00 teaching, 2.15 marching practice, 3.30 Basketball practice, 5.30 Homework Class.

Tuesday: 8.30-2.00 teaching, 2.15 Preparation, 5.30 Maori Club Nuku'alofa.

Wednesday: 8.30-2.00 teaching, 2.15 Basketball practice, 5.30 Homework Class.

Thursday: 8.30-2.00 teaching, 2.15 marching practice, 5.30 Maori Club.

Friday: 8.30-2.00 teaching, 2.15 Basketball Nuku'alofa, 4.00 Shopping.

I thought that my first term was busy enough but now that I look back on it, I doubt if I could ever again be as busy and as pressed for time as I was during that second term. With the opening of this new term the pressure was on, increasing with each passing week, what with the preparations for sports day, katoanga 'Ofa's and other such events coming up at the end of the term. For me, the going was hard and rough at this time for there was no time now to experiment, linger or waste time. I felt that all that I wanted to do or had to give, had to be seen to this term. Yes I can remember times when it seemed wasted effort or impossible when, after practising solidly every day for weeks, rain and all, some girls still played basketball football style or when the family would make excuses as to why they couldn't accompany me out to homes of students who needed extra lessons. Each child's

home is way out in the bush. Girls are not allowed out alone at night, but being winter at this time, it was always dark before I could get there.

After growing up with Maori dances, it was quite an effort to have to teach children when it was totally new to them, although I'd always been pleased with my Maori Club consisting of 50 students from the upper classes until, four weeks before the day, the head told me rather than asked me, that for the big Katoanga 'ofa day (Catholic Entertaining and Money Raising day for which everyone prepared dances) she'd prefer that I have a group of 150 instead. I had four weeks to do this and at the same time prepare the children for exams, take them along with all the other teachers for marching practice, coach the basketball team in preparation for the big sports day, and as well, time had to be reserved so that they could learn a Tongan dance as well. With all that plus taking homework, plus teaching a Floor Show group from Nuku'alofa, Maori dances, as well as refereeing basketball each Friday, it was naturally hard going at first.

Around the middle of the term I had my programme well arranged and stuck to it, and the problems of the earlier stages sorted out—longer basketball practices, with a word from Sister Joseph there was always someone to accompany me at night to the homes of my students, a lift to town to referee and teach my floor show entertainers so that I wouldn't have to pay transport to get me there on time, and most other matters smoothed over. I was quite involved in my work now and loving every minute of it. The feeling between my pupils and their parents and myself was much closer now because I was spending more time with them in their homes and out of school. I even found time once a week to join the Tongan women in their Tongan dancing practices for the big Katoanga Ofa day.

The end of the term was going to prove without any doubt that all the hard going was worth it. The Katoanga Ofa day was tremendous. All the Catholic people of Ma'ufanga gathered to dance and entertain before the bishop and if people liked a certain dance, they would give money towards it—the better the dance, the more money that would be given. A lot does depend on how many relations one has however. All this money would go towards helping the church and for paying teachers. I really felt proud of the children's Maori action songs even though two days before I was wishing like crazy that Sister Joseph would scrub it from the programme. We were later asked, by the chief and other higher ranking people of the village to go to their homes and perform for them. The Tongan people enjoyed it as Maori dancing is something new to them. My family dressed me up in Tongan costume and I joined the Tongan women in their lakalaka dance, for which I was presented with tapa cloth, a typical Tongan gesture.

And then to follow, came the even bigger sports day held once again here in Ma'ufanga, and to which all from Catholic Primary Schools throughout Tonga Tapu came. During the morning the sports events were run off—football, basketball, sack races, stilt races, juggling competitions and relays. This was followed by a big Tongan lunch.

During the afternoon each school danced and entertained. The big moment for our school, however, was when we were presented with the basket-

ball shield which our school had never before won. The kids were really excited about it (so were the teachers I must admit). It was the talk of the village for quite a few days later. And thus ended my second term. It was full of big ups and big downs but for me it proved a success. Even more than the first term I needed a good holiday and a complete break away from it all. Unusual for most V.S.A. girls, I was beginning to lose weight, so for the August holiday I was able to get on a boat with the help of the Sisters and get away to Fiji. I'm glad I could get away as Fiji brought me right out of it. To others thinking of V.S.A. work, something I remember being told on our training course in Wellington was this—Identify without becoming absorbed!

And now, I'm on the last lap of the journey. Sports events don't affect this term so that nearly all my efforts are concentrated on actual teaching. It is at this stage that I am introducing English to my pupils by way of projects, for they know just enough English to be able to handle it. Since the end of the second term I have completely rearranged my classroom so that the desks are now arranged in groups instead of rows and thus they are able to hold discussions in English, and other such things much better.

The family we are living with is well off by Tongan standards. Loto'aniu owns 2 large plantations which 'Day, Halahala and other boys from the village help him look after. When the banana boats come in, they are usually working in the shed making banana boxes into which they pack the bananas from the plantation. Some evenings, if Matamoana allows it, the boys in the family might come here and once or twice we've tried making kava for them (we try to anyway). The boys sit cross legged on the floor joking with us and talking. They have a Maori type sense of humour and they put on a real pidgin English (Tongan style) conversation. We sit here splitting our sides laughing—they're such a comical bunch. Wherever there is kava, a picnic, or even while working and sometimes whilst walking along the road—Tongan boys will invariably begin singing. Their songs break into about four parts and most of these boys have fairly high voices so it's easy for one to take the girl's part. It's not often that they have a guitar but the singing is beautiful just the same.

Here at home, Linda, Margaret and I eat by ourselves. This is what usually happens to all V.S.A.'s. We are lucky as there are three of us on our table, but in Christina's and Ailsia's case they have to eat alone. When we first came here our food was really good—fruit for breakfast, a hot lunch at school and another here at home at tea time. Owing to a number of reasons, however, the amount and variety has been cut down both at school and here at home. It got to a stage where our meals were just inadequate—as Christina was also finding. It wasn't as bad for me as it was for Linda and Margaret. I had a bit of lunch at school to keep me going, whereas they didn't. We'd get tired very quickly and sick easily also. Anyway we finally went to our Heads to discuss it and the food supply is improving. The porridge which my people sent over didn't last long after the rest of our family decided to sample it. It lasted us three breakfasts. The thing is, we have no stove in our house, for big though it is, it is lacking in these essentials. Our meals are cooked by Moana in Luc-

iane's house. Any food we want cooked has to be given to her. My people sent milk over to go with our tea, plus jam for our bread, and coffee. Margaret's people sent soap for us all, plus some washing powder, which we needed to wash dishes and clothes. Our dishes have to be washed in cold water with soap we have to get ourselves. We've done all we can to get them to bring us some hot water but with a big family like ours there is always someone at the stove and no hot water to spare for dishes. We'll keep trying though. My time of pay has been changed—we are paid \$6.00 twice a month. One cake of soap doesn't last more than a couple of weeks, washing powder goes pretty quickly, pens, books, toiletries are needed, thus the \$6.00 doesn't go very far. We also buy food on pay day and material occasionally, for the clothes have begun to fade and wear over the months.

Linda, Margaret and I live in the bigger house with Matamoana and the girls. In Tonga, it's not right for the boys to sleep in the same house as their sisters. Tongan women are treated with great respect by their male relatives, and brothers regard their sisters as tapu.

At first everything was all rosy as we were new and "palangi" (pakeha). Now, however, all that has worn off and we are treated as part of the family. Matamoana, being the eldest daughter of the family, is the most respected member. Loto'aniu is the head of the whole family—Suli is his brother, Matamoana and Manu his sisters, Luciane their mother. Like Matamoana (or Moana as we call her), Manu is unmarried. She's a lovely woman and I get on well with her. Most of the children on our api are under the care of Matamoana, as her brother, the father of the children, died a year ago. There are other sisters and a brother of Loto'aniu, some here in Ma'ufanga, some on the outer islands. When we went out to the outer island of 'Eua for a holiday in May with Moana and the girls, we stayed with Paula (her brother) and his family. He's the headmaster of a Primary school over there. Because they have only a little Tongan whare to live in, we all slept and ate in one of the classrooms. Our bed was the hard, cold concrete floor, our table was the hard, cold concrete floor, our mattress a thin tapa cloth. We survived, in

fact it was a fantastic holiday. I've been to 'Eua twice now.

The homes and families with whom we were to stay were arranged by the Catholic Church rather than V.S.A. I remember little of my meeting with Matamoana (the woman with whom I'd be living) being so exhausted after the trip was over. I can remember Christine (my girlfriend), Linda Hill and I piling into a car with the Catholic Sisters, driving off to the home where Christine was to live—Lemios home, a small wooden house just around the corner from the house I was to live in. There I met Louisa—Christine's Tongan "mother" and the family she would be living with. As it turned out, they're a terrific family and because Christine and I spend so much time together as we work together, her family is as much my family.

It had been arranged that Linda Hill (a girl who has done 2 years at Training College and has one to complete) and I were to live on the same api. It has turned out that we are staying in the same house. Arrived to find a big house awaiting containing 4 bedrooms, a sitting room, dining room, bathroom, flush toilet. Spacious though it is, it is lacking in the essentials of a stove, an iron, lights for the bathroom and toilet.

My friend Linda will be turning 20 this year. She's engaged to a wrestler back in N.Z.. This, coupled with the fact that she's a true family girl made it a little harder for her to adjust to this different kind of life. She's a very good Volunteer however, and does a good job. In nature Linda and I are almost the dead opposite. This is good really as we are able to live in the same house together and yet we never have to rely on each other, or get in each other's way. We get on fine when we do have time to sit down and chat. I'm learning a lot from her about Training College life and art and she's learning about Hostel life and Maoritanga from me. There is still another name to add to the story—Margaret Johnston; Catholic Lay-Missioner; aged 18. Margaret came into the scene about one month after we'd arrived. She's a tall girl, very thin, with shoulder length blonde hair. She's a funny (ha ha) girl at times and often reminds me of a butterfly.

OLIVE BARRETT.

PRIZE LIST 1968

EXCELLENCE IN ATHLETICS

Girls: Junior, Lesley Horner; Intermediate, Maureen McGregor; Senior, Francine Dove.

Boys: Junior Ward Katene, Murray Nicholls; Intermediate, Selwyn Hunter, Ken Parkes; Senior, Warwick Procter.

EXCELLENCE IN SWIMMING

Girls: Junior, Shona Winstanley; Intermediate, Phillippa Conn; Senior, Sue Pearson.

Boys: Junior, Ross Byers; Intermediate, Wayne Paul; Senior, John Paul, Alistair Flett.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION AWARDS

Girls: 3rd Form: Patricia Hoeta, Jill McCullum; 4th Form: Phillippa Conn; 5th Form: Jennifer King.

Boys: 3rd Form: Cleve Erueti, Ward Katene; 4th Form: Paul Ballinger.

Jaycee Cups for Debating and Public Speaking: Spotswood College, Tawa College, M. Collier.

Faye Hill Cup for Interhouse Basketball: Moturoa, Alison Conn.

Honor Cup for Interhouse Rugby: Paritutu, Kenneth Shaw.

Interhouse Speech Cup: Mikotahi, Olive Barrett, Stephen Mason.

Borrell Cup for Interhouse Soccer: Mikotahi, Stephen Mason; Paritutu, Kenneth Shaw.

The Sargent Trophy for Interhouse Music: Mikotahi, Olive Barrett, Stephen Mason.

F. V. Morine Cup for Interhouse Athletics: Motumahanga, Francine Dove, Jeffrey Cleaver.

Sole Cup for Interhouse Tennis: Motumahanga, Francine Dove.

HOUSE AWARDS

Natalie Cleland Cup for Spotswood v. Rangiatea
Basketball: Rangiatea, Diane Kopa.

Denise Barriball Cup for Girls' Interhouse Hockey:
Motumahanga, Francine Dove.

Chris. Hamill Cup for Girls' Interhouse Softball:
Motumahanga, Francine Dove; Paritutu, Jill Booker.

Joy Rookes Trophy for Original Composition
and Solo Competitions in Music: Moturoa, Nancy Wallace.

Interhouse Shield for 20 Events: Motumahanga, Francine Dove, Jeffrey Cleaver.

Dr. and Mrs. Andrews' Award for Interhouse Drama: No competition this year.

SPEECH CONTEST

Third Form: Janet Charman, Malcolm Giles

Fourth Form: William Millar, Raymond Hine.

Fifth Form: Shelley Rae, Denise Roberts.

Sixth Form: Rex Halliday, Diane Charman.

ART COMPETITION

Leigh Bluett 1st, Marianne Muggerridge 2nd.

LITERARY CONTEST

Third Form: Prose, Greg Medway; poetry, David Birrell.

Fourth Form: Prose, Joy McLeod; poetry, Ruth Ward.

Fifth Form: Prose Leonie Jarvis; poetry, Pat Scriven.

DAILY NEWS LITERARY CONTEST

Upper Sixth Form: Steven Mason.

Griffin Trophy for Most Improved Third Form Player: Robert Paul.

Murray Wood Cup for Pupil Contributing Most to Gymnastics: Francine Dove.

The Toatakitini Trophy for Rugby Between 1st XV and College Old Boys: Spotswood College, Bruce Walker.

SUBJECT MERIT AWARDS

Third Form: For trying hard at school and work experience, John French, Mary Tioka; French, Linda Penney; German, David Birrell; Shorthand-Typing, Marie Williams; Technical Drawing and Mathematics, Robin Pittwood; Mathematics, Lynette Lucas; Science, John Taylor; Commercial Practice, Elizabeth Bennett, Neil Herbert, Carol Land, Nina Kirikiri.

Fourth Form: Core Mathematics, Jocelyn Quay; For Progress in Social Studies, Darryl Richardson; Science, Stephen Tooley.

Fifth Form: French, Deborah Kveseth; Geography, Keith Smith; Science, Jean Menzies; History, Kathryn Gould; English, Elizabeth Bond; English and History, Patricia Scriven; Woodwork, Harley Price; Shorthand-Typing, Jennifer Holland; Mathematics, Jennifer King; T. Guy Prize in Engineering, Philip Herbert; Kidd Garrett Prize in Engineering, John Cooper; Motor Trade Award in Engineering, John Cooper; For Service to the School in Basketball, Martha Williams; For Service to the School, Maria Grant.

CLASS AGGREGATE AWARDS

3P1: Barney Brewster 1, Barbara Hammonds 2.

3A1: Rae Dalglish 1, Barry Sutherland 2.

3A2: Jeffrey Ballinger 1, Patricia Latter, Warren Williams 2.

3A3: Roxanne Steemers 1, Janice Gordon 2.

3A4: Charles Heremaia 1, Wanda Stone 2.

3A5: Kay Giddy 1, Anne McGovern 2.

3B1: Susanne Wildbore 1, Harry Duynhoven 2.

3B2: Annette Marr 1, Susan McDermott 2.

3B3: Ross Byers 1, Antony Arbuckle 2.

3B4: John Burke 1, Raymond McLeod 2.

3B5: David Olley 1, Kenneth Sole 2.

4P1: Andrew Stedman 1, Peter Schroeder 2.

4A1: Murray Duke 1, Sharon Lockyer 2.

4A2: John Sargent 1, Pauline Reed 2.

4A3: Deborah Rogers 1, David Smith 2.

4A4: Garth Strachan 1, Karoline Nodder 2.

4 Comm 1: Kathleen Egarr 1, Alison Kemsley and Janice Martin 2.

4 Comm 2: Raewyn Petley 1, Gaylene Cocker 2.

4H: Judith Wansbrough 1, Susan Nicholson 2.

41W-1 Peter Corbett 1, Rodney Southall 2.

41W-2: Russell Stewart and John Berry 1, Philip Healey 2.

41M: Russell Prout 1, Edwin Smith 2.

5S1: Ian Whitehouse 1, Jenny King and John Cooper 2.

5S2: Russell Herdson 1, Alison Grey 2.

5S3: Rodney Corbett 1, Graeme Hills 2.

5S4: Tom Carley 1, Anthony Marr 2.

5S5: John Hammersley 1, Dennis Reed and Bruce Woodcock 2.

5N1: Sandra Hetherington 1, Leonie Jarvis 2.

5N2: Faye Farquhar 1, Barbara Bennett 2.

5B1: Jocelyn McCarthy 1, Lynette Ireton 2.

5B2: Alison Boswell 1, Barbara Rookes and Lyle Turner 2.

5B3: Douglas Telfer 1, Wayne Hoben 2.

Lower Sixth: History, Biology and English, Carol Garcia; Geography, Christine Francis; English, Physics, Maths and Applied Maths, Michael Collier; Biology, Brian Johnson.

Upper Sixth: Geography, Rhonwen Seagar; Music, Rex Halliday; Chemistry, Roger Ward; History, French, German, Christina McPhail; Exceptional Progress: Vimonratana Siriviriyakun.

SPECIAL PRIZES

1. **Janice Rawley Prize for English,** Christina McPhail.

2. **J. A. Snell Memorial Prize:** Barry Read 41W, Grant Brodie 41M.

3. **The Harry M. Bacon Memorial Prize** for pupils showing best all round promise in the Arts: Girl: Jean Menzies; Boy: Rex Halliday.

4. **The Devon Footwear Prizes:** Bookkeeping, Lynette Dryden; Biology, Trevor Cook; Maths, Physics, Add. Maths, Tony Wey.

5. **R.S.A. Prize:** Roger Ward.

6. **P.T.A. President's Prize for Head Girl** (Mr. A. Moss) Christina McPhail.

7. **Board Chairman's Prize for Head Boy** (Mr. L. M. Moss) Bruce Walker.

8. **Dux Cup** (Presented by the late Mr. E. P. and Mrs. P. Aderman), Christina McPhail.

9. **Principal's Prize** — Dux Medal and Books, Christina McPhail.

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, Heretaunga College, Francis Douglas Memorial College.

SPOTSWOOD COLLEGE RESUMES ON FEBRUARY 3rd, 1970.

Printed by Taranaki Newspapers Limited--27810
